

"Shane was a fucking babe"

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"Shane was a fucking babe"

by [huckleberrylinn](#)

Summary

Troy blurted, "Could I have his number?"

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"His number?" Ilya echoed, his tone a lot colder, still amused as if he couldn't believe what Troy was asking him.

"I mean... if the rumour is true, I mean, Shane's a babe. He seems like a good guy in general too. I just— sorry, I shouldn't have asked, I know you guys are friends, I don't know what got into me," Troy started rambling as Ilya got up and gave him a careful look over.

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In which Troy actually does ask Ilya for Shane's number... and some following events.

Notes

hi everyone i love my govt funded yaoi this is a super indulgent and silly fic. i think it might be ooc at some points but its just for fun please be kind its my first time posting lol. i tried to write a smut scene at the end but i couldn't do it so you guys can just imagine what happens after

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

What would have happened if Troy Barrett did indeed ask Ilya for Shane's number...
Little canon divergent and might be ooc but its just for fun

"Troy let out a long breath, and began tugging off his gear. This was a lot to be thinking about while still wearing sweaty, disgusting, hockey gear. Troy needed food and sleep and to score a fucking goal and maybe get laid someday.

Maybe he should ask Ilya for Shane Hollander's number, Shane was a fucking babe.

The thought made Troy smile, and that was at least something."

— Rachel Reid, Role Model

Later that night, Troy paced around his hotel room. Maybe he should just go say something to Ilya. He knows that of all the captains in league, other than Scott Hunter and Shane Hollander themselves, Ilya was the best chance he had for an accepting and open minded captain. He huffed, before deciding to do it.

Tugging on a hoodie, Troy remembered Ilya's hotel room and convinced himself to knock before he could talk himself out of it. He heard some low Russian muttering and knocked again. He heard Ilya stomping over, then a sigh after he seemingly looked through the peephole. He pulled the door open, "Barrett, what's going on?"

"Can I come in?" Troy responded, ignoring his question. Ilya moved to the side, and Troy had to brush against him to come in. He closed the door, crossed his arms and turned around to face Troy, who had sat down.

"This looks serious," he muttered before opening the mini-fridge.

Troy just sighed, "I wanted to talk to you after what you said in the locker room. Ilya seemed to vaguely smile, and handed him a shooter of vodka before he sat down on the bed across from Troy, and nodded. "Well, um, I just have been debating a lot of stuff. You know I left cause of Dallas but also... I'm really glad I did. Not just to leave him but to finally have a chance to be honest. Like, about what I thought of him but also about myself, and what I think about myself."

Ilya was only looking at him with an amused expression, and he took his own shooter, "Barrett... if there's something you need to say, say it. I can keep a secret. But you took me away from a very important call."

"Right, sorry," Troy looked down, and cracked the shooter. He took it and closed his eyes, "I'm gay."

Ilya was quiet. Troy peeked an eye open, and saw his captain with a small smile on his serious face, "I am the first person you have told."

Troy closed his eyes and nodded. Ilya was silent for a bit again, before saying, "But it is not a secret."

"What?" Troy asked, confused.

Ilya smiled harder, "To anyone that sees you with Harris."

Troy felt himself go red, "What? I don't— it's not like that. I just... he's been friendly to me. Does it seem like anything else?"

"No. Only to those who.. notice things like me," Ilya waved his hand in the air, "Now, is there a reason you are telling me this? Or needed to confess?"

"Umm, yeah I just felt like I had to tell someone. So... that's it," Troy mumbled, looking back at his captain who walked over and patted his shoulder, before sitting on his bed.

"Thank you, Barrett," Ilya said, almost as a dismissal, "I will keep your secret."

"Um, you know," Troy started as he got up, "I heard a rumour that Shane Hollander is gay."

Ilya suddenly went very still at the edge of his bed. He raised an eyebrow, "Did you."

"I mean I don't know if it's true or not... but that's what I heard," Troy said, looking down for a second. He glanced back up and Ilya's face was amused but simultaneously... angry? Pissed off? Shit, maybe Shane wasn't gay and it was another one of Dallas' fucking lies. And now he had just called his captain's friend... gay. The one he runs an inclusive summer camp with. But he had just come out. So it's not like Troy was being homophobic or anything, right?

"Okay," Ilya nods, "Anything else tonight, or can I go to bed?"

Troy blurted, "Could I have his number?"

Ilya didn't look tired anymore, he was a whole lot more interested. He sat up, and Troy swallowed. He wasn't physically small, but he was short, or at least a lot shorter than Ilya. Who, even still sitting, was massive.

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"I mean... if the rumour is true, I mean, Shane's a babe. He seems like a good guy in general too. I just— sorry, I shouldn't have asked, I know you guys are friends, I don't know what got into me," Troy started rambling as Ilya got up and gave him a careful look over.

"He is beautiful," Ilya said flatly, "And he is the greatest person I know."

Troy blinked, looking up. Ilya towered over him now, his arms rippling with muscles and his sweats loosely hanging around his hips. They had rolled slightly lower, and Ilya didn't notice

or care. He was staring down at Troy, finally serious. “So... you think he’d be into me or...?”

“He does think you are attractive,” Ilya mused, “But he is strict with his rule. He’s not interested in a threesome.”

Troy paused. First off, Shane Hollander thought he was attractive? Sure he’d played against him, and saw him every so often, but he knew Shane was off social media. His instagram seemed like it’d be run by a manager, with strictly team-related posts or promo for his next ad campaign. The guy was sponsored by everything possible. But second off, more importantly, he wouldn’t be interested in a threesome? He had a boyfriend? He guessed Ilya and him were a lot closer than anyone thought. Their friendship had been unexpected, but it always seemed professional and casual. Not like they were best friends. Ilya had a strange relationship with probably every player in the league. Troy had witnessed most of his face-offs with Dallas, who Ilya hated. Every one of them involved Ilya making little comments that would work on Dallas most of the time. He was incredibly perceptive of players and really knew how to get under their skins, and he seemed to love doing it.

“He, uh, he told you he thinks I’m attractive? But he’s dating someone?” Troy asked, confused.

Ilya laughed, “No, he didn’t say you were hot, he was jealous.”

“Jealous? Of what?”

Ilya was grinning now, “The fact you get to play with me.”

Oh. Oh wow. It all made sense. Ilya was Shane Hollander’s secret boyfriend. His captain was bisexual— definitely not gay because Troy had heard for years about his tirade of women. From ex-teammates and current ones, everyone could agree Ilya was one of the busiest guys in the league. But Shane... the only public relationship or interaction with women he had was Rose Landry and since then, the only thing that came out was that he did. “You’re... bisexual?”

Ilya shrugged, “Sure.”

“You’re dating Shane?”

“Yes.”

Troy was baffled, “How long?”

“We’ve been dating a few years now... but we were fucking our rookie year,” Ilya smirked now, taking in Troy’s shocked expression.

“Wow,” was all he could manage, there really were no words for this. A lot of people had agreed their friendship was unexpected, but no one really thought too much of it. Even when they were doing that first press conference, Dallas had said that Shane was probably in love with Ilya. Dallas thought Ilya was probably the straightest guy in the league, after himself and Troy. Damn, his gaydar had been horrible, Troy realized.

“Yes.”

Then he realized what he had done. “Look, I’m really sorry, I didn’t mean to hit on him. I just — I thought you guys were just friends and I didn’t know— I’m so sorry.”

Ilya slowly stepped closer, and Troy backed up instinctively. This made Ilya grin, “Don’t worry, he is a babe,” he emphasized the word and Troy blushed at his juvenile choice, “but I keep him very satisfied.” And the guy winked.

“Right,” Troy exhaled, he walked towards the door, Ilya standing there looking at him with that smug expression, “Well, y’know, goodnight, uh sorry for interrupting—” and blushed harder when he realized who Ilya was probably calling. Damn.

He spun around and left wordlessly, fucking shocked. That was not how he had expected this to go.

—

Ilya smiled at the door closing behind Barrett. Perhaps the guy was okay. Good taste in men, he would give him that. He pulled out his phone and sent a cheeky text.

Barrett blushes just like you

The reply was almost instant: Why would you know how he blushes?

Told him you thought he was attractive.

His phone was ringing and before he could prop it after accepting, Shane was barking, “What the hell did you tell him?”

“You have not heard the whole story,” he teased, and smiled at the flush under Shane’s freckles, “He came out to me.”

Shane blinked. He looked unamused, “If this is some kind of joke...”

Ilya rolled his eyes, “I’m serious. He called you a babe.” The blush darkened, and Shane briefly glanced away from the screen. Ilya smirked, “So now it’s okay? Because he thinks you’re hot?”

“But why would he say that about me?” Shane asked, giving Ilya a worried look from under his glasses.

Ilya sighed, “He knows we are friends. He asked for your number. He really thought I’d give it to him. I would never let Barrett have you.”

Shane laughed softly, “So what happened?”

“He came into my room, right after our call,” they both smiled, Ilya suggestively and Shane shyly, “and he’s talking, talking, needs to tell me a secret, doesn’t know if I can keep it. He tells me, I tell him it’s not a secret. He’s in love with Harris.”

“But he asked for my number?”

Ilya narrowed his eyes, “I think you’re too happy about this. He said you are a babe and seem like good guy. I,” he emphasizes, “said you are beautiful and the best person I know.”

“Ilya,” Shane smiled, softly, and it sounded like I love you.

“But he asked if you’d be into him. So I told him you think he is attractive. But you are strict and not interested in threesomes.”

“What?” Shane exclaimed, “Ilya did you tell him about us?”

“He figured it out, and I told him you are very satisfied with me,” Ilya leaned back on his headboard.

“I guess he can’t tell anyone, but Jesus Christ, Ilya, what do you mean Troy Barrett of all fucking people knows?” Shane was loud now, and Ilya narrowed his eyes.

“What, so only your teammates can know?”

“That I’m gay, no one knows we’re dating!”

Ilya muttered in Russian, thankful for hotel wifi and bad microphones— this was probably the only time he had felt that way, “Is it such a crime to be possessive over you? Would you have rather I set you up with Troy Barrett? You need to start trusting me,” he exhaled, upset now.

“But you know no one can know. How can I trust Troy? How could you trust him, God how could you even—”

“He trusted me. Now we trust him,” he said flatly. A little angry.

Shane was quiet. He was looking at something away from the camera.

“Goodnight,” Ilya said, to his boyfriend who wouldn’t meet his eyes on a screen.

“Goodnight,” Shane said, turning back to his phone, but Ilya hung up.

He couldn’t even be possessive over his own fucking boyfriend. He stood up and picked the empty vodka shooters to toss in the bin.

—

Shane had come around to the idea of Troy being gay. He heard from Ilya how him and Harris were going out, they even went to see Fabian perform. Shane had been reminiscent of when they had gone, together, in Montreal. Only they couldn’t do more than stand next to each other and feel the pain of wanting to touch but not being able to, ever. So now Shane had another reason to be jealous of Troy.

However... all things considered, Troy should be more worried about this game than Shane. As far as he knew, he was going to be playing against two forwards who thought he was hot. And maybe that felt a little good.

When him and Ilya met for the first face off, Shane avoided his boyfriend, instead eyeing Troy who was across from Hayden. He seemed to still under Shane's gaze, making eye contact and blushing profusely. Damn, maybe they did blush the same. When Shane turned back down to wait for the puck to drop, he didn't expect to hear, "Oh so now it's okay that he finds you hot." He lost the face-off.

After a seemingly hard check into the boards, Ilya was glaring at Shane. They had been a little rougher this game. Maybe they missed each other. Fuck, they always missed each other. It was fun, having a game as foreplay but most of the time Ilya found himself wishing he could just call the game and show Shane how much he missed him, and what parts he really missed. Instead, his boyfriend was slamming him into the boards, and the play was stopped.

"Jesus Christ, you guys," Ilya rolled his eyes as he turned to face Hayden Pike, who was slowly approaching them, "Get a grip."

"Pike!" Ilya fake cheered, "I've missed you so much! I'm so sad you still haven't come to an All-Star game with us."

"Shut up," Shane muttered. Ilya looked over at him.

"Rozanov you're not even winning at those anymore," Hayden responded, skating closer, which drew in Troy Barrett. Ilya was very excited to see how this went. "The only time you win is with Shane on your team."

Ilya shrugged and pretended to think, "Well it's because no one can resist him." And both Shane and Troy went a delightful shade of red. Hayden was turning to look at the new forward, and he looked back at his best friend, suddenly helpless and wordless against the glass. He opened his mouth, and nothing came out.

"God this sport is so gay," Hayden said, and it made all of them snicker until the ref came up.

After a respectable 4-3 loss to the Voyageurs, Ilya was humming around the locker room. He didn't notice Troy until he was right next to his locker, "Fuck, Barrett!"

"What, were you gonna drop your towel?" Troy deadpanned and Ilya grinned, "Not that you'd mind."

The room was buzzing with plans for post game and no one was paying them too much attention. Maybe Wyatt, but Ilya had a feeling Wyatt knew everything going on. He would never give anything away.

"So uh," Troy cleared his throat, "You told him, hey?"

"Told who what?" Ilya asked, blinking as he tugged on fresh underwear and sweats.

Troy was looking at his feet now, again that delightful shade of red Ilya couldn't wait to see on Shane, "Y'know.. that I... well..."

"What?" Ilya asked again, enjoying it a little too much.

Troy sighed, and met his eyes, "Y'know the third goal they scored? Where he got past me and passed it to JJ?"

Ilya narrowed his eyes, "Yes."

"Well on his way back he said," Troy was redder than before, if possible, but it was slightly less entertaining, "maybe if I focused on the game he wouldn't have got past me."

It was a very Hollander-esque chirp. Trying to be mean, sounding playful, not actually going to get under anyone's skin. But it was the intention behind it, which both Troy and Ilya knew, that made Troy so embarrassed, and Ilya... possessive. "Oh yeah?"

"Yeah, and just like, I don't know, winking during the game and stuff," Troy mumbled and that's when Ilya was really pissed. Because he winked at Shane. Shane's only tactic on the ice was distracting him and blushing. What the hell was he doing winking at Troy Barrett?

"Sorry, Barrett," Ilya clapped his shoulder, "I'll make sure to teach him some manners tonight."

And he did.

End Notes

thank you for reading<3 i hope you liked it and it wasn't too bad

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