death wish

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by moubrip

Summary

"Barrett, your turn. What did you think of Hollander?"

Troy must have had more to drink than he thought. Or he makes bad decisions without Harris right next to him. Or he must have a death wish. That has to be the reason why he says what he does: "I thought he was a fucking babe."

Notes

would troy ever actually admit to this? probably not

would ilya still find out anyway? probably

edited 2/13 for formatting and minor additions in the last scene to make the hockey more accurate

See the end of the work for more notes

Troy Barrett is truly glad to have Shane Hollander on the Ottawa Cens.

Yes, Hollander is a phenomenal player, one of the best in the league. He led the Voyageurs to three Cups.

And having him on the team means that Ilya is happier. Honestly, their captain seems to want to impress Hollander with the Centaurs, running a tighter program and focusing on perfecting their play more than last year. If Ottawa manages to win the Cup this year, it will probably be a belated wedding present from Ilya to Shane.

But Troy is even more glad that Shane has relaxed since joining the team.

Look, Troy knows his situation was not even close to Shane's. Troy got traded whereas Shane was more or less exiled from Montreal, unsure if he would find a team to take him. While Troy was dealing with all of the bullshit from Adrian and their breakup privately, Shane had to deal with being outed and having everyone question his achievements. Completely different situations.

Yet Troy knows this: while joining a new team is hard to begin with, being forced to join a new team is even harder.

So Troy could understand Shane being closed off and distantly polite, using his PR training on the whole team and not just the press at the start of the season. He didn't want to step on anyone's toes, choosing to defer to Ilya's and Wiebe's opinions and leadership. It was a waste of talent.

But it's December now and Shane has loosened up and relaxed a bit.

So here the Cens are—at Monk's after another winning home game. The team is taking up multiple tables in the back. Some of the WAGs are playing the loudest game of pool that Troy has even heard across the bar. Troy is sitting next to Harris with a hand on his thigh.

The discussion topic is Shane Hollander.

"Man, I thought Hollander was so fucking scary," Bood says.

No one would accuse him of being scary now. Shane's nursing a glass of ginger ale and leaning into Ilya who has an arm slung around him and is running circles on Shane's arm with his thumb.

"He is scary when I do not put all the laundry in the basket," Ilya says. "Or I fold towels wrong." He pretends to shudder in fear.

"Fuck off," Shane says, but he's smiling up at his husband.

"No but it was always clean lines, perfect fundamentals—"

“He has a weak backhand!” Ilya interrupts. Yeah sure, if you were looking for a flaw, but Ilya is the only one who complains about the backhand.

“Sure Roz,” Wyatt says sarcastically, before continuing seriously, “he’s so good which makes him hard to predict. He’s not relying on one type of shot.”

“No, he prefers a wrist shot,” Ilya argues seriously, like this is a misconception that absolutely needs correcting.

“I do not have a favorite shot,” Shane argues petulantly.

“Nuh-uh,” Ilya shoots back like he’s five years old.

Seeing no end in sight to this squabble and knowing that they’ll be at this for a while, Harris turns to Troy: “I’m going to get another drink—do you want a second beer?”

“Yes please,” Troy says, giving his boyfriend a light peck on the cheek as thanks. He moves his hand to let him up and then changes his mind, grabbing his wrist: “Wait, actually, can you get me a cider?”

“Of course.” Harris makes his way to the bar.

Troy turns back into the conversation, but it’s the same arguing as before. Bood decides he is done with this bickering: “Haas, you’re next! Your opinion on Hollander.”

Haas flushes at having the attention on him, unsure what to say. “Uh, I thought he was a very good player.”

Dykstra, who might be drunker than anyone thought with his trucker hat on sideways, points a finger at him and says: “Liar! You have a poster of him in your bedroom. Probably right next to Roz’s!”

Haas stutters, trying to think of a defense, flushing even more. Yeah, it was pretty clear that he was more than just starstruck by the player that he called “Mr. Hollander” upon meeting. Ilya takes pity on him and in mock seriousness, says: “Is okay, is okay. I also have a Hollander poster in my bedroom.”

“That’s our wedding photo, asshole.” Only Shane could make asshole sound like a pet name.

Trying to avoid more bickering, Bood quickly pivots: “Barrett, your turn. What did you think of Hollander?”

Troy must have had more to drink than he thought. Or he makes bad decisions without Harris right next to him. Or he must have a death wish. That has to be the reason why he says what he does. “I thought he was a fucking babe.”

The table explodes in a series of shouts, laughter, and shock.

“What.” Ilya grits out, his stare intense, bordering on a glare. His thumb is still on his husband’s arm, his grip tightening.

Troy knows that everyone heard him. He's not going to repeat himself. He tries taking another sip of his drink but there's only the very last dregs, not enough to get him out of this confession. Where did Harris go? Maybe he can save him. He looks over at the bar and sees him chatting with the bartender. Fuck, why did he fall in love with someone so friendly?

Knowing he now has to explain, he mumbles his words into his glass: "I wanted to ask Roz for his number. Since they're such good friends."

Wyatt makes a cut it out motion with his hand over his throat. Yes, Troy knows that this is a dangerous line of conversation—one that he is actively trying to end. Thank you for your help, Wyatt.

"Uh, that's very flattering," Shane says, laughing awkwardly to try to break the tension, playing with the paper from his straw, and blushing in embarrassment. That's one thing Troy didn't expect—how much Hollander blushed once the PR mask was off. "But I've been with Ilya for a long time. I love Ilya."

Ilya takes a break from his glaring to preen at the declaration. And yes, everyone on the Cens knows that the two have been together for a long time. What a long time means is up for debate and betting since the answer to the last round of betting on what Rozanov does in his free time ended up being Shane Hollander. It ranges from Wyatt who thinks they've been together since their rookie season to Tanner Dillion who somehow thinks that they had a shotgun wedding to get the league off their backs.

And Troy hopes that this is the end of the conversation, except Dykstra, who must also have a death wish and a vendetta against Troy for not defending his shit music taste earlier today says: "Tell us more, Barrett, about how you were going to ask Roz for Hollander's number."

This is really unfair. Not even Dykstra's family likes his music taste. At the last barbecue, Dykstra had gotten a hold of the music, and Susie, his daughter, covered her ears with both hands and made a face.

"Uh, I had just been broken up with and then I had been traded so I was hoping for a fresh start." Troy didn't really talk about this part of his life, but also most of the team hated him then; he didn't start off on the right foot with his whole reputation of being a massive asshole. *Please remember how pathetic I was so we can end this conversation.*

"So Hollander would be your rebound?" Dykstra prods.

"Hollander should not be anyone's rebound," Ilya says firmly, shifting his glare to Dykstra for even suggesting it. Shane seems more amused than anything else at this conversation.

And yeah, clearly, Hollander would not be anyone's rebound. All the Cens know now that Hollander is Rozanov's darling husband, his passionate lover, his first-love, his true soulmate, the object of all his desire and affection and whatever other sappy bullshit that Rozanov can spew before getting hit by someone throwing something to get him to shut up.

Last time it was a sock. Last time it was Hollander throwing it. Last time Rozanov had caught it in his teeth.

And that's only what the team can understand. Whatever gets said in Russian has to be a thousand times worse.

Bood, who like the rest of the team finds this whole conversation hilarious, does not pick up on Ilya's death glare so he prods Troy: "And?"

His mom had once told him if he found himself in a hole, the first thing he should do is stop digging. He is trying to listen to his mother more these days. He took that advice when he called out Dallas Kent, and he is trying to take that advice now. It would really be helpful if Dykstra and Bood did not bring a fucking excavator to this hole.

He should shut up and never speak again, but Ilya returns his attention to Troy, raising his eyebrows in a way that demands more information so Troy has to continue: "And the rumor was that Hollander was gay, so I thought that maybe…"

"Maybe what?" Ilya demands, raising his eyebrows more.

"Maybe get his number and go out sometime."

"And do what?" Ilya demands again.

"Grab dinner, I don't know." Troy hadn't really thought it through, considering that he didn't even make it to the asking for the number stage. He doesn't want to admit to the man who is currently hugging his husband like a boa constrictor that he, at one point in his life, wanted to fuck Shane Hollander when he was sad and lonely.

He gets the feeling that he will need to move to a completely different city after this conversation is over if Ilya doesn't kill him. His mom is currently in Peru—maybe he could take Harris with him. He could tell his boyfriend it's an extended vacation, much better than the one that Harris is currently taking at the bar. Why is it taking him so long to get drinks?

"You're not his type," Ilya dismisses, and Troy hopes this is the end of this ridiculous conversation. Troy wouldn't do whatever Ilya is jealous about, because he knows how much it sucks to be cheated on and he loves Harris; Shane wouldn't do whatever Ilya is jealous about, because Troy is not his type and Shane is completely in love with his husband.

"What's Hollander's type then?" Bood then asks like they all don't know that Hollander's type is Ilya Rozanov.

The team chimes in:

"Russian."

"Tall."

"Good at hockey."

"His rival."

"Won a cup."

“Has an ugly bear tattoo.”

“All you’re doing is describing Ilya?” Hollander says, confused, which leads to Ilya giving him a kiss on his temple.

“Have you dated anyone else?” Wyatt asks Shane to make a point.

“He dated Rose Landry,” Haas says, trying to be helpful, but looks away sheepishly when Ilya turns his glare to him. Shane just groans.

Haas is saved from Ilya’s ire by Harris returning to the table and placing down a fruity cocktail for himself and a cider for Troy.

“What are we talking about here?” Harris asks as he takes his seat.

Troy puts his arm around him. *Look at my boyfriend,* Troy wants to beg, *please remember that you all really like my boyfriend, and you do not want to embarrass me in front of my boyfriend. Look at how happy we are and how much I absolutely do not want to fuck Shane Hollander. Please let’s move on.*

“How your boyfriend had a crush on Hollander,” Bood says, shattering Troy’s hopes. Harris laughs like it’s a joke.

“I did not have a crush on Hollander,” Troy tries to defend himself with his last remaining self-preservation skills. He does not want Ilya mad at him. He tries to think using Ilya’s line of reasoning. A crush has to be worse than finding who Cosmopolitan ranked the hottest man in the NHL attractive, right?

“So wanting his number is not having a crush?” Dykstra asks.

“Jesus Christ.” Troy knows that he’s not going to get out of whatever this situation is.

“Hey, hey, it’s okay,” Harris says. “I had a crush on Hollander too.”

The table erupts again.

“Explain,” Ilya says, even more firmly. Shane has managed to turn a darker shade of red than before.

“I mean I’m gay and into hockey and from Ottawa. Not a lot to do in Ottawa except to look at Shane Hollander plastered all around the city.” Harris shrugs like it’s no big deal, taking a sip from his drink. “Every gay teenager from Ottawa had a crush on him when he first got drafted.”

“Every gay teenager?” Ilya repeats slowly, like he’s trying to do the math on how many people that would actually be. Troy wants to tell him to relax—that not everyone can handle Hollander and that Hollander is clearly attracted to whatever Rozanov’s deal is.

“Ilya, it’s time to go,” Shane says, trying to untangle himself from Ilya’s arm. Ilya, who clearly is never going to let his husband out of his sight again, manages to hold on tighter.

“No, I need to know how many men I need to fight.”

Shane uses his secret weapon, a little pout and those big puppy eyes that Troy is pretty sure he isn’t even aware he has. It’s a look that he only uses on Ilya. Seeing how well this night is going, if Ilya saw him giving this look to anyone else, he would probably poke their eyes out with a rusty skate. Shane adds: “But I want to go home with my husband.”

And then Hollander employs his strongest weapon: he says something in Russian. Their captain, who has won a Cup and countless awards, just fucking melts.

“Okay, let’s go home,” Ilya agrees easily.

As they’re leaving, he adds over his shoulder to the team, “See you tomorrow at practice.”

It sounds like a threat.

The next day at practice, when Troy comes into the locker room, Shane is wearing a ridiculous number of scarves.

Shane doesn’t change but everyone gets the idea: Ilya marked up his husband so badly that he needs to wear three scarves to hide it all. He says something to Rozanov before slipping out the door.

“Where’s Hollander going?” Haas asks.

“Visiting the trainer for his ankle,” Wyatt responds.

Troy is finishing lacing his skates when someone wolf-whistles. Everyone looks up and Ilya has taken off his sweatshirt and shirt. Whatever Rozanov did to Hollander, he also had done to him. Scratch marks, hickeys, bruises. It’s a lot.

Ilya Rozanov had a reputation for being a womanizer and often had marks on during interviews where he was allergic to shirts, but this is another level entirely. Wow. Harris is going to have to get his intern to wrestle him into a shirt before talking to the press at their next game. And then repeat that for the next month until the team won’t get fined for indecent behavior.

“You get attacked by a bear on the way here Roz?” Bood asks.

Instead of answering, Ilya just smiles coldly and says while looking straight at Troy: “Today we will be working on skating drills.”

Skating drills? Troy knows that the team is going to be skated to death with Wiebe and the senior coaching staff gone today for one reason or another. Troy doesn't know how Ilya even convinced the junior coaching staff that he should be the one to lead practice.

“Why?” The rookie grumbles.

Isn’t it obvious? Troy wants to say. For even thinking about his husband.

Very quickly into practice, Troy vows that he will never look at Hollander again, he will never touch Hollander again, and he will never even think about Hollander again. He thinks Rozanov is trying to kill all of them so he can get a team that has not had any sort of crush on his husband.

Every time that he thinks that it might be over, Ilya yells in his Russian accent: “Again.”

“Ilya,” a voice calls. It’s Hollander. Of course, it’s fucking Hollander. “Come here.”

Ilya skates lazily over like he is trying to show off for Shane. Barely out of breath. What a fucking asshole.

Most of the team collapses on the ice with their captain’s back turned. Troy manages to stay upright, but needs to drop his hands to his knees. He hasn’t been forced to skate drills like this since he was a teenager.

The eager expression on Ilya’s face is like when Chiron has something to show Harris and Troy. The disapproving expression on Shane’s face is like when Harris sees that what Chiron has to show them is a dead squirrel.

“How is your ankle?” Ilya asks as a greeting.

“Why is our team having a bag skate?” Shane asks back, tipping his head to the ice and looking around like he is trying to find the coaching staff who authorized Ilya's practice override. Ilya turns to look at his collapsed team.

“I did not say they could stop.” He says it loud enough for the team to hear it over their heavy panting and wheezing. No one makes a move to get back up and return to the line. No one can.

“Is this going to help win against Vancouver in three days?” Shane asks. Of course, it’s not. Shane knows this just as well as Troy.

“Team needs to work on stamina.”

“And this is the best way to do that?”

“How we did it in Russia.”

“Ilya,” Shane warns.

“Fine. Fine,” Ilya says, groaning at being told he can’t torture his team anymore before raising his volume so everyone can hear over their heavy breathing: “Practice is over. You can all thank Hollander.”

All is (mostly) forgiven when Ilya sees that Harris brought Chiron.

End Notes

harris admits to having a crush on shane, but he importantly omits that while in the hospital as a teenager, he wrote shane hollander x reader fanfiction in which the reader gets sold to shane hollander (one direction style) because the reader has a rare heart condition and needs to go to the united states to get special treatment and thus incurs a bunch of medical debt, forcing his family to sell him to shane hollander to cover this debt.

harris tries so many times to delete it, but unfortunately, harris forgot the password to his account so it lives on the internet forever.

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