

## Never Have I Ever

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| Characters:      | <a href="#">Troy Barrett</a> , <a href="#">Harris Drover</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Zane Boodram</a> , <a href="#">Wyatt Hayes</a> , <a href="#">Nick Chouinard</a> , <a href="#">Luca Haas</a> , <a href="#">Young (Game Changers)</a> , <a href="#">Holmber (Game Changers)</a> , <a href="#">Evan Dykstra</a> , <a href="#">Lisa Hayes (Game Changers)</a> , <a href="#">LaPointe (Game Changers)</a> , <a href="#">Tanner Dillon</a> , <a href="#">Boyle (Game Changers)</a> , <a href="#">Hayden Pike</a> , <a href="#">Jackie Pike</a> , <a href="#">J. J. Boiziau</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
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# Never Have I Ever

by [Azuree17](#)

## Summary

"Waitt a minute Barrett why'd ya take a drink," Young slurred with his eyes narrowed, "Harris don't play hockey."

Well shit. Of course one of the rookies had to notice, those morons never let anything go.

So now everyone and their fucking mothers had turned to stare at Troy who could only let out an awkward laugh.

Well this sobered him up.

"Harris probably wasn't the first guy he slept with you idiot, he grew up playing hockey maybe it was an old teammate," Holmber said to Young whom he was still currently draped over.

"Nooo papa Hazy said professional hockey player, so it has to be someone in the league," Young argued back. The rookies had all taken to calling Wyatt variations of dad and followed him around like a bunch of baby ducks. Troy woulda laughed at the endearing nickname was he not about to get his shit rocked by a 6' 3" Russian in the parking lot.

Because of every hockey player Troy Barrett could've slept with he just had to hook up with Shane mother fucking Hollander.

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Or the Ottawa Centaurs play never have I ever

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UPDATE

Chapter 3 is the only one with smut so if that's not your jam feel free to skip!

## Notes

As Troy Barretts self proclaimed number one fan I fear as though I must keep writing fics about him to introduce all the new Heated Rivalry fans to my boy. READ ROLE MODEL!!!!



# Chapter 1

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Monks was buzzing with excitement as the Centaurs celebrated another big win against Montreal. It was always enjoyable to beat the Voyagers , but ever since Shane joined the Centaurs a win against them felt even sweeter so they had to celebrate.

Troy honestly never *really* hated going out with his team in Toronto, it was easy to forget himself in a loud dark club. The team never invited spouses or partners out with them either so Troy had never really felt left out in that way. The pessimist in Troy always assumed it was so the guys could "let off steam" aka cheat on the partners freely. He knew that wasn't true for all the guys, hell he didn't cheat on Adrian, but there was a concerning amount of players that would leave the clubs with girls that weren't theirs.

Ottawa on the other hand was the opposite. Monks wasn't some dark club with a DJ it was a small locally owned sports bar.

Troy loved it.

He also loved the fact that the Centaurs didn't turn away the players partners at the door but rather encouraged them to come out and celebrate with the team. Tonight only Lisa and Harris had joined them but more often times than not many more would join the team. Hell even their coach and his wife would join them on occasion.

If the team did have a rule about partners not coming out with them it would be kind of hard to enforce, considering two of their players were married to one another

Troy was currently sitting in a booth across from said married couple and next to his boyfriend. He couldn't imagine showing up to a club with his old team and having Adrian lean on his arm, the thought was almost laughable. What a turn his life has made.

"What are you smirking bout," Harris questioned from next to him.

"Just happy to be here ," Troy said throwing an arm around his boyfriend who leaned in next to him.

"GUYSSSS COME HERE," LaPointe yelled dragging two chairs as well as Young, Holmber, and Luca over to where Troy and them were sitting.

"Shut up you three, we aren't the only ones in here," Boody laughed making his way over alongside Wyatt and his wife to see what the hell they were shouting about.

"K like I know you guys are all old as hell but can we do, like a drinking game or something," LaPointe said slurring his words.

"Who are you calling old! We are all very youthful," Ilya answered with mock offense clutching his hand over his chest.

"Haven't you guys had enough to drink already?" Shane questioned with concern on his face.

"Nope!" replied the rookies minus Luca who looked slightly confused with what was happening. His english was getting pretty good but he still struggled with slang, which was unfortunately all the rookies spoke in when drunk.

Shane pushed closer to his husband making room for Luca to come sit in the booth beside him as the rest of the team came over to join. Harris moved closer to Troy intending to make room for Holmber who didn't notice and sat on top of Young's lap. Troy laughed when he noticed Young blush, gayest team in the league they said.

"Ok so what drinking game you losers wanna play," asked Dykstra as he took the place next to Harris instead.

"Uh like..." LaPointe trailed off, looking to the other rookies for help, Luca shrugged.

"Wait I'm like fuckin goated at flip cup," Holmber said.

"And what would we do, flip glass cups?" Troy questioned him, eyebrow raised.

"Wait how would we do that?" Holmber questioned not sensing Troys sarcasm.

"He's dust anyway, you can't play flip cup for shit," Young laughed looking at Holmber.

Holmber grabbed him in a choke hold as they jokingly fought with each other.

"Lets just do a classic something simple like never have I ever, take a shot if you've done it and don't if you haven't." Harris said laughing at the teens.

"Maybe we just take a drink instead of a shot, *some* of these boys have already drank quite a bit," Lisa said looking towards the three morons.

"Yes everyone listen to Lisa she is doctor in the room," Ilya said.

"Great so first round is on you Cap," Lisa said laughing.

Ilya sighed dramatically before agreeing and everyone got their drink of choice.

"So like who starts this?" Bood questioned clearly counting down the minuets before he could head out.

"Me obviously, I am captain and bought all your drinks," Ilya answered smirking.

"Never have I ever hit a parked car," Ilya said looking towards Chouinard, who recently clipped Ilyas car leaving the rink.

"One time Roz , one time," Chouinard said rolling his eyes and taking a drink, alongside Dillon, Young, and Luca.

"Hollzy you go next we can go in a circle," Dykstra said.

"Uh fuck I don't know," Shane said his brows furrowed. Ilya leaned in and whispered something in Shanes ear

"Oh fuck off, I am not saying that ," Shane said smacking his husband, judging by his reaction it was not something safe for work.

"Uhhh never have I ever been pulled over," Shane settled on, staring at Ilya who took a drink.

Boyle, Holmber, LaPointe, and Lisa Hayes took a drink.

"Ok those losers don't surprise me but Lisa?" Bood said surprised clearly getting more invested into the game now.

"I was much more wild in my teen years Bood," Lisa laughed.

"Alrighty Luca go for it," Harris said across the table.

"Um never have I ever lied about my age," Luca said.

"Low blow Haas, low blow," LaPointe replied taking a drink, alongside Holmber, Young, Troy and again Ilya.

"Jesus guys," Shane said shaking his head.

"Had to get in the bars with the boys somehow Hollzy," LaPointe shrugged giggling.

They played a couple more rounds asking increasingly more invasive questions as the group got to varying levels of drunk, the rookies minus Luca, Ilya, and Troy had drank the most. Everyone thought it was funny to target their captain, unfortunately for Troy, Ilya and him have lived very similar lives, minus the sleeping with women of course.

It finally occurred to Troy that he didn't have to drink, but oh well it was too late now.

The group seemed to be getting ready to call their ubers or spouses to come grab them. Or at least Troy was for sure, he was fucking tired leaning against Harris. Ilya was in a similar position across the table against Shane.

"Alright lets wrap this up guys," Bood laughed, "We still have practice tomorrow afternoon"

"Yes listen to Bood, he is in charge," Ilya said half asleep against Shane who grabbed his phone out to order an uber. "Harris you guys just wanna share one?" Shane questioned, they were going the same way so Harris agreed.

"Can we do one more round while we wait," LaPointe whined, clearly having drank enough.

Troy prayed whoever asked the question would target someone who hadn't drank half their body weight. Again seeming to ignore the fact he didn't have to drink.

"Wyatt you go," Lisa said to her husband, knowing he would think of something that the rookies wouldn't get to drink for.

"Never have I ever slept with a professional hockey player," Wyatt laughed looking towards his wife Lisa smirking, and then back to the table Troy was sitting at.

"Was very targeted Hazy," Ilya slurred taking a drink, alongside Shane who had surprisingly avoided all of the previous rounds.

"Ten out of ten recommend if you get the chance," Harris laughed leaning into Troy who huffed out a laugh and planted a kiss on the top of Harris's head before taking a drink of his own.

Shit.

He was not supposed to do that.

No one noticed. Probably.

"Waitt a minute Barrett why'd ya take a drink," Young slurred with his eyes narrowed, "Harris don't play hockey."

Well shit. Of course one of the rookies had to notice, those morons never let anything go.

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Because of every hockey player Troy Barrett could've slept with he just had to hook up with Shane mother fucking Hollander.

Harris turned his head to look at his boyfriend smirking, "Well now gotta know, who was it?"

"Wait no I wanna guess," Dykstra said, "Was it Ryan Price? You guys played together for a bit."

"No." Troy replied covering his face with his hands. Fuck he could not look at Shane right now.

"Was Scott Hunter wasn't it," Ilya said suggestively.

"Holy shit was it Dallas Kent," questioned Boyle.

"Ew fuck no what the hell dude," Troy said looking over at him.

"Guys just leave him alone, it's none of our business," Shane tried helpfully.

"Come on aren't you curious?" LaPointe said looking at Shane who was trying far to hard to act normal right now.

"It could be a player that's not out, *right*, Troy?" Shane said emphasizing the word right as he looked at Troy.

"Uh- ye-yeah he's not out so you know not my place or whatever." Troy said to the team hoping everyone was drunk enough not to bring this matter any further.

Everyone seemed to take this as a good enough answer and began to get up and filter out of the bar as their cars got here. The older guys made sure the rookies got in their ubers safe before making it to their own.

Ilya and Shane followed Troy and Harris to their uber.

Great he forgot he had to share an ride with them.

Troy volunteered to get in the front seat so he didn't have to sit in the back with Shane and Ilya. Normally Harris would go in the front as he could make conversation with a rock so he gave Troy a look but went in the back seat anyway without question.

Unfortunately the uber was a 30 minute drive to Shane and Ilyas, and another 15 to get back to Troy and Harris's place. Hopefully they would just sit in silence.

Unfortunately he was in a car with Ilya Rozanov.

"Sooo Troy, wanna tell us the truth now?" Ilya asked in a singsong voice.

"oh my god," Troy muttered under his breath.

"Wait can you tell us when it was at least?" Harris asked clearly curious as well. These two were not going to drop it.

"You too!? Jesus if I tell you what year will you guys leave me alone?" Troy tried

"Maybe.." Ilya and Harris said at the same time.

Troy sighed.

"Fuck fine it was like 2013 or 2014"

Wow you were in rookie season then let me think who it could be, are you sure it was not Scott Hunter?" Ilya asked laughing.

"Ilya just let it go ok? Its none of your business," Shane finally said.

"I'm just curious, Troy didn't have to drink if he didn't want to make it a whole thing," Ilya said defensively.

"Alright guys lets just leave it ok," Harris tried awkwardly laughing and sensing the tension in the backseat. Troy was glad he sat in the front.

"Thank you Harris," Shane said annoyed while staring at his husband, "just drop-

"Now I am more curious as to why are you getting defensive over this?" Ilya said cutting him off, "is almost like- wait," Ilya paused.

"Holy shit," Harris said looking from Shane to the front seat at his boyfriend and back again. Fuck.

They sat in an awkward silence, Troy was just about ready to open the car door and jump out into a ditch when Ilya spoke.

"And you didn't record it?" he said with mock offense.

"Ilya!?" Shane squawked his face turning red.

"I'd watch," Harris added.

"Harris!?" Troy said turning to face the back seat.

The two men high fived.

Shane had his face buried in his hands and Ilya had wrapped his arms around him laughing alongside Harris.

"I cannot believe you never told me this, this is wonderful," Ilya said laughing as it was the funniest thing in the world that his best friend and husband had slept together.

"If you ever want to come over for some team bonding let me know, Harris you are more than welcome to join," Ilya said fake suggestively as Shane smacked him.

"Oh my god dude please drop it," Troy said mortified from the front seat.

"Why are you so mortified babe, neither one of you were in a committed relationship" Harris said trying to be helpful, "unless the sex was that bad," he added laughing.

"Well if it was bad I know it wasn't Shane," Ilya answered still laughing.

"Well it definitely wasn't Troy," Harris said back.

"Holy shit, yes the sex was good, great even," Shane started, "but it wasn't you." Shane said now looking up towards his husband who's face had curved into a small smile.

"Awwwwww," Harris said looking at the two men.

"Ok yes adorable, can drop this now please," Troy said sighing.

"And don't you dare tell anyone on the team," Shane stated looking at Ilya.

"I second that," Troy added.

"Yes, yes fine whatever," Ilya said still blushing from what Shane had said, someone was getting lucky tonight.

Although Troy was pretty sure the two of them got lucky every night.

And morning.

And sometimes the afternoon.

The four men continued chatting about whatever else came up switching the subject to hockey, and their next road trip.

When the driver finally pulled up to Shane and Ilyas the two thanked the him and got up to leave. Troy also got out so he could make his way to the back seat and sit with his boyfriend.

"Wait, wait, wait," Ilya said stopping Shane before getting out of the car, "I have very important question"

"I don't believe you come on, bye guys," Shane said grabbing his husband and pulling him out of the car as he waved to Harris and Troy, who was getting into the back seat.

"No is very important," Ilya said getting oddly serious stopping Shane.

"What?" Troy and Shane questioned at the same time.

"Who topped?"

"Goodnight Ilya," Troy shut the door and watched Shane drag him inside, as the Russian laughed his ass off.

The driver pulled out of the driveway and Troy looked over to Harris.

"Well?" Harris asked.

"Well what?"

"Who topped?"

"I hate you," Troy said laughing while leaning his head against Harris's shoulder.

"Love you too," Harris said smirking and planting a kiss on Troys head.

Troy prayed this uber driver didn't have Twitter, he would remember to tip him well.

## Chapter End Notes

In writing this little drabble I found out that Shane is actually taller than Troy which is low key crazy to me, let me know if y'all want a chapter two of the actual encounter between Shane and Troy as there is a depressing lack of Shane/Troy fics lmao

I am in desperate need for more content with the rest of the Centaurs but some of these guys don't even have first names. I will be starting my Holmber/Young agenda their ship name is Yober thank you <3

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

You asked so you shall receive here's the team finding out about Shane and Troy!

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

The Centaurs were practicing their power play to prepare for their upcoming game against New York and Troy passed the puck across the ice to Shane who was skating up towards the net. The puck met his stick as he fired a one-timer on Wyatt that that went bar down.

"That was a fucking beaut Hollzy!" Troy said skating over and giving Shane a high five.

"Almost as good as sex with one another no?" Ilya said smirking as he stopped next to them looking back and forth between Troy and Shane.

"Jesus it was one fucking time let it go," Shane said shaking his head and laughing. Troy had recently found out that Ilya does not enjoy letting *anything* go. Shane told him he still brings up the fact that he dated Rose Landry.

"Quit being a jealous bitch Roz, lets set up again," Troy teased, playfully shoving his captain.

They heard a stunned laugh and turned their heads to see LaPointe, eyes wide and jaw dropped.

"No fuckin way," he said skating off. Probably to share his discovery with the other rookies, and anyone else he came across.

"You have got to be kidding me," Shane sighed dropping his head.

Of course LaPointe, the biggest gossip had to overhear Ilya. Troy gave it until the end of practice for this gossip to make its cycle around the team.

"Thanks Roz," Troy said sarcastically looking over to Ilya. He could practically see the gears turning in his head, Ilya was not going to help them stamp out any rumors he was most definitely going to do the exact opposite.

Great.

Troy continued running the power play a couple more times almost forgetting what LaPointe had overheard Ilya say earlier in the practice. He skated up to the blue line to wait while some other lines ran through plays and decided to eavesdrop on on the two rookies next too him.

"Wait so you think they're having an affair?" Troy overheard Luca whisper back to Young. Wonderful the rumor was spreading.

"Yup, I mean that's gotta be what it is right? LaPointe told Holmber who told Dykstra who told me that Roz was fuckin fuming, I'm surprised he hasn't dropped the gloves on him yet, I know I-," He cut himself off when he noticed Troy staring at them.

Before Troy could explain himself Ilya yelled over to him to reset so they could run the power play one last time. Troy just shook his head at the rookies and skated away. None of the older guys (minus Dykstra apparently) would pay them any mind and write it off as some silly gossip.

Or so he thought.

The rest of practice had been going pretty smoothly, Troy had skated over to center ice and was leaning on the glass waiting for his turn in their current drill.

"The rookies and Dykstra seem to think its an affair and Boyle seems to think it was revenge sex," he said laughing, "but there's no way. I mean Roz woulda beat the shit outta Troy," he overheard Chouinard talking to Dillon.

Fantastic so even the older guys were talking about this.

"My guess is its an open relationship," Chouinard continued.

"No way Roz seems way to possessive for that shit, it's gotta be uh- whats the word for when they're all in a relationship? Like all four of em dating," Dillon asked.

"Polyamory?" Troy supplied letting out a tired sigh.

The two men turned to stare at him with their eyebrows raised.

"Wait I didn't-"

"Barrett your turn!" Wiebe shouted before Troy could defend himself. Shit he made it sound like they were all dating each other. Well at least it wasn't as bad as thinking him and Shane were having an affair he thought as he skated off to run through the drill.

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"Ok this is getting insane," Shane said skating up next to Troy while they were having a bit of a break. He could practically feel the team staring at the two of them but chose to ignore it.

"Have you been hearing weird shit about use too," Troy laughed sarcastically.

"LaPointe tried to convince Wyatt we were having an affair, but he just seemed to be convinced you and I are exes," Shane sighed, " oh and according to Holmber Ilya is fighting you in the parking garage after practice so watch out for that," Shane added rolling his eyes.

"Thanks for the heads up," Troy laughed, "I think I accidentally convinced Chouinard and Dillon we were all polyamorous instead of having an affair so welcome to the relationship I

guess," Troy added shaking his head.

"Appreciate it," Shane laughed sarcastically tapping his stick against Troys shin before skating off.

He made his way over to the bench where Bood and Ilya were talking with the intention of grabbing some water before continuing the rest of practice.

"—you're like ok with this?" Bood said turning his head towards Ilya, a confused look on his face.

"I mean Shane was just offering poor Troy some support in such a trying time, and as for Troy I really appreciate how he took Shanes advice and turned his life around. He has truly become such a wonderful friend and fantastic hockey player," Ilya added sweetly.

"Uh I don't know what this is about but thanks man?" Troy said stopping next to them grabbing his water bottle, surprised at his friends open display of affection.

Bood looked towards Troy as he stopped leaning against the bench, "Uh listen I'm real proud of you man. I honestly had no idea you used to, you know..." he trailed off and smacked Troy on the shoulder giving him a smile as he skated off.

"What the hell was that about?" Troy said now looking at Ilya who had what could only be described as a sinister look upon his face.

"What did you say to him Ilya?" Troy questioned more concerned this time.

"Oh nothing my dear Troy," Ilya smiled batting his eyelashes, "just talking about how you turned your life around."

Troy knew he had been a total asshole in the past, but he had the unfortunate suspicion this wasn't what Bood had been referring to when he said he was "proud" of Troy.

"What do you mean by that Roz?" Troy smiled sarcastically at his Captain.

"Well I mean it takes a lot of hard work to go from hooker to professional hockey player." Ilya said unable to contain his laughter any longer.

"Oh my fucking god you did not," Troy said eyes wide, "Wait did Bood actually believe that?!" Troy said stunned now joining Ilya in laughter.

"I can be very convincing," Ilya replied winking.

"You're such an asshole," Troy said shaking his head still laughing, "has anyone ever told you that?"

"Many times, many many times," Ilya said cackling as he skated away.

When practice was finishing guys started making their way off the ice and towards the locker room, Troy decided to waste as much time as humanly possible so he didn't have to face the

rest of the team right away. Shane seemed to have the same idea as they mindlessly passed the puck back and forth.

"We should head off now, we're gonna have to face the guys one way or another," Troy awkwardly laughed.

"Maybe they're all content with whatever conclusions they came too and everything will be back to normal," Shane said with a fake optimism as they skated off towards the bench.

They walked down the hall in silence, Troy knew for being such a good athlete and often the center of attention Shane absolutely hated when said attention had to do with his personal life.

He knew this because he was the exact same way.

Troy knew the guys on this team meant no harm, and that it was just silly gossip. But as much as he liked to pretend it didn't bother him, gossip about his personal life always made his skin crawl. There were a lot of people out there who really did mean harm when they spread rumors about him and the other few LGBTQ players in the league.

He often forgot that how bad the rest of the league still was since Ottawa had three of the four active queer players, making it a pretty safe and welcoming place.

His stomach dropped as he realized if this made it off the team, reporters would have a fucking field day. People on twitter would find some way to twist this into something bad about their sexualities. He never regretted coming out but sometimes he just wished people would treat him like any other player, reporters never asked Wyatt about his wife, or LaPointe about his girlfriend of the week. But they constantly asked Troy about Harris. It wasn't that he didn't love talking about Harris or that he was embarrassed, but when he was doing media after games he really wished reporters would focus on hockey rather than his personal life.

When Shane and Ilya got outed as much as he hated to think about it, people kind of forget about the fact that Troy had come out in the first place and tended to treat him like any other hockey player. When the shock of that died down reporters, players, and fans remembered, "Hey wait a second there's another gay player we can harass!"

It sucked.

"You okay?" Shane asked looking back at Troy, he didn't realize he had stopped walking.

"Yeah sorry man, I know Ilya's just messing around but I'm kinda over this," Troy said catching up to him.

"You took the words right out of my mouth," Shane said sighing, "lets just pray the gossip has died down," Shane said as he pulled the door open to the locker room.

Everyone fell silent.

Shane and him walked into the room as his teammates eyes followed them to their benches.

The Centaurs kept throwing sly glances at him and Shane as they muttered to one another while getting changed.

Troy had just about enough of this shit.

"Ok everyone listen up," Troy said loudly getting his teams attention as he stood up on his bench.

Shane looked over at him mortified, "what are you doing?"

Troy ignored him and continued, "I'm sure you've all heard some *rumors* about Shane and I," he accentuated the word rumors while staring straight at LaPointe who looked sheepishly away.

"So let me clear some things up," he cleared his throat before continuing becoming very aware of all the eyes on him. "No, Shane and I are not having an affair," he said looking towards Dykstra and the four rookies. "And no neither one of us are in an open relationship, or a polyamorous one for that matter" he said looking towards Chouinard and Dillon. "Shane is also not my ex-boyfriend," He said looking towards Wyatt.

"I thought you had some famous ex-boyfriend though, and that he cheated on you?" Wyatt questioned.

"Wait how the fuck do you know that?" Troy asked surprised narrowing his eyes at Wyatt.

"You become very chatty when drunk," Wyatt answered shrugging.

"Oh my god did Shane cheat on you with Ilya?" Dykstra added

"What no, my ex's name was Adrian can we move on," Troy said getting irritated.

"HOLY SHIT WAIT A MINUTE. WAS IT ADRIAN DELA CRUZ!??!" Wyatt's nerdy ass shouted.

Troy sighed rolling his eyes, "Yes, now can I continue?"

Wyatt gasped, and a bunch of other players looked genuinely surprised at Troys admission.

"I'm canceling my Crave subscription in honor of you Troy, I can't believe one of the X-Force actors is a cheater," Wyatt said shaking his head stunned as he took out his phone to cancel his subscription and un-follow Adrian.

"That's right papa Hazy you tell em who's boss," Young said enthusiastically clapping his pointer finger and thumb together as he and Holmber both took out their phones and followed his lead.

Troy huffed out a laugh, shaking his head at their goalie, as a couple other teammates grabbed their phones to seemingly also follow Wyatt's lead.

"Wow you really don't have a type do you Barrett?" Boyle added laughing.

"Oh fuck off Boyle," Troy said narrowing his eyes at him, "You know Shane also wasn't getting revenge on Ilya by sleeping with me." Troy added,

"What?!" Shane said looking towards Boyle, "Dude what the hell, I wasn't getting revenge. Ilya and I weren't even together at that point," Shane said rolling his eyes. "Or well weren't exclusive at that point" he added sheepishly glancing at his husband who was currently smirking.

"I was kinda looking to hook up with anyone who would stay quiet about it, and what better than a hockey player" Shane shrugged.

"Dude what the fuck," Troy said looking down at him.

"What? Its what you wanted too." Shane said furrowing his brows.

"Well obviously, but when you say it like that I sound like some cheap whore," Troy replied. "Speaking of which," Troy added irritated finally looking towards Ilya.

"*Never* in my life have I been a hooker."

Ilya had couldn't keep it in any longer and began to laugh his ass off.

"Shit sorry Troy," Bood said rubbing the back of his neck, "I probably shoulda assumed Roz was pulling my leg"

"This is too good," Ilya said cackling like a hyena as he wiped genuine tears out of his eyes.

"I'm divorcing you." Shane said to him unamused.

Ilya looked to his husband with his eyebrow raised and said something to him in Russian, to which Shane covered his face with his hand clearly blushing and smirking up at him.

"Wait so what actually happened then?" Luca questioned looking confused as to what was going on.

"Ok I'm going to say this once and ask that you all please just leave it at that ok?" Troy said looking around the room as everyone nodded.

"Shane and I hooked up *once*, ok. One time. That's it," He said looking around the room. "It was like thirteen years ago, and neither one of us were in committed relationships, any questions?"

The room stayed silent.

"Sorry guys I really didn't mean to make a whole thing outta this," LaPointe said looking between Shane and Troy.

"Yeah I'm real sorry I thought you were a hooker Troy," Bood added embarrassed "not that there's anything wrong with sex workers," he added nervously looking around afraid he may have offended someone.

"Guys its fine," Troy laughed, "I just wanted to clear things up before any rumors made it out of this locker room."

"Can we all please go back to normal and pretend none of this ever happened now?" Shane asked the room.

The team silently agreed as they went back to their usual chatter and finished getting changed.

Troy finally got up to leave and made his way out of the rink and up to the parking garage. Harris had texted him and said he was almost finished for the day so he decided to wait in his truck instead of going up to his office to bug him while he worked.

"Barrett," Troy turned his head and saw Ilya walking towards him.

"Holmber said you were gonna jump me in the parking garage after practice today," Troy laughed as Ilya came closer.

"I am sorry if I made you uncomfortable today," Ilya started looking genuinely embarrassed, Shane must have really let him have it. "You should've told me to help you guys shut down the rumors earlier, I promise you I was just teasing."

Troy was stunned, sure he did get irritated by the end of practice but he knew Ilya was also the same type of guy who would give him a kidney if he needed it.

"Roz dude it's honestly fine I know you didn't have any bad intentions," Troy said smiling at his friend.

"...so we are ok?" Ilya asked.

Ilya actually seemed worried that Troy was pissed off at him.

"Of course we are man, come here" Troy said pulling his friend into a hug.

"Ooooo I'm starting a rumor."

Troy let go of Ilya and saw Shane walking over to them smirking.

"He would be so lucky," Troy added looking over to Ilya.

"I am not as easy as Shane," Ilya replied snickering.

"Really, why don't you tell us your body count Ilya," Shane said narrowing his eyes at his husband.

Ilyas eyebrows raised, "Uhhhh no comment, love you Troy!" he said enthusiastically waving before heading over to his car.

Shane rolled his eyes endearingly at his husband before looking back over to Troy. "I kinda told him you were uncomfortable with all the jokes, sorry if I overstepped."

"All good, he came over and apologized. Roz seemed really upset by it actually," Troy replied.

"I thought he would, he seemed surprised that we were actually pissed about the teasing."

"I kinda started to panic when I realized how bad it would be if the gossip left the team," Troy added looking away.

"They would've fucking destroyed me online. Sleeping with two of my teammates would've fueled the reporters for months," Shane added looking at his feet. "I gotta say thanks for clearing things up back there man." He met Troy's eyes, "As nice as this team is I honestly don't think I coulda stood up and spoke to them like that, Montreal kinda took it all out of me," he laughed awkwardly.

"Anytime man, come here" Troy added smiling sadly as he pulled Shane in for a hug, Montreal fucking sucked.

"See you tomorrow," Shane said waving as he pulled away from the hug and walked over to Ilyas car.

Troy opened the door to Harris's Truck and sat in the passenger seat to wait for his boyfriend to drive them home. He only had to wait another ten minutes until he saw Harris approaching.

"Hey, sorry I took so long," he said opening the car door and sliding in the drivers seat.

Troy leaned over and kissed Harris, "hi." Troy smiled, fuck he was one lucky guy.

"Well hello to you too lover boy," Harris laughed, "How was the work wife today?"

"Really?" Troy said raising his eyebrow. Like Ilya, Harris had also not let Shane and Troy hooking up go.

"Can we please just drop this permanently," Troy added clearly tired from the day.

Harris smiled softly he could tell the joke was over, "Ok I'll drop it."

"Thank you," Troy said leaning over to give his boyfriend another kiss.

"On one condition," Harris stopped him right before their lips met.

"What?"

"You tell me who topped," Harris added wiggling his eyebrows.

"Are you serious?" Troy replied dumbfounded pulling back.

"Deadly."

Troy sighed and muttered the answer.

"I didn't hear that~" Harris replied in a singsong voice.

"Will you actually drop it if I tell you?" Troy attempted to reply seriously but couldn't help smirking.

"Scouts honor," Harris answered with a mock salute.

"Fine," Troy looked away his face turning red, "he did."

"I knew it- wait what? Really?!" Harris said turning to him surprised.

"Yes now drop it." Troy said looking at him.

Harris laughed and pulled Troy over to give him a kiss on the side of his head. "Let's say we compare and contrast when we get home for research purposes."

"Oh, for research purposes of course," Troy said smirking at Harris and grabbing his hand.

At least something good came out of this disaster of a day Troy thought smiling to himself.

## Chapter End Notes

Low key got a little emo in the middle when Troy started thinking about how people off the team would use this against them, I really don't think people would magically become super accepting so it made sense to have him panic a bit even if this was a silly fic.

Also I had to make Shane the one who topped because my fav always has to bottom I don't make the rules.

I am genuinely atrocious at writing smut but I may have to lock in for another chapter so we can get some real Shane/Troy action in a flashback lmao.

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Notes

The long awaited Troy and Shane encounter, warning you will 100% get second hand embarrassment cause I know I did writing it lmfao

Just a quick heads up this is the chapter with smut and there is usage of a homophobic slur, if you're not comfortable with that feel free to skip <3

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

Troy sighed adjusting his tie, he hated events like these it made him feel like a fucking show pony on display. It was his second time attending the MLH awards and it seemed as if it was going to be just as much of a snooze fest as last year. At least last time he had gone with Dallas, the two of them had snuck out as early as possible to go get stoned back in their hotel room.

This year Dallas hadn't been able to come, family troubles or something, so he was stuck here alone. He'd already gained a bit of a reputation as an asshole, which he couldn't exactly argue with. Not that he gave a shit what any of these tight-asses thought about his personality. He was good at hockey, everyone knew he was good at hockey, the finer details didn't matter.

But, in scenarios like these it did feel kinda lonely.

It seemed like no one wanted to come to the awards this year he noticed a shit ton of players missing, including Ilya Rozanov which genuinely surprised him. He woulda liked to talk to the guy. They never got along when they played against one another but Ilya seemed hell of a lot like the guys Troy hung out with so he assumed they would probably get along off ice.

Troy scanned the crowd hoping to see at least one person he could talk too. It was looking kind of pathetic to stand by the bar alone waiting for the awards to start. He wasn't exactly friendly with any of the guys here, most of them either hated his guts or he hated theirs. That's when he spotted Shane Hollander coming towards the bar.

Canada's goody two shoes poster boy himself leaned against the bar next to him to order a drink. Troy looked him up and down, Shane was taller than him only slightly, his pitch black hair fell just long enough for what guys would call the "perfect hockey flow," and he was wearing a navy blue suit that hugged his body just right. Shanes thighs practically bulged out of his dress pants, no wonder people had voted him the hottest professional hockey player.

And holy shit those freckles, Fuck. One thing was for certain, Shane Hollander was a total fucking babe. Troy may or may not have had a little crush on the guy...

"Uh hey, Troy Barrett right?" Shane said smiling awkwardly meeting Troys blue eyes. Shit Troy was very obviously checking this incredibly straight guy out, that's not fucking awkward at all. Troy could feel his face flushing, "Haha yeah, uh sorry, man I was spacing out a bit there," he tried awkwardly, laughing as he scratched the back of his head.

Great excuse Troy.

"Shane Hollander," he said definitely not buying Troys excuse but pretending to nonetheless. He held his hand out, Troy grabbed it shaking his it as he slightly died of embarrassment. Most of the guys had pretty callused hands from being in the gym so often, Troy included, but Shanes hands were surprisingly soft. Ok he really shouldn't be thinking about how soft his hands were and how nice they would feel wrapped around...

"I know who you are," he said quickly letting go of Shanes hand trying to wipe that thought from his mind, "Sorry I mean like, I think everyone kinda does. Know who you are I mean."

Troy was being soooo calm and collected right now, he definitely wasn't blushing or making a complete fool of himself at all. He was really glad Shane seemed to be the most stereotypical Canadian man ever and would never call Troy out on his awkwardness. Troy knew if he was in Shanes position right now he would've been a complete dick about this whole situation. Troy was really not doing Canada's reputation any favors with his fuckass attitude was he?

"I assumed so, but we've never been properly introduced," Shane said smiling and grabbing his drink from the bartender with a polite thank you before taking a sip.

"Are you having fun?" Shane questioned, trying to keep the conversation going.

"Uh yeah, always good to represent Toronto," Troy replied trying to sound enthusiastic.

"Oh come on don't lie to me," Shane said with a knowing look, "honestly I kinda hate these things too, they're always...a lot," he sighed.

That surprised Troy these kinda events seemed right up Shanes alley. Or he guessed, he didn't actually really know Shane. Huh, maybe this goody two shoes and him had a bit more in common than Troy had assumed.

"Its only nice when you get to meat up with people from other teams," Shane continued, looking away almost upset. Troy couldn't think of anyone who recently got traded from Montreal that he might be referring to.

"Like old friends or whatever," he added hastily, a blush crawling on his face for some reason.

*Weird*, Troy thought to himself.

"Hey, did you wanna come sit with us? Nothing wrong with hanging round the bar, but it doesn't seem like any off your buddies are here so if you'd rather not be alone." Shane asked, almost sounding suggestive, but that had to be Troys imagination. He knew Shane was just

being nice, especially since Dallas wasn't here. That guy had an even worse reputation among the players than Troy. Guys seemed to tolerate him a lot more when Dallas wasn't around.

"Uh yeah, sure that'd be great actually," Troy had been planning on lingering around the bar saying his hellos to whatever rich fucks were in attendance, putting on a show for his team before sneaking out. But this, well this was intriguing.

Shane nodded his head pushing away from the bar, and Troy followed behind him. Just because he didn't know where the table was obviously. Not for any weird reasons like wanting to check out Shanes ass. Which he totally wasn't doing right now. Because that would be weird.

Ok he was lying, the view was very nice.

The men made it over to the table, two Montreal guys, Shane had introduced as Hayden, and JJ. Some other guys that played hockey and totally had names were already sitting their with wives or girlfriends at the table as well. Shane had also taken the time to introduce each one of them to Troy.

What a nice guy, Troy thought.

Ok he was not paying attention to the rest of this table at all, just nodding along a Shane spoke. He wondered if anyone had ever told him he had really nice teeth. That wasn't a weird thing to think, plenty of hockey players had mangled their teeth beyond repair so this was simply a nice observation that Shanes mouth was in tact.

He really had to stop thinking about this guys mouth.

When Troy had finally snapped back to reality, realizing he had spent far too long nodding and looking longingly at Shane, he noticed the table didn't exactly seem happy to have him there. Hayden, that Montreal player, had looked back and forth between Shane and Troy with his brows furrowed. He couldn't tell if that was a "why the fuck did you bring that asshole over here," look. Or a "wow something very gay is happening right now," look.

He really couldn't be bothered with figuring out which one it was so instead he decided to pull up a chair and sit right next to Hayden's wife, Jessica? or was it Jacqueline? Didn't matter, he just felt the urge to piss this guy off.

There had been an empty spot next to Shane clearly meant for Troy, but this was far more funny in his opinion. Not to mention he got a great view across the table of Shane. He couldn't even pretend anymore not to be crushing on the guy. It's not like anything would happen, but he could always appreciate a good looking guy in a suit. Sue him he deserved this.

For what exactly? Troy couldn't tell you.

Shanes dark brown eyes met Troys icy blue ones, he had an eyebrow raised clearly confused with what the hell Troy was doing sitting with his friends wife.

If he couldn't have Shane, he could always have a little fun. Troy wasn't a vain man, he just happened to know he was, well as some may say, hot as fuck. And he was going to use that to his own advantage tonight.

He turned to the woman next to him, "Sorry I'm just so bad with names," he said with a uncharacteristically flirtatious smirk on his face, "what was yours again?"

"Jackie," Hayden snapped answering for his wife. Troy could practically see smoke rising from this guys head.

"She's my wife. You guys were literally just introduced thirty seconds ago." he continued with a sneer on his face.

"Hayden be nice," Jackie cut in, "Sorry about him," she said giggling. "You play for Toronto right?"

"You already know that Jackie," Hayden said staring at Troy, the guy was pissed.

"I'm being polite unlike *someone*," she snapped back through gritted teeth.

Troy was fighting the urge not to smile, god he was an asshole.

Oh well!

"Ok well *he* is being-" Hayden started.

"Shut up Hayden they are starting," that JJ guy cut him off with a strong Quebecois accent.

The announcer had gotten on stage and started talking about who knows what award, as Troy looked across the table at Shane who seemed to be actually listening. This guys side profile was unreal, and did he mention those freckles? Cause holy shit they were cute.

Did he just think to himself another hockey player was cute?

Troy suddenly became aware he was being a total creep staring at this poor guy and decided enough was enough. He let his face fall into his usual cold expression and looked up towards the stage.

This was boring.

He decided after paying attention for approximately three whole minutes, he got to look at Shane Hollander as a treat.

What he didn't expect was to see Shane looking at him. Their eyes met and Shane lightly licked his lips as he looked Troy up and down.

Wait a fucking second.

Was Shane Hollander checking him out right now?!

There was no way, that just happened. Troy must have been really down bad if his own eyes were deceiving him. Shane Hollander checking Troy Barrett out?

Insanity.

The room began to clap and Shane turned back towards the stage. Troy looked around the table as he slowly clapped. Did no one else see that???

The lights brightened and people began making their out of their seats and back to their hotel rooms for the night. He really needed a nap...or a cold shower.

"It was nice to meet you Troy," Jackie smiled down at him pushing in her chair, before being led away by her husband who wouldn't even spare him a look.

She could do better, Troy thought.

Troy got up to leave as well, when Shane walked over to him.

"Thanks for sitting with us man. I know it was probably a little awkward not really knowing these guys," he said smiling, "I'll see you around," he added placing a hand on Troys shoulder leaning in quickly and whispering "1724" into Troys ear as he walked by.

Wait.

Did he just give Troy his room number?

He whipped around and watched as Shane left without even so much as a glance back at Troy.

What the fuck.

Troy stood there stunned like the moron he was for far longer than necessary, he finally moved to leave when he saw a couple people staring.

Troy made it back to his room on autopilot, and closed the door behind him. he went through the motions of his nighttime routine repeating the number 1724 over and over. Did Shane actually say that?

Maybe it wasn't a room number, it could've been...his credit card pin?

That was a stupid thought why the hell would Shane Hollander give him the pin number for his credit card. Although he guessed that wasn't any crazier than Shane giving him his fucking room number.

He sat back on his bed hair still damp from the shower he took for no specific reason. Definitely not because he was going to go up and knock on room 1724 right now. He just wanted to be clean after the awards show.

Troy grabbed his phone to check the time and it was already past midnight, Shane would probably be asleep. It would be rude to go up and wake him, right?

He noticed a missed text from Dallas and clicked on it:

*Dallas- Dude my sister tried to bring her fucking "girlfriend" to my grandmas funeral, can't believe I'm related to a fag like that. We kicked their asses out LMFAOOOO*

*Dallas- Did the awards suck ass again?*

Holy shit, changing the topic to immediately ask a question like he didn't just call his sister a fucking slur is disgusting. Troy couldn't help but question why the hell he was friends with this guy sometimes.

He knew why of course. Dallas was a damn good shield to hide behind.

He tried not to let the shit Dallas said bother him, hell most of the times he contributed. Troy was sure there were other guys like him in the league who didn't need to hide behind a total asshole, he wondered if Shane was proof of that. But, Dallas was nice enough to him, even if he was a horrible person and Troy was a fucking coward so this arrangement with Dallas (unbeknownst to him) worked great.

Unfortunately, there was always a very annoying voice in the back of his head telling him, he was exactly the type of person Dallas hated so much.

The thought made his stomach drop, and he threw his phone back down on the side table ignoring the text.

Troy could live with the fact that he was an asshole and a coward...most of the time...as long as he wasn't left alone with his thoughts for too long.

Fuck he needed a distraction.

He leaned his head back and took in a breath, he could always jerk off thinking of a certain dark haired, freckled hockey player. Troy wondered if the freckles covered any other parts of his body.

He *could* go and see the real thing...

He sat straight up, the number 1724 at the front of his mind. There was no harm in knocking, if he had the wrong idea he could always make up an excuse like... he wanted to go for a run? At, he checked the time, 12:43 a.m. Sure why not.

He stood up and grabbed a hoodie before his nerves could force him back to bed. He paused at the door, what if it was a prank? Shane and his buddies were probably up there laughing and waiting for Troy to knock. Fuck, they were probably going to open the door and hate crime him.

What the fuck was he thinking, Troy shook his head and opened the door. This was Shane Hollander he was thinking about not Dallas, that guy probably shed a tear after stepping on an ant.

He stepped on the elevator and pressed floor 17. Damn this was a really tall hotel. He tried to think of anything he could to ignore the fact that he was going up to Shanes hotel room with the intention of hooking up with the guy.

Troy had never actually hooked up with a guy before. He's done stuff of course just not...

The elevator dinged and he stepped out. What if there were other players on this floor, that thought never crossed his mind, god what if poor Jackie and her husband were on this floor. What the fuck would he say if he saw them, *'Oh hey guys just going to hook up with Shane Hollander nice to see you again.'* Troy began walking a bit faster.

He stopped, room 1724 was right in front of him. Troy raised his hand no knock and stopped. This was stupid, he should just get on the elevator and go back to his room.

He knocked.

And waited.

And waited.

And wai-

Troy heard footsteps coming closer.

"Didn't think you'd actually come," Shane said opening the door hair messy as if he had been sleeping. Troys eyes trailed down his toned body, Shane was shirtless and sweatpants hung low on his waist.

So the freckles aren't just on his face.

He met Shanes eyes again, who nodded for him to come into the room.

Troy followed immediately shutting the door behind him and taking in a shaky breath. He really didn't think he'd get this far. With like, anyone. Ever.

Ok fuck he was nervous, he couldn't do this.

"Listen man I don't- I don't want you to get the wrong idea..." Troy tried, swallowing.

"And what would that be?" Shane said as he stepped closer to Troy meeting his eyes once again. He noticed a blush across Shanes face, he seemed nervous too. Nice to know he wasn't alone.

"Uh, um..." Troy desperately tried to think of some sort of excuse as to why he came up here. His mind was blank all he could do was stare into Shanes dark brown eyes and let his gaze trail past the freckles that covered the bridge of his nose and down to his full pink lips.

Fuck it.

He grabbed Shanes face and kissed him. It was awkward at first, the two men unable to find a rhythm between them. Troy gave in and let Shane take control of the kiss, letting the dark haired man explore the inside of his mouth with his tongue.

Troy let a moan escape him as he leaned into the kiss. He trailed his hands down Shanes back towards his ass, feeling up his muscular body, while Shane held onto Troys waist and ran a hand through his hair.

They stumbled across the room only letting up on the kiss so Troy could pull off his hoodie as Shane lead them backwards. Troys knees hit the back of the bed frame and Shane climbed into his lap as they shuffled to the top of the bed. Troy pulled back leaning against the pillows breathing heavy, and looked up at Shanes swollen lips with lidded eyes.

Holy shit was this actually happening right now?

"Don't think I got the wrong idea," Shane leaned back in and murmured between placing kisses down the side of Troys neck.

"Fuck," was all Troy could manage, as Shane pushed him back so he was now laying on the bed straddling him. He could feel Shane hardening against him, Troy was in a similar situation and grinded his hips upwards. Their lips found one another again as Shane moaned into his mouth.

They grinded against one another like horny high schoolers, not that he ever did anything like this in high school. But still, he was sure this is what all the sexually active ones were getting up too...God Troy was a loser.

Shane pulled back and began trailing his lips down Troys body. He stopped at his chest putting his mouth around Troys nipple and began to suck.

"Oh f-fuck," Troy stuttered out running a hand through his hair. Shane seemed a hell of a lot more experienced than him. He wondered how the fuck Shane was finding so many guys to hook up with. Would that be a weird question to ask him afterwards?

Shane continued making his way down Troys torso pulling him back into the moment. He made his way between Troys legs, and looked up at him through his eyelashes with a thumb under Troys waistband, as if asking for permission. All he could manage was a nod, as Shane pulled his shorts off.

Troy was fully hard now as Shane began placing kissing on the inside of his thigh. Shane looked up at him from between his legs and smirked, Troys face went red and he covered his eyes with forearm. He heard Shane huff out a laugh before he felt him lick up the entire length of his dick. Troy let out a whimper and leaned back against the pillow as Shane continued to tease him.

He turned his head letting his eyes drift to Shanes phone that buzzed on the side table, it lit up with the name Lily. She was asking him how the awards show went and something about how she hates that she missed it? Holy shit did he have a girlfriend? He really didn't take

Shane for a cheater, this wasn't right. Troy was a lot of things, but fuck he wasn't *that* much of an asshole. He wasn't gonna help him cheat, he would put a stop to this.

"Hey uh- holy-," Troy moaned arching his back, as Shane took his dick in his mouth and began sucking up and down his hand at the base moving in sync. Troy reached down putting a hand in Shanes hair pulling gently as he clenched his toes.

Yeah... poor Lily.

Shane pulled off with tears in the corners of his eyes, Troy still hard as fuck. "Holy shit dude," Troy was breathing heavy, he should probably return the favor right?

"We planning on going all the way tonight?" Shane questioned with heavy breathing.

Troy having never really hooked up with anyone didn't really realize there were other options besides full on sex. He guessed it made sense, shit. What was the norm in these situations? Did he want to go all the way with Shane? Was this an insane fucking thing to do on a random Saturday night in a hotel room?

Welp, you only live once.

"Barrett, you okay?" Shane questioned after Troy had stayed silent, climbing up closer so he was laying next to him on his elbow.

"Fuck, yeah sorry," he laughed out breathing heavy.

He trailed a finger up and down Troys chest and smiled, "don't worry I'll help you with that," Shane nodded downwards, "but if we were planning on going further I wasn't gonna ruin the fun."

Troy took a breath, "If you're game, I'm game," he tried sounding casual, but was pretty sure it didn't come out that way. "Want me to uh-you know," he tried gesturing between Shanes legs hoping he would get what Troy was referring too.

"Gonna have to use your words Barrett," he smirked. The fucker knew what he was talking about, he was just getting off on seeing Troy blush.

Troy looked away there was no way he could meet Shanes eyes right now, he could feel his face flushing before he spoke, "Want me to suck your dick?"

"Well if you insist," Shane laughed taking off his bottoms before Troy rolled on top of him mirroring what Shane had done before trailing kisses down his body. He stopped when he got between Shanes legs. Ok so now what? He had just gotten his dick sucked so this should be easy enough to imitate. Right?

Wait how the hell did Shane not throw up?

Shane must've noticed he wasn't moving because his hand found Troys hair. He began stroking it softly, "hey, you done this before?"

He thought about lying but Shane seemed nice enough not to make fun of him for his inexperience, "uh.. no, honestly not a clue what the hell I'm supposed to be doing here man."

"You don't have to do anything you don't want to," he smiled sympathetically down at him.

"No! I definitely-," wow he sounded way too eager to suck a guys dick, "I mean- sorry yes I do want...too"

Shane laughed, "then be my guest," he paused "uh, you got this!" Shane gave him an enthusiastic thumbs up. Troy laughed, his awkward encouragement actually helped alleviate a bit of his nerves.

He copied what Shane had done before and licked up the entire length of his dick, Shane moaned which was a good sign he was doing something right. Troy decided to just go for it and see how much he could fit in his mouth.

Huh, he didn't have a gag reflex. Well that was coming in handy.

"Holy fuck Barrett," Shane moaned out arching his back, pushing his dick even further down Troys throat. Troy grabbed Shanes hips and began to quicken his pace. Shane threw one of his legs over Troys shoulder pulling him closer.

"fuck- Bar- Barrett you gotta," Shane tapped his shoulder and he pulled off.

"Uh sorry, was that um good?" Troy questioned.

"You sure you never done- done that before, fuck dude" Shane said catching his breath squeezing his eye shut. Probably trying to make sure he didn't cum right here.

Go Troy!

"Do you not have a gag reflex?" Shane laughed.

"I guess not," Troy shrugged, making his way back up to Shane and capturing his lips in a kiss.

They lazily made out for a while, until the both of them evidently began to get impatient grinding against one another again. Shanes hand found Troys dick and gave it a couple strokes. Troy moaned into Shanes mouth pulling back slightly and opened his eyes.

"You topping or me?" Shane asked sounding a bit nervous over the question. He was probably just being polite asking and was scared Troy was going to say he wanted to top. There was no way he was going to top Shane Hollander, that had to be like sacrilegious or something. He was older and seemed much more experienced than Troy so that meant he should be the one on top. Right? Troy wasn't exactly sure about a lot of thing.

"Uh you I assumed," Troy decided to answer.

"Me?!" replied Shane with his eyebrows shooting upwards, "sorry I mean-uh yeah sure!"

He wasn't expecting that response, maybe Shane wasn't any more experienced than Troy was. Shane just sort of paused furrowing his brows thinking, as if he didn't really know what the hell he was supposed to do next.

"Do you uh-I mean, like have you done this before?" Troy stumbled through his words. This was really killing the mood.

"Yeah?" Shane said sounding less sure of himself and more like he was asking a question still looking confused.

"Oh! Lube, that's what I was forgetting," Shane said suddenly getting up and quickly grabbed some from his duffel bag before coming back over to the bed.

Troy was going to lose his mind if this went on any longer without him getting fucked. This was feeling less like a sexy, risque hookup between two hockey players, and more like a couple idiots trying to figure out how gay sex worked. At this rate he would be here until morning and then things would really get awkward.

Troy needed to take control for a minute if he wanted anything to get done, he sat up and grabbed Shane from where he was awkwardly sitting pulling Montreal's captain on top of him.

"You gonna fuck me or what Hollander?" Troy said massaging Shanes hips with his thumbs trying to make his voice sound lower than normal.

Clearly it worked as Shane smirked sitting back and tapped Troys hips, Troy looked up at Shane from where he was lying with a confused expression.

"Flip," Shane said making a circle motion with his hand.

Oh shit.

At least this way he didn't have to look at Shane, although as of right now looking at Shane was the only sexy part of this whole encounter. Nonetheless Troy complied and flipped onto his stomach.

He felt Shane feel up his back and hips. He bent over planting light kisses down Troys back starting at his neck. He finally grabbed him and directed his hips upward. Still this felt less like a hookup and more like a yoga lesson '*yes Troy do downward dog*' he thought sarcastically to himself. Would it be weird for Troy to just leave and call it a night. He was bored.

"What the fuck was that?!" Troy yelped suddenly feeling something cold drip down his ass towards his hole.

Ok actually *a lot* of whatever this cold substance was.

"Shit sorry, sorry! I forgot to warn you this was cold. Also the cap may or may not have just broke..." Shane said apologetically as Troy groaned at the sensation.

There were worse things than too much lube he supposed, "Fuck, no your good, just ya know warn a guy before you're gonna do something," Troy felt he needed to add before Shane caught him off guard again.

"Sorry," he laughed awkwardly, "alrighty, uh well now I'm gonna put a finger in."

Troy was pretty sure that was the least sexy way Shane coulda put it, although he couldn't even focus on how awkward Shane was being right now, because this was crossing a line he couldn't uncross. Sucking another guys dick? That could totally be played off as just fooling around. Getting fingered and then fucked by another guy? Yeah that was pretty gay. He couldn't even continue spiraling because he felt Shane's finger trace around the entrance to his hole, before slowly pressing inwards.

Troy groaned grabbing the pillow in front of him, its not that it felt bad but it wasn't exactly good either. It just felt weird. Troy reached down and began lazily stroking his own cock, someone had to do it he thought slightly annoyed.

Shane continued opening him up with one finger before adding a second and moving them in a scissoring motion. He knew this was voluntary, but damn Troy really just felt like he was being violated right now. Wasn't this supposed to be hot? He'd definitely watched enough porno's to question what the hell Shane was doing.

"Holy *s-shit*" Troy suddenly arched his back involuntarily. What the fuck was that? A jolt of pleasure shot up his spine as Shane rubbed his fingers against some spot. He'd never felt anything like this before, Shane said something but he wasn't paying attention. Troy grabbed and bit down on the pillow in front of him to muffle whatever ungodly sounds he was making.

"Fu-*fuck*," he moaned out as he felt Shane slip in a third finger still rubbing on that spot, Troy bucked his hips forward. This was too much he needed Shane to fuck him *now*, he was not planning on cumming just from Shanes fingers.

"Sha-Shane, *fuck*, dude you gotta fuck me now or I'm gonna-," Troy breathed out heavily.

He felt Shane lean forward and turn his head capturing Troy in a messy kiss, pulling his fingers out.

"Do you have a condom?" Troy questioned breathing heavy against Shanes lips.

"Oh shit, yeah I forgot. One sec," he replied surprised pulling away. He rolled off of Troys back and went to go dig though his bag for one.

Troy was currently laying face down, ass up, naked, and covered in lube as he listened to Shane dig through his duffel bag. This was getting increasingly less sexy by the second. What the hell was Troy doing, he buried his face in the pillow as the embarrassment began to make itself known.

He grinded his hips against the bed, he was getting really fucking impatient with this guy. For being the one who invited Troy up here he seemed really unprepared.

Troy let out a groan, he shoulda just jerked off in the shower thinking of Shane. The real thing was a lot less sexy when you got him undressed. How the fuck was that even possible?

Never meet your heroes they say.

"Ah, found one!"

Fucking finally.

He felt the bed dip as Shane knelt down back where he was before and Troy prepared for... nothing?

"Shane?" Troy questioned straining his neck back to look at Shane, "you good man?"

"Yeah, yeah, haha, usually not on this end of things," he answered his face turning red.

This whole situation just made a hell of a lot more sense to Troy. Of course Shane Hollander was a bottom. Five minutes into hooking up with the guy he shoulda figured that out. Or *would* have if he'd actually ever hooked up with anyone before. Hell, Troy didn't even know what the hell he liked.

Shit sorry I shouldn't have assumed," Troy laughed awkwardly, "did you uh wanna switch or um."

"No, no I uh I got this.. yeah, I mean you're already ready" Shane answered sounding unsure of himself.

"Cool, love the confidence," Troy added smirking, this whole situation was so odd.

"Shut up Barrett," Shane laughed.

Why the hell did Shane keep calling him by his last name? Did he have a last name fetish or something?

Troy laughed at the thought on top of Shanes embarrassment, "alrighty then, ravage me Hollander."

He felt Shane grab his hips and line up against his hole, his body may have been getting impatient but his mind was slightly terrified.

Fuck.

He felt Shane move forward, this was a hell of a lot different than the fingers earlier. Fuck he was moving too slow. It hurt. In a good way or a bad way he didn't know. Troy bit back down on the pillow in front of him.

"Barrett you ok?" Shane asked breathing heavy, "I gotta move,"

"Y-yeah, just- fuck," he groaned this was overwhelming. He closed his eyes and pushed back into Shane who was moving, so. Fucking. Slow. He finally picked up the pace, with no

rhythm whatsoever. The only way this could be worse is if Shane was a woman. At least he knew that much.

He wondered if Shanes girlfriend topped him. If this was any indication, the answer was most definitely yes.

He reached down and began to stroke himself to get this over with. This couldn't have been enjoyable for either one of them. Shane couldn't even find that spot he'd hit earlier when he was stretching Troy out.

"You close?" Shane breathed out while thrusting into him, he'd picked up the pace clearly trying to put an end to things as well.

"Ye-yeah," he huffed out.

"Fuck same," Shane answered as he fucking pulled out of Troy.

What the hell.

Fine. It's not like he was doing a good job anyways. Troy continued jacking himself off realizing he really should have just done this back in his hotel room. He moaned and came into his own hand as he listened to Shane behind him.

Troy collapsed onto his stomach, he was sure Shane had came, he just was beyond caring. Fuck he was tired.

He felt the bed move and heard Shane walk across the room to who knows where, and flipped onto his back sitting up with his head leaning against the headboard.

They started strong and it just went increasingly downhill from there, and boy oh boy was it about to get worse.

"y-you cant tell anyone about this," Troy stuttered as Shane walked back in the room. The post nut clarity was hitting him hard.

"Aw man I was just about to post on my Instagram story that I slept with Troy Barrett," Shane answered sarcastically throwing a towel at Troy. "You do realize if I told anyone I would be outing myself too right?" he added.

"I'm serious you can't tell anyone. I-I don't do this shit man," Troy said again ignoring Shane as he began to panic.

He just had sex with Shane Hollander. A man. What the fuck. This was not good, he had been so good at avoiding this side of himself and of course hockey Jesus himself had to go and ruin it. Fuck it wasn't even worth it.

"I mean...you kinda just did this shit," Shane added confused.

"No I mean I'm not like *that*," Troy sneered getting frustrated putting his head in his hands.

"Like *what*?" Shane questioned narrowing his eyes at Troy

Dallas's text message from earlier flashed in his mind.

"I'm not a fucking *fag* like you alright, holy fuck" Troy said irritated before he could stop himself.

Shane's eyebrows shot up, he stared at Troy stunned.

Shit.

"Wow ok uh, you're gonna get the fuck out of my room now," Shane said laughing like he couldn't believe what Troy had just said. Hell, Troy couldn't even believe what he had just said.

"Wait shit I'm-" he started.

"Yeah no I'm not dealing with whatever the hell this sexuality crisis is right now," Shane cut in crossing his arms.

"Fuck whatever," Troy said getting up and rolling his eyes. Holy shit his back hurt.

"Maybe text your girlfriend Lily and tell her what you are," Troy feeling vindictive felt the need to add in while pulling his clothes on.

"Fuck did you just say," Shane snapped.

"You heard me, go give Lily a call," he continued, because of course Troy had to double down.

His brain was yelling at him to shut the fuck up, but for some reason words just kept rolling off his tongue without thinking. There was something seriously wrong with Troy.

"Tell her what a f-," Troy started.

"You don't have any room to talk," Shane said cutting him off.

He was right, what a hypocrite Troy was.

"Go." Shane said sternly.

Troy pulled on his hoodie before walking to the door in silence, he stopped with his hand on the doorknob and glanced back

"You can't-"

"Tell anyone? Yeah I know." Shane answered looking so fucking tired.

Being closeted sucked.

He finally found someone in the same situation as him, and of course being Troy Barrett he had to go and ruin it by being an asshole. Was there ever going to be any salvaging of this relationship?

"Hey, I'm-" he tried.

"No, just go Troy." Shane sighed looking away.

Troy looked through the peephole to make sure no one was out in the hall before opening the door and leaving, without looking back.

What the hell just happened.

## Chapter End Notes

I would like to formally apologize to Shane Hollander for the slander, we all know he's a freak in the sheets when he ain't on top.

This went so much longer than I intended, because I kept procrastinating writing the actual sex scene. Hopefully my lack of skill in writing smut worked out with making the encounter incredibly awkward. I tried to keep it fun but alas I yearn for angst. I wrote another chapter right away though so you can see them making up in the future because I immediately got sad.

I also needed Troy to have the urge to hate on Hayden, him and Ilya are just subconsciously interlinked like that.

# Chapter 4

## Chapter Notes

This is just Troy and Shane making up in the future because the end of the last chapter made me sad and I need a happy ending :)

Also did y'all see Rachel Reid announced a third Shane/Ilya book! Can't wait to see more actual Troy and Shane interactions LMAO

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

It was summer. The season had gone insanely well once again, with Ottawa winning another cup. The team had been pretty much unstoppable ever since Shane had joined them. Having the "first husbands of hockey" on a team together was probably the best thing to happen in Ottawa Centaurs history.

Shane had invited Troy and Harris, to his and Ilyas cottage for the weekend before their Ottawa hockey camp. They'd gone the past couple of years and Troy loved it, Ilya had dubbed Shane "Mr. Real Estate" and Troy could see why. The cottage was gorgeous.

It was always a nice escape to hang out with another gay couple away from the spotlight. Things in the MLH had gotten much better for LGBTQ players, especially in Ottawa, but at the end of the day it was still a very conservative sport. He knew things wouldn't change if people didn't come forward to make a difference, but fuck, sometimes it was tiring being that person.

He tried not to let the little things bother him but there would always be one comment that went too far, or question that was way too personal, making him uncomfortably aware that no matter what he did people would always see him differently. Whether that was in a positive or negative way didn't matter, he would never just be another hockey player anymore. Now when people would try and remember who he was they would never say, "Oh, he's that great right wing from Ottawa," it was always, "Oh, he's one of the gay hockey players isn't he." Not that he was ashamed of being gay by any means, it just kinda sucked to be reduced down to one thing when he had worked so hard at this sport his entire life.

Needless to say by the end of the season this was a nice break.

"Ok it really wasn't that great," Troy said laughing.

The four men were drinking around the fire in the backyard and of course the subject of Shane and Troy hooking up had once again somehow become the topic of discussion.

"Oh my god I lied, dude it was fucking awful," Shane replied shaking his head.

"Well I mean that was kinda your fault" Troy said looking towards him smirking. It wasn't entirely awful, Shane was hot enough to look at and anything besides getting fucked ended up being fine. So yeah if either one of them were at fault it was Shane.

"My fault?" Shane questioned looking genuinely offended.

Troy looked over to his boyfriend and Ilya who seemed to be enjoying this argument thoroughly before looking back towards Shane, "Well I mean yeah," he awkwardly laughed.

"You weren't exactly great at, you know.." Troy trailed off, he was far too tipsy for this argument.

"Topping," Ilya added snickering.

"Ok well I never top!" Shane said defensively back.

"Then you shouldn't have offered too," Troy argued.

"Maybe you guys should try again with roles reversed," Ilya said suggestively.

"Yeah we can watch and give you pointers," Harris added smirking.

"I love how you think Harris, you have such a beautiful mind," Ilya said putting a hand over his heart before reaching over and giving Harris a fist bump.

Troy and Shane both looked towards their respective partners, who clearly haven't realized him and Shane were genuinely getting pissed off with one another.

"I was just testing things out ok, and it sucked!" Shane said exasperated.

He knew it was casual and meant nothing, but that didn't mean it didn't hurt to hear Shane talk like this. Maybe this was the alcohol thinking but Troy was getting irritated.

"Well I'm glad I was a good test subject for you Shane," Troy sneered, he couldn't believe he was arguing about a hookup that happened thirteen years ago.

"Holy shit at least I didn't call you a fucking slur afterwards," Shane snapped back.

Troy's eyes widened.

"Oh shit, whoa uh- ok guys lets just just drop it?" Harris tried, sobering up and nervously realizing this argument had ventured out of friendly territory.

"Yes let us listen to Harris," Ilya added sitting up while looking back and forth between Troy and Shane.

"Fuck this," Troy said getting up and going inside, he managed to hide that memory in the back of his mind for so long. He was so fucking ashamed, he glanced back briefly seeing Ilya and Harris share a concerned glance before his boyfriend got up and followed after him.

Troy didn't wait he kept walking and made his way downstairs towards the bedroom.

"Troy," he tried, "Troy!" his boyfriend said catching up to him as he opened the door to the guestroom.

He couldn't look at Harris right now, Troy knew he would have one of two looks on his face. Pity, which he got from Harris a lot when they first met. He would look at him with a sad smile and puppy dog eyes, telling him "it was ok." That reaction he could deal with. He didn't like being pitied but it was better than the alternative. Disappointment. That he couldn't deal with.

"Troy look at me."

Ok it was sounding like pity awesome.

"Fuck, I'm so sorry," Troy replied tears forming in his eyes, as he blinked fast refusing to make eye contact with his boyfriend.

"Hey come on," Harris started moving to stand in front of his boyfriend, "Troy look at me," Harris said putting his hands on Troy's hips.

Harris sighed, "Was that true?"

Troy still refused to meet his eyes and instead nodded chewing on his bottom lip.

Harris went silent dropping his hands from Troy's waist. He could feel the disappointment radiating off of him. He knew this day would come, Harris was far too good of a person to stay with him forever. Harris had always been a good person, Troy hadn't. No matter how much Troy improved, he couldn't change the past. It was only a matter of time before he found out about something he did or said in the past that was beyond forgiveness. Apparently calling someone a slur after getting raped by them was the final straw. He was sure Harris knew Troy had said *that* word before, hell that wasn't the first or last time he had called someone that. Up until this point though Harris could easily lie to himself and pretend Troy had never said stuff like that, but this was an unfortunate confirmation.

-oy, Troy!" Harris said grabbing his face, he didn't realize he had spaced out.

He met Harris's eyes and swallowed, "look I know your pissed and that-"

"Stop that," Harris said cutting him off, "look obviously it sucks to hear that my boyfriend said shit like that but," he stopped to sigh wiping a stray tear that had fell down Troy's cheek. Shit why was he crying this was so fucking embarrassing. "You can't change what you've done in the past, but the future isn't set in stone alright? You're proof that someone can change for the better Troy," he added.

"You deserve better," Troy muttered, taking in a shaky breath.

"Better?" Harris said raising his brows and smirking, "Better than the guy who kept bringing me lattes just so he had an excuse to hang out with me? Better than the guy that held my hand when we thought we were going to die in a fucking plane crash, and then proceeded to spend

the rest of the night with me? Better than a guy who literally came out to the whole world because he couldn't even fathom the idea of me dating someone else and didn't want me to be his secret? Better than the same guy-,"

"Ok, ok, I get it" Troy said cutting him off, heat rising to his cheeks as he buried his face in the crook of his boyfriend's neck. He couldn't listen to Harris list anymore reasons why he loved him or he was going to ball his eyes out, and he was really not in the mood.

"Not to mention he happens to be a super hot professional hockey player," he added turning his head to place a kiss on Troy's temple. Troy let out a wet laugh and mumbled an I love you into Harris's neck.

"I love you too," Harris said happily as the two men stood there, slightly swaying back and forth.

"Fuck I should go back up and apologize," Troy said sniffing as he stepped back from Harris and wiped away his tears.

"I think you should give him the night to cool off," Harris replied.

He was right, knowing himself he would probably have gone up there and started another argument if he didn't chill out for a minute.

"Let's go to bed, alright?" Harris said leading him over to the bed. Troy followed and fell asleep almost immediately when his head hit the pillow as he held Harris tight to his chest.

He woke up before the sun the next morning, his stomach dropped with guilt over the memory that had resurfaced. He should probably pack his things, Shane and Ilya wouldn't want his help at the camps after that. Troy turned and saw Harris peacefully breathing next to him, his head hurt.

He planted a soft kiss on Harris's head careful not to wake him, before getting up and throwing a hoodie on. He needed fresh air.

Troy made his way upstairs, the rest of the house seemingly asleep as he pushed open the back doors to go sit on the deck.

He sat down and closed his eyes taking in a breath, he looked back out across the yard and the sun had just started to rise. It was nice.

"Hey."

Troy turned to see Shane opening the glass doors holding two mugs, "mind if I sit?"

"It's your deck," Troy replied gesturing to the space next to him.

"Coffee? It's just black, nothing in it," Shane said sitting down and looking towards Troy awkwardly, this coffee was clearly a peace offering.

"Thanks," he said grabbing the mug from Shane and turning his head back out to look at the sunrise over the calm lake. They sat in silence listening to the sounds of nature, while occasionally sipping on their drinks.

"Listen man I'm real sorry about last night," Troy finally said breaking the silence.

"Hey, I'm also sorry. Water under the bridge though right?" Shane said looking over at Troy.

"What? Dude you got nothing to apologize for, that was all my fault," Troy added embarrassed.

"Yes I do. I shouldn't have added that you said- well you know what you said," he laughed awkwardly, "I know we were both drunk last night but that still wasn't fair to drag things up like that," Shane added as he looked down at his feet mindlessly tapping them together.

"Why? You had every right to call my ass out. That was fucked," Troy said now looking over to Shane.

"You were scared and confused right? I mean you were like twenty and closeted so you panicked. Obviously at this point I know you didn't mean it. I mean you and your boyfriend are literally at my cottage with my husband and I. That doesn't exactly seem very homophobic to me," Shane said lightly hitting their knees together.

Troy fiddled with the handle of his mug looking away from Shane, the coffee had gone cold and he was just holding onto the mug for moral support at this point.

"Doesn't matter if I would never say that shit now," he paused looking towards a bird that had landed on a tree, a bluejay maybe? Troy didn't exactly know the difference between bird breeds or was it species? Who the fuck cared.

"Back them," Troy finally continued taking a breath, "I really did mean it," He could feel Shane looking at him but couldn't bring himself to make eye contact with his friend right now.

"Yes I was scared ok," Troy paused placing the mug down next to him and wringing his hands together, "but not confused," he continued, "I knew I was gay I just hated that part of myself, and who better to take my frustration out on than someone in the same position as me," Troy finally looked at Shane.

"I know it was fucking irrational to think you would out me if you knew, and I mean obviously you knew, but- Fuck," Troy stopped and put his head in his hands running his fingers through his hair. He could feel himself starting to tear up.

"Troy hey, hey," Shane said putting a comforting hand on his back, "believe me, If anyone understands how you felt its me okay?"

"You can ask Ilya to tell you how fucking paranoid I was about being outed if it makes you feel better." He smirked down as Troy turned his head up to look over at Shane, "you can't

tell anyone, but I may or may not have bought an entire building in Montreal just to meet Ilya at because I was too scared to bring him back to my actual place."

"Are you serious," Troy said finally cracking a smile and letting out a wet laugh.

"Yes, shhh- its not funny, stop," Shane said laughing with him.

"That's some dedication man," Troy said wiping the corner of his eye with his thumb, before getting serious again.

"Listen, I know I'm thirteen years too late but I am really fucking sorry. I've done a lot of shitty things but this was... this was pretty low even for me," Troy said looking straight at Shane.

"I appreciate that," Shane said smiling, "but like I said water under the bridge."

He was about to cry again, Shane clearly noticed smiling softly before pulling Troy in for a hug and laying his head on top of Troys as they sat in silence watching the sunrise.

"And we weren't exactly in the same position," Shane spoke after a while breaking the silence.

"What?" Troy added confused sitting up for where he was leaned against Shane.

"You said we were in the same position," Shane said looking over at Troy.

What was he getting at? They were both young closeted hockey players, sure Shane was older but only by like four years. Was he referring to the fact he had Ilya? Or maybe that he had his parents on his side.

"What do you mean," Troy finally asked, genuinely curious as to what Shane was getting at.

"I was actually on top," Shane said breaking into a smirk.

"Oh fuck you, we were having a moment," Troy said hitting their shoulders together. The two men laughed together, before falling into a comfortable silence alongside one another.

"Wait I have a question," Troy said suddenly before he could stop himself, "who was Lily?"

He remembered the girl Shane had cheated on with his help. He now knew what it felt like to be cheated on and began feeling awful all over again.

Shane whipped his head around, "What?!"

"Ye-yeah I just remembered I got after you about some girl named Lily who was supposed to come to the awards with you. I remember seeing the text pop up on your phone and feeling awful cause I mean I was helping you chea- fuck I shouldn't be bringing this up should I," of course he had to go and bring up the fact that Shane cheated on someone right after they made up.

Good going Troy.

"Oh my god," Shane replied laughing covering his face with his hands.

"What?" Troy said confused, "wait why are you laughing?" he was really failing to see the humor in this.

"That was Ilyas old contact name," Shane said smirking.

"Are you serious," Troy replied stunned.

"Yes"

Troy broke into laughter feeling like a moron yet again.

"Lily? What was yours, Holly?," Troy added jokingly.

"No of course not," Shane paused and met Troys eyes, "I was Jane."

"Wow," Troy said leaning back on his hands, "Lily and Jane, Ilya and Shane. Subtle."

"Fuck you, It worked," Shane smiled.

He couldn't argue with that.

"So uh we're good?"Troy added after a beat,"cause if you wanna kick us out now I really-,"

"Yes Troy we're good, I'm not gonna kick you out" Shane said tilting his head and huffing out a laugh.

The glass door behind them slid open.

"Ok we may or may not have been slightly stalking you two from the kitchen to make sure you didn't fight-," Harris started

"Or make out," Ilya cut in smirking.

"Ilya!" Shane and Harris shouted at the same time while Troy just rolled his eyes.

"Sorry," he said trying to suppress a smile.

"Anyways like I was *trying* to say", Harris added glancing at Ilya, "It seems like you guys are all cool again?"

Troy looked over to Shane who smiled, "Yeah we're good."

"What he said," Troy added.

Harris and Ilya smiled and came to sit on the deck next to their respective partners. Troy leaned his head on Harris's shoulder, and Ilya on Shanes.

The four men watched the sunrise on a new day, as Troy wondered to himself if things would've turned out differently had he not ended things the way he did. Would he have stayed in touch with Shane and ended up in some messy love triangle with him and Ilya? The thought made him shudder.

Thank fuck he didn't.

## Chapter End Notes

Finished! This was supposed to be a silly 2500 drabble about fictional hockey players playing never have I ever and turned into a whole thing, thanks for all the love on this! I really appreciate all the kudos and comments (even if I can't respond to every single one just know I read it and y'all made my day <3)

I have unfortunately gaslight myself into shipping Troy/Shane as much as I love their canon partners (and as bad as that sex scene was) so this is probably not the last you'll see of this ship from me (I'm a multishipper and a sucker for a rarepair so I'm living the life)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!