

play along

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by [ExtraSteps](#)

Summary

At Scott Hunter night, Ilya gets pulled into a drunken game of truth or dare with Scott and his teammates.

“Come on, it’ll be fun,” Vaughn said, elbowing him hard in his side. A pretty woman was cuddled into his side on the couch, Gloria, and she gave a cute little giggle at this. On Vaughn’s other side, another Admiral sat, Huff, who was just rolling his eyes as well.

Ilya scowled at him. “Is game for horny teenagers, no?”

“So?” Vaughn shot back. “What, can’t take the heat, Rozanov?”

“I’m in,” Kip said hesitantly from where he is tucked under Hunter’s arm like a little baby bird. Hunter smiled down at him soppyly, and something in that adoring look between them softened Ilya.

“Fine,” he grumbled, taking a sip of his vodka and averting his gaze.

Fuck, but he missed Hollander.

“Hell yeah!” Vaughn cheered. “Alright, Scott, it’s your night so you get to go first. Truth or dare?”

Hunter gave his teammate a half-hearted glare but sat back, expression contemplative.

“I guess, truth?”

Vaughn smirked, and Ilya felt his spine straightening, his radar for mischief going haywire. Maybe this would be fun after all...

“Who said I love you first?”

Rozanov let out a booming, incredulous laugh. “Oh my God, Vaughn, you are so boring.”

“I was low-balling,” he argued back. “You gotta ease them into asking for the juicy stuff, Rozanov.”

He blew a raspberry at him, which made Vaughn give a startled laugh. At the railing, Matti Jalo looked amused. He’d always liked Jalo. His chirps were actually funny, unlike the rest of the old, boring Admiral players.

“Fine, Hunter, answer boring question,” Ilya said, waving his hand dismissively.

Bennett, who was nursing a soda, shook his head at him, bemused.

Ilya winked at him. Bennett wasn’t so bad for a goalie. Still weird, and ancient, obviously. Slow. But a decent guy.

Hunter looked down at his boyfriend. “I did,” he admitted. “It was, well everything happened pretty quickly, for us.”

Ilya fought the urge to roll his eyes again. Hunter was just as lame as he’d always suspected.

He shoved the ball of envy back down his throat, pummeling it back into place.

“Booo, next,” he said instead.

Hunter bristled a little at that, but Kip laid a quelling hand on his arm, giving Ilya a searching look. He looked very pretty, actually, with his slightly mussed hair and lined eyes. A little sexy, even.

He wondered how Hollander would react, if he showed up with eyeliner on...

Ilya filed the thought away for another time, glancing between Hunter and Kip and the rest of the Admirals who had turned up here to support them.

They were all still a little suspicious of him. Even as he sat here in a gay bar in Las Vegas, playing a kid's game with them, while the rest of the league's best and brightest stayed away.

He couldn't really blame them. He understood the wariness.

Hunter glared a little but then relented, casting his eyes to Bennett.

“Eric,” he said. “Truth or dare?”

Bennett shifted and asked for a dare, and Ilya couldn't help but study him, wondering what truth he was hiding from. Though, he could probably guess. He kept playing with his wedding ring, and he was like a thousand years old.

His money was on the wife or retirement. Maybe both.

Bennett was dared to go and dance with someone for thirty seconds, which he did with absolutely zero shame, sidling up to the first guy who batted their eyes at him while they all stood at the railing, cheering him on.

It seemed that Bennett liked them young, and pretty, and well, male.

Interesting.

Bennett's cheeks had a light dusting of pink on them as he returned to the cheers of the table, sliding back into his seat with a sheepish grin.

The truths were mundane, the dares barely even risqué.

Until, suddenly, Hunter was turning to him, and there was this look in his eyes, slightly knowing, a lot smug.

Ilya had chosen dare. Bennett wasn't the only one hiding from uncomfortable truths.

“I dare you to call Hollander, on speakerphone, and use a pickup line on him.”

He felt his eyebrows rise as the table all burst out laughing.

That felt... very targeted.

Maybe he should have listened to Hollander at that All-Star game after all. Clearly, Hunter had heard more than he ever let on.

But, Rozanov was not about to turn down a dare.

“Fine,” he agreed. “But our drinks are empty. I will get next round first, yes?”

They all agreed easily, and Ilya slipped away, swiftly getting the attention of the bartender.

While they made his order, he discretely texted Hollander.

Ilya: I will be calling you in a minute. Not private. For dare. Play along.

Shane's response was almost immediate.

Jane: Wtf????????????

Jane: Lily, what are you talking about????

He deleted the last few messages with Shane and closed out of them, pocketing his phone.

Even if the others scanned his messages with his Jane, there would be nothing incriminating.

Ilya paid for the drinks and returned to the table, depositing them in front of them all and then dropping back into his seat.

“Alright, get on with it,” Hunter said. “Call Hollander.”

“I cannot,” Ilya said, pulling out his phone and unlocking it. He went to his contacts, scrolling through the H’s and S’s for everyone to see. “I do not have his number.”

Hunter looked suspicious.

“Go to your messages,” he said, narrowing his eyes at him.

He did so. His last three conversations were with Marlow, Sveta and then Jane. All three were fairly tame, wishing him luck at the awards.

Apparently satisfied, Hunter sat back. Then, he pulled out his own phone. “That's fine, you can use my phone.”

Ilya accepted it from him, scrolling to Shane's contact in his phone. Not that he needed it. He'd memorized the numbers years ago.

Just to be a bitch, he opened their text history.

Shane H: What you did was so brave, Scott.

Scott H: Thanks, Rook. Appreciate it!

So boring and predictable.

He pressed the call button. It rang five times and then Shane picked up. He put it straight onto speaker mode.

“Scott?” he sounded confused.

“Hollander,” Ilya drawled, resting his chin on his hand, the other holding the phone up near his mouth.

“Rozanov? The fuck?” Shane spluttered. “Why the fuck do you have Scott's phone?”

Ilya smirked, cut his eyes over to where Hunter and his Kip were watching.

“Maybe I am having threesome with my good personal friend Scott Hunter and his pretty boyfriend, Kip.”

“Gross, dude,” Shane said, sounding annoyed. “Don't fucking call me to brag about your twisted sexual exploits, you fucking weirdo.”

Ilya couldn't help it, he burst out laughing. Oh Shane, he was so funny.

“This is why I like you, Hollander,” he said, unable to keep the fond amusement bleeding into his tone. “You are like hissy little kitten, showing claws for first time.”

“You're such an asshole,” Shane muttered. “What do you actually want, Rozanov?”

“Did it hurt?” he asked simply.

“What? My concussion and broken collarbone? Of course it fucking hurt, you piece of shit,” Shane growled.

“No, no, when you feel from heaven, Hollander. Keep up,” he said. He heard Jalo snort.

There was a kind of horrified silence coming from down the phone.

Vaughn snickered, and even Hunter looked like he was trying to hold in his laughter.

“Go fuck yourself, Rozanov,” Shane said in a strangled voice.

Ilya smiled. Shane was trying not to laugh.

“Miss you, too, Hollander,” he said, making a kissing noise. “See you next season!”

“Yeah, whatever asshole,” Shane said, hanging up the phone.

Ilya sat back with a smirk. He held the phone out to Hunter, not quite meeting his knowing eyes.

“You know what Vaughn, you're right. This is a fun game,” he said cheerfully.

“Only you could make flirting sound like that,” Vaughn said with a shake of his head.

Ilya just hid a grin behind his glass. Oh, he had no idea.

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