

The Phone Number

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The Phone Number

by [dntat](#)

Summary

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

Or: What if Troy really did ask Ilya for Shane's number? Nothing fucking good, apparently.

Notes

I have always wanted to do my own version of this since reading Role Model so here it finally is!

Thank you [jarpadsalecki](#) and [Erisenyo](#) for all excellent ideas to improve this fic!

This is for the jealousy square in Heated Rivalry Bingo.

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

“Hey, Ilya?”

Troy was feeling hesitant about approaching his captain after practice, but the first Centaurs versus Montreal game of the season was coming up in a few weeks, and if he was going to do this, well... he had to do it now.

“What’s up Barrett?” Ilya asked as he changed into what Troy had to admit was a truly hideously shirt.

Troy steeled himself. He was just asking for Shane’s phone number. It wouldn’t be obvious it was for... gay reasons. If Ilya asked, he would say he had a question about the Irina Foundation. But wait, that didn’t work because Ilya was part of the Foundation as well. Fuck. Okay. He could say it was about nightlife in Montreal. Or something. But fuck, now Ilya was facing him, waiting for an answer that Troy had been taking way too long to give.

“I was uh, wondering if...” he trailed off, eyes shifting around the locker room. Most of their other teammates were chatting amongst themselves. No one seemed like they were listening or anything. He steeled his resolve. “I was wondering if I could get Hollander’s number from you?”

Ilya’s eyes widened slightly and a frown tugged at the corner of his mouth. “Why are you needing Hollander’s number?” he asked.

“I wanted to... ask him something. About Montreal.” Troy said. Fuck. The excuse sounded stupid even as he said it.

“You want to ask him something about Montreal,” Ilya repeated slowly, staring at him.

“Yeah,” said Troy, squaring his shoulders and staring back. There was no way Ilya could know the real reason. There was no way.

“He is very boring,” Ilya finally said. “He will not have anything interesting to say to you.”

Troy wasn’t sure what to say about that. He knew Ilya was kind of a dick, but it seemed like a weird thing to say about your friend and charity partner. Business partner? Charity business partner? Troy had no fucking idea how that all worked.

“And you don’t want to ask anyone about Ottawa?” Ilya continued when Troy failed to reply. “The place you actually live in? Perhaps... Harris?”

Troy could feel himself blushing. Fuck. There was no way Ilya could know about Troy’s interest in Harris, right? Sure, maybe he had sent a few appreciative glances Harris’s way, but never when Ilya was around, right? Fuck, had he? And sure he maybe had a bit of a crush on the guy, but there was no way someone like Harris would be interested in *him*. Hence, asking for Hollander’s number. Hockey player and hockey player. It made sense, right?

With Ilya staring down at him it seemed to make way less sense than when Troy had first thought of this plan though. But still. He said he was going to do this, so he was going to do

it.

“No, I definitely want to ask Shane. Er, Hollander,” Troy said.

Ilya stared at him for a moment longer then shrugged his shoulders. “Okay. I will send it to you,” he said easily. Then his eyes focused on Troy one more time. “But if I hear you were being a dick to him, I will not be happy, Barrett.”

Troy took an involuntary half a step back and shook his head. “I won't be. I swear. I just want to ask him questions. About Montreal.”

Ilya shot him another indecipherable look but he swiped opened his phone. A moment later, Troy felt his own phone buzz in his pocket.

“I have sent you his number,” Ilya said as he began to gather his things. “Have fun learning about Montreal.”

The way he said it made Troy blush even harder. “Thanks,” he stammered and headed back to his own stall. He opened his phone and stared at the number on the screen before adding it to his contacts. After a moment's hesitation, he added the number 24 to the contact notes, and then saved it.

As he left the arena, there was a warmth in Troy's chest that he hadn't felt for a long time. The crushing loneliness and betrayal was still there, of course. But thinking about the new name in his phone made a little spark of happiness light up the darkness inside of him. Maybe things in Ottawa wouldn't be so bad after all.

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A few days later, alone in his hotel room, Troy stared down at his phone. He had waited until the Centaurs had a two day break to reach out to Shane. It definitely wasn't because he had needed some extra time just to work up the nerve to send the actual text. To Shane. Shane Hollander. Shane Hollander, the possibly gay, definitely fucking hot, star centre for the Montreal Voyageurs. Shane Hollander, one of the best, if not *the* best player in the league.

Troy swiped out of the messages app. What the fuck was he doing? Why would Shane want to talk to him? He was known throughout the league as being a huge asshole. Shane probably wouldn't even reply. Fuck. Troy stuffed his phone under his pillow then reached for the remote. He would find something to watch and forget his stupid idea of ever asking Shane out.

A few minutes later, he fished his phone out from under the pillow and opened the messages app. A few minutes after that, he was pressing send.

Troy: Hey, this is Troy Barrett. Ilya Rozanov gave me your number.

Troy stared down at the message in dismay. He would give anything to take it back. As if Shane wouldn't know which fucking Ilya had given him the number. *Fuck*. This was such a stupid idea.

He looked at the screen again. Should he send another text? He hadn't actually asked anything in his first message, he realized. Just kind of... announced himself in Shane's phone. But now it's been like three minutes and it was too late to send another text. *Fuck*. This dating shit absolutely sucked. Once again, Troy was left desperately wishing that he and Adrian hadn't broken up and that he wasn't in a position where he needed to go looking for... companionship. Or whatever he was looking for. What was he looking for? Dating? A hook-up? Yeah, definitely a hook up. It had been hard enough to hide his relationship with Adrian. He couldn't even *begin* to imagine hiding an entire relationship with another hockey player, let alone one who lived in another city. The travel logistics alone would be a nightmare.

Despite the complications, Troy couldn't help but imagine Shane Hollander standing in front of him. Maybe Troy could get on his knees for Shane. Maybe Shane's intense gaze would lock down on him. Maybe Shane would let him suck his dick. Maybe Shane would even fuck him. Fuuuck. Troy was hard now. He stuck a hand down his shorts and grabbed the base of his dick. Maybe he could just jerk off quickly while he waited for Shane to reply. Then he'd be more clear-headed when he decided what he wanted to say.

Satisfied with this plan, he gripped himself more firmly. And if he pulled up a compilation video of Shane Hollander spitting on the ice while he jerked himself off, well that was between him and the four ugly walls of his hotel room.

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Shane didn't answer him until a few hours later, which gave Troy plenty of time to finish jerking off, spiral about sending the message, attempt to distract himself from spiraling, get distracted from his distraction, jerk off to the spitting video *again*, and spiral some more. By the time he finally did hear the buzz of a text, he was almost too afraid to look at it. But then he thought of Shane's pink lips and perfect freckles and long dark hair and grabbed his phone.

Shane: Hey Troy, what's up?

Troy took a breath. Okay. That was an opening. He considered his options. Shane didn't know he was gay. He wasn't totally sure that Shane was gay. He had to walk this line carefully. He had to be smooth in his messaging. Artful. His fingers flew across the keyboard and a moment later he was sending his reply.

Troy: I was wondering if you wanted to grab a drink next time I'm in Montreal.

He stared at his phone. What the fuck was that? That was the least subtle thing he could have said. Troy seriously considered bashing his head against the nearest wall. He once again wished that he could turn back time and take back this whole stupid fucking idea.

Then a typing bubble popped up on his screen. Troy watched as the bubble hovered for a moment, then disappeared. Then reappeared. Then disappeared. And then didn't reappear.

His heart felt like it was going to beat out of his chest. What the fuck did that mean? Was Shane staring at his phone right now, trying to decide what to say? What was the likelihood

he would have to type and delete that much to say yes? It wasn't looking promising, Troy had to admit.

He continued to watch the screen for a few more minutes, but no more signs of any sort of imminent reply came up. He was seriously considering throwing his phone out the window and then himself after it when it began ringing in his hand. He stared down. Ilya Rozanov was calling him. Why would Ilya Rozanov be calling him? And why did it have to be *now*, of all times?

His first instinct was to decline the call. But that would be a terrible idea. Ilya was his captain, and after that stunt getting drunk in the hotel room before the Vancouver game, he didn't want to get on his bad side again. But *why* would Ilya be calling?

A thought hit Troy like a punch to the gut. It couldn't possibly be about Hollander, could it?

With a growing feeling of dread, Troy swiped to answer.

"Hello?" he asked.

"Barrett," Ilya said without preamble. "I see you are trying to learn about Montreal."

"You... you see?" Troy stuttered. He could feel himself sweating.

"Yes, I see," Ilya said. "But I am calling to save you some time. Shane is very busy after our games. We have Foundation things to discuss. Always. Is very important work. So he will not be around to..." Ilya paused and Troy could hear the downward shift in his voice when he spoke again. "Grab drinks."

Troy felt a lot of things at that. Embarrassed, mostly. But also confused. And surprised. He opened his mouth, then closed it. Then opened it again. "Why are *you* calling me to tell me he's busy?" he asked. Had Shane called Ilya to tell him that Troy had asked him out? Fuck, this just kept getting worse and worse.

"I am making it easier for both of you," Ilya said. Troy could practically see the casual half-shrug that would accompany his words. "Hollander is very bad at these things. This way, you just know."

Before Troy could reply, he heard a sharp voice, only partially muffled. "-ya, who are you talking to?"

Troy pressed the phone harder to his ear. If he didn't know better, he would say that sounded a lot like Shane fucking Hollander.

"Is Barrett," Ilya replied. His voice was distant, as if he'd moved his phone away from his face. "Do not worry, I am handling it."

Handling it? What the fuck? Troy pressed the phone impossibly closer to his ear, turning the volume as high as it would go.

“Handling *what*? Hang up the fucking phone right now Ilya,” the Shane Hollander-sounding voice said.

“Is fine, Shane—” Ilya’s voice began. Troy’s fingers tightened around his phone. It *was* Shane. Then there was what sounded like a brief scuffle and some Russian swearing. “You are a cheating cheat, Hollander—” Ilya began until he was cut off by a new voice speaking on the phone.

“Troy?” the voice asked. It was Shane fucking Hollander. Troy felt his dick twitch in his shorts and blushed. Fuck. Even Shane’s voice sounded hot.

“Uh, yes?” he said.

“I just wanted to say...” Shane trailed off and Troy felt his heart sinking. He knew what was coming. Shane continued again, his voice gentle. “About the drink. I appreciate the offer but Ilya’s right.” Troy heard a victorious sound in the background, and Shane sighed heavily before continuing. “I mean that in the way that I really am busy right now, with the Foundation and the season and... it’s not a good time.”

It was a polite letdown. Kind even, in a way Troy probably didn’t deserve. He felt the heat of embarrassment flood him.

“Right,” he said. “It’s okay. Just wanted to learn a bit more about Montreal, you know? Being so close now.” Troy winced. That didn’t sound believable even to him.

“Sure,” Shane said, still so gently.

In the background, Troy heard Ilya’s voice again, his words indistinct this time.

“Look, I have to go,” Shane said. “I’m really sorry about this though.”

“It’s okay,” Troy said again. “Forget I asked.”

He ended the call before Shane could say anything else, then let himself fall face forward on the bed. *Fuck*. He hoped Shane would forget he had ever asked, because how fucking embarrassing had that been? But also, what the fuck had that been all about? Was that what Ilya was doing instead of spending time with the team? Hanging out with Shane Hollander? Doing stuff for their Foundation? What the *fuck*. There was definitely something weird about that tickling at Troy’s brain, but he couldn’t focus on it right now. He was too busy being mortified about this whole stupid idea. What the fuck had he been thinking?

For a moment he was tempted to drown his feelings in another bottle of vodka, but he pushed that thought aside. That wasn’t a helpful path to go down.

He was just beginning to contemplate doing something other than laying with his face stuffed against the bedspread when his phone vibrated in his hand. Instinctively, he looked at it. It was a text from Ilya. Before he could overthink it, he swiped it open.

Ilya: If your sights are no longer set on Montreal, remember that Harris knows a lot about Ottawa.

Troy considered this for a moment. Apple-farming Harris. He did know a lot about Ottawa. And he was handsome. Really handsome even, in a rugged sort of way. And kind and funny and nice. Troy didn't really think he was good enough for someone like Harris, but it wasn't like he was good enough for someone like Shane either. Troy rolled over onto his back. He felt like a weight had been lifted from his chest. Maybe... Maybe he didn't need to learn about Montreal, after all. Maybe he could learn a little bit about how to be where he was now. In Ottawa.

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"I can't believe you fucking called him," Shane said irritably, later that night.

"I can not believe you were going to say yes to him," Ilya countered, nuzzling into the space below Shane's ear.

"I wasn't," Shane insisted as Ilya began to kiss a path down his neck and onto his chest.

"Then you were taking too long to say no," Ilya said while sliding his large hand around Shane's dick.

"I was trying to let him down easily," Shane gritted out as Ilya began to stroke him. "Unlike some people—" But the rest of his reply was cut off when Ilya took him down his throat.

Later, tangled and sated, Shane elbowed Ilya lightly. "You know, you're going to have to deal with Barrett when you go back."

"Yes, yes, I know," Ilya said. "I will tell him you are taken and ruined for anyone else so he should give up any last hope of getting together with you."

Shane punched Ilya lightly on the shoulder. "You're such a pain in the ass. I don't know why I put up with you."

Ilya grinned, rolling on top of his irate boyfriend. "Yes you do," he said, kissing Shane deeply.

Shane melted into the kiss. When they finally broke apart, he sighed. "Yeah, I guess I do."

"Good," Ilya said. "Because you are mine. Barrett can find his own boring Canadian to date."

Shane rolled his eyes. "Keep that up and you'll have to find a new boring Canadian, too."

End Notes

Kudos and comments make me feel how Troy does after watching Harris deep-throat a cake pop in his office. All warm and tingly inside.

Troy isn't the only one feeling all sorts of things about Shane's [spitting compilation video](#).

You can also shout about Hollanov with me on [tumblr](#) or [Instagram](#). I am always down to chat!

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