

If you were gay...

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If you were gay...

by [sircadoganforministerofmagic](#)

Summary

Five times everyone thought Shane Hollander was a bottom and one time they got confirmation

Inspired by two tweets:

"Men microdose bicuriousness by asking what you'd do for a million dollars."

"Shane Hollander is the most submissive bottom to ever exist."

Notes

I have watched the show but not read the books. Sorry if this is really OOC. Also I don't know the names of all the people on the team. Anyway, I think I'm funny. Enjoy.

1.

Shane stared out the window of the team's rented bus. He couldn't believe how long it was taking to get to Logan airport. The bus had been in some tunnel for ages, and wasn't even moving yet. They might even miss their flight.

Maybe, if they missed their flight, they wouldn't be able to get another one until the next day. Maybe, he could go spend another few hours with Ilya. His dick was taking a dangerous amount of interest in thoughts of Ilya, and he forced himself to think about something else. The team bus was no place for homosexual thoughts about his arch rival, or anyone, for that matter.

Shane felt someone settling into the seat next to him. He looked over and saw one of the rookies, Will Brayton, motioning at him to take off his headphones. He did.

"Hi Shane. Wow, this traffic is terrible, isn't it?"

"Yeah, Will," Shane responded. He liked Will, mostly. He was a fantastic player, lightning quick on the ice. The problem was, he never really settled off the ice either. He couldn't sit still for a long bus ride or keep his mouth shut for a pep talk, and as captain, Shane felt bad shutting him down too hard, but truth be told, the guy could be really fucking annoying.

"If you were gay, would you be a top or a bottom?" Will asked.

Shane thought he surely must have heard wrong. There was just no way.

"Huh?" He managed.

"So, basically, when gay people have sex, they put it in each other's buttocks, so like, one person, the top, is putting his dick—" Will began.

"I understood the question, actually—" Shane interrupted.

"Oh? Know a lot about gay sex, do you?" Will asked, doing something weird with his face that looked to be an attempt at raising an eyebrow.

"I think everyone knows what a top and a bottom is."

"Right, so which would you be?" Will continued, undeterred. Shane stayed silent. Will stared at him, unflinching.

"You know I actually have a really important thing I was doing on my phone and I should get back to it," Shane hinted.

"We have no cell service right now. We're in a tunnel. Just answer the question. JJ answered the question. Right, JJ?" Will pressed.

“I’m a top,” JJ said from the seat in front of Shane. Shane took a steadying breath. Maybe this was good for team bonding? And if JJ could answer top or bottom, Shane definitely could. How hard was it to say he was a top?

“I really don’t know? I mean, I don’t think I would want anything in my butt? That doesn’t sound very comfortable. But I guess I can’t know because I’m not gay,” Shane said, calmly, he hoped.

“I would be a top. I know that. And I’m not gay,” Will responded.

“Okay?” Shane managed. He looked back toward the window. Will forged on.

“I think you might be a bottom. I just see it. My brother’s gay, and he told me he’s a top, and some of his boyfriends have been very muscular and masculine, so you can’t always tell, you know?” Will explained. “Like, I think you could hook up with my brother, and my brother only tops. If you were gay, of course.”

“Well, I’m not gay, so it’s not really relevant,” Shane said evenly. He was still trying to process how the fuck he’d ended up defending his nonexistent heterosexuality while stuck in traffic on the way to Logan Airport.

“But if you had to have butt sex with...I don’t know...JJ, would you be okay with him topping?” Will asked. That was an entirely new and very unpleasant turn to the conversation. Shane felt his face starting to redden a bit.

“I don’t want to think about fucking JJ. Or letting him fuck me. This is a weird conversation,” he huffed.

“You’re being a bit homophobic. That’s not cool. You know, I have a gay brother,” Will replied, bumping Shane’s knee with his own.

“I’m not homophobic,” Shane sighed.

“Okay, fine, you don’t have to fuck JJ, forget JJ. I’m actually not sold on him being a top anyway,” Will rambled. “Oh...I know. Rozanov. Let’s imagine you and Rozanov have been kidnapped. Your kidnapper is a real freak. The kidnapper says you and Rozanov have to have butt sex. Or else you die. You have to figure out between the two of you who is the top and who is the bottom. And you have to do it quick, or else you die. Who’s topping?”

Will stared at Shane eagerly, his eyes shining. Shane gave up. Someone must have cursed him, yesterday, after he scored a goal in the end of the third period to win the game. Those Boston fans were downright evil. That was it. He’d been cursed, and now he had to talk to a rookie about hypothetically fucking Ilya Rozanov.

“We could take turns I guess?” Shane offered lamely.

“Well, that would mean having gay sex twice...interesting choice,” Will replied, doing the weird eyebrow thing again. “No. You can’t take turns. You have sex once and then you’re free. Who’s topping?”

“Shane, you can’t let Rozanov fuck you in the ass. You just can’t,” JJ added, apparently also now involved in the conversation. Shane longed to beat his head against the window.

“I don’t think he would let me fuck him in the ass,” Shane conceded.

“So you’re the bottom?” Will asked.

“I didn’t say that,” Shane tried.

“You’re a bottom,” Will stated, more decisively.

“No!” Shane said, louder than he meant to. How had the bus not reached the airport yet? Had the whole tunnel closed?

“Yeah, you totally are,” Will said. Shane took another steadying breath.

“Look, I just think in the crazy, never-gonna-happen situation in which I had to fuck Ilya Rozanov or die, Rozanov would probably say he’d rather die than take it in the butt, and I’d probably have to take the high road and let him put it in mine so we could be free and I could go concuss myself or something and hope to forget the whole thing. Happy?” Shane sputtered.

“I can’t believe you’d bend over for Rozanov,” JJ said, shaking his head.

“When we get back, I’m making you both skate laps until your legs fall off,” Shane promised.

One thing was for sure: He was never, ever telling Ilya about this.

2.

Shane was not ashamed of being a bottom. A hole rather than a peg, as he’d once so artfully put it. It wasn’t like he had any hangups about his masculinity. He was one of the best hockey players in the world; that was pretty fucking masculine. So what if he liked to take it up the ass? Most of his teammates probably couldn’t even handle a finger up there. Taking dick from his ruthless Russian rival certainly wasn’t for the weak.

He’d made his peace with being a bottom long ago, around the time he’d bought his first dildo. He’d been fucking himself with his fingers for a while, but he needed to feel a dick up there. And, until Ilya, he’d had no prospect of feeling a real one, so he’d gone online, found a top-of-the-line, reasonably sized dildo, and ordered it to his condo. The packaging was supposedly discreet, but he couldn’t risk having it ordered to his parents’ house. Anyway, Shane liked having dick in his ass. Big fucking deal.

But still, even if he liked being a bottom, there was something irritating about it just being assumed.

Montreal had lost to Boston, at home. It had been a terrible game, really. It had gone from bad to worse with Boston having a lead the whole time, ending with a 4-1 finish, and Montreal had had to fight hard for that single goal. Ilya had been unbearable, smirking at Shane, skating into him, and even once whispering that he hoped he'd used his dildo that day so he could put his dick right in. Shane had nearly thrown his stick at the man. Of course, he'd also let the man right into his apartment afterward. The man was now groping Shane's bare ass while Shane straddled him on the couch.

"Have you ever wanted to bottom?" Shane blurted out, suddenly. Ilya just stared at him, blinked, and pushed an insistent finger at Shane's rim.

"Seriously, do you really only want to top? I've never asked," Shane said, grabbing Ilya's wrist and stopping his progress toward Shane's hole.

"You get mad because I win game? Now you don't want to let me fuck you?" Ilya questioned.

"Of course I want you to fuck me. I just wondered why it's always been you fucking me, not the other way around, you know?" Shane asked.

"Is just how it is," Ilya said, shrugging.

"But why?"

"Because you like it? I like it? Feels good for both?"

"But would you let me top you, if I wanted to?" Shane pushed, looking into Ilya's eyes. Ilya stared back at him.

"You do not want to. You are bottom. Are you not?"

"I guess I am."

"If I thought you want to fuck me, maybe. But I do not think that. I never think that."

"Never? Not even before we did anything," Shane asked, disbelievingly.

"I knew you are bottom, and I knew I want to put my dick in your fat ass. Is simple. I can do it now?" Ilya said, resuming his exploration of Shane's hole.

"Yeah. Go ahead."

3.

Shane loved his team. Really. He loved seeing them have fun with each other. He loved hearing them laugh together. There was just...something sort of ominous about hearing some of them laugh together in a small circle as he walked into Hayden Pike's living room. But

why wouldn't they be laughing together? It was a team bonding night. Will Brayton looked up from the group, saw Shane, and broke out into a massive grin. Things had just gotten a lot more ominous.

"Shane, come here!" Will yelled across the room. The circle of rookies around him shifted nervously. Shane made his way over.

"You won't believe what I found," Will said excitedly. Shane wished he'd grabbed a drink on the way over.

"Will, maybe we shouldn't—" one of the other rookies started, but Will shushed him.

"So, basically, my brother, who's gay, actually, told me that there are lots of people who 'ship' you and Rozanov. Like, they want you to have sex. Or, they think you're having sex. Crazy, right? My brother says there's nothing more homoerotic than a rivalry, because it's two men who are like, obsessed with each other," Will started.

"Right," Shane said.

Shane focused on keeping his breathing even. He made eye contact with Hayden across the room and tried his best to communicate an SOS. Hayden grabbed two beers and made his way over.

"Anyway," Will continued. "Turns out, there are people who write like, stories, about you and Rozanov. Like, sex stories. Where you have butt sex. It's crazy. I'll do a dramatic reading next time we have a long bus ride."

"You will not," Shane cut in.

"Sorry, what have I just walked into?" Hayden Pike asked, having arrived with beers. Shane grabbed one gratefully.

"Basically people are writing porn stories about Shane and Rozanov on the internet and I found some," Will explained. Hayden Pike blinked a few times.

"What?" He asked. Will sighed.

"People think Shane and Rozanov want to fuck each other because of their homoerotic rivalry and they write stories about it. Got it?"

Hayden nodded slowly.

"Anyway, a few months ago I asked Shane if he had sex with Rozanov, under the threat of death, of course, who would top. Because I think Shane's maybe a bottom. Which is fine! But anyway, if you look at these stories, guess who's the top in like ninety five percent of them?" Will asked.

"Um...what?" Hayden asked.

"Who do you think is putting their dick into who?" Will clarified.

Hayden looked at Shane for a long time.

“I’m sorry Shane. I just don’t think Rozanov would let you give it to him,” he said finally.

“And you think I would let Rozanov give it to me?!” Shane sputtered indignantly.

“Well, the internet sure does,” Will revealed. “Rozanov is almost always the top. Sorry, Shane, but it’s settled.”

Shane chugged his beer in record time.

4.

Shane could have sworn that when he went to sleep, Hayden was next to him on the plane. How exactly he woke up to Will Brayton next to him, he could not fathom. He closed his eyes as fast as he could, praying to go back to sleep. Too late.

“I have a question,” Will said to him.

“Absolutely not,” Shane responded.

“It’s not about gay stuff this time, I promise,” Will pleaded. “Even though it’s kinda weird that you don’t want to talk about gay stuff. You should really be more open-minded. My gay brother would not appreciate this.”

“I don’t have a problem with gay stuff. Or your brother,” Shane mumbled.

“Good. By the way, I asked my brother if he thinks you’re a top or a bottom and he said you’re definitely a bottom. He’s the expert.”

“I’m going back to sleep.”

“No! Wait here’s the question: would you let a girl peg you?”

“No.”

“What if...what if it’s your dream girl? 10/10 face, body, and personality. She wants to marry you, but only if she can peg you. Only once a month! And her strap on isn’t that big. Like it’s normal dick size,” Will went on.

“What exactly goes on in your head?” Shane asked.

“Good question. But let’s focus on you. Actually, we can focus on me for a second. I would let a girl peg me. Apparently the male g-spot is up there. Wouldn’t want to miss out on that! So, would you let a girl peg you?”

“I...maybe? I guess? If she really wanted to and only once in a while?” Shane answered, hoping it would make Will shut up.

“What if she wanted to do it more than once a month?”

“I don’t know. Maybe if it felt good the first time. I’m going back to sleep.”

Mercifully, Will was quiet.

Until the next day, crowded around a table at a loud hotel restaurant.

“Would you guys let a girl peg you?” Will asked the surrounding group, made up of Shane, JJ, Hayden, and various rookies.

“We are in public,” Shane reminded Will.

“No one can hear us,” Will assured them. “So, would you? Like, if it’s a 10/10, soulmate material girl. She wants to peg you once a month. Are you saying yes? I said yes, and Shane said yes.”

“Please leave me out of this,” Shane begged.

“Of course Shane said yes. He’s a bottom,” a particularly bold rookie, Will’s best friend, piped up. Shane put his face in his hands.

“Shane’s a bottom?” JJ asked. “Confirmed?”

“Pretty much,” Will said.

“Not confirmed,” Shane mumbled.

“I think I would let Jackie peg me,” Hayden said seriously.

“Really?” Will exclaimed, turning his whole body toward Hayden. Shane thanked Hayden a million times in his head.

“I mean, the male g-spot is up there, right? And it’s just sex with my wife. Nothing wrong with that,” Hayden concluded.

“Yes! Exactly. Wow, we are so open-minded on this team,” Will gloated. “You know, Hayden, I think you could meet my gay brother. Shane not so much. Not yet. But maybe one day.”

“Thanks, Will,” Hayden replied.

Shane cursed them all a million times.

Breaking News: Hockey Stars Rozanov and Hollander Reveal Secret Relationship

@puckmepls: I want to know who the top is. sorry but someone had to say it.

@neonquill: Enough with the top/bottom discourse! No one gaf! Vers people exist! It's none of our business!

@altacct092: ngl I do gaf. I gaf a lot. Maybe I shouldn't but I do

@powerplaybabe: Yeah sorry I gotta know. For reasons

@hollanovtruther: y'all...bffr...we know who the top is

@puckmepls: yeah it's Rozanov. For sure

@altacct092: yeah I'd place a bet on Rozanov

@neonquill: you all need to leave these men alone this is disgusting

@powerplaybabe: you have a point but I agree it's definitely Rozanov sorry but we're all thinking it

+1

Shane looked over at his date, Ilya Rozanov. He reached over and squeezed his hand, just because he could now. Ilya looked ungodly sexy in his tuxedo, and even though Shane was actually really enjoying this award show, he was also very excited to be able to take the elevator to the hotel room he was sharing with Ilya and get fucked into the headboard without worrying about who might find out. Ilya noticed him staring and gave him a soft smile.

JJ and Hayden stood with the two of them, and though Ilya wasn't exactly being friendly, he was being incredibly civil.

The moment was perfect. Truly nothing could ruin it...A very tipsy Will Brayton was cutting through the crowd toward them. Shane cursed his optimism and his empty glass. Will was smiling wide, a terrible sign.

"Ilya, I am very sorry for what is about to come out of that kid's mouth. I truly have no idea what he will say, but it will possibly be shocking and offensive," Shane whispered rapidly to his boyfriend. JJ and Hayden laughed knowingly.

"Hi guys!" Will greeted.

"Hi Will!" JJ and Hayden said back. Traitors.

Shane attempted a smile and Ilya gave a stiff nod.

“So, I’m obviously very happy for you two. I always knew there was something about Shane...” Will started, slurring a bit and trying to do his stupid eyebrow wiggle. Shane braced himself.

“My gay brother told me I shouldn’t ask this, but I have to know,” Will paused, “Who’s the top?”

JJ and Hayden quickly stifled laughs.

Shane opened his mouth but nothing came out.

“You can’t ask that—” Hayden began to say, before being cut off.

“It is me the top. Always. Obviously,” Ilya said clearly, cracking a smile.

Shane went beet-red.

JJ and Hayden spluttered.

“I knew it!” Will shouted, much too loudly.

Shane cursed his boyfriend, Will Brayton, his team, the entire sport of hockey, and any and all events that had lead him to this moment.

“Everyone know this,” Ilya continued.

“Everyone did not know this!” Shane defended. There was silence. “JJ? Hayden? You did not know this.”

“Um. I didn’t want to think about it much, but...” JJ hedged.

“Yeah...it’s kinda...obvious...” Hayden agreed.

“I hate you all,” Shane managed weakly.

His hate was admittedly short-lived. He forgot about it as soon as he made it back to his hotel room with his boyfriend. Their tuxedos hit the floor in record time.

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