

Don't Ask Questions You Don't Want the Answers To

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Don't Ask Questions You Don't Want the Answers To

by [FestiveFerret](#)

Summary

"Like The Newlywed Game?" Wyatt asked.

"Yeah, sort of. It's a party game. We did it at All Stars," Nick explained. "There's like a list of questions, and everyone writes down their answers, and then we pull them out and read them and see if we can figure out who said what."

"I'm drunk enough to do that," Evan said.

"Me too," added Bood.

Notes

Some absolute nonsense to warm up a chilly day! Thanks to ashy for beta <3

Nothing like having fics with a deadline to make you write a whole bunch of fics that don't!
:D

I'm on tumblr and discord @FestiveFerret

"Like The Newlywed Game?" Wyatt asked.

"Yeah, sort of. It's a party game. We did it at All Stars," Nick explained. "There's like a random list of questions, and everyone writes down their answers, and then we pull them out and read them and see if we can figure out who said what."

"I'm drunk enough to do that," Evan said.

"Me too," added Bood.

So the paper drinks list from their room service menu was torn up into little squares, and someone found a few pens inside the room. They settled in again, the whole team squished onto the cozy wicker furniture that filled this room's extra large balcony. Wyatt couldn't even remember whose room it actually was, but something about it being on the floor over the gym, meant the balcony was huge and it had instantly become their preferred team hang out spot for the two nights they were in town.

Beer bottles were dotted here and there, along with packets from protein bars and other snacks. Luca lined up ten solo cups while Nick loaded up the question list on his phone.

"Okay, number one. If you could be any animal, what would you be?"

Wyatt scribbled his answer down, then looked up to watch his teammates. Luca had his tongue peeking out from between his teeth which only served to make him look cuter and babyer than he usually did. Troy was texting instead of writing, no doubt to Harris, who was coming on a lot more roadies than he used to, but hadn't made it to this one.

Ilya and Shane were snuggled up on the love seat, and Shane had one hand tucked in the kangaroo pocket of Ilya's hoodie, and was holding a can of ginger ale in the other, so Ilya seemed to be writing the answers for both of them. He wrote something down and looked at Shane who said, "Nope."

Ilya tried again, looking hopeful.

"Nope."

Wyatt snorted. Those two would definitely fail at the actual Newlywed Game.

"Okay, put your slips in this cup. Next question," Nick said. "If you could travel back in time to any decade, which would you pick?"

There was a pause while everyone wrote.

They worked their way through all ten questions, and then Wyatt appointed himself master of the cups. "Okay, lets see what you fuckers wrote." He pulled the first slip out. "*Octopus*," he read. "Wait, what even was the first question?"

"What animal would you be," several people called out.

"Okay, okay. I get it. Who the fuck picked octopus?"

"They're smart," Troy said, still texting. "And think what you could do with all those arms."

"I absolutely do not want to think about that," Wyatt shot back.

They worked their way through the next few cups, ribbing the people who wrote answers that could identify them, and debating the merits and downsides of everyone's celebrity crushes.

Wyatt grabbed for the fourth cup. "Which was this?"

"How often do you have sex during the regular season?" Nick repeated.

"This is going to be depressing as fuck." Wyatt pulled out the first slip. "*One to two times a week*. Okay, must be one of the marrieds."

Everyone laughed.

"*Once a month*," he read off the next slip. "Also one of the marrieds."

More laughter.

"*Not enough*," he read from the next one. "That sounds like a rookie!"

Someone threw a balled up wad of paper at Luca, who pouted. "I'm not even a rookie anymore!"

"Then you should probably start getting laid," Evan said.

"Maybe I am, you don't know," Luca mumbled, and Evan patted him gently on the head.

Wyatt pulled out the next slip. "*Three times a week*, man. That's pretty good."

Bood leaned over his shoulder. "Dude, that says three times *a day*."

Wyatt smoothed the crumpled paper and stared at it. "Seriously? Who the fuck is getting laid three times a day?"

"In this economy?" Troy said softly, more to himself than anyone else.

"Holy fuck, who has time for that?" Bood asked.

"How do you even - we're on roadies half the ti-" Wyatt's gaze landed on the only two people who weren't reacting to the number.

Ilya was sprawled on the couch with one arm wrapped around Shane's shoulders, looking like a cat with a mouthful of canary feathers, and Shane was slumped down in his seat, arms crossed defensively across his chest, somewhere on the scale from tomato to beet.

"Fuck no!" Evan cried. "I have the room next to them and I thought all the banging noises were bad pipes!"

"How do you even find time for that? That's like a second part time job."

Ilya half shrugged. "Shane is very quick."

Shane punched Ilya hard on the shoulder. "Fuck you!"

"No, I meant like, what is word? Efficient."

"That's not better!" Shane cried.

Troy held one hand up and Ilya gave him a high five. Meanwhile Shane dropped his face in his hands, moaning something about leaping off the roof.

Ilya squeezed Shane in closer. "Look, we spent first eleven years of our relationship only seeing each other maybe once every month or even less. We are making it up..." He turned to Shane questioningly, who had pulled his face out of his hands to look at his husband, desperation etched in his features.

"Making up for lost time," Shane supplied.

"Yes, this. Making up for lost time." Ilya beamed at Shane, hearts nearly visibly popping out of his eyes, and Shane softened with a sigh.

Wyatt cleared his throat. "Well, congrats I guess. But also you need to start booking your room on a separate floor from everyone else." He shoved the cup into the one before it and reached for another. "What was question five?"

Nick looked down at his list. "What is one of your secret fantasies?"

Wyatt stood up. "Yeah, I'm going to need about three more beers before I crack that one open." As he walked over to the mini fridge, he passed behind the back of the love seat and heard Shane whisper, "I love you," to Ilya, snuggling closer. Wyatt smiled to himself. Those crazy kids were going to make it.

The team worked their way through the rest of the questions, hooting and hollering and throwing things at each other. As soon as the last one was read, Shane stood up. "I'm going to turn in. Night guys."

Ilya stood up too. "Yes, early night. Ready to play tomorrow."

They walked out, hand in hand.

"Well, we all know what they're going to do," Bood said.

"Looking like a four times kind of day," Wyatt added.

Evan groaned. "Anyone want a roommate tonight?"

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