

crashing the net

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by [AutolycusinExile](#)

Summary

Rushing headlong into things is Brendan's trademark move.

(or: the team thinks the Gallys have been sleeping together for ages.
That isn't true, but it could be.)

Notes

This was my first time writing either of the Gallys, so I'm not sure my characterization is completely spot-on, but I went with it anyway. Hope you enjoy it!

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

Alex cheats at video games.

That is the only reason Brendan loses their impromptu tournament, and he will swear to that until his dying day.

Brendan is complaining about it to PK at practice the next morning when PK interrupts him.

“Hang on,” he says. “I thought you went out last night. Did you go back with Chucky, or what?”

Brendan takes the opportunity knock PK over. “Nah, we decided not to bother. Just stuck around and got room service instead.”

“Wow,” PK says, getting up. “I’m surprised. Not many people would turn down the chance at a threesome.”

Brendan squints at him. “Well, it’s not like that was really on the table... besides, Chucky’s cool when he’s not being an asshole. Why wouldn’t we want to hang out? And why do you guys keep bringing up threesomes? Are you and Pricey planning a team orgy?”

PK chuckles and shakes his head. “Man, you two are something else,” he says. “Forget about it.”

Brendan does forget about it, at least temporarily. Practice finishes uneventfully, but when he gets back to the changing room he realizes that he forgot to bring clean socks. He glances at Alex. Distracted by Lars: excellent. Brendan casually walks over to Alex’s stall and reaches into his bag, rooting around the clothes until he comes up with a neatly rolled pair of socks. He quickly returns to his own stall and pulls them on, jamming his feet into his Nikes and turning to chirp Carey.

A few minutes later, Alex is digging through the bag. When he doesn’t find his socks, he glances over at Brendan, who does his best to look innocent.

“Did you take my socks?” he asks. Brendan widens his eyes and puts a hand to his chest in dramatic fashion.

“Who, me? I would never do such a thing!”

Alex rolls his eyes, but puts on his shoes barefoot without complaining.

“You better wash them before you give them back. I know how nasty your feet are.”

Well. Almost without complaint. This is Alex, after all.

Brendan is almost home when he starts thinking about his conversation with PK again. PK wasn't the only guy to be weird about sex recently, now that he thinks about it. Max was ribbing Brendan and Alex about hooking up as well – more so than usual, anyway. If Brendan is going to get them off his case, he clearly needs to address the issue.

At this point Brendan gets so distracted he nearly misses a red light, and he slams on the brakes with a muffled curse.

Hanging out with Chucky is fun, obviously. So is having sex. And Brendan is honest with himself, even if he likes to pretend otherwise; he could have gone out last night, but he didn't. Why? Because hanging out with Alex is clearly way more fun than hooking up.

But if both things are good separately, it stands to reason that they'd be even better together.

Brendan taps his fingers on the steering wheel.

Huh. Maybe PK was onto something after all.

When the light turns green, Brendan makes a u-turn and starts driving towards Alex's place.

When he gets to the house Brendan lets himself in. Alex hears the door slam shut and starts making his usual noises about how "knocking is the polite thing to do, Brendan" and "what if I was coming out of the shower, I could have been naked".

Well, Brendan isn't going to get a better opening than that. "Hey," he says. "We should try hooking up."

Alex actually stops grumbling, which is good. However, the awkward silence that follows is a little more ominous. Brendan swallows hard, but stands his ground.

Alex blinks at him. "...What?"

"We should have sex!" Brendan repeats. In for a penny, and all that.

Alex blinks at him again. "...Why?"

"Why not?" Brendan says, and shrugs. "We like each other, we're both hot. It would be good."

Alex keeps staring at him, so Brendan decides to be to go in for a kiss. It turns out not to be the best approach, since Alex wasn't expecting it and their teeth bang together painfully, but Alex doesn't flinch away from him, so Brendan figures that it could have been worse.

Alex doesn't immediately return the kiss either, which is more concerning. But then he cautiously raises a hand to cup Brendan's neck and starts to participate, and. Well.

It's pretty great.

The two of them make out for a while, but it's been a long day (they had gotten bag skated at practice earlier, and neither of them had gotten enough sleep the night before) so eventually they make their way up to Alex's bedroom and flop onto the bed. Brendan is pleased to discover that cuddling with Alex is even better than kissing him. (He'd do a celebratory fist pump but he's too tired, and he doesn't really want to move anyway.)

When they wake up in the morning, the first thing Alex does is panic.

"Fuck!" he yells, and shoves Brendan out of bed. "It's already almost nine, we're gonna be late to practice!"

Brendan scowls up at him from the floor. "That was mean, Chucky. Why can't you be nice and wake me up like a normal person?"

Alex throws a shirt at Brendan's face. "Because we're going to be late, did you not hear me? Hurry up and change!"

Brendan takes a moment to appreciate the muscles in Alex's naked back before he stands up himself. "It's not like it's my fault we're late," he mutters.

"What?" Alex says. "This is completely your fault. You came in here and kissed me like a crazy person. I can't be expected to remember to set an alarm when I have to put up with you distracting me."

"Ugh," Brandon says, "yes, fine, I'm going already. And don't pretend you didn't enjoy it."

They manage to get to practice just in time, but Brendan is on his best behavior anyway, just in case Coach is mad. At the end of practice, Max asks if they want to go out with a few other guys. "We can give you a ride home too, Gally, if you need one. I didn't see your car out there this morning."

Alex swings an arm around Brendan's neck, forcing his head to drop down and effectively putting him into a headlock. Brendan scowls up at him and shoves a still-gloved fist into his chest, but doesn't say anything, doesn't move away.

"No thanks," he says to Max.

Max raises an eyebrow. "Sure," he says, and casts a significant look at Alex. "Let me know if you change your mind."

Brendan looks at Alex too. He's smiling. "Nah," he says. "We're good."

End Notes

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