

**firsts**

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# firsts

by [AutolycusinExile](#)

## Summary

Confidence and experience don't necessarily come hand in hand.

## Notes

I'm not sure whether this meets the exact parameters of your prompt, but my brain combined 'flirty' and 'inexperienced' and shoved it all onto Tyler. Whoops. Jamie wound up with a little more experience than I was expecting, sorry (though for all we know, it could be his first time with a guy; it never really came up!).

I hope you like it anyway! :3

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

Jamie knows that hockey fans are rarely quiet, but no matter how many games he comes to he still can't get used to the crazed enthusiasm that comes with rink-side seats.

There's a Leafs fan next to him that seems to be trying to singlehandedly make up for the lack of Torontoans in Dallas. Normally the fans of the away team are fairly subdued, but the guy has been on his feet and hollering constantly ever since the game started.

Jamie can't help but hope that he'll tire himself out by the end of the first period. Jamie's ears are already on the verge of ringing. Plus, if he's honest with himself, the guy is hot; sweaty and exhausted would be a good look on him.

The game is fairly evenly matched – the Stars and the Leafs keeping up with each other in shots on goal – but Eakin makes a bad turnover thirteen minutes in and Bozak takes the opportunity to snipe one past Niemi. Jamie swears under his breath, and the cute guy next to him screams ecstatically.

"Fuck yeah!" he yells. "We've still got it!"

He thrusts both arms into the air and collapses backwards into his seat. Jamie must make a sound, disgruntled, because the guy turns to him and grins.

It's a really bright smile; Jamie has to blink from its force.

"Sorry, man," the guy says unrepentantly. "But it's not my fault you decided to cheer for a subpar team."

Jamie rolls his eyes at him. "Don't get too excited. There's still forty five minutes left to play."

The guy shrugs. "Doesn't mean I can't enjoy a lead while we have it. God knows we don't get many of them. I'm Tyler, by the way."

Jamie chuckles. "Jamie."

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When Tyler sits down in his seat, he takes the opportunity to discreetly scope out his neighbors. To his left is a middle-aged couple wearing blue and white, so he gives them a grin and nod in solidarity. To his right is a guy in a Stars jersey who appears to be on his own like Tyler. He's built big, muscular but soft enough to look like he'd be awesome at cuddling. Tyler is about to say hi and introduce himself – never let it be said Tyler Seguin passed up an opportunity to flirt with a hot guy – but the lights go down and the pregame show starts blasting, so he settles back and waits for the game to start.

The Stars strike first and Tyler leaps up to celebrate. The cute Stars fan flinches away from him a little, but doesn't seem too pissed off, so Tyler introduces himself. When, true to form, Bernier lets in a terrible goal just before the end of the period and effectively dashes away the

Leafs' momentum, Jamie jabs an elbow into Tyler's ribs and raises his eyebrows. Tyler shrugs.

"I didn't say they were good," he defends. "I'm not crazy. But they aren't terrible either."

"Fourth last in the league," Jamie replies. "We may not be the Kings, but at least the Stars are in a playoff position. Plus we're doing it without any star forwards. Just hard work and determination."

Tyler rears back and slaps a hand to his chest in mock offense. "And the Leafs don't have that?" he cries dramatically. "How very dare you."

Jamie chuckles, his shoulders relaxing, and turns slightly towards Tyler. He stays that way as they chirp each other for the rest of the intermission, and when the second period starts he shows no sign of moving away. The Leafs lose the first faceoff, but Tyler grins anyway.

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The second period passes without any change in scoring, so Jamie is glad to continue talking with Tyler.

"So, Jamie," he says, "I'm curious. What brings a fine young man like yourself to a Stars game alone?" Tyler asks him.

Jamie looks at him askance. "I could ask the same of you," he says. "Unless you're here with your... parents?" He gestures at the couple on the other side of Tyler and raises an eyebrow.

Tyler laughs. "Just because we're both Leafs fans doesn't mean we know each other," he says. "There are a decent number of us – more of us than there are of you, I'd imagine."

Jamie shakes his head. "Not in Dallas, there aren't," he says. "But yeah, I came alone. My brother's playing, and if we decide to grab drinks afterward it's easier if I don't accidentally ditch someone in the process."

Tyler gapes at him, and Jamie shifts uncomfortably. "Holy shit," Tyler exclaims. "No way. Your brother's playing?"

Jamie nods and glances back at the ice. "Yeah, Jordie? Jordie Benn?"

Tyler looks out over the ice at the players and squints for a minute. "Number 24?" he asks. Jamie nods again. "Sweet. No wonder you're a Stars fan, then. You don't sound like you're from here... did I detect a Canadian accent?"

"Yep," Jamie says, and jumps on the opportunity to change the subject. "You too, right?"

Tyler shoots another grin at him, and Jamie feels his gut clench. God, Tyler is hot.

"What," Tyler asks. "The Leafs jersey didn't give it away? I didn't think there were any American fans." He bites his lip, teasing, and Jamie flushes.

“Yeah, well,” he mutters. “You never know.”

He turns back to the game, and the conversation lapses. But Tyler nudges Jamie’s foot with his own, and their silence is companionable.

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When the game is over, the Stars have won by two. Tyler shrugs off the loss easily.

“It’s not exactly a surprise, man,” he tells Jamie. “We have a long and storied history of playing terribly. At last after this game we can leave with our heads held high.

Jamie smiles at him, and Tyler decides to go for it. “So, dude,” he says, “I’m not sure if you had plans with your brother...” Jamie shakes his head, and Tyler goes on, encouraged. “Great! So would you want to go grab drinks with me? I know a great bar not too far from here.”

Jamie agrees, and the two of them head over to Marshall’s. When they go in, Tyler gives a nod to Jesse, the bouncer currently on shift, and he sees Jamie give him a questioning look.

“I work here, actually,” he says, feeling his face warm. “Jesse’s a buddy of mine; he’s cool.”

Jamie laughs warmly. “Oh, I see how it is. You only recommended this place so you could use your employee discount, huh?”

Tyler groans. “No, man, really. Their brews here are incredible.”

Jamie smirks a little and nudges Tyler’s knee with his as they sit down at the bar. “I sure hope so,” he says, a playful glint in his eye. “I don’t go on dates with cheapskates.”

Tyler lets out a breath with relief. They’re on the same page here, then. Good.

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The two of them have a good time, and by the time they have both reached their limits at the bar Jamie is completely comfortable around Tyler. Which is a good thing, because otherwise he probably wouldn’t have ever had the courage to ask such a hot guy back to his place.

What he isn’t expecting is for Tyler to flush completely red and start stumbling over his words.

Jamie immediately backtracks. “Sorry, sorry!” he says, uncertain as to where he went wrong. “You totally don’t have to, don’t worry about it. I must have read this wrong. Sorry.”

Tyler has hunkered down embarrassed, and the blush is still on his cheeks as he mumbles, “No, sorry, you didn’t do anything wrong.”

Jamie’s shoulders relax. Thank god. “But then...” he starts, still uncertain of his footing, then starts over. “I guess I’m not sure what you want, here.”

Tyler bites his lip, and Jamie's eyes track the movement automatically before he forces himself to look back and meet Tyler's gaze. Tyler chuckles nervously, and says, "It's not that I'm not interested. That's not it at all! I just... haven't actually done this before."

Jamie nods understandingly. "Yeah, I can imagine tending bar and seeing so many people hook up must take a lot of the appeal out of it, huh."

Tyler shrugs. "Well, yeah, I guess that's true. But I meant more that..."

He trails off, and his blush spreads to the tips of his ears. He looks completely flustered, and Jamie can't help but find the contrast with his earlier confidence endearing. Then what Tyler is trying to say hits him, and his eyes widen.

"You're a virgin?" he says in shock. Tyler was so self-assured; coupled with Tyler's incredible attractiveness, Jamie never would have guessed. Then he caught himself. "Not that that's a bad thing – not at all! You just surprised me."

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In the end, they both decide not to move too quickly. Instead, they exchange phone numbers and make plans to go golfing in a few days. Tyler drags Jamie into a goofy selfie that he then immediately sets as his phone's background, and Jamie walks Tyler back through the empty arena parking lot to his car.

As he lies in bed remembering the night, Jamie smiles. This is good, he thinks, waiting. And dating. After all, this just means he has more time to prepare. Tyler is pretty great.

After all, everyone deserves a memorable first time.

## End Notes

my [tumblr](#), if you want to talk!

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