

i'm putting all my bets on you

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by [cakestarling](#)

Summary

“I wanted to apologize for what I said last week.” Oh. This was certainly uncharted territory.

“You really don’t have to—”

“I really do.” Hunter interrupted him firmly.

Shane didn’t know how to respond to the conviction in Hunter’s voice or to the entire subject matter of this call, so he kept his mouth shut.

“It wasn’t appropriate of me to insinuate anything about your life outside of the rink.”

He continues after a short beat. “If there’s anything going on I promise I’m not against it. Especially since—”

— — —

or: after the fight between Scott Hunter and Shane Hollander, Scott gives Shane a call and things are revealed.

Notes

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

He truly didn't mean much by it. After the game against the New York Admirals, Shane had felt a great sense of accomplishment and pride from his team's triumphant night. Sure, he was one of the best players in the league but beating hockey icon and Shane's personal idol Scott Hunter was another thing. He wasn't one to chirp or even remotely engage with other players in an attempt to rile them up. With Hunter clearly not playing his best game, some would even say that he should've seen it coming but he couldn't let a perfect moment like this escape. He was just excited to play the social game of hockey that he usually opted out of.

When he skated up to Hunter, he knew roughly what he wanted to say. So naturally, the words just tumbled out.

"Hope next time we play you decide to show up."

Hunter, hunched over, looked up at Shane before replying, "Cheap," and spat in his direction. Shane could only guess that the spit was an acknowledgement of the post-game jab.

"True," returning the acknowledgement, Shane also spat towards the ice.

Hunter looked up at Shane with a cocked eyebrow. From Shane's direction, it almost seemed like he was contemplating something. Looking back down at the ice, Hunter continued, "You're starting to sound like him."

What?

Images of a certain blond Russian flooded his mind which he quickly squashed. Shane's longtime idol and veteran hockey player Scott Hunter had to be referring to someone else.

Before he could really think about it, his need for clarification won over.

"I'm sorry what?"

Hunter straightened himself out and firmly caught Shane's gaze.

"You fucking heard me Hollander."

Shane's body froze over in a hot flash. Did Scott Hunter know? Every muscle in his body tensed up as the worst scenarios of his secret getting out played itself in his head. He could lose his sponsorships, his team, and his sport, not to mention his track record as a respectable player and a role model for the next generation of hockey players. He didn't even let himself consider that his secret rendezvous would without a doubt come to an end.

He bit back with the hardest denial he could muster, "What the fuck is that suppose to mean?"

Before he can really think through this decision, he pounced on Hunter with a big shove at his chest. A dangerous mix of anger, shame, and panic took over Shane as he wrestled the New York Admiral's star player.

Hunter flinched back, probably caught off guard by the sudden and rare display of violence from Canada's sweetheart Shane Hollander.

Shane was vaguely aware of the crowd's roar amplifying around him but he couldn't bring himself to care. Was Scott Hunter actually insinuating what Shane thought he was? How could he have possibly known? He had been so careful to conceal anything that had to do with the secret relationship he had with his rival. A million and one questions floated around in his head while the only action he could take was to push against Hunter with his whole body weight.

Shane's unaware of how long he's shoving himself at Scott Hunter until he feels multiple hands grab him and pull him away from the fight. Some part of his consciousness knows he's shouting obscenities at Hunter but in his continuous fit of rage, he doesn't even know what's coming out of his mouth.

"Hey, hey!" He hears right next to his ear and suddenly there's Hayden Pike calming him down while pulling him away from the Admiral's captain. "Cool it Shane. The game's over."

The reality of the situation really hits him when he looks around the rink. The crowd that was trickling out had now firmly planted themselves at their seats eagerly watching the post-game brawl. He was pretty certain that every sports broadcast channel covering hockey was having an absolute field day with him right about now.

With Hayden having a firm grip on his arm, he lets himself be escorted to the locker rooms.

xxx

"Hollander," Shane hears Rozanov's voice from the other side of the phone. It hadn't taken long for his phone to ring after he had gotten back to his hotel room. News of the fight had lit his phone up and by the time he had a chance to take a look at his phone on the way home, his entire phone screen was flooded with news headlines and texts from concerned friends and family. He made a mental note to respond to his parent's texts as soon as he had a moment to decompress.

"What was that fight?" It was always straight to business with Rozanov. It worked for Shane anyways. He had been fighting back his panic-ridden desire to call Rosanov on his drive home about Hunter's comments.

"Hunter knows— Or he might know." There was a pause that almost made Shane think that the phone call had cut out.

"About what?" Rozanov's voice carried an uncharacteristic weariness to it.

"About us."

"What did he say that make you think that?"

"He said I was starting to sound like you."

“Ah... Well maybe.” He answers nonchalantly. It’s almost like he can’t help himself when he adds, “All the nights you spend with me is rubbing off on you.”

Shane’s cheeks heat up rapidly and he’s decently sure that he’s an alarming shade of red right now. At least a phone call won’t show his blush.

“Look, I panicked.”

“He has no...” Rozanov pauses, probably searching for the right word, “proof.”

“Um, I guess. I’m sure my reaction didn’t help. Sorry for that by the way.”

He hears Rozanov scoff through the phone. “What will Hunter do anyway? He has better things to worry about than Shane Hollander’s sex life.” Shane can’t help but laugh at Rozanov’s bluntness. For the first time that night since the fight, he feels tension leave like a receding tide. “You’re right.”

They talk for a brief while more about their team’s schedules and when they’ll be playing each other. As obvious as it might seem, Shane was grateful that he had another person to share this enormous secret with. They said their quick farewells as they hung up and Shane was met with the familiar silence of his hotel room.

xxx

It’s a week after the fight when Shane gets a call.

The Montreal Metros had been traveling since *the incident* between him and Scott Hunter and he had finally slept in his own bed for the first time in a week and a half.

Shane had been making himself breakfast when his phone started buzzing on the counter behind him. He didn’t have the number saved and by first glance, he definitely didn’t recognize the number. Despite the lack of recognition, he had made a conscious decision to answer any phone calls he could, especially with his many endorsement deals so he picked it up.

“Hello?”

“Is this Shane Hollander?” He recognized the gruff voice that spoke on his phone.

“Yeah... Hunter?” Tension suddenly gripped his entire body as he braced for whatever Hunter would say next. There was a beat of silence while Shane waited to confirm his suspicions.

“Yeah. I just wanted to give you a call. Nice goal against San Francisco on Friday.”

“Um, thanks?” Shane couldn’t help the tone of confusion that seeped into his response.

He could not get a grasp on what this call was. Surely he was calling about their altercation from a week back but hockey players don’t call other players after a fight. Ever. This was new for him and from what it sounded like, for Hunter too.

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“I really do.” Hunter interrupted him firmly.

Shane didn’t know how to respond to the conviction in Hunter’s voice or to the entire subject matter of this call, so he kept his mouth shut.

“It wasn’t appropriate of me to insinuate anything about your life outside of the rink.”

He continues after a short beat. “If there’s anything going on I promise I’m not against it. Especially since—”

The voice on the other end of the line went silent.

Shane involuntarily took a sharp breath in. The last bit sounded like an unintended confession from Hunter that he didn’t want to make any assumptions about.

Shane began softly and began with something safe, “I appreciate the call. I also didn’t mean to pounce on you like that at the game.” He continued, “And um, if I’m not reading anything wrong, we might have more in common than I expected.” Even if it wasn’t offering the information outright, adding the last sentence felt like he was offering a platter to Scott Hunter with his beating heart on it. Vulnerable and open. He trusted Hunter not to stab a knife through it.

He hears something between a sigh and a chuckle come out of Hunter’s mouth. “Yeah Hollander. I think so too.”

“Well... we play each other in 2 weeks I think. Would you want to grab a bite or something?” Shane had already admitted so much and yet he was shocked to find himself pressing for even more. He had lamented so much about his lonely existence in the league that as soon as he found someone else in a similar circumstance, he found himself reluctant to let go.

He heard Hunter’s voice through the phone. “Yeah, I know a good burger place near the rink. I’ll take you to it.”

“Sounds good. Thanks for calling, again.” Shane had not known what to expect from the call but noticed that felt better than he had this entire week.

“Of course, I’ll see you then.”

“Yeah, bye.” Shane hung up and put the phone down, sighing audibly.

In just a short phone call, Shane felt like a weight had been lifted off of his shoulders. It shocked him how much less isolated he felt with the knowledge that another player outside of him and Rozanov shared a similar secret.

He really wasn’t as alone as he thought.

End Notes

oh wow my whimsy is back! thank you heated rivalry for bringing back my whimsy!
anyways wanted to write this cause I wanted to imagine a scenario where Scott and Shane are
able to confirm the thing they have in common with each other... let's talk on twitter!
@keis118

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