

Bet on Love

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Bet on Love

by [SummerRaine14](#)

Summary

The Ottawa Centaurs place bets on when Shane and Ilya's relationship first started.

Notes

Hiii! How are we feeling post cottage ep? I loved it. I love these boys. I'm knee deep in post TLG feelings at the moment, so I had to write another one. I also stole one of my favorite lines from the first book, because it didn't make it in the episode.

I hope you enjoy!

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

No one is quite sure how long Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov have been in a relationship. At least, no one on the Ottawa Centaurs.

They've all made assumptions, of course. Most lean towards late 2018, around the time the two men announced their joint effort for a charity in Ilya's mother's honor. Others speculate that it happened after the fact.

Regardless, they know that they have their relationship to thank for why Ilya transferred to Ottawa from Boston.

Wyatt Hayes considers himself a perceptive man, thanks to what the NHL has coined the "Goalie eye". He believes that he sees all, and when Shane Hollander made the switch from Montreal to Ottawa, Wyatt began to notice moments between Shane and Ilya that otherwise went unmentioned.

He was sure, when he placed his bet with the other players, that the two all-stars had begun dating sometime in mid-2017.

Shane had been in a public relationship with A-list actress Rose Landry for almost two months, with sources reporting that their relationship had ended sometime near the end of January. In February, Shane and Ilya played together on the All-Star team for the first time. A few months later, Shane suffered an injury during a game against Boston, and reports came out that Ilya had visited him in the hospital.

While it wasn't uncommon for the captains of competing teams to check on injured players, it seemed odd considering the two men's near decade long rivalry.

With a little bit of internet research, or stalking, as Boodram and Barrett called it, and Wyatt's goalie eye, he deduced that the pair must have connected over their all-star weekend in Tampa Bay.

"Wrong." Luca Haas remarked, sitting across from Wyatt in the booth.

Some of the team had gone out for drinks after their winning game against Toronto. Hollander and Rozanov chose not to join, which didn't surprise anyone. They were still newlyweds, after all.

"Wrong?" Wyatt questioned. It wasn't like Haas to join in on team gossip, so he was intrigued to hear the man's thoughts.

The team was supportive of Shane and Ilya, of course. But they were also...curious. Very curious. The two men had gone out of their way to keep the details and timeline of their relationship private, which only made it that more intriguing to a team of guys who had nothing better to do in the locker room and post-game than gossip.

Haas, however, had worshipped Ilya Rozanov and made it very clear that he would not partake in any of the conversations.

Until tonight, it seemed.

Suddenly, half of the Ottawa Centaurs were staring at him, waiting for him to expand on what he'd said.

"Haas, you gotta put cash in the pot with your timeline." Dykstra said, shaking a bowl in Haas' direction.

Luca shook his head. "No...I'm not doing that."

"You said I'm wrong, which means you got your own idea." Wyatt raised his brow.

"Boundaries, Hayes. You should learn them."

The table erupted in laughter, "No way you're getting off that easy, rook."

"You think Cap would like that you're all placing bets on how long he's been with his husband?"

Wyatt pushed his chair back, leaning on the rear two legs and crossing his arms. "You're as boring as Hollzy, a little game won't cause any harm."

"Come on, kid. Live a little." Dillon coaxed.

They all knew Shane and Ilya would never tell them, but it was nice to hear everyone's theories.

"I don't have a theory. I just think you are wrong."

If there was one thing the entire team could agree on, it was that Luca Haas was a terrible liar.

He was no longer the newest or youngest player on the team, and he'd built relationships with his teammates. But no one really knew him. He couldn't lie, so he stayed quiet. They knew he was from Switzerland, that he's a very talented artist, an even better hockey player, and that he idolized Ilya Rozanov. Beyond that, he didn't have much to say.

He didn't join in on the usual locker room banter, he didn't have a spouse or family close by to talk about. Haas was, by all means, the most private member of the Centaurs. He'd told the gossips of the team - namely Wyatt and Boodram - that he didn't like talking about the personal lives of other NHL players.

"It's called personal for a reason." Wyatt remembers him saying, chastising them for talking about a Boston player and his possible movie star boyfriend.

Wyatt had no intention of letting this go. "Fine, Haas. Just place your bet, you don't have to tell us anything. \$100 down."

Haas put his head down and wrote something on a napkin, and then threw \$100 in the bowl.

"What's the point of the bets? It's not like they'll tell us."

"Tell you what?" Wyatt looked up to see Ilya and Shane standing there, smiles on their faces. Ilya's voice was breathless. No one wanted to know why.

Luca's face was bright red, he turned away from his Captain and sighed, "They're placing bets on how long you two have been...you know."

"Fucking?"

"Ilya!" Shane gasped, "Really?" His expression could only be described as an angry kitten. The boys laughed, because they'd seen Shane give Ilya that look far too many times.

"What's up, guys? We thought you weren't joining us." Boodram stood, slapping Ilya on the back and pulling him in for a hug.

"We had to put Anya out, and feed her. Shane didn't want to come-"

"Ilya." Shane's voice was stern this time, clearly annoyed with his husband. "I am tired. We played a good game tonight." He reassured.

"So boring, Hollander." Ilya groaned, "So, bets huh?" He took a seat next to Wyatt and Shane rested against him. "What do you think?" Ilya asked Luca.

"It's none of my business."

"He's right." Shane added.

"Nonsense. You were obsessed with me, yes? You were...fanboy. Twitter says they know, do you?"

The team looked at Shane and Ilya, confused.

"Ilya enjoys reading online theories too much. He also likes telling people when they are wrong." Shane confirmed, shaking his head at his husband.

"2017, after Scott and the Admirals won the cup." Dykstra said.

Boodram laughed, "2017, before that. The All-Star game in Florida."

Wyatt studied their faces, Shane had the same flushed cheeks he always had when someone talked about him and Ilya. Their captain was a harder man to read. He was smitten with his husband, and you could see everything he thought on his face. But right now? He hadn't flinched.

Barrett raised his hand, ignoring the look from Harris telling him not to do that. "2018, when you started the hockey camps together."

"Hm." Ilya tilted his head, and Shane sighed. "Wrong. All of you."

"What?" Wyatt huffed, "You're lying, man."

"Oh, I do not know when I started fucking my husband. You are right, Hazy." Ilya rolled his eyes, met with another glare from Shane. "Is this how you waste your time? Wrongly guess when I first sucked Shane's dick?"

"Ilya!" Shane exclaimed, "Seriously?"

"Yes. Am very serious. They are wrong about us."

"You're a PR nightmare, Rozanov." Harris remarked.

"And you are as boring as Hollander."

"2011."

Ilya and Shane both looked across the table to Luca, who was shyly avoiding eye contact with them. Everyone stayed silent, waiting for him to say anything else.

"It was your first all-star game. After Rozanov beat Hunter's record, Hollander set a new one seconds later. I think...it was that weekend."

Wyatt noticed as Ilya looked away from Luca, a small smirk on his lips, and over to Shane. He wondered for a moment if the kid was correct, but there was no way. That was basically the beginning of their career. How could they have kept their relationship a secret for an entire decade?

"Wrong, Haas." Ilya said. "Any other guesses?"

The men shook their heads in unison, "Alright, the bet pool is ours." Ilya laughed, pulling the bowl of money towards himself. He looked at Shane one more time, who nodded and hid his face in Ilya's neck, and then Ilya scanned the table. "Summer before our rookie year." He smirked, counting the \$100 bills.

The table erupted into an obnoxious mix of laughter and "what?".

"No way. That was like, 2010? Holy shit." Dykstra shook his head, "Goalie eye is shit, Hazy. You were off by seven fucking years."

"Oh, fuck off. I didn't know them in 2010, alright?"

"Neither did Haas, but he got it close."

"Yeah, he probably studied every video of Rozy in night before bed."

"I did not!"

Shane lifted his head from Ilya's neck and looked at Wyatt, "Why are you guys talking about this anyway?"

"Come on Hollzy, the whole world wants to know. Everyone talks about it."

"They do?" Shane reached down and held Ilya's hand. "They should stop, since everyone is clearly wrong."

Ilya rubbed his thumb over Shane's hand, "It's okay moya lyubov. They don't know us."

Shane leaned in, nuzzling his nose against Ilya's face.

"Since before their rookie year?" Boodram asked, whispering to Wyatt. "I can't believe it."

Wyatt smiled softly, "Looking at them now, I kind of can."

End Notes

As always, thank you for reading.

Comments and kudos always welcome.

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