

shane is the worst when it comes to chirping (technically its not his fault)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77422881) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77422881>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Scott Hunter , Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Scott Hunter (Game Changers) , Hayden Pike , Jackie Pike (mentioned) , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Anxious Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Is Bad at Feelings , Shane Hollander and Scott Hunter's Fight in Episode: s01e03 Hunter , Good Friend Hayden Pike , Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike Friendship , Coming Out , I'm Bad At Tagging
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-10 Words: 2,623 Chapters: 1/1

shane is the worst when it comes to chirping (technically its not his fault)

by [MyBelovedAngst](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander is thrown back by the tone, the words, and the response as a whole Scott Hunter gives back. He panics, and does not know what to do.

Or, Shane spirals after the Scott Hunter fight, but at least his good friend Hayden is there to help him.

Notes

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

Shane respected Scott Hunter, but he just wanted to say something. He played so horrible tonight, and he thought he could just say something tame.

He didn't really do a lot of chirping, but he thought a small comment would be okay.

Shane had been thinking of a good thing to say while skating towards Hunter, and he thought he found the perfect phrase. Reminded him a bit of what Rozanov would say, but tamer and better since it would come from someone that Scott Hunter is on good terms with.

He skates towards Hunter with a smile, and says it.

"Hope next time we play, you decide to show up." See a simple chirp.

"Cheap" Replies Hunter while still trying to catch his breath, then proceeds to spit on the ice.

Yeah. Shane knew it was cheap, and when Hunter spit on the ice, he repeated the same action after replying with a simple, "True."

He did not want to leave with the last word, so he decided to wait a few seconds for Hunter's real reply.

"Starting to sound like him." Shane froze, his smile left his face.

"I'm sorry, what?" He had to have heard wrong. It makes no sense, maybe he meant Hayden or-

"You fucking heard me, Hollander!" Replied Scott Hunter in a tone he had never heard towards him.

He couldn't breathe or even think. All the sudden he pushed Hunter back, and asked him again. "What the fuck do you mean?" In a voice more scared than intimidating.

"You fucking know Holland-" Hunter could not finish the sentence before Shane's gloves were off and he had punched Scott Hunter in the face. It all happened so fast, Hunter tried to punch back, but his teammates had already arrived holding him back.

"You heard what I said!" Continued to say Hunter.

Shane just wanted to punch him again, but Taylor and Andropov were holding him back. So, he resorted to something he did even less than fighting, screaming incoherences back.

"You fucking pussy!" Is what Shane starts screaming, how dare he insinuate that. He would have never expected an older player like him to say this, to insinuate this. What a cowardly thing to say, he knows the implications it could bring. The dangers it could put him in. He is not only a young player, but one of the few players of color in the league. He knows the consequences this could bring, and does he even care? How dare he, what is his end game?

In Shane's home, he comes and says this? Insinuates a thing that no one in the league mentions outside of insults. He should just go back to his home, and that's the next words that come out of his mouth.

"Go home!" He screams at him next, and repeats it a few more times. He really means it, he should just retire.

A player his age should have known better, he knows the consequences of an accusation like that could bring. He used to look at him with eyes of admiration. An older player with a heart of gold said this to him. So, his next words reflect some of that thought.

"You're 45 years old!" Is the last thing he remembers screaming at Hunter before Hayden pulls him off the ice.

Shane rapidly went back to get somewhat undressed, and ignored Hayden's pointed looks before getting ready for the post-game interviews. He was the captain, he had to be better than this.

Shane is rapidly surrounded by the few reporters and cameras around.

"Why did you punch Scott Hunter?"

"What did Scott Hunter say?"

Those were the two questions screamed at Shane, so he decided to just respond to them at once.

"I, umm, said something that made him respond with something hurtful. I think the game tensions were just high at the moment, and we responded aggressively to insignificant things."

He did not want to continue to respond about that, game fights happened all the time.

He deflected the next questions and talked about how the game went.

Shane skips his postgame shower and goes straight to the locker room to take his things.

In the lockers Hayden just looks at him with the most confused face.

“Shane, what the fuck?!” Hayden tries not to scream it in Shane’s face, but he fails.

“Nothing. He is a pussy.” Is all Shane can mumble back while taking all his gear off to just go home.

“Shane, you never fight. What the fuck was that?” Hayden continues to push, but he can see how Shane’s face just looks more panicked.

“I just want to go home.” Shane continues to mumble. While turning on his phone.

“Yeah, man. Of course.” Hayden tries to take the hint and leave Shane alone, but he knows his best friend and this reaction was not normal. “Do you want me to drive you? Jackie can take the car and you can just stay at our house.” Hayden continues to try to reason.

Shane sits on the bench with his only thoughts about ignoring everyone and going home, but he also knows that will bring him to a bigger panic. He alone with his thoughts about what Hunter’s implication means and what could he even want.

He needs to tell Rozanov. Fuck, he needs to text Hunter an apology, he can make it seem like he just hates Rozanoz-

“Shane, I can see your eyes. You are spiraling, talk to me, man.” Hayden tells him while shaking his elbow, making Shane drop his phone and escape out of his trance.

Shane stands up from the bench, and turns towards Hayden.

“Fuck off, Hayden. You don’t get it. Let me leave alone.” He replies in a panic.

Shane just starts doing everything on autopilot. In a blink of an eye he is walking back to his car with his things while Hayden can’t seem to leave him alone.

When Shane is about to open the driver’s door, Hayden pushes the door closed.

“Hey, I texted Jackie. I am leaving with you whether you want it or not. You can drive to your house or drive to mine where there is food. You decide, but I am your best friend and I can’t do my best friend duty if I let you leave after having your first fight on ice—”

“It was not my first fight...” Shane interrupts by mumbling.

“Well, the first one you start at the end of a game we won. Sorry, for seeing how ridiculous this is. This was not a normal Shane thing. So, open the car.” Hayden finishes.

Shane sighs. “Fine, but you drive to your house. I will eat, and then I will return home.”

“Thank you.” Hayden smiles while taking the keys off Shane’s hand.

Shane walks to the passenger seat, and decides to finally open his phone.

Lily: I just googled it. Elder abuse is still illegal in Canada.

Lily: And America.

That gets a scoff out of Shane, one that Hayden notices.

“Who are you texting?” Hayden tries to peek at Shane’s phone. “Oh, is Lily helping your bad mood? Keep sexting weirdo, If that helps you not be so grumpy anymore.”

“Hayden, what? I am not sexting, Keep your eyes on the road!” Shane rapidly replies while hiding the phone screen from Hayden.

Shane: It’s not funny. We need to talk. He knows.

Shane sends it without thinking too much of it, Rozanov should know what happened.

Maybe he should have given it more thought cause all the sudden his phone starts vibrating with an incoming call from him.

“Shit, Hayden, stop there. I need to answer this.”

Hayden rolled his eyes and replied “Just answer it in the car.”

“Hayden, just stop!” This gets Hayden to stop the car on the side of the road with wide eyes.

“Shane, what?”

Before Shane could even formulate a response he gets out of the car and answers the call.

“Hollander, who knows?” Is the first thing Rozanov says.

“What? Scott Hunter, he knows.”

“Is that what the fight was about? He knows? What exactly was said?”

“I, uh, I told him next time he should show up or something like that. So, he responded that I was sounding like you.”

“Okay, that does not mean he knows.”

“But, I reacted. I over-reacted, I basically confirmed it.” Shane was pacing besides the car.

“Hollander, breathe. Are you alone at home?” Rozanov asks as if to bring Shane back from his mind.

“Hayden is driving me home, I am on the side of the road. I may have panicked and told him to stop the car when you called me.”

This makes Rozanov laugh, “Sure, listen. Scott Hunter knows nothing, and you don’t have to worry about anything. There is no... evidence of us. Go back with Montreal's 15th best player, and don’t worry more.”

Before Shane could even reply, Rozanov already hung up. Making Shane realize, this is their first time they have called each other. What the fuck?

This all is making Shane spiral, again.

Shane sits down putting his back to rest on the car door and thinks.

He fought with Scott Hunter.

He called Scott Hunter a ‘pussy’.

He called Scott Hunter ‘old’.

He told him to ‘go home’.

Then, Hayden basically kidnapped him.

Finally, Rozanov called him. For the first time. A part of him can’t even process what this means.

Should he listen to Rozanov? That comment did not mean anything, but technically it did. He knew Hunter knew. He was always right there in the corner of every conversation, why wouldn’t he notice? Rozanov had literally told his room number in his face that one time, Hunter had basically responded by saying he was right in the next room.

Shane could not even remember if they had been loud that night, and trying to think back to that night is just making him blush out of embarrassment, so he probably was loud. ‘Fuck’ is all he can think.

Is Rozanov right? What will Scott Hunter do with this information? Will he do nothing?

“I am a grown man.” Shane said finally.

He can just text him, text him an apology. A quick apology, that will say how apologetic Shane is and how it was just... hockey.

“Yeah, I can do that.” Shane said finally.

“Sure, buddy. Do what?” Hayden's voice comes from beside him making Shane jump to his feet.

In his spiraling, he did not notice him getting out of the car and standing literally right beside him.

“I am going to apologize to Scott Hunter.” Shane responds.

Hayden nods at this, analyzing what Shane has said until he stops nodding to shake his head aggressively. “No, no, I don’t get this. Why are you apologizing? You said, he was the one that said something bad, and I saw his face. He seemed ashamed on whatever he said. So, I may not know what was said or what started that whole... thing, but I know you.” Hayden

puts his arm behind Shane's back to comfort him. "I know you, and if you hit first. It means it was something bad or personal, and it is Scott Hunter so I am going with personal. Shane, he is the one who should apologize to you. Come to my house, eat and rest. If by tomorrow, Scott Hunter has not contacted you to apologize or something. Maybe, you can text him an apology or—"

"I-I like men." Shane interrupts pushing himself out of Hayden's touch.

"What?" Hayden just says, he does not even— "Did Scott Hunter call you a slur? Wait, does he know you are gay and—"

"No, he did not call me a slur." Shane scoffs at that first question."And, I am not gay. I—" Shit, Shane has never thought about it. I mean, being with one man does not make him gay. He liked women, he... will not think about this now. "I don't know what I am. I just, I have... someone."

"Hey, hey Shane." Hayden starts running to hug Shane. "Thank you for telling me, I can see how complicated this seems for you. I don't care what you are, you are just Shane to me. Just explain to me what happened with Hunter, you wouldn't be telling me this if Hunter did not say something about this. What did he say?" Hayden responds kind of perfectly, Shane panics lessened and now all he is doing is thinking how to explain it without names.

Shane walks out of Hayden embrace, "Scott Hunter insinuated about knowing about the person I," He what? Has what with? Nothing. It is literally just... "hook up with?"

"You mean the man?" Hayden thinks for a moment. "Shit, the person is Lily. Isn't it?"

Shane nods, not finding any words to add, making Hayden continue to think out loud.

"This makes more sense, but how do you know that Hunter knows?"

Shane stares at Hayden, "My reaction probably confirmed it."

Hayden thinks about this a bit more, "So, was he 'ew you like men and I know' about it or 'stop talking about me I know you like men' about it?"

Shane thinks about this, and just starts laughing.

"No, Shane. I am so serious, do not laugh." And this makes Shane laugh harder.\

"Hayden, I think you are right." Shane starts saying after thinking more about it in the car.

They had both gotten back in after Hayden started to complain about being cold, and by the view of the nearby houses, they already were close to Hayden's house.

“About what?” Hayden asks, a bit confused.

“When Hunter said it, he did not seem to be insulting me... but more trying to get me to shut up.” Shane confesses.

“See, he will apologize to you in a few hours. Trust me, or not. I mean, he is an older player who knows how the NHL is. It would be a dick move if he does not apologize to the younger captain. He basically has praised you your whole career.”

This makes Shane think, it resonated with a lot of the things he had thought earlier. Shane was about to add a bit more, when he gets interrupted by Hayden as he parks in front of his house.

“And, home sweet home. Jackie already texted me a million times about where we were, the food is ready and very delicious.” Hayden smiles at Shane after a moment before adding. “And, thank you for trusting me. I won’t push you to tell me more about Lily or your sexuality, but I am here if you ever want to talk about it.”

Shane nods at this, and Hayden takes it as a sign to leave the car and start walking to his front door. Shane follows him up to the door in silence.

Hayden feels extremely happy his friend trusted him enough to talk so much about himself today, even if the circumstances were horrible. Meanwhile, Shane is just overwhelmed by these last hours, that all he can think about is the food he is about to eat.

Hayden opens the door and pushes it back to let Shane enter first.

Before Shane can enter the house, he feels his phone vibrate on his hand with a text that he can partly read on his home screen.

Unknown number: Hey, it’s Scott Hunter. I just wanted to apologiz...

This makes Shane laugh, and Hayden look back in question.

“Scott Hunter is apologizing...” Shane explains making Hayden join him.

Hayden closes the door after Shane enters and sighs in relief, he would have hated being wrong about that.

End Notes

I would appreciate any kudos

...and corrections on anything I wrote wrong cause I am sleep deprived.

Please comment on thoughts or even an idea if you want this to continue.

And if anyone wants to find me on twitter @WifeOfJasonTodd

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