

Warm welcome

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/39950844) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/39950844>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Background & Cameo Characters
Additional Tags:	Team as Family , Coming Out , Soft Hockey Boys , Stanley Cup , Tooth-Rotting Fluff
Language:	English
Series:	Part 31 of Game Changers Boys
Stats:	Published: 2022-06-28 Words: 2,314 Chapters: 1/1

Warm welcome

by [WriteFandomRepeat](#)

Summary

Shane meets Ilya at the airport, after the team wins the Stanley Cup.

Notes

This was one of the ways I imagined TLG ending/the boys coming out. After Sunday night, I had to write it. 😊

Shane had tried to stay home and wait for Ilya there, but he just couldn't sleep any longer and he wanted nothing more than to celebrate with his future husband. Plus, he had a feeling Ilya wouldn't be in any shape to drive himself home anyways. They'd spoken on the phone a handful of times already since the Centaurs had won the Stanley Cup the night before, but Shane wanted to hug Ilya more than anything right now. Other than maybe kiss him senseless, but that could come later, once they were home.

Shane had watched the game from Ottawa at his parents' home. He'd managed to sneak into a few home games throughout the playoffs after Ottawa had eliminated Montreal in the first round, no one batting an eye at yet another person in a Rozanov jersey and Centaurs ball cap at the arena, but during the final series, he hadn't wanted to risk it. Especially after a close call during the first game in Ottawa where he'd run into one of the French reporters that often covered Montreal too, he'd decided to stay home with his parents. The attention should be on the Centaurs, not why a rival team's Captain was in attendance – even if pictures of him as a child wearing full Centaurs gear were easy to find with a quick search online. He still had a contract to sign this summer after all and he didn't want to piss off his own team either.

Ilya had called from the ice after he'd gotten to lift the Cup for the first time. Shane was still watching him on TV, the happiest smile plastered to his own lips the whole time. Him and his mother were still hugging on the couch, watching the team celebrate when the phone call had come.

"I cannot do video. There are cameras everywhere," Ilya had said – more like screamed given how loud it was in the arena still.

"It's okay. I can see you on TV. Winning looks good on you." Shane wanted to kiss Ilya so bad.

"You can see me?" Ilya started spinning around trying to find the camera that was in his general direction.

Shane laughed as they played an odd game of Shane directing Ilya to turn until he found the right one.

"Hi," Shane said dumbly, watching Ilya wave on TV.

Ilya blew a kiss to the camera and Shane laughed. "I love you," Ilya said, the echo coming from the television a second later bringing tears to Shane's eyes.

"You're going to start rumours."

"Don't care." Ilya's smile grew on the screen and he winked before he skated off and the camera moved to their goalie, Wyatt Hayes, taking pictures of the crowd.

"I'm so proud of you, Ilya. I wish I could hug you right now."

"Yes. Me too. This part sucks a bit."

Shane remembered all too well how he'd wished Ilya was there the year before when he was in that same position – celebrating with his teammates and his parents, but wanting more than anything to have Ilya by his side. He'd snuck out of the team party early to get home for that very reason.

"We were talking of leaving tonight. Not sure if we will. I will let you know."

"Mom and Dad want to say hi, but don't worry about me. Later, I mean. Go celebrate with the team after. We'll see each other soon, okay? Love you."

Shane had handed the phone to his mom, who screamed louder than he did. Shane had collapsed on the couch, hugging a pillow to his chest as he watched on screen, and spotted Ilya in a far corner of the rink, looking happy while talking with his parents and Shane's heart could have burst from his chest with how much he longed to be there.

Ilya had been able to face-time later, alone in his hotel room, with the Stanley Cup tucked in bed next to him.

"We are all packing," he'd told Shane. "Should land around 7 or 8 in Ottawa. Everyone wants to be home."

"I can imagine. I wish you were here."

"You just miss the Cup," Ilya teased.

"No. I miss you. Not the Cup."

"I will see you in a few hours."

Shane had attempted to sleep, but he kept replaying the events of the night in his head. He thought he may have gotten an hour or two of sleep, but not much more. When he'd seen the time, and known it was futile to try and get more sleep, he'd gotten in his car and headed for the airport.

Shane knew the team jet should be landing in Ottawa any minute and here he was arguing with the security guard at the gate.

"I am really picking up Ilya Rozanov," he repeated again. "I know his Mercedes is right there. I'm surprising him. We're friends, and I know he's going to be too tired to drive cause he can't sleep on planes anymore. Please--"

"Shane?"

The female voice had come from the other side of the gate.

"Hi Lisa," Shane exclaimed happy to see a familiar face. He'd met Lisa at a hockey camp party they'd held the year before. If she was here, that meant the jet hadn't landed at least.

"Roger, it's fine. Let Shane in," Lisa assured the guard who was still eyeing Shane gravely.

“He tripped Roz in Game 3! They didn’t even call the penalty! How can I trust he’s here with noble motives?”

Not a Voyageurs fan then.

“I promise, I won’t trip him on the tarmac.”

Lisa giggled. “I’ll keep an eye on him.”

Without another word, the gate opened but the guard’s glare narrowed on Shane. He knew not to try anything with this guy around.

Shane entered the parking area and used the spot right next to Ilya’s Mercedes before exiting and joining Lisa who was waiting for him. When Shane risked a glance back at the gate, Roger was still sending him death glares.

“Thanks for saving me,” Shane told Lisa as he joined her, the two walking together towards the other family members that had gathered.

“He takes good care of the guys, don’t mind him too much. And he really likes Ilya.”

Shane smiled, because it wasn’t the first time he’d heard about someone sort of adjacent to the hockey team adoring his soon-to-be husband. He was very biased in the matter, but it always made his heart swell with pride.

“Nice shirt, by the way.”

Shane looked down and saw he was still wearing Centaurs jersey. Or, Ilya’s, actually.

“Oh- um, I just thought- was more of a joke- it’s a thing we do-“ Shane sucked at coming up with excuses on the spot. Maybe he wasn’t the best person to drive today either if he couldn’t even remember to change into less obvious clothes.

“Shane,” Lisa cut off his blabbering. “It’s okay.”

She gave him a soft, almost knowing smile. Shane wasn’t sure what to answer, so he just nodded and continued walking with her.

He thankfully didn’t need to fill any awkward silence, as the jet was arriving to their area of the tarmac at the same time. The kids in attendance held signs, and many pictures were taken. Ilya had mentioned that no media would be present – they’d managed to stave them off by some miracle with the promise of heading to the arena after everyone had had a chance to nap instead. Shane still stayed behind, not wanting to cause a commotion and take away from Ilya and his team with his presence.

Harris – the team’s social media guy – came out first, making a joke about needing to document the moment for the archives and for Twitter. His boyfriend, Troy came next, followed by a few of the rookies Shane didn’t know as well. He did recognize Luca Haas, but – much like Luca – his eyes were on the man behind him. Ilya came next, hoisting the Cup high above his head as soon as he had clearance outside the plane to do so.

The small crowd in attendance cheered, and Ilya whooped happily. Shane felt like he was finally breathing for the first time since the last 5 minutes of the third period the night before. Ilya was home, and he'd finally get to hold him in his arms.

Ilya looked down at the crowd in attendance, smiling brightly as he took in the various signs and all the families in attendance. His smile was starting to fade to a normal one when he spotted Shane. There was no doubt in Shane's mind Ilya had seen him. Even from a distance, he could see a hint of confusion and recognition in those hazel eyes he loved so much, before Ilya gave him a smile that Shane knew was only for a him.

Shane didn't move as Ilya hurried down the stairs, the rest of the team following behind, earning more cheers from the crowd as their players appeared.

"Hold this," Shane heard Ilya tell Troy as he handed the Cup to him. "Do not break it."

"I know how to hold the Cup, Ilya!" Troy rolled his eyes as he took it from Ilya.

"I have done it more times than you. I am the expert here," Ilya chirped.

The moment Ilya's hands were free, Shane started to move without even thinking of it. He hadn't planned much past "get to the airport to pick up Ilya" but their thing was still on the down-low. Ilya had mentioned he thought Troy might be on to them, and after Shane's interaction with Wyatt's wife, he wondered if their goalie might know too. He really didn't want to make a scene, but he couldn't bear to be so close to Ilya and not get to touch him.

The moment they were within reach of each other, their arms spread wide and they embraced. Shane buried his face in Ilya's neck, breathing him in like they hadn't seen each other in weeks instead of days.

"Hi," Ilya murmured against his ear. "Was not expecting to see you." His breath on Shane's skin and the slight edge to his voice made Shane's own breath hitch.

"Couldn't wait to see you. Sorry." His thumb stroked through Ilya's hair at his nape and the slight touch felt delicious and not close to enough.

"Don't be. I am happy you are here. Nice jersey, by the way."

Shane smiled. "Nice hat. I get to steal it to make up for you stealing mine last year, right?"

"Not a chance."

"I'm so fucking proud of you, Ilya."

Ilya took in a shaky breath and pulled Shane impossibly closer. "I want to kiss you so bad right now," Ilya chuckled.

"Do it."

The words left Shane's mouth without him thinking. He froze, expecting panic to set in, but it never came. Even as Ilya pulled back enough so they could look at each other, Shane didn't

want to take the words back.

“Are you serious?”

Instead of using words, Shane let his hands drift from Ilya’s neck to his face and he pulled him in for a kiss. Still, he expected panic or worry or *something* to spook him, but it never came. It felt absolutely right to kiss Ilya, even with his teammates and their families no doubt watching them.

Or rather, *definitely* watching them.

“I fucking knew it,” Shane heard a voice behind Ilya say.

“Shut up, Harris,” Ilya called back, leaving Shane’s lips just long enough to yell out the retort. He dove back in for another kiss, a little more awkward given his broad smile. “I guess the team knows I’m taken now,” he told Shane the second time they came up for air.

“That okay?” Shane hadn’t even considered that Ilya might be worried about his teammates knowing about them.

“Guys,” Ilya yelled out, eyes still on Shane’s. “This is Shane. We’re together.”

“Guess it’s okay.”

“Absolutely.”

Ilya brought their lips together again and his teammates cheered wildly making them both laugh.

A few of the guys came over to chirp and congratulate them, a few of the wives having pointed out the ring on Shane’s finger. Harris promised none of the pictures he had taken would get posted until they were ready for more people to find out. Zane Boodram teased Ilya about not being able to go 24 hours without showing off somehow. Evan Dykstra noted that Shane was definitely the expert on the Cup, given he’d won it more times than Ilya. All around, Ilya and Shane felt loved and not in the least bit odd about coming out to the Centaurs.

Maybe this won’t be so bad, Shane thought as he imagined coming out completely to the public. He knew his team might not be as smooth as Ilya’s, but maybe it wouldn’t be as bad as he had imagined.

Maybe.

“Want to go home?” Shane asked after all Ilya’s teammates had stopped by to say hello.

“Yes.” Ilya eyed him not so subtly. “I would like very much to see you in nothing but my shirt.”

Shane felt his cheeks heat up and that sexy crooked smile appeared on Ilya’s face.

“I will take that back now,” Ilya said as he stole the Cup right out of Luca’s hands, who’d just taken pictures with a few of the other rookies. Luca didn’t even argue, just shook his head, laughed, and told Ilya he’d see them later. Shane grabbed Ilya’s small suitcase, which someone had helpfully brought closer to them then weaved an arm through one of Ilya’s.

“I am happy you are here,” Ilya told him after they’d gotten the luggage in the car, and the Cup was properly secured in the back of the Jeep.

“Me too. Let’s go home.”

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!