

The Day I Was Drafted

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/67174741) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/67174741>.

Rating:	Explicit
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 , Kip Grady , Scott Hunter (Game Changers) , Harris Drover , Troy Barrett
Additional Tags:	Ilya is baby , Shane is also baby but today he'd indulging his husband , Established Relationship , Post Book 6 , Ilya's depression mentioned , cock riding
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-07-05 Words: 4,086 Chapters: 1/1

The Day I Was Drafted

by [MangoTea](#)

Summary

Ilya and Shane talking with friends after dealing with the press, then Shane helps Ilya relax. Part of a day through Ilya's POV focusing on his relationship with speaking English, and also times he doesn't need to use it, and when he doesn't need words at all

“You’ve had many brilliant moments on the ice, but when people ask what the best day of your career has been, you say it was the day you got drafted. Why is that?” Maria Sellings said with a smile. She sat across from Ilya in one of the many small nooks set up in the convention hall for interviews. Whatever site or podcast she worked for was a smaller one and most players didn’t bother talking to her, but Ilya liked that she asked good questions. Sometimes reporters asked him dumb questions even if he’d answered the same question hundreds of times, or had avoided answering hundreds of time. She never did that.

He liked this question in particular.

“It is hard to say when things started between Shane and myself. I could give many answers, all true in one way or another. We spent some time together, the night after the draft.” Ilya remembered the way Shane had stared at him, the way he’d reacted to the slightest touch. Even though they’d barely spoken, barely touched, that night had burned in both their minds for months afterwards. “One morning he told me, he should have known from that moment, that we’d never be able to let go of each other. Later that day, I had a press conference and was still thinking of him. Someone asked about the best day I’d had in the NHL, so I said that day.”

She blinked, clearly surprised by the answer, so he kept talking. “People say it was me being humble, always saying that, so grateful to be in the NHL. I love NHL, but I earned my place. It was not a gift. Though, being drafted into the same division as Shane, put on teams where we’d play so much, that perhaps was a gift.”

“All this time you were talking about Shane Hollander, and the day that linked your careers together?”

“I could not tell the world I loved him in words they could understand, so I said it in words they could not understand. I said it thousands of times over the years. I needed to say it.” He remembered when he’d been in Russia and spoke Russian to Shane, back before Shane knew a word of it. Shane had given him an outlet for his feelings, and he’d been doing a variation on the same thing ever since. He wanted to tell that story, but not today. He’d already wrestled a number of complicated ideas into English.

“Can you tell us any other ways you’ve said it?”

Ilya made a broad gesture with his hand. “It’s everywhere, in my interviews and posts. Just look and you will begin to see.” He would have explained a few of his cryptic images, but this was his last interview of the day and he was getting tired.

She smiled and lobbed him a few softball questions about the upcoming All Star events.

Once the interview was done, Ilya went to join Shane and some of their friends. Shane had rented a private area near the hotel’s pool just for them, Scott, Kip, Troy and Harris. Troy hadn’t been selected to play in the games, but Ilya and Shane were both entitled to bring a guest. They’d used the spots to bring their friends. They wanted Troy to get a chance to get to

better get to know Scott and his partner and bring Harris further into their little circle of queer hockey player friends, so they'd arranged a little corner of the strip just for them.

Scott had been surprised and grateful when they told him the plans. Kip rarely traveled to games because he'd wind up spending a lot of time bored or dodging reporters. Having a place to hide on press day and people in their little growing queer hockey community to hang out with made Kip decide to come along this time. Scott was elated to get more time with him. Ilya wished all of the queer couples they knew could all be here, but gathering at least some of them together felt good.

He was glad the All-Star Games were back in Las Vegas. He loved the city. He'd love it just for the noise, the luxury, the food and people dressing sexy, but there was more to it than that.

Somewhere along the strip, behind one of the tens of thousands of hotel room windows glinting in the bright afternoon sun, in a massive suite, he'd made a very special memory with Shane, one that at the time had felt so painful. How shamelessly Shane had indulged him by touching himself, going along with Ilya's commands, that night still made his blood run hot, even though longing for more had torn at his heart.

They were finally living together and out, but that was still new to them, just a handful of months after over a decade of keeping secrets. The massive, overwhelming stress that ruled their lives was gone, but Shane often joked that his nerves still hadn't gotten the memo. Years in the closet had left marks of both of them, different marks, but marks all the same. Sometimes, it felt like it was just yesterday that they were hiding and Ilya was struggling with a painful loneliness he didn't know how to talk about. He needed to go find his husband and breathe him in. He needed to kiss him in front of people.

He swung by their room to change into swim trunks and took the stairs down, not wanting to wait on an elevator. He walked past the massive pool surrounded by lounge chairs and curtained daybeds. The area Shane had rented was called a cabana and seemed to be a cross between a tent and a patio. Drapes of white fabric and tall plants gave them a measure of privacy while still having easy access to everything. Through the entrance, he could see Shane laying back in what looked like a giant wicker bowl filled with cushions.

He ignored the others for the moment and launched himself at his husband, half landing on him.

Even though it was winter, it was still Vegas so Shane's skin had a slight sheen of sweat and smelled good, like he'd just started a work out. Salt, seaweed and the comforting scent of Shane that was so deeply imprinted into his brain flooded his mind. He took a deep breath to center himself. Shane was solid and warm and leaning into him, like he knew what Ilya needed.

Once Ilya relaxed, they grabbed and pushed at each other until Shane was tucked under his arm. They were half snuggled close and half sprawled out to not overheat, legs falling however was comfortable, bottles of beer and various appetizers in easy reach. Harris' laughter almost covered up Scott's good natured complaining about Ilya's antics.

It was cozy, being outside and yet in a protected little corner. They could be open and affectionate in front of others, and yet shielded. The cost of the cabana and the orders they'd placed for drinks and food was an indulgence, but one that was well worth it.

"Comfortable?" Harris asked.

"Yes, very." Ilya waved at Harris and Troy who were on a chaise lounge as wide as a bed, and Scott and Kip who were sitting on a couch.

Ilya waved cheerfully at the others. Harris and Troy were on one chaise lounge as wide as a bed, with Scott and Kip on another. The two pieces of furniture had been moved close to each other, so Scott and Troy sat close to each other. Kip looked like he'd been swimming and was now sleepy. Harris was on a chaise lounge with a large frozen drink piled high with giant strawberries and peach slices. He was glad to see Harris wearing only swim trunks and sunscreen. Their flight in had been delayed while already on the runway and they had been stuck in those seats forever. Shane and Troy had gone to the hotel's gym to stretch out when they finally arrived, but he'd gone for the hot tubs instead and spotted Harris by the farthest one. He'd seen Harris slip off his shirt and then try to get into one of the hot tubs as fast as possible, like he wanted the bubbling water to camouflage his scars. He'd jumped in next to Harris and pulled him into a rough hug. Harris had laughed loudly, but it sounded more like nervous release than humor. As they chatted, Harris had relaxed. He'd never mentioned the scars even when Harris had moved onto the steps only his legs were still in the water. Maybe someday Harris would explain, but Ilya didn't need him to. He'd seen Harris wear a shirt in hot weather even in the water before, he was glad to see him more comfortable. Ilya grabbed a beer and saluted Harris with it before taking a long pull.

Scott went back to looking at his phone. "I'm still struggling with the idea that Roz is, in some ways, actually very sweet."

"What? Am very nice," he replied. "Last game we played I told you at the start I'd win the first face off and then the game. Didn't want you to get hopes up."

"I'm talking about your interview with Maria."

"Maria good at her job. She ask questions that don't make me want to fall asleep."

"Whatever you said, views on your Instagram and some of my old posts are suddenly going nuts," Harris said.

"See, am great friend. I help Harris." His accent grew thicker as he relaxed. He'd had a long morning of interviews and was worn out. Now, he didn't need to make as much of an effort. His friends tell him if they had trouble understanding him, or they'd throw a pillow at him. Also, in the last several months Shane's Russian had improved dramatically. For years he'd studied in secret by tapping away at phone apps. Now that he was doing video calls with an actual language teacher, a man named Dmitri, the basics he'd drilled over the years were suddenly clicking together. He wasn't fluent yet, but his growing understanding meant that Shane could suddenly understand him when his accent was thick or he mangled what he was trying to say entirely. Somehow, Ilya's language mistakes now made sense to Shane. That

made his life much easier. When he was relaxing on a warm afternoon, he could let that part of mind rest as well.

The best part is that Shane clearly enjoyed using his hard won skills to help Ilya and take the pressure off of him. It made him feel so cared for that he didn't even feel bad about accepting help, except on bad days. And on those days, he knew his brain was lying to him and it would pass.

"And who knew that sweet, wholesome Shane was the bitchy one?" Kip said, still looking only half-awake.

"Was I out of line? Anyone?" Shane said.

"What? Has Shane caused drama?" Ilya sat up a bit, eager for the story.

"I had an interview with The Dranx Report, and fucking Andrew Timbers was there, the paparazzi." Shane paused for Ilya to nod. Paparazzi was a word he knew only too well, as well the name Andrew Timbers. "Andrew starts asking me about the girl everyone knew I was seeing for years, like it was some kind of gotcha. He was grinning like he was about to have the story of the year, the fucker. He said he had pictures of my text conversations with Lily. I told him that using his camera to spy on my phone was gross, but the exact type of gross we'd been worried about. He stared at me for a moment, then I told him to figure it out, and left."

"Dropped the mike on the floor and walked off," Troy added. "Even if he didn't figure it out, the audience did. A few transcripts of your conversations, pieced together from someone's photos, are being posted around."

"Where they sexy messages?" Ilya asked, excited.

"Don't know, don't care. I hope he feels like an idiot," Shane said. "Glad it was a livestream so he can't just pretend it never happened."

"Timbers is a freelancer. That was a dirty move, switching out John for Andrew," Harris said.

"Dirty and stupid," Troy said. "They must have been really excited by the idea of a hit piece on you to even try that. I don't think it will wind up hurting the bastard, but lots of people have been sharing stories of him trespassing, bothering player's kids and generally being a creep."

"Maybe not on him," Harris said, "but the Dranx Report will take a hit for backing that play. They just got a whole bunch of booked interviews canceled. Not perfect, but better than nothing."

"Good," Shane looked up at him. "How did your interviews go?"

"Good, whatever. Someone send link of Shane making the 'razzi look stupid." Andrew Timbers had stressed Ilya out a number of times by getting into places he shouldn't. He remembered nights in hotel rooms when Shane had been freaking out about being caught,

some of that fear was caused directly by Andrew. He remembered having to calm him down, ground him in the moment. Shane being able to brush him off and walk away delighted him.

Scott laughed and started typing. “I got you.” Ilya opened the link in a browser tab for later, when he could play it with audio, possibly several times.

“Oh, that’s... oh my god...” Harris was reading something that clearly delighted him. After a moment, he tossed his phone to Shane. “It’s a transcript of Ilya’s interview.”

Shane read the transcript while Ilya watched him. Between the soft sheen of sweat and the light coming in from the sides of the cabana, Shane’s skin seemed to glow. Ilya was going to do filthy things to him later, but right now the weight of his body against his own was what he needed. After a bit, Shane tossed the phone back and snuggled against him while sighing happily.

“You’ve got people going nuts trying to figure out your puzzles,” Shane said.

“Not sure why. They all have one answer, and now everyone knows. You held my heart all those years.”

“No seriously,” Scott said, “how am I supposed to handle Roz actually being a giant teddy bear?”

Kip snorted. “Easy, you’re friends with the real Roz. Not the media image.”

“No, he really is an annoying asshole,” Shane said. “There’s just more to him than that.”

“And Roz is still a complete bastard on the ice,” Troy added. “An upside to playing with the Centaurs is that I don’t have to play against him anymore.”

Ilya relaxed back into the chair as they talked. He didn’t mind them talking about him, even making jokes, it was all well-intentioned. They cared enough to try to see him, which was tricky because Ilya felt like he’d spent years lost to himself, denying both the love and sadness inside. He could be open with them, but right now he just wanted to enjoy the warmth of the sun, the beer slowly draining the tension out of his shoulders, and Shane like a weight helping him sink into a lazy afternoon.

He drifted off a few times, chatted with friends a few times. Snacks came and went and Harris eventually finished his drink and reduced the toppings to a few stems and bits of rind.

He drifted off a few times, chatted with friends a few times. Plates of food came and went. They ordered an assortment of appetizers from a Thai restaurant, and then later some platters that were mostly nigiri from a Japanese restaurant and called that lunch. Scott tried to help a few times but they insisted they had to hit a minimum on food orders anyway. The light grew softer and Ilya felt a sense of peace from so much rest.

“Should we start getting ready for the dinner tonight?” Troy asked Harris.

“Hmm? It’s still not for about two hours,” Harris said.

“Let me rephrase that. Hey, we’ve got a giant suite and the shower has four shower heads, because it’s actually Ilya’s room. Do you want to get ready efficiently or take some time?”

“Harris,” Ilya cut in. “Troy is asking-”

“Oh god Roz, shut up. I adore you, but shut up,” Harris said.

“I think how Troy thinks,” Kip said. “This has been amazing. Thanks, guys, seriously.”

“We have the space until midnight if you decide to ditch partway through dinner,” Shane said.

“I think I’ll be fine. I have a whole section of people to go hide behind if people make weird comments at me, or tries to get me to do a photo for instagram so they can show off what a good ally they are.” Kip tilted his head. “Or maybe I might just come out here and read.”

“We’ll all claim that we just saw a few minutes ago,” Harris said, “and you’ve just got to be around here somewhere.”

Kip grinned. “Today has been awesome and I’m actually looking forward to the rest of my time here.”

They said their goodbyes, even though they’d all be at the annoying dinner soon. It wouldn’t be the same as hanging out here, being able to kiss without being stared at. Scott squeezed them all, clearly happy that this trip was being a good experience for Kip, for once.

On the elevator ride up, Ilya texted Shane their hotel room number. Shane saw the text, groaned and shook his head.

“Very funny,” he said, but he couldn’t keep the amusement out of his eyes. “I don’t miss the sneaking around.”

“Not even a bit?”

Shane pulled him down the hall and into the room before replying. “Some of those nights were amazing. I treasure every moment we stole. But I couldn’t always be there when you needed me. You were lonely and I couldn’t comfort you. I knew it sometimes, how badly you needed me, and not just for sex. I don’t miss it, I can’t, not when I can hold you for as long as you want to be held.”

Ilya grabbed him and buried his face in his neck. When Ilya’s grip loosened, Shane said “Go get naked and comfortable.”

“Yes, my love,” Ilya said in Russian. Russian felt comfortable to him, so he took it as part of the command. He quickly removed his clothing. Then he went and pulled the quilt off the bed, messed up the pile of pillows and stretched out. He relaxed as Shane got cleaned up.

Shane laughed when he came into the bedroom. He was carrying a few things, but otherwise gloriously naked. He put some hand towels on the bedside table. Then, he dropped a bottle of lube on the bed and straddled him. Shane leaned forward and kissed him. Ilya sunk his hands

into his lover's hair. When Shane pulled back for a moment he said, "You sure you want to ride me?"

"Yes, why?"

"I feel like I'm being terribly lazy."

Shane grinned. "Maybe I like you having a lazy afternoon. Don't over think this. I'm enjoying myself."

Ilya knows him, his body, his voice and that gleam in his eyes. Shane was definitely enjoying himself, so he trusted in that and let go. Shane kissed him thoroughly as he moved his hips down. Ilya felt Shane's cock next to his own. Shane rocked his hips very gently and started to worship his jawline and neck. Ilya moaned as pleasure built. The weight of his lover's body, the affection and the friction on his cock were all getting to him. He loved the feel of Shane's cock sliding against his, between their bodies.

Shane was taking his time, letting things build slowly. He clearly intended to make good use of how much time they had.

Shane pushed up on one hand so he could grab the lube. Ilya folded an arm under his head so he could get a slightly better view of Shane's face as he fingered himself in preparation. Shane closed his eyes as he focused on relaxing to get the second finger in. He gasped and his body jerked in response to the additional pressure. His nose wrinkled as he worked himself, focusing on his own body. His cock fell forward and lay on Ilya's belly, hard and leaking. He looked down could see Shane's cock nestled against his. It was a beautiful sight, but didn't last long. Shane sat back up and started to stroke him, getting him ready. Ilya cupped his face with his free hand. Soft, needy sounds spilled out of Shane and Ilya stroked his cheek with his thumb as if comforting him.

Ilya moaned in pleasure as Shane stroked him, then carefully positioned him so the tip of his cock pressed against Shane's opening. Slowly, Shane sank down on him, his body welcoming him in.

Shane's body always felt so good. He'd never get enough of being inside him and seeing Shane's reactions, feeling Shane's reactions. He let Shane ride him, pleasure him. He thrust up a few times when he felt like it, causing Shane to cry out. He did it randomly, so Shane couldn't anticipate it. Shane took it each time, with only a few glares tossed his way.

Ilya grabbed Shane's thighs, not trying to gain control but because he needed to touch him. He needed his palms pressed into Shane's thighs and fingers digging into muscle. He needed the feeling of connection to him. He didn't pay attention to what words spilled out of his mouth, but he knew Shane understood all of it, his love for Shane, his need to come deep inside him.

When he got close Shane sat on his thighs and took him as deep as he could, rolling his hips. Maybe he'd said he was close, maybe Shane just knew his body that well. Pleasure flooded his body as he came, toes curling, body straining to get even deeper into his husband. Just

after his finished and started to sink into the afterglow, Shane stroked himself just a few times and came hard with Ilya still inside. Come arced up and splattered on Ilya's chest.

Shane pulled himself up carefully and then lay on Ilya for a bit while he caught his breath. Ilya's hands and right to his soft hair and he stroked a cheekbone with his thumb. After a while Shane grabbed the towels off the bedside table to wipe them off, and lay back down.

"We could skip the dinner," Ilya said, still in Russian.

"We are making them pay for our friend's vacation, we should play nice."

"Hopefully, next summer we can get everyone together. If things work out, they should all all be coaching with us at camp."

Shane started laughing, and switched back to English. "Sorry, three of us are team captains and our team captain brains keep wanting to like gather and look after everyone. Scott is also planning how to gather us all up, with him hosting, as soon as possible."

"Yes, we have too many... somethings. No matter, we will do it best."

"We're off to a strong start. Maybe right before camp starts we'll have the gayest brunch ever, with Ryan and everyone else." He pressed a kiss over Ilya's heart and pushed himself up. "Move if you want to share the shower with me."

They took their time in the shower, running hands over each other in long strokes and stopping to kiss each other's chests, backs and mouths. They'd probably have sex again tonight, unless they wound up back at the cabana drinking with friends. Both ideas appealed to Ilya.

He could post pictures of Shane and him together, or of Shane backlit by the golden hues of not-quite-sunset as he got into his tux. He could grab promo pics of Shane and repost them with sparkly hearts stamped on them, and he probably would if he got bored waiting for food tonight. One more cryptic post felt right, after talking about them this morning. He pulled out his phone, took a picture of the headset, and posted. And maybe he'd keep posting cryptic things, he liked the idea of his posts causing a stir.

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