

you're a WAG now enjoy it, brunch edition

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76097356) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76097356>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Jackie Pike
Additional Tags:	WAG Brunch , Rookie Orientation , Ilya Rozanov is a WAG , Shane hollender is an the only person who can get ilya to do almost anything , Fluff , not so secret relationship , ilya admitting to the 10 year situationship
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Ilya and Shane as WAGs
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-20 Words: 3,167 Chapters: 1/1

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by [peiceabread](#)

Summary

I have made a discord server as a way to talk to more people from the fandom, along with that beta reader applications can be found in the announcements chat if you are interested - <https://discord.gg/e3SvBaeSZp>

WAGs rookie brunch featuring ilya.

or

Ilya Rozanov being added to the WAGs group chat for the Montreal metros turns into him being forced into going to brunch with the rest of the WAGs to celebrate the draft picks

Notes

Y'all loved them being wags I got so many comments asking for ilya at a WAGs brunch so here we go

Again thank you so much for the support on that fic the comments kudos and bookmarks mean so much to me,

WARNING!!!

THIS FIC TAKES PLACE DURING END GAME MEANING THAT SOME EVENTS SPOKEN ABOUT MAY BE CONSIDERED SPOILERS FOR THE SHOW (SPECIFICLY EVENTS THAT MAY HAPPEN IN S2) SO BE WARNED

database of all my fics -

https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1K05xfC0cJCv7ujHKqze_KhG5l0KMbPKriZjNNvM4EWI/edit?usp=sharing

The sun was streaming through the curtains of the hotel room in Dallas—neutral ground where the draft had taken place just days prior—but Ilya Rozanov was currently trying to burrow back into the dark.

The heavy duvet was kicked down to their waists, tangling around bare legs. Ilya was boneless, practically melting into the mattress, with an arm thrown heavily over Shane's hips. Shane was scrolling on his phone with one hand, but the other was busy tracing slow, mindless patterns up and down the ridges of Ilya's abs, his fingertips warm against bare skin. Every few seconds, Shane would lean down, pressing soft, absentminded kisses to Ilya's shoulder or his neck, the friction of his morning stubble a familiar scratch against Ilya's skin.

It was a rare morning of peace, though the air in the room was thick with unspoken tension. The draft was over, but the real game—the trades—was just beginning. Specifically, *The Trade*. They were both waiting for the phone to ring with the official confirmation that Shane Hollander was no longer a Montreal Metro, but an Ottawa Centaur.

"Oh," Shane said, the vibration of his voice humming directly against Ilya's chest. "That's terrifying."

Ilya grunted, shifting closer to bury his face in the crook of Shane's neck, inhaling the warm, sleepy scent of him. "If it is not the GM calling to say you are officially mine, or a fire, I do not care."

"It's Jackie," Shane said, a hint of amusement creeping into his tone. "She's organizing a 'Rookie Welcome Brunch' for the new draft picks' girlfriends. Apparently, the goalie Montreal just picked has a fiancée who's twenty-one and looks terrified."

"Good for her," Ilya mumbled, pressing a kiss to Shane's collarbone. "Pass the pillow."

"Ilya," Shane poked him in the ribs, his hand stalling its soothing rhythm on Ilya's stomach. "You're invited."

Ilya's eyes snapped open. He propped himself up on one elbow, the sheet slipping lower down his waist as he stared down at Shane. Shane looked entirely too awake given the circumstances, his hair a delightful disaster, eyes bright with mischief despite the underlying anxiety they both felt.

"I am what?"

"Invited," Shane turned the screen towards him.

Jackie: *Emergency Brunch at 'Le Rêve'. 11 AM. Bringing the newbies.* **Jackie:** @Ilya - That includes you. Don't make me call Shane's mother.

Ilya let out a sharp, incredulous laugh. "She is delusional. I am an NHL captain. I am a formidable defenseman waiting for a life-changing phone call. I do not attend 'brunches' to welcome children."

"Technically," Shane grinned, tracing the line of Ilya's bicep, "you're the highest-profile partner in the league. You're practically the WAG queen bee."

"I hate you," Ilya said, collapsing back onto the mattress and pulling the sheet over his head. "I am not going. I have meetings. I have... staring at the phone to do."

"Ilya," Shane's voice went soft, that specific tone he used when he really wanted something but pretended he didn't. He tugged the sheet down, fingers brushing against Ilya's jaw. "You should go. Honestly? You need the distraction. If you stay here, you're just going to pace a hole in the carpet until my agent calls. Go terrorize the rookies' girlfriends. It'll be good for you."

"Why?" Ilya groaned. "Give me one good reason why I should sit in a room full of women discussing wedding venues and nail polish while your career hangs in the balance."

"Because," Shane shifted, rolling onto his side to face Ilya, their bare chests brushing. His expression was earnest, his big brown eyes wide and pleading. "The new girls are probably scared to death. The media is going to be all over them. They need to see that it's... you know, survivable. And you're good at that. You're good at protecting people. Plus, Jackie needs back up."

Ilya narrowed his eyes, though he leaned into Shane's touch despite himself. "You are manipulating me to get me out of the room so you can freak out in private."

"Is it working?" Shane asked, batting his eyelashes. It was a ridiculous gesture on a man with a playoff beard, but it worked.

"I hate you," Ilya repeated, but there was no heat in it. He sighed, the sound of a man accepting his fate. "If I go, you owe me."

"I'll give you a massage tonight," Shane promised immediately, his hand sliding down to squeeze Ilya's hip. "The good oil. Assuming we aren't celebrating a trade."

"And you pick up the dry cleaning."

"Deal."

The restaurant was aggressively pastel. There were flowers everywhere, and the air smelled of expensive perfume and roasted coffee.

Ilya Rozanov walked in wearing a tailored black suit that cost more than a rookie's signing bonus, sunglasses pushed up into his hair. He looked like he was arriving for a contract negotiation, or perhaps a hit.

He spotted the table immediately. It was a large circular booth in the back. Jackie was there, looking regal as always, flanked by Sarah and Megan. Across from them sat two young women who looked like deer caught in headlights.

Ilya marched over. The conversation at the table died instantly.

One of the new girls—a blonde with a messy bun—actually dropped her fork.

"You came!" Jackie beamed, waving a manicured hand. "I wasn't sure if the threat about Shane's mother would work."

"I am here under duress," Ilya announced, pulling out the empty chair between Jackie and the terrified blonde. He sat down, crossing one leg over the other. "And because Shane kicked me out so he could stare at his phone in peace."

The silence at the table was deafening. The blonde girl looked from Ilya to Jackie, her mouth slightly open.

"Um," the other new girl—a brunette with wide eyes—squeaked. "I'm sorry, but... isn't that Ilya Rozanov?"

"Yes," Ilya said, picking up the menu and scanning it for the most expensive steak. "Hello."

"But..." The blonde looked around the table, clearly trying to process why the scariest man in the Eastern Conference was crashing their girls' brunch. "Is he... are we in trouble?"

Jackie laughed, a bright, tinkling sound. "Oh, honey, no. He's just part of the club."

"The club?" the brunette whispered.

"The WAGs," Jackie clarified, taking a sip of her mimosa. "Wives and Girlfriends. And Ilya."

"I don't understand," the blonde stammered, looking at Ilya with a mix of awe and confusion. "I thought this was for... partners."

"It is," Jackie said matter-of-factly. She gestured to Ilya with her fork. "He's dating Hollander. Therefore, by the laws of the Holy Group Chat, he is a WAG. He has to pay his dues just like the rest of us."

Ilya sighed, closing the menu. "It is a loophole. My lawyers are looking into it, but Jackie is very persistent. Even though I am technically currently poaching her husband's teammate for my own roster."

The brunette stared at him. "You're dating Shane Hollander?"

"Yes," Ilya said. "He is very high maintenance. He requires specific pillows. It is a burden."

The tension in the younger girls' shoulders seemed to drop a fraction. They were still staring at Ilya, but the fear was replaced by fascination.

"So," the blonde—Emily, if Ilya remembered the briefing Jackie sent—said tentatively, picking up her fork again. "Does... does it get easier? The media stuff? It feels like everyone is looking at us, judging us because we're new."

Ilya looked at her. He saw the genuine anxiety in her eyes, the same look Shane had worn for years. He thought of Shane back in the hotel room, waiting for the call that would change

their lives, hoping the media wouldn't tear them apart for it.

"No," Ilya said honestly, leaning back as the waiter poured him a mimosa. "They do not stop looking. But you learn to ignore them. And you get better at hiding the things that matter."

"It must have been crazy for you guys," the brunette, Sophie, murmured. "When it all came out. It felt like it happened so fast. One day nothing, the next day... everything."

Ilya gave a dry, humorless chuckle. "Fast? We hid it for ten years."

The table went dead silent. Emily's fork clattered against her plate. Sophie's mouth dropped open. Even Jackie looked somber for a moment, remembering.

"Ten years?" Emily squeaked. "You... you were together for ten years? In secret?"

"Yes," Ilya said, swirling the orange liquid in his glass. "Ten years of separate cars, separate hotel rooms, and lying to everyone we knew. We pretended to be rivals. We pretended to barely tolerate each other. It was... exhausting."

"I can't even keep a surprise party secret for a week," Sophie whispered, looking at him with wide, sympathetic eyes. "How did you survive that?"

"We survived because the alternative was worse," Ilya said simply. He looked at the two young women. "The media is annoying, yes. They are vultures. But hiding who you love? That eats at you. Do not do that. If you can help it, never let them force you into the shadows. Secrecy is a shield, but it is also a cage."

He saw the weight of his words settle on them, saw the realization that their current struggles with paparazzi were nothing compared to a decade of silence.

"Okay, enough tragedy," Ilya declared, clapping his hands together once to break the spell. "I am not here to make you cry. I am here to impart wisdom." He pointed a fry at Sophie. "Tell me about your goalie. Is he weird? Goalies are always weird."

Sophie blinked, startled by the pivot. "Um. He... he has to put his left skate on exactly four minutes before his right one. And he won't let anyone touch his glove."

"Manageable," Ilya judged. "I knew a goalie who named his goal posts 'Cheryl' and 'Dave'. It made team dinners very confusing. Does he talk to the posts?"

"No!" Sophie laughed, finally relaxing. "Thank god."

"And you?" Ilya turned his sunglasses toward Emily. "The winger. Does he have any fatal flaws? Video games? Bad fashion sense?"

Emily sighed, rolling her eyes affectionately. "He plays FIFA. Like... constantly. He screams at the TV."

Ilya nodded gravely. "Acceptable. If it was World of Warcraft, we would have to stage an intervention. But you must set boundaries. Make sure he knows that date night takes

precedence over online tournaments. You must be ruthless. Hockey players are like golden retrievers. They need clear commands and positive reinforcement."

"And cargo shorts," Sarah added with a shudder. "Check his closet for cargo shorts. Burn them immediately."

"Yes," Ilya agreed. "If he tries to wear cargo shorts to a public event, you simply leave him. It is grounds for a breakup."

The girls were laughing now, the fear gone, replaced by the easy camaraderie of people bonding over the ridiculousness of loving professional athletes.

"So what about next season?" Emily asked after a moment, leaning forward. "My boyfriend is so nervous about making the roster. What are you guys hoping for? Another Cup?"

Ilya's smile tightened slightly. He unconsciously touched the phone in his pocket.

"We are hoping for a jersey change," Ilya said quietly. "We are hoping for a call that says Shane is coming to Ottawa."

Sophie's eyes widened. "Wait. You want him to get traded? But... you played each other in the Finals last year, didn't you? It was huge."

"We did," Ilya said, a flicker of pride mixing with the complicated memory of that series. "Ottawa won. We beat Montreal in Game 7. And then, a week later, the world found out we were sleeping together."

"The timing was... dramatic," Jackie murmured, swirling her drink. "I had to ban Hayden from Twitter for a month. The conspiracy theories were wild."

"People thought Shane let you win?" Emily asked, looking scandalized. "Because you were dating?"

"They thought everything," Ilya said, his voice dropping an octave, becoming serious. "They thought he went soft. They thought I manipulated him. They thought the whole series was a performance." He scoffed, stabbing a fry with unnecessary force. "It was insulting. Not just to us, but to the game."

He looked at the young women, wanting them to understand the fundamental truth of his relationship with Shane. The truth that had made the hiding bearable, and the outing so painful.

"Shane Hollander is the most competitive person I have ever met. He would bodycheck his own grandmother if she had the puck in the crease," Ilya said, and the girls giggled nervously. "When we play each other? It is war. We do not go soft. We play harder. We play our best hockey against each other because we respect each other too much to give anything less than 100 percent."

He remembered the bruises on his ribs from that series, the way Shane had looked at him across the faceoff circle—eyes blazing, teeth bared. It was the hottest thing he'd ever seen.

"I won that Cup," Ilya said fiercely. "And I know I earned it, because Shane made me bleed for every inch of ice."

"That sounds... intense," Sophie whispered.

"It is," Ilya agreed, his gaze drifting to the window. "But we are tired of war. We have spent ten years playing against each other, pretending to hate each other. Now? We just want to be on the same bench. That is what we are hoping for this season. To finally be on the same side."

His phone buzzed in his pocket. He pulled it out under the table, his heart hammering for a split second thinking it was The Call.

It wasn't. It was Shane.

Shane: *Are you being nice? No news yet.*

Ilya let out a breath he didn't realize he was holding. He took a photo of the mimosa and the half-eaten steak in front of him and sent it.

Ilya: *I am charming everyone. We are discussing the tragedy of cargo shorts. I am the queen of brunch. Call me the second it rings.*

Shane: *I love you.*

Ilya smiled at the screen, a small, private thing, before putting the phone away and turning back to the table.

"So," Ilya said, channeling his best 'supportive partner' voice, ignoring the knot of anxiety in his stomach. "Tell me. Does your boyfriend know how to load a dishwasher? Because if not, we need to have a training camp. Shane still thinks the pots go on the top rack. It is a daily struggle."

Conversation flowed, drifting from training schedules to the best cities for shopping on road trips. Ilya found himself actually enjoying it, in a bizarre way. It was nice to talk to people who understood the specific weirdness of this life without needing explanations.

But the phone in his pocket felt heavy, a silent grenade waiting to go off.

Just as the waiter was clearing the plates, it happened. A long, sustained vibration against his thigh.

Ilya froze mid-sentence. He pulled the phone out.

Shane Calling...

The table went silent. Jackie put her drink down. Sarah leaned forward. The rookies, sensing the sudden shift in atmospheric pressure, stopped breathing.

Ilya swiped the screen and brought the phone to his ear. His hand was shaking, just a little.

"Shane?"

"Ilya." Shane's voice was breathless, high-pitched, like he'd just sprinted a mile. There was a weird, wet sound in the background, like a snuffle.

"Tell me," Ilya commanded, his grip on the phone tightening until his knuckles turned white. "Tell me right now."

"Pack your bags, Rozanov," Shane laughed, the sound breaking into a sob of pure relief. "You're going to have to make room in the closet. The paperwork just went through."

Ilya closed his eyes. The relief hit him like a physical blow, knocking the air out of his lungs. He slumped back against the booth, a smile spreading across his face that he couldn't control, couldn't hide, didn't want to hide.

"You are a Centaur?" Ilya asked, his voice thick.

"I'm a Centaur," Shane confirmed. "I'm coming home, Ilya. For real this time."

"Good," Ilya managed to choke out. "Good. Because I was getting tired of kicking your ass."

Shane laughed again, tearful and bright. "Get back here. I need you."

"I am coming. Five minutes."

Ilya hung up. He looked up at the table. Five pairs of eyes were staring at him.

"Well?" Jackie demanded.

Ilya stood up, adjusting his jacket. He felt ten pounds lighter. He felt like he could fly.

"Ladies," Ilya said, picking up his sunglasses. "I must leave you. I have to go celebrate with my boyfriend."

"Did it happen?" Sarah squealed.

Ilya grinned—a real, dazzling, terrifying Rozanov grin.

"He is coming to Ottawa," Ilya announced. "We are teammates."

The table erupted. Jackie actually clapped. The rookies, caught up in the contagious joy, cheered.

"Go!" Jackie shooed him away. "Go get him!"

Ilya didn't need to be told twice. He turned and strode out of the restaurant, ignoring the confused looks of the other patrons. He didn't walk; he practically ran.

He didn't wait for the elevator. He took the stairs two at a time, his heart racing faster than it ever had in a Game 7 overtime.

He burst into the hotel room.

Shane was standing in the middle of the room, still in his sweatpants, phone clutched in his hand, tears streaming down his face. He looked messy and exhausted and beautiful.

"Ilya," Shane choked out.

Ilya crossed the room in three strides. He didn't say anything. He just grabbed Shane and pulled him in, crashing their mouths together in a kiss that tasted like salt and coffee and victory.

Shane melted against him, wrapping his arms around Ilya's neck, holding on for dear life.

"We did it," Shane whispered against Ilya's lips. "We actually did it."

"No more secrets," Ilya murmured, burying his face in Shane's neck. "No more separate teams. No more hiding."

"Just us," Shane said. "On the same side."

Ilya pulled back, framing Shane's face with his hands, wiping away a stray tear with his thumb.

"Just us," Ilya agreed. "And Jackie. And the group chat. I am never escaping them."

Shane laughed, wet and happy, but then a mischievous look crossed his face. He pulled away slightly to grab his phone from the bed.

"Wait," Shane said, tapping the screen. "Technically, I am not a Montreal player anymore. Which means you are not a Montreal WAG anymore."

"Do not do it," Ilya warned, though he was grinning. "She will hunt you down."

Shane was already typing.

Shane: *So since I'm officially a Centaur... can I you let ilya out of the chat now? Conflict of interest?*

The reply was instantaneous.

Jackie: *Lol. Cute.*

Jackie: *You're a lifer, Hollander. your boyfriend stays Denied.*

Sarah: *ONE OF US. ONE OF US.*

Shane groaned, tossing the phone back onto the mattress. "I tried."

"You failed," Ilya corrected, pulling him back in. "Now. Forget them. You promised me a massage."

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