

you're a WAG now, happy new year

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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>

Ilya Rozanov just wants to retire in peace but when the venue for the WAGs new years party cancels he gets to work

Or

The one where Ilya saves New Year's Eve, bans dip, and wears excellent velvet.

database of all my fics -

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

Notes

as always any fic suggestions are welcome, thank you for reading don't forget to comment literally anything I just love reading your comments love you all so much, happy 2026

When Ilya had first retired six months ago, the inclusion had been tentative. A polite invite from the captain's wife of the year, a sweet girl named Sarah. The group chat was titled: **Senators Partners <3**.

Ilya had immediately renamed it to: **The Rozanov Support Group**. Shane had changed it back to: **Sens Partners 2025**. Ilya had changed it to: **Bored & Rich**.

They had eventually settled on **The WAGs (and Ilya)**.

Ilya unlocked his phone. The unread message count was at 142.

[GROUP CHAT: The WAGs (and Ilya)]

Brittany (Goalie Wife): okay guys serious panic mode!!!!!! 🧨🧨🧨 the venue for NYE just cancelled on us. apparently there was a "double booking" which is code for they found someone willing to pay more.

Kayla (Rookie D-man GF): Omgggg no what do we do?? New years is in 4 days!!!

Sarah (Alternate Capt Wife): I'm calling around but everywhere is booked. We might have to just do it at someone's house?

Jenna (4th Line Winger Wife): We could do a potluck? Everyone brings a dip?

Brittany (Goalie Wife): I am not eating dip for New Years Eve Jenna. I bought a dress that requires me to not breathe. Also what about the kids? A house party is gonna be chaos with 15 toddlers running around.

Kayla (Rookie D-man GF): Maybe we just go to a bar? Like a dive bar? Could be cute? quirky?

Ilya scoffed so loud he startled the cat sleeping on the window sill. A dive bar? For New Year's Eve? With the children exposed to sticky floors and subpar pretzels? Absolutely not. Not on his watch.

He began to type.

Ilya: absolutely not. **Ilya:** if i see a single layered dip i am requesting a trade for your husbands. **Ilya:** and a dive bar? are you insane? do you want little henry to catch tetany? **Ilya:** or tetanus. whatever. it is dirty.

Jenna (4th Line Winger Wife): Ilya!!! Help us then!!

Ilya: stop panicking. you look desperate. it gives me hives. **Ilya:** i am handling it. **Ilya:** nobody book anything. **Ilya:** and burn the dip recipes.

Brittany (Goalie Wife): Ilya you are a god. What are you going to do?

Ilya: what i always do. fix your mistakes and look good doing it. **Ilya:** shane is coming home soon. do not text me. **Ilya:** i need to focus on being a trophy husband.

The sound of the garage door opening was the only thing that could pull Ilya's attention away from the three different event planners he had on hold on three different devices.

He hung up on a florist who suggested carnations ("*Carnations are for funerals and people with no souls, goodbye*") and padded toward the mudroom.

Shane looked wrecked. He was wearing his team suit, but the tie was loosened, the top button undone, and his hair was doing that messy, tufted thing that meant he'd been running his hands through it for hours. He looked exhausted. He looked beautiful.

"You're home," Ilya said, leaning against the doorframe.

Shane looked up, his eyes softening instantly upon landing on Ilya. It was a physical transformation. The tension in his shoulders dropped two inches. "Hey."

Shane didn't take off his shoes immediately. He just walked over and collapsed forward, burying his face in the crook of Ilya's neck.

Ilya caught him instantly. It was instinct now. He wrapped his arms around Shane's waist, locking his hands at the small of Shane's back, taking the weight. Shane was heavy, solid muscle and bone, but to Ilya, he felt like helium.

"Bad practice?" Ilya murmured, turning his head to press a kiss into Shane's hairline. He smelled like expensive soap and the distinct, cold scent of the rink.

"Long," Shane mumbled against Ilya's skin. He didn't move. He just breathed, inhaling Ilya. "Coach is riding the second line hard. Everyone's cranky."

Ilya rubbed his hands up and down Shane's back, feeling the heat radiating through the dress shirt. "Come. Shoes off. I made food."

Shane groaned but pulled back just enough to look at Ilya. He didn't let go, though. He kept his hands gripping Ilya's waist, his thumbs rubbing circles over the cashmere waistband. "You made food? Or you ordered food and put it on plates?"

"I chopped vegetables," Ilya said with dignity. "It was exhausting. I nearly broke a sweat."

Shane huffed a laugh, his eyes crinkling. He leaned in and kissed Ilya, slow and lingering. It wasn't a hungry kiss; it was a grounding wire. It was Shane checking to make sure the world was still solid under his feet. Ilya hummed, opening his mouth to deepen it, tasting the coffee on Shane's tongue.

When they broke apart, Shane didn't step back. He turned to kick off his shoes, using Ilya for balance, keeping a hand on Ilya's chest.

"Why is my phone blowing up?" Shane asked, finally stepping out of the mudroom and dragging Ilya with him toward the kitchen. "The guys are saying their wives are terrified of

you. And something about a magician?"

"I am saving them from mediocrity," Ilya said. He hopped up onto the kitchen island while Shane went to the fridge for water. "They wanted to do a potluck, Shane. A *potluck*. With fifteen children running around breaking things."

Shane chugged half a bottle of water and turned around, leaning back against the sink. He looked at Ilya perched on the counter—legs spread, ankles crossed, looking like the king of the castle. Shane walked between Ilya's legs immediately, needing the contact.

Ilya wrapped his legs around Shane's waist, locking his ankles. He began to undo the rest of the buttons on Shane's shirt.

"A potluck isn't the end of the world," Shane said, though he tipped his head back obligingly as Ilya pulled the shirt collar open to kiss his throat.

"It is for me," Ilya muttered against Shane's pulse. "I am retired. My brand is 'luxury leisure.' I cannot be seen eating potato salad from a plastic tub. And neither can the children. They deserve better standards."

Shane's hands came up to cup Ilya's face, his thumbs stroking Ilya's cheekbones. "So what did you do?"

"I booked the rooftop at the Andaz," Ilya said. "And I hired the caterer we used for the wedding. And I booked the executive suite next door just for the kids. I hired three nannies and a magician who claims he can pull a rabbit out of a hat. I told him if the rabbit looks stressed, I will sue him."

Shane laughed, the sound rumbling in his chest against Ilya's chest. "You went full Papa Bear mode."

"Someone has to," Ilya whispered, biting lightly at Shane's jaw. "The rookies don't know how to raise children. They *are* children."

Shane's grip on Ilya's hips tightened. "You just want an excuse to buy them all presents."

"Mmm. Maybe." Ilya pulled back, resting his forehead against Shane's. He ran his hands up Shane's arms, squeezing the biceps. "You look tired, Solnyshko. Go shower. I will handle the WAGs. I will handle the children."

Shane closed his eyes, leaning his full weight forward until Ilya had to brace his hands behind him on the marble to support them both. "Okay," Shane breathed. "Okay."

[GROUP CHAT: The WAGs (and Ilya)]

Ilya: update. **Ilya:** venue is secured. Andaz rooftop. **Ilya:** open bar. top shelf only. if you ask for a bud light you will be escorted out by security (me). **Ilya:** KID SITUATION SORTED. **Ilya:** i have booked a suite. there will be nannies. there will be pizza. there will be magic. **Ilya:** if your child has allergies tell me NOW. i do not want an anaphylactic shock ruining my outfit.

Kayla (Rookie D-man GF): Ilya are you joking??? The Andaz?? And nannies?? How did you get that this last minute??

Ilya: i am ilya rozanov. **Ilya:** also i paid double. **Ilya:** don't worry about it. shane is paying.

Sarah (Alternate Capt Wife): Ilya we can't let Shane pay for the whole party! The team fund can cover some?

Ilya: shane is rich. he has no hobbies except staring at the wall and playing hockey. let him spend the money on the children. **Ilya:** DRESS CODE. **Ilya:** velvet. silk. dark colors. **Ilya:** dress the children like tiny adults. if i see a paw patrol t-shirt i will burn it.

Brittany (Goalie Wife): I'm literally returning my dress right now. buying velvet. **Brittany (Goalie Wife):** Ilya you are the best uncle ever the kids are gonna freak out 🙌🙌

Jenna (4th Line Winger Wife): 🙌🙌🙌🙌

Ilya: yes yes worship me later. **Ilya:** i need head counts by noon tomorrow. **Ilya:** tell your husbands if they are late because of 'video review' i will leak their locker room nicknames to the press.

Two days later, the house was a war zone of fabric swatches and delivery boxes.

Ilya was sitting on the floor of the living room, surrounded by centerpieces and a pile of Lego sets. Shane was lying on the couch, watching *The Great British Bake Off*, one hand dangling down to play with Ilya's hair.

"This one is too... aggressive," Ilya muttered, holding up a black orchid. "It looks like it wants to fight me." He dropped the flower and picked up a Lego Batman. "Better."

"It's a flower, Ilya," Shane said lazily. He tugged gently on a lock of Ilya's curls.

Ilya leaned back into the touch, tilting his head until he was looking at Shane upside down. "You are not helpful. You are just pretty furniture."

"You love my furniture self." Shane slid off the couch, slithering down until he was lying on the rug next to Ilya. He immediately rolled over, draping an arm over Ilya's stomach and hooking a leg over Ilya's thigh.

They lay there for a moment in the quiet. The retirement life was strange. For twenty years, Ilya's life had been dictated by a schedule. Wake up, skate, eat, sleep, skate, travel. Now, the silence was vast.

Sometimes it felt like freedom. Sometimes it felt like a void.

Shane seemed to sense the shift in Ilya's mood. He always did. He pressed his face into Ilya's shoulder. "You doing okay?"

"Yes," Ilya said, staring at the ceiling. "Just... thinking."

"About?"

"I miss the noise," Ilya admitted softly. "The locker room. The chaos. Even the annoying children screaming."

Shane shifted, propping himself up on one elbow to look down at Ilya. His expression was serious, tender. He reached out and traced the line of Ilya's lower lip with his thumb. "The guys are actually really excited. And the kids ask about you all the time. Little Leo thinks you're a superhero."

Ilya smirked, turning his head to kiss Shane's thumb. "Leo is smart. He has good instincts."

"And," Shane continued, "Sarah told me you spent an hour on the phone with Kayla helping her find a dress because she was crying about feeling out of place."

Ilya waved a hand dismissively. "She has terrible taste. I was saving her from social suicide. It was self-preservation. I have to look at her all night."

"You're a softie," Shane whispered. He lowered his head, brushing his nose against Ilya's. "You're a big, retired softie who loves those kids."

"I am a terrifying Russian villain," Ilya corrected, reaching up to grab the back of Shane's neck and pulling him down.

They kissed, slow and deep on the living room rug surrounded by rejected floral arrangements and Lego bricks. Shane's weight was a heavy blanket, settling Ilya's restless energy. Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane's shoulders, holding him close, feeling the steady beat of Shane's heart against his own.

"Thank you," Shane whispered against his mouth.

"For what? The party isn't even happened yet."

"For making a home," Shane said. "For being here when I get back."

Ilya swallowed the lump in his throat. He squeezed Shane tighter. "Don't get used to it. Next week I take up skydiving."

"Please don't. Think of the children. They need their Uncle Ilya."

[GROUP CHAT: The WAGs (and Ilya)]

Ilya: TODAY IS THE DAY. **Ilya:** DO NOT BE LATE. **Ilya:** bring the children to the suite first. i have to inspect their outfits. **Ilya:** i have purchased bribes (toys). if they behave, they get them. if they cry, i get them.

Kayla (Rookie D-man GF): Im so nervous!!! Is my dress okay? [Image attached: A stunning dark blue velvet slip dress]

Ilya: acceptable. **Ilya:** you will look good. **Ilya:** tell your boyfriend to shave. he looks like a puberty experiment.

Kayla (Rookie D-man GF): OMG 🤔🤔 telling him now.

Sarah (Alternate Capt Wife): Can't wait! Thanks for doing this Ilya! Leo is asking if "Uncle Ilya" is going to wear his cape.

Ilya: tell leo i left the cape at the dry cleaners. **Ilya:** but i will wear the velvet. close enough.

New Year's Eve. The Andaz rooftop looked spectacular.

Ilya had outdone himself. The space was bathed in low, amber light. The city of Ottawa glittered below them through the floor-to-ceiling glass. The air smelled of expensive cologne and champagne.

And everyone was wearing velvet.

But Ilya wasn't at the bar sipping vodka. He wasn't even mingling with the adults.

Ilya was sitting on a massive, plush velvet ottoman in the center of the room, currently serving as a throne for the Senators' offspring. He was wearing his burgundy velvet tuxedo jacket, which was currently being gripped by Brittany's toddler, who was sitting comfortably on Ilya's lap.

Two other children, the twins from the second-line center, were leaning against his knees, listening with wide eyes as Ilya recounted a highly embellished story about the time he fought a bear (it was actually a very large raccoon, and he had run away, but the children didn't need to know that).

"And then," Ilya said, his voice dropping to a dramatic whisper, "I looked the bear in the eye and said, 'Not today, bear. I have a power play to score.'"

The kids gasped. The toddler on his lap gurgled happily and patted Ilya's cheek with a sticky hand. Ilya didn't even flinch. He just caught the small hand and kissed the knuckles.

Shane watched from across the room, a glass of champagne in his hand, leaning against the bar. He watched the way Ilya's sharp edges completely dissolved when he looked down at the baby in his arms. He watched the way the older kids looked at Ilya like he was the moon and stars combined.

Shane's chest ached with how much he loved him.

He pushed off the bar and walked over. The crowd of children parted for the Captain, though reluctantly.

"You're popular," Shane said, coming to stand over the ottoman.

Ilya looked up, his eyes bright. "I am teaching them how to be champions. It is vital education. The schools do not teach this."

"Is that right?" Shane reached out and tickled the toddler on Ilya's lap. The baby shrieked with laughter.

"Yes. And I am teaching them style," Ilya added, gesturing to the twins. "I told them velcro shoes are a crime against humanity."

"They're four, Ilya."

"Start them young," Ilya said firmly. He shifted the baby to one arm and reached out with his free hand to snag Shane's belt loop, tugging him closer until Shane's thigh was pressed against Ilya's shoulder. "Are you having fun? Or are you bored without me?"

"I'm never bored watching you hold a baby," Shane said softly, his voice dropping so only Ilya could hear. "It's a good look on you."

Ilya flushed, a rare occurrence. He buried his face in the baby's soft hair for a second to hide it. "Go get me a drink, Hollander. Being a father figure is exhausting."

"Coming right up."

As midnight approached, the dynamic shifted. The nannies came to collect the sleepest children, but a few of the older ones stayed, and Brittany came to collect the baby.

"I'll take her," Brittany said, smiling apologetically. "She must be heavy."

"She is light as a feather," Ilya said, handing the baby over with surprising reluctance. He kissed the top of the baby's head. "She has excellent taste in fabric. She drooled on the velvet, she knows quality."

Shane appeared at his side the moment his hands were empty. He handed Ilya a glass of champagne.

"Five minutes," Shane said.

"Time to gather the subjects," Ilya said, standing up and brushing off his knees.

He clapped his hands loudly. "ATTENTION!" The room went silent instantly. "If you do not have a glass of champagne—or apple juice for the minors—you are wrong. Get one. Midnight is coming."

The countdown was chaotic and loud.

Ten... Nine... Eight...

Shane turned to Ilya. He set his glass down on a high-top table.

Seven... Six... Five...

Shane stepped in, wrapping both arms around Ilya's waist, pulling him flush against his body. Ilya looped his arms around Shane's neck, burying his hands in the hair at the nape of

Shane's neck.

Four... Three... Two...

"Happy New Year, Ilya," Shane whispered, his eyes shining.

ONE!

Ilya kissed him. He kissed him hard, pouring all the love and the history and the future into it. Around them, the room erupted in cheers, confetti cannons (Ilya's idea) popped, and *Auld Lang Syne* started playing. Somewhere near his knees, three children were screaming "HAPPY NEW YEAR UNCLE ILYA!"

Ilya broke the kiss, laughing, and looked down. He reached out and ruffled the hair of the nearest kid while keeping one arm firmly around Shane.

"Happy New Year, monsters," he told the kids. Then he looked at Shane. "Happy New Year, Solnyshko."

[GROUP CHAT: The WAGs (and Ilya)]

Timestamp: 2:14 AM

Kayla (Rookie D-man GF): BEST NIGHT EVER!!!! Thank you Ilya!!!! 

Brittany (Goalie Wife): Ilya you are officially the Godfather of this team. The kids wouldn't stop talking about you in the car.

Jenna (4th Line Winger Wife): We should do this every year. Ilya is permanent party planner/nanny.

Ilya: do not push your luck. **Ilya:** go to sleep. **Ilya:** drink water.

Ilya: (but yes. the children were acceptable. tell leo i will teach him to skate next week).

Ilya tossed the phone onto the nightstand.

The bedroom was dark and quiet. Shane was already in bed, half-asleep, wearing only his boxer briefs. He reached out blindly as Ilya climbed under the duvet.

"Come here," Shane mumbled.

Ilya slid across the sheets, settling into the curve of Shane's body. Shane's arm came around him instantly, pulling him back against his chest, legs tangling together. A complex knot of limbs that only they knew how to tie.

"Best New Years," Shane murmured into the back of Ilya's neck.

"Because of the venue?" Ilya asked, closing his eyes.

"Because seeing you with those kids made my ovaries explode," Shane mumbled sleepily.

Ilya laughed, a startled sound in the dark. "You do not have ovaries, Shane."

"Metaphorical ovaries," Shane sighed, tightening his grip. "You're amazing, you know that?"

Ilya smiled in the dark. He took Shane's hand where it rested on his chest, interlacing their fingers.

"I know," Ilya whispered. "I am excellent at everything."

He waited a beat, then picked up his phone one last time.

[GROUP CHAT: The WAGs (and Ilya)]

Ilya: ps. whoever left the red scarf at the coat check. it is hideous. burn it. **Ilya:** pps. tell the twins they left their lego batman in my pocket. i am keeping it hostage until they learn to tie their laces.

He put the phone down, snuggled back into Shane's hold, and finally, happily, went to sleep.

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