

You're a WAG now, Daycare Ilya

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You're a WAG now, Daycare Ilya

by [peiceabread](#)

Summary

Ilya starts up a daycare in his suite so that the other WAGs can enjoy the game without the chaos of their kids.

or

Ilya kidnaping the WAGs kids

Notes

Thank you so much to my amazing beta readers who helped me with this, If you are interested in becoming a beta reader for my work, or you just wanna hand out and chat I have a discord server,

discord.gg/e3SvBaeSZp

to sign up to be a beta reader go to the announcements chat and there is a link to a google form

There is no obligation to join my fics will still be posted here

Other than that I hope you enjoy and don't forget to leave comments and kudos

database of all my fics -

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

The invoice for the suite at the arena had been eye-watering, even for two men with NHL contracts—or in Ilya's case, a very comfortable retirement fund from a career spent mostly terrorizing goaltenders in an Ottawa jersey.

Shane had originally justified the cost as a necessity for privacy and domestic tranquility. Ilya was a god in this city, a legend whose jersey would one day hang from the rafters, and as much as he pretended to hate the attention, being mobbed by fans every time he tried to grab a BeaverTail or a coffee was a distraction neither of them needed. The plan was simple: Ilya would sit in the luxury of the suite, drink expensive sparkling water, and judge Shane's power-play positioning in peace while Shane carried the mantle for the Cens.

"It will be quiet," Shane had promised during the preseason, looking at the sleek leather chairs. "Just you, a tablet for stats, and maybe a nice bottle of scotch."

Ilya had hummed, eyes narrowed. "Quiet is boring, Shane. But the view of your mistakes will be excellent."

The plan lasted exactly three games.

The shift began in early October. It started with a "tactical" diaper bag left behind by Zane Boodram's wife after a team brunch. Ilya, instead of calling a courier, had simply carried it up to the suite. Then came the requests from the rest of the roster.

By the fourth home game, Shane walked into the family room post-game, expecting to find Ilya waiting with a dry critique of his backcheck. Instead, he found his husband on all fours, acting as a sentient jungle gym for a swarm of toddlers.

"Ilya?" Shane asked, wiping his face with a towel.

Ilya didn't look up. He was currently being "assaulted" by a four-year-old wearing a miniature Boodram jersey. "Not now, Shane. I am deserted island. This one," he gestured to Bood's eldest, "is a very hungry crab. I am being pinched. It is a struggle for survival."

"I can see that," Shane said, watching as Ilya let the 'crab' climb onto his back. "Where is your dignity, Rozanov?"

"Dignity does not have fruit snacks, Shane. Move along."

It turned out that Ilya Rozanov did not actually want peace. He wanted chaos. Retirement had left a void that only the team's children, in all their unscripted madness, could fill.

By November, the suite looked less like a corporate hospitality box and more like a high-end Montessori school designed by a Russian oligarch. The most significant change was the mini-bar.

Shane had gone up there on an off-day to grab a Gatorade and stopped dead. The high-end scotch and vintage reds were gone. In their place stood rows of organic apple juice boxes, string cheese, and snack packs of Goldfish crackers. There was an entire drawer dedicated to "emergency yogurt tubes."

"Ilya," Shane said into his phone, staring at a box of gluten-free pretzels. "Where is the Macallan?"

"Alcohol is bad for the development of the 'Junior Rozanov Fan Club'," Ilya's voice crackled over the line. "And besides, Evan Dykstra's kid has a very specific preference for the red juice boxes, not the green. I had to restock. It is very expensive, Shane. You should play better to afford it. Maybe score a hat trick for the snack fund."

"You're using my goal bonuses to buy fruit leathers?"

"I am investing in the future of the franchise," Ilya replied loftily. "Now hang up. We are in the middle of a very important negotiation regarding the ownership of the blue crayon."

The home games became a choreographed routine of insanity. During the first period, while Shane was grinding out shifts, Ilya would lead a "scouting mission."

This involved a trail of children, all wearing oversized noise-canceling headphones and Shane's #24 jerseys. They would march through the service tunnels in a single file line. Ilya would stop at the zamboni bay and tell them tales about the "Arena Ghost" that lived in the rafters and only ate children who didn't play defense.

"If you do not backcheck," Ilya told Nick Chouinard's youngest, "the ghost takes your skates and replaces them with bananas. Very slippery. Very embarrassing."

The true depth of the situation hit Shane during a Tuesday night game. He glanced at the Jumbotron during a break in play and saw the camera pan up to his luxury box.

There was Ilya, surrounded by a dozen children. He was holding a tablet in one hand and a half-eaten string cheese in the other, looking like a weary general directing a siege. Beside him, Troy Barrett's boyfriend, Harris, was helpfully distributing napkins like a battlefield medic.

The caption on the screen read: *RETIRED LEGEND OR WORLD'S BEST BABYSITTER?*

"I think he's holding a hostage negotiation for that last pack of Dunkaroos," Bood chuckled, nudging Shane on the bench. "My wife says your guy is a lifesaver, Hollander. She actually got to watch the first period without someone wiping jam on her coat."

Shane put his head in his hands. "He's building an army, Bood. I'm paying for the recruitment center."

If the kids got restless, the "Ilya Train" would head back up to the suite for the main event. From the ice, Shane would look up during a whistle and see a blur of motion.

Ilya would be standing on top of a leather ottoman, shouting instructions as the swarm tried to navigate the room without touching the carpet.

"The carpet is the Atlantic Ocean!" Ilya would bellow. "It is full of sharks! Only the sofa is safe! Move, move, move!"

Troy Barrett, sitting nearby during his scratch nights or recovery days, would just watch in awe. "He's got more control over those kids than the coach has over us," Troy remarked to Harris. "Look at Dykstra's kid—he just executed a perfect lateral jump to avoid an imaginary shark."

The madness followed them home. Shane's phone would buzz incessantly on the drive back to Rockcliffe Park. It was the "Arena Partisans" WhatsApp group.

Ilya: Boodram Jr. has improved his agility. He avoided the 'lava' for six minutes today. A future first-rounder. Ilya: Chouinard, your son attempted to trade a half-eaten granola bar for my watch. I respect the hustle, but tell him the answer is no. Ilya: We are low on the blue yogurt tubes. Shane will pay for more after he scores on Thursday. No pressure, Shane.

"You're blackmailing me through a group chat with my teammates?" Shane asked one night.

Ilya, reviewing a "strategic map" of the arena's service elevators, didn't even blink. "I am motivating you. The children need their probiotics, Shane. Do you want them to have weak bones? Is that the kind of captain you are?"

After the games, the chaos would finally settle. The kids would be hauled away by Bood, Troy and Harris, Nick, and Evan, all of whom thanked Ilya with the kind of reverence usually reserved for saints.

Ilya would meet Shane by the cars in the biting Ottawa night, smelling faintly of apple juice and sourdough pretzels.

"How was the game?" Shane would ask, pulling Ilya into his space.

"You were mediocre," Ilya would say automatically, straightening Shane's collar. "Your second-period turnover was a crime. The children were very disappointed. Even Dykstra's toddler knew you should have passed."

Shane would laugh, tucking his face into the crook of Ilya's neck. "And the suite?"

"High performance," Ilya whispered. "We are undefeated in the 'Floor is Lava,' Shane. We lost no one to the sharks today. That is the only stat that matters."

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