a terrible awful unfortunate misspelling mishap (it happens to the best of us)

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a terrible awful unfortunate misspelling mishap (it happens to the best of us)

by hannahwrites

Summary

The flight attendant just shook her head. “No, sir”, she said slowly, enunciating just a tad too much, like they she was talking to a bunch of idiots, “I’m certain that’s not a misspelling. There are two entirely different names on here, I am afraid”

“They can’t have misspelled it that much, that can’t be true!”, Barrett exclaimed, still laughing.

But Ilya’s heart dropped as realisation hit.

She was right.

There were two entirely different names on there.

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OR: after Ilya takes Shane's last name, he forgets to book his own flight and the entire team gets a good look at his passport. Which definitely doesn't read "Ilya Rozanov" - no matter how wrongly you might spell Rozanov.

Notes

hii who would've thought that 2026 would see me back into writing fanfiction!
i (as everybody else) am irrevocably obsessed with heated rivalry and after scouring all of ao3 have not found a fic where Ilya takes Shane's last name and this is how everybody finds out they are married. so in my desperation to have my stupid little fanfic need met, i decided to write it myself.
i am very rusty and this is also not beta read and i listened to the books as audiobook only which means my silly little brain did not hold on to a single fact about anyone but shane & ilya so be gentle with me
(also if there is someone who's already done this pls let me know so i can read it and love it forever)

Quick info regarding setting:
this is set in a world where everything is as in canon, except Ilya is with the Centaurs and Shane with the Metros (who do not feature at all lol fuck them) and they get married while still closeted.

Also chapter 1 is just them doing some planning which was gonna be like 2 paragraphs but then i don't know what happened it kinda ran away from me lol

enjoy xoxo

Chapter 1

“So what I’m saying is, I really do think that you should marry me, or we should get married, or however you wanna put it. Because I’d really like to marry you and to be your husband. And I think it would also hold, like a lot of benefits, maybe like, financially, and with your citizenship and-”

Shane rambled on, aware that he was, in fact, rambling and completely butchering his perfectly planned closing argument and that his right knee was beginning to kind of feel a little uncomfortable on the floor there and he could’ve really chosen to do this two meters to the right on their living room carpet, when, thankfully, Ilya had the good grace to interrupt him.

“Shane. Shane, moy lyubimyy. Are you proposing or holding powerpoint presentation?”

Shane took a deep inhale as Ilya dropped to his knees in front of him, so they were at eye level. He closed his eyes as his boyfriend took his face in both hands and squeezed his cheeks a little, then opened them again when Ilya made a sort of small clicking noise with his tongue and tapped his left cheekbone.

He was met with a gentle, sort of private smile that he had come to know so well he could conjure it up when they were apart and was certain Ilya had reserved just for him. There was also a glint in Ilya's eyes that made Shane’s heart skip a beat, may it be for romantic or anxiety-related reasons – well, no one would ever know.

Ilya continued speaking, “Because if you are proposing, I would like chance to say yes. But if this is presentation, I will give feedback.”

He grinned, a little wolfishly, and flicked Shane’s earlobe.

“First, I think for good presentation you should stand and look at audience. Maybe not talk so fast.”

Ilya tilted his head with fake concentration, the glint in his eyes even more intense than before and betraying his serious look.

He added, with pretend contemplation, “And actual powerpoint would be good for powerpoint presentation.”

Shane rolled his eyes fondly and waved the ring he’d spent weeks obsessing over in Ilya’s face.

“I’m asking you to marry me, idiot. And I will have you know, I held GREAT presentations at school. Slide transitions and everything. And one time I even-”

His eyes widened almost comically as realization set in.

“Wait, did you say you were saying yes?!”, he almost shouted in Ilya’s face.

“I mean, yes?” Ilya was adopting the exasperated look of someone who was trying to explain arithmetics to a toddler. “Obviously? I love you for twelve years but I don’t want to marry you? What do you expect?”

Shane let out an incredulous laugh, shaking his head.

“No, no, I mean- I thought, I hoped... actually, can we just not- I asked you to marry me and you said yes, right? Let’s stay focused here.”

Shane could barely suppress the giddy feeling bubbling up in his chest.

“I am very focused. Mainly on ring that is still in your hand instead of my finger. Should be on me, yes, if I am your fiancé?”

Ilya shot a pointed look at the ring still clutched in Shane’s hand.

“Fiancé...” Shane muttered.

“Don’t say you are impressed by my English word again. Is not even English, is French. And I know because I was only waiting for you to finally ask.”

Ilya grinned, and Shane was sure he could see some sheepishness behind the cocksure facade Ilya only half-heartedly put on.

Instead of deigning his continued chirping with a response, Shane grabbed Ilya’s hand and shoved the ring on his finger.

Before he could even admire his now-fiancé and his (excellent, if he did say so himself) choice of ring, Ilya was pouncing on him, knocking him backwards into the hardwood floors and launching himself at Shane’s mouth. They were both grinning so hard their kiss was mostly knocking teeth, but neither of them cared, too giddy with joy.

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Shane eyed the leftover leaves of spinach in the pack. Not enough for a whole other meal, might as well add some more to his smoothie. He was dropping the leaves into his blender when strong arms wrapped around his waist from behind and Ilya’s head came to rest on his shoulder.

“What about rings?” The breath behind Ilya’s words tickled Shane’s ear and he turned around to face him. Ilya, refusing to move away, just smiled down at him when they were pressed together, chest to chest.

“What about them?”

“When we marry. You want ring too?”

Ilya lifted his hand to wiggle his fingers, one adorned by Shane's engagement ring, in his face.

"I mean, I hadn't really thought about it. Maybe? Yes, I guess. Might be kind of obvious, though..."

Shane was hesitant. Still not having made their relationship public, it seemed like a wild (and very Ilya) choice to announce not only a years-long partnership, but also a marriage by just simply showing up to places in matching rings. Then again, he was in gloves 90% of the time, so maybe...

"You are being practical again?" Ilya asked, seeing straight through him.

"You will be my husband. You want ring, you get ring. You don't want it, okay, then no pretty jewelry for you. I will be wearing a ring. Maybe on top of my ring I already have. Should ask Yuna, maybe we get fancy diamond sponsorship for you and your pretty hands.", Ilya only half-jokingly added the last bit.

"Ilya, come on.", Shane drew his eyebrows together sternly, making sure Ilya knew he was being serious.

"Okay, okay. I make decision for both of us, yes?", Ilya switched to a more gentle tone and leaned forward to drop a gentle kiss on the tip of Shane's nose. Shane exhaled some tension and sank deeper into Ilya's embrace gratefully.

"So. I will wear engagement ring. But on necklace, yes? That way I know it is there and you know it is there, but could mean anything. And when we marry, we get rings, but you don't have to wear it all the time if you are not comfortable. Just for us to wear, like around the house. For now, okay, not forever.", Ilya explained his plan carefully, all the while holding eye contact with Shane, assessing how he felt about it.

Instead of answering, Shane cupped Ilya's cheek and pulled him down into a lingering kiss.

When they pulled apart, Shane stayed close and whispered against Ilya's lips, "I love that. And I can't wait to marry you."

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They were on the phone, Shane lying in bed post-game and Ilya, from the sound of it, noisily rummaging the kitchen in se through arch of a late night snack.

"So I've been thinking..." Shane started and immediately the ruckus on Ilya's end stopped.

Shane quickly assured him, "Nothing bad, don't worry. Just, you know, practical stuff with getting married and everything. I think we should think about insurance. Like health insurance, but, also, I've got really good home and life insurance, and additional travel insurance just on top of the MLH's."

"Are you bragging?", Ilya chuckled.

“No, no, I just mean, I think you should join. Or I should add you. There’s spousal benefits and especially with life insurance-”

“Wow. Romantic.”, Ilya deadpanned, cutting him off.

Shane let out a sigh, “Hey, I just think marriage is like a big thing and I am really excited to do it with you, but I think we should like at least talk about everything it entails first”

He took off his glasses and pinched the bridge of his nose slightly. As much as he knew Ilya was looking forward to marrying him, it did occasionally feel as if he was the only one who was considering the practical side of it all and not just getting lost in the romantics.

Ilya gave a little pause before answering him in a tone so soft it almost made Shane’s teeth rot.

“And I appreciate you for looking at official important stuff. Is just a bit confusing for me, all fancy important language and insurance and everything. But I trust you and I am sure you make good decision for both of us. And if you want to decide together, we can do that. I will just get tutor to understand strange legal words, yes?”

Shane closed his eyes and let the wave of calm that Ilya’s words brought wash over him. For someone who claimed to be struggling with the English language still, Ilya for sure knew how to always find the right words for him.

“Okay, okay. No need to get a tutor, we can just look over everything together, and then decide what works, okay?” Shane said with a soft smile, matching Ilya’s gentle tone. “Now tell me how your game went.”

Ilya gasped in mock enragement, “What, you didn’t watch?”, before launching into a play-by-play.

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“So,” Yuna started, pouring both herself and Ilya another glass of wine. “Have you guys thought about a shared bank account?”

Ilya’s eyebrows twitched slightly upwards, but before he could answer, Shane was already at it.

“I mean, of course. It’s only logical, I think. But we should probably also each keep our own accounts,” he leaned forward, fully engaged in the conversation.

Ilya just stared at him from his seat next to Shane, nodding along as if this was something they had talked about multiple times before.

Yuna nodded as well, although she seemed way more invested in the conversation than Ilya could claim to be.

“That’s smart. I mean you have your assets in addition to what’s in the bank, and with Ilya’s cars I’m assuming that’s a solid investment as well.”

“Assets?” Ilya questioned, raising an eyebrow at Shane, who squeezed their interlaced fingers and explained kindly, “My real estate. The cottage, a couple of apartments...”

This caused the corner of Ilya’s mouth to twitch upwards, “Ah yes... real estate”

Shane and Yuna both nodded at him solemnly.

“Seems like you’ve got it figured out though”, Yuna gave them an encouraging smile.

“Yes, I mean, we haven’t discussed it with my accountant yet, but I think we’re all set, basically”, Shane confirmed.

“Basically”, Ilya echoed, and Shane, who actually did have it figured out, squeezed his hand.

Ilya smiled at them both and excused himself to go help David with the washing up.

“Was that too forward? Because I really don’t want to stick my nose too far in your guys’ business,” Yuna probed gently when Shane and her were left at the table alone, tilting her head slightly.

Shane was quick to reassure her, “No, that’s okay. I appreciate you thinking of these things as well. Ilya’s just a little caught up in the romance of getting married, I think. But the practicalities are just as important, marriage IS a contract after all, and one for life”

As he spoke, his mother’s eyebrows drew together, in a look akin to scrutiny.

“My love, it is your life and your happiness, you could do with some getting lost in the romance of all of it as well.” It was a gentle scolding, nothing but love and care in her voice.

Shane’s shoulders dropped a little and he exhaled noisily through his mouth.

“I know, Mom. And I am so excited to marry Ilya. I guess it just makes me a little nervous as well...”, he admitted sheepishly, trailing off at the end of his sentence.

Yuna reached a hand out across the table and waited for Shane to place his hand inside her smaller one. She gently put her other hand on top, enclosing Shane’s hand in both of hers and squeezing.

“Marriage is a big thing. I was nervous marrying your dad, and we didn’t even have half of the hardships you two are facing. I cannot even begin to imagine and I am so sorry that this beautiful time in your life is something that also inevitable causes you some stress. If there is anything we can do to make all of this easier on you two, you let me know. Whatever, okay?”

Shane swallowed hard and looked down at her hands, cradling his ever so gently. It was immeasurable how much it meant to him to have his mother as such a fierce protector by his side, and how much more it meant even to know that she would protect Ilya just as fiercely.

“Thank you,” he said simply, voice a little hoarse.

On the drive home back to their house, Ilya reached for his hand across the middle console.

“Good talk with your mom?” he inquired gently, his eyes never leaving the road.

Shane stroked the back of Ilya’s hand with his thumb as he studied his profile. He took a minute to reply, before speaking just as gently,

“Yes. I’m sorry if I seem like I’m not as excited to marry you, because I’m so focused on the logistics and practicality of it all. I promise, I am so looking forward to the rest of our lives together.”

Ilya’s mouth broke into a smile, his eyes crinkling, and Shane’s heart did a little somersault. After all these years...

“I never doubt that, Shane”, Ilya said reassuringly, “I know about ‘love languages’, you know? You show me love by taking care of me, and taking care means also thinking all the boring responsible thoughts and I love that about you”

Shane leaned back against the headrest and closed his eyes against the wave of warm fuzzy feelings washing over him.

“You always know how to say just the right things. It’s a little magical, you know that?”, he muttered with a smile on his face.

Ilya simply lifted their joined hands up to his mouth and pressed a kiss to the back of Shane’s hand.

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Shane got into his car after practice and pulled out his phone to connect it to the aux only to see 7 texts from Ilya.

He was long past being stressed out about multiple missed texts at this point in their relationship. Ilya rarely managed to put his thoughts into one single concise text message, and as much as Shane got on his case about it, he really didn’t mind all that much. In fact, he had gotten used to associating his phone’s wild uninterrupted buzzing with Ilya so much that it involuntarily made him smile.

Instead of checking the texts immediately, he voice-to-texted him a “just got out of practice, omw home now, will reply once I've arrived” and started the car.

Then for good measure he added an “I love you”. Ilya wasn’t the only one who could double text, after all.

Once at home, he dropped his keys into the bowl by the door, lined his shoes up nicely and sorted his sweaty gear out in the wash, before plopping down onto the sofa and pulling up Ilya’s texts.

He was met with three links to apparent wedding locations, accompanied by Ilya’s judgment of each location.

“Pretty garden. Would be nice to do outside maybe, no? But caterer has set menu and will not compromise. No good,” read the first one.

Shane clicked the link and was indeed met with beautiful grounds, including, apparently, a maze and an entire garden of different international types of roses.

The second link led him to an ancient looking hall with high ornate ceilings and a chandelier that looked more expensive than Shane’s entire cottage, a venue which called itself “The Versailles of Ottawa” and which Ilya had dubbed “Barbie’s dream wedding house”. “Might be a bit too fancy though,” he had added.

Lastly, Ilya had sent him the link to a farm about an hour’s drive from the cottage that offered to hold weddings in their little barn. “Just think of cute animals we could pet on wedding day!!! Don’t worry, I would still think you are cutest” Ilya had commented.

Shane looked through all the links carefully, starting a little pros and cons list in his head.

Then he texted Ilya back.

Shane: I don’t know if we need a venue as big as all of these.

Lily: hi

Lily: get home safe?

Lily: why not ???

Shane: Who would we even invite? You, me, mom, dad, maybe Hayden? I don’t think we’d be filling “Ottawa’s Versailles”...

Lily: everybody just gets lot of room then

Lily: is no problem

Lily: nobody ever complains about too much room

Lily: but okay you are not very wrong

Lily: farm is not that big?

Shane: Yes, sure. And I’m sorry to be so practical again and be such a boring party pooper, but I’m not sure we should be booking a venue at all.

Lily: what do you mean

Lily: how do we marry without place to marry

Lily: I don’t understand

Shane: Maybe we just go to the courthouse? We have to go there beforehand anyways to get our license. And booking a venue to get married is maybe a little too public?

Lily: okay

Shane: Hey, don't be mad, please

Lily: no, no, not mad

Lily: just thinking

Shane: Thinking good things? Or overthinking?

Lily: just trying to be practical

Lily: i understand why we can't do venue

Lily: but i still want to have pretty wedding

Lily: make sense?

Shane: Yes, of course. And I also want that for us.

Lily: okay what if

Lily: i have idea

Lily: what if

Shane: Wait, can you call?

Shane had only just sent the text when his phone lit up with "Incoming call from Lily"

He smiled as he swiped and put the phone to his ear.

"Hello lover," Shane could hear Ilya's grin even through the phone.

He rolled his eyes at the pet name, but said it back nonetheless.

"Hello lover yourself," he said, getting settled more comfortably on the sofa.

"So, what's this grand idea you have?"

He could hear Ilya settling down as well before he started to speak again.

"We have to go to courthouse to get papers, right?", he started.

Shane nodded, even though Ilya couldn't see him, and then confirmed, "Right."

"So what if we go to courthouse, sign papers and then have just nice little party at the cottage? Just you and me and Yuna and David, and because I am best fiancé ever I will even let you invite Hayden."

“I don’t know what your problem is with Hayden, last time we were over at their place we all had a good time, didn’t we?” Shane asked, a little exasperated at Hayden and Ilya’s ongoing animosity whenever they were talking about (and sometimes even when they were talking to) each other.

“Yes, yes, Hayden is a wonderful person and we are all so so lucky to know him and have him at our wedding and be part of the best day of our lives”, Ilya retorted through the phone.

Shane snorted, “You’re ridiculous”

“I’m so ridiculous I will even let you invite ex-girlfriend if you really want”, Ilya declared grandly.

Shane knew Ilya didn’t love that he had dated Rose, but at this point they got along just fine. Not so fine that Ilya didn’t have to ocassionally bring up that Shane dated her (no matter how short-lived and unsuccessful their relationship had been), but fine enough.

But before Shane could thank him for thinking of his friends and inviting them to the wedding, Ilya added petulantly, “So she can watch me get married to you and know her chance is over for good”

Now Shane truly burst out laughing, “Ilya, she never stood a chance against you in the first place. Nobody ever did, and you know that”

Ilya shushed him, “Better save the good material for vows”

“Don’t worry, I have about a thousand possible ways in which I could talk about how much I love you”, Shane was welling up a little just thinking about it, if he was being honest.

He could hear Ilya swallow through the phone before answering, voice a little thick, “That was very cheesy, Hollander.”

Shane let out a laugh that sounded a little wet, but quickly pulled himself back together.

“But all jokes aside, I think that is a really good idea. To get the papers at the courthouse, just the two of us, and then have a celebration with our loved ones here at the cottage a little bit later. You should definitely invite Sveta as well, if you want”, Shane brought their conversation back to its original topic.

“Yes, it is settled then. We have location, we have guest list, is perfect plan”, Ilya agreed.

Shane didn’t even fight the warm fuzzy feeling that just kept rising and rising in him every time they talked about their wedding. Nothing beat seeing Ilya happy – except maybe knowing that the reason he was so excited was the thought of promising to spend the rest of his life with Shane.

“So”, Shane started, knowing Ilya was probably not done with all the ideas, “what are your thoughts on food?”

He put the phone on speaker and snuggled even deeper into the sofa as Ilya launched into all the ideas and plans he had already concocted.

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“Okay, practice might run a little long tomorrow and I can’t really tell them I have to go be somewhere, so I might have to come directly from the rink to the courthouse. Is that alright?”, Shane said, before spitting the rest of his toothpaste into the sink and rinsing.

By the time he had finished flossing, Ilya still hadn’t answered.

Shane dabbed a little bit of cream under his eyes to finish off his nighttime routine before walking out into their bedroom to check if Ilya was even there or if he’d been talking to an empty room all along.

But Ilya was there, sitting on his side of the bed atop the blanket, only the little lights on each of their nightstands turned on.

He had a solemn look on his face and was worrying his lower lip with his teeth.

Shane immediately switched from organizational into worried fiancé mode.

“Hey, hey”, he sat down on the bed next to Ilya and scooted over until he was close enough so their thighs touched and he could wrap an arm around his fiancé’s shoulders.

Ilya leaned into him, but didn’t soften all the way, so if Shane hadn’t been sure before, he now had the confirmation that something was, in fact, up.

“What’s wrong?”, he said gently, pressing a small kiss to the top of Ilya’s head where it rested against his left shoulder.

“Nothing wrong”, Ilya mumbled unconvincingly.

Shane started rubbing his arm gently, knowing to give Ilya a little space to find the right words and not try and find them for him.

It took another moment of more or less comfortable silence before Ilya made to speak again.

“About getting license tomorrow”, Ilya started tentatively.

Against his better judgement, Shane’s body went cold. He took a breath, not so deep that Ilya would feel it, but consciously enough so it would help ground him, and reminded himself that this was Ilya, and he was safe and the times where he had to be scared that Ilya would run away from him, from commitment, were long gone.

“Yes?”, he prompted gently.

“We have to sign, right?”

As he didn’t continue speaking, Shane also nodded at this and confirmed audibly, “right.”

Ilya took a breath and added, “And we can write other things too, no? Like about when we are married?”

Shane drew his eyebrows together, not sure where Ilya was going with this.

“I mean, yes, I guess? Is there anything specific you are thinking about?”

Ilya took another breath, this time less deep and a little more shaky than before, and Shane involuntarily, like a reflex, pulled him tighter into his side.

“Names”, Ilya muttered, voice barely above a whisper and muffled by Shane’s neck, which he was now nestled in.

“Sorry?”, Shane had to clarify, pulling away a little and gently tilting Ilya’s face up with one hand so their eyes could meet.

With seemingly considerable effort, Ilya pressed out, “I was thinking about names. My name.”

Shane was still confused as to the point Ilya was trying to make, but tried to school his face so as not to deter him from actually making the point. He made a non-committal humming noise and hoped it would encourage Ilya along to clarify.

Ilya squeezed his eyes shut for a second, before opening them and looking directly into Shane’s. His next words were not so much said as they seemed to burst out of him at their own accord.

“I was thinking about names. About mine and yours and how I want them to be the same.”

The information took a minute to reach Shane’s brain, and then another for him to fully comprehend.

“You want me to take your last name?”, he asked, a little taken aback.

The thought of not having his last name after they were married had never even occurred to him – especially with it being such an identifying factor in his whole hockey career.

But Ilya shook his head vigorously.

“No, no, I would never ask that of you.”, he assured.

Shane tilted his head in confusion, “What are you asking then?”

Ilya scooted back a little so their faces were more than mere inches apart again and he could focus on Shane’s face properly without going cross-eyed.

“I want to have yours”, he said slowly and very seriously, “your last name.”

Shane could only stare, computing what Ilya was telling him. He wanted to have his last name. Share one last name. Give up his own name?

“Ilya...”, Shane started, at a loss for what to say, trying to buy himself some time.

“No, it’s okay if you do not want that. I get it, it’s okay. Is very risky, too, I know”, Ilya backtracked quickly.

Shane shook his head, half to negate what Ilya was saying, half to shake himself into forming a coherent thought.

“No, no, that’s not-”

Ilya interrupted him, “It would not have to be for public, of course. I would put it on passport, and documents, and marriage license of course. But not on my jersey. I would still be Ilya Rozanov for everybody”, he tried to assure Shane.

When he saw that some colour had come back to Shane’s face, he tentatively tried to add a little joke, just to gauge his reaction.

“Cannot have best hockey player in the league be called Hollander, yes?”

And as Ilya had probably hoped, that did the trick. A burst of surprised laughter escaped Shane and he relaxed visibly.

“I’m not saying no. Just – have you really thought this through, Ilya?”, Shane implored wringing his hands together now that they were no longer wrapped around Ilya comfortingly.

Ilya just nodded solemnly, his expression serious, but not upset at Shane’s inquisition.

“What about your career, your legacy in the MHL?”, Shane probed.

Ilya shrugged, “I will keep being Ilya Rozanov there. Hockey can keep Rozanov, legacy is safe, all my great big achievements stay all mine, no problem”

Shane was still hesitant, even though Ilya seemed to have thoroughly thought this through. He seemed sure and calm, and that in turned calmed Shane as well. Though not enough to rid him of his worries entirely.

“I just don’t want you to regret that... I mean, your name, that’s a big thing. At this point it is kind of the only thing connecting you to your heritage, and your upbringing, and Russia, and-”, even as he was saying it, Shane realized he was worrying about the wrong thing.

Ilya’s eyes dropped and he took a small breath, Shane saw his shoulders hitch slightly.

Then, in a voice close to whisper, Ilya said, “That is exactly why I don’t want it”

“Ilya”, Shane exclaimed softly, closing the distance between them and taking Ilya’s face in his hands, tilting his chin until he was looking right at him.

“There is no one and nothing left that I want to be connected to called ‘Rozanov’”, Ilya admitted quietly, “I want to have a name that means something. A name that reminds me of

who I love, and who loves me. I want my name to mean only good and nice and beautiful and happy things."

He took a breath and continued, voice still quiet but steady, "Rozanov is not that for me. Hollander is."

Shane's throat was closing up at Ilya's words and he had to fight hard to keep tears from falling. That fight was lost when he saw one single tear slip out of the corner of Ilya's eyes and felt it run along his hands that were still placed on his fiancé's cheeks. But there was no sadness in Ilya's eyes, only a look of such pure love and sincerity, it made Shane's heart ache in the best way.

His next exhale sounded more like a choked sob and Ilya reached for him and pulled him in closely.

Shane burrowed his wet face in Ilya's neck, inhaling the familiar smell of the man he loved.

His words were muffled, but Ilya still understood every last one: "Yes. I would be honoured if you wanted to share my last name"

The next day at the courthouse, Shane watched with tears in his eyes as Ilya, with the utmost care and a handwriting so delicate and beautiful it held no resemblance to his usual chickenscratch, signed their marriage license as "Ilya Hollander".

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

the ottowa centaurs find out their captain roz is roz no more

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"If you don't leave now you'll definitely be late to the airport. And who's gonna score 7 goals then, huh?", Shane poked Ilya's side and tried to wind himself out of the boa-constrictor-like hug Ilya had enveloped him in.

Ilya grumbled an illegible complaint but loosened his grip on his husband slightly.

"That was too short for a honeymoon", he stated with a pout.

"You can barely call that a honeymoon!", Shane exclaimed, laughing.

In fact, they had spent the past week and a half since getting their marriage certificate in a state of isolated domestic marital bliss at the cottage, barely leaving for anything other than essential grocery shopping, enveloped in one another the way newlyweds were bound to. But Shane wasn't wrong, it wasn't a proper honeymoon away from home, sipping cocktails on a remote beach somewhere.

"I promise, I'll take you on a proper honeymoon once the season is over. But now you really have to go, or you'll miss your flight. Come on, chop chop", Shane patted Ilya's ass lovingly but with the stern determination that sometimes made Ilya call him "Miss Yuna" as a joke.

Ilya leaned in for one last lingering kiss, not refraining in the slightest from making it hot and filthy by sliding his tongue into Shane's mouth and grabbing his ass as he did so.

When they pulled apart Shane's cheeks were flushed and he was a little breathless and god, if that didn't want to make Ilya say fuck the flight, fuck hockey, actually fuck everything that wasn't fucking Shane Hollander...

"See, now you've made saying goodbye even harder", Shane chided him, still a little out of breath.

He picked up Ilya's bag and unceremoniously pushed it into his hands.

Ilya protested a little, but Shane had stepped back far enough to signal that he was being really serious now – and Ilya did in fact have to leave if he was going to make the flight with the rest of the team.

As much as he was going to miss Shane, at least it was only going to be for one week before their respective game schedules had them both back in Canada.

“Okay, okay. Cannot blame me for not wanting to leave my poor husband. What is he going to do, home all alone, without his big strong husband?”, Ilya said teasingly, his hand already on the door handle.

“Well”, Shane started with a mischievous grin, “first, I’ll probably have to cry and wave my handkerchief out the window as you’re leaving.”

Ilya chuckled as Shane mock waved his hand in the air.

But Shane wasn’t done. “And then I’ll probably go into the bedroom and think about my hot and sexy and big and strong husband and take care of this”, he threw a pointed look to where his joggers tented at his crotch.

A desperate sigh escaped Ilya and he whined, “Unfair”

Shane just laughed and blew him a kiss. “Goodbye, Hollander. Knock ‘em dead.”

Ilya couldn’t help the giant smile that spread across his face.

“See you in a week, Hollander”

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When Ilya arrived at the airport after breaking probably more than one speed limit (but honestly, what else did you buy nice cars for? Certainly not for going the speed limit, if you asked him. Probably for exactly that, if you asked Shane), he was only a little bit late.

“Captain!!”, his team – who were all already there, on time – greeted him enthusiastically.

Coach Wiebe clapped a hand on his shoulder, “Good of you to join us, Rozanov”

There was no heat in his words though, so Ilya just grinned at him and returned the sentiment.

“I’ve got your ticket for you this time”, Wiebe handed him a print-out boarding pass.

Ilya usually booked his own flights, trying to steal as much time as possible with Shane before he had to go on another flight. He wouldn’t admit it, but he’d started the habit of booking his own flights even when he was still with the Bears, always trying to work his schedule in a way that allowed him to see Shane. With all the excitement and planning for their wedding, he had forgone his usual routine this time and let the team manager book his flight along with everybody else’s.

He thanked his coach and plopped himself unceremoniously next to Hayes, who had been on his phone but put it away in favour of starting up a conversation with Ilya.

“How was your break?”, he asked, the most obvious question – and kind of boring, had Ilya’s break been anything other than the most extraordinary time of his life.

He clamped down on the ridiculous grin that threatened to give him away and just shrugged instead, “Was nice”

“Wow, not in so many words, Roz”, Hayes joked.

Haas chimed in from his seat behind Ilya, “I went on a three-day hike, it was great! Gorgeous views, and we stayed at like this cute little cabin, wait, I’ve got pictures, if you want to see”

Hayes rolled his eyes conspiratory at Ilya.

“Haas, we’ve all seen the three thousand pictures you posted on Instagram already. I think we’ve got a good general image of what your hike was like”, he said, albeit not without fondness in his voice.

Ilya was about to take pity on the rookie and let him show him the pictures again when their flight was called for boarding.

He queued up behind Boodram, Hayes and Haas coming up to wait right behind him. Haas was still talking about his great hiking trip, and Ilya wasn’t too unhappy to listen and just let his story wash over him and distract him from thinking about his husband and all the great things they would be doing right now if they were still on their makeshift honeymoon.

When it was his turn to present his ticket and boarding pass, Ilya pulled them out of the nice organizer Shane had gotten him as a birthday gift years ago, and handed them to the flight attendant in charge.

Haas was just getting to the point of the story where he met a mountain goat and Ilya was starting to become actually invested, when the woman went, “Excuse me sir, this is not valid”

At first, Ilya didn’t even realise she was talking to him.

He had been casually flying for years now, and even with his Russian passport there had never been a real problem. Since he got his Canadian passport, flights had become even more of a non-brainer.

But now this lady was telling him something was invalid?

“Is there a problem with the ticket?”, Ilya knew he should’ve just booked his own ticket as usual and not gone the easy and comfortable way of having someone do it for him.

“No sir, it’s just, this doesn’t match up, I cannot let you board the flight”, she explained with finality, “Would you please step aside so the next person can board?”

Hayes and Haas looked at Ilya in confusion.

“Is there a problem?”, Coach Wiebe asked from further behind in the queue.

“Just little problem with my booking”, Ilya responded, still confused, “I had management book for me this time, something must have gone wrong”

“Maybe they spelled Rozanov wrong”, Hayes chimed in, “God knows I struggle with that sometimes”

“You must’ve had too many pucks to the head”, Boodram chirped from where he stood waiting for them past the ticket counter.

Wiebe had meanwhile joined them at the front of the queue.

“Ma’am, would you mind checking it again? Maybe it’s just a spelling error, it’s a Russian name, not that common, it might’ve happened. I’m sure we can still get him through, or if there’s any vacancies on the flight, we’re happy to just have you book him a new seat with the correct spelling”, he explained calmly.

The rest of the team had joined them to see what was taking so long and was now forming a huddle around the counter, nodding along.

The flight attendant just shook her head. “No, sir”, she said slowly, enunciating just a tad too much, like they she was talking to a bunch of idiots, “I’m certain that’s not a misspelling. There are two entirely different names on here, I am afraid”

Coach Wiebe let out an exasperated sigh as the rest of the team just laughed incredulously.

“They can’t have misspelled it that much, that can’t be true!”, Barrett exclaimed, still laughing.

But Ilya’s heart dropped as realisation hit.

She was right.

There were two entirely different names on there.

His ticket, booked by management, was booked weeks ago, on what was still his name then, and what, as far as they were concerned, was still his name to this day: Ilya Rozanov.

But his passport read his actual, new name: Ilya Hollander.

Oh shit. Shane was going to kill him.

Ilya started into action, spurred on by the certain knowledge that he would not live to see another day should his team and some random flight crew find out what his passport read – Shane would definitely find a way to murder him from whatever distance if that was how he outed them.

“Madam, please, I will just book new seat, you have proper passport, just put name in, I will pay for seat, no need to hold up whole flight for me”, he said, aiming for charming, but landing somewhere between terrified and threatening.

The flight attendant, who had apparently never in her life heard anything about discretion, nodded at Ilya and responded. She was probably speaking normally, but to Ilya, she might as well have been screaming to the entire airport, “Okay, Mr Hollander, just give us a second and we’ll have you booked right in.”

A hush fell over his team which had been chatting away happily before.

Ilya gritted his teeth and braced himself.

“Did she just say Hollander?”

“No way, that would be a colossal misspell”

“Why would Rozy have Hollander’s passport?”

Ilya was gripping the handle of his carry-on bag tightly, willing his brain to think of any possible reasonable explanation for that woman loudly calling him “Hollander” that wasn’t - well, the truth.

He could not come up with any.

His teammates had all turned towards him expectantly.

Barrett was the first to break the silence, “How did this happen?”

“And what exactly is happening?”, Haas added.

“Is long story”, Ilya said at the same time as the flight attendant at the counter chided them, “Gentlemen, if you are not going to be boarding right now, I have to ask you to please make way for other passengers”

Ilya gestured towards the entrance in a desperate plea to get out of the looming conversation by having all his teammates board the plane.

Nobody was having it. In fact, Boodram even leaned towards the barrier to get in on the action, which only cost the flight attendant an exasperated sigh.

“Well?”, Coach Wiebe prompted, then added, pointing towards the boarding sign, “Better get talking, Rozanov. Seems like nobody will get on this plane before you’ve explained this little mishap”

Ilya sent a silent apology to Shane and swallowed hard.

“Is not a mishap”, he mumbled.

“Did he just say it isn’t a mishap??”, Bood asked, half his body still hanging over the barrier.

“Oh my god”, Haas gasped, “Are you saying you STOLE Shane Hollander’s passport??”

Ilya almost had to laugh. It was kind of ridiculous that the conclusion they would jump to was theft – as if it was more likely for him to commit a crime rather than maybe, say, be married to Shane. But to be fair, it was also a testament to how well they had kept their secret up until now. Another shiver went through Ilya at the certainty of his impending death at his husband's hands. How could he have been so stupid and not just book the flight himself?

Barrett, proving there was actually someone there with more than one working braincell left, leaned towards the woman at the counter and asked, "Ma'am, excuse me, could we maybe see his passport?"

Not a bad idea, Ilya had to give it to him. But simultaneously – a terrible idea.

"I can't believe he stole Hollander's passport", Haas meanwhile muttered to himself.

Just wait until you find out I actually stole Hollander's last name, Ilya thought, admittedly a little amused at the thought.

But before his amusement could fully take hold, his anxiety flared back up as the woman begrudgingly handed the passport to Barrett.

Ilya tried to calm himself down by taking a deep breath into his stomach and exhaling through his mouth, the way he had watched Shane do many times. Shane, who was going to END him – and gone was his two seconds of calm.

This was happening. Better make the best out of it. Ilya steeled himself as Barrett opened his passport and read.

If Ilya had been waiting for any kind of loud exclamation, he was mistaken. Barrett just lifted his eyes off what he had read and stared wordlessly at Ilya.

The rest of the team who hadn't yet seen what Barrett had was clamouring and grabbing for his passport, until finally Hayes managed to snatch it out of Barretts hand.

Only then did Ilya get his expected reaction.

"Roz... why does your passport say your name is Ilya Hollander??"

There was disbelief in his voice and the slow and careful way he posed the question.

Ilya had by now come to terms with the fact that there was no explanation other than the truth.

"Because that is my name.", he chose to go with the most annoying answer – not really explaining anything but stating the facts.

He was met with a whole crowd of incredulous stares.

"But- but, how??", Coach Wiebe summarised quite concisely what everyone else was feeling.

Ilya shrugged, resigned to his fate.

“Marriage?”, he phrased it like it was a question, voice a little shaky and giving away how scared he was about this whole situation.

More staring.

“Excuse me”, Coach sputtered, and then continued, speaking very slowly, “but did you just say ‘marriage’?”

Ilya nodded, shrugging lightly in a “well, what can you do” gesture.

“Marriage, as in... you are married?”, Barrett inquired, just as slowly, like you would if you were dreaming and trying to figure out if it was actually just a dream.

“Yes”, Ilya confirmed, not giving them any more than he needed to. Plausible deniability, in case Shane asked.

“To somebody named Hollander?”, Haas asked innocently. Bless his little heart.

Ilya’s only-say-as-much-as-strictly-necessary policy was wavering. But he decided to at least have a little fun with it. And technically, it was true. He WAS married to someone named Hollander.

“Well, yes”, Ilya might as well have said “Duh” or called Haas an dum-dum, the way it came out.

“But not-”, Haas stammered, “it can’t be-”

Ilya was silently cheering him on. Just spit it out, come on, you can do it.

The rest of the team was still deathly silent, shell-shocked by the happenings unfolding in front of them.

“SHANE Hollander?”, Haas finally made his point, sounding meek.

Deciding that this was the moment and there was no point in any further denial or games, Ilya reached underneath his shirt collar and pulled out his mother’s necklace.

Everybody on the team had seen it at least a million times, always dangling from his neck like a protective talisman, or a good luck charm.

But never had they seen the simple gold band that hung off the same chain, right next to his mother’s cross.

It was so new, it was blindingly shiny, and Ilya held it up with pride on his face that almost shone as brightly.

“Yes.”, Ilya said firmly. “I am married to Shane Hollander.”

Nobody uttered a single word – Ilya was fixing them all, one by one, with a glare so deathly not even the bravest of them would’ve dared to make a sound.

“And if any of you have a problem with ANY part of that-”, he started, his tone low and threatening, before he was interrupted by Coach Wiebe.

“Now, now, I don’t think the situation warrants any threatening. We’re all really happy for you”, the last part sounded a little like a question, but the hand he clapped on Ilya’s shoulder warmly spoke volumes.

Ilya exhaled tension he hadn’t even known he’d been holding as the rest of the team chimed in, all with their own cheerful versions of congratulations.

Hayes was still staring at Ilya in disbelief even while shaking his hand to congratulate him.

“I’ve got to be honest, Cap... you liking men, I’m not shocked. And you liking Hollander – I mean he is hockey’s golden boy, and we’ve all seen those underwear ads he does and let’s just say, it’s working-”

Ilya raised one eyebrow in a silent warning. That was still his husband Hayes was talking about. As always, he’d trained his team well and Hayes immediately clamped his mouth shut.

Barrett, always a little less scared of Ilya’s scary russian spiel than everyone else, finished Hayes’ sentence, “I do have to agree with Hayes though... the question is, how did you get goody-two-shoes perfect angel Shane Hollander to marry you?”

Ilya grinned. “I didn’t. Was him who asked me.”

“I’ll believe that when I see it”, Hayes breathed, and to Ilya’s dismay the rest of the team nodded in agreement.

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Ilya hadn’t even been gone for an hour when Shane’s phone buzzed with a FaceTime request.

He rolled his eyes – there were only two reasons he could think of that would make his husband FaceTime him right now.

One – he had forgotten something and needed Shane to check whether he had actually left it at home.

Two – he missed Shane already and just wanted to see his face before takeoff.

Shane hoped it was option number two. Had they not been completely codependent before, their makeshift two week honeymoon would have sealed the deal, and he already felt Ilya’s absence from their home painfully.

Shane swiped and was met with Ilya’s face, still at the airport.

“Hey, miss me too much?”, he joked.

Ilya took a second too long to reply which gave Shane time to study his face. What he saw was a little concerning to say the least – Ilya’s hair was slightly disheveled, his cheeks

flushed in an otherwise way too pale face and his lip looked like he had been chewing it.

“Is everything alright?”, Shane asked with growing concern, at the same time as Ilya started to speak.

“I have good news and bad news”, Ilya said, voice tense.

Shane sighed, “Oh no, did you miss your flight? Did the team go without you?”

Ilya shook his head a little sheepishly and Shane cocked his, waiting for a response.

“No, no…”, Ilya hesitated and blew out a breath, seemingly steeling himself before he continued, “Actually… you are on speaker and team is here”

Shane felt a wave of cool dread wash over him but decided to give Ilya the benefit of the doubt before jumping to conclusions.

That benefit was quickly revoked when Ilya added, “They want to see my husband”

“Your- They- WHAT”, Shane sputtered, face turning read. He could hear his blood rushing in his ears.

“Is okay, is okay!”, Ilya was quick to reassure him, though he didn’t look any less nervous than when Shane had first picked up the call.

No amount of reassuring would’ve calmed Shane down right about now though. What the hell had Ilya just done?

“I said good news, no?”, Ilya started another effort of reassuring Shane, who had now started pacing up and down their living room.

Shane blew out air through his nose and said incredulously, “And what could those good news possibly be?”

Ilya spun the camera around to reveal his entire team, some smiling sheepishly and some openly gaping, but all of them waving at Shane as if Ilya was pointing a gun at them to do so.

Shane covered his face with the hand not holding his phone and so missed it when Ilya spun the phone back around on his own face.

He drew his eyebrows together and spoke in quiet Russian, just to Shane.

“My love, is okay. Everything is alright. Breathe, yes?”

Shane could hear shocked whispers from Ilya’s end of the phone, and just quickly, Haas’ voice going “Hollander speaks RUSSIAN??” before he was quickly shushed.

More than a somewhat secret language between the two of them, Ilya knew what he was doing when he had spoken to Shane in Russian – understanding and replying in his husband’s language still cost him so much brainpower and energy that it was hard to focus on anything

else. It was a trick Ilya used, occasionally, to snap him back into the moment when his anxiety was threatening to take over.

Shane breathed deeply, then nodded at Ilya and replied, in heavily accented and probably very bad Russian, “If you say so. I trust you”

“I will explain when we get to the hotel, okay? But nobody’s angry or reacting badly or anything, and they all know how to keep a secret”, Ilya added quietly, gauging Shane’s reaction.

“Too many words”, Shane replied, in English, a soft smile starting to creep onto his face, “but I think I get the essence.”

Ilya gave him one of his soft, loving smiles in return and Shane told himself that if Ilya felt they were safe, they most probably were. He trusted his judgement – and knew that Ilya would take care of him. Their relationship was as sacred to Ilya as it was to himself.

“So”, Ilya said more loudly, clearly talking to his team off-camera, “You’ve all seen famous husband. Can we now please finally board plane, please?”

In the ruckus that ensued, Ilya looked back at Shane and tilted his head slightly, a silent inquiry into whether Shane was okay.

Shane gave him a small nod – not perfect, but okay, considering – and Ilya nodded back, eyes crinkling with a smile that didn’t quite reach his mouth.

“Ya tebya lyublyu”, Shane muttered quietly.

“I love you, too”, Ilya replied with a quiet confidence that still made Shane a little breathless. Yes, Ilya was his husband, but even after all these years, to hear him say out loud that he loved him without any hesitation was a wonder every time. Especially right now, with his whole team listening.

He caught one last look at Ilya’s face, lips now curled into a gentle smile, before his husband hung up the call.

“Jesus fucking Christ”, Shane muttered, sliding down the wall to sit on the floor, pulling his legs close.

Then he closed his eyes and laughed.

At the same time, as they were finally stepping onto the plane, Haas stopped dead in his tracks, causing an Ottowa Centaurs mass pile up in the airplane aisle.

“Wait, Roz- does that mean we have to call you “Holls” from now on?!”

Chapter End Notes

hi, thank you so much for bearing with me!!

i hope you enjoyed, i just love these two stupid lovesick idiots and i LOVE the idea of ilya taking shane's name in a very oldfashioned outdated romanticised way.
also it has so much potential for people finding out...

anyways, have a good day and feel welcome to rec me fics that have done this better than me!!!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!