

Bood's BBQ Bonanza

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Bood's BBQ Bonanza

by [babymonkeyonaturtle101](#)

Summary

Nobody knows what to expect with Shane's first week of preseason with the Ottawa Centaurs. They definitely don't expect him to get drunk at Bood's BBQ and lay out the very surprising timeline of his relationship with their captain.

Notes

Somehow I have gone from not writing like ever to releasing 2 fics in 2 days? Who is this girl. UNEMPLOYED that's who.

Anyway I started this one back in December but then after the initial surge of inspiration I kinda forgot about it, then wrote something else that was all angsty and sad because I was in that kinda mood and then because I am a glutton for compliments (okay praise kink) I instantly after posting that realised that getting kudos was a great little serotonin boost. So I spent the past 20 hours finishing this up.
so bon appetit

Also I didn't really proof-read it so sorry for any grammar mistakes also if I use the same word like 30 times I want to get better at being more varied in how I write stuff but I havent done creative writing in like over a decade since I was back at school so sorry about that but yeah any corrections or like comments like that don't be shy I like knowing where I have fucked up (okay degradation kink)

I feel like one of those rich kids doing a birthday haul where they spend 10 minutes giving disclaimers etc at the start but also yall can just skip the A/N if you don't want to read this I wont be offended (that's a lie). But given the time we are in I want to give an "I hate AI" disclaimer cause it is important. AI sucks and all poor writing choices are mine and mine alone, thank you very much. This is human produced slop not computer produced and you would do well to remember that.

But yeah anyway hope you enjoy :)

Shane prided himself on his ability to act rationally, be level-headed.

Something about Ilya Rozanov's existence seemed to be the one counter to this ability.

From the moment Ilya had entered his life, any semblance of sanity he possessed seemed to have been thrown out of the window. I mean, who on earth buys an entire building so that they can *occasionally* hook up with their biggest rival. Surely logic would prevail and tell you that if you feel you have to buy an entire building rather than just taking them home, maybe *just maybe* you shouldn't be hooking up with them in the first place.

Hooking up with your biggest competition? Totally fine and reasonable behaviour

Them calling you by your first name after over half a decade of hooking up? Absolutely ludicrous!

So maybe he had a blind spot when it came to Ilya. At least after 10 years of hooking up and subsequently dating, he might have built up a tolerance, right? Right? ***Wrong***

Shane had never in fact been less normal about anything ever than he was currently, which was a great realisation to have the morning of his first ever practice with the Ottawa Centaurs.

Ilya had left the house an hour before him this morning, needing to get to the rink ahead of the team in order to have a meeting with Coach Wiebe. This was probably ideal as then Shane could at least feel like any other player joining the team, not some sort of spousal nepotism hire. He knew logically that this wasn't the case; he was literally a 3 time Stanley Cup champion and one of the top 2 MLH players (he would argue that he was *the* top player but somehow Ilya always seemed to know what he was thinking and his first day on a new team wasn't the time for that debate to start up again) yet some small irrational part of his brain kept telling him that he didn't deserve to be here, about to play alongside his husband.

He checked his phone briefly before getting ready to head out

Hayden

Good luck bro ! I know ur probably stressing about today but ur gonna smash it so dont even worry ;) lmk how it goes!!!

I'm not stressed

and I've had a vasectomy ;)

I hate you.

Also, you should probably (definitely) get one.

A vasectomy that is.

you spend farrrrrr too much time with that boyfriend of yours :/

About to be even more time, now that we're living and playing together

oof yeah thats gonna be a lot of rozanov

the pike residence is always open for those looking to escape annoying russians

He's not annoying.

...most of the time.

your just biased

^you're

on second thought, the pike residence has closed its doors to all. YOU'RE both annoying and i dont know why im friends with you

:)))

Thanks for checking in. I'll message you later and let you know how today goes

anytime dude

With another little chuckle, he locked his phone and shoved it in his rucksack before grabbing a banana from the fruit bowl and his waterbottle. Hayden was right, today would be fine. He was just worried. Worried that his stupid little Ilya-obsessed brain would somehow make him forget how to play hockey or that he would do something silly and unprofessional

First impressions mattered to Shane, and whilst Ilya never had anything but compliments to say about his teammates and the Centaur staff, Shane worried that *what if Ilya just hadn't told Shane because he wanted to shield Shane* or maybe didn't want Shane to worry about him and hadn't anticipated Shane actually leaving Montreal and joining him here.

Okay *deep breaths*. He was getting ahead of himself. Ilya wouldn't lie to him, he knew that. There was no point catastrophising now. He should go to practice and meet all the guys for himself and *then* he could catastrophise if necessary.

The drive from Ilya's house was anywhere from 25 minutes to an hour depending on traffic but the roads seemed quiet today. Still Shane left an hour before he was needed at the rink just incase there was a delay. Once his move to Ottawa had been finalised and all the

contracts had been signed, Ilya had told him that he didn't mind if Shane would rather they buy a new house but that they were living together no matter what. And as much as it pained him to say it, Ilya's house was incredible. Money cannot buy taste, as proven by some of the cars in Ilya's garage, however clearly some fluke had occurred when he bought this house as it was surprisingly homely. Annoyingly so as Shane did enjoy the opportunity to peruse the housing market. Everyone had to have a hobby. His just happened to be buying expensive properties and watching home renovation programmes.

He was about to pull out of the driveway before he remembered to quickly ping off a text to his husband. Shane knew that he wouldn't see it probably until after Shane had arrived there as he shouldn't be checking it during his meeting with Coach Wiebe but ever since Ilya's plane had gone down, Shane had been very anxious about making sure that they communicated their whereabouts to each other, just incase.

Lily ❤️

Just setting off now. See you in 30

Love you

He was about to set his phone down when it immediately pinged with a notification

Lily ❤️

Just setting off now. See you in 30

Love you

i know i am very loveable

By the time he arrived at the rink, Shane had received 12 more texts from Ilya. He debated momentarily not reading them, knowing it was a toss-up whether they had come from supportive and comforting Ilya or Ilya the shit-stirrer

Lily ❤️

Just setting off now. See you in 30

Love you

i know i am very loveable

i am very excited

sexy new player is joining team

bit boring but is okay he can be candy for eye

is great being captain he has to do everything i say

very erotic

cannot wait to see him in my uniform

also later out of uniform ;))

all sweaty from practice

maybe i run my tongue all over him

mmm delicious

I hear you rolling eyes at me shane hollander

harris wants me for filming video probably because i am most sexy on team so i maybe not around when you get here but i love you and i am excited you are centaur with me now

Shane had in fact rolled his eyes, and then as soon as he got to that message, felt annoyed at himself for being so predictable. He knew that this was Ilya's way of taking Shane's mind off of his worries about the day. And it had worked. To an extent. Now he was mostly stressed about keeping his cool around his husband and making sure he stayed professional when all he could think of was the warm heat of Ilya's tongue up his chest and up the side of his neck and-

Focus Shane.

It was ridiculous how even a jokey text could raise his pulse like that. His teachers at school had always told him that he need to work on his creativity and his imagination skills but clearly he could imagine things just fine when he wanted to.

Grabbing his bags off the backseat, Shane headed inside. Thankfully he had visited the Centaurs practices before so at least knew his way to the locker room.

By the time he got there, it was 12 minutes before he had been asked to arrive which gave him plenty of time to adjust to his new reality. He tried to stop his brain from flitting back to Montreal but he couldn't help but wonder how things were different now. Who had his locker? Had it gone to a rookie or had one of his old 'teammates' moved into it. For all that they had iced him out at the end of his time there, he would bet anything that one of them thought that it would bring them some luck.

Superstition and hockey seemed to go hand in hand but Shane had never really let himself get caught up in it. Maybe because his brain was so wired to be logical and to process all the data and stats about a player or a gameplay, he could rationally understand that wearing blue socks or green socks wouldn't affect his gameplay if he didn't let himself think it would. The extent of his superstitions was that he was very particular about which tape he used on his stick and how it was done but that wasn't superstition that was simply being logical. He had found something that worked well and produces better results so he stuck with that technique.

He sat with his thoughts for a couple more minutes before he suddenly heard the rumble of footfall and then before he knew it the room was flooding with players.

Shane recognised most of them, even if he couldn't recall their names, but he had the awkward awareness that they all knew who he was very well. Most of them gave him a smile and a nod of acknowledgement. Some of the younger looking guys seemed a bit more nervous, seeming a bit like they weren't quite decided on if they could ask Shane to sign something for them.

Shane saw Troy Barrett wander in and head in his direction.

"Rozy will be along shortly. Harris has him still but they seemed to be wrapping up."

Shane nodded awkwardly just about managing a "okay cool thanks" in response. He remembered Ilya mentioning last year something about Barrett having a crush on him and whilst he knew that Troy was very happy in his relationship with Harris, Shane still felt very awkward possessing this information.

Troy, who was clearly not phased by Shane's pathetic response continued, "I know Rozanov will have told you loads of times that the guys here are lovely, but I'll vouch for them too. I was so ready for them to not like me when I joined last year because, well, they had every reason to not like me. God especially Hayzy. But in the most normal, non-cheesey gross way, they genuinely are like a big family."

"A pretty incest family" Dykstra chirped up.

Troy immediately countered, "We've been over this already. The core family is the players so my relationship with Harris isn't incest. It's just like I'm dating a very close family friend. Or like a non-biologically related cousin."

"I don't think you should be dating your cousins, Barrett, biological or not. It's a bit weird." Luca Haas joined from opposite Barrett, where he was getting his gear ready to put on.

"Okay well Harris is a family friend. And Hollander is- well Rozy is already like our parent so I guess Hollzy is our other parent." This caused a chuckle around the room, with people quickly debating whether Ilya was more like the mother or father of the team.

"He literally mother hens everyone. *Mother* hen. It's in the name."

"Yeah but he makes such Dad jokes though"

"Nah he plays just like my mum plays scrabble on board game night. Fuckin' scary, that's how."

Shane let the playful chatter was over him, not even realising he had zoned out until the noise suddenly stopped. Shane lifted his head up to see Ilya in the doorway with Coach Wiebe. Shane couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief. Some irrational part of him had been worried that Ilya would for some reason just disappear and not make it to practice, leaving Shane all alone.

"Okay boys. I hope you had a bit of a rest over the summer break but it's back to business as usual from here on out. I want 100% on all your drills from the second you're on that ice. The sooner you get back into the swing of things the sooner we can decide our lines. And the sooner we decide our lines, the sooner we can make sure that we take home the fucking cup this year."

Coach Wiebe's voice boomed but not in an aggressive way. You could tell from his voice and how he looked around the room that he was incredibly fond of the team and cared for them all deeply. For Shane, it was a big shift from the cold indifference of Theriault.

"Rookies," Wiebe continued, looking at the handful of fresh faces in the room that, to Shane, still looked like they belonged in High School, "it's gonna be intense. But the old-timers on the team are here to support you. We're all a unit and we're all gonna work together. You have questions or need advice about anything hockey, ask anyone. You have questions or need advice about relationships or how to be a functioning adult, do not trust these useless shits, okay? They may look put together on the ice, but off of it they're like toddlers running around blindfolded. Okay, now that is all established, your captain wants to have a few words."

The room erupted into cheers and laughter at Wiebe's words and didn't die down until Ilya shouted "Okay shut the fuck up and listen to me now, yes? I will first address elephant in the room."

Shane couldn't help but hold his breath, trusting his husband but still fearing whatever it was he was about to say. "Yes, I did get more handsome over summer break." Immediately various socks, shoes and other random items flew in Ilya's direction from all sides of the room. "Okay second elephant then is that there is not just one handsome man on team now but two. Obviously you all know Shane Hollander. He has finally come to sense that Montreal is shitty team and that he is better at following orders than being in charge."

Somebody wolf-whistles whilst Shane begins to pray that the Zamboni will mow Ilya down the moment he steps onto the ice.

"Hollander is mediocre at hockey, but mediocre is still better than the rest of you so utilise him, yes? Boring hockey questions send all to him. Anything interesting you can maybe *maybe* ask me. Just because we are married does not mean he will be treated special, okay? I will make every one of you be begging for mercy from Hockey Gods whilst we train. I am best hockey player in league so I need best hockey team in league. If you do this for me, if you fucking work all year, I promise you WE WILL BE CHAMPIONS!"

At this the room once again erupted around Shane. He saw Ilya use this moment to cross the room towards him, sitting on the bench so close to Shane that their thighs pressed together. They didn't speak, just continued preparing for practice. It was comforting, Shane thought, to have somebody who you could *not* speak to and feel better. Just companionable silence.

That silence between them was only broken once the whole team was ready and heading out onto the ice.

"Don't worry, Hollander, I won't go easy on you. No pretty privilege in Ottawa."

"How did you become captain then?"

"Oh so you have jokes now? Maybe you are not so boring after all. Maybe it was just Montreal that infected you with boring person disease."

"You're a disease."

"Yes you have, like so many others, fallen sick with love at the sight of me."

"Oh shut up. Lets just get on with practice. And I wasn't joking; if you go easy on me I'll file for divorce."

Ilya's expression of faux-shock was so endearing, Shane had to look away so that he didn't crumble and turn into a pathetic mess in front of the whole team.

"Would never get rid of me, would you Hollander? You love me too much. "

"Against my better judgement" Shane grumbled, but through a grin that Ilya matched right back at him.

It was weird at first to Shane to not be in charge. He could get on the ice and just focus on his skating without worrying about all the new teammates. He had loved being captain, but now without that weight on his shoulders, playing felt freeing and more enjoyable than it had in a long time.

Ilya had been true to his word and hadn't gone easy on him. He hadn't gone easy on anyone. He ran the drills and scrimmages with such a ferocity that Shane was sure that he would see a frustrated look on the faces of his new teammates. But looking around, mixed in with the exhaustion he mostly just saw happiness. Sure, they were being worked to the bone, but the atmosphere was never anything less than jovial.

It probably helped that with every alternate breath, Ilya was chirping the return players about everything from the atrocious new haircut they had gotten in the off season, to the new car they'd had to purchase to fit all their kids in the back. He never let up, but Shane couldn't help noticing that Ilya always knew exactly where the line was and never crossed it. No one gave him more than an eye roll or a smile and small shake of the head, but it did wonders for the rookies, helping to make the rest of the team seem more human than untouchable legends.

The problem with being married to such a smart mouth was that Ilya had far more ammunition on Shane than on any of the other players.

"Psshhh, Hollander. That pass was almost as bad as the soup you made last week."

"Hey! You told me you liked that soup."

"Mmm, no," he said, smirking. "I said the chef was incredible. Never said word about the cooking. Could've been talking about his incredible looks." He punctuated his sentence with a wink, skating away quickly before Shane could give him a shove.

By the time practice was over, Shane was exhausted. Even with the rigorous workouts he'd kept up over the summer, he still felt those couple of weeks off the ice in the heaviness of his legs and the burning in his lungs.

"First BBQ of the season is this Saturday," Bood's voice rang across the room as he turned to face everyone. "Of course, you're all invited—partners, whoever. Rooks, I want to see each of your fresh little faces there." He shot a pointed look at Shane. "That includes you, Hollander. We know Rozy skipped a bunch in the past just to spend time with you, but now that you're officially on the team, I expect full attendance from both of you this year. No hiding back home in the love shack."

This made the whole room chuckle and Shane tried to tell his brain to not feel so embarrassed at being called out like that in front of everyone. It was all in good humour and it wasn't like Bood didn't have a point. Shane *would* just hide at home with Ilya if he had it this way.

"Yes! Finally we'll get both of you there," Dykstra added. "Caitlin couldn't stop talking about it once she heard you were signing. Pretty sure you're already her favorite member of the team."

"Same with Cassie," Bood jumped in. "She said it's nice to finally have an Ottawa player capable of functioning like a normal human adult."

"They clearly do not know Hollander. He is totally crazy party animal. Constant drinking and dancing with women. I just hope he remembers that he sweet little old husband waiting for him at home."

Shane rolled his eyes, but he couldn't help the small smile tugging at his lips. The laughter bouncing off the walls was infectious, and despite the teasing, a warm sense of belonging settled into his chest.

That first week of training flew by. Bood always loved the preseason. It was so satisfying seeing the team begin to work together and things slot into place. He'd spent 4 years with the Centaurs before Rozanov joined and whilst he didn't want to boost the guys ego, he knew that the Russian's presence on the team was a big part of this.

As his assistant captain, Bood saw first hand how much this team meant to Rozanov. One time last year when they were on the road down in Tampa, the whole team had been out drinking after a very close win when Rozanov had pulled him into a big hug, thanking him and saying that the Centaurs had saved his life. Bood wasn't sure that Roz was being totally serious, I mean the man was shit-faced. But he could tell that the team meant a lot to him. In hindsight, knowing now that moving to Ottawa had been a step towards finally being able to be in an actual relationship with Hollander, Bood could understand a bit more why Rozanov had claimed that joining such a weak team in the league had been a lifeline for him. He never really had negative shit to say about his time in Boston so it had been unclear why leaving had been so great for him. But to every question that had been previously unanswerable, the answer was Hollander.

Why was the Captain so busy when he didn't have a wife or any family in the area?
Hollander.

Why did he play like even more of a madman specifically when they were playing against Montreal? **Hollander.**

Why was he always blushing and grinning at his phone when he thought nobody was looking? **Hollander.**

When the news had broken that Hollander was leaving Montreal, and for Ottawa no less, the hockey world had descended into **madness**. So had the Centaurs group chat

Wiebe's kiddos(Ice Hockey Stick And Puck)

Today 9:12 AM

dickstra

holy shyeeetttt did you guys see the news

No i'm out at the park with Milo

Whats the news fill me in

hayzy

hollander is leaving montreal

and joining us

barry boo

I swear Harris has known for ages because I thought he was acting shifty recently

Oh no.

dickstra

Oh no?????? bro this is like the best news ever we're gonna win every single fucking game now

we literally have the 2 best players in the league now

Oh wait no you're right this is an 'oh no' situation

swiss cheese

why oh no? somebody tell me why oh no
hollander seems nice
He is nice, lil haas x
it's not him we're all dreading
swiss cheese
okay okay so just GET TO THE POINT THEN
I know your old age makes you slow but can you pleasee just spit it out before I have to retire
barry boo
rozanov has influenced you too much luca
what happened to the sweet young man i met when i joined
swiss cheese
barrett youre getting blocked
if nobody explains themselves, im telling wiebe what happened in toronto back in february
dickstra
lmao
hayzy
they're oh no-ing because if hollander joins that means rozanov is going to dial his antics up
to the max
it'll be like dealing with a kid on christmas but every single day
he'll be insufferable
swiss cheese
merde
Today 11:27 AM
rozy pozy
did not know you all thought about me so much in your free time
but yes is true hollander couldn't stay away from me and so has followed me to ottawa
barry boo
this is literally his hometown team but ok
rozy pozy
ANYWAY as i was saying hollander has followed me here and now I must be good husband
and let you know now that if anyone is mean to him, their body will be dissolving in acid
before anyone even realises they are gone (Baby Angel)
is going to be very exciting year yes!
I quit hockey

Needless to say, Bood had been apprehensive. He loved his team and he loved Rozanov and he was so happy for the guy that he was happy but he did have a minor worry that it would affect the team. Not that either Rozanov or Hollander wouldn't be professional but that some of the younger players wouldn't be able to act normally about the situation. Rozanov was a hockey legend and it normally took the rookies a while to stop getting starstuck around their captain. Shane Hollander? He was not just a hockey legend but also Ottawa's hometown hero. The local golden boy. It didn't matter around here what team you supported: all the locals adored Shane Hollander. He just hoped that the rookies this season were able to lock in and focus on the game rather than being spellbound by having the 2 best players in the league both on their team.

But Bood was mature enough to admit that he had been mistaken. The first week of training had been the smoothest he could remember. The rookies were more interested in just getting ice time than paying attention to Rozy and Hollander. And the only time it seemed that they were interested in them was when they were helping them out with the plays.

Obviously Bood had played against Hollander often as Montreal and Ottawa were both in the Atlantic Division of the Eastern Conference, but he hadn't seen him on the ice outside of that competitive environment. One week in and he completely understood why it was widely remarked on that Hollander had the best Hockey IQ in the league. It was like the man was psychic. He seemed to know what plays his opponents were doing and where they would be before they had even figured it out for themselves. His technique was flawless. And he was adaptable. Seeing him on a line with Rozanov was obviously a sight to behold, but even when he was with 2 rooks, he adjusted and complimented their skating style so well that if Bood hadn't known better he might have thought the 3 of them had been on a line together for years.

His optimism about the season had him in an incredible mood and it was clear that the sentiment was widespread. Rozy could not have looked more in love if he tried. Bood only caught it when Hollander was busy with drills or chatting with someone else, but the moment Rozanov thought no one was watching, his eyes would lock on Hollander with such adoration. Even when Hollander wasn't around, Rozanov's good mood didn't completely fade. Sure, like always he was tough on his team and never missed a chance to talk shit, but there was a noticeable extra spring in his step this season compared to previous years.

The saying that time flies when you're having fun definitely had an element of truth to it, because before he knew it, it was the day of his BBQ. Both he and Cassie loved to host but the first BBQ of the season was always a bit more stressful as there were new players and therefore new partners. Possible new dietary requirements or beverage preferences. He'd tried to check with Shane yesterday that the food that would be okay for him, there incase he had some super specific diet but before Hollander could answer, Rozanov but in saying something about Shane eating bird food. He'd received a quick elbow to the gut for that from Shane who answered that he was sure all the food there would be lovely. Still though Zane hadn't been 100% sure that was true so he texted Cassie

Cass (Growing Heart)(Growing Heart)

what would you interpret as 'bird food'

Assuming you don't mean a literal bird? I don't want any furries (featheries?) at our house Z

Roz said that Shane eats bird food? is that just seeds and shit then?

Possibly - I'm heading to the store in 5 anyway to get some extra food so I'll make sure that we've got plenty of grains and veg etc for those who have a more refined palette rather than eating like a carnivore

the carnivorous diet is very respectable

You may be singing a different tune when you get scurvy Z

live fast die young bad girls do it wild

I'm married to a child...(Neutral Face)

cougar

Well on that note I'm heading out to the store now. Text me if you have any last minute requests / suggestions for tomorrow

Thank you Cass! (Growing Heart) Love you

Ilya was feeling frustrated.

Sexually frustrated.

It was 5 minutes into the BBQ at Bood's and his self control was already wearing very thin.

He had known for years now that he was obsessed with his husband. He would challenge anyone to take a glimpse at those big brown eyes and those freckles and not be obsessed.

He'd longed for years to be able to show off Shane to everyone in his life; to shout to the world ***this gorgeous man is my boyfriend! Look at how sexy he is but remember that he is mine only***

Unfortunately, the thing he hadn't anticipated was just how turned on he'd get from seeing Shane simply exist in the same space as his friends. Maybe it was a little pathetic, but Ilya just loved watching Shane smile. He'd had a decade of practise repressing and hiding his emotions, but now they were out, it was as if the floodgates were opened and he could no longer hide how smitten he was. And let it never be said that Ilya Rozanov was not a whore for attention - specifically attention from Shane.

He had been trying his hardest to respect Shane's wishes. All week Ilya had been on his best behavior: professional, restrained, doing everything he could not to antagonise Shane or push his buttons.

If Ilya didn't know better, he'd swear Shane was doing it deliberately. Knowing that forcing Ilya to be around him but without allowing him to touch would be winding him tighter and tighter, making him ache to touch, to linger, to get a reaction from Shane.

Realistically, he knew it was 97% just Shane's need for control, for everything to go perfectly and his fear of getting something wrong in a new team and unfamiliar space.

But then there was the other 3 percent.

Ilya understood the optics. Shane was the kind sweet Canadian, always polite and never manipulative or cruel. And Ilya was the domineering Russian sex pest.

But he also knew Shane better than anyone else did. Shane could be cruel.

Like right now, for instance. Shane was leaning against the wall, laughing, completely at ease, despite having given Ilya strict instructions to keep the PDA to a minimum tonight. Definitely cruel. Clearly Shane didn't understand how breathtaking he looked, because looking like *that* while telling Ilya not to touch him was, quite frankly, torture.

He must have zoned out deep in thoughts about Shane, because a voice suddenly broke through, pulling him from his trance. "It seems like he's settling in well. We're all so happy for you both."

He turned to his right to find Cassie besides him, her gaze also fixed on Shane over on the opposite side of the room.

"Yes," Ilya said, still watching. "Shane is proper Canadian boy. Very likeable. I knew everything would be fine."

"It helps that the team has such a positive captain," Cassie said. "I may not be a hockey player, but I know how locker-room culture can be. And while I love these guys, Ottawa didn't somehow luck into being the only team in the MLH with kind players. There are good people everywhere. But leadership matters. And you've really shaped this team into a family."

Ilya swallowed, surprised by the warmth in her voice.

"I know that Montreal and the league were - *pardon my French* - complete dickheads in how they handled everything last year," Cassie continued, "with regards to your relationship. But I just want you to know that all of us WAGs are more than happy to organise a hit on Commissioner Cromwell if necessary."

That did it. Ilya laughed, the tension easing as Cassie's words pulled him out of the emotional spiral they'd started.

"Remind me not to get on the bad side of the WAGs, then," he said. "Smart *and* scary."

They laughed again before Cassie added, "Good thing you've got Shane to defend you. Otherwise, I don't think you'd stand a chance against us."

“Oh yes,” Ilya said solemnly. “Shane can be very scary. Like when socks do not go in hamper, he tries to explode me with his eyes. Who knew moving in with your husband would be so terrifying?”

Cassie snorted.

“You know,” she said, “technically both you and Shane are eligible for our very serious and extremely exclusive WAGs group chat. It might be a *tiny* bit of insider trading, but I think you two have proven you can keep a secret. And we've already got Harris who works for the team which is almost as bad”

“Shane will hate this,” Ilya said immediately, grin spreading. “Give me your phone. I will give you his number so we can add him right now.”

ottaWAGS (Growing Heart)(Ice Hockey Stick And Puck)

Caitlin (Growing Heart)

Just heading over to yours now Cass! Got some extra merlot in case anyone wants as tonight is Evans turn to drive!!!

well obviously zane and I don't have to drive anywhere so if you're asking whether I want to get totally wine drunk with you then the answer is 100%

Lisa (Growing Heart)

triple checking that it's still okay for Wy and me to uber home and come back for the car in the morning?? Have we mentioned how much we appreciate you guys always hosting everyone for these BBQs (Growing Heart)(Growing Heart)

Selena (Growing Heart)

Yes thank you again Cass! Xxxx

I could not handle all these oversized men in my house making a mess

you guys are welcome I love hosting so the more the merrier in the Bood house. Also Lisa that's totally okay! Can't have it just be caitlin and me on the wine

Today 18:25

You added Ilya (Hockey) to the conversation.

You added Shane (Hockey) to the conversation.

As we discussed ladies I've added our newest wags to the chat

Even though Shane should have been added as soon as Ilya first moved to Ottawa

Ilya and Cassie both watched across the room, waiting for Shane's reaction. At a nudge from Harris, who had received the notifications of their arrival, Shane pulled out his phone and stared down at it. Ilya wanted to kiss the little creased that formed between his brows and on his forehead as he frowned down at the screen. Then his head snapped up and locked onto where Ilya was watching him, causing both Ilya and Cassie to burst into hysterics.

Shane extracted himself from whatever conversation he had been a part of and began to head there way. Ilya could see Harris was also chuckling over the situation but the glare in Shane's eyes kept him from joining in.

"You fucking asshole Rozanov. Are you serious? I am not your WAG." Ilya thought that his darling husband looked about one second away from stamping his foot like a toddler. But attention was attention and if goading Shane into anger was what it took for his husband to

relax the tight lid he kept on his emotions around others then, well, Ilya was doing him a service really.

"No that is true. You are husband not wife so does that make you a hag? Yes, I think that is fitting. Shane Hollander is a hag."

"You're such a dick. Also if I am a hag then so are you. Marriage is a 2 person thing, remember."

"Ah ah ah. Did you not listen to team the other day. I am more like mother so that makes me WAG. You are dad so you are HAG. Is just logical."

"I am not the dad of any-"

At that moment Shane was cut off by the arrival Bood, followed by Haas and Hayes. Bood instantly rested his chin on Cassies shoulder and gave Shane and Ilya a massive grin. "Cass you're hogging the lovebirds. You can keep Roz but this is Hollander's first BBQ and we actually want to spend some time with him."

At this, Ilya looked affronted. "You do not wish to spend time with me? How dare you I have been here way longer than Hollander. He only joined team now that we are good. Glory chaser. Yet you wish to hang with him and not me!"

"Of course we want to hang with you, Ilya. But we know what you're like outside of hockey. And besides, you're already settled in. Hollander is still adjusting to Ottawa. We just wanna help!" Haas looked almost worriedly at Ilya as he said this, before turning to Shane and giving him a big but slightly shy grin. He may not be a rookie anymore, but Haas had grown up with both Rozanov and Hollander as his childhood heroes and no amount of hearing Ilya talk about Shane had dampened his awe for the player.

"Yeah, come on Hollzy we'll get you a beer and then you can sit and trash talk our captain with us."

Ilya started to say that Shane wouldn't drink a beer but clearly Shane was feeling defiant after Ilya had gotten him added to the WAGs chat because he readily agreed and walked off between both Haas and Hayes. Ilya just about heard him say "Oh I have so much trash talk about our fucking captain" and the following laughter from Hayes and Haas. Bood, who was still wrapped behind Cassie had the decency to look slightly sheepish about just being a part of the plan to kidnap Ilya's husband.

"Sorry 'bout that, Cap. We just remembered you saying that Shane was worried about always feeling like a plus-one and not a true part of the team so we wanted-"

"It is all good, Bood. I think you saved me from, what is the phrase? Dog house? Yes, Hollander was just about to put me in dog house."

Both Cassie and Bood laughed at this. "Don't worry Cap, there is still plenty of time this evening for you to do something else to piss Hollander off."

Whilst Ilya was slightly disappointed at not being with his husband once again, it warmed his heart that his team was looking out for Shane so much. In the run-up to that first practice, Shane had been so stressed that the team wouldn't like him or that they would be awkward around him because they were closer with Ilya or this or that. It was an endless list of worries and whilst Ilya had done his best to ease his husband's nerves, it wasn't Ilya's opinion that Shane was worried about. So seeing his team welcome Shane with literal open arms - it filled Ilya with a lot of relief that this season wouldn't be anywhere near as difficult on Shane as his time with Montreal had been after they were outed.

Cassie then started filling them in on some of the WAG gossip and Ilya let himself get sucked into the conversation about whether this relationship would last and that couple would have another baby. Every now and then he glanced over towards where Shane was sat with Haas, Hayes and now also Dykstra and his wife Caitlin. He could see that Hollander actually did have a bottle of beer in hand and Ilya was stuck between hoping that his husband didn't drink too much as he knew Shane would beat himself up about it later, and wanting his husband to indulge and let go of his rules at least for one night.

Before long, Ilya was starting to feel the slight tipsy-effects of his own alcohol and his ability to keep away from Shane subsequently decreasing. Rapidly.

Currently Shane and Luca were having a big debate over Canadian French and Swiss French whilst the others egged them on and laughed. Ilya walked around the back of the sofa and quickly jumped over the back, landing so close to Shane that he was nearly in his lap. The others, who had seen Ilya approach burst into even more laughter, whereas Shane had had his back to Ilya and so let out a very adorable startled yelp at the sudden appearance of his husband. His cheeks were looking almost as rosy as they do post practice and if that wasn't a dead giveaway that Shane had been drinking, the way he snuggled slightly into Ilya's side definitely was. That didn't stop him, though, from giving Ilya a gentle elbow to the ribs, muttering something about *fucking asshole* and *behaving like Anya*.

Ilya, making the most of Shane's rare show of even mild pda wrapped his arm around the back of Shane, resting his hand at the nape of his neck where he began to rhythmically run his fingers up and down. *Now who was like Anya*, he thought watching Shane relax in to the head scratches. Luckily his teammates, for once not being stupidly nosy, had continued on chatting without paying too much mind to the pair.

Shane then turned to smile at Ilya in the way he often did when he was incredibly relaxed, usually from sleep but also that time in the hospital when his body had been pumped full of painkillers.

"I missed you Ilyaaa" Shane's voiced drew out the last vowel almost melodically.

"I missed you to, *moy pomidor*. But you have been having fun, yes?"

"Oh yeah we talked about how you used to be in a much better mood after playing Montreal and that Haas *didn't* have a crush on you when he was younger although *I think that he did*" Shane stage whispered this last part in such a pathetic attempt at being subtle that everyone turned back to him and Ilya again.

"Hollander you cannot immediately pass on all our secrets to the Captain!"

"But I want to tell him everything I've been up to" Shane pouted. "I missed him and he's too handsome to say no to."

The rest of the team groaned at this. "Hollander please, you cannot be saying these things. Rozanov's ego is too big already. Do not make it worse."

Ilya smirked, "is not only thing that is too big." This caused even louder complaints from everyone, including Shane this time who gave a pathetic attempt at shoving Ilya away.

"Hollander I do not know how you put up with him," Troy grumbled.

"It's okay," Shane smiled, clearly feeling very relaxed by whatever beers he had drunk. "I have like a decade of experience. You just-"

As Ilya had expected, everything erupted into chaos. Someone actually choked on their drink.

"Wait, hold up," Dykstra piped up, squinting at Shane like he had just revealed that the Earth is actually shaped like a hockey stick. "You... you've been... together for ten years?!"

Shane, a little tipsy and glowing from both the booze and Ilya's closeness, nodded solemnly.

"A *decade*?" Hayes repeated. "As in... ten years. One-zero. Like... before you were even in the league?"

Shane squinted at him, thinking very hard. "Mmm. Yeah. Before rookies. Before... whatever this is." He waved vaguely at the room. "Before the league decided to be annoying and make everyone thing we hated each other."

"Holy shit," Luca said, laughing. "But you did *hate* each other, right?"

Shane, a little tipsy and glowing from both the booze and Ilya's closeness, nodded solemnly, raising a finger like a professor delivering a life-altering fact. Then just said, "Yes"

Dykstra said. "You two were menaces. Every time we played Montreal it looked like you were one bad check away from actually murdering each other."

Rozanov shrugged, utterly serene. "Is called sexual tension."

"No," Hayes said immediately. "Nope. Absolutely not. Do not say that."

"But it's true," Ilya continued, smiling sweetly. "We fight. We chirp. We hit very hard. Very... arousing."

Shane groaned and buried his face briefly in Ilya's shoulder. "God, you're so gross."

"You loved it."

“I *hated* you,” Shane said, lifting his head again, eyes glassy but sincere. “Like. So much. I thought you were a menace to society.”

“I am,” Ilya agreed.

“And arrogant,” Shane continued. “And annoying. And too pretty. Which was rude.”

Cassie laughed from across the room. “So wait, how does that turn into... this?”

Shane looked at Ilya. Then back at them. Then shrugged.

“I mean...” he said slowly, “...have you *seen* him?”

A beat.

Then the group lost it again.

“That’s it?” Hayes laughed. “That’s the explanation?”

“I saw him in the showers,” Shane continued, utterly unfazed, words slurring just slightly. “And I was like. Oh. That’s unfortunate for me.”

Hayes stared. “*Wait. What?*”

Shane looked back at him, grinning a little. “Have you *not* seen him in the showers? When you think about it, it really does make sense.”

Luca blinked. “*The showers?*”

Ilya nodded. “Yeah. It was after photoshoot. Hollander was very obvious with his eyes.”

“But you just agreed that you hated him, Hollzy.”

Shane protested, words blurring together slightly. “I *meant* it. I just... also thought he was hot.”

“Very hot,” Ilya supplied.

“Shut up,” Shane said automatically, but he was smiling. “Anyway. One thing led to another. And then another. And then-” he paused, squinting again, counting on his fingers, “- like six years happened.”

“Six *years* of what?” Haas asked.

Ilya tilted his head. “Uh. Sex. Anger. More sex. Pretending we didn’t know each other. Meeting up in cities and not telling anyone. Him buying a whole building like a psychopath-”

“That was practical,” Shane said.

“-and then he dated Rose,”

“That was me trying to be... not gay.” Shane added, suddenly very serious.

Rozanov snorted. “Very bad attempt.”

“It was *convincing*,” Shane argued weakly. “For like... a bit.”

“How long is ‘a bit’?” Hayes asked.

Shane thought about it. Thought some more. “Not long.”

“And Rozy?” Dykstra asked. “You were... okay with that?”

Ilya shrugged. “I was okay. I didn’t just sleep with Hollander at that point”

“He was awful,” Shane said fondly. “So jealous and pissy.”

“Sorry but can we backtrack for a second. You *bought an entire building*? Just for sex with Rozanov” Hayes yelled, eyes wide.

“I... yes,” Shane said, nodding solemnly. “Needed... space. Privacy. Obvious solution.” He hiccupped softly, grinning. “Very rational.”

Ilya leaned down to kiss Shane’s temple. “See? Totally sane. He is only... slightly obsessed.”

“*Slightly?!?*” Dykstra shouted. “That’s... insane.”

“Shane has a fetish for real estate.”

“Ilya ew what the fuck is wrong with you,” Shane looked incredibly appalled, as if Ilya had just suggested they get McDonalds for dinner.

Shane shook his head slightly as if trying to clear his faux-disgust. “And then,” he continued, words slower now, warmth settling in his chest, “we won the Cup. And Scott Hunter kissed his boyfriend. On camera. And everyone cheered. And I thought...” He paused, eyes flicking up to Ilya. “I thought I was tired of being scared.””

The room was quiet for a beat, everyone processing this wild timeline.

Dykstra shook his head, laughing. “You two are insane. Like... actual lunatics.”

Cassie snorted. “And you somehow went through six years of this without anyone noticing?”

“Yes we went through six years of nobody knowing we actually fancied each other. Even Shane himself did not know!” Ilya laughed, getting an eye roll from his husband

Shane groaned, burying his face in Ilya’s shoulder. “I obviously knew what we were doing,,” he admitted slowly, his words slurring just slightly. “...just... didn’t know... me.”

Hayes squinted. “You didn’t... know... *you*? You mean, you spent 6 years having intense hate sex with this guy,” he pointed at Ilya, ”and somehow thought you were straight?”

Shane peeked up through his eyelashes, voice small but earnest. “Mm. Thought... was sex only. Just physical. Not... gay. Not... in love.” He hiccupped softly, resting his head back. “Turns out... yeah. Totally... both.”

Ilya glanced down at his husband, who was now leaning heavily against his side, eyes shut, a sleepy smile tugging at his lips. He shook his head slightly, amused.

“Mm,” Ilya murmured, brushing a loose strand of hair from Shane’s forehead. “On that note... my husband is very tipsy and very sleepy.” He smirked, peering over at the rest of the room. “I think it is time I take him home to bed.”

The rest of the team called out a series of goodbyes and goodnights as Ilya tried to extract himself from the sofa but then Shane mumbled something incoherent into Ilya’s chest, one arm lazily draped around his waist. “Mm... Ilyaa... no... leave me...having fun...”

Ilya laughed quietly, tilting his head to press a soft kiss to Shane’s temple. “I know, moy pomidor... I know. But sleep is more important right now. Otherwise I will have very grumpy husband in morning... is still cute but very scary..”

Shane let out a soft sigh, snuggling closer, murmuring, “Mm... fine... we can go”

“Come on, then,” Ilya whispered, careful and tender, guiding Shane gently toward the door.

The team continued their chatter behind them, laughter and teasing still floating through the room, but Shane was completely oblivious, caught in the warm, sleepy cocoon of Ilya’s arms.

By the time they reached the car, Shane’s head was resting against Ilya’s shoulder, limbs heavy, breath soft and steady. Ilya smiled down at him, shaking his head affectionately. “Mm... my tipsy husband... ya tebya lyublyu”

Shane muttered happily, “I love you too...” before drifting fully into sleep.

Ilya chuckled, careful not to wake him, and carried him inside once they got home, settling Shane into bed like a very reluctant, very spoiled child. He tucked the blankets around him, brushing Shane’s hair back one last time.

Shane shifted slightly in his sleep, a tiny smile curving his lips, before letting out a contented sigh and finally giving in completely to rest.

Ilya sat on the edge of the bed for a moment, just watching him, a quiet laugh escaping. He wasn’t sure how he had gotten this lucky. To have such a great team and a wonderful husband. Still smiling, he finally let himself relax too, curling up beside Shane, arms draped protectively, letting the warmth of the night and the soft, steady breathing of his husband fill the room.

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