

from the other side – a WAG story

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from the other side – a WAG story

by [mjetkind](#)

Summary

Ilya is officially, officially an Ottawa WAG!

Ilya retires from the Centaurs and he and Shane have a child! Ilya learns what the partners of his teammates have been up to all these years while Shane is still playing for Ottawa.

Notes

First off, this is inspired by [please leave a message](#) by Ravenesta. I love all the WAG fics and couldn't help but add my own.

WHO (Wives, Husbands, and Others) was from someone on threads as a less gendered version.

If anyone wants to add to the Ottawa WAG/ WHO canon please let me know and I'll set up a collection. I feel like this fandom is so funny and talented and I would love to see others take, if anyone wants to join in on the fun. Actually, I am begging you to please, please do this, for me. I want more of this.

March 2025 -Ottawa Orthopedics

Retirement, Retirement, Retirement

The MRI whorled as Ilya laid still for yet another series of images of his banged-up knee. He was sure he would need surgery again this summer. He had maxed out on cortisone and PRP shots. He'd make it to the summer before he needed it; their play-off chances were looking good again. Ottawa had won two cups in the last three years.

He'd been in this office plenty of times. Most of the team had, this was the official orthopedist of the Ottawa Centaurs. He'd had his knee done once here already and Shane had had his shoulder put back together last summer. Two summers in a row, they'd be stuck in recovery.

Retirement. That word used to scare him. It used to mean returning to Russia, to a life without family or friends or hockey. It was a deep abyss of a life he had never built. Now though, retirement meant a world of opportunity. His husband, his friends, his Canadian passport that meant he never had to return to Russia. And most of all, it meant kids. He and Shane had talked a lot about it. They had discussed how they wanted to go about having a child, they made spreadsheets and amassed large folders of data. It was all waiting for them, when they were ready.

June 2026 - NHL Awards

"What did you do?" Shane giggled, as Ilya held his hand, leading them to the elevator.

"It is my last season, we won the cup, and it is our last few weeks without a child." Ilya said, as he scanned the keycard against the door of Penthouse 1.

"Moya lyubov', You booked this exact one?" Shane said, as he spun around, taking in the windows that encased the room, looking out to the Vegas strip. He pulled Ilya in close and kissed him against the backdrop of the Vegas strip. Uncaring who saw, and with no reservations about the wide-open windows that had seemed so threatening so many years ago.

"How about a repeat performance?" Ilya asked, holding up a familiar blue bottle of expensive Russian vodka.

"After the awards." Shane said. "We have to get changed and ready."

"Why do I need award when you are right here." Ilya pulled him close again and worked his hands up Shane's shirt.

“Are you nervous, about the announcement?” Shane asked, rubbing his hands up and down Ilya’s arms,

Ilya shook his head. “Is time, I think. I have known this for a long time. I had a long career.” It was true, mid thirties were longer than most guys lasted. They both knew Shane only had a few years left and he would retire before he would be traded to another team, especially now that they were going to have a baby.

“I’m proud of you.” Shane said and then kissed the corner of his mouth.

“You can show me, now?” Ilya provoked, already gravitating towards one of the heavy chairs in the living room of the suite.

“We have to be down at the awards in 45 minutes.” Shane reminded him.

“Is no problem,” Ilya was already pulling off his shirt. “It will calm my nerves.”

“Your nerves?” Shane followed him into the bedroom.

“Maybe yours too.” Ilya shrugged.

July 2026

Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander Welcome Baby Girl to their Family

For Immediate Release

Ottawa, Onterio, July 5, 2026 – Ilya Rozanov, Retired Ottawa Centaur and his Husband, Shane Hollander, Current Ottawa Centaur, welcome their first child, Alena Liliya Hollander-Rozanov. The family is requesting privacy as they navigate parenthood. They have also asked that family, friends, and the public refrain from sharing photos online and in print to respect the privacy of their child.

Rozanov retired this spring after 8 seasons with Ottawa and 8 with Boston, including 4 cup wins and numerous playoff appearances. Hollander continues on for his 7th season with the Centaurs. Both Rozanov and Hollander are excited about the newest addition to their family.

September 2026

Ottawa W.H.O

Ilya has been added to Ottawa W.H.O By Cassie

Ilya: What Is this

Cassie: Ottawa, Wives, Husbands, and Others

Ilya: Is this like this WAG thing Jackie talks about all the time.

Lisa: We're trying to be more inclusive, since our side of things also includes husbands.

Ilya: I have been a husband of a player for five years. You do not invite me then?

Caitlin: You were also a player, this is a chat to talk about how hard it is to have a husband on the road all the time.

Ilya: Is Harris here.

Harris: Here

Ilya: You were part of the secret group chat

Harris: Have to go, we are doing a puppy interview today with the players.

Ilya: Puppies????? Why didn't you call me.

Harris: You retired, also the puppies are here, got to go

Ilya: Wait, I am coming back for puppies

Harris: We already replaced you

Caitlin: I'm going to host the first game, the boys are in Pittsburgh, too bad it's a roadie

Cassie: I'll bring Dhal

Lisa: I have a shift before, but I can pick up desserts on the way

Ilya: You do this for every away game?

Cassie: Not all, but a lot. You're invited. Bring the baby. We haven't seen her yet.

Ilya: To a party?

Caitlin: There will be a lot of kids, it's more for the kids than anything. Please bring the baby

Lisa: Please!!!

Selena: We need to meet the baby!!!! She has so many aunties and uncles to spoil her.

Harris: Please take pictures. I won't share but I want to see. I can't come, have to work during the game.

Ilya: Take pictures of the puppies

October 2026

“Do you want to go watch Daddy on the TV?” Ilya asked as he carefully lowered his daughter into her car seat. This was his first outing with Alena without Shane, but he had been doing more of the parenting for the last month, while Shane was at training camp. It seemed ambitious to go out on the first game, but the W.H.O.s had been insistent and then Shane found out about the whole thing from Harris who encouraged Ilya to go.

Ilya carefully carried Alena’s baby carrier out to the car and snapped it into its holder and then went through the multistep safety process to make sure it was properly secured. He then proceeded to drive the speed limit. That was something new he had started, now that the most precious of cargo was in the back seat.

Caitlin and Evan lived close and in less than 20 minutes he pulled his Mercedes into Caitlin’s driveway.

He arrived at her door with Alena’s diaper bag over his shoulder, and the car seat with Alena in it in one hand, a second baby seat that he was sure was more comfortable than the other hand and a bottle of vodka tucked under his chin, because he had forgotten it was polite to bring something until the last minute.

Caitlin opened the door and let out a quiet squeal. “She’s perfect” she said, as she carefully extracted the vodka and the second baby seat from Ilya’s hand. “This turned out so good.” She said, pointing to the custom Ottawa diaper bag that the team had had made. It was done up in a red Centaurs fabric and one side it said Hollander with a 24 and the other side was Rozanov 81.

“She is the best baby. Already very loud, like her papa.” Ilya declared. “I brought that, for you.” Ilya said nodding to the bottle of vodka.

Caitlin inspected the label and then said, “Um, I guess I will put this in the freezer.”

“That is the best place for it.” Ilya said, realizing these weren’t hockey players that could put away a lot of liquor the night before and play one of the most violent professional sports 4-5 days a week. He slipped off his shoes and added them to the pile by the door.

Cassie padded over in her bare feet and looked at the small child. “You are the first parent that’s excited their baby is loud.”

“It is who she is, no. She should be exactly who she needs to be. If she were quiet, I would also be excited.”

Ilya then pulled out a baby sling from the diaper bag and extracted her from her seat. He carefully swaddled her in the sling and then looked at the TV, which was playing quietly in

the background. The players were lined up for the national anthem. He'd be at the home opener in two days for the raising of the Stanley cup banner and his number would be officially retired. It was the last thing he would do as a professional hockey player.

"I'll show you around," Caitlin said, as she led Ilya through the house. Ilya kept a protective hand on his daughter. Careful to keep her positioned correctly in the sling and her head supported.

They walked by a playroom where toddlers and elementary school age kids were spread out, watching the Lion King at full volume and then Caitlin showed him to a nursery with a changing table. "In case you need it." She explained

"Thanks," Ilya replied, as she led him back to the main living room. The puck drop was soon. Shane would be doing the first face off as the captain of the Centaurs, he'd had to wait for Ilya's retirement for that honor.

It was weird, watching from this side, but holding his daughter, he didn't regret the decision at all.

"They look good this year," Lisa said, once Shane was off with the puck.

"They will not win without me." Ilya declared.

"And here we thought retirement and fatherhood had softened you?" Lisa said. "Also, your husband is still out there."

"He is old, like me." Ilya was blunt. "The team is old, will turn over soon."

Alena gave a little grunt and then another, the obvious precursor to the start of a tantrum. "Moya Lyubov" he said gently, before muttering an entire sentence in Russian softly at his daughter. "She is hungry, I think. May I use your microwave?" He asked, already heading to the diaper bag for the supplies for a bottle.

"Hollander's in a fight," Selena yelled from where she was sitting on the sofa.

Ilya was busy measuring a bottle and carefully dunking it into a cup of warm water to heat the formula to the exact right temperature. "He will handle it just fine; I am busy here."

"He's not like the new WHOs, is he?" Lisa asked.

Cassie agreed. "The first time Zane was in a fight, and I had to watch it from TV, I thought I was going to have a heart attack. It was horrible."

"I am not new, I have seen Shane get in many fights, before Ottawa, I used to get in fights with Shane on the ice." Ilya returned, carefully feeding his daughter. "You just did not invite me before."

"That's because you were playing." Lisa didn't give him an opportunity to argue.

“Shane is fine.” Ilya said, once the fight was broken up by the refs. “He is very good at not getting into much trouble. I do that for the both of us.”

Caitlin chuckled. “I bet the NHL is a lot more peaceful now that you retired?”

“It is boring now.” Ilya said. “Not as fun as this.” He said as he looked at his daughter with so much admiration. This was exactly where he wanted to be.

Ilya ended up leaving in the middle of the second period when Alena started to get fussy and tired and it was way past her bedtime. He got her bathed and fed and got her into her pajamas and into the bassinet that was in their bedroom. He had turned the TV on mute while he got her settled down. He didn’t realize he fell asleep before the game was over until he felt soft lips on his forehead.

“How’s our girl?” Shane asked. It was only a 45 minute flight back to Ottawa and since the home opener was in two days, it made sense for the team to come back in the same day versus staying over in Pittsburgh.

“Perfect,” Ilya said sleepily. “What was the score?”

“We won, 1-0.” Shane said as he ran a gentle finger across Ilya’s chin. Alena woke up and started crying, breaking the tender moment.

“I’ll go,” Ilya said, but Shane pushed his shoulder back towards the soft pillows.

“It’s my turn, you should get some sleep. I’m already going to miss so much time with her when I’m away.” Shane said and reached down and scooped up their daughter.

November 2026

Ottawa W.H.O

Ilya: Have you ever heard of UPPAbaby?

Cassie: That’s like the best stroller ever, why?

Ilya: They called about doing a brand deal

Caitlin: You’re getting a brand deal for baby stuff now?

Lisa: We’ve all been having babies for years and they’ve never called us about a brand deal. This sucks.

Ilya: It's good for us. Alena won't be in it, just me and Shane.

Lisa: Two men have a baby and suddenly they get brand deals.

Ilya: Two hockey players

Caitlin: I literally played in college, and I was on Canada's Women's team. They never called us when we had our kids. I'm going to ask my friends in the PWHL if they are getting this sort of deal.

Ilya: So we shouldn't take it.

Selena: You should absolutely take it if you are getting free baby stuff.

Caitlin: Take it

Lisa: Please get all the free stuff

"This kind of seems familiar," Shane said, looking around the stark white TV set in suburban Ottawa. There were two strollers set up in the middle of the room. One was the UPPABaby vista and the other was a generic, unbranded stroller that looked much cheaper. They were both dressed casually, jeans, sneakers and Centaurs sweatshirts.

"Do you think they have showers?" Ilya asked as he looked around the set.

"Why, are you going to invite me back to your hotel room after?" Shane whispered .

"Alright, thanks so much for joining us. This should be pretty quick to film." The director explained. "We are going to have you both fold up the strollers and see which is faster."

"I am faster at strollers," Ilya said confidently.

"It's not that type of competition." Shane rolled his eyes, seeing that the two strollers weren't the same. "But, I am better at strollers."

"I will beat you with the bad one." Ilya declared, choosing the generic stroller.

The producer shook his head. "Gentlemen, I appreciate your enthusiasm, but the point is to prove the UPPAbaby is a much faster stroller to fold up."

"We will see." Ilya said, inspecting the generic stroller.

"Wait, that's cheating," Shane accused, "You can't look first. We're supposed to go into this blindly."

The director put his hands up, as to pause the interaction. "Guys, we actually want you to work together to fold both strollers."

“It’s not a competition?” Shane asked.

The director shook his head. “No...we figured now that Ilya’s retired and you’re married with a kid, it didn’t make sense to play into the whole heated rivalry thing. We just want to show the UPPAbaby is the superior stroller. You know...so simple two hockey players can figure it out.”

Shane watched as Ilya realized what the man was saying. “We are both fathers, we know how to do parent things, even if we are not women.” Ilya declared.

Shane agreed with his husband. “I’m not sure that’s the type of sponsorship deal we signed up for.”

“Not...” The director back tracked. “We just want to show two famous dads putting the strollers together.”

Shane turned to Ilya and asked in Russian. “*What do you think?*”

Ilya replied back, still in Russian. “*The WHOs would kill me if we didn’t get this stroller.*”

Shane then turned back to the director and said, “We’ll do it, but we know how to fold a stroller, we aren’t going to be dumb about it.”

Ottawa W.H.O

Selena: I saw the UPPAbaby commercial. You guys were so funny, really great actors.

Caitlin: I’m surprised you both did such a good job “struggling” with the strollers.

Ilya: What? No, we tried hard.

Lisa: Don’t listen to them, I was on my third kid before I got the stroller down. I once spent 30 minutes in a parking garage in Toronto trying to shove a stroller back in the car.

Harris: You did good bud

Cassie: Who’s hosting the next game night?

Selena: Connor has the flu

Lisa: My work schedule is crazy and my house is a mess

Ilya: Who likes borscht?

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