

what if? - the ring was noticed

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what if? - the ring was noticed

by [h0pei5Abutterfly_08](#)

Summary

“WHAT?!”

“Holy shit!”

“Rozanov’s engaged?!”

what if the team did actually pay a little bit more attention and noticed ilyas ring...

Notes

hello!!!!

I am trying to make this a series of what ifs? from the game changers series mainly around ilya and shane if you have got any other ideas please comment!!!

Ilya knew there would be questions. He was the captain, missing a full practice right before a game was reckless even for him. But he'd just gotten engaged. And hockey might be his life, but Shane was his heart.

Leaving right after he had said yes to Shane felt wrong.

He hadn't even checked his phone. It was probably full of messages, the group chat would be a disaster zone, but he didn't care. He'd ignored it all in favor of lying next to Shane in the early morning light, tracing the gold band around his neck, memorizing how engaged felt.

Now, sitting in his car outside the rink, he turned the ring over in his fingers. It hung on the same chain as his mother's cross, pressed against his chest, right over his heartbeat.

He could do this. Walk in, keep his face neutral, pretend his life hadn't just changed forever.

He could try.

His phone buzzed.

Shane: I love you.

Ilya smiled, warmth flooding through him. That was all he needed. He slung his bag over his shoulder, took a deep breath, and headed inside.

He almost made it to the locker room before hearing, "Rozanov!"

He turned. Coach Wiebe stood there, arms crossed, expression sharp enough to cut glass.

"The fuck?" the coach demanded.

"Sorry, Coach."

"'Sorry, Coach'? You disappear, go full no-contact for thirty-six hours, and all I get is sorry? Explain."

"It was a personal..." Ilya searched for the word, brows furrowed. "How you call it?"

"Day? Appointment? event?" the coach said dryly.

Ilya smiled, small and secret. "No. But it won't happen again, I promise. Hockey time?"

Wiebe stared at him for a long moment, then sighed like a man choosing his battles. "Fine. But if you pull that shit again, we're sending out a search party. You're lucky you're still captain."

Ilya grinned. "I am very lucky man."

Inside the locker room, half the team was already there.

“Roz! The fuck, man?” Bood called, tossing a towel at him.

“Sorry, sorry,” Ilya said, holding up his hands. Not sorry at all.

“Glad to see you’re alive,” Wyatt said, clapping him on the back a little too hard.

“Alive, yes,” Ilya muttered, adjusting his bag. “Barely missing practice counts as a crime, apparently.”

“Crime?!” Bood exclaimed. “We were worried sick!”

“I know, I know,” Ilya said, smirking. “And I appreciate the concern. Truly. But... I may have overstepped.”

Dykstra leaned forward. “Overstepped how? Just tell us, man.”

Ilya held up a hand. “Before you start interrogating me... I owe you all an apology. I missed practice. Bad example. Won’t happen again. Don’t do what I did.”

Wyatt shook his head, smiling. “Look at you, captain giving a speech. What’s next, motivational quotes?”

Bood groaned. “And here I thought you’d just vanish forever with no warning.”

“I mean... vanish... temporarily,” Ilya said vaguely, smirking. “Details are overrated.”

“Roz,” Dykstra said, “come on. Seriously. What happened?”

Ilya leaned against the lockers, crossing his arms. “Some things are personal. And some things... are classified. You wouldn’t understand.”

“Classified?” Bood groaned. “We are your team. You can’t just disappear and call it classified.”

“Exactly,” Ilya said, voice dripping with amusement. “Entertainment value: maximum. You should thank me for the suspense.”

Wyatt shook his head. “You’re impossible.”

“You say that like I care,” Ilya replied, smirking.

“Impossible and infuriating,” Bood muttered.

Out on the ice, Troy was already taking shots. The rhythmic thwack of pucks hitting the boards echoed.

“Barett!” Ilya called. “You miss that net again, I fire you.”

Troy grinned over his shoulder. “Glad to see you’re not dead, dipshit!”

“Why does everyone assume I was dead?” Ilya laughed.

“Because you didn’t show up to practice! Which you never miss,” Troy said. “It was like... ominous silence from our captain. Creepy.”

“First time for everything. That is saying, yes?”

Troy chuckled. “Yeah, that’s the saying.”

They shot pucks for a while, trading playful jabs and half-serious threats

“Hey Roz,” Bood called from the bench, “you actually planning on telling us anything about why you disappeared?”

Ilya grinned. “Ah... tricky question. Maybe later. Or maybe... never.”

“Roz!” Dykstra shouted. “Stop being a little shit and tell us!”

Ilya leaned casually on his stick. “You’ll find out soon. Maybe at breakfast. Maybe at the next game. Patience is a virtue, yes?”

“Virtue my ass,” Bood muttered, rolling his eyes.

“Exactly,” Ilya said, smiling. “But I am the captain. You follow my lead.”

Back in the locker room, chaos erupted again.

“I’m thinking about getting a tattoo,” Bood said, stretching. “Any ideas?”

“Something cool,” Wyatt offered.

“No shit, Hazy,” Bood shot back, flipping him off while grinning.

“What does your wife think?” Troy asked casually.

“She’s surprisingly into it,” Bood said smugly.

“Then you need something meaningful! Get Hassy to design it,” Ilya said, nodding at the rookie.

Luca froze, looking like he’d been hit by a spotlight. “Me?”

“Da. You draw good. I need a new one too.”

Dykstra groaned. “Nah, Hassy, don’t do it. Roz’s tattoos are terrible, and what the fuck do you mean ‘meaningful’? yours are just shit animals”

Laughter filled the room.

“yeah Roz, what do yours even mean?” Bood asked.

Ilya, bare-chested, casually pointed. “Stupid Canadian bird for Canada,” he said, the loon, for Shane, though no one knew that. “Bear for Russia.”

“Solid,” Dykstra nodded. “I can respect that.”

Then Wyatt’s voice cut through, half-caught by accident. “Significant, I see... wait.” He slapped a hand over his mouth like he wasn’t meant to say anything. “Is that a ring?”

Silence.

Every head turned.

The black-and-gold band on Ilya’s chain glinted under the locker lights. He froze for half a second, too long.

“Yes,” he said finally. “Is ring. No big deal.”

Bood squinted. “The fact you said no big deal makes it a very big deal.”

“Rozanov’s married?!” Tanner gasped.

“I can see him as a family guy,” Wyatt said, smiling.

“I’m not married,” Ilya said quickly, then almost added yet.

Dykstra grinned. “Yet?”

Ilya only smiled, pulling on his hoodie and heading for the door.

He left them stunned, a mix of awe, confusion, and faint jealousy hanging in the air. Bood muttered something about needing to interrogate him later, but no one seemed quite sure where to start.

Troy was waiting by his car, leaning against the hood with a smirk.

“Do I owe you congratulations?” he asked.

“Maybe. For being great hockey player, yes.”

“Shut up. You know what I mean.”

Ilya chuckled. “Yes.”

“Congratulations, man,” Troy said sincerely. “I’m guessing it’s who we talked about in New York?”

“I don’t know who you mean,” Ilya said smoothly, sliding into his car.

“Sure you don’t,” Troy muttered, still smiling.

In the car, Ilya’s heart was light. He dialed Shane.

“Hey, my lovely fiancé,” he said when Shane answered. He could hear the smile over the line.

“I’ll never get tired of hearing that,” Shane said softly. “And, for the record, you’re my fiancé.”

“Possessive much?” Ilya teased.

“Practice?” Shane asked.

“So good. We’re going to beat you next time.”

“The fuck you will.”

Ilya laughed. “I miss you.”

“Miss you too. God, I wish you were here.”

“Three days,” Ilya promised. “Then I see you.”

Shane paused. “I ordered my ring. Should arrive soon.”

Ilya’s heart stumbled. “I cannot wait to see it on you.”

There was a silence, soft and full.

“I have to go to training,” Shane said eventually. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

They both switched to Russian for goodbye

Ilya sat for a moment after hanging up, heart impossibly full.

The next morning was supposed to be Ilya’s rest day, his one day of peace.

No alarms, no travel, no media, no drills. Just him, coffee, and the quiet satisfaction of being engaged.

He’d been sitting at the kitchen counter, scrolling absently through his phone, replaying the last two days in his head. The look on Shane’s face when he’d said yes. The ring glinting on the chain against Ilya’s chest. The stupid, giddy warmth that hadn’t left since.

He grinned to himself. Captain Rozanov, secretly engaged to his biggest rival. Incredible.

He was mid-sip of coffee when the doorbell rang.

He frowned. Nobody was supposed to be here.

He checked the doorbell cam, and almost spat his coffee all over the counter.

The entire team stood on his porch.

“Shit.”

He ran a hand through his hair, muttering in Russian. “They never sleep, these people.” Then he plastered on his captain face and opened the door.

“Hey... guys?”

“Roz,” Bood said, tone sharp. “We need to talk. Can we come in?”

Ilya blinked. “Is this about power play? Because I told you—”

“Not about hockey,” Wyatt cut in.

That was worse.

Ilya stepped aside reluctantly. “Okay. But if someone broke a window again, I am not paying this time.”

They filed in like an invading army, loud, curious, tracking snow and half-empty coffees. Wyatt immediately took the biggest armchair. Tanner was poking at Ilya’s bookshelf like he expected to find state secrets hidden there.

Ilya folded his arms, pretending to yawn. “Okay. Explain. What is this?”

“Intervention,” Wyatt said.

“Yes, that word,” Ilya muttered. “I hate it.”

Bood crossed his arms. “Roz, you disappear for thirty-six hours, show up late to practice, and then everyone sees you wearing a ring. You think that’s not gonna start rumors?”

Ilya tilted his head, innocently smug. “Ring, you say? Interesting observation. very perceptive what’s the word?”

"perceptive" troy fills in

"yes that! perceptive. Tell me more about how you discovered this ring.”

Wyatt groaned. “Just answer the question, Roz.”

“I am answering,” Ilya said sweetly. “I am telling you all you are observant. You notice my jewelry. That is very good, yes.”

“Roz, stop dodging!” Tanner barked. “Who is it?”

Ilya sipped his coffee, taking an exaggerated pause. “Hmm... could be anyone.”

Bood leaned forward, squinting. “Seriously. We’re assuming its one of your many many girls?”

Ilya arched an eyebrow. “Assume whatever you like. My life, my rules.”

“Oh come on, Roz!” Tanner said, exasperated. “You can’t just, say nothing! Give us something!”

“I am giving,” Ilya said, voice sing-song. “I am giving... suspense. Delight. Intrigue. You are welcome.”

“You’re being an annoying little—” Bood stopped himself. “Yeah, ignore that. Roz, tell us.”

Ilya smirked. “Tell you what? That I have a ring? Or that I enjoy your panic? Or that I am quite happy?”

Bood groaned, throwing his hands up. “Rozanov, we know you have a reputation for... well... many, many female partners. We are assuming—it’s a girl. Give us a name, a clue, something!”

Ilya leaned back, twirling the chain with the ring lazily around his fingers. “Name? Clue? Ohhh... tricky. But I said earlier, you must observe. Eleven years of hooking up four of actual relationship. Is this helpful?”

The team froze. Eleven years of hooking up. Four years of actually dating. Math barely made sense.

“Wait,” Tanner said, frowning. “So... you’re saying... it’s a girl, right?”

Ilya grinned wickedly. “Hmm... so many assumptions. Too many... but yes, go on believing whatever you like.”

Tanner, Wyatt, and Bood all leaned in, nodding emphatically. “Girl. Definitely girl.”

Ilya tapped his lips, thinking. “Yes... girl... you are all very confident. Admirable. But maybe... someone entirely different? Someone who doesn’t fit your expectations?”

The room froze. Heads tilted. Jaws dropped.

“I never said it was a girl,” Ilya said casually, voice calm. “Just... you assumed.”

The team blinked.

“Yes. Him,” Ilya continued, smirking. “I bisexual. Thought maybe someone might notice before now.”

The room froze again. Someone's coffee cup almost hit the floor.

"Him?" Bood repeated, eyes wide.

"Yes," Ilya said, folding his arms. "Him."

Troy, sitting quietly in the corner, finally spoke. "Congratulations, man. About time."

Bood whipped around. "You knew?!"

Troy just shrugged. "Roz tells me things sometimes."

Ilya smirked. "Troy very good secret keeper. Better than me."

Wyatt blinked. "Honestly? No. Roz you're the best if you kept this a secret for 11 years."

"Fair," Ilya said.

Wyatt leaned back, eyes still wide. "Okay... but does he play hockey? Because you said we've met him—"

Ilya just smiled. "Maybe.i dont only do hockey"

"Oh, come on!" Tanner groaned, throwing a cushion at him. "You can't just drop that and then say maybe!"

"Watch me," Ilya said, deadpan.

Laughter finally broke through the tension. The disbelief shifted into easy, chaotic energy again, the kind Ilya thrived in.

Wyatt grinned. "You know what? Whoever he is, he's got to be a saint for putting up with you."

"Is true," Ilya said, nodding solemnly. "He very patient. And beautiful. "

Before anyone could say another word, the doorbell rang again.

Everyone turned. looking at each other as if they were counting each other to figure out who they missed

Ilya froze.

He checked the camera, and there was Shane.

Standing there, holding flowers.

Looking stupidly beautiful.

Fuck.

“Oh no.”

“Who is it?” Wyatt asked.

“No one,” Ilya said too fast. He set down his coffee carefully, the corner of his mouth twitching into something between dread and amusement.

“Okay,” Wyatt said slowly, looking at the others. “Who bets that’s him?”

“Fifty bucks,” Tanner said immediately.

“Hundred,” Bood added.

Troy just groaned and muttered, “You’re all idiots.”

Ilya stood, smoothing his hoodie, and walked toward the hallway. “You all stay here. Don’t move. Don’t breathe.”

Ilya stood frozen for a heartbeat, one hand still on the doorframe, staring at Shane through the thin fall of snow. Shane looked unfairly beautiful, cheeks pink from the cold, hair damp, a paper-wrapped bouquet of flowers clutched awkwardly in one hand like he wasn’t sure if he was delivering a confession or a weapon.

Ilya muttered under his breath. “You come here now?”

“I thought I would surprise you on you're day off, practice finished early thought I would drive over. is that not okay?”

“I am... busy,” Ilya said, rubbing the back of his neck.

"busy? the fuck" Shane asks questioning

"no... shit. thank you for coming to see me. I love you and I missed you so fucking much"
ilya took a breath "its...its just my entire team is here"

"oh god bet thats chaos" he paused "wait why are they here?"

“Da. Entire zoo.” Ilya sighed. “They see ring. Ask too many questions.”

Shane’s heart leapt. “They know?”

“They know something. Not everything.” He hesitated. “I did not say your name.”

Shane smiled, small, nervous, but sure. “You love them, right?”

“Of course.”

“Then maybe it’s time they know.”

Ilya stared at him for a long second, eyes softening. “You sure? Once we go in, cannot take back.”

Shane took a breath and nodded. “Yeah. Let’s do it.”

“Wait.” Ilya leaned in and pressed a quick kiss to his lips. “For courage.”

Shane smirked. “You’re the one who’s about to be interrogated, not me.”

“You say that now,” Ilya murmured, but he was smiling again, that small, helpless smile that only Shane could pull out of him.

They stood like that for a second, quiet, close, the world soft and snowy around them, before Ilya finally exhaled and pushed the door open.

The hallway was warm, filled with the smell of coffee and aftershave and too many hockey players crammed into one house. From the living room, Ilya could hear Wyatt’s booming laugh and Tanner’s half-yelled “I’m just saying, he’s hiding something!”

Ilya muttered under his breath, “You ready?”

Shane grinned. “Nope. You?”

“Absolutely not.”

They both laughed, nervous, giddy, ridiculous, and then walked in.

The laughter stopped instantly.

lots of pairs of eyes turned toward them. Every sound in the room died like someone had hit mute on the whole scene.

“Hey, Hollander!” Wyatt said finally, a beat too loud. “Good to see you, man!”

The chorus of greetings that followed was shaky but genuine, a patchwork of confusion and politeness.

Bood gestured toward Ilya, brows raised high enough to reach orbit. “We’re interrogating Roz about his mystery fiancé.”

Shane blinked, playing along beautifully. “Oh? Has he told you his fiancé’s a much better hockey player than he is?”

It hit like a slapshot.

Dead silence.

Then, all at once—

“Wait, what?”

“What did you just say?”

“NO. WAY.”

“ROZANOV?!”

“HOLLANDER?!”

Ilya could actually hear the penny drop, like one giant mental domino effect of dawning realization spreading across every face in the room.

Shane’s cheeks flushed, but he didn’t back down. He looked right at Ilya and said lightly, “Should I have waited for you to tell them, or...?”

Ilya rubbed a hand over his face. “Surprise?”

Wyatt blinked. “You’re engaged?”

“Da.”

“To Shane Hollander?!” Tanner yelped.

“Also da.”

The room exploded.

“WHAT—”

“Holy—”

“You’re serious?!”

“THE SHANE HOLLANDER?!”

“Okay, now it makes so much sense!”

Ilya held up his hands like a man surrendering to chaos. “Yes, yes, calm down. Is true. We are engaged. Please do not faint, I cannot carry all of you.”

Bood was gaping like a goldfish. “You’re telling me... the rivals-to-lovers fanfiction we’ve been joking about for years is actually real?”

“Fanfiction?” Shane spluttered. “You have fanfiction?”

“Of course,” Wyatt said matter-of-factly. “You two literally built your entire brands around chirping each other. There’s a Reddit thread dedicated to ‘Rozander.’”

Ilya looked like he might actually combust. “You people are insane.”

“You’re the one who used to glare at him across the ice like he was the only person in the arena,” Dykstra pointed out.

“That is called focus!” Ilya protested.

“Sure,” Troy said with a grin. “Focus. Totally not lust. Just pure professional rivalry.”

Shane buried his face in his hands. "Oh my god."

"Hey," Ilya said teasingly, nudging him. "At least now they know why I always win faceoffs."

"Excuse me?" Shane shot back, laughing despite himself. "I let you win because I felt bad for you."

"You wish, Hollander. You talk big game but forget who scores more."

"That's because I actually pass the puck instead of hogging it!"

"Is called leadership!"

"It's called selfishness, Captain!"

"you're also a captain asshole!"

"See?" Wyatt cut in, shaking his head. "This is exactly what I meant. The flirty arguing, the tension, the eyes, how did we no* see this before?"

"Probably because we assumed they were about to fistfight, not make out," Bood said.

Dystkra groaned. "Can we not picture that?!"

The room burst into laughter again, warm, genuine, unstoppable.

When it finally died down, Wyatt leaned forward, still smiling. "You know what, though? I'm happy for you guys. Seriously. Didn't see it coming, but... you look good together."

"Da," Ilya said softly, looking at Shane. "I agree."

There was something in the way he said it, that made the whole room go still again, but this time in the best way.

Shane's eyes softened, and without thinking, he sat on the arm of Ilya's chair. Ilya's hand found his hip, steady and certain, like muscle memory.

And then Shane leaned down and kissed him, not long, not showy, just sure.

For a moment, the team was silent. Then Bood threw his hands up. "Goddammit, Wyatt, you win the bet!"

"What bet?" Shane blinked.

"When Roz went to answer the door, I bet it was a hockey player. Double-or-nothing that it was you."

Ilya laughed, head tipped back. "All money go to charity, yes?"

"Of course," Wyatt said.

“Then I approve,” Ilya said grandly.

The laughter returned, bigger this time, freer, full of disbelief and affection.

“I swear,” Troy said, shaking his head, “you two are the definition of ‘enemies-to-lovers.’”

“Is good story,” Ilya said proudly. “Maybe Netflix one day.”

“Yeah,” Shane added dryly, “if they want four seasons of us arguing about who’s the better player.”

Bood snorted. “Spoiler: it’s Shane.”

Ilya gasped. “Traitor!”

“Relax,” Shane said, grinning. “You’ll always be the second-best hockey player I’ve ever loved.”

“Only one you’ve loved,” Ilya corrected quietly.

Shane’s grin softened. “Yeah. Only one.”

Ilya reached for his hand and squeezed it gently. “Welcome to family, fiancé.”

Shane laughed, his voice warm. “You’re such a sap.”

“Only for you,” Ilya murmured.

And for once — surrounded by his team, their laughter, their chaos — he didn’t care who heard.

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