

Then And Now

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/67655841) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/67655841>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Anyu , Ilya Rozanov's Dog , Original Child Character(s) , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Parenthood , Kid Fic , Fluff , Angst , Grief/Mourning , Post-Canon , Married Couple , Established Relationship , POV Ilya Rozanov , Domestic Fluff , Family Fluff , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , The One Where The Fire Hydrant Is Explained , Ilya is sad at first but don't worry the fluff is coming , References to Depression , Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-07-16 Words: 4,721 Chapters: 1/1

Then And Now

by [Pauppy_Paulettesucr](#)

Summary

Ilya stumbles upon Hayden's new profile picture on instagram, one with his wife and four kids, and he tries to not feel anything about it.

Set in 2019 and 2025

Notes

This fic came to be first because Rachel Reid announced that Shane and Ilya "fake" marriage was held on July 10 but also because of the Heated Loons discord where I just started babbling about this idea. It was supposed to be posted on July 10 but... better late than never!

Thank you to my main bitch for beta-ing and answering all of my baby-relating questions as I know nothing about babies and children, at any age 😭

Thank you [Sofs](#) for answering my annoying questions regarding Russian and such! 💖

Thank you [Nico](#) for beta-ing and correcting all those mistakes and extra words and putting such nice comments on the doc 🥺

And thank you to [Anna](#) who was the one to bring up Ilya immediately changing his pfp to a selfie of him, Shane and Anya after their coming out so it's included here too ✨✨✨

tw/ for some talks about depression and grief

We love you Ilya 🥰

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Ottawa, March 2019

Ilya was idly scrolling on instagram. It was late into the evening, he should probably prepare dinner, but he couldn't find the motivation to. He was splayed on the couch, taking up all the space, one leg hanging on the backrest and a pillow on his stomach.

He kept telling himself that if this next reel wasn't entertaining, he would close the app and get up. But each video made him internally laugh or caught his attention in one way or another.

There was a lot of hockey too. Snippets of the latest games that had been played this week. The Centaurs had just come back from a road trip where they had only won one game so every time Ilya saw anything relating to his own team, he would quickly scroll past it.

His algorithm knew him pretty well though, because there was a lot of Voyageurs' content on his feed. He was careful not to like all the videos he saw of Shane on his official account, but the best ones, he would send to his private account to rewatch when he felt like it.

But that also meant that he saw a lot of the the Voyageurs' other players on his phone screen, and especially a lot of Hayden Pike. The videos he hated the most were the 'mic-uped' ones where it showed Hayden and Shane chatting while on the bench, or the ones where Shane was hugged by his teammates after scoring, or just seeing Hayden assist Shane in scoring, seeing Hayden in the locker room stall right next to Shane's, answering questions by their social media staff while standing next to each other and talking about seeing one another the next day.

So Ilya was jealous, yes.

He wasn't jealous of Hayden per se, there really wasn't anything intrinsically Hayden that would ever create a feeling of jealousy to anyone out there, Ilya thought, but he was jealous of all the time he could spend with Shane, without having to hide their friendship and their affection for one another. They were known across the league as the real NHL 'bromance'. Ilya had even seen some comments suggesting to more (naming them Shayden) which made him chuckle, until it actually made him upset. He searched for people discussing Shane and him this way but only saw accounts arguing about who was the best player and quickly lost interest because he already knew the answer (it was Shane).

And then he saw another video, this one of Hayden falling as he left the bench to skate on the ice during training. Ilya's roar of laughter resonated throughout the whole ground floor of his house. He replayed it a few times and laughed every time Hayden's face connected with the ice and he tried to scramble back up and act like nothing happened.

He decided to go a step further and send it to Hayden. He had sent him several messages and videos on the app since Hayden had known about Shane and him, just as a way to rile him up even more before games.

He searched for Hayden in the accounts displayed in his recurring contacts and realised that something was different.

Hayden had a new profile picture.

It was very small but Ilya could see the familiar faces smiling at him. He left the video and went directly to Hayden's account and clicked on the picture to see it properly. He recognised Jackie at the centre of it, sitting on what looked like a giant pumpkin, holding Amber in her arms and sitting her as best as possible on her lap. Arthur was sitting on the ground in front of her and Ruby and Jade were standing on either side of their mother. Thankfully, Hayden was nowhere in sight so he was probably the one taking the picture.

Even without Hayden's annoying face on it, the picture made Ilya's heart clench. He didn't recognise why at first but then it became clear to him; pure and clear envy. Hayden had a wife that everyone knew about, he had beautiful kids and he could display his happy family for the whole world to see. Each of those smiles on his screen felt like a poke into Ilya's deepest insecurities.

Will he and Shane ever have that? The plan for now was to wait until after retirement, and that wouldn't be for at least seven years and hopefully never if it was up to Ilya. So more years of hiding, of playing it cool every time someone brought up Ilya's wild sex life with women, being alone at his teammates' parties because he had no one to accompany him, of deflecting whenever someone asked him what he had been up to during their off days and of simply smiling when someone said "you'll see when you find your own girl, Rozanov".

Ilya was miserable, hungry and on the brink of tears, alone in his luxurious house, laying on the couch on a Sunday night, while Hayden was probably putting his kids to bed, reading them stories and kissing their adorable little foreheads and assuring them that he loved them.

"Fuck," Ilya groaned, brushing a hand over his face. He went back to the video but the feed refreshed in front of his eyes and he didn't even have time to save it or send it. Maybe it was for the best, he didn't feel like mocking Hayden if all he saw staring back at him was Jackie and the kids.

It spurred him to get up and go to the kitchen, in the hope to fix himself something to eat before hitting the shower and his bed.

He put on ESPN on the television, which helped drown out his thoughts at first, while he was eating, back on the couch, but it still wasn't enough.

His fingers itched to do something. To post. To just pick a picture of him and Shane that he hadn't yet deleted and to just drop the bombshell that he was in love and that yes, he moved to Canada for him, because Shane is his fucking boyfriend.

If Ilya had any less willpower he might have done it. But he knew immediately how bad this would be. For him and for Shane, to just throw away all of their careful planning. They had just announced their friendship and the start of the Irina foundation a few months ago, they were gonna hold their first camps in Montreal and Ottawa this summer. It had also barely been two years since they went from a strictly sexual relationship to a committed and

monogamous one. Ilya knew in his heart that Shane was the one, but maybe Shane needed a bit more time to be sure, and so this front was more secure for him than risking his career for Ilya only to find themselves separated in a few months.

Oh God, what was he thinking? Was Shane's pessimism and spiralling getting to him now? He had already felt himself becoming a boring Canadian every day since he arrived in Ottawa. And the worst was that he couldn't find anything bad about it.

Still, he desperately wanted to make a claim, anything, even in the smallest way possible.

He took a picture of the sandwich he had made himself and sent it to Shane. Even though he knew he was gonna complain about how late it was to eat, Ilya just wanted a word from him.

After five minutes, Shane hadn't answered and Ilya hated his stupid and boring Canadian life.

He went through his gallery and scrolled through many pictures. None of Shane sadly, as he had to delete them all just in case (though he had kept some and transferred them to a hard drive that never left his house), but many that were associated with him. Pictures of all the merch and objects Ilya kept seeing with loons on them and would send to his boyfriend, screenshots of whatever he found funny and photos he would take of the sky and clouds while in flight.

Scrolling back from a few months ago, Ilya suddenly found a pic he had completely forgotten about. It was last August, at his first training camp with the Centaurs, in the middle of fuck-knows-where in Ontario. The city looked exactly like what young Ilya imagined the whole of Canada would look like. On top of the picturesque of the small town, it had a weird tradition of painting every fire hydrant with famous Canadian personalities or characters.

Ilya had followed the rest of the group led by Zane Boodram into a supermarket to buy themselves some ice creams when he saw the one on his phone now. He learned later that this was supposed to be Anne Shirley from Anne of Green Gables, but he didn't recognise her at first, he only remembered the name briefly from Ryan Price's book a few years ago. But all that he saw at the moment were the freckles. He quickly snapped a picture and when he was alone later, he edited it to colour the hair black and drew a semblance of a Voyageurs' jersey. He sent the edited and unedited pictures to Shane simply writing "can you see the difference?". Shane responded with a "fuck you" and some other choices of words that Ilya couldn't quite recall anymore.

And upon a few seconds, his choice was made. He posted the unedited picture of the fire hydrant and completed it with the Canadian flag as the only caption. And because it was the only thing he thought he could have that would be close enough to Hayden's, he also set it as his profile picture.

In the end, he changed it back to a very professional still of him a few days later as he felt stupid over doing that – and Shane hadn't even made a comment about it. Nothing could ever beat a picture of him and Shane anyway.

Cottage, July 2025

It was truly a perfect day.

Ilya had woken up at 3 am for what seemed to be no reason at all, until he heard babbles coming from the baby monitor, placed on his bedside table. He turned it off, got up and went to Alyona's bedroom as Shane was sleeping like a rock.

They were lucky that after only a few weeks of being born, Alyona had started to sleep completely through most nights. She was almost one now and she was still an angel. Even when she wasn't sleeping, she would simply be patient and fall back into sleep by herself.

Ilya entered the nursery and turned on the little lamp on the commode and there he saw her, in her crib, with her silky jet-black hair, looking back at him with those huge and starry dark eyes while she was playing, trying to catch her feet with her hands.

How can a being be this beautiful? She was truly perfect, and she was his perfect little girl. He went to her, holding his hand out for hers, and she immediately grabbed his finger and held onto it.

"Aba," she said at him. Ilya couldn't wait to hear her say "papa". He and Shane were curious (or competitive) to see if she would say dada or papa first, as they decided it would be their own names to avoid confusion. And they were very intent on teaching her to say theirs first.

"Hey, malishka. Why aren't you sleeping?" He whispered to her.

Of course she didn't answer, but Ilya was impatient to hear all about what was in her wonderful mind.

They were times that Ilya did worry that Alyona would inherit the worst part of him though. Would he help raise a child that would have to constantly battle their own mind?

Ilya shook his head and reminded himself it was three in the morning so of course his brain was taking him to that place. Biologically, she couldn't have inherited anything from him anyway, and he liked it this way. No part of his family would touch his precious baby, nor genetics nor his last name. The only thing she had from the Rozanovs was 'Irina' as her second name, along with 'Emiko' for Shane's grandmother.

He took Alyona in his arms and carried her around the room, humming to her and caressing her very soft hair. After only a few minutes, she fell back asleep right on Ilya's shoulder. He would have to tell Shane in the morning; Alyona could very easily fall asleep on Ilya while she never could if it was Shane. That will definitely annoy him.

He enjoyed the feeling of her little breathing for a few moments longer before placing her back in her crib and turning off the light.

Ilya really didn't feel like sleeping anymore. He then went downstairs to the couch and put on the television, watching coverage of the recent entry draft. A sleepy Anya came to jump on the couch right next to him and kept him company.

He was simply petting her while listening to boring old men talk and the next thing he remembered was something tapping his shoulder.

He opened his eyes and was welcome by the most heavenly vision he could have.

Shane, sleepy-eyed, in a simple white tee and blue basketball shorts, a spike of hair poking from the top of his head, and in his arms the other love of Ilya's life, his little girl in an adorable Calvin and Hobbs onesie.

If there was one thing Ilya was happy that Alyona had taken from Shane, it was certainly the freckles.

"What are you doing here? Why weren't you in bed?" Shane asked, voice still gruff.

Ilya then pointed at their baby; "She woke me up at 3. She was wide awake and I guess she needed her papa's shoulder to go back to sleep," he said, grinning at Shane.

Shane rolled his eyes, or at least attempted with how sleepy he looked.

"I feel like you're making this up every time I'm not there just to annoy me."

"Is true. And it is working either way."

"While you're focusing on being insufferable, *I* will feed our daughter breakfast, because babies need sleep and food to grow up."

"Thank you for your parenting advice, Hollander. You should definitely write a book about it."

"Fu-," Shane started but stopped himself. They had been trying to not say curse words in front of Alyona. "Shut it and come eat too," he grumbled.

He did and followed Shane to the kitchen, hearing him ask softly to Alyona "Right, you're hungry, princess? You want some peaches this morning? Or some strawberries?" Shane prepared Alyona's breakfast while she waited in her high chair and Ilya was focused on their own breakfast; eggs, toasts, fruits, yoghurt and yes, still a disgusting-looking smoothie for Shane.

They fed Alyona's first and then gave her a bottle of milk to sip on while they ate.

While they were talking, Alyona would sometimes lower her bottle and prattle at them, as if she was also trying to participate.

"Yes! Detroit completely fumbled their draft pick. Your daughter is already a hockey fanatic like you and Yuna, Hollander."

"*Our* daughter," Shane huffed as Alyona continued her adorable sounds and Ilya felt like his heart was about to explode of happiness. Both of their voices sounded so beautiful to his ears, he couldn't believe he got so lucky in life. He didn't know who he had to thank for but he was truly thankful. Well, in some part of himself, he knew that his mother's love was the one thing

that saved him and allowed him to divert him from the path his father would have set on for him, the one Andrei had taken. And now he had his own family and she couldn't even see it, she would never meet Shane and get to know her granddaughter.

He really needed more sleep. Tears were about to spill and he knew they weren't gonna be just pearls rolling down his cheeks. He got up and left the room, passing next to Shane and lightly caressing his shoulders, trying to silently reassure him because he couldn't speak at the moment.

Ilya went upstairs, two steps at a time until he reached the en suite bathroom and closed the door behind him.

He let it all out. Those moments had sadly become more frequent since Alyona entered their life last August. Being a parent made him reflect a lot about his own and his childhood. He talked about it with Galina but it was still hard to implement all that she told him. At least Shane was always by his side to listen or simply to hold him when it became too much. Yuna and David were always one phone call away in case they needed help for anything. Shane also asked a lot of advice to Hayden and out of spite, Ilya either never listened to them or asked Jackie instead. They weren't alone in this adventure, all of their entourage was present and Ilya was so full of love, but he still mourned his mother's absence.

After a few minutes, Ilya was able to stop his tears. He washed his face and then took his crucifix in his fingers, feeling the cold metal of the cross and its sharp edges against his skin.

'Thank you.' He said as he kissed it.

When he came back downstairs, Shane had installed Alyona on her play mat, just next to the kitchen counter so he could look over her while he was cleaning the place after their breakfast. Alyona was playing very enthusiastically with the loon toy they had managed to find. Ilya couldn't help but chuckle at her.

Shane looked back at him from the sink, a silent question in his eyes.

"Is okay." Ilya said kissing him on the forehead. He then helped Shane with the rest of the clean up.

An hour later, they were all in swim suits, outside on the dock, ready to get in the lake. They had already tried bringing Alyona in the water earlier in the week and she had liked it, but held a bit too tight to them and almost pulled out a whole lock of hair from Ilya.

They went to the area where their feet could touch the ground then went very slowly until they were all under water except for their heads. Alyona was in Shane's arms and Ilya could just stay in the water for hours, simply looking at her giggling while she was splashing water all over Shane's face and hair.

"You're looking way too smug over there. Don't you want to take her for a bit?"

"I don't want to be bold, thank you."

"Alyona, please spray your papa with some water." Shane then moved his arm showing her how to throw water in Ilya's direction. Alyona looked fascinated and when she tried herself, all the water sprayed Shane instead.

"Thank you, malishka," Ilya said, kissing her on the cheek.

The rest of the day went without much fanfare. They ate and then let Alyona have a nap. They wanted to train in the gym but they were too exhausted so they simply napped in the meantime. Having a baby was really no joke, even with how much she slept.

Later, they trained her to walk, Ilya holding her, leaning forward so that she could hold onto his hands. She was getting better and better everyday and Ilya's back was complaining more and more.

In the late afternoon, they decided to go for a stroll around the cottage and near the forest and water. Shane was very diligent on putting sunscreen on Alyona, making her whole skin turn closer to the shade of a ghost. They dressed her in dungarees with teddy bears that Rose had bought her for her eleven-months birthday (she sent gifts every month actually), put on a protective sun hat that would cover her neck and the top of her shoulders and then Shane placed her in the shoulder carrier he put on himself, as Ilya's back hurt too much at the time. They left the house with Anya on the leash following them.

It was peaceful all around them, except for the few times where Anya would bark at something in the distance and Alyona would respond with an enthusiastic "Gah!" at her even though she couldn't see anything.

The path connected back to another part of the lake that bordered the forest and they paused there for a moment to admire it.

They didn't say anything and just stared ahead, until Shane absentmindedly leaned towards Alyona and kissed the top of her head, still covered by the hat.

"Holy shit!" Shane suddenly exclaimed.

"Not in front of our daughter, Shane!"

"No, but look! She is sleeping!" Shane said, between a shout and hiss, not wanting to wake her up but clearly freaking out.

Alyona was indeed sleeping, strapped to Shane's chest, which had never happened before.

Ilya wanted to tease his husband for being so happy about one victory but when he looked back at Shane, he saw how giddy he was, admiring his daughter lovingly, knowing that she felt safe enough to fall asleep on him.

Anya was sitting next to them but started to get impatient and put her paws against Shane's thighs, asking for some attention too.

Ilya wanted to stay in this moment forever.

He took out his phone and tried to quickly take several pictures of them three, Shane didn't even complain, too absorbed in enjoying their daughter's calmness.

When they got home, Shane refused to wake Alyona up and take off the carrier.

"Let me have this!" Shane spattered and went to sit on the couch where he also quickly fell asleep. Ilya sat next to him and snaked an arm around his shoulders, holding him in place right by his side, Anya at their feet.

He knew that if it would have been Ilya, Shane would have grumbled about how Alyona wouldn't sleep the night and how bad it was to feed her late and Ilya was almost tempted to do it, but he also knew that if Shane's anxiety - which had now morphed into parental anxiety - was not eating at him to follow all the rules he was making them follow, then Ilya wasn't gonna remind him of them. At least not for the next few minutes.

He took out his phone and was surprised to see a certain notification. Next to a message from Ellie, the Centaurs' social media manager, asking if she could come with Svetlana to the cottage for a few days, there was a notification from his old private instagram account, the one where he would spy on Shane. He had forgotten about it and never deleted it. The notification said that he hadn't changed his profile picture in a while and should consider doing it to attract new followers...

He opened his phone and quickly deactivated the account before switching to his current one and clicking on his icon. He studied all the pictures he had taken today and chose the one where Shane scrunched his nose the most and he changed it for his current profile picture. The three loves of his life right there.

Ilya remembered a time in 2019 where he had just come back from Montreal and toyed with the idea of setting a selfie he had taken of him and Shane, naked in bed, as his profile pic. He had even gone as far as opening the app and actually trying to find the best way to have both of their faces right in the middle of the circle. But he had known it wasn't an option and would ruin everything, so he had tapped on "cancel" and had deleted the pic, like he always did back then.

Now, he kept all the pictures of them together. He even had changed his profile picture many times since he had finally been able to call Shane his in public.

There was for example the quick selfie he had taken of him, Shane and Anya just after they released the statement revealing their relationship. The one he took during their honeymoon in Ibiza, while Shane was still asleep on their first day. Ilya woke up, naked, in bed next to his fucking husband. Their hands were next to each other, like they had reached for one another during the night. Ilya also found it amusing that it was their left hands, with Ilya laying on his back and Shane on his stomach, with their matching black wedding bands. He had taken his phone immediately, and thankfully Shane had only woke up an instant after he took the picture, moving his hand away. Ilya had felt so unbearably happy, he had left a trail of kisses along Shane's body before taking him in his mouth and bringing him off right here and there, the perfect way to start a day.

Then there was the picture of them holding the Stanley Cup together after their first win under the same team in 2022. There had also been one of Shane asleep on the couch with Anya on his knees, one showing Ilya's loon tattoo, one where their jerseys were next to each other in the Centaurs' locker room and one of Alyona's small hand the day she was born.

It had been a surprise to a lot of people in the league and to the fans to realise that Ilya Rozanov wasn't the dickhead that they had known for years on and off the ice. The reputation that others had cultivated around him had been shattered after only two months of Ilya and Shane playing together and everyone realising how much of a sap he actually was. He had seen fan videos compiling all the times he was looking "enamoured" at Shane with the captions "if your partner isn't looking at you like this, then it's not love".

Well, Ilya still liked to be a dick during games, and outside of them, but he also liked that the world could also see this side of himself.

Ilya scrolled his feed and chuckled softly when he saw a video of the Voyageurs showing Hayden scoring a goal. He searched his name and tapped on it, bringing him to the same profile picture he remembered was there. But this time Ilya didn't feel any envy, he was simply happy.

Shane woke up next to him, all groggy and grumpy.

"What time is it?" He asked Ilya but he still reached carefully for his phone in his back pocket, trying to not wake Alyona up even though her dinner time was approaching.

Then Shane was silent for a tiny bit too long until he gasped.

"Ilya! Look at the date!"

Shane shoved his phone in Ilya's face. Ilya looked at it and he didn't register it at first. But it was indeed July 10th.

"Oh shit..."

"How could we have forgotten? How?" Shane asked to no one in particular.

"I did not even realise it was July yet."

"It's our fourth anniversary and we forgot about it. What it's gonna be like in 10 years?"

Ilya wanted to joke about that but then he was hit by the fact that Shane would still be his in ten years, with their perfect little daughter and with a life full of love.

"Don't care."

He leaned in and kissed Shane softly on the lips, his hand on his cheek.

He missed a tiny bit the moments when he could just kiss his boyfriend and let things escalate on their own or when they could just have sex any night. Now, most of the time, Ilya was so tired when he got to bed that thinking of fucking his own husband actually seemed an

impossible task. But in no world would he ever prefer it to this night, kissing his husband, Anya at his feet and their daughter's peaceful breathing lulling them.

When they broke apart Shane said in Russian; "Happy anniversary, my love."

"Happy anniversary, sweetheart."

FIN

End Notes

Thank you for reading! If you liked this, I would low-key high-key appreciate a little kudos and if you have enough energy to leave a comment, even just an emoji, I might actually kick my feet and squeal 🥳

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!