

## Boring tourist things

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/62217625) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/62217625>.

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| Rating:          | <a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Archive Warning: | <a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Fandom:          | <a href="#">Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid</a>                                                                                                                                                             |
| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                   |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Lisa Hayes (Game Changers)</a> , <a href="#">Wyatt Hayes</a>                                                                      |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Fluff and Humor</a> , <a href="#">Slice of Life</a> , <a href="#">Ice Skating</a> , <a href="#">Idiots in Love</a> , <a href="#">Soft Hockey Boys</a> , <a href="#">Teasing as a Love Language</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Series:          | Part 50 of <a href="#">Game Changers Boys</a>                                                                                                                                                                  |
| Stats:           | Published: 2025-01-14 Words: 1,819 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                               |

# Boring tourist things

by [WriteFandomRepeat](#)

## Summary

Ilya suggests an outing skating. It isn't what Shane expected, but it is definitely better.

## Notes

Moments when knowing the area prompts ideas. 😊

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

“We should go skate.”

Shane let out a snort where he laid on the couch, his head in Ilya’s lap while he watched a cooking show and Ilya scrolled his phone.

“Why is that funny,” Ilya asked.

“That’s literally our job and you said it like we haven’t done that in ages,” Shane pointed out.

“We have not skated for fun in forever. Not that work is not fun, but not the same.”

Shane’s head moved on his lap, and Ilya guessed it was a *yeah, sure* type of motion. He rolled onto his back after pausing the show and looked up at Ilya, which never failed to make Ilya smile.

“You’re really serious about this?”

“Yes,” Ilya nodded. “I would like to go skate for fun with my husband.”

“That means no hockey sticks. Otherwise it’ll turn into a whole thing and it won’t be *fun* anymore.” Shane did air quotes around fun and Ilya laughed.

“No sticks.”

“Sure then. Let’s go.”

Shane got up, and headed for the garage entrance. He put on his sneakers and grabbed the keys for his SUV. Ilya had to physically stop him before he left like that.

“What? I don’t need more than this,” Shane replied when Ilya asked where his jacket was. “We will be outside for like 2 minutes.”

Ilya shook his head and smiled. Of course Shane would think he meant something different. “We are not going to the arena.” He pulled his phone out and showed him the Instagram post. “The Canal is open. We have never skated there.”

Shane looked at the post, then at Ilya. “You want to go there?” He sounded surprised in a good way, and Ilya couldn’t resist leaning in and kissing him.

“Yes. I want to go do a boring touristy thing with my boring husband.”

That got a reaction out of Shane, who promptly hit him in the bicep while Ilya laughed. “Seriously though, you’re not worried people will recognize us? Could get awkward.”

“Because you have not scored in 5 games and everyone thinks you are overpaid?” Shane rolled his eyes. “Will be fine. There are too many people worried about not falling, they will not notice us. And if they annoy us, we skate really fast and can get out of there.”

“Idiot,” Shane chuckled. “Yeah, I guess we can go.”

After they'd dressed more appropriately for the weather, found their spare skates and texted the neighbor's kids to ask them to come let out Anya at some point, they made their way downtown. Like Ilya had expected, the place was pretty busy since it was the first day the Canal had been open, but as he'd expected, people were too busy enjoying themselves, trying not to fall, or trying to wrangle children to pay them any mind.

They kept their sunglasses on, jacket hoods over their tuques, as they laced up their skates on one of the free benches by the stairs near Laurier Avenue. Shoes were thrown in the bag their skates had been in and off they went.

It really was the perfect day for skating outside. There was almost no wind, the sun was just visible behind a thin layer of clouds and snow fell from the odd patch of denser clouds that passed. The ice beneath their blades was as good as could be expected given the volume of skaters that were out. Shane and Ilya glided South along with the masses around them, mostly following the pace of other skaters. A few kids weaved between and around them, and Shane laughed.

"I remember doing that when I was their age," he told Ilya.

"Did you come often," Ilya asked, loving how happy Shane looked already a kilometer into their skate.

Shane shook his head. "It's always during hockey season, and between that and school, there was never much time. Plus it isn't really predictable, so it makes it harder to plan.

"We tried to come at least once a season though. We made it a team thing when I still played here, and as I got older, I just hoped it would be frozen if I played in Ottawa or when I visited. Was one of the few times I got to just skate for fun."

"Kind of like now," Ilya remarked.

Shane nodded and reached for Ilya's hand, holding it awkwardly as their mittens got in the way. "Never got to do it with anyone I cared about though. So not quite the same."

"Mom will be sad to hear you do not love her."

"You're the worst, you know that?"

"My husband tells me often, yes."

"He's right." Shane skated into Ilya just enough to gently hip check him, making him laugh.

They kept going a while longer, mitten-covered hands still holding each other. Around the three kilometer mark, after they'd passed Pretoria bridge and detoured into Patterson Creek, Ilya pointed to a group of skaters near them.

"Do people often wear jerseys out here?"

"I honestly don't remember. I always did, mostly when we came with our team – made it easier for the parents to keep track of us. But I don't remember if adults did."

Ilya paid more attention after that and spotted several more. For the most part, they were Centaurs jerseys, but there were others: Montreal and Boston, one from the Calgary team, Toronto – because there was always a Toronto jersey somewhere – and even one of Scott's Admirals jersey. Ilya took out his phone and snapped a picture, making Shane shake his head, sending it to the New York captain with a sickly green emoji as the caption. Scott replied almost immediately with a middle finger and commentary on their having a better colour scheme.

Another pair of skaters caught Ilya's eye and he snapped a picture of them too, before nudging Shane. "They have good taste at least."

Ilya saw the moment Shane noticed them, his smile growing along with his husband's at seeing the couple wearing each of their Centaurs jerseys. No matter how long they'd played together, it never failed to catch them off guard to see fans wear their jerseys out in public.

"They have amazing taste," Shane said before attempting to lean in to kiss Ilya.

Which they quickly learned was quite hard to do while skating. Shane almost lost his balance, and Ilya had to catch him, both of them laughing at the ridiculousness of it all.

"Let's not try that again while moving," Shane said after having gotten his kiss.

"I do not want to explain to trainers how we got concussions."

"Like that'd be the worse reason." Ilya smirked, knowing they'd had far more compromising close-calls indeed.

"Can we get dessert? I need energy to finish this." Ilya nodded towards a Beavertail hut at the rest stop near where they had stopped.

"The line's kinda nuts. Are you sure? Someone's gonna notice us for sure."

"Relax, Hollander. It would not be the worst thing, you know. But, I think we can skip it."

Shane turned and looked at the line again while Ilya shot off a quick text. "Ilya, we can just cut in front of all those people! I don't think our PR folks- wait, who's waving at us?"

Ilya was waving back. "I recognized Lisa," he said easily. "I like her jacket. Not boring black like everyone else."

Shane cocked an eyebrow at him. "Pot-kettle much?"

"Stop. What do you want?"

"Killaloe Sunrise. The one you like is the Mehple."

Ilya mumbled about spelling as he shot Lisa a text and thanked her profusely.

"She said Wyatt is nearby somewhere," Ilya told Shane as they waited nearby, skating in circles until they saw Lisa had a stack of Beavertails and was leaving the rest area.

“You owe me, Roz,” Lisa said when she was close.

“You have my undying love,” Ilya proclaimed around a bite of the maple spread and sugar covered deep fried dough.

“That’s more than I get, you should feel honoured,” Shane teased.

A skater stopped behind them and snowed Ilya’s legs. He didn’t have to turn to know it was Wyatt.

“Why are you crashing my romantic date idea,” Wyatt complained.

“Wait, goalies know how to skate?” Ilya smirked behind his shoulder.

“Shouldn’t you be nicer since my wife got you treats?” Wyatt skated around Ilya to grab his own Beavertail.

“I am nice to her, I don’t have to be nice to you,” Ilya replied back with a smile.

“Okay, children,” Shane intervened. “Have you guys been here long?”

“An hour or so,” Lisa answered, looking at Wyatt who nodded, half his Beavertail already gone. “Did the whole length back and forth.”

“You are slow, old man,” Ilya chirped Wyatt, and Shane had to tell him to settle again. “We will not keep you longer, so you can make it back before they close for the night.”

“I’m getting Coach to revoke your captaincy tomorrow,” Wyatt complained and pointed to Shane. “He’s better anyways.”

“You love me and you know it.”

“I do, asshole. Come here.” Wyatt hugged Ilya, then Shane.

Ilya grabbed all their napkins and papers and brought them to the nearest trashcan. Soon he and Shane were back to skating, passing Lansdowne Park and into the narrower portion of the skate way. When it opened up again, onto the wide expanse of Dow’s lake and the last two kilometers of their trek – in that direction at least – Ilya skated in front of Shane and turned, skating backwards.

“Wait, forwards can skate backwards,” Shane teased.

“I do not know, you never do,” Ilya replied simply.

He slowed in front of Shane who let himself glide into Ilya’s arms.

“Thanks. This was a good idea.” Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya’s shoulders and kissed him. “You have maple sugar stuck in your stubble,” he laughed, and Ilya felt happier hearing Shane as happy as he was.

“It is a very nice skating rink, yes,” Ilya answered with a smile. “Bet I can get to the end faster than you.”

“No,” Shane answered, most of the amusement gone from his face. “I am not sprinting for two kilometers.”

“We do five in a game easily.”

“Not in one go! The most we are on the ice is two minutes on the power play, and even that isn’t moving a whole lot.”

“No fun,” Ilya muttered as he took out his phone, turned Shane and took a selfie with the Canal as the backdrop. He opened his Instagram and posted it, a wide smile on his face.

“What did you do?”

Ilya shrugged and started skating away backwards. “Nothing.”

Shane took out his phone. Ilya counted to three and started skating off.

“Cheater,” he heard Shane yell at him as he tried to catch up, after reading Ilya’s caption: *Taken moments before I beat my husband to the end of the Canal.*

## End Notes

The [Rideau Canal](#) is the World's Largest natural skating rink! Longest is located in Winnipeg, but ours is bigger 😊 It is probably the most well known image of Ottawa in winter you will ever see! It is a UNESCO heritage site, and one of my faves in the city!

And, if you've never heard of [Beavertails](#), I've heard they are sometimes found in the US at carnivals and called Elephant ears? Same idea, a large, flat piece of dough that is deep fried and then they put yummy stuff on it. The one Shane has is a classic - sugar and cinnamon, with lemon juice on top, named after the birthplace of Beavertails, just west of Ottawa! Ilya's has maple spread (think hazelnut spread, or PB, but maple flavoured) with maple sugar on top.

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