

Mr. Popular

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Mr. Popular

by [WriteFandomRepeat](#)

Summary

The Centaurs win the cup, and shopping trips become a bit more complicated for the boys.

Notes

Me procrastinating = finishing things I'd started weeks ago!

There is little to no point to this. Just my idea of how the summer following RM (and by consequent, a bit of a What If on the ending of TLG, I guess) goes for the boys. It's a bit discombobulated, but it's just silly fluffy moments with these two dorks. Shout out to Morgan for the assist when my brain couldn't decide things earlier today 😊

“This is ridiculous.”

“I do not know what you talk about.”

Shane turned and tried to glare at Ilya. Keyword, *tried*. Ilya was beaming back at him with such a wide, bright smile, that Shane could only smile back, let out a chuckle and shake his head.

Shane pushed their giant shopping cart in the Costco aisle heading towards the produce section. Because that was a thing they did now. They went shopping at Costco together in the middle of the week in August like a regular couple did.

Because they could do that now.

After the Voyageurs’ season ended during the playoffs – at the hands of the Centaurs, no less – Shane hadn’t been able to stay away from the Ottawa games. He and his parents had attended every single game, cheering Ilya and his team to victory, all the way to the Stanley Cup finals.

They’d won their final game while on the road, in Vegas of all places. Shane had wanted to make the trek and see Ilya win in person, but he hadn’t wanted to be a distraction either. They did have a history with Vegas that would lead to *many* distractions, he had no doubt. And he knew how focused Ilya needed to be on hockey, not him. Instead, he’d met the team at the airport, in the middle of the night once their charter had arrived back in Ottawa.

Shane partially blamed the lack of sleep for what he did, but really it had been a long time coming. And, he now kinda understood why Scott had kissed Kip, his now husband, after his own Stanley Cup win. The moment he’d seen Ilya step off the plane, the Stanley Cup securely in his hands, all he wanted was to kiss his boyfriend right there on the tarmac of the Ottawa airport.

So he had done just that.

Ilya had barely had time to hand the trophy to Troy who was closest to him before he’d had an armful of Shane hugging him and warning him he was about to kiss him and he didn’t care who saw it, just in case Ilya objected. Ilya had just nodded while Shane grabbed his face in his hands and kissed him. They had barely registered Ilya’s teammates cheering – with a distinct *I knew it* from Wyatt, and an *I told you so* from Harris to Troy. Shane had forgotten anyone was around as he kissed Ilya fiercely, told him how much he loved him and how insanely proud he was of him. Because of the time, the only people at the airport had been family members of the players, so any photos and videos were kept private. The rumours had been circulating for weeks already though. They’d started when Shane was spotted at the Ottawa games, cheering Ilya on. And after everything they’d been through that year, they were just plain tired of keeping it a secret anyway.

They hadn’t been able to stay at the cottage as much as usual that summer, between hockey camps and the whole city being in a frenzy over the team’s first Stanley Cup. Ilya was

soaking it all in, appearing at just about every event he was invited to. And Shane was by his side whenever he could be. They weren't making a big splash about their relationship (much to Ilya's dismay at not being able to one-up Scott Hunter), but they weren't hiding it either. They held hands, and went out on the odd date, and when someone asked, they didn't deny it. And it wasn't as much of a fuss as they'd expected even when reporters caught wind that it wasn't just a rumour anymore. They still weren't sure how things would go once the hockey season started again, but for now, they enjoyed their time together without hiding.

So, Costco outings were a thing with two athletes getting ready for a new NHL season, and their now regular team meet-ups at Ilya's house. And while they weren't hiding their relationship, Shane did want to get their groceries over and done with with as little fanfare as possible. He guessed that might be asking too much when you were dating Ilya Rozanov.

"*You're* ridiculous," he corrected himself.

"Still do not know what you mean," Ilya answered with that adorable smirk of his.

Shane was dressed in head to toe black – a simple tee, joggers, and a plain baseball cap – while Ilya had opted for one of his 20 new Centaurs Stanley Cup Champions tees in bright red, matching ball cap, and shorts. He wasn't inconspicuous in the least.

"You might as well be walking around with a giant neon sign announcing you're here," Shane grumbled.

"It will not be so bad, I promise. It is quiet."

Of course, Ilya said that, but he loved the attention he'd been getting ever since the team had started winning. And Shane loved to see him happy, so he put up with it. Fans had been nice and respectful when they'd seen them out and about at restaurants or on obvious date nights. But for some reason, grocery shopping seemed to be fair game, and the Costco nearest the arena, and Ilya's Ottawa home, was filled with sports fans.

They managed to get through their shopping with only a few selfie requests, and only one girl asking for Ilya's phone number, much to his enjoyment and Shane's slight irritation (he was *right there!*). As they made their way to the cash registers, a little girl approached them, wearing a Centaurs jersey with Ilya's number visible on the sleeves.

"Mr. Ilya, sir?" she started, her voice as steady as could be, but her face betraying her actual level of excitement. "Could I get a picture with you, please?"

"How can I say no, when you have the best taste in hockey players," Ilya answered with a wink.

Shane stood aside as Ilya posed for a bunch of pictures with the little girl. And then he watched Ilya run off to one of the nearby aisles and come back with a giant pack of Sharpies, opening it and pulling out the black one from the pack.

"Ilya, you can't just open things we haven't bought."

“We will buy it. It is fine. They love me here.”

“That doesn’t mean you should be a bad example.” Shane nodded to the little girl.

Ilya rolled his eyes at Shane and looked at the little girl. “Promise you will not learn from my bad behaviour?”

“Promise,” she answered solemnly turning to Shane when Ilya uncapped the Sharpie and went to sign the back of her jersey, and nodding his way too. “Can you sign my jersey too, Mister Shane?”

“Me? But, it’s Ilya’s jersey.”

The little girl shrugged. “My daddy said you like Mr. Ilya like he likes mommy. You can both be on my jersey together since you’re together in real life.”

“It is very logical to me,” Ilya smiled at Shane, handing him the Sharpie.

Shane could feel his cheeks heat up and something tighten in his chest as he crouched down and signed his name underneath Ilya’s.

“Thank you! Have a good day,” the girl called as she left with her dad, who congratulated Ilya as they walked away.

Shane started back towards the cash, staying silent while they went through the line, and Ilya explained to the cashier why the Sharpies were opened with his usual charm.

“You okay,” Ilya asked when they’d left the store and were walking towards Shane’s SUV.

“Yeah, I’m fine. I just... I don’t know. It was weird but kinda nice seeing our names together like that.”

Ilya placed a hand on Shane’s lower back, stroking his thumb in a soothing little motion.

“Your name did look good on my jersey, yes.”

“Of course, leave it to you to make it weird.”

“I did not make it weird. Weird would be saying you’ve never worn my jersey before and I kinda want to see you in *just* my jersey. In bed. With me-”

“Okay, stop right there.” Shane opened the trunk of the Jeep. “How did you manage to make a sweet moment all sexy and kinky and shit?”

Ilya shrugged and pressed into his side. “And yet, you look like you are considering it.”

Before Shane could answer, someone came up to Ilya and asked for a picture. Shane filled the trunk and brought back the cart while Ilya chatted with the Centaur fan that had come by.

“Ottawa fans are great,” Ilya said when Shane returned. He flipped his ball cap backwards, then Shane’s sideways, earning himself a confused sound from his boyfriend, before he

kissed Shane.

“Again. You are really ridiculous.” Shane fixed his cap. “But yeah, your fans are nice.”

“I do not know why you keep saying I am ridiculous. Your hat was in the way, and I wanted to kiss you.” He pointed at his shirt. “And this? Not like I wore my victory rings from Boston and here. Or brought the Cup.”

“I’m so happy it’s in Vancouver with Wyatt right now. I wouldn’t put it past you to just bring it everywhere with us if you hadn’t brought it to that last day of camp already. Alright, ready to head home, or is there anyone else that needs your attention before we leave, Mr. Popular?”

Ilya made a point of avoiding Shane’s cap by turning his head sideways and kissing his nose, making him laugh. “Yes. And we can finish that conversation about you in my jersey. I think it should be a requirement for Stanley Cup winners to have sexy boyfriends in their jerseys waiting for them after games.”

Shane went around Ilya, towards the driver side. “I was hoping you’d forgotten about that.”

“Cute that you think I’d forget that great mental image.”

Shane sighed dramatically. “A boy can dream. Let’s get home before your ice cream melts and wrecks my car.”

Shane was fairly certain he heard Ilya mutter something about an excuse for an upgrade as they climbed on their respective sides.

This would definitely go down as one of Shane’s favourite summers.

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