

Press Conference

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Press Conference

by [PeaceLilies](#)

Summary

Ilya and Shane are at a press conference before the start of their first season as teammates

Notes

A very small little drabble based on this video [here](#)

I'm working on some longer form projects but just needed a small bit of silly fluff.

Enjoy! 💖

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

Ilya watched Shane pace around their bedroom, going back and forth from the dresser to the closet to the bathroom and back out again.

He changed his shirt twice and kept asking Ilya if his hair looked okay, to which Ilya replied that it was perfect, which was the truth. Though he wasn't sure why it mattered given that they would be at pre-season practice.

Ilya smiled a little to himself, amused and unsurprised by all of Shane's anxious energy. They were doing their first press conference together, as husbands and teammates, ahead of the season starting in October.

Practices had begun and the team was getting back together, figuring out dynamics, and line changes.

Shane had maybe the most difficult adjustment out of everyone, besides maybe the rookies.

He had to learn a new coaching style, he had to learn all new lines with all new teammates, and that was no easy task after eleven seasons in the same place.

But for all of Shane's rigidity at times, he was a flexible, coachable athlete. He was intuitive and was a workhorse on and off the ice. He would do whatever he had to in order to get it all right and make as smooth a transition onto the team as possible.

Ilya loved how Shane was making an effort to get to know the team and the team had really taken to him, which also hadn't surprised Ilya. Shane was incredibly endearing, especially when you got him to open up.

He got on with Bood and Hazy and Troy and Luca. The rookies were in awe of him, perhaps even a bit overwhelmed to have both Ilya Rozanov *and* Shane Hollander as teammates. The coaches and staff loved him because Shane was eager to please, wanting to be a good player. The very best.

Ilya loved him so fucking much he could hardly stand it.

And he loved that everyone loved Shane, too.

He was so fucking excited for this season and getting to play together, even if it was just on the powerplay.

Ilya stood from where he had been sitting on their bed, stepping into Shane's path. He rested his hands on his husband's shoulders, smoothing them down to his upper arms, and squeezed the muscle under his hands gently.

"Relax," he soothed gently.

Shane looked at him and sighed, nodding his head, and let his forehead thunk against Ilya's chest.

"I'm sorry," he murmured. "I'm just nervous."

Ilya hummed, closing his eyes and smiling, wrapping his arms around Shane comfortingly.

"I know. Is okay."

He kissed into Shane's hair lovingly, resting his cheek on top of his head, and rocking them from side to side.

"Will be okay. Is just a press conference like you have done a million times. No hard questions. Nothing scary."

"I know. I just want to make a good first impression."

"You will!" Ilya assured, chuckling softly. "You already have. You're you! There is nothing else you need to do."

Shane sighed and nodded, shifting a little so he could hug Ilya back, resting his head on his shoulder.

"I'm just gonna say that I'm excited to play with everyone and get to know them. I really like Coach Wiebe and the guys have been great and welcoming. And you and I are gonna keep it totally professional..."

Ilya nodded, too.

"See? Perfect! No notes."

Shane chuckled, squeezing him.

"I'm glad we're doing it together."

"Of course. I would not have it any other way."

Shane leaned away and looked up at Ilya, his dark eyes big and shiny, reminding Ilya of the pleading face emoji.

Too cute.

"Moy lyubimyy." Ilya's heart was full of such tenderness as he carefully brushed some of Shane's hair behind his ear, kissed the tip of Shane's adorable nose, and then kissed his mouth.

"We should get going."

"Yeah. Okay."

They finished changing, making sure they had all their gear, said goodbye to Anya, and were off to the rink for practice before the press conference.

Arriving at the arena was great.

The locker room was full of a palpable, excited energy. Ilya felt more himself than he had in quite some time, a combination of the new meds he was on and Shane.

While there had been some growing pains as they learned to live together for the first time, Ilya couldn't have been happier. He loved married life and he was glad that he and Shane got to experience so many more things together now that they were out.

While they changed into all their gear, Ilya made sure to give the rookies the attention they deserved from senior players. He teased Luca about a sophomore slump, chatted with Troy about how Harris was doing in his new position, and the double date they had planned for the coming weekend.

Ilya talked with Bood about how Cassie and Milo were doing and life as a new dad. He joked around with Nick Chouinard and Evan Dykstra. Hazy told him all about his and Lisa's trip to Japan, showing him some pictures. He even chatted a bit with Tanner Dillon.

And every so often he caught a glimpse of Shane, talking and laughing and blending in seamlessly.

No one said it outloud but Ilya could tell how everyone felt.

Good to have you back, Captain.

Coach came and talked to them and then they were all out on the ice, running drills, everyone getting back into the swing of things.

It was a good practice and Ilya enjoyed that Shane wasn't afraid to challenge or tease him, even in front of their teammates. Everyone seemed entertained by it, in fact, which was always a good thing in Ilya's eyes.

After practice, they hit the showers, changing into Ottawa Centaur hoodies with their numbers on them and basketball shorts, plus slides, before talking a little with Harris and some of the other media staff about the press conference.

"It's just a pre-season check-in," Harris said cheerful. "Nothing crazy. People are happy that you're here Shane, being a hometown guy and everything. You might get some more questions about how it feels to come home and all that. There could be questions about your relationship, the wedding, feel free to be vague if you want, we told everyone to respect your privacy, and that your personal lives are *personal*."

"Thanks, Harris," Shane said, looking a bit relieved.

"Don't mention it! I got you. Promise."

Ilya smiled, glance shifting to Shane, who looked marginally less nervous. Ilya rested a reassuring hand at the small of his back and Shane eased a bit more, shooting Ilya a grateful look.

He was getting better at accepting these small touches in public and Ilya was proud of him for that, too.

"Any questions or anything before we get out there?"

Ilya shook his head and looked at Shane.

"Nah. I think we got it."

"Great! Let's go!"

They followed Harris out into the conference room. Reporters sat in chairs in front of the slightly raised platform set up for Shane and Ilya with chairs and a table, the backdrop was the Ottawa Centaurs' logo and sponsorship by Calian.

The table in front of them was lined with phones, facedown, set to record, along with a few digital recorders.

"Hello everyone," Ilya greeted happily as he grabbed a seat.

"Hey guys," Shane added.

The press conference was as run of the mill as a press conference could be, except for the evident excitement that many of the reporters had about Shane being in Ottawa.

It was evident how all of Ottawa was so excited to have Shane play for them. Shane was Canada's hockey hero and he was the best of his hometown. They loved him here, always had, and Ilya could remember when he had been jealous of that.

Now he was just proud.

He answered a few question that were tossed his way, mostly about how he felt about this coming season, especially after how far the Centaurs had gotten last year in the playoffs, and how things felt to be teammates with his husband.

No one was weird about it and it seemed like genuine curiosity.

"Ilya, what kind of asset do you think Shane would be to the team?" someone asked.

Ilya, blank faced, held out a hand in Shane's direction as if to say, *well, look at him*.

The room laughed.

"He is Shane Hollander," Ilya replied, shrugging. "Best of the best. I think our depth at center is as deep as you can get."

He paused as another round of chuckles filled the room.

"But to answer the question, Shane is very skilled at many points on the ice. He is a strong goal scorer but also with assists. He can even play some defense. I think having him will make us scary to play against."

There were murmurs of agreement and Ilya glanced at Shane, whose cheeks had gone pink. Ilya smiled. He couldn't wait until they got home.

Most of the questions during the conference were directed at Shane, which was just fine. Ilya was happy to be a silent support there for him, watching him as he spoke, but he got distracted when the table started to vibrate.

"So, I think we're going to have a strong season and I'm looking forward to playing with the guys," Shane was saying as Ilya reached out, touching each phone to his left, feeling to see which one was vibrating. He moved to his right, looking for the culprit.

He found the right phone, picked it up, and turned it over.

Brian was the name on the screen with a photo of a smiling man giving a thumbs up.

Ilya answered the phone.

"Hello Brian, we are in the middle of a press conference," Ilya said, leaning back in his seat, as the audience of reporters started to laugh.

"Oh... hi? Is this... Ilya Rozanov?" the man said, sounding bewildered on the other end of the line.

"Yes, it is Ilya Rozanov. I think that the person who you are calling is going to have to call you back."

"Oh, yeah, sure, of course! I'm so sorry! Nice talking to you! I'm a big fan!"

Ilya smiled, nodding and chuckling a little. "Okay. Nice talking to you, too. Bye, Brian. Bye."

Ilya hung up as everyone laughed.

"Sorry!" A reporter said, though Ilya didn't see who it was.

"Whose phone was that?" Ilya asked, looking out into the crowd.

"That was mine," a man said, raising his hand. Kevin Rogers. He was a younger reporter, in his late twenties. Ilya liked him. He had a good sense of humor.

"I think you will be owing us for that next time, Kevin," Ilya said, standing up as Harris let everyone know that the press conference was over.

"I was wondering what you were doing," Shane said as he stood from his chair as well, smiling, amused, and much more relaxed.

"That was my best friend," Kevin said, coming up to retrieve his phone.

"You will have to buy coffee for everyone now," Ilya joked.

"Yeah. For sure," Kevin chuckled. "He's gonna freak knowing that he got to talk to you."

Ilya laughed. "I will sign something for him."

"Oh, you don't have to."

Ilya shrugged. "Why not?"

Ilya was able to get a puck and both he and Shane signed it for Brian, giving the puck to Kevin.

"Thanks, guys. That's awesome. Sorry again."

"No problem," Ilya assured.

He and Shane went back to the locker room after a small debrief with the media team, grabbing their stuff to head back home.

"See? Not so bad," Ilya said, slinging his arm over Shane's shoulders.

"No. Not at all," Shane sighed, his arm resting around Ilya's waist. "Thanks for being there."

"No problem. I am good comic relief. Take the pressure off."

Shane laughed, resting his head briefly on Ilya's shoulder. "I appreciate it."

"Anything for you, sweetheart."

Shane gave him a little squeeze and they let go of one another, heading out to the Jeep to get back home.

FIN

End Notes

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