

You're a wag Now, time to host away game watch parties

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by [peiceabread](#)

Summary

Ilya hosts his first away game watch party, working with Harris to make sure his apartment is perfect and everything is perfect

Or

Ilya defending his husband's hockey skills to someone who knows nothing about hockey

Notes

As always a quick note before the fic, fist off thank you to my beta readers who watched me crash out at 1am over Chiron's name. what can I say I am shit at spelling

If you are interested in becoming a beta reader, wanna suggest fic ideas or just chat about the show I have a discord server, you can join here. to become a beta reader check the announcements channel for a link to the form to sign up

discord.gg/e3SvBaeSZp

Along with that I also have a google sheet with all my fics organised bc we all know that fics get lost in this tag.

https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1K05xfC0cJCv7ujHKqze_KhG5l0KMbPKriZjNNvM4EWI/edit?usp=sharing

as always love you thank you for reading please don't forget to leave kudos and comments I love to read all your comments even the hate comments

"Anya, leave him. He is guest. You are hostess," Ilya called out from the kitchen, his voice carrying that familiar, gravelly edge. He was wearing an apron over a cashmere sweater, a gift from Shane that cost more than Ilya's first car in Russia. It was a strange look for the former Captain of the Centaurs, but retirement suited him in ways he hadn't expected.

"She's fine, Ilya," Harris laughed, leaning against the marble kitchen island. Harris looked far more relaxed than Ilya felt. Harris had been doing the 'supportive partner' thing for Troy for a long time. He was a pro at being the face in the stands. "Chiron needs to learn he's not the alpha in every room. Especially not this one."

Ilya grunted, his thumb absentmindedly catching on the edge of the platinum band on his ring finger. He spun it, a tell-tale sign of his restlessness. He wasn't used to being on this side of the season opener. For six seasons, he'd been the one wearing the 'C' for the Centaurs, the one delivering the pre-game speech that made rookies want to run through brick walls. Now, that 'C' was stitched onto Shane's jersey.

"I am not used to this," Ilya admitted, his finger still working the ring. "The hosting. Usually, I am the one on the screen, making the mistakes for people to talk about."

"Now you get to be the one talking," Harris said, reaching for a carrot stick from a vegetable tray that looked like it had been arranged with a protractor. "The girls are excited, you know. Sarah and Elena have been dying to get you into the group chat for years."

The "WAGs" group was descending on the penthouse for the first away game of the season. The doorbell rang, and the floodgates opened.

Sarah, the veteran captain's wife and unofficial matriarch of the team's families, led the charge with Elena, whose husband played on the second line. They were followed by a handful of others, including a younger woman Ilya didn't recognize—Madison, the girlfriend of Miller, the hotshot rookie defenseman who had been called up to fill the gap in the Centaurs' roster.

"Ilya! This place is gorgeous," Sarah said, pulling him into a hug that he stiffly but politely returned. "And are those homemade?"

"My mother's recipe," Ilya said, regaining his composure, though his hand went back to his wedding band the moment she let go. "Drink is over there. Put bags in the hall. Do not step on dogs."

For the next hour, the penthouse was a whirlwind of perfume, hockey talk, and the clinking of wine glasses. Ilya found himself sitting on the oversized sectional, Anya's head resting on his thigh, while Harris sat cross-legged on the floor with Chiron. Ilya listened more than he spoke, his eyes constantly darting to the 85-inch television.

When the puck dropped, the atmosphere shifted. The wives were savvy, but they watched through the lens of stress. The first period was a disaster. The Centaurs looked sluggish, and

Shane, specifically, was struggling to find a rhythm. He missed a clean pass in the neutral zone and got burned on a transition play that led to a goal for the opposition.

Ilya's thumb worked his ring with frantic speed. He could see exactly what was happening: Shane was overcompensating, trying to carry the legacy of Ilya's captaincy on his own shoulders while babysitting a defensive core that looked like they were on a public skate.

"Ouch," Madison, the rookie's girlfriend, chirped during a replay. She was swirling a glass of expensive Rosé. "Hollander looks like he's playing in sand. Is he always that slow at the start of the season? My Jason says the vets usually take a few weeks to wake up, but that was just... embarrassing."

The room went deathly quiet. Sarah shot Madison a warning look, and Elena actually choked on her drink. Harris froze, his hand pausing in Chiron's fur, and slowly looked over at Ilya.

Ilya didn't move. He didn't even look at her. He just kept his eyes on the screen as the buzzer sounded for the first intermission.

"It's just," Madison continued, oblivious to the sudden drop in temperature, "if you're the captain, you should probably be able to handle a basic cross-ice feed, right? Maybe he's finally hitting that age wall."

Ilya stood up. He didn't stomp; he just rose with the predatory grace that used to make NHL referees nervous. He walked over to the TV, picked up the remote, and hit the rewind button.

"Come here," Ilya said. It wasn't an invitation. It was a command.

Madison blinked, her smile faltering. "Oh, I was just—"

"Come. Here."

She stood up nervously and walked toward him. Ilya paused the frame. "You see this? This is the neutral zone trap. Your 'Jason' is standing here," he pointed to the rookie defenseman, "flat-footed. He has failed to gap up, which forces the center to drop deep to cover the lane. Shane is not 'slow.' Shane is covering two positions because the rookie is lost in the woods."

He hit play for three seconds and paused it again.

"Here," Ilya's voice was low and precise. "The pass is missed because the ice at this arena is famously shit in October. The puck bounces. Look at the rotation. Shane adjusts his blade, but the physics are impossible. He takes the hit to ensure the puck stays along the boards instead of turning it over in the slot. He saves a goal here. He does not 'look like he is in sand.' He is playing the only smart hockey on the ice while being hung out to dry by a boy who thinks defense is a suggestion."

Madison's face turned a deep, shameful red. "I just thought—"

"That is the problem," Ilya interrupted. He stepped toward the kitchen counter, picked up a small plate, and placed two steaming pierogis on it. He walked back and held it out to her.

"You do not know the game. This is fine. But when you are in my house, you do not speak of the Captain's 'embarrassment' when you cannot tell a 1-3-1 from a hole in the ground."

He thrust the plate toward her. "Eat pierogi. It is good. It's better than your opinions. Now, sit and be silent."

Madison took the plate with trembling hands and practically fell back into her seat.

"He will score in the second," Ilya muttered, sitting back down and finally letting his hand rest on Anya's fur. "He hit the door with his left glove. He only does that when he is ready to kill someone. And when Shane Hollander wants to kill someone, he usually puts the puck in the net first."

The second period started, and three minutes in, Shane took a pass off the boards, danced around the very defenseman who had burned him earlier, and ripped a snapshot into the top corner.

The penthouse erupted. By the time the game ended it was a 3-2 win for the Centaurs. As the women filtered out, Sarah lingered at the door, giving Ilya's arm a squeeze.

"You're going to fit in just fine, Ilya. We need someone who actually understands the power play in this group."

When the door finally closed and Harris headed out with a tuckered-out Chiron, the apartment returned to its quiet state. Ilya's phone buzzed. A FaceTime request from 'принцесса.'

Ilya answered, and Shane's sweaty, exhausted, but jubilant face filled the screen. He was still in his gear, the locker room noise echoing behind him.

"Ilya, tell me you saw that," Shane started, not even waiting for a hello. He looked ready to vibrate out of his skin. "Tell me you saw Miller on that third goal. I'm going to lose my mind. I'm actually going to lose it."

"I saw," Ilya said, a ghost of a smile touching his lips. "He was a tourist."

"A tourist? Ilya, he was a passenger! He was a stowaway!" Shane groaned, leaning his head back against the locker. "I'm out there trying to establish the cycle and he's drifting into the high slot like he's looking for a snack. I turned around after that first goal and asked him if he knew what a 'gap' was, and he just looked at me like I was speaking Greek. I miss you. I miss you so much. I miss having a partner who has a brain."

"You are the Captain now, Shane," Ilya reminded him, his thumb catching on his ring again, but this time with affection. "You have to teach the children."

"I don't want to teach them, I want to trade them!" Shane huffed, then sighed, his eyes softening as he looked at Ilya through the screen. "How was the party? Did you scare anyone? I saw the box score—I know you were probably spinning that ring of yours the whole first period."

"I terrified a rookie's girlfriend," Ilya said simply. "I gave her pierogi. She is now silent."

Shane barked a laugh, the tension finally leaving his shoulders. "That's my guy. God, I wish I was home. My legs are killing me and this ice was like skating on a Slushie."

"I told her that," Ilya nodded. "About the ice. Physics do not lie."

"No, they don't. And neither do I," Shane said, his voice dropping an octave. "I missed you. Every time I hit the bench, I looked for the guy with the grumpy face and the 'C'. It's weird seeing it on my own chest, Ilya."

"It looks good on you, Hollander," Ilya said firmly. "Now go eat. You need calories if you are going to carry the rookie for sixty more games."

"I love you, Ilya."

"I love you too. Call me when you get to hotel."

Ilya hung up and looked at Anya. The ring was still on his finger, and for the first time all night, he stopped spinning it.

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