

you're a wag now, enjoy it

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by [peiceabread](#)

Summary

I have made a discord server as a way to talk to more people from the fandom, along with that beta reader applications can be found in the announcements chat if you are interested - <https://discord.gg/e3SvBaeSZp>

Ilya gets added to the Montreal WAGs chat after his and Shanes relationship is revealed,
or

Ilya expects the "Metros Queens" group chat to be a trap. Shane worries it's a forum for judging him. Instead, they find brownies, hair product recommendations, and a surprising amount of support for their relationship.

Notes

WARNING!!!

This does not explicitly spoil anything from end game however it is set in that timeline so be warned and enjoy

Also thank you for all the comments kudos and bookmarks, I normally write for a dead fandom so the fics I have been posting over here doing so well has brought me so much joy

database of all my fics -

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

The phone buzzed against the marble countertop, a violent, angry vibration that seemed to echo the general sentiment of the hockey world lately.

Ilya Rozanov stared at it. He was currently trying to ignore the world, standing in the kitchen of the Toronto condo, waiting for the coffee machine to gurgle to life. The off-season was supposed to be quiet. It was supposed to be safe. But ever since the "incident"—the article, the fallout, the microscope they were currently living under—quiet was a luxury they couldn't afford.

The phone buzzed again. And again. A rapid-fire assault of notifications.

Ilya frowned, picking it up. He expected Twitter mentions, or maybe his agent telling him not to punch a paparazzo.

Instead, he saw a green icon. WhatsApp.

You have been added to "Metros Queens 🙌" Added by Jackie

Ilya blinked. He tapped the screen, his thumb hovering over the exit button immediately.

Jackie: *Adding Ilya! Be nice or I bite.*

Sarah: *FINALLY.*

Megan: *Omg hi Ilya!! 🙌*

Bree: *Welcome to the chaos.*

Ilya stared at the screen, his brow furrowing deeper and deeper. "Какого черта,".

"What's wrong?"

Ilya jumped slightly. Shane was standing in the doorway, wearing nothing but grey sweatpants and a look of perpetual low-level anxiety that hadn't left his face in weeks. His hair was a mess, the kind of mess Ilya usually loved, but today it just made Shane look frayed.

"Nothing," Ilya said, instinctively turning the screen away. "Just spam."

"Ilya." Shane walked over, his bare feet silent on the floor. He rested his chin on Ilya's shoulder, peering down. "You're making the face you make when Scott is talking. What is it?"

Ilya sighed and flipped the phone over. "Jackie added me to the Metros' wives group chat."

Shane stiffened against his back. "What? Why?"

"To torture me, I assume," Ilya said dryly. He scrolled through the flood of GIFs that were currently welcoming him. "Look at this. They are baiting me. They know the press is eating us alive. They probably want to see if I'll say something stupid so they can leak it."

"Jackie wouldn't do that," Shane said, though his voice wavered. He pulled back, leaning against the counter and crossing his arms. He began picking at his cuticles—a nervous habit Ilya hated seeing. "But... are they saying anything about me?"

Ilya looked up from the screen. "About you?"

"You know," Shane mumbled, eyes fixed on the floor. "About... how I ruined the team dynamic. Or how much of a distraction I am. The guys in the locker room, they don't say it to my face, but I know they think it. The wives probably talk."

Ilya felt a surge of protectiveness so sharp it tasted like copper. He looked back at the phone.

Jackie: *Ilya, tell Shane I found the hair stuff the likes they had one bottle left at Sephora.*

Sarah: *Also, does Shane eat gluten? Making brownies for the charity thing next week.*

"They are discussing brownies," Ilya reported flatly.

Shane blinked. "What?"

"Brownies. And your hair." Ilya shoved the phone into his pocket. "It is a psychological operation. They are trying to lull me into a false sense of security."

But the operation was persistent. A few days later, the phone pinged while they were watching TV.

Jackie: *Is he stressing? If he's spiraling, remind him of what Hayden told him after that loss in Nashville back in '21. It calmed him down then.*

Sarah: *Nashville? Shane wasn't even on the bus for that trip, he was injured. How do you know what Hayden told him?*

Bree: *Yeah, and didn't you say you barely spoke to Shane back then?*

Ilya watched the bubbles appear as Jackie typed, then stopped, then typed again.

Jackie: *I just meant... I heard Hayden on the phone!*

Megan: *You said they were in the locker room... Jackie, what are you hiding? 🙄*

Jackie: *Nothing! leave me alone lol*

Ilya looked at Shane, who was currently picking at a loose thread on the blanket, looking miserable. Jackie had been the only one who knew. She had covered for them, lied for them, and kept their secret when it could have blown up everything. She was floundering now to protect a timeline that didn't matter anymore.

Ilya unlocked the phone.

Ilya: *She knew. Jackie and Hayden have known about us for years.*

The chat froze. No typing bubbles for a solid minute.

Sarah: *SHUT UP.*

Megan: *OMG JACKIE.*

Bree: *You held out on us?!*

Jackie: *I promised! 🥹 And look at them, they're cute.*

Sarah: *Okay, fine. You're forgiven. But spill the tea later.*

Ilya snorted softly.

"What?" Shane asked, looking up.

"Jackie almost blew her cover," Ilya said, showing him the screen. "I had to save her."

Shane read the exchange, a small smile finally breaking through his anxiety. "She really did keep it a secret that long."

"She is a good liar," Ilya agreed. "A useful trait."

A few nights later, the Toronto condo was dark, lit only by the flickering blue light of the television. They had put on some action movie twenty minutes ago, but neither of them could recall a single plot point.

They were tangled together on the deep plush sofa, a mess of limbs and soft sighs. Ilya was boneless, head thrown back against the cushions, eyes half-closed as Shane worked his way down Ilya's bare chest. Shane's lips were warm, pressing open-mouthed kisses against Ilya's skin, his hands wandering over Ilya's ribs with a possessive familiarity that made his breath hitch.

It was perfect. It was quiet. It was—

Buzz.

Shane groaned against Ilya's skin, the vibration of it traveling straight to Ilya's heart. "Ignore it," Shane murmured, pressing a firmer kiss just above Ilya's abs.

Buzz. Buzz. Buzz.

The rhythm was frantic. It wasn't just a notification; it was an onslaught.

"It could be important," Ilya gasped, though he made no move to reach for the phone on the coffee table. He threaded his fingers through Shane's messy hair, tugging gently.

"It's eleven at night," Shane muttered, abandoning his task to rest his chin on Ilya's chest, looking up with dilated, frustrated eyes. "Unless the arena is on fire, I don't care."

Buzz-buzz-buzz-buzz.

The mood didn't just break; it shattered.

With a curse in Russian that would have made his mother faint, Ilya reached out and snatched the phone. The harsh white light of the screen blinded him for a second.

"Who is dying?" Shane asked, flopping his head back down on Ilya, defeated.

Ilya squinted at the screen. "No one. It is Sarah. And Megan. And... everyone."

Sarah: *Okay, so we saw the draft list. The kid from Sweden, Lindberg?*

Megan: *Cute. Very cute.*

Bree: *Does he have a girlfriend? I checked Insta, it's private.*

Jackie: *I'm on it. Give me ten minutes.*

Sarah: *Also, what about the goalie from Boston U? He looks like he's twelve, do we need to bake cookies?*

Ilya stared at the screen, the absurdity of the situation clashing violently with the fact that thirty seconds ago he was being very thoroughly seduced.

"They are scouting the rookies," Ilya told Shane, dropping his hand back to the sofa. "They want to know if the Swede is single and if the goalie needs cookies."

Shane let out a long, ragged sigh, rolling off Ilya to stare at the ceiling. "I hate them. I love them, but right now, I hate them."

Ilya felt a sudden pang of reality. The draft meant next season was coming. And next season meant... uncertainty. He looked at the chat, at the easy camaraderie he was currently spying on.

He sat up, dislodging Shane slightly, and typed.

Ilya: *Why am I reading this? Shane is likely being traded to my team. I should not be seeing Metros intel. Remove me.*

Shane sat up too, peering over Ilya's shoulder. "You're kicking yourself out?"

"It is only proper," Ilya said stiffly. "I am the enemy."

The response was immediate.

Jackie: *Lol no.*

Sarah: *Nice try, Rozanov.*

Megan: *You're a lifer now, babe. Sorry.*

Bree: *Even if Shane goes to the moon, you're stuck with us. We know too much.*

Jackie: *Plus, you're the only one who actually replies to my polls about wine night.*

Ilya stared at the words '*stuck with us*'. A warmth that had nothing to do with Shane's previous ministrations spread through his chest.

"Lifer," Shane read aloud, a soft smile touching his lips. He leaned in, pressing a kiss to Ilya's shoulder. "I told you. They like you."

"They are terrifying," Ilya corrected, though he didn't put the phone down immediately. "They are holding me hostage."

"Could be worse," Shane hummed, pulling Ilya back down into the cushions. "Put the phone away, Rozanov. You're stuck with them, but you're stuck with me first."

Ilya dropped the phone on the floor this time, face down. "Good."

Two weeks passed. The trade rumors started as a whisper and turned into a roar. *Shane Hollander to the Ottawa Centaurs.*

It made sense on paper. Ottawa needed a center to play alongside Ilya. Montreal needed cap space. And, though no one said it officially, the league probably wanted the "distraction" contained in one city rather than split across two.

"Shane," Ilya said softly.

"I just need to know," Shane said, his voice tight. "If I leave... if I go to Ottawa... the guys are going to feel like I abandoned them. The wives probably think I'm jumping ship because it got too hard."

Ilya looked at his phone. The chat was blowing up. He hadn't opened it for an hour, and there were forty-two unread messages.

He tapped it open.

NewsBot (Link): *Rumor Mill: Hollander to join Rozanov in Ottawa?*

Ilya's stomach tightened. He waited for the backlash. He waited for the '*Good riddance*' or the '*Finally less drama*.'

Sarah: *Noooooo! I'm going to miss him!* 😭

Megan: *Okay but... honestly?*

Jackie: *Honestly, thank god.*

Shane flinched when he saw Ilya's face. "They hate me. Tell me. I can take it."

"Read," Ilya commanded, shoving the phone into Shane's hand.

Shane hesitated, then looked down.

Jackie: *Thank god because watching those two pine for each other from different area codes was exhausting. They need to be on the same team.*

Bree: *Right?? Like, I'm sad Shane is leaving the Metros because he's a sweetheart, but Ilya looks like a kicked puppy half the season when Shane isn't around.*

Sarah: *It's safer for them, too. If they're together in Ottawa, less travel, less stress.*

Megan: *Plus, think of the power couple photos.*

Jackie: *Ilya, I see you reading this. Tell Shane that if he goes to Ottawa, we are still crashing your wedding.*

Shane read the messages, his eyes scanning back and forth rapidly. He stopped picking at his cuticles. A slow, disbelief-filled flush rose up his neck.

"They... they want us to play together?" Shane whispered.

"They think I look like a kicked puppy," Ilya grumbled, though there was no heat in it. "I do not look like a kicked puppy. I look stoic and mysterious."

Shane let out a wet, breathless laugh. He looked up, his eyes shining. "They aren't mad? They don't think I'm ruining the team?"

"Shane," Ilya said, taking the phone back and tossing it onto the cushion. He grabbed Shane's hand, lacing their fingers together. "The locker room is full of idiots who are scared of change. The group chat? They are..." He paused, searching for the word. "They are practical. And apparently, they like you more than they like me."

"They like *us*," Shane corrected, leaning into Ilya's space. The tension that had held his shoulders up to his ears for weeks seemed to finally snap.

Ilya picked up the phone one last time.

Ilya: *He says thank you. And I do not look like a puppy.*

He hit send.

Jackie: *Whatever you say, Rozanov. Just take care of him.*

Sarah:  

Ilya looked at Shane, who was currently resting his head on Ilya's shoulder, breathing easier than he had in months.

"See?" Ilya murmured, kissing the top of Shane's head. "Supportive. Annoying, but supportive."

"I think I'm gonna miss them," Shane said sleepily.

The official call came on a Tuesday morning. It was anti-climactic, really. A conference call, a few signatures faxed over, and suddenly Shane Hollander was an Ottawa Centaur.

Ilya was in the middle of taping up a box of books when his pocket vibrated. He didn't even have to look to know who it was.

Jackie: *IT IS DONE.*

Sarah: *OFFICIALLY OFFICIAL!* 🎉

Megan: *Congrats boys!! Ottawa better treat you right or we riot.*

Bree: *So happy you two finally get to be on the same bench. It's about time.*

"They know?" Shane asked, looking up from where he was folding jerseys.

"Of course they know," Ilya said, scrolling.

Jackie: *Seriously, keeping quiet about this for the last month has been harder than hiding the actual relationship. I almost slipped up at brunch so many times.*

Sarah: *We've had the 'Goodbye Shane / Hello Power Couple' party planned since May 1st.*

Ilya stared at the screen. They had known. They had been planning parties while he and Shane were sweating over contract clauses.

He tapped the keyboard.

Ilya: *Since I have successfully stolen your best player for my team, and Shane is no longer a Metro, I respectfully request to be removed. The mission is complete. Goodbye.*

He held his breath, thumb hovering over the 'Exit Group' button, but before he could press it, the admin privileges shifted.

Jackie changed the group description to "Metros & Honorary Ottawans 🇨🇦"

Jackie: *Denied.*

Megan: *You really thought you could escape?*

Sarah: *You're a lifer, Rozanov. We've already sent Shane's number to the Ottawa wives. You're both in their chat now too.*

Bree: *There is no escape. Only wine nights and hockey talk.*

Ilya showed the phone to Shane, who burst out laughing, the sound bright and unburdened in the empty apartment.

"I am trapped," Ilya declared, feigning horror. "I am surrounded on all sides."

"You love it," Shane grinned, tossing a folded jersey at him.

Ilya caught it, looking at the chat one last time before sliding the phone into his pocket. "I suppose," he murmured, "someone has to keep them in check."

The silence in the apartment lasted all of five seconds.

Buzz. Buzz.

Both phones—Ilya's in his hand, Shane's on the kitchen island—vibrated in perfect, terrifying unison. A long, sustained vibration that signaled a new group creation.

Ilya froze. Shane stopped laughing.

Slowly, warily, they both looked down at their screens.

You have been added to "Capital City Queens 🏛️" Added by Lisa

Lisa: *Welcome home, boys! ❤️*

Maria: *FINALLY. The band is back together.*

Tanya: *Jackie sent over the files. We are fully briefed on allergies, coffee orders, and emotional support protocols.*

Lisa: *We have so much to discuss. Brunch is on Sunday.*

Ilya stared at the word *files*.

"They have a dossier," Ilya said, his voice void of all hope. "They are exchanging data across provincial lines."

Shane was grinning so hard his eyes were crinkling at the corners. He tapped out a reply immediately.

Shane: *Hey everyone! Happy to be here. Thanks for having us.*

Shane: *But wait, quick question... aren't players technically not allowed in these chats? I thought it was strictly partners?*

Ilya: *Agreed. I was told my presence in the Montreal chat was a security breach. Now I am in two.*

Lisa: *Technically, yes. Rule #1: No players allowed.*

Maria: *However, Rule #2 states that all partners/spouses must be included.*

Tanya: *Since you are both dating a player, you are both technically WAGs. Therefore, you must be in the group chat.*

Lisa: *It's a loophole, boys. You can't argue with the bylaws.*

Ilya sighed, the sound heavy with the weight of his new reality. He typed his own response.

Ilya: *I surrender to the loophole. Just tell me what time brunch is.*

He looked up at Shane, who was beaming at him, looking lighter than he had in a year.

"Two groups," Ilya muttered, shaking his head. "I am going to need a second phone."

"Too late," Shane said, wrapping his arms around Ilya's waist and resting his chin on Ilya's shoulder to look at the stream of welcoming emojis flooding both their screens. "You're a WAG now, Rozanov. Embrace it."

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