You're a WAG now, it isn't always fun and games

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You're a WAG now, it isn't always fun and games

by peiceabread

Summary

When a message in the "WAGs + Shane and Ilya" group chat reveals that a teammate is cheating on his wife, the Ottawa Centaurs locker room becomes a hostile environment. Ilya Rozanov takes the betrayal personally, especially when said teammate decides to take his frustrations out on Shane.

Or: The one where the team excommunicates a cheater, Ilya throws a punch, and Shane just wants to get home to his dog.

Notes

Since y'all liked the idea of making a community discord for the show/fandom since the author sadly closed hers I have made one -

discord.gg/e3SvBaeSZp

In the announcements channel is an application for beta readers

database of all my fics - https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1K05xfC0cJCv7ujHKqze_KhG5l0KMbPKriZjNNvM4EWI/edit?usp=sharing

The group chat name was a joke that had stuck for three seasons now: **Centaurs WAGs + Shane and Ilya**.

Usually, it was a repository for charity gala coordination, recommendations for pediatricians, and photos of wine glasses on Tuesday nights. But when Shane Hollander's phone started vibrating incessantly against the marble kitchen island at 7:00 AM, he knew it wasn't about a wine tasting.

He picked it up, squinting against the morning light. Beside him, Ilya was meticulously slicing a grapefruit, looking too awake for a human being.

"What is it?" Ilya asked, noticing Shane's stillness.

Shane didn't answer. He just turned the screen toward his husband.

Sarah M: *I won't be in the box tonight, ladies (and Shane/Ilya). I'm taking the baby to my mom's in Montreal.* **Sarah M:***Since Doug decided that our four-month-old wasn't enough to keep him home, maybe the nanny he's been screwing can cheer him on instead.*

The silence in the kitchen was heavy.

"Doug," Ilya said, the name sounding like a curse. Doug Miller. Six-foot-four, two hundred and thirty pounds of power forward. He played on Ilya's right wing.

"Ilya," Shane warned, seeing the dark cloud descend over his husband's face.

Ilya set the knife down. "She is the sweetest woman. She brought us those cookies when we moved in. The baby is... he is tiny. He has the little cheeks."

"I know."

"And Miller is doing this?" Ilya's jaw worked. "No."

"You can't say anything," Shane said, though he felt sick too. "If Sarah put it in the chat, the locker room is going to know by noon, but you can't be the one to blow it up before the game."

Ilya picked up his coffee, his eyes cold and flat. "I won't say a word to him."

Ilya kept his promise. He didn't say a word to Doug Miller during morning skate.

He communicated entirely through the puck.

Every time Miller called for a pass, Ilya sent it just slightly too hard, or into his skates, disrupting his rhythm. When they ran drills, Ilya skated circles around the larger man, making Miller look slow, lumbering, and incompetent. It was a masterclass in humiliation. Miller was tripping over his own edges trying to keep up with Ilya's angry, jagged pace.

By the end of the session, the Coach blew the whistle, looking frustrated.

"Rozanov, a word," Coach Tremblay called out.

Ilya skated over, stopping with a spray of ice. He didn't look at the coach; he looked past him at Miller, who was bent over, gasping for air.

"He is slow today," Ilya said simply. "Heavy feet. Put Kinski on the first line. Miller will drag us down tonight."

Tremblay looked at Ilya, then at Miller. He didn't know about the group chat yet, but he knew hockey. And he knew when Ilya Rozanov decided someone wasn't playing with him, they weren't playing with him.

"Fine," Tremblay sighed. "Miller, Grey, second line."

Shane was the last one out of the showers. It was a habit from his anxiety days—waiting until the room was empty to avoid the noise—that he hadn't quite shaken. He dressed slowly, buttoning his shirt, thinking about getting home and ordering takeout.

He stepped out of the locker room into the concrete hallway that led to the player parking lot.

"Hey."

Shane stopped. Doug Miller was leaning against the wall. He was massive, taking up an unreasonable amount of space. He looked flushed and angry.

"Hey, Doug," Shane said, keeping his voice neutral. He shifted his kit bag on his shoulder. "Rough practice."

"Cut the crap, Hollander," Miller snapped, pushing off the wall. "What is your husband's fucking problem?"

Shane blinked, feigning innocence. "I don't know what you mean. Ilya's intense. You know that."

"He froze me out. Then he got me demoted to the second line." Miller took a step closer. Shane had to crane his neck back. Shane was five-ten—average for a human, small for a hockey player. Miller loomed over him like a tower block. "He's been glaring at me all morning. What did you tell him?"

"I didn't tell him anything," Shane said, stepping back. "Maybe you just played like shit, Doug."

It was the wrong thing to say.

Miller lunged. He grabbed the lapels of Shane's coat and slammed him backward.

Shane's back hit the cinderblock wall with a sickening *thud*, the air leaving his lungs in a sharp gasp. Miller's forearm pressed against his chest, pinning him there. The size difference

was suddenly terrifyingly apparent. Shane’s feet were barely finding traction.

"Don't lie to me," Miller spat, his face inches from Shane's. "I know how you WAGs talk. You little—"

"Get your hands off him."

The voice didn't shout. It was low, guttural, and vibrated with a violence that was far scarier than screaming.

Miller tried to turn, but he wasn't fast enough.

Ilya appeared from the locker room doorway. He didn't hesitate. He didn't posture. He stepped into the space, grabbed Miller by the shoulder to spin him around, and drove a fist into the center of Miller's face.

Crunch.

Miller staggered back, tripping over his own feet and landing hard on his ass on the rubber matting, clutching his nose. Blood started to pour through his fingers.

Ilya didn't follow him down. He stood over him, chest heaving, his knuckles already bruising. He pointed a shaking finger at Miller.

"You touch him," Ilya snarled, his accent thick, "you ever put your hands on my husband again, and I will make sure you are traded to a beer league in Siberia before the swelling goes down."

Miller stared up at him, shocked and bleeding. "He—"

"Get out of my sight," Ilya roared.

Miller scrambled up, clutching his face, and stumbled down the hallway toward the exit.

Ilya watched him go, radiating tension, before he whipped around to face the wall.

"Shane."

Shane was still pressed against the cinderblocks. His bag had dropped to the floor. His chest was heaving, short, shallow gasps escaping his lips. His eyes were wide and unfocused. The slam against the wall had rattled him, but the aggression—the sheer size of Miller—had triggered a panic response he hadn't felt in years.

"Shane, look at me."

Ilya’s face transformed. The terrifying enforcer vanished. He dropped his hands, showing Shane his palms, and stepped in slowly.

"I can't—I can't—" Shane wheezed, clutching his sternum.

"You can. You are okay," Ilya murmured. He reached out, telegraphing the movement, and when Shane didn't flinch, he pulled him into his arms.

Ilya ignored the blood on his own hand, wrapping Shane up tight, burying his face in Shane's neck. He felt solid. Real.

"*Solnyshko*," Ilya whispered into his skin. "*Moya dusha*. Breathe with me. In... out. That's it."

Shane squeezed his eyes shut, gripping the back of Ilya's jacket. "He was so big. I couldn't move."

"I know. I know, *lyubov moya*. I am here. He is gone." Ilya's voice was a low rumble against Shane's chest. He rubbed large, soothing circles on Shane's back. "I have you. I will kill him, but I have you."

"Don't kill him," Shane managed, a weak laugh bubbling up through the panic.

"Okay. I maim him a little bit," Ilya compromised, kissing Shane's temple, then his cheek, then his forehead. "You are safe. You are okay."

Footsteps thundered down the hall.

"What the hell is going on?" Coach Tremblay appeared, looking frantic. "Kinski texted me that—"

He stopped. He saw the blood on the floor. He saw his star captain cradling Shane Hollander against the wall, whispering in Russian, looking at the Coach with eyes that dared him to interrupt.

"Rozanov?" Tremblay asked, his voice softer.

Ilya didn't let go of Shane. He just turned his head, his expression stony.

"Miller slipped," Ilya said coldly. "And then he requested a trade."

Shane buried his face in Ilya's shoulder, his breathing finally evening out.

By 4:00 PM, the adrenaline from the hallway incident had faded into a dull, exhausted ache for Shane, but being home helped. Specifically, being on the floor of their living room with Anya helped.

The Golden Retriever was currently winning a tug-of-war contest with a rope toy, growling playfully while Shane let her drag his arm back and forth.

"You are going to ruin your suit before you even put it on," Ilya called out from the walk-in closet.

"I'm not wearing a suit yet," Shane countered, letting go of the rope so Anya tumbled backward with a happy snort. "I'm in sweats. Unlike you, who has been dressing for twenty minutes."

"Perfection takes time, Hollander."

Ilya emerged. He was wearing a deep burgundy three-piece suit that fit him like a second skin. It was aggressive, sharp, and undoubtedly expensive. He adjusted his cufflinks, looking at Shane expectantly.

"Well?"

Shane sat up, leaning back on his hands. "You look like a Bond villain. A sexy Bond villain."

"Good. That is the aesthetic." Ilya smoothed the lapel. "I want Miller to see me and think I have a laser waiting for him in the penalty box."

Shane's smile faltered slightly at the name, but he recovered quickly. "I think the broken nose might be reminder enough, Ilya."

Ilya's expression softened. He walked over, crouching down to scratch Anya behind the ears, but his eyes were on Shane. "You are okay?"

"I'm okay," Shane promised, reaching out to squeeze Ilya's knee. "Really. Just... ready to play."

Ilya's phone buzzed on the coffee table. He picked it up, glancing at the screen, and his eyebrows drew together.

"Who is it?" Shane asked.

"Sarah," Ilya said quietly.

He unlocked the phone.

Sarah M: *Hey Ilya. Weird question... is everything okay with you guys? Doug came home about an hour ago looking... rough. More bruised than normal practice. He said he slipped on a mat, but he's been cursing your name under his breath since he got in.*

Ilya stared at the screen. He could imagine Miller, icing his face, probably lying to his wife just like he lied to everyone else. He typed back slowly, his thumb hovering over the send button for a moment before pressing it.

Ilya R: *We are fine. Just hockey, Sarah. Listen, if you ever need help with the baby, or just need to get out of the house, you have my number and Shane's. We are always around.*

He didn't confirm the fight. He didn't deny it. He just offered the escape route he knew she might need sooner rather than later.

Sarah M: *Thanks, Ilya. That means a lot. Give Shane a hug for me.*

Ilya pocketed the phone and looked back at Shane, who was watching him curiously.

"She asked if I was okay," Ilya said, standing up and offering a hand to pull Shane off the floor. "I told her we are always here if she needs us."

Shane took his hand, letting Ilya pull him up into a standing hug. "You're a good guy, Rozanov. Don't let the scary suit fool anyone."

"I am terrible guy," Ilya murmured, pressing a kiss to Shane’s hair. "But for you, and for babies? I make exception."

The drive to the arena was quiet, the kind of focused silence that usually preceded a playoff game, not a regular-season Tuesday night against a bottom-tier team. Ilya drove with one hand on the wheel, the other resting on the console near Shane’s knee, a silent anchor.

They swiped their security badges and walked the familiar concrete path to the locker room. Shane could feel the eyes of the arena staff lingering a little longer than usual, sensing the weird energy radiating off his husband, but Ilya just stared straight ahead, his jaw set in a line that suggested murder was still a viable option on the table.

They weren’t late—punctuality was a religion for Ilya—but the room was already full when they walked in. Usually, this was the time for loud music, trash talk, and the distinct sound of stick tape being ripped off rolls.

Today, the volume was turned down to a murmur.

"Cap," Kinski nodded at Ilya, his voice subdued.

"Kinski," Ilya acknowledged, heading straight to his stall.

Shane moved to his own spot, peeling off his jacket. He could feel the tension vibrating in the air. The team knew something had happened in the hallway—you couldn't scrub blood off concrete perfectly in an hour—but they didn't know the whole story.

Then the door opened, and Doug Miller walked in.

The effect was instantaneous.

The low murmur of conversation didn't just fade; it was severed. The room went dead silent. The only sound was the heavy thud of Miller’s dress shoes on the rubber floor.

Miller looked terrible. His nose was packed with gauze, dark purple bruising already blooming under both eyes like a raccoon mask. His lip was split. He looked like he’d gone three rounds with a heavyweight, which, technically, he had.

He scanned the room, looking for a friendly face, someone to make a joke about 'roughhousing' with.

He found nothing.

Kinski, usually the first to crack a joke, suddenly found the taping of his stick to be the most fascinating thing in the world. The rookie defensemen, who usually worshipped the ground

Miller walked on, turned their backs to retie their skates.

The rumor mill, fueled by the WAGs group chat and the inevitable leaks, had done its work in record time. In the two hours since practice ended, the verdict had come down. It wasn't just that he'd cheated; it was the *way* he'd done it—abandoning a new mother and a four-month-old baby. In a room full of men who spent half the year away from their families and relied on the sanctity of 'home base,' it was a cardinal sin.

Miller walked to his stall, the silence stretching out, suffocating and thick. He slammed his bag down, the noise echoing like a gunshot.

"What is this?" Miller snapped, his voice nasally through the broken nose. "Funeral?"

Nobody answered.

Ilya didn't even look up. He was methodically lacing his skates, his movements precise and rhythmic. *Left over right. Pull. Tighten.*

Shane watched from across the room. He saw Miller look toward Grey, his usual linemate. Grey stood up, grabbed his water bottle, and walked to the other side of the room to talk to the backup goalie, leaving Miller standing alone in his corner of the locker room.

The message was clear: *You are on an island.*

Shane caught Ilya's eye across the room. Ilya gave him the smallest, almost imperceptible nod. The pack had spoken. Miller was still on the team, but he was no longer part of the family.

Warm-ups were excruciating.

Normally, the Centaurs operated like a well-oiled machine. Passes were crisp, chatter was constant, and there was a camaraderie that intimidated visiting teams before the puck even dropped. But tonight, there was a glitch in the system.

Whenever Miller touched the puck, the flow died. Passes to him were sloppy, or nonexistent. When he took a lap, no one tapped his shin pads. He was skating in a bubble of isolation, a ghost wearing a jersey.

The game started, and the divide became a chasm.

Shane and Ilya, reunited on the first line with Kinski filling the wing, were electric. They played with a terrifying synchronicity, feeding off each other's energy. Ilya was a man possessed, driving to the net with a ferocity that resulted in two goals in the first period alone.

But every time the second line came over the boards, the energy in the arena died.

Miller was trying too hard. He was chasing hits, over-skating the puck, desperate to prove he belonged. It made him sloppy.

Midway through the second period, it happened.

Miller had the puck along the boards in the offensive zone. An opposing defenseman—a gritty veteran known for borderline hits—lined him up.

In a normal game, a Centaur would have shouted a warning. *“Heads up!”* or *“Man on!”*

Tonight, the ice was silent.

Miller turned just in time to see the shoulder coming, but too late to brace himself. He was crunched into the glass with a bone-rattling impact. He crumpled to the ice, the wind knocked out of him, the puck skittering away.

Usually, if a teammate went down like that, especially after a questionable hit, the Centaurs would swarm. Gloves would drop. Facewashes would be administered. Someone would have to answer for touching one of their own.

But as Miller struggled to his knees, gasping for air, looking around for the cavalry... nothing happened.

Grey skated past him to the bench for a change. The defensemen collected the loose puck and cleared the zone, not even glancing at Miller.

The crowd went quiet, confused by the lack of response.

Miller hauled himself up, humiliated, and skated slowly to the bench. He slumped onto the wood, looking down the line of players.

"You're just going to let him hit me?" Miller wheezed, looking at Ilya.

Ilya sat perfectly still, staring out at the ice, his profile carved from granite. He didn't turn his head. He didn't blink.

"Play the game, Miller," Ilya said, his voice cold enough to freeze the water in the bottles. "You wanted to be a man who acts alone? Now you play alone."

Miller stared at him, then at Shane, then at the rest of the silent bench. The reality of his situation finally settled in, heavier than the hit he’d just taken. He hadn't just lost his wife. He hadn't just lost his first-line spot.

He had lost the shield. And on the ice, without the shield, you were prey.

The second intermission was a breaking point. The scoreboard read **4-2** for the visitors, a direct result of the disjointed play and the black hole that was the second line.

Coach Tremblay walked into the locker room, his face red. He didn't look at the whiteboard. He looked straight at Doug Miller, who was sitting with his head in his hands, nursing his ribs and his ego.

"Miller," Tremblay barked.

Miller looked up, his eyes defensive. "Coach, nobody is pass—"

"Take your gear off," Tremblay interrupted, his voice cutting through the excuses.

The room froze.

"What?" Miller blinked.

"You're done for the night," Tremblay said, gesturing to the door. "You're a liability out there. You're distracted, you're sloppy, and you're dragging my team down. Hit the showers."

Miller stood up, his face flushing a deep, ugly red. He looked around the room again, desperate for someone to argue on his behalf. But the silence remained absolute. Even the rookies looked at the floor.

With a curse, Miller ripped his jersey off, threw it onto the pile of dirty laundry, and stormed into the wet room.

As soon as the door swung shut behind him, the atmosphere in the locker room decompressed. It was as if a heavy fog had been lifted. Shoulders dropped. Breath was released.

Ilya stood up. He didn't make a speech. He didn't need to. He just looked at Shane, then at Kinski, then at the rest of the boys.

"We have twenty minutes," Ilya said, his voice steady. "We are down two goals. But now, we are just us. We play our game. We fix this."

The third period was a revelation.

Without the anchor of Miller's toxic presence, the Centaurs flew. They were lighter, faster, cleaner. The anger that had been simmering was channeled into pure, kinetic energy.

Seven minutes in, Kinski picked up a loose puck in the neutral zone, dangled past a defenseman, and roofed it. **4-3.**

The crowd, sensing the shift, woke up. The roar began to build.

Shane felt the change in his bones. He was flying. He and Ilya were telepathic again, knowing where the other would be before they even moved.

With three minutes left on the clock, Ilya won a faceoff in the offensive zone. He drew it back cleanly to the point. The shot came in, deflected off a skate, and bounced wide. Shane was there. He dug it out of the corner, spun away from a check, and saw Ilya cutting toward the net.

It was a risky pass, threading the needle through two defenders, but Shane didn't hesitate. He saucered the puck perfectly.

Ilya didn't even settle it. He one-timed it out of the air.

PING.

The sound of the puck hitting the crossbar and slamming into the net was the sweetest sound in the world.

4-4. The arena exploded. Ilya didn't celebrate with his usual stoicism. He turned, pointed directly at Shane, and skated into his arms. The whole team—minus one—swarmed them.

They had clawed their way back. They had proven they didn't need the rot.

Regulation ended in a tie. They were going to overtime.

Three-on-three hockey is a game of mistakes. It’s fast, brutal, and unforgiving.

Ilya, Shane, and their top defenseman started. They controlled the puck for the first two minutes, cycling, looking for an opening. Shane had a breakaway chance, but the opposing goalie made a miraculous toe save.

Then, disaster.

A bouncing puck at the blue line hopped over the defenseman's stick. The opposing forward, a speedster, was gone.

Ilya chased him down, his strides powerful and desperate, but the head start was too much. The forward deked, froze the goalie, and slid the puck into the open net.

Game over. 5-4.

The crowd groaned, but it wasn't an angry sound. It was the sound of respect for the fight.

Shane leaned over his knees, gasping for air, the disappointment stinging. They had come so close.

Ilya skated over to him, reaching out to tap his helmet.

"Head up," Ilya said, his breathing heavy but controlled. "We lost the point. But we won the room."

Shane looked up at his husband, sweat dripping into his eyes. He looked at the bench, where the team was filing off. There was no finger-pointing. No glaring. Just tired nods and pats on the back.

"Yeah," Shane said, straightening up. "Yeah, we did."

They had lost in overtime, but as they skated off the ice, leaving the empty space on the bench where Miller used to sit, it felt like a victory.

The trudge back to the locker room was heavy with physical exhaustion but light on emotional baggage. The boys were chatting again, the silence of the first two periods replaced by the familiar sounds of skates clacking on rubber and velcro ripping.

They pushed through the double doors, and the chatter faltered.

Doug Miller was there.

He was dressed in his suit, sitting on the bench in the middle of the room, staring at his phone. He looked up as the team filed in, his expression a mix of defensiveness and arrogance, as if daring someone to tell him to leave. He hadn't showered; his hair was still matted with sweat, and he smelled like stale effort and failure.

The team maneuvered around him like he was a pothole in the road. No one looked him in the eye.

Shane sat down in his stall, exhaling a long breath as he began to unlace his skates. Across the room, Kinski was pulling his jersey over his head. He stopped, looking directly at Miller, who was now scrolling aggressively on his phone.

"You know," Kinski said loudly, his voice cutting through the room. "I've played with guys who can't skate. I've played with guys who can't shoot. But Miller, you are, without a doubt, the biggest asshat I have ever met."

A few snorts of laughter erupted from the back of the room.

Miller’s head snapped up, his face flushing purple around the bruising. "Watch it, Kinski. Or what? You gonna cry about it?"

"No," Kinski said, throwing his jersey into the bin. "I'm just gonna enjoy watching you get traded to a team that doesn't know you yet."

Miller opened his mouth to retort, but the words died in his throat.

Shane looked over at Ilya.

Ilya was standing by his own stall, perfectly still. He hadn't started undressing yet. He was just watching Miller. His hands were loose at his sides, but the look on his face was terrifying. It wasn't the hot, reactive anger from the hallway earlier. This was cold. This was calculating.

His eyes were dark, fixated on Miller’s throat like a wolf deciding where to bite.

Shane felt a shiver go down his spine. Ilya wasn't done. The punch in the hallway had been for Shane. But this? The stare he was giving Miller now? That was for Sarah. That was for the baby. That was for the disrespect to the game they both worshipped.

Ilya took a slow step forward.

Shane quickly reached out, grabbing Ilya’s wrist. "Ilya. Shower. Let's go home."

Ilya didn't look at Shane immediately. He held the stare for one more agonizing second, letting Miller squirm under the weight of it, before he finally blinked and turned his head.

"Home," Ilya repeated, the word sounding like a promise. "Yes. Let's go home."

They showered and dressed in record time, the need to escape the toxic air of the room overriding their usual post-game routine. Shane buttoned his coat, watching Ilya adjust his tie in the mirror. The violence had drained out of Ilya’s posture, replaced by a cold, rigid disappointment.

They picked up their bags and headed for the door. The rest of the team was still murmuring quietly, but the circle around Miller remained unbroken.

As they passed the bench where Miller was still sitting, staring at the floor, Ilya stopped.

Shane tensed, his hand tightening on the strap of his bag, ready to intervene. But Ilya didn't raise a fist. He didn't even raise his voice. He just looked down at the man who had been his winger for two seasons.

"She is amazing woman," Ilya said, his voice cutting through the quiet room like a razor blade. "And your son... he is beautiful baby."

Miller looked up, his eyes bloodshot and defensive, opening his mouth to speak.

Ilya cut him off with a look of pure, unadulterated pity. "You do not deserve them, Doug. You have everything a man could want, and you threw it away like trash."

Ilya adjusted his grip on his bag, turning his back on him.

"You have wasted your life."

With that, Ilya put a hand on Shane's lower back and guided him out the door, leaving Miller sitting alone in the silence of his own making.

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