

## The Newlywed Game

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# The Newlywed Game

by [quantumoddiy](#)

## Summary

Welcome to a new season, Centaurs fans! We know you've missed our players just as much as we have, so our social media team has put together a welcome back treat! We're going to test the Centaurs' own power couple and see who knows their partner best! Enjoy and we'll see you on the ice!

## Notes

This is a Valentine's Day gift for my wonderful gf @hangsters! Love you endlessly <333

I know the idea of Shane announcing a pregnancy to Ilya via a silly promo video has come up on twitter before, if anyone knows someone I can credit for this idea, I'm more than happy to do so!

Also, I have been in this fandom since Ilya's brother was called Andrei so their son's name is not a reference to his brother! Just too stubborn to change it now

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

When Ilya was a teenager, he'd spend hours imagining what a career in the NHL would be like, the way nearly every kid who ever strapped on a pair of skates probably did. He daydreamed about stadiums packed full of roaring crowds, about seeing his face on posters and his name on the backs of jerseys, about more money than he'd ever be able to spend in a lifetime and beautiful women on his arm in thrumming nightclubs.

But, unlike those other kids, Ilya Rozanov had dreamed of other things. He'd dreamed of buying his mama a house of her very own, an American house with a huge backyard she could fill with flowers and thousands of miles between it and his father and a solid door she could lock and finally feel safe. He dreamed of a life where he didn't need anyone to tell him he was worthy, he'd be able to see it projected on LED screens a mile high. He dreamed of a life where no one cared who he fucked, where he could have any lovely thing that caught his eye, where he never had to be alone and maybe, just maybe, the voice in his head would stop.

Ilya had imagined a lot of things, when he pictured the day he would join the NHL and become its star.

He just hadn't imagined it would involve looking like a fool for the social media team.

"Harris wants to see us now?" he stared at his mate in disbelief, "We have not even got our skates on yet! We are not even in the building! I just *parked*."

Shane just shrugged, getting out of the car like he hadn't even noticed Ilya's confusion, "It's the start of pre-season. Guess we're not the only ones who have to hit the ground running... or skating, I guess."

"Not funny," Ilya grumbled, though Shane had never tried to be funny in his entire life, left to just follow his mate into the Centaurs' rink.

He really felt like his frustration was justified. Ilya loved his summers, he really did, in a way he never had before. Because now he had his mate, he had his wonderful son, he had a real family to share the off season with, Shane's and the one they'd made together with their teammates. Summers had become long, golden weeks spent hosting barbecues and game nights, taking Alexi to the zoo or the aquarium or the museum, watching him and Anya play in the lake while he sat on the porch, Shane nuzzling gently at his neck. It was perfect.

But the summer was over and Ilya was ready to get back on the ice. He'd started to get that itch, the restlessness he knew could only be fixed by throwing himself back out there and slamming someone into the boards, hearing the buzzer sound as the puck he fired landed square in the net. Winning the Stanley Cup last season had only made the urge stronger, Ilya was hungry for a full year playing with his mate again, with everyone knowing just how fucking good they were together.

The one thing he didn't want to do right now was go sit in Harris' office and film promo. But apparently that was what they were doing, Shane getting a text just as they were pulling into

the lot and announcing casually that they were needed before they headed to the locker room.

Which was suspicious in itself. Shane had to be just as restless as Ilya was, surely, he should be just as confused and frustrated as his mate. Promo was one of the things Shane hated most, it was his least favourite thing about being as big of a star as he was. He'd always told Ilya he felt awkward as hell in those videos, stiff and uncharismatic and robotic.

Which he was. But he didn't seem to think it was as adorable as Ilya thought.

But here he was, striding up to the media office without any complaint, hands in the pockets of his track pants like he didn't have a care in the world. Ilya frowned at the back of his mate's head, trying to remember the question they'd decided on in case they ever had to check whether one of them had been replaced by a clone.

"Don't look at me like that," Shane chuckled, not even needing to turn around, "He said it'll be ten minutes tops. Besides, it might be fun."

Ilya nearly tripped over his own feet in his shock, "Excuse me? You, Shane Hollander, are telling me that having a camera pointed at you and being asked questions *might be fun*?"

Shane paused outside the door to the office, shrugging again, "I don't know, it's just not quite as painful with the Centaurs, y'know? Besides, we owe Harris."

He didn't specify what exactly they owed Harris for and there was no need, the list was a mile long. The near constant supply of apple crisp, the thousands of small acts of kindness the man managed to cram into a day like he was some kind of Canadian superman, the times he and Troy had watched Anya for them. And he'd never, ever stop owing the man for keeping Shane company while he'd been in labour, stubbornly not telling Ilya until he'd wrapped up winning the goddamn Stanley Cup. He'd always associate Harris with one of the best moments of his entire life, when he'd ran up to him at center ice, in front of everyone who'd just watched their underdog team become champions, and told him to get his ass to the locker room because he was about to become a dad.

So yes, Ilya would owe Harris Drover for the rest of his life and he supposed that meant he wasn't allowed to sigh as he sat in the usual seats, had a microphone clipped to his collar and had a whiteboard put into his hands.

"Okay so, you guys ever heard of the Newlywed Game?" Harris had his usual beaming smile, moving to adjust the camera pointed at them.

"Yes," Shane replied genially, in the same moment that Ilya grumbled, "No."

"So it was this really old American game show from, like, the sixties or whatever. Super heteronormative obviously but the team thought it would be cute to play it with you guys. Especially seeing as you're hockey's new power couple," Harris rambled happily, making sure the angles were just so.

“We have been married for years though?” Ilya frowned, trying to resist the urge to draw a dick on his whiteboard.

“Oh, that’s just the name. Basically, I ask one of you a question and the other guy writes down what they think you’re gonna say. Then you actually answer and we flip the board, see if your mate got it right. Make sense?”

What didn’t make sense was the fact that he was sitting here rather than running a practice drill on the ice but Ilya chose not to mention that. Besides, it was starting to sound like fun. He would take any opportunity to show his mate off to the world, even if he’d rather be doing something else.

“Okay, I’ll put the intro in when I’m editing so we can dive straight in…” Harris pulled out a set of cards, putting on a fake, booming game show host voice, “Alright then! Shane Hollander, out of you and your mate, who is the better driver? Ilya, you can put your answer on your board.”

Ilya snorted, confidently writing his own name on his whiteboard. It wasn’t what Shane would say but it was the correct answer.

Sure enough, when prompted Shane rolled his eyes and said, “Me. Obviously.”

Ilya did a passable imitation of a klaxon flashing a huge red cross, “Wrong! I am clearly the better driver. Which one of us has driven a Ferrari before? Me, that’s who.”

Shane scoffed, knocking away the board as Ilya waved it in his face, “That’s not what makes you a good driver! Getting somewhere without risking your passengers life matters a little bit more!”

Ilya grinned, “Oh? So it was me who crashed into a snowbank when I was twenty one with Hayden Pike? It was me who had to pee in a bottle because it took two hours to be rescued?”

Shane spluttered, a flush creeping up his neck, “God, I wish he’d never told you that…”

Harris was beaming, clearly this kind of bickering was exactly what he’d been after. It always did very well on Twitter, from what Ilya could see.

“Alright, this one is for you, Ilya. What is Shane’s favourite movie, specifically if he’s actually being honest and not just trying to look cool.”

Ilya huffs, “My mate does not ever try to look cool. If he did, he would not dress this way.”

“Oh, fuck you,” Shane didn’t even look up from what he was writing, “Sorry Harris.”

“What, you think I don’t set aside at least an hour to bleep you guys? Come on…right, Ilya. Give us your answer. What’s Shane’s favourite movie?”

Ilya hadn’t actually taken the time to think of an answer but it came easily, “Spirited Away. In Japanese.”

Harris cheered as Shane turned his board to reveal he was right. He'd even drawn a little soot sprite in the corner of his board, surrounded by the candy stars.

"Our son is obsessed with it," Ilya couldn't help puffing his chest up proudly, "It has been playing on repeat for the last six weeks, neither of them are sick of it yet."

"You can't get sick of a perfect movie," Shane grinned, facing the camera, "My mom put it on for me when I was a kid, when she was teaching me Japanese. Alexi's picking it up really fast."

"I tried to put on cartoons to help with his Russian but they gave him nightmares," Ilya added.

"I was there when you put them on for him, I don't blame the poor little guy," Harris grins, "Well, folks, Ilya's ahead by one point. Let's see if Shane can catch up..."

Okay, Ilya had to admit, it got very fun very fast. He and Shane loved anything where they got to compete, especially now they played on the same team. And competing over who knew the other the best, who'd noticed the most little things about each other, who'd memorised the most happy moments of their long relationship, was maybe Ilya's new favourite sport. Soon the three of them were laughing so hard their faces ached and far longer than ten minutes had gone by.

Who is most likely to deal with a spider? Shane, though Ilya wouldn't let him kill them, they had to be carefully caught and safely placed outside. What is their favourite flavour of potato chip? Those horrible veggie chips that tasted like styrofoam. If they could only eat one food for the rest of their life what would it be? Chicken parm. Who is the better cook? Shane, Ilya never puts enough chili oil in anything because he's a baby. What's their favourite thing you wear? The other's jersey. Who snores? Both of them.

"Okay, okay, last question and then I'll let you go," Harris promised, "Wiebe's gonna have my ass for keeping you this long...right, it's for Ilya. If you get this, you win."

Ilya grinned, shooting Shane a smug look, "Easy. I haven't got one wrong yet."

Shane rolled his eyes, "I don't know, I'm feeling pretty confident..."

He didn't look it, Ilya realised suddenly. In fact, he looked nervous about something. His knee was bouncing, his fingers tapping restlessly on the arms of the chair, just like he'd do on his stick as they waited in the tunnel, before that moment where he'd take a deep breath and become the Shane Hollander that the rest of the world knew.

Ilya reached out and laid a hand on Shane's knee, both to stop it rattling and to comfort him. Whatever was bothering his love, they would find a solution.

Once he was done kicking his ass at this game.

"Let's see, eh?" Harris hummed, turning to his last card, "Okay, Ilya, here's your question..."

Ilya had a couple of possible questions and answers ready to go, waiting on the tip of his tongue. *Who is more likely to lose their keys? Me, I keep forgetting to follow Shane's rule to put them on the pegs. What is Shane's favourite colour? Red. What is Shane's go to karaoke song? If he's drunk enough, his mother can get him to do Dancing Queen, I have video, would you like to see?*

"...how many kids do you guys have?"

Ilya blinked, certain he must have misheard or he wasn't translating something properly.

"What kind of question is that? You are expecting me not to know how many children we have?" he demanded, his tone becoming prickly, "What was wrong with these men from the sixties?"

Harris didn't seem to notice, still smiling, "It's what's on the card, just take it as a free point if you think it's too easy. What's your answer, Ilya?"

Ilya folded his arms, "One. We have one kid. Alexi Ilyich Hollander. The best kid in the entire world.

Harris' voice was suddenly soft, suddenly thick like something was in his throat, "Shane?"

But Shane didn't say anything. And when Ilya turned to see what was written on his board, he understood why.

How could he speak when tears were shimmering in his eyes and his lips were pressed tightly together so he didn't start laughing?

On his board he'd written 'two'.

"Surprise..." Shane rasped, finally letting the tears fall and the grin break across his face.

Ilya stopped, the realisation hitting him full in the chest. Why they'd been called to do promo on the very first day back after summer. Why Harris was choked up. Why they hadn't seen anyone else in the building yet, despite the full lot. Why Shane wasn't fighting to get on the ice.

"You're pregnant," Ilya croaked, voice soft with wonder.

"Sorry I couldn't let you win the game, baby," Shane must have seen everything he'd ever wanted to see in Ilya's eyes, he looked so unbelievably happy, "But it was too good to pass up. And I'm sorry I won't be playing with you this season, I know we said we'd wait--"

Shane's ramblings, all his nervous energy pouring out of his mouth in the form of words the way it always did, Ilya smothered it in a huge hug, bounding out of his seat to snatch him up and clasp him as tightly as he dared. Because he had to hold him to believe this was real, he was actually here, actually hearing his mate tell him they were having another baby.

Ilya could hear Harris doing something between laughing and crying, he could hear the rest of their team pouring into the room and surrounding him and Shane, filling the tiny space

with cheers and hollers and a few tears of their own, like they'd won the Stanley Cup all over again but better. Because this would last for more than a season, more than a summer. This family Ilya had found would be his for the rest of his life.

Ilya Rozanov had imagined many things when he'd daydreamed about his future career in the NHL. Some things he'd been right about, some things he'd been devastatingly wrong about.

But he'd never imagined this. This was better than anything he ever could possibly have imagined.

## End Notes

I hope you enjoyed, please leave a comment if you did! I'm on Tumblr, @mollymauk-teafleak and always ready to talk hollanov!!

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