

To the Moon

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To the Moon

by [Strange_johnlock](#)

Summary

That's why retiring together had sounded so good to Ilya. But Shane wasn't ready yet. Shane loves hockey, and he is so happy with the Centaurs, that amazing team that had accepted him with open arms and so much love. And Ilya loves Shane, loves every part of him. He can wait. He can be patient. He can support his husband, and come to all of the home games, and maybe even travel to a few other cities to see him on the ice.

Ilya watches the first Centaurs home game after his retirement. He is not alone.

The Long Game Spoilers

Notes

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

Ilya ducks out of the rain and under the awning. His knee protests at the quick movement, but he has become an expert at ignoring it. Well, apart from the curse that escapes him, one that Shane would scold him for. But Shane is not here, so he will never know.

Ilya closes his umbrella, careful not to spill water all over himself, then pushes through the glass doors.

He has been to the Centaurs' arena a hundred times, for practice, for games, but never as a member of the audience. When he got hurt two years ago, he'd not wanted anything to do with hockey for a bit, had not wanted the fan's sympathy as he hobbled around on his crutches, instead watching from home, or at Yuna's and David's house. After more than six months, Ilya had been able to get back on the ice, join his team, and play his part in getting them their second Stanley cup. The memory makes him smile as Ilya makes his way to find his seat.

People recognize him, of course they do. He'd been the captain of their favourite team less than four months ago. Some smile, some nod, a few are brave enough to ask him for a selfie, and Ilya takes his time to chat with them. They are part of why he got to live the life he has. No one gets to play hockey for a living without the support of the fans and their loyalty to both the team and the players. Ilya is willing to give back to them, at least on good days. On bad days, all he wants is for people to leave him alone. Bad days are rare now. His medication helps. Therapy helps. His family helps.

Warm-up is already over when Ilya makes it to his seat, which is a pity. Ilya would have loved to see Shane stretch, that is always a treat. He sits, gaze wandering around the stadium. This is a new perspective on the place he'd spend so much time at. It looks bigger, somehow, than it does from the ice. Ilya waves back at Charlie, one of the security guards he's known for years. They used to chat regularly. Mostly about dogs.

Ilya feels his throat tightening. Somehow, seeing the older man makes him emotional. He has given this up, has ended his career. He is not part of the Centaurs anymore, not part of the best team in the NHL. He catches himself rubbing his knee, thumb digging into the skin. His injury had been a factor in retiring, but not the deciding one. Spending almost six months recovering had just started the thought process, forcing him to find things other than hockey that he enjoyed doing. He and Shane had talked about what life could look like for them after the NHL. Ilya could see Shane as a coach, or working in management. Shane Hollander lived for the sport, and would go mad without it, probably. Not Ilya. Ilya could do other things and be happy, as long as he came home to Shane after.

When the doctors had given him the okay to go back to work, the decision that the next season would be his last one had already been made in his mind. He did not want to be one of those old sad sacks clinging to a career when he could not give his all to it anymore. And he would not ruin his body, not more than he had already done.

Still, he loves the centaurs, and he realises just how much right now, sitting among their fans. This place, the people working here, had been a constant in his life for ten years. The

happiest years of his life. Being captain of the centaurs had only been made better by Shane joining the team five years ago.

Playing against each other had made them better hockey players, playing with each other had made them legendary, had earned the Centaurs their first cup, and their second, and Ilya had finally been able to be with Shane the way he wanted to. No waiting for the other to come back from a road trip, no weeks apart.

That's why retiring together had sounded so good to Ilya. But Shane wasn't ready yet. Shane loves hockey, and he is so happy with the Centaurs, that amazing team that had accepted him with open arms and so much love. And Ilya loves Shane, loves every part of him. He can wait. He can be patient. He can support his husband, and come to all of the home games, and maybe even travel to a few other cities to see him on the ice.

Ilya smiles at the thought of showing up to Montreal, or Boston unannounced, imagines the look of surprise on Hollander's face when he'd spot him in the crowd. He'd even wear the Centaurs jersey for him after, like any good fanboy would.

He might keep it on tonight.

Ilya rubs his hand over his face to hide the smile that is splitting his face. God, he is smitten with his husband, even after all these years. And he gets to be smitten in public now.

A movement catches his eyes, and Ilya's gaze is drawn to the screens that are now showing his face instead of the usual advertisements. Around him, the crowd starts to cheer, and Ilya would blush, but he is Russian, so he just gets up, waves, and turns to show the "Hollander" written across the back of his jacket.

That makes the arena erupt, and Ilya, finding the camera, winks at them.

"Former Centaurs captain, Ilya Rozanov is here tonight to support his team, and its new captain, Shane Hollander. Hollander has worn the "A" on his chest for three years now, and this is his first game with the "C". Must feel good to be captain again." The stadium speaker says, and Ilya is glad that the attention turns away from him and to his husband, deservedly so.

And then, the team finally enters the ice, one by one, and Ilya knows he loves every single one of them. He knows he is grinning like a crazy person about Haas, Hazy, Bood, Troy, the two rookies that have just started this year, playing their first game today. And finally, Shane Hollander, best player in the NHL. He looks so hot, long hair sticking out from under his helmet, eyes focused, lips pressed together as he draws his first circle on the ice.

"First game?" A voice asks, and Ilya is already raising an eyebrow before realising the guy a few seats down the row is not talking about him, but about the baby sleeping against his chest.

"Yes," He nods, putting a protective arm around his daughter. "Not sure she likes it. Find it boring, I think." He winks, and the guy laughs.

“Shane Hollander is a new dad.” Booms the commentator. “He and his husband have recently posted about their first child, but have kept their name private. We wish them both all the best and we expect a great performance from the Centaurs captain, with both his husband and baby watching.”

“You hear, Малышка? You need to wake up so Daddy can impress you,” Ilya says, lips pressed against her little hat. She is tucked snugly under his jacket in Ilya’s favourite baby wrap, her tiny fist curled in front of her face, dark hair falling into her face.

She is what has made retirement easy. She is what made him decide to step back from hockey. They had talked about having kids for years, but those conversations had become more serious with his knee injury. They had started the surrogacy process, knowing it would take a while, even with their money and influence. And just six weeks ago, Luna Irina Hollander-Rozanov (*No, Ilya, we are not going to spell it Loon-a. That is silly*) had been born, a little clone of her grandma Yuna.

Ilya had held her against his chest, realising, as he watched her blink her large eyes open, that he was now carrying his heart outside his chest, becoming so protective of her immediately. This protectiveness has had a grip on him ever since he exited the car with her earlier. He wants to be here, wants to show her this place, make her part of their life, but he also wants to hide her away from the world so nothing and no one can ever harm her. She is too little to understand, but Ilya understands it too well. People can be cruel, and there have been disgusting comments under their Instagram post. The world might change, but homophobes are not dying out. She will be confronted with them sooner or later, having two Dads. All he can do is keep her in this little, loving bubble of theirs for as long as possible, and still prepare her for the world outside.

On the ice, the puck is dropped, and Ilya watches Shane dance over the ice with it, as elegant and fast as ever, and his chest swells with pride. Thirty seconds into the game, and he is hooked, his love of hockey burning in his veins, stronger than it has in a long time. He catches himself yelling, and cursing – Shane will have him start a curse jar soon. Of that, he is sure, and he knows enough Russian by now to know when Ilya is being foul-mouthed. Maybe it was a bit of a mistake, teaching him.

“Fucking Pike. Don’t even bother,” he barks, as Hayden approaches Shane. He does not stand a chance, of course, but Ilya doesn’t see Shane passing the puck, because there is movement against his chest as Luna slowly wakes, grumbling and stretching, pink mouth pulling into a pout.

“Good morning, Малышка. Papa is sorry for yelling, but Uncle Hayden is being a di... dummy.” He runs the back of his pointer finger along her button nose, then her brow. “You woke up just in time. Daddy is playing now, look. He’s the one with pretty face.” He points down at the rink, nose and mouth resting against the top of her head. The picture Harris takes of this moment will go viral online, with the headline being: *Hockey expert already – Rozanov brings baby to first home game of the season.*

“You and I will go down there on the ice, when Daddy wins the cup,” Ilya explains to a baby who does not care at all, just happy to hear his voice. He wonders if Shane will play long

enough for her to have memories of this. “Motherfucker! Is ref blind?” He yells a moment later, then covers her ears, even though it is way too late for it.

First period ends, and Ilya uses the break to feed Luna her bottle. He sits at Harris’ desk as the Centaurs’ social media manager updates him on all the gossip, mostly the two rookies, and shows him pictures of Chiron, who is a happy, old man now. He misses the start of the second period, but is back in his seat for Shane’s second goal of the game, and for his third.

The game ends 4-2 for Ottawa, and Ilya is on his feet cheering with the crowd. Luna does not care, already back asleep, like her Dad has not just been brilliant. Ilya knows, though, and he carries his smile all the way to the locker room. Maybe he should not be here, the other partners don’t ever come to join the boys celebration, but Ilya uses his special status with the security team and finds himself surrounded by celebrating hockey players about fifteen minutes after the game ends.

Seeing Shane’s face light up is worth it. His husband is still in his gear, apart from his helmet and skates, and he is all sweaty and sexy, Ilya wants to eat him up. Instead, he waves the boys hello, then signs for Shane to step outside to the hallway for a second.

“Here to get your job back, Rozanov?” Shane closes the door behind him and steps into Ilya’s space. It’s quiet here with just the three of them, the bustle of the arena, a distant noise.

“Hmm, no. Here to congratulate my captain,” Ilya steps into his space to kiss him, palm against his sweaty cheek. “And maybe give you chance to show off Luna to the team.”

Shane beams at him. They have been so protective, so focused on their little bubble, that no one but Yuna, David and the Pikes have met their daughter yet, and Ilya has been the driving force behind it. All he wanted for those first weeks was to be wrapped up in his family and not let anyone near them.

“Are you sure?” Shane runs his fingers along his hair line, then dips down to kiss Luna’s nose. She stirs but does not wake.

“Yes, is time she meet the family, yes?” Ilya takes his jacket off, then carefully loosens the knot of the baby wrap. In a dance that is practiced by now, they carefully transfer Luna into Shane’s arms.

“I’m all sweaty, though,” Shane rests her against his chest.

“She will meet a lot of sweaty men in there. She won’t mind. And is bath day, today, anyway.” Ilya tucks the wrap into his bag. “I tell them to be quiet.”

With that, he pushes open the door to the locker room, and for a moment, it feels like a de-javu. “Hello, Centaurs. Congratulations on game,” he grins, and hugs first Hazy, then Bood.

“Roz,” Troy calls from across the room. “You already bored?”

“Nooo,” Ilya raises an eyebrow. “Got better company than the lot of you, now.” He beams, nods towards the hallway. “You all shut up, now, and meet princess, yes?”

It has the opposite effect, at first, as a dozen rough hockey players squeal in excitement. God, Ilya loves them all, loves them even more when they calm immediately when Shane enters, Luna so small in his arms.

“Good thing you used Shane’s swimmers,” Bood huffs. “She’s beautiful.” Ilya flips him off, but he secretly agrees. It had been an easy decision to make, what with Ilya’s mental health history, but also, he has the cutest, little kid now. And she bewitches everyone in the room, everyone turning soft at the sight of her.

One after the other, all the players hold her, and Ilya feels his throat tighten with emotion. Shane knows, of course, because he can always sense how he feels. Strong arms wrap around him from behind, and Ilya sinks back into his husband’s embrace. Shane must have taken most of his gear off, now, and he is all warm and soft against him.

“Okay?” Hollander whispers against his skin, and Ilya nods. It is not a lie. He is okay. Better than okay. This is where he wants to be, with his family and friends. Well, maybe not in this stinky locker room, but in life. Hockey has given him so much, he even owes this to the game: Having love, a husband, a baby, a home. None of that would have happened without hockey. And Ilya is forever grateful.

When he leaves the arena an hour later it is with his daughter in his arms, and his husband’s hand resting against his lower back. Ilya Rozanov has all he needs, and not even the rain can dampen his smile.

End Notes

My first fic in two years - I've missed this account. And a new fandom, how exciting! I am obsessed with both the books and the series. And there I thought I had escaped the fandom jail. :P

English is still my second language :P Thank you to Michy for beta reading

Also, how about some more parts of this?!

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