

Icons Night

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Icons Night

by [peiceabread](#)

Summary

One game a year the players are allowed to wear their hockey icon's jersey

Or

Ilya wears Shane's jersey and gets jealous at Shane for wearing another mans jersey

Notes

Okay I have a few things to say before the fic begins so feel free to skip

First of all as always thank you to my amazing beta readers who are better then me at writing, this was originally called icons night (but Ella isn't an icon) but I fear she is and I don't wanna lie,

If you are interested in becoming a beta reader or simply wanna chat bout the series/books/literally anything I have a discord server

discord.gg/e3SvBaeSZp

along with this I have a database that keep track of all of my fics including the tags

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

I would also like to thank the people who have supported me over this past week, I had to endure a situation where my work was stolen, I tried to contact the 'author' however they were extremely rude to me, I filed a report with AO3 and they decided to take the fic down which I am grateful for. thank you for all of your support on my work it means the world to me.

As always if you enjoy don't forget to leave kudos and a comment (or a hate comment I really don't care)

The Centaurs' locker room was a wreck, a loud, cramped mess of nerves and nostalgia. For "Icons Night," the usual warm up dress code had been tossed aside for a charity-driven free-for-all. Shane scanned the stalls, seeing a disjointed timeline of hockey history laid out in jerseys. Some were legendary. Others, like the mustard-yellow 70s Raiders sweater Troy Barrett was currently wrestling with, were just eyesores that probably should've stayed locked in a vault somewhere.

Shane stood by his stall, fingers catching on the heavy, scratchy wool of a vintage 1990s Montreal jersey. It had that specific, sharp metallic tang of dry-cleaning chemicals mixed with the earthy musk of a fabric that had been sitting in a box for decades. He'd dropped a ridiculous amount of money at a memorabilia auction for this Jean-Paul Levesque knit, insisting on the authentic version right down to the era-appropriate captain's 'C.' It felt like wearing a museum piece, even if the wool was already making the back of his neck itch.

Across the room, Zane Boodram was already relentless, heckling Barrett with practiced ease. "Jesus, Troy, did you dig that thing up in a backyard or just mug a grandfather for it? I'm pretty sure actual mothballs are falling out of your sleeves every time you move. The Raiders should've burned those during the rebrand."

"Shut it, Boodram," Barrett snapped, his face flushing a bright, irritated red as he fought with a stiff elbow pad that didn't quite fit the old-school cut. "It's got pedigree. This was a playoff jersey. You're wearing a Hartford Whalers sweater. Half the people in the stands tonight weren't even alive when that team folded. You look like a walking logo for a defunct insurance company."

Wyatt Hayes just chuckled into his coffee, leaning against his stall and making a pointed effort to keep his pristine Gretzky replica away from the fray. "At least the colors match, Zane. Troy looks like he's trying out for a role as a giant bottle of spicy mustard."

Shane turned out the noise, his focus shifting toward the doorway. He didn't need to look up to know who it was. He felt the shift in the room first.

Ilya was leaning against the frame, looking entirely too pleased with himself. But instead of some retired NHL legend, Ilya was draped in a Team Canada jersey that looked like it had been through a woodchipper. It was the white 2009 World Junior sweater, the colors were faded, the collar had frayed, and the shoulders were hanging a bit too low on Ilya's frame.

Shane's heart did a weird, uneven stutter. 2009. The year they met. The year Russia had snatched the gold in a final that still made Shane's jaw ache if he thought too long about that third-period collapse. Seeing Ilya in *that* specific jersey, the one Shane had sweated and bled in, felt like a deliberate, pointed provocation.

"Is that... mine?" Shane's voice was lower than he meant it to be, a rough edge of memory catching in his throat.

"The 2009 World Juniors," Ilya answered, his eyes dancing with that specific brand of arrogance he usually saved for game-winning goals. He smoothed a hand over the crest, fingers lingering on the maple leaf with a slow, deliberate stroke. "I remember a very scrawny, very loud kid from Canada wearing this. He was fast, he was annoying, and he wouldn't stop chirping me in the face-off circle. I spent that whole game thinking, *"I am going to ruin this boy's life."*

"You ended up marrying him instead," Haas called out, eyes never leaving his phone screen as he scrolled through social media. "Talk about a long-term play, Roz. Ruined his life by making him sign a marriage certificate."

"Same thing, really," Ilya jokes, finally crossing the room to crowd directly into Shane's space. He ignores the open stalls, preferring to stand close enough that Shane could smell the sharp scent of his pregame espresso. He ran a thumb over the 'C' on Shane's Montreal red. "And you? Who are you supposed to be? Some dinosaur from the Original Six? Did he play with a wooden stick and no helmet?"

"It's Jean-Paul Levesque," Shane defended, his chest puffing out just a fraction. "He was my hero, Ilya. I had his poster over my bed when I was seven. He's the whole reason I wanted to play center. My dad used to tell me if I skated half as well as Levesque, I'd make the show."

Ilya's eyes narrowed, his gaze sharpening on the nameplate as if he could burn the letters off with sheer willpower. "Levesque. The one with the hair? The one who spent every intermission checking his reflection in the glass? I remember the tapes. Very flashy, very little substance."

"He had great hair," Shane muttered, the heat creeping up his neck. "And he was the smoothest skater in the league. I used to spend hours in my driveway trying to mimic his backhand. Every kid in Ontario wanted to be him. He was a god in Qubec."

"And you liked him?" Ilya's tone dropped into that low, dangerous register. The playfulness vanished, replaced by the sharp, irrational possessiveness that Shane secretly lived for. Ilya stepped closer, his chest nearly brushing Shane's, effectively cutting off the rest of the room. "You liked him a lot? You were 'in love' with his skating? Should we call him? Ask for a woodworking lesson?"

Beside them, Barrett snorted as he finished taping his socks, the mustard-yellow Raiders sleeves flapping. "Careful, Ilya. I think Shane's got a type. Older guys with retired numbers and legendary flows. Better start growing your hair out and stop getting those expensive fades."

Ilya stiffened, crossing his arms over the stolen Canada jersey. The sight of the NHL's most famous Russian center wearing Shane's old Team Canada colors was surreal, but the sharp, stubborn pout on his face was pure Rozanov. "A childhood crush. How touching. You are wearing another man's name on your back. A man you 'obsessed' over while I was busy winning gold medals against you in this very shirt."

"Ilya, he's sixty-four years old!" Shane hissed, trying to keep their domestic drama from becoming the main event for the rest of the Centaurs, even though he knew it was a lost cause.

"And? Some men age like wine," Ilya countered, his accent thickening as it always did when he was genuinely annoyed. "He was tall? Handsome? You liked his *hair*? Maybe I should get a wig and a farm in Quebec since you clearly have a thing for lumberjacks."

"He's a grandfather! He builds chairs, Ilya! He probably goes to bed at eight PM!"

"Does he have a nice workshop?" Ilya snapped back. "Maybe you want to visit him so he can build you a dining set while you tell him how much you loved his backhand. I am sure he will find it very interesting to hear about your 'obsession'."

Zane Boodram barked out a laugh. "He's got you there, Shane. You did say he was handsome. Maybe we should invite him to the family lounge after the game and see if Ilya drops the gloves with a senior citizen. My money's on the guy with the woodshop."

Shane ignored the locker room peanut gallery and grabbed Ilya by the waist. He didn't care that Haas was likely filming this for the team's group chat or that Wyatt was grinning behind his coffee cup. He tugged Ilya forward, closing the small gap between them and forcing him to break the pout.

"Ilya. Look at me."

Ilya looked, his chin tilted up with that stubborn Russian pride. The white jersey made his eyes look incredibly blue, even if they were currently burning with mock-fury and very real possessiveness.

"I'm wearing this for the kids' charity," Shane said softly, his voice for Ilya alone, pitched beneath the roar of the room. "And because he was a hero when I was seven. But he is categorically not my type. You know that better than anyone."

Ilya huffed, his gaze raking over the Montreal red, though his expression was beginning to soften around the edges. "What is your type, then? Besides grandfathers who live in the woods and make furniture?"

Shane leaned in, his lips brushing the shell of Ilya's ear. "My type is a grumpy, arrogant Russian center who steals my first-ever international jersey out of the trophy room we're supposed to be sharing. I saw you looking for that yesterday, by the way. You went through three garment bags to find it. I watched you on the security camera."

Ilya didn't even look sheepish. He just shrugged. "It was behind your MVP plaque. Very difficult to reach. I almost strained a muscle raiding your history. It was worth it to see you look at me like this. You look like you want to tackle me to the carpet."

"My type," Shane continued, his hand sliding up to cup Ilya's jaw, his thumb smoothing over the slight stubble there, "is the man who beat me for gold in 2009 and has spent the last fifteen years making sure I never forget it."

Before Ilya could come up with a biting comeback, Shane leaned in and kissed him. It wasn't a quick pre-game peck; it was deep, lingering, and thoroughly possessive. Shane's fingers tangled in the hair at the nape of Ilya's neck, pulling him closer until they were pressed together from chest to knee, the scratchy wool of the vintage jerseys rubbing against each other.

"Oh, for God's sake," Boodram groaned, tossing a roll of sock tape at them. It bounced off Shane's shoulder unnoticed. "We hit the ice in ten minutes. Save the honeymoon for the bus home."

"Get a room! Or at least close the stall! Some of us are trying to focus on our Spicy Mustard history!" Barrett yelled, though he was grinning.

Shane ignored them, only pulling back when Ilya let out a soft, satisfied hum against his lips. The jealousy seemed to have melted away, replaced by a flushed, dazed expression that Shane found far more appealing.

"Fine," Ilya muttered, his grip on Shane's waist tightening as if to remind the room exactly who Shane belonged to. "But if I see you looking too closely at the retired banners tonight, I am telling the media you still sleep with that stuffed bear from when you were a baby. The one with the little felt hockey helmet."

"I haven't seen that thing in like 10 years, and you know it!" Shane laughed.

"I will lie," Ilya promised, a genuine smirk finally breaking through. He stole one more quick kiss before pulling away to grab his gloves. "Now move, Hollander. We have a game to win, and I want everyone to see you in your grandpa's clothes so they know how lucky you are to have a husband who actually knows how to win a gold medal."

Shane watched Ilya lead the way. Seeing the name *Hollander* and the number 24 on the back of a Team Canada jersey, worn by arguably the most famous Russian player in the world, was going to set the internet on fire before the first puck even dropped.

Wyatt Hayes walked past Shane, clapping him on the shoulder. "You know, for two guys who were supposedly 'deadly rivals,' you're both incredibly soft. It's disgusting, really."

"Shut up, Wyatt," Shane said, though he was grinning so wide his face ached.

Out on the ice for warm-ups, the atmosphere was electric. The "Icons Night" jerseys were a massive hit, but as Shane took his first lap, the Jumbotron zoomed in on Ilya. The stadium let out a confused then delighted roar as thirty thousand fans realized exactly what Rozanov was wearing.

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