

Game Day Superstition

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Game Day Superstition

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Summary

Shane's lips twitch and Ilya knows he's fighting off a smile. He knows immediately that his boyfriend is up to something.

“You are planning?”

Shane's grin breaks free as he corrects, “Plotting, maybe scheming.”

Ilya wags his gloved finger. “No matter the word, you are up to no good, Hollander.”

“Depends on who's asking,” he admits before skating away.

OR

Shane steals something of Ilya's and they both suffers the consequences.

Notes

Big ole thank you to Jos for beta reading 

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: [\[授权翻译\] 赛前仪式](#) by [hyacinthiassms1895](#)

Superstitions. Rituals. Routine. Quirks.

Every player has them, some as innocent as a game day playlist, others as bizarre as personifying their equipment to the point of conversing with it.

Ilya has several. His range from a kiss to his mother's necklace before he puts on a single piece of his uniform or equipment to the more recently added shower to his routine. The shower had been a necessary addition when the sight of a freckled-faced menace standing opposite him for face off became a common occurrence. Ilya has for the last few years had to attempt to relieve some of the pent-up sexual tension prior to even stepping foot into the same building as *Shane Hollander*. And once there's a deviation in pregame ritual it must be added to the agenda for every single game. Even if that means rubbing one off in the shower of various hotel rooms across North America to the image of big brown eyes and the memory of whimpers Ilya collects with diligence when the warm, wet heat is Shane's eager mouth rather than his own callus palm.

Ilya is currently halfway through his meticulous routine of sliding on his gear when he hears the disgruntled slamming of a hockey stick against the floor. He looks up to find Hammersmith desperately begging the Equipment Manager for an extra roll of tape.

"I've got the black you use, but not the gold you've been using on your knobs and shin guards." Chris, the head equipment manager, looks unruffled by the angry display and hurling of hockey gear. He is accustomed to the hotheaded frustration used to mask nerves and the explosive undercurrent of a pregame locker room.

Ilya rolls his eyes at the outrage twisting across Hammersmith's face. He interrupts the angry words forming on the man's lips. "Hammy, you use ugly tape two games now and skated like shit in both. Chris, do you favor."

Chris throws Ilya a grateful smile before moving to help one of the rookies with a tear in their jersey.

Hammersmith grumbles, "Oh fuck off, Rozanov."

Marlow laughs, "Roz has a point." Ilya smirks as Marlow winks at him over his shoulder before turning back to Hammersmith. "It is either the tape or whoever is responsible for the new marks on your neck."

Hammersmith's cheeks tint as he slaps his hand over his neck and Ilya shakes his head at how quickly he fell for Marley's tricks. "We will see tonight since no tape. Either the new lips or fucking tape."

Hammersmith mumbles under his breath as Marlow cackles before disappearing to brush his teeth—the burly man's own ritual that seemed perfectly normal until it was revealed he used sparkly bubblegum-flavored toothpaste. *It's been part of my pregame since I was six, can't go changing the flavor now, can I?*

Ilya returns his focus to his own process of getting ready, pausing only to send a suggestive text to the gorgeous man getting ready in the locker room on the other side of the building. When he sets his phone down next to the case containing his mouth guard, his hand bumps the black container. He tilts his head when it doesn't rattle. He quickly opens it and discovers it's empty.

Shit.

He starts rummaging through his bag trying to find the extra mouth guard he carries in the side pocket. He is relieved to find it neatly tucked in place next to a fresh pack of his favorite gum. He's a bit miffed that his favorite has apparently been left back in Boston but this one will do. It's the one he uses for practice and lacks the gold 81 that's snuck into the white silicone, but otherwise is the same. It has even seen game time before, as a substitute, when his favored one was dropped and landed too close to Peterson's boxers and there were no dire consequences.

He blows out a breath. It's fine. He's good.

Which means any bad vibes or disturbances on the ice can still solely be blamed exclusively on Hamersmith's new girl or lack of gold tape instead of Ilya having to use some unsanctioned equipment according to the laws of superstition and risking their success against Montreal.

Ilya checks his phone—another recent addition to the carefully crafted routine—to see the name Jane and just barely manages to suppress his smile. He slides his thumb over the screen.

*After I win tonight
I'm going to ride you
first your tongue
then your fingers
and finally your cock*

Ilya's stomach clenches at the uncharacteristic confidence, not in Shane's certainty of his team's success, there is never any doubt to be found there, but in the boldness in demanding his reward. Ilya will never admit to how fucking sexy it is when Shane asks for exactly what he wants.

Cute you think you'll win

I know I will

And if you don't?

*I open myself up
then ride your dick*

Fuck

Good luck 🍀

*Can't wait for the show
you always put on a good one*

Ilya isn't sure his pregame wank is doing him any good as his dick is far too interested in the image of Shane's head thrown back, exposing his long neck and his fingertips cutting into sweating skin as he rides Ilya's cock like it's an extension of himself.

"Pay up, Rook!" Ilya hears Marlow call out, chuckling. Ilya whips his head up as the chorus of laughs drowns out the disappointed groan. Ilya looks at Marlow with a raised eyebrow. The man's smile turns wicked as he explains, "Rook, didn't believe you blushed."

Ilya glares at Marlow in challenge, "Rook is Russian, he knows we do not do that."

"So you keep saying, but your Montreal girl always turns you into a lovesick Russian puppy."

"No. Never puppy. Bear. Big hungry Russian bear."

"Whatever you wanna tell yourself there, Scrappy Doo," Marlow teases.

Ilya's brows wrinkle in confusion. "What is scrappy do?"

"Cartoon the old man watched back in the day," someone calls out in a playful mocking tone.

"Ah, was large fierce bear?" Ilya nods, knowing good and well it was not. Even after all these years, only a few of them have picked up on the fact that Ilya understands far more than he lets on. Marlow is one of those few. He knows Ilya is fully aware he is being teased. Ilya tilts his head in mock concern. "Surprised, baby Marley was not scared by big bear."

"Been brave from my first breath, Roz." Marlow puffs up his chest.

Ilya nods in agreement. "Brave you say? So only fear is girls."

The room roars with laughter as Marlow shoves Ilya's shoulder while telling him to fuck off. Ilya loves these moments with his team almost as much as when they bring home titles. The camaraderie they have built over Ilya's time on the team is something he treasures. At least the majority of his teammates are decent people with big hearts and a deep love of hockey. They have each other's backs and have been there for years of shared milestones and life events.

He has held their children and joked with their wives at family shakes, dinners, birthday parties, and weddings. They are a family of sorts, especially for someone like Ilya who only recently found himself a place at the table during family dinners. It is that place surrounded by the Hollanders that makes it bearable to know that, if everything goes according to plan, this will be his last season here. Losing Boston will mean the loss of the first place thing he built for himself, the security net he wove by hand when he vowed to leave Russia behind.

But he no longer needs that security, not when it will only continue to keep him from the future he has spent a lifetime pretending he wasn't dreaming about.

He is ready to leap and he knows he can trust the arms that will catch him. He smiles at the thought as he pulls his jersey over his head and moves to corral his team towards the ice.

Both teams continue their rituals with meticulous warm-up routines. There are numbered taps along the boards and ice with their sticks. As well as avoiding specific colors of Gatorade. There are many hands raised and kisses blown to loved ones in the stands. He even catches the tail end of Shane's rigorous and thorough set of stretches. Ilya can't allow himself to watch in person when he knows just how useful that flexibility is and the way Shane's body looks in those positions without all that gear.

As they both wrap up and begin to prepare to rally their teams back into their locker rooms, Shane inches his way closer to the invisible barrier between teams. Ilya doesn't need to track the blue and red jersey to know exactly where the man is on the ice, he just knows. He allows himself to gravitate towards him.

"Hollander."

"Rozanov."

Ilya will never tire of this, the heat of competition, the rivalry on the ice. Their bitter rivalry has been played up with ease due to the dynamic way they move when opposite one another. The world saw them play harder and faster when on shared ice and thought it was born from a desire to prove themselves the best, but it has always been more about a match in skill. Of course, they had to be the fastest, hit the hardest, and play the smartest games of their careers when thrown onto the ice against one another because it was the only time there was no deficiency in skill by their opponent.

It is not their rivalry, but their joy in having met their match that lights the spark between them.

Shane's lips twitch and Ilya knows he's fighting off a smile. He knows immediately that his boyfriend is up to something.

"You are planning?"

Shane's grin breaks free as he corrects, "Plotting, maybe scheming."

Ilya wags his gloved finger, "No matter the word, you are up to no good, Hollander."

"Depends on who's asking," he admits before skating away at the sound of Pike's bellowing.

It is as he is crouching down into position for the puck drop that he finally learns exactly why Shane's eyes have been glittering with mischief all night. When they come face to face all the air is punched from his lungs and his mouth waters at the sheer audacity.

Stupidly Ilya's first thought is *I wonder how many times he cleaned that before putting it in his mouth.*

“You are thief now?” Ilya manages around his surprise.

Shane smirks, the white mouth guard dangling from his teeth catches the harsh lights, causing the glint of gold to flash beside the teasing pink tongue.

81

Ilya’s number.

Ilya’s mouth guard.

Shane has his, Ilya’s, mouth guard between his teeth as they face off on the ice in front of thousands. He desperately clings to the knowledge of all those eyes being on them in an effort to keep himself from snatching this infuriating man into a kiss or laying him out right there on center ice.

“*Misplace* something, Rozanov?”

Ilya can’t help but laugh.

That’s what this is about.

This summer when Ilya and Shane finally forced themselves to leave behind their sanctuary and return to the harsh reality of being fully together while still inside the cramped closet of secrecy, Ilya had unknowingly pilfered Shane’s favorite pair of socks. It was the pair Shane had worn during the entirety of Montreal’s successful Stanley Cup run. The poor man had been pissed after rummaging through both his and Ilya’s apartments and leaving them in a ransacked state in an attempt to find them only to come up empty-handed. Ilya purchased his devastated boyfriend a new pair with loons on them as a way to soften the blow and send him a bit of luck for his first game of the season.

So when the original faded blue pair with tape covering a hole in the heel turned up in Ilya’s Boston locker the night of his first home game Ilya was bewildered. All he could come up with was that they had somehow managed to make it into his equipment bag, then fallen out during one of the first practices back. With Shane’s first puck drop of the season being only thirty minutes after Ilya’s, and all the way in Montreal, there was no way to get them back into the man’s custody in time. Ilya wasn’t going to waste a chance to tease the man he was so desperately missing and maybe, just maybe, he had been eager to carry a piece of Shane with him onto the ice. So he slipped them on, snapping a quick picture before covering them with the bear ones that Yuna had given him over the summer after finding them in a shop and thinking of him.

He sent a picture of both to the Hollander Family Group chat. His heart flooded with that strange, familiar warmth when Yuna gushed over the sight of him wearing her gift as good luck during his opening game. Then laughed out loud as Shane’s fury came rolling through the phone.

Jane:

YOU STOLE MY FUCKING SOCKS!

No, you misplaced them

Jane:

*You asshole!!
You let me search
everywhere and you
had them the whole
time*

*I didn't know I had them
You checked my bag
I found them in my locker
Hockey fairy brought them*

Jane:

*HOCKEY FAIRY?
Oh fuck off! You stole them*

Papa H:

*Please don't tell me
you don't believe in
the hockey fairy.
We raised you better, Shane*

Momma H:

*Tread carefully, Darling
Don't want to go
pissing off the hockey fairy
before the first game of the
season*

Shane had been less than amused by the alliance of his parents and Ilya, but the night resulted in a win for both of their teams and cemented the socks' destiny. Ilya had thought the success of the loon socks had granted him forgiveness for a crime he did not commit.

He had clearly been wrong, and now he is face-to-face with the consequences of Shane's stubbornness.

Ilya laughs, "Worried bears more lucky than stupid Canadian birds?"

"Just leveling the playing field." The rest goes unsaid. *My lucky socks for your mouthguard.*

"Yes, less humiliating loss for you then," Ilya responds with a steadiness he does not feel. Shane, his Shane, his neurotic, overthinking, ball of nervous energy wrapped in soft skin and freckles is standing in front of him with stolen proof of their relationship between his teeth. There is an uncharacteristic boldness in risking being caught with Ilya Rosanov's mouth guard raging a storm of arousal in Ilya's belly.

Shane gives a wink—something that always looks so awkward and out of place against his rigid expression that it's possibly the most endearing sight in the world— and slides the mouth guard back into his mouth, making a subtle show of running his tongue along the rubbery plastic.

“Ready, gentlemen?” The ref asks.

And no, no Ilya is not ready because his boyfriend is claiming him in a crowded arena and no one else knows.

They both give a nod, though Ilya's is a bit jerky as he tries valiantly to drag his eyes away from Shane's upturned mouth.

Ilya does not win the face-off.

He does manage to steal the puck back but only after slamming Shane against the board. It does little to eliminate his current predicament, but his focus does snap back fully to the game.

By the third period, the game is tied with the Metros having scored last. Ilya is watching from his bench as Shane waves his gloved hands at Pike. He has Ilya's mouth guard hooked on his cheek as he scowls at something his teammate says. He is staring so hard at his boyfriend's profile that he almost misses his line change.

He shakes his head as he shoots across the ice. He's completely distracted by the bit of white plastic in his opponent's mouth while Ilya isn't even sure Shane remembers his antics as his mind has been consumed with hockey—the strategy, the competitiveness, and the adrenaline have pushed everything else out.

And if that's not the problem. Shane isn't actively trying to taunt Ilya, yet he is successful in tormenting him. Ilya should be pissed that Shane is actively chewing through his favorite mouth guard as he sits on the bench wide-eyed with focus. He should be annoyed that Shane has, on more than one occasion, hooked the stupid thing on his visor and risked notice. He should hate that Shane is making him work so much harder to keep his head in the game.

He's not though.

Not even a little.

Shane's constant need to chew on things never fails to distract Ilya. The oral fixation tends to leave Ilya constantly aware of the other man's mouth. He has spent more time than he'd care to admit watching the stupid way he grins around his own mouthguard. He once embarrassingly recognized when Shane showed up to a game with a new one within seconds, while being unable to name a single color of his teammates' mouth guards with any real confidence. Ilya knows the ways Shane holds his mouth when he's frustrated, grinding his teeth hard against the plastic. He is familiar with the playful way he chews the end of his mouthguard when he's excited and thrumming with nervous energy. He is so very fond of the way it never stays in place long, even as Shane skates around the rink. It is always being chewed and dangling from his mouth as he weaves around his opponents.

Knowing that it is *his mouthguard* being abused leaves him incapable of feeling anything but possessiveness.

Shane slams his weight against him on a drive towards the goal, forcing him to send the puck back to Marleau. Their skates tangle together giving Ilya just enough time to whisper, “You will keep that in your mouth tonight. Give you something to bite down on as I fuck you until you can’t walk without feeling me.”

Shane groans and shoves himself off Ilya, but he can see the blown pupils and deepening red on the freckled cheeks.

The next five minutes of the game are a blur until Ilya lines up for a shot with only a minute left on the clock. As the crowd erupts at the goal and the sounds of disappointed Metro fans fill the air, Ilya knows he’s won more than just the game. His eyes find Shane, who is already staring back, and he gives him a teasing wink.

The game goes into overtime because Shane has never in his life made things easy for Ilya. The sly, pleased smirk that was pointed Ilya’s way as he caught Shane’s eyes through the mass of blue and red jerseys crowding around him in celebration of the answering goal with only seconds on the clock will be added to the growing list of favorites Ilya keeps stored in the place he holds his greatest memories. He can’t even bring himself to be upset because winning never fails to look good on Shane.

He pulls his keys from his pockets and finds the unassuming silver one that was added to his key ring only a few months ago. He slides into the lock and turns it, feeling his heart squeeze at the soft sound of the click. He never thought Shane would allow him here, much less give him a key.

“Ilya?” He hears Shane call out from somewhere deeper into the apartment.

He kicks off his shoes, ignoring the tidy little row, but does manage to hang his jacket on the hook after dropping his keys into the bowl by Shane’s.

”No, ghost come to haunt you.”

Ilya can practically hear the answering eye roll, but it is forgotten when he walks into the bedroom to find Shane with his legs sprawled across the bed and leaning heavily against the headboard in a nest of too many pillows. He is already naked and water droplets drip from his damp hair and roll down his bare chest.

Ilya stands paralyzed in the doorway, clutching the strap of his bag. Shane tilts his head back and swallows hard. He is nervous, always is when on display. “You won.”

The raw voice wrapped around that admission propels him forward. He drops his bag and crawls up between the outstretched legs, careful not to touch. He looms just out of reach, Shane held in place by invisible ties and a desire to please. Ilya lets his eyes roam over his prize before leaning down to press a kiss just over Shane’s heart.

“You made that especially difficult tonight,” Ilya confesses then moves to press a tender kiss to Shane’s red, chapped lips. He pulls back, the words brush over Shane’s face as he asks, “Do you still have it?”

Shane nods.

“Good, put it back in your mouth.”

“You do it.” Shane looks to his nightstand where the little plastic box sits innocently.

Ilya reaches out for it, eyes locked on Shane. “So desperate to taste me you stole my mouthguard?”

Ilya chuckles at the blush that spreads down Shane’s chest and the way his eyes instinctively jump to Ilya’s crotch. Shane however shakes his head. “I boiled the fucking thing so many times trying to sanitize it and brushed it with my toothpaste to the point the only thing it tastes like is spearmint.”

Ilya snorts. “So I can gag you with my dick and lick my cum from your teeth but you have to *sanitize* my mouthguard?”

”It’s different.” Shane shrugs, but then stills as Ilya brings the mouth guard to his lips. His breath catches as he lets his mouth fall open and stares up at Ilya waiting.

Ilya slides it into his mouth and lets him adjust it with his tongue. “Good boy.”

Shane’s eyes flutter close and he lets out a low sigh. Ilya pulls back with a kiss to his forehead and moves into the chair Shane has settled into the middle of the room. “Open yourself up for me, sweetheart.”

Shane’s pretty pink lips part as his face goes slack and his hands begin to wander. Ilya watches with rapt attention as Shane pushes his fingers into his mouth and sucks. He is too aware of the white plastic cushioning them as Shane fucks his mouth with them until they are dripping. He circles his nipples, making them shine with his own spit so willing to put on a good show.

By the time he has moved on to fucking himself open with lube slick fingers as his jaw hangs loose exposing the stolen property, Ilya is gripping the arms of the chair to hold himself in place.

“Fuck, look at you.”

”Tell me.”

”Tell what?”

Shane’s eyes open slowly. His dark, dazed gaze knocks the air from Ilya’s lungs. There is lust in the hazy brown, so much of it, but there is also an unbearable amount of trust and love. Shane breathes out, “How I look.”

Ilya stands and moves to kneel on the bed between Shane's glistening thighs. His fingers tremble from either desire or his waning restraint as he looks down at this man he gets to call his. He can't hold back from touching and allows his finger to press in beside Shane's ear, earning a deep needy whine.

"Breathtaking." Ilya's thumb strokes the inside of the pale thigh. "So breathtaking."

Shane gives a languid grin. "Ilya."

It's muffled around the mouthguard and suddenly Ilya wants to hear him fully. He uses his free hand to pull the thing from Shane's mouth. It's less than graceful as the string of spit stretches until it snaps and falls down Shane's chin. It's filthy and erotic in a way that Shane only allows within the safety of Ilya's acceptance. Ilya swipes it away with his thumb which is immediately drawn in between Shane's lips.

"Fuck," he groans as Shane's dopey grin wraps around him in unbridled satisfaction.

Ilya watches mesmerized before pulling himself off the bed and earning a keening from Shane at the loss.

"I need-" Shane's voice breaks off as Ilya finally pulls his shirt over his head and exposes his muscled chest. "Fuck, I need you."

Ilya makes quick work of ridding himself of the rest of his clothes and crawling back onto the bed this time kissing up thick thighs and a defined abdomen. He licks across the sharp collarbone and bites his question into salty skin. "Still want to ride?"

"Yeah," Shane answers in a moan.

Ilya knows it won't last, that Shane would be more than happy to stay in the position they are in, but the tendrils of competitiveness are always the last to uncoil. Shane drags a groan out of both of them as he hastily sheaths Ilya inside him and settles on shaky legs, giving himself a moment to adjust. "Fuck, Ilya."

Ilya slides his hands up and down Shane's quivering thighs. "You have no idea how distracting you are on the ice."

"Always or just today?" Shane huffs out.

Before he can answer Shane starts moving and Ilya's grip on his hip tightens as his rocking turns to bouncing. "Always, Hollander, you are always a distraction."

Ilya just barely manages to keep his eyes open, unwilling to miss a moment of ecstasy playing out over the stunning face while afraid the sight will send him over the edge much faster than he'd like.

All it takes is a broken whimper for Ilya to know. He rolls them over and begins fucking into Shane hard. It tears a feral, fervent mix of praise and pleading from Shane until he's calling out Ilya's name with his release. It only takes a few more snaps of his hips for Ilya to follow.

After a moment of shared breaths and kisses pressed into any bit of skin they can reach, Shane groans. Ilya is already smiling when he realizes. Shane grumbles, “We forgot a condom.”

Ilya chuckles from where his face is tucked into Shane’s neck. “You never mind until after.”

“Yeah, because having cum leaking out of me during morning practice is not ideal,” Shane says with a sharp nip to Ilya’s ear.

Ilya hums at the images.

“Of course you like that.”

“Next time let me fill you with my cum before game, much more distracting than stealing mouthguard.”

“And what happens when I win? You going to retire and follow me around fucking me before games?”

Ilya groans, “What they say, like do not tease with good idea?”

“Don’t tempt me with a good time,” Shane supplies with a growing smile.

“Da, very good time.”

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