my goodluck charm

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by daylightsashley

Summary

"Roz! You saw Hollander out there?" Hayes asked. Stupid question. Ilya thought. Of course he saw Shane out there, it was hard to miss. Especially with the number 81 and his last name on his back. Shane didn't tell Ilya he was doing this, he wondered if that was the point.

"Yes." Ilya responded. He tried to keep his response as short as possible, not wanting to accidentally say anything he shouldn't.

"He lost a bet?" Bood asked.

or

Shane wears one of Ilya's jerseys to one of his games.

Notes

Hi! My very first hollanov fic, please be gentle with me. My best friend, Tami, got me into these two and I read both books in one single day. I was COMMITED. I locked in. And I couldn't get enough of them. This was a silly idea that came into my head and I couldn't stop thinking about it. And I hope you guys enjoy it as much as I loved writing it!!

little update as of 12-10 — I tweeted about a jersey fic of Ilya making Shane wear his jersey during the vegas scene ANDDD decided that fic will be the prequel to this,,, soooo that is coming soon as well,,, AND this is going to be a mini series!!! I have 2 other fics planned for this series (one is girl dads hollanov) SOOOO I am a busy busy bee!!! <3 Just wanted to update u guys if ur reading this <3

See the end of the work for more notes

They'd been talking about it for awhile, Ilya wanted to go public, Shane too, there was just too much at stake right now. With Ilya's team being in the playoffs for the first time since he joined the Ottawa Centaurs, coming out wasn't in the cards for them anytime soon.

Flash Back

"I want to tell people." Ilya spoke, they were at the dinner table, it was the first thing he contributed to the conversation. They weren't fighting, he wasn't giving Shane the silent treatment. But sometimes after long days, they like to bask in the quiet, just enjoy each other's company. Enjoy the slowness of their usually fast paced life.

"Ilya— What? Like your friends? Of course you can tell your friends." Shane was confused. He didn't know why Ilya thought he couldn't tell people. They've talked about this already, that was when Shane realized Ilya gave up so much for him— so much for them.

"The world. People. Everyone." Ilya responded.

"You want to go public?" Shane asked. He needed to make sure he understood Ilya correctly.

"Yes." Was all Ilya said.

"Playoffs. Your team is in the playoffs for the first time. I don't want to ruin that for you. I lost my chance, you don't get to lose yours" Shane responded. He wasn't angry that he lost, maybe slightly sad, but not angry. If anyone was going to win he would've wanted it to be Ilya, his boyfriend, the man he loves. There was no way Ilya was going to give up his chance at the cup, not if it was up to Shane.

"I do not want to wait anymore." Ilya sighed.

"We can do it the second you win your Stanley Cup. I'll come on the ice and kiss you on television." Shane laughed. If Scott Hunter can do it, why can't they?

"No. We can not copy Scott. We will do another way." Ilya started. "Yes. After I win though."

"If you win." Shane reminded him. He knew what Ilya meant, he just enjoyed fucking with him sometimes.

"We will win." Ilya smiled smugly.

"I know. Hurry up and finish. I want to go to bed with my boyfriend. I love you. I missed you so much."

Shane expected a witty remark from Ilya, instead he was hit with

"I missed you so much, sweetheart." In Russian.

Shane sat there with so much love in his eyes, looking across the table at his favorite person in the world. In that moment he realized there was nothing to be afraid of. Not if he had Ilya at his side. He couldn't wait to tell the whole world how much he loved him.

End of Flashback

Shane was nervous. The stunt he was about to pull was risky, he knew that, his parents knew that. His mom had questioned him a million times already.

"Shane, are you sure you want to do this?" Yuna asked. She already knew the answer— she knew it would be the same response she got the last three times.

"I'm sure mom. He deserves this. I deserve this." Shane spoke.

"You're right. I just wanted to make sure you're sure. I'm your mom, I worry about you." She sighed, placing a hand on his shoulder and slightly rubbing it.

It was Ottawa's last deciding factor if they were making it past the playoffs. It was 3-1. New York was in the lead. They needed to win this game. If they didn't win, they'd be kicked out of the playoffs and New York would be going to the Stanley Cup. Shane knew Ilya could do it.

All three of them were going to the game tonight, it was a home game. Shane had spoken to Ilya earlier in the morning. Ilya called him before practice. Shane could tell something was bothering him, he could hear his voice shaking on the phone.

"We have to win. We have no choice." Ilya spoke through the phone.

"You'll win." Shane responded. "I love you. Go win."

That's what sparked this plan. He wanted Ilya to see he was supporting him, it wasn't just him being on the sidelines, but there, cheering him on. Cheering his boyfriend on.

Ilya had plenty of jerseys hanging around everywhere. Shane picked the one that smelled like him the most, he wanted to be able to smell his boyfriend while wearing it. Sue him. He put a hoodie over the jersey, he didn't want it to be seen right away. This was a dangerous game he was playing. He needed to make sure Ilya's head was in the game before doing anything drastic.

This was a huge game, Shane wasn't going to mess it up for Ilya, though he would love to show up to the game, Rozanov on his back. But making sure Ilya would be okay was his first and only priority.

When they got there, to no surprise, it was completely packed out. The game hadn't even started yet and all the seats were practically taken. Shane was able to get decent seats himself, they did it this way for now. It was safer than getting tickets from each other without throwing off any warning bells.

Shane could see them all warming up, he saw Ilya on the ice, they made eye contact. They always managed to find each other even in a room of crowded people. Shane smiled softly at

him, mouthing “You got this.” Hoping that no one would see that. Ilya hit him with a quick wink before getting back into warmups.

The game started. The crowd roared. He could feel the electricity buzzing from the stands. It was different being on the bleachers, on the ice there’s so much adrenaline pumping through your body, he rarely ever felt the buzz in the room. It was always play hockey and play good. He was focused— determined. But in the stands— God. It felt so good. Don’t get it twisted, Shane loves hockey, he would never give it up. There was just something about being there— watching his boyfriend play. Hearing the crowd roar, feeling the excitement of his surroundings. It felt— surreal. Like something he’s never felt before. And he’s been to Ilya’s games before, once or twice. It just never felt like this. Maybe it’s his plan looming in the back of his head. Sitting there—waiting.

3-2

The score was close. There was only one period left in the game. They had to score, and send the game into overtime or they were knocked from the playoffs. He could see Ilya scrunching his face through his gear, he did that when he was focused.

“He’s playing really good tonight.” Yuna said, looking at Shane.

“He is. He always does.” Shane responded. It was true. Ilya always put on a hell of a game, he loved that about him.

They had just reached their intermission. He could see Ilya sitting on the benches with his teammates. They were resting. Probably also giving a pep talk on how to turn this around. Shane decided to make his move. Consider it some friendly encouragement from his boyfriend. Shane stood up, turning around so his back was facing the ice. He pulled the hoodie from his body, revealing the hoodie that sat underneath it. Placing the hoodie on the back of his seat, carefully and slowly turning around. Making sure Ilya would’ve seen the show he’s putting on. When he sat back down, he caught Ilya's gaze, he stared at him with full confusion. There were a couple of gasps in the crowd, but they were short lived. Intermission was nearly about to be over. This was the part that counted.

The clock started, the air felt different— not a bad different, just, different. He watched Ilya intensely, every single move he made, his eyes were glued to him. The intensity was there, Ilya was playing like a beast— like he came to win.

Which they did.

Everyone in the room was cheering, the rink was filled with screams and excitement. They were going into the Stanley Cup. This was it. They made it. One more game. Shane was so beyond proud of Ilya, there was the goofiest grin on his face.

“Should we wait for him?” Yuna asked, glaring at Shane.

“I’m gonna wait for him. You guys can go.” Shane responded. His mom loved Ilya but hated crowds like this. He knew she didn’t want to wait around. She’d congratulate him over the phone or the next time they saw each other.

He knew the drill through, it was going to be some time before he got to greet his boyfriend. A game after this, there was always going to be a lot of press surrounding it. And if there wasn't, there was definitely going to be a lot after what he pulled.

Ilya got off the ice after shaking hands with the other players. Sportsmanship. He knew that word. He had to be a good team
player. He was.

"Roz! You saw Hollander out there?" Hayes asked. Stupid question. Ilya thought. Of course he saw Shane out there, it was hard to miss. Especially with the number 81 and his last name on his back. Shane didn't tell Ilya he was doing this, he wondered if that was the point.

"Yes." Ilya responded. He tried to keep his response as short as possible, not wanting to accidentally say anything he shouldn't.

"He lost a bet?" Bood asked.

Ilya thought for a moment, saying he lost a bet would be the easiest way for this to go away, that would be the quick way out of this. But he didn't want to do that. Troy and Harris are both out and happy, Scott is. Why couldn't he? He knows his team would support him. They are his friends.

"No." Ilya started, taking a deep breath, "Uh—Shane— Fuck, what are the words— Shane is my boyfriend." He stumbled over his words. His English still wasn't the greatest, and when he was nervous it really showed.

"Man! I called it!" Haye's pat him on the back, giving him a toothy grin.

"Happy for you, man." Bood smiled.

Ilya smiled back. He knew it wasn't over though, the day, the night, the problems. His team was accepting, but he didn't know how everyone else would be, the rest of the NHL, the world. If there was a fight he'd be ready for, it was this one.

They all went separate ways before heading into the locker room, most games they could just go back and get changed and go, but this being the game it was it came with doing post game interviews. He managed to make it through every single interview without being asked about Shane, until the last one.

"Hollander is here. Did you see him?" The interviewer asked him. He knew he was prying for an answer. He'd let him wait for it.

"Yes. In the stands." Ilya responded, not giving too much away.

"He wasn't in his typical jersey. In fact, it looked like he was wearing your numbers?" The interviewer wasn't backing down.

"He was, yes." Ilya laughed.

“Was it a prank? Did someone accidentally switch out his jersey?” The interviewer prodded even harder.

“No prank. He’s wearing it for me— to support me. We are boyfriends.” Ilya proudly spoke.

“I— What? Boyfriends? You and Shane Hollander?” The interviewer stumbled over his words, a shocked expression on his face.

“Yes. Now. I would like to go celebrate with him. I will go now.” Ilya walked towards the locker room. He should be going out with his team tonight, he was going too. But all he wanted to do now was go home to his boyfriend.

It felt like time was moving in slow motion, he wanted to be out of the locker room, but he was moving as fast as he possibly could. He grabbed what he needed, which wasn’t much of anything. Since it was a home game he could keep most his stuff in the lockers, the team would come pick up the things they needed for the game

“You coming out tonight?” Haye’s asked, though it didn’t seem like a question. It felt like he was telling him to come out with them, though he knows Hayes would never do that. “Bring Hollander.” He winked at him before heading out of the locker room. Ilya could hear Harris chatting him up the second they got out.

That didn’t seem like such a bad idea, Shane coming out to spend time with his team, after they won. And simply because none of them even seemed to care. Why wouldn’t Ilya want his boyfriend to come with them? Who he really couldn’t stop thinking about kissing right now.

The media circus had already died down, most of the people were gone when he stepped out of the locker room. It was mostly families of both teams now. Shane noticed him first, “Hi. I was waiting in the lobby, but decided to come back here”

“Hollander!” Ilya laughed and kissed him. “You wear my jersey,” Ilya whispered quietly into the kiss.

“I hope you don’t mind?” Shane’s cheeks were bright red. He hadn’t gotten this far in plan.

“Hope I don’t mind? Nonsense. Do not mind at all.” Ilya winked at him. “Just very shocked. Did not expect that.”

“Yeah,” Shane blushed, pulling Ilya into a hug and burying his head into his neck.

“Team wants to go out tonight,” Ilya whispered to Shane.

“You should go, you won. I’m so proud of you.” Shane tightened his grip around Ilya.

“Yes. We both go. Shane Hollander was invited,” Ilya started, “You must wear my jersey still. That is only option.”

“Our first time out as a couple?” Shane asked, he knew how Ilya felt already about their situation. But since he was blindsided by this, Shane needed to make sure this was okay.

“Absolutely. Let’s go.” Ilya urged Shane to keep walking. They needed to drive back to their place, and he needed to shower. Ilya made sure Shane knew he was not invited to this shower. He needed to be quick, and there was no messing around, and with Shane, there would always be messing around.

Ilya made perfect timing in the shower and getting ready, and without any hiccups they were in the car heading to the bar the team was at. Shane decided he would drive so Ilya could have a drink or two if he wanted too.

“Roz!” Hayes called, waving him and Shane over to where they were sitting the second they walked into the busy bar. The room was buzzing, it wasn’t just the team mates there, but anyone who had anything to do with Centaurs.

“Hollander! What’s up man?” Bood asked, patting him on the back.

“Hey Bood. Congrats on your win,” Shane smiled at him.

There wasn’t much interaction with Shane after that, and he was okay with that, being there and being able to support Ilya was the only thing that mattered to him. It was nice sitting there at the table while Ilya and his teammates all bullshitted together. Even if he directly wasn’t involved, he felt included. Ilya made sure to make sure his presence was appreciated, he’d slightly squeeze his thigh or knock his knee up against Shane’s. It was nice. Shane thought this wasn't bad at all.

“You ready to go champ?” Shane asked Ilya when he noticed Ilya started to zone out. He knows when he does that at home, that’s usually Shane’s cue for them to head to bed.

“Mhm. Tired.” Ilya slurred, he drank more than Shane thought he was going too. But that was okay, Ilya was playing passenger princess tonight.

Shane waved goodbye to everyone, making the rounds before heading out the door. Ilya latched onto his arm like a lost puppy.

“You’re so drunk.” Shane giggled, before placing him into the passenger seat.

“Mhm. We go home and cuddle.” Ilya said, while resting his head against the top of the head rest.

Shane loved this side of Ilya, he always became even more clingy than he already was when he’s been drinking. Shane adored it— adored him.

The bar wasn’t that far from their place, in the matter of 10 minutes they were pulling up into the driveway and Shane was helping Ilya out of the passenger seat and into the house.

Ilya wasted no time, he knew exactly what he wanted, his man. He made grabby hands at Shane the whole way to the front door, and continued once they got inside.

“Go lay down, I’m gonna get you some water okay?” Shane kissed Ilya on the forehead. He was drunk, but not drunk enough that he couldn’t walk himself into the bedroom. Ilya just sometimes being spoiled. There was no shame or crime in that. Ilya let out a groan, stumbling

slightly to the bedroom. Shane could hear him banging into the side of the bed and an ouch coming from the bedroom. He chuckled to himself. Moments like this were priceless to him. They were memories that would stay inside his heart forever. God. He loved Ilya so much. He couldn't wait for forever with him.

Shane brought a crisp cup of water into the bedroom, just exactly how Ilya liked it after a night drinking. He might may no mind to it now, but once he wakes up in the middle of the night, mouth all dry, he'll be ecstatic he doesn't have to leave the bed.

"I know I said it already, but I'm so proud of you Ilya. You deserve this. I love you." Shane plopped into the bed next to him, peppering soft kisses on the mess of hair on top of Ilya's head.

"Am proud of you too. Was very brave today." Ilya responded to Shane. "You should wear my jersey more. You look very sexy. I love you."

"Yeah? Maybe I'll wear it to the cup, then you'll have to win." Shane teased him.

"Yes. My good luck charm." Ilya kissed Shane, before cuddling into his side.

Shane laid there with his heart full of so much love— so much happiness. There was nothing else in the world he wanted more than this. Hockey might've been his life, but Ilya— Ilya was his world. And shockingly, he felt a weight lifted off his chest. The air felt easier to breathe. The world didn't stop spinning, or explode because Shane Hollander was in love with a man. All of the fear of hiding— the fear of the NHL finding out disappeared. It didn't matter. Shane was in love, and happy. That was what mattered.

So in that moment, he knew exactly what he'd do, even though he knows after the stunt he pulled tonight would definitely land him inside the commissioners office. He didn't care. There was nothing anyone could say to get him off this fever high.

And he was going to wear his damn boyfriend's jersey to the Stanley Cup.

End Notes

kudos and comments are always appreciated! thank you guys for reading <3

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