

Pre-Game Suits (Loonlets)

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Pre-Game Suits (Loonlets)

by [strawhat_star](#)

Summary

The rookies set about questioning the limits of fun suits with the MHL dress code. Ilya helps.

Notes

I saw a comment suggesting something like this and I had to write it.

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

The rookies are already on the ice when Troy gets there for practice, standing together across the rink and whispering, their heads pressed together. Ilya, Shane, and Bood are all at the captain's meeting still, practice not officially starting for another forty-five minutes. Troy had been planning on getting some additional practice in with Wyatt but as he catches sight of the gathered rookies he debates going to hide in Harris' office instead. He doesn't actually get to make the decision though, as Luca catches sight of him across the rink and points him out to the others.

"Barrett!" LaPointe calls, waving him over towards them and then shoving at Young's shoulders so he'll skate across the ice to him when he realizes Troy doesn't have his skates on yet.

"We have a question." Young starts when he gets to him, leaning over the boards and glancing around worriedly like someone might overhear.

"I don't think I want to know-" Troy tries, but Luca grabs his sleeve and blinks at him and Troy hates him so much. "What?"

"We're allowed to have, like, fun suits for dress code right?" Young confirms, and Troy stares at them, trying to figure out where they're going with this.

"Yes?" Troy replies, and it's more of a question than he means it to be. "Yes, you can. Why?"

"We want to do matching suits." Holmber says.

"What about these matching suits you want to do require asking me about 'fun' suits?" Troy sighs, because he's not going to get a straight answer from them unless he directly asks like this.

"We figured Harris would know a suit guy." Holmber says, and that doesn't answer Troy's question at all.

"But we didn't want Hollzy to get suspicious. So we can't just go into his office and ask him directly." LaPointe continues, and that's closer to an answer.

"Also, do you think Roz would pay the fine for us if we all took off our suit jackets and revealed those fanmade 'Shane Hollander' shirts?" Young asks, and that's sort of an answer.

"You want to wear 'Shane Hollander' shirts to a game?" Troy checks, because most of the time he doesn't have a clue what the rookies are talking about.

"They want to do what?" Wyatt asks as he walks over, raising a brow at their little group. "I thought we were practicing."

"Rooks are holding the ice hostage." Troy says, and Luca who hadn't realized he'd been leaning against the door steps over a little as LaPointe quickly steps back in front of the door to block it.

“We want to wear those Shane Hollander shirts under themed loon-lined suit jackets to the next Montreal game.” Young says, and Troy’s only a little annoyed that they answer properly now that Wyatt’s here when he’d been pulling teeth to get half of that information out of them.

“We were wondering if Harris knew a suit guy who could do the lining for us, and if he thought Roz would pay the dress code fines for us if we did it.” LaPointe adds, glancing at Troy and then turning to Wyatt. “Do you think he would?”

“If you got him a suit as well.” Wyatt nods, because Roz would absolutely jump at any idea that let him show off his husband, especially one that would make Shane embarrassed for days like this one would.

“How do we ask him without make Hollzy suspicious though?” Young asks, frowning a little. “It has to be a surprise. Also Roz can’t have a loonlet suit lining, he’s not a loonlet. He can have a regular loon I guess? Or a bear?”

“Also do you think we could get the whole team in on it?” Holmber asks, eyes sparkling mischievously.

“Ask Roz about it first.” Wyatt says. “I’ll pull Hollzy away for a few minutes at practice so you have a chance to ask, but you have to talk to him yourselves.”

“Really?”

“Yes. Now step aside so we can practice.” Wyatt shakes his head as the rookies scatter from where they’d been leaning on the boards, skating back around towards the other side of the rink to debate who will talk to Roz while Troy and Wyatt step onto the ice.

“You think Roz agrees?” Troy wonders as they skate towards the net, and Wyatt glances back at him with a ‘are you kidding’ look before laughing softly.

“I think Roz will offer to pay for the shirts, suits, and the fines.”

“You’re all insane.” Coach Wiebe laughs at them as they show up for the game, shaking his head at them as Young and LaPointe open their jackets to show off the loonlet patterned lining and the ‘Shane Hollander’ shirts underneath.

Young and Holmber beam like he’s just complemented them in practice, lazily pushing their shoulders against each other while they wait for Luca to arrive. Ilya and Shane had, unsurprisingly, been the first to the rink. So the rookies had made their big reveal plan around that, texting Ilya when they got there so he could bring Shane back up to redo photos with the excuse that the lights hadn’t been set up yet. Harris had set up his phone recording as well, so the team photographer would get the rookie’s reveal and Harris would capture Shane’s reaction.

“I thought you were joking when you first said you were going to do this.” Wyatt laughs at them, leaning against the wall near Troy and Dykstra a few feet over from Harris and the team photographer.

“How many games do you think they’re wearing those suit jackets to?” Dykstra wonders, nudging Chouinard with his shoulder.

“I don’t know if we’ll ever see them in another suit jacket again.” Troy sighs, shaking his head. “Loonlets for Hollzy and Roz bought them, those things are about to be *everywhere*.”

“Roz actually paid for them?” Harris asks, because he’d heard a little about the plan after it had taken off but not much.

“They’ve got ties with these hand-embroidered loonlets on the bottom too.” Wyatt answers.

He’d been subject to every part of the rookies' suit fitting and decision making process, because Ilya refused to outright lie to Shane but didn’t want to ruin the surprise. So he made Wyatt go along, so Ilya could say he was going out to lunch with Wyatt and it wasn’t a lie. It was sweet, Wyatt would admit, but he also really wished he could get back the two hours he spent watching them debate over different types and patterns of loonlet fabric, which he hadn’t even really thought was a thing.

“Oh yeah, you had to go with them.” Dykstra remembers, patting Wyatt’s shoulder sympathetically.

“I’m never shopping with them again.” Wyatt murmurs, shaking his head as Holmber says something to Young that makes him cackle while LaPointe smacks him.

“Sorry!” Luca calls, jogging down the hall and then slowing to a walk as soon as he catches sight of Harris and the team photographer. “Sorry.”

“You’re fine.” LaPointe promises, lightly shoving at Young and Holmber so they’re out of frame as Luca gets his arrival shots taken.

“That’s good.” The team photographer nods, and Harris waves Luca back up the hall towards the others as Wyatt texts Ilya that the rookies are ready.

“You guys join them or get out of the hall.” Harris says as he turns to the group of them, because he’d had to look through all of their files with Coach Wiebe to get their sizes when Roz ordered the ‘Shane Hollander’ shirts and he knows they all have them.

“Behind us.” Young complains, swatting at Chouinard when he stops directly in front of him.

“He is right behind me.” Ilya says, sprinting up the hall to stand beside the rookies.

“Why are you running?” Shane calls after him, stopping short as he turns the corner and sees the team all standing together waiting. “Did I miss a memo about team photos?”

“Suits.” LaPointe instructs, all of the rookies and Ilya undoing their suit jackets and pull one side open so their shirts are still partially hidden but the suit lining is visible.

The rookies all have a custom fabric stamped with a loon and four loonlets, while Ilya's has a mix of loons and bears. Shane does a half laugh half snort when he sees them, nose scrunching up as he smiles at them.

"And shirts." Holmber continues, the group of them pulling the other side of their suit jackets open while the group behind them undo and fully open their suit jackets.

"What the fuck?" Shane laughs out, cheeks already a bright pink as he steps back a little and tries to hide his face with his hands.

"Moya lyubimmy." Ilya says, his team named 'Shane smile' firmly in place. "We are just appreciating our new alternate captain." [My favourite/love.]

"You are a menace." Shane points at him, and Ilya cackles as he points to the rookies.

"This was their idea."

Shane turns to look at them, a fondness in his eyes as he shakes his head and then points at them. "Menaces. All of you."

"But you still love us." Ilya teases, walking down the hall and tugging Shane into his side.

"For reasons beyond me." Shane mutters, shoving lightly at Ilya and then looking back to the team. "Come on. Get moving, we've got a game."

"Hey, if we win does that mean we have to wear these every game?" Young wonders, Dykstra and Chouinard already laughing as Shane and Ilya turn back towards them.

"No!"

"Yes."

End Notes

Teehee. Thanks for reading. ♡♡♡

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