

There's always a plan

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There's always a plan

by [picothelibrarian](#)

Summary

It only takes five days before Yuna Hollander breaks and does what she does best.

or

I think we can see where Shane gets it from.

Notes

Takes place after the cottage. TV series canon compliant.

Chapter 1

1)

L: Why do I have email from your mother?

J: What?

L: How does your mother have my email?

J: I gave it to her.

L: Why?

J: She asked me for it. What does the email say?

L: (...)

L:

L: (...)

2)

It took five days for Yuna Hollander to break.

“Ilya Rozanov?” she swore, “Ilya fucking Rozanov. Why did it have to be Ilya fucking Rozanov?”

“He seemed sweet,” David replied, “Shane was happy.”

“I saw that! But the Boston Raiders David! My son! Dating a Boston Raider.”

“He’ll be transferring next season,” David said reasonably.

Yuna stopped pacing and took in three deep breaths. “You’re right. The Centaurs are acceptable. And they need an aggressive centre on their team. He could help bring them up in the league.” She pulled out her phone. “We’re going to need a plan.”

“Honey,” David’s tone held a note of warning.

She waved a hand at him. “For when they’re ready.”

He came up behind her and put his arms around her. “And until they’re ready?”

She leaned back, tilting her head to rest against his cheek, and sighed. “A discreet plan.”

David kissed her forehead. "Ilya Rozanov won't know what hit him."

3)

J: She asked me for it. What does the email say?

L: (...)

Lily calling.

Shane picked up the video call. He was at home in Montreal, getting ready for training camp. "Hello?"

"Your family is crazy." Ilya's tone was stern but Shane could see softness in his blue eyes.

"I thought you liked my family," he protested.

"I do. But they are crazy. Your mother has sent me email for sponsorships. Brand deals. She has ranked them. She has put star next to ones that are progressive."

Shane smiled at Ilya's outrage. He still couldn't believe his parents knew about him, knew about Ilya, knew about *him and Ilya*. "I don't think I've seen you do any brand deals."

Ilya scoffed, "Who has time? We aren't all Mr. Businessman."

Ilya didn't say it but Shane knew what he wasn't saying. No parent to guide his career, negotiate commercials and sponsorships and tickets to Wimbledon. No one who looked at young, angry, abrasive Ilya Rozanov, the success of a major MHL franchise on his shoulders, everyone expecting to him to lead the team on and off the ice, and said, this kid needs help. No one he could call to say, I don't know what I'm doing, and, how does this work? and, what do you do when the only thing you know how to do is play hockey?

"Shane," Ilya tone was plaintive, "She is asking who is my media manager."

"Who is your media manager?"

"I don't have one! Of course I do not have one."

Shane grinned, his heart light. "I think you do now: Yuna Hollander."

Chapter 2

4)

“Ilya,” Shane called, “My mom is calling.”

“So what?” Ilya shouted from the bathroom, “I am secretary now? Answer the phone.”

“She’s calling you.”

“Motherfucker!” Ilya emerged from the bathroom, clad only in his boxers, draping a towel over his shoulders. He picked up the phone. “Hello? Hi Yuna. No, not busy. Yes, now is fine.”

Shane could hear the murmur of Yuna’s voice over the phone. Ilya’s side of the conversation was uninformative, mostly saying “Yes” and “Ok.”

Shane knew he should walk away, let Ilya take the call in private, but he stayed, making deliberate eye contact with Ilya and then flicking his gaze down over Ilya’s shoulders, abs, and lower. Ilya saw him looking and winked. Shane couldn’t stop his answering smile or the flicker of *excitement-nerves-love* in his gut.

“Thank you Yuna,” Ilya said, “Yes, I will read it. Yes, soon. Ok. Ok. Goodbye.”

“What was that about?” Shane asked. Ilya slid the towel from his shoulders and whipped it at Shane, like they were teenagers in a locker room. Shane yelped and dodged, closing the gap until he could wrap his arms around Ilya’s neck.

“She is sending me notes on the Redbull contract and some other ones. Things I should ask for when I have meeting.” He pouted. “It’s not enough to be greatest hockey player in MHL, I must also be ‘brand ambassador.’”

“Greatest hockey player?” Shane said, “Are you sure she meant you? Maybe it was a wrong number.”

“Oh wait, let me check stats,” Ilya pretended to look at his phone, “Yes, all say I am the best.”

“Fuck you,” Shane laughed.

Ilya paused and dropped the bravado. “It’s okay, right?” he asked, stroking Shane’s cheek.

“What is?”

“Your mother doing this for me. Helping me. You know I didn’t ask her to do it.”

“Of course,” Shane said, “You couldn’t stop her. She’d do it all for you except she can’t go around setting up meetings on behalf of Ilya Rozanov when she’s a Hollander. Not yet

anyway.”

He leaned forward and kissed Ilya’s jaw. “She’s looking after you. Like she looks after -”

“Looks after you,” Ilya finished.

“Me,” Shane agreed, “Like family.”

Then he held Ilya as tight as possible as he breathed unsteadily and pressed his face into Shane’s shoulder.

5)

“What the fuck!” Ilya stared at his phone, then at Shane, his eyes wide. Shane lowered his book and took his glasses off.

“Put them back,” Ilya said distractedly, “Read this.” He tossed his phone to Shane.

Shane slid his glasses back on and looked at what Ilya had been reading. “Which deal is this for?” He skimmed back to the top of the email. “They signed on with your amendment. They can’t drop you if you come out. That’s great!”

Ilya stared at him in shock. “Give me that back,” he gestured to the phone. Shane tossed it back to him.

“Who are you calling?” he asked, as Ilya held the phone up to his year. “I must tell Yuna.”

“Wait, you’re calling my *mom*?”

Ilya rolled his eyes. “She wrote the amendment. So. Obviously I am calling.”

“Hello? Yuna,” Ilya said, “They agreed to it. I will send you the contract.” Shane could hear a burst of congratulations over the phone. Ilya was blushing now. “Yes, thank you. Say hello to David. Yes, Shane says hello. Ok, thank you Yuna. Goodbye.”

“So what are you going to do with the money?” Shane asked, poking at Ilya’s foot with his own. Ilya lunged across the couch and pinned him down, shoving his knee between Shane’s legs. “I will get all this money and then we can have matching cottages on the lake, is that what you want?”

Ilya gently bit his earlobe and dipped his head lower, his lips tickling Shane’s neck as he spoke. “You want me to have real estate? You want me to have investments? You like that?”

Shane groaned, “Ilya.”

“Yes you do like that. You want me to put it into pension.”

They were both panting as Ilya ground against Shane.

“Mutual funds,” he growled into Shane’s neck.

“Treasury bonds.” Ilya kissed his way across Shane’s collarbone, running his hands underneath Shane’s shirt.

“Fuck, Ilya.” Shane grabbed at Ilya, pulling him closer, “Fuck.”

Ilya sat back up, kneeling over Shane’s hips, and smiled so brightly Shane felt tears prickle.

“The money I earned from Boston, I gave to my family in Russia. This money is for me and I will be boring with it. Because all I need money for is so we can have nice boring retirement.”

“Not in matching cottages,” Shane said. Ilya shook his head, bending forwards again for a long slow kiss. “No. Together.”

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