

Shane Hollander's Guide to a Sexy Summer Staycation

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Shane Hollander's Guide to a Sexy Summer Staycation

by [SunsetMaiden](#)

Summary

Shane basks in Ilya's decision to come to the cottage for all of thirty seconds before panic sets in...

Excerpt:

Yuna blinked at him. "You can't just go. You're still recovering Shane. You're in a sling for goodness sake."

"No, I know. I..." he cleared his throat. "I know. It's just..." he trailed off, unable to come up with a single valid reason for the nonsense he was currently spouting. Well, nothing other than all the things he couldn't say. Rozanov was coming! To Shane's cottage. Everything on the precipice of changing when he didn't have any vodka in the cabinet. In the freezer? The refrigerator? Where the hell was the vodka supposed to go? His dad sometimes drank vodka...why didn't Shane ever pay attention to where it went? He should know this shit! His man was Russian!

Notes

Just a fun, little something that wouldn't leave me alone. This takes place right after episode 5 and before episode 6. I'm marking it complete though I do have some notes for a follow-up chapter where Shane spirals as he completes each item on the list, so we'll see. 😊 Thanks for reading! I can be found on Tumblr as sunsetmaidenwrites.

“I’m coming to the cottage.”

Shane’s hands tingled, heat radiating through his chest as he gripped the phone like a lifeline. Ilya’s voice was steady, confident. A grounding force amid the myriad of emotions knotting Shane’s gut. Shock, elation, uncertainty, fear, and so much stupid, precious hope he nearly choked on it. “Okay,” he exhaled through a sheen of tears, words failing him as he collapsed against the wall for support.

“Okay?” Ilya hesitated. “Is...is still good? That I come?”

“There’s...” Shane leaned his head back, heart thumping a dramatic crescendo as it fought to hold such ridiculous, encompassing joy. “It’s very good. *So* good. That’s...that’s all I want.”

“Yes?”

“Yeah. I...Ilya, it’s everything.”

Ilya hummed with relief on the other end. “Okay.”

“Yeah, um...I’ll text you details, okay?”

“Okay.”

Shane bit back a smile, wondering how many times two grown, emotionally-constipated men could say the word ‘okay’ in a single conversation. Apparently, a fucking lot. “Okay,” he replied again for good measure ending the call. The clandestine nature of their relationship never allowed for much in the way of greetings or farewells, lips and bodies forced to communicate what words never could.

Maybe two weeks at the cottage would change all that. Two weeks of connection. Of relaxation, laughter, snuggles, and mind-blowing sex as they basked in the one thing that always eluded them: *time*.

“Oh shit.” Shane’s frazzled mind stumbled after his hopeful, erratic heart, panic rising as the implications set in. *His* man was coming to *his* cottage for a two-week staycation and Shane hadn’t prepared a damn thing. Ilya’s lack of a response after Shane’s loopy, hospital bed invitation had felt like an answer in and of itself, Shane too scared to revisit the topic again considering the push-pull that shadowed their relationship. If he prodded too hard, Ilya might disappear for months instead of days. Shane wasn’t prepared for another summer of no contact, so he’d said nothing, assuming Ilya’s answer was no.

He hadn’t stepped foot inside the cottage in weeks, staying with his parents as he recovered from the concussion. “Oh shit.” He needed to clean. To prepare. To make sure his space looked well-lit and welcoming. *Think. **Think***. He needed a plan. Needed to make a fucking list, so he didn’t forget anything vital. His analytical brain immediately started rattling off helpful suggestions. Research. Flight itineraries, grocery shopping, yard work, a sound excuse to stave off well-intentioned, but often intrusive parents. Fucking hell, his mom and

dad lived ten minutes away and wanted to eat dinner together every night. How the hell was he going to keep them away from that cottage?!

Adrenaline surged through his system, chest tightening as he clenched and unclenched the hand not in a sling. He squeezed his eyes shut, counting carefully to ten. Starting over until he got to fifteen and could finally breathe again.

There. Better.

“Shane?” His mother rounded the corner, forehead etched with worry as she hovered in all her well-intentioned, intrusive glory. “Who was on the phone?”

The phone? What phone? He glared down at the cell that he was holding just outside the sling. Oh yeah. He’d been watching the finals with his parents when Ilya called. “Just Rose,” he said with a casual wave, detesting both the lie and the pleased gleam reflected in her dark eyes after he uttered it.

“Oh Rose. You two have been talking a lot since your accident.”

“I guess.” He and Rose had been talking a normal amount, though she often got the credit when one of his parents caught him gazing goofily at his phone after reading a text from Ilya. No wonder they were confused. He was a fucking mess, creating messes for everyone else because he couldn’t contain his own. “You know we’re just friends, right?”

“Of course I know that.”

“Good. Okay.”

“Mmm.”

Shane was scared to know what that sound meant. “I actually...I’m gonna go.”

“To bed? Everything all right?”

“No. Home. To the cottage. My cottage,” he rambled inanely as if she didn’t know where his fucking home was. He took a quick gulp of air, forcing calm he didn’t feel.

Yuna blinked at him. “Shane. It’s the middle of the night.”

“I mean I know how to drive at night,” he continued lamely, his mother staring at him as if he’d just grown another head and it was mocking her.

“But you’re staying here. You’ve been staying here. You’re still recovering Shane. You’re in a sling for goodness sake.”

“No, I know. I...” he cleared his throat. “I know. It’s just...” he trailed off, unable to come up with a single valid reason for the nonsense he was currently spouting. Well, nothing other than all the things he couldn’t say. Rozanov was coming! To Shane’s cottage. Everything on the precipice of changing when he didn’t have any vodka in the cabinet. In the freezer? The refrigerator? Where the hell was the vodka supposed to go? His dad sometimes drank

vodka...why didn't Shane ever pay attention to where it went? He should know this shit! His man was Russian!

Anyway, the point was, he didn't have any vodka. Or any oversized fluffy towels in the linen closet. Ilya was spoilt as fuck—he deserved big fluffy towels! Shane needed to make a plan for the visit...a foolproof one that ended with him keeping Rozanov. He couldn't do that with his mother lingering in the background asking about freaking Rose and trying to take his temperature. “I'm sorry. I'm not making sense. I'm just...uh...I'm tired.”

“Big night,” his dad said from the doorway, hands shoved in his pockets as he tried to look inconspicuous. Where the hell had he come from? How long had he been there? Now they were both lingering, looking at him in concern. “You know if you wanted to talk about anything...”

David let the sentence trail off. Shane stared in between his parents, no clue why they were eyeing him so earnestly. “Big night?” It wasn't like they knew he was standing in their living room, strategizing how to fuck Ilya Rozanov into staying. So why were they looking at him like that?

David jerked his head toward the living room, where the television was playing post coverage of the Stanley Cup Final. “Ya know. The game. If you have feelings about what happened.”

“The game?” Shane frowned, wondering why his dad looked so awkward all of a sudden. “No, I mean, of course I wish it was me holding the cup, but Hunter's earned his time,” Shane answered honestly. He always wanted to win...and fuck...if he didn't...well--though he'd never admit it out loud--he wanted it for Rozanov. But, if it couldn't be either of them, at least Scott Hunter deserved it.

Yuna nodded. “Okay,” she answered solemnly. “Okay.”

Shane felt like he was missing some crucial piece of the conversation, nothing new. Shit always flying over his head no matter how much he tried to cling to every thread of the conversation and appear normal. But not usually with his parents. Usually they understood him; and he understood them. But then again, he'd been keeping the biggest part of his life a secret from them for years, and now that part was coming to his fucking cottage. A cottage that hadn't been cleaned and needed new kitchen curtains! Anxious guilt rushed through him. One day...one day he would tell them everything. Well...not *everything*. Just all the parts that mattered. “I'm good. It's, everything's good,” he promised. “I'm just gonna...” he pointed in the general direction of the hallway leading to his bedroom.

His phone vibrated, Shane grateful for the distraction. “Probably Hayden,” he lied like a liar as he covertly opened the text.

Lily: You okay?

How could Ilya possibly know he was spiraling right now? He started to type something. Stopped. Erased. Typed again. Erased. Finally settling on a thumb's up emoji.

Lily: Liar.

Jane: No. I'm not.

Lily: I can see the texting bubbles.

Well shit.

He quickly responded.

Jane: Just excited.

Lily: Now I make you more excited.

Shane barely had time to wonder what Ilya meant before a dick pic landed on his screen. He fumbled out of his phone, choking on his own saliva. "I'm fine!" he said when his mother took a concerned step forward. "All good. Just...Rose. And a cat meme. Good night." He skirted around them to make a hasty retreat.

"Night," his parents returned in careful unison.

"Get some rest," Yuna added fretfully.

Great. His parents thought he was losing it. It was fine, though. Everything was fine. He'd fix it in the morning. It was good. Everything was good. He was good. Rozanov wasn't coming tomorrow. Or the next day. "Just be normal about this," he admonished, closing himself inside the bedroom. "You can be normal about this. You have plenty of time."

Later in bed, he ignored the dick pic in favor of scrolling through sites offering advice for hosting guests. Shane opened his Notes app and started a list.

1. Clean (don't forget ceiling fans and baseboards! Attic? Landscaping! Deep clean car? Get it detailed?)
2. Groceries (snacks, meals, what do Russian's eat??? VODKA)
3. New sheets (thread count? Separate room? Figure out how to ask.)
4. Comfort items (pillows, blankets, fan?, personal items)
5. Entertainment (games? Supplies...don't be boring. You want him to stay. You want him to keep you.)
6. Handle parents (somehow...shit. How? Be clever.)
7. Get flight info (can I go to the airport? I really want to get him from the airport...)
8. Casual but sexy first day outfit (Not trying too hard. Do I need new clothes? Don't be boring. You want him to keep you.)

Shane read through the list, satisfied that he had the start of a solid plan. He stifled a yawn, sinking against the pillows as exhaustion loomed. He was so fucking tired, the events of the day and the stress of the evening catching up with him. A text notification popped up from the only person he hadn't silenced for the night.

Lily: You didn't like my picture?

Ilya was so fucking whiny. Shane loved it.

Jane: 7 out of 10. Bad lighting. Can you send another?

Lily: Maybe. If you ask nice.

He started to type, hesitating for a second before working up his courage. Taking a deep breath, he continued typing.

Jane: Please Baby.

Shane never really used nicknames or endearments, convinced they came out weird and awkward when he tried. But typing...maybe he could type one. Just this once to see how it landed. He shifted nervously, hoping he didn't sound ludicrous. That Ilya wouldn't mock him.

Lily: Fuck!

Lily: You will pay for that

Jane: Counting on it, Baby.

Lily: Fuck. Am hard

Lily: So hard

Lily: Fuck

Shane's ears reddened, smug satisfaction sweeping over him.

Lily: Send me one too. Come on.

Jane: Can't. Still in this fucking sling and it hurts to move certain ways.

Shane's brow furrowed. He could set the phone aside and use his good hand to move the covers and yank down his sleep pants. Ilya wasn't too picky when it came to things like this. But that was a lot of effort and Shane was fucking tired. He grinned, deciding to be creative because he knew his man. He snapped a selfie instead, keeping his expression pensive, letting his glasses do all the work.

Ilya's response was immediate.

Lily: Fuuuuck Hollander.

Shane bit his lip, feeling a swell of pride at his antics.

Mission accomplished. Now he could rest, because tomorrow...tomorrow he started working through the to do list for his and Ilya's sexy summer staycation. And he wouldn't relax again until he made everything perfect!

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