

Things we do for...

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Things we do for...

by [rekishi](#)

Summary

No one wanted to go to Ottawa! Except Ilya Rozanov, it seemed.

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An outside view on Ilya's decision to go to play in Ottawa. Ilya's agent leads a hard life.

Notes

I chatted with people on Dreamwidth today and my hand slipped and I wrote this in half a day.

UFA = [Unrestricted Free Agent](#), when a player has either completed at least 7 seasons in the league or is at least 27 years old.

GM = General Manager

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

July 2017

"Thanks Dan, I appreciate it," Marc Cormack said into the phone. "Send it over and we'll see if we need to add anything. I'd like to see a no trade clause, but we can talk."

When he hung up, he almost did a little fist pump. Almost, because this wasn't his first big contract. But locking in Rozanov in Boston for the next eight years would add nicely to the value of Marc's portfolio, even considering the slight hometown discount Dan had demanded. They could throw in a no trade clause for that, maybe that could kick in later. Roz would be an unrestricted free agent next year, but as the face of the Raiders, both sides had an interest not to drop him into UFA status.

Marc had wanted a big and long paycheck for Rozanov already after his entry level contract had expired, the way the Metros had done with Hollander. But Boston had been burned by their last 'enigmatic Russian', as Dan put it back then. It was unfair to Roz, who'd consistently shown the hype made around him was justified, but the Raiders hadn't budged. So, Marc had done what he could and squeezed them for all the money they were worth.

A Cup and annual playoff appearances later, they were finally ready to sign possibly *the* best player in the league while still in his prime.

The question now was how to get a hold of Roz. He wasn't in the habit of informing Marc about his summer plans. As he generally stayed out of trouble, that was difficult to complain about. But he checked his emails, so whenever Boston General Manager Dan Felter sent over the contract, Marc could give him a summary.

Three weeks later

"I'm sorry, could you repeat that?" Marc asked and blinked. He pinched himself. In all of his years as a player's agent, this *had* happened. But not quite at this magnitude.

"You hear me," Roz huffed on the phone, annoyed.

"You're turning down Boston and leaving almost eighty fucking million dollars on the table?!" Marc was aghast. All he heard was an affirmative sound. Then something occurred to him and calm flooded his system. "You're not going back to Russia, are you?"

It was a bit early, but most of the European players in the league eventually went back to their home countries. Usually when they were a bit older and the MLH didn't offer the lucrative contracts anymore. Roz was young for it, but maybe he had personal reasons. His father had died recently and Marc knew he had a brother. Maybe things were going on at home.

Roz was uncharacteristically quiet for a moment. Then he said, "No. I know it's early and I can't sign before UFA, but you ask Ottawa."

Marc gaped. Maybe he was dreaming. A really bizarre dream. "*Ottawa?!"*

Ottawa hadn't reached the playoffs in....Marc couldn't even remember when they last had reached the playoffs. They had consistently not made anything of their near-the-top draft picks so far.

No one wanted to go to Ottawa! Except Ilya Rozanov, it seemed.

Roz was getting impatient. "They have cap space, yes? You not only agent in league, I can ask other people."

"No." Marc pinched the bridge of his nose. "No. Okay. Ottawa. I shouldn't reach out to them quite yet. But I can extend some feelers. What do I tell them why you want to play there? What do I tell Boston?! What will you tell the press? What are you looking for?"

The other end of the line was loudly quiet, in a way as if someone had put down the phone. Eventually, Roz came back. "I want to help rebuild Ottawa. Like, legacy, yes? Boston... I don't know. You figure it out."

And here Marc had thought he could concentrate on his more challenging clients. Fuck.

"Only for you, Roz," he said with a sigh. "You know that your endorsements...?"

Many of them would end. Ottawa was *a* market but far from the powerhouse that Boston was. No matter that Rozanov's face would be all over the capital city of Canada. Not with Hollander and the Metros right next door. So Roz would be paying for this. Even though that was more a problem for Katya, Rozanov's business manager slash financial adviser. Marc shouldn't even think about it.

"Yeah, I not naive." He paused. "Thanks."

The call ended abruptly and Marc was left staring into space. *Ottawa*, he mouthed and shook his head. Well, he had his work cut out for him, that was for sure. He really was not looking forward to all the questions the media and fans would get into why Roz hadn't been renewed yet but... Well, ultimately that was on Boston, really.

He just wondered what had prompted this. Rozanov wasn't flighty, but he could be a real jerk if he wanted to be. And he wanted to be a jerk a lot. What he really had going for him that he could turn up the charm and whimsy if he really wanted to.

The only time he'd ever asked Marc for anything except '*enough money*'—whatever that was to an eighteen-year-old Russian kid—was how to make an anonymous donation. Because Katya would have wanted to make it public. It was also the only time Marc had seen Rozanov anything but completely self-assured. He didn't know what it had been for, but he'd set him on the right path.

That was why now he had to question if something had happened in the Raiders' locker room. What could be so bad that their *captain* would want to leave that hadn't made it to the public yet? On the other hand, what was there really to uproot? The house could be sold; the sports cars could be moved; and while Roz had never lacked for company at events where he was expected to bring a plus one, he was still drifting.

But then, Marc was in Albany, what did he know about the day to day.

He wouldn't tell Boston anything for a while. Let them stew and think Roz wanted more money or whatever.

Ottawa. Fuck him; the summer had just become interesting.

October 2017

On his screen, Rozanov stood facing the beat reporter's microphones after the home opener, looking very little impressed. "Roz, you still haven't signed a contract extension. When do you think that will happen?"

Marc had been fielding calls from reporters since July. Now that the season had started, they would be hounding Roz. Let the rumor mill start.

December 2017

From: Yuna Hollander

SUBJECT: Call me for alignment

Marc frowned. While he had two Metros player as clients, they weren't super close with Shane nor had they mentioned planning anything with Shane Hollander outside of team stuff.

"Hi Marc,

If I need to meet unofficially with Rozanov, do I need to go through you or can I just grab him after a game?"

He almost spit out his coffee.

He checked the sender again. Nope, still Yuna Hollander.

What.

The Raiders were in LA and probably currently at morning skate, but he still hit Roz' number. "Hi this is Ilya. I will never listen to your voice mail."

Rolling his eyes, he still left a message. "Roz, why the fuck is *Yuna Hollander* wanting to talk to me about you?!"

He waited. He waited until morning skate was certainly over. And waited some more. Made some more calls for a few of his other clients.

The rumors in Boston had gotten worse. The negotiations were stalled. The camps were too far apart. The negotiations hadn't even started. Marc was not even commenting anymore.

Then, before it was pre-game nap time in LA, he called again. This time, Rozanov grumbled, "What do you want?"

"I left you a voice mail." When that earned him nothing but silence, Marc tried again. "What business do you have with Yuna Hollander?"

There was sort of a pause and what sounded like Roz momentarily choking on some Gatorade. Served him right. "Ah. I talk some with Hollander this summer."

It was almost as if Roz had said, "*I want to go to Ottawa*", all over again.

It took a moment to a gather his wits. "You. Talking. To Shane Hollander. About what?"

Of course, not all rivalries in hockey—or any sport for that matter—were always hot. Players moved around, played together in national teams, sometimes shared hometowns. The Raiders and the Metros were rivals of old, and Rozanov and Hollander had been pushed into that. Had they been drafted only a year apart, they might never have been pitted against each other like that.

But there had never been any love lost between Roz and Shane Hollander; they were maniacs on the ice. Granted, Roz had been hailed by all and sundry for going to see Hollander in the hospital after his concussion this year. Sportsmanlike conduct and all of that. Hm.

Marc sat back while Roz was a bit wheezy on the other end. "Roz, what were you talking with Hollander about this summer?"

"Hm, is about head stuff." Then his tone turned from dismissive to teasing. "Hey Marc, I know you have like big crush on Shane Hollander and all, but we ever gonna talk about contract? Or you want to keep chatting about weakest backhand on Metros bench?"

Roz was a jerk. But Marc had actually reached out very tentatively, informatively to the Centaurs and actually had found them to be...interested.

Since his own client had let him hang to dry, Marc did cave to calling Yuna. There was some nebulous talk about a charity project that maybe Roz and Hollander could potentially do together. All still very potential and maybe. It wasn't unheard of, and those two had been thrown together by the league quite a few times and managed not to kill each other.

But Roz was an adult and Marc wasn't his minder, so he told Yuna to keep it discreet what with the contract situation but to go for it. Roz could only blame himself if he didn't let Marc in on these things.

April 2018

"Do you know how he's in the room?" Pat Crew, GM of the Ottawa Centaurs, asked.

They sat in a large office overlooking the ice at the arena after a facilities tour. Not usually something an agent would be getting, but it had been interesting to meet the staff and also see

what the philosophy here was. The Centaurs had only been re-established at Ottawa again in the 90s, but the original team had opened here in the 1880s.

Pat Crew believed in team cohesion more than in collecting individually brilliant players. It was a long-term strategy, but not a bad one. But along that road lay much frustration, too.

Marc mulled the question over for a moment. He wanted to get Rozanov his contract here and he didn't want to ruin anything for him. Also, it wasn't like he had anything bad to report here. But why Pat was asking in the first place was a different question. Eventually, he decided on, "For a guy who likes his bad boy reputation, I've never heard any complaints. Why?"

Pat hummed and shook his head. "Cutter's not coming back from his concussion and the season is almost over anyway." Cutter was the Centaur's captain who'd already stated before his concussion that he would retire from the MLH after his contract was up. None of what Pat said was a surprise. It was just a shame that a veteran such as Cutter wouldn't even play a last game. "We can finish out the season without anyone wearing the C, but next year... I was just wondering if you simply had the message better under control than Kent's people or whether Rozanov is just the enfant terrible for no good reason."

The sip of coffee Marc had just taken didn't very well disguise the face he made. Dallas Kent, star forward for the Toronto Guardians, was a piece of shit human being who unfortunately put up numbers that couldn't be ignored. And the league was still full of bigots and basically an old boys' club, no matter that people like Scott Hunter tried to change that. Instead of answering, he asked, "You're considering bringing him in and giving him the C right away?"

Pat shrugged and raised his eyebrows. Well, it certainly would send a message, especially if the captaincy was vacant anyway.

Marc considered. "He thrives on adversity. But he also delivers. Puppies like him. I don't work for people like Dallas Kent."

He didn't say anything about charities and Yuna Hollander. It was none of Pat's business right now; Marc wasn't even sure if it was strictly *his* business.

It was good that Roz was usually an easier client. Mostly solid. Maybe slightly insane.

Pat laughed and stood. "Well, then let's hope the fact that everyone expects us to lose is adversarial enough for him. Not that I want to look a gift horse in the mouth, but Ottawa is not exactly a conventional choice for a player like him."

The contract couldn't be signed until July 1st, when Roz' contract with the Raiders expired and he'd be a free agent. But barring any drastic changes, they had a deal.

They shook hands. "I'd sleep easier if I knew that, Pat."

It wasn't that he hadn't asked Rozanov. They'd had several calls over the months to hash things out and Marc had gone over to Boston to meet with him on an off day.

But the only time Roz had even hinted at something had been... weird. He'd looked at Marc in a video call, shrugged, and said, "Things we do for..." He'd paused, frowned. "You know."

Love. That's how the sentence ended, usually. And Marc *did* know. He'd relocated for Natasha's job from Vancouver to New England fifteen years ago. And Rozanov knew that the same as all his other clients. It was part of Marc's introduction with new clients, especially with expat to form a connection with them; fellow strangers in a strange land and all that jazz. He had not counted on Rozanov—a cocksure of himself eighteen-year-old whose English was barely good enough not to need an interpreter—had listened.

And now that came to haunt him. Marc briefly closed his eyes.

Fuck.

This was a disaster. He should have made him sign that contract with the Raiders.

Then he looked sternly at Roz through the video call. "If this is about a girl—"

"No." Roz said it with so much finality and such a shuttered expression that Marc closed his mouth so quickly his teeth clicked.

Anyway. The Centaurs got a new center. Roz got a lot of money. Marc had a happy client.

All good. Or it better be.

October 2018

"He said I can talk to you about it," Hank Savard, Rozanov's new Canadian lawyer, said without preamble. "What's this about Rozanov wanting Canadian citizenship?"

Marc's eyebrow's shot up. He what?

But— Maybe now the move to Ottawa made sense? No movement clause and all. But that was certainly a new one. True, Roz had never seemed particularly patriotic—he'd never gone to play at Worlds after the debacle at Sochi and even before, he had once said he hoped for a deep playoff run so he could avoid it. Marc had always assumed it was the injury risk that came with such a tournament after a long season in the MLH. Maybe there was more to it, after all. If so, Roz really didn't waste time.

Yes, things with Russia were becoming complicated. Then again, Ilya Rozanov was not exactly the demographic that should have to concern himself with any of that.

"No idea, you tell me," he said instead. "He hasn't said anything to me."

"Really? I'd hoped you could tell me how serious he is, because citizenship is a fucking *process*, Cormack, and if this is just a spur of the moment idea, I'm not going to start with it." Savard sounded tired, as if he'd had it with hockey players and their ideas. "I recently had to broker a divorce of a stupid Vegas marriage without it getting out, I'm not prepared for more shenanigans."

Mind racing with possible match ups of that particular scenario, Marc forgot to think about Rozanov for a second. But Hank would never drop actual names, and it might not actually be a Vegas marriage. So Marc leaned back in his chair and considered.

He didn't have a legally protected relationship with his clients, but his business was based on trust. But if Roz had already told Hank to call him... "I don't know what's going through his head and why's doing this, but he wanted Ottawa. And he waited for it. So I'd say whatever it is, he's serious about it. He even has Yuna Hollander on his case, and fuck knows how that happened."

"Yeah I know, he already asked if he could legally establish a charity in Canada if he had a Canadian co-lead. I did not expect to hear the name Shane Hollander from him. Whatever." Hank sighed. "So he's serious."

Huh. Okay, so this was going places. Maybe Marc should give Yuna Hollander another call.

He pursed his lips. "More serious than your Vegas wedding."

"I'm not so sure about that one, either." There was frantic mouse clicking the background and then the sound of a printer. "Okay, thanks. Man, hockey players. It never gets boring."

That was one way to put it. They ended the call and he stared at his phone for a moment.

Marc resolved to keep a closer eye on his other Russian clients. Just in case. Hopefully Rozanov was only being Rozanov; he usually had his reasons which reason knew nothing of.

A few years later

Things we do for...love.

Marc sighed and looked again at the headlines of the *very public* outing of Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander. Maybe he should have known.

But not really; even Yuna had not dropped any hints. And he'd talked to her so much about those hockey camps and which charities should benefit from them. And *she* must have known.

Well, it explained a few things, at least.

He'd talked to Roz and Hollander on a video call and had even gotten an apology, but not a very serious one. That was all right, Rozanov didn't owe him a detailed inventory of his love life. Marc had done this job for over twenty years; he'd seen worse things that had been much less interesting. This, at least, seemed to have a happy ending.

"They look good together." Natasha sat down next to him on the couch and handed him a glass of wine, smiling. The press conference hadn't started yet, but Hollander and Roz were already in their seats, whispering back and forth. "Young people in love."

Chuckling, Marc kissed her cheek.

He quietly toasted the screen. The things we do for love, indeed.

End Notes

The contract Boston put on the table is modelled after [Ovi's contract from 2008](#).

The potential Vegas marriage is of course the in-world equivalent of Richie and Carts, mostly because I'm having Mike Richards feelings in the years of 2026.

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