

The Problem with the Plan

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The Problem with the Plan

by [pucks_and_cum \(sex_and_cum\)](#)

Summary

There's a problem with the plan.

Shane hates spaghetti.

But what he loves is Ilya calling him his boyfriend. That's better than anything he's ever felt before. Not even Ilya's cock- wait. No. No, that's... well, it's a close second. Fifty-fifty.

They say goodbye, and he drives them home (which is its own distinctly heavy topic of whose home belongs to whom) and they kiss as soon as they're in the door and Ilya's sliding inside not three minutes later and fucking him so, so good over his kitchen counter.

And then he wakes up, and there are only seven days left.

Shane thinks he probably hates the number seven more than he hates spaghetti.

Notes

Takes place at the very tail end of S1E6 and continues on after credits. Incredible liberties taken with the plot's planned trajectory for the now-greenlit S2 and characters because I have only seen the show.

Shoutout to the Palm Springs 65+ retired fags and other queer extended adopted family who are also obsessed with this show. As *INCREDIBLY* awkward as it is - and as much as we've been through together and apart - this one's for the Elders who really showed up for me in the time I really needed it. I wish you guys would've had this show's queer representation while you were growing up.

There's a problem with the plan.

When Shane was a kid, mom only made spaghetti the nights something was really, really wrong. Like when the second plane hit the tower, and Canada shuttered its borders to all US-inbound flights while dad was on a rare business trip down in Washington D.C. That night, she'd slopped the noodles into the sauce in the pot after straining instead of serving noodles first and topping them with the sauce. She never does that – and never has since.

So the spaghetti now is kind of throwing him for a loop, of all things.

And it's the thing that probably sets off the panic attack.

Shane hates spaghetti.

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Ilya flicks his eyes open and Shane's reminded of the problem with the plan.

Hockey is their life.

Bread, butter. Tomato sauce, noodles. Rice, soy sauce. Their hands, their sticks. Hockey, Ilya and Shane.

A couple weeks after dad came home safe, the Flyers and Rangers scored 2-2 tie. He'd been sat in front of the TV with mom as the whole game came to a stop just for George W. Bush to make some bullshit speech about the whole thing on the rink's screens. Both teams called it quits. Low morale in the wake of national tragedy.

The thing is, Shane has always been attentive to government and politics. Kind of hard not to be when dad is one of the government guys. And dad, dad *hated* Bush. *Hated* him. He'd said, *Shane, this guy, he's all talk about the United States' finances, and he's going to end them up in a worse deficit than when they started, make sure you pay attention to this, kiddo, he's the man you'll never wanna be.*

God, he didn't want to be George W. Bush.

So he looked at all the other things George W. Bush was.

And it turned out he really hated gay people.

There was only one gay kid at school and they didn't run in the same circles. It's a shame, looking back, realizing his friends were total jerks about that kid just existing. Shane didn't know back then he even liked boys. Really, he didn't know he liked girls, either. His life was hockey.

There is a pretty big problem with the plan.

Ilya kisses him in little pecks here and there and everywhere, rolling him onto his back and sinking lower. He peppers another four right above Shane's, cock, nuzzling at it with his nose. Sometimes Ilya compares Shane to a puppy. Shane doesn't disagree with that. They've even had a couple of conversations about some kinky shit they'd both like to try... including a collar. That one's meant for Shane's neck, but sometimes – like now – Shane thinks Ilya's more the puppy than he is.

As is often the case, Ilya runs his hand up to cup at Shane's tit. He shifts up a little bit to sit his back at the headboard and urges Ilya up with his heels. Needing. Kneading, still on Shane's pec.

He pulls Ilya's hand up higher; past his collar bone, places his own hand over Ilya's, pressing it over his neck.

Ilya pulls up from where he's been mouthing his hot, wet lips on Shane's shaft, looking at him with wide, slightly-shocked eyes. "You want me to choke you?"

Doesn't sound opposed to it, not excited, either, rather a genuine surprise than anything.

"Um... no." Shane shakes his head. "Just... here."

Where a collar would be.

Kept.

The plan is a pretty good plan. Maybe the problem isn't as big as he thinks it is.

Ilya's eyes shine bright as a matching grin overcomes those pouty lips Shane loves so much.

He presses Ilya's hand there more firmly to keep the problem from flying from his throat.

No, no, no, the problem is big.

His moan chokes off in his throat as Ilya tongues beneath his foreskin, and he gasps instead. "Fuck, I'm not gonna last."

Ilya keeps his lips on the tip of his cock, looking up at Shane through his brow as he says; "When are you going to learn I don't want you to last?"

"Fuck- *I*-ya-"

If it weren't for the hundreds of times they've done this, now, Shane would have blown right then and there.

But they have done this hundreds of times. Probably not as many as a thousand. Definitely under five hundred.

There are so many more times they'll get to do this now. More often.

Ilya goes deep incredibly quickly. Up again, down, clutching Shane's throat in a hold. His thumb presses in at Shane's Adam's apple, strokes Shane in the same rhythm as his mouth. Jesus Christ, this man, this man he wants so badly, Shane digs his hands into Ilya's curls and holds him too, trying to show him how badly he wants him.

"Fuck, Ilya, I'm gonna come."

No verbal response. Mouth too full.

Shane falls over the edge as Ilya shoves him all the way down his throat and keeps him there. The little fleck of Ilya's thumbnail on his throat only intensifies the raw clenching grip of his orgasm all through his body. With a stunted grunt, Shane tugs on those beautiful Goldilocks curls. Ilya's going to kiss him now – as he always does – tasting like Shane's nut.

Years and years and years ago, he had to learn to like it. Eating his own come had never really been his thing.

On Ilya's lips it's different.

Ilya surges up and does exactly as expected; both knees on the side of Shane's hips, bending over him. So demanding all the time. Shane wouldn't have it any other way. After all, he needs the pounding demand on the back of his neck from thousands of people watching his every move to motivate his game. It just fuels him, this, Ilya's desperation for fulfillment through Shane's tongue.

"Mmm..." Ilya parts from him with a snick of their wet lips. "Fuck, I want to come all over your face."

"What are you waiting for?"

Ilya straightens fast, hand on his cock. They meet in enthusiasm; Shane follows his own desire for Ilya's cock in his mouth, Ilya presses forward to his lips. Letting his tongue loll out of his mouth, Shane looks up at Ilya. Perfect Ilya. The man who – despite everything – he has found an ability to carve into his lifeless log of a life, like those chainsaw artists who manage to carve a grizzly out of a dead thing and make it stunning with dark wood polish.

The plan. The plan, the plan, the plan.

"Come on, give me your mouth," Ilya says with less panache than before. He's losing it, and Shane loves the picturesque valley of Ilya's falling apart. "Fucking beautiful."

Ilya cups his face, fucks his smooth head against Shane's tongue. He's dribbling precome now. Means he's gonna come. Fuck, Shane wants it, and he tries to communicate that with just his eyes.

Works.

“Ohnn,” Ilya moans as he finishes. He always does this, presses his tongue up against his soft palate.

What a weird thing to focus on as spurts of Ilya’s spend paints his face.

But, whatever. He’s come to understand Ilya’s beauty as a horny force of nature unknowable in its vast breadth.

Ilya jerks his cock against Shane’s tongue, the salt-bitter droplets landing there as the rest of Ilya melts down his face. It’s warm, familiar, and incredibly, *incredibly* satisfactory. He purses his lips around Ilya’s softening dick and licks his slit, placing his hands on Ilya’s thighs to soothe him in his coming down. They follow Ilya down, too, to Shane’s lap.

“Good thing I didn’t get it in your eye, this time,” Ilya quips.

“You going to lick it off like you promised last time?”

“Dirty, dirty, dirty,” Ilya chastizes with a tsk.

Joy soars all through Shane as Ilya starts at a cleanup. It is in part by tongue, but his thumbs are there too, wiping away the smallest parts of mess. Both Ilya’s thumbs go into Shane’s mouth at the tail end of ferocity into the drop of afterglow.

“Oh, God, I love you,” Ilya rumbles, shaking his head.

The joy is tinged.

Seven more days.

He rolls them over to sit on Ilya’s lap, kissing him as deeply as he can to get the words into the very fabric of his being.

If Hunter had been out when they first met. Or if someone had been. Anyone. Anyone at all.

Maybe things would be different.

“What’s wrong?” Ilya asks as he parts from Shane.

God, he doesn’t want to talk about it. He just wants to live in this until it’s gone.

He can’t. They’d promised each other honesty.

“I don’t want you to go,” he croaks. “I don’t want this to end.”

“Hey,” Ilya says with all that damn intensity, taking Shane’s face between his hands. “Hey. This is not going to end. We are not going to end, mmm? Yes?”

Shane nods. He knows what Ilya’s really asking: if Shane can’t do this and wants to break it off before it even starts.

“Okay. We are not going to end.” Ilya kisses him. Again. Again. Again. “We will figure this out. Yes?”

Again and again and again.

Still.

It’s difficult to concentrate on anything when they’re like this.

For the rest of the day, they just... hang out.

Ilya shows him his Amazon wish list. In learning better English, he’s found a love in English-written books. Translations just don’t hit home the same way they do than the language they were written in, but especially in English to Russian. There are so many things Ilya wants to read that Shane has never heard of.

A lot of gay romances. Apparently they’re not boring.

God, he’s gay.

They watch a random movie on Hulu. Throughout the whole thing, they talk about it. It fits so seamlessly into their lives that they can suddenly just talk to each other. And it’s a good thing this is one of them. If Ilya was annoyed by Shane talking during movies, this might not have worked out at all. He’s heard stories of that. One person has a pet peeve of another and then it’s just over.

And then it’s almost five.

His parents arrive ten minutes late on purpose. They’re the most punctual people in the whole world and that wouldn’t have changed now for any other reason than to not catch he and Ilya fucking.

About ten minutes into making dinner, Ilya’s charmed the absolute pants off both.

For so, so long, they were both so, so stupid about this.

He knows Ilya’s hands intimately. Somehow, though, Shane manages to somehow be still captivated by them. Ilya’s so expressive all the time; talking with his hands, lighting himself up at the center of every room. Now is no different.

One, two, three, four fingers, and he stops on that one.

This time when he freaks out, he just goes to the bathroom. Hiding is his own first nature. Like Ilya’s hands, how he talks with them.

There is a problem with the plan and if he doesn’t calm the fuck down it will spill from his lips as if its solution is easy peasy lemon squeezy.

Shane calms down.

It was only a couple years after 9/11 that Canada changed the language of marriage.

Any two people. Not one man, one woman. Two people entering into a legally binding contract.

Don't marry Svetlana, he'd said.

Don't marry her.

Don't marry a woman.

Don't-

Don't-

Don't-

Mom and Ilya are out back when he steps back into the kitchen. Her lips are pressed to her thumbs, her eyes on Ilya as he tries to mimic her bird call.

"Are you okay, Shane?"

He turns to dad.

"Yeah, yeah. I'm..."

What is he?

The beat of silence doesn't really feel like much of a beat at all with how stuffed into his spiral he is.

"Alright, c'mere, kiddo. C'mere."

Dad pulls him into a hug. He's trying not to cry again. There are so many things he wants to say. Why will none of them ever come out? Why did he never just come out to them? Why, why, why?

"I love you, Shane," dad says into his hair. He sounds wounded in the same way Ilya did when he called him from Russia after his own dad died, and it's killing him just as much as how much he loves Ilya. "And I don't know if you're hurting about it, you don't gotta tell me anything you don't want to, but I'm here. I'm here, and I love you, and I want to help you make this work."

"I love him so much, dad," he sobs.

The release of all the energy kept inside floods into a grief. Why is he grieving? Why would he grieve when he's finally here at the edge of a bridge he didn't know was so sturdy until just yesterday? Why, why, why?

"Oh, I know. I know. I know what that feels like. Look at her. C'mon, up, look," dad urges.

His hands are at Shane's shoulders, turning him towards the windows.

Ilya and mom are chatting it up, now. He's making her laugh, putting his hands at the top of his head in a splay of all five fingers, pointing to the treeline. Something about a moose, surely. Ilya really is terrified of nature. City boy. Urban born, raised on concrete-scraped knees instead of grass-stained.

"Your mom and I, we've always been real private people."

That's probably where he gets it from.

"And when we had you, a lot changed. We got even more reserved than we were before. But you look at him the same way I looked at your mom all the time. Now that's just for when she and I are together, and I..." Dad sniffs. "God, kid, I don't know why we do that. I don't want you to have to feel like you have to hide. Ever."

The problem with the plan starts with a 'some day' and ends with a 'but what if that some day never comes?'

He wipes his face with the heel of his palms and smiles as Ilya points at the lake, his hand landing on mom's shoulders.

"I don't want to hide, either."

Dinner goes by quick. It's just ramen with good fresh noodles, tofu, shrimp, scallop, green onion, and a soup base he made a couple of weeks ago then stuck in the freezer for later use. They all stick to casual things. Books come up again. She reads a lot, has recommendations for things Ilya isn't too polite to say don't interest them when they don't, but emphasizes his interest in what he is.

It's so mundane.

Shane has a boyfriend his parents like and just under seven days left.

What if they both float their public support for Hunter?

Visa shit can be so complicated.

What if Russia's government finds out?

What if they have to do a refugee application for Ilya?

What if, what if, what if?

His parents leave.

Ilya gets in the shower.

The problem isn't that there are so many obstacles between them and happiness.

His chest churns up in the same way it does after a lost match as he sits on the couch with his laptop open. There are so many options. They have so, so many options. No residency requirement. All they need is them.

It's funny that he remembers that game so well, but nothing of the day marriage between two men and two woman was legalized. Just wasn't on his radar at all. A blip. Then gone.

Shane's never even thought about being the type to do it with a woman – that's all his mom.

"You're okay," Ilya says as he sits down next to him still damp from the shower. He hadn't even heard him sneak up to the couch. But Ilya's hand is on Shane's back and it is so, so soothing.

In a flash of realization, Shane looks up and snaps his laptop shut. He takes a slow breath in and looks to his love.

Ilya smirks at him. "Too slow."

Yeah. He knew that already.

"Ilya?" he says. His voice is weaker than he wants it to be.

"Yes?"

Shane swallows. Ilya's hand wraps around his searching fingers in a heartbeat.

The problem is rising hard in his throat.

Time to wake up.

"There's a problem with the plan."

"Ah. Really?"

He nods. "Yeah."

Waking up doesn't feel so bad when this is what he's waking up to.

Ilya raises an eyebrow expectantly. And Shane has to laugh. This is just too absurd, and fuck, he's really happy, actually, and... and...

Shane surges up, hooking his leg up over Ilya's lap and drawing him into a series of quick, sweet kisses.

He pulls back, lids heavy, looking into these gorgeous eyes he fell in love with almost ten years ago.

They're not going to make it until retirement.

"The problem is that I want to do something else."

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