

Simple Days

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Simple Days

by [fireandvelvetlust](#)

Summary

Domestic bliss between Canada's finest hockey players turned lovers, Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander.

Notes

I want to thank my dear friend Gabby for being my Beta reader/editor.

go find her on Twitter @gabby_tucker6 She likes Heartstopper 9-1-1 and Hollanov, and she is one of my closest friends on Twitter. I love her dearly ❤️

"Ilya. Why is your phone locked?" Shane asked softly as he grabbed it from the counter, as the phone rang.

"For people who tried to look at my phone." Ilya said with a smirk as he pointed to the phone Shane was holding in his hand

"8124."

"What?"

"The number, 8124." Ilya repeated nonchalantly, as he walked to the fridge, pulling out a coke, and a ginger ale, sitting it down next to Shane, on the counter.

"8124, huh?" Shane asked, an endearing smile, causing crinkles in the corners of his eyes, the kind of smile that always made Ilya melt.

"Is easy to remember." Ilya grinned - tapping the side of his head gently with his pointer and middle finger together, before grabbing Shane by the waist pulling him close and kissing the top of his nose gently.

"Svetlana called, she left a voicemail but I didn't listen to it." Shane hummed softly as he let the warmth of Ilya's tender kiss spread from the tip of his nose, and throughout his body.

"I will call her back later. I want to spend the day with you, before I go to therapy." Ilya sighed softly, as he wrapped his arms around Shane's torso, hugging him close to his chest, before feeling Shane instantly wrap his legs around his waist.

"What if it's important?" Shane muttered as he put his face into the crook of Ilya's neck.

"You are important, yes?" Ilya cooed as he walked with Shane to the plush blue couch, slumping down with the two of them clinging to each other as he reached for the remote, turning on the TV to a documentary about Bobby Orr.

They yearned for these moments, these little unspoken tender moments where everything disappeared, and the only thing that mattered were just the two of them.

Since coming out, the world knew about Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov. It felt as if it seemed to dampen the "rivalry" trope they'd kept up with for all these years - but they still were competitive towards each other on ice, chirping very much encouraged by both of them. It felt like mental foreplay. To them, it was fun.

"I was thinking. Maybe we go out for lunch, today." Ilya asked, softly as he stroked a loose strand of fawn colored hair that fell past Shane's forehead, absentmindedly.

"Like, in public? On a date?" Shane asked.

"Yes, Hollander. A date." Ilya quipped with a gentle laugh, as he gently nudged Shane with his arm around him, wrapping him closer to his body.

Shane cooed and slowly brought his hand up to Ilya's chest, gently running his thumb over the cross necklace Ilya wore, before gingerly sliding his hand towards the middle of Ilya's chest, letting it rest between the soft valley of cleavage between his two pectoral muscles, feeling Ilya's heartbeat.

"Mmm. Feels good." Ilya purred, awarding Shane with a gentle kiss on his forehead, his eyes, closing shut as he rest his head backwards against the back of the couch.

Shane repositioned himself to gently look at Ilya as he traced a small line from Ilya's chest down to the top of his belly button, letting his finger run down the length of his happy trail, a sheepish smile pulling at the corners of his lips.

"Want more?" Ilya asked in almost a whisper, as he repositioned himself feeling his cock twitch beneath the fabric of his sweat pants.

"Yes."

"Ask nicely." Ilya retorted calmly.

Carefully, Shane began to speak, with a proud look frozen on his face.

"Можно я отсосу у тебя?"

"You've been practicing. You sound pretty. Yes. You may."

Shane smiled a wide smile, his brown eyes squinting as he smiled, Ilya's lips quickly matching expressions, as he watched Shane snake his body from the couch, to between Ilya's legs, on the floor beneath him.

Shane slowly leaned in towards Ilya's middle half, pressing kisses along his stomach, feeling his abdomen draw inward as he slowly made his way towards Ilya's pubic bone, a whimper spilled passed Ilya's lips as he reached his hand to Shane's hair, gripping the strands delicately.

"трахни меня." Ilya muttered under his breath as he grit his teeth, letting his fingers tangle messily in his hair, as he felt the heat from Shane's already ragged breathing, feeling the smile he coaxed whilst using his native tongue, cursing quietly aloud.

Shane slowly nuzzled himself into Ilya's crotch, his nose, pressing against the base of Ilya's pelvis as his lips danced across the exposed skin of Ilya's cock. Shane swiftly and carefully reached his hands up to both sides of Ilya's hips, clenching his ass muscles as he lifted upwards, to pull his sweats down towards his knees, for better access.

Ilya let his neck snap upwards to get a better look at Shane who was giving the base of his cock, tiny kitten kisses, as he pulled the foreskin back tenderly with his hand, his tongue finally reaching the slit at the tip of his head, precum beading and slowly leaking.

"Ты прекрасно выглядишь, стоя на коленях передо мной." Ilya's spoke breathlessly, knowing this was a phrase Shane didn't understand but could grasp context from his intonation.

Shane let his mouth fall open, his jaw slacking slightly as he began to take Ilya in fully, his lips spreading across the girth of Ilya's member, hollowing his cheeks, he began to bob his head up and down, gradually picking up pace.

"Fuuu... Hollander." Ilya's voice cried out as he felt his cock twitching deliberately inside Shane's mouth his hand gripping against the couch, whilst the other held firm on Shane's head, running his hand along the back of his neck.

This went on for several minutes, until finally Ilya's abdomen clenched, the muscles in his legs, began twitching, and his hand holding on to Shane's head, now was firmly planted, not moving as he felt a wave of climax rush over him.

He felt Shane pull back after the first wave of euphoria shoot from his cock, glancing up at him with his wide, brown, doe eyes a crooked smile plastered on his face as he licked the come from his lips, sending another shot of come, flying out without warning, against Shane's chest. Hitting, and rolling down the middle settling in his belly button.

Shane ran his finger along the trail of come, the slight sheen now puddling like glaze against his pointer finger, and quickly straddled Ilya, and licked it from his finger.

Ilya watched wide eyed, as he watched Shane swallow the sheen from his finger, pulling him close, and whispering into his mouth before kissing him - hard.

"You have gotten dirtier. More adventurous. I like it." Ilya stammered, before their lips crashed into one another, Ilya tasting himself against Shane's tongue.

Pulling away, Ilya gently took his thumb and pressed it against Shane's cheek, after a moment of hushed silence, allowing the two of them to reach normalcy after their quick rendezvous.

"Your freckles, they are darker today. They are glowing." Ilya spoke fondly as he rubbed the plump of Shane's cheek, causing Shane to blush lightly.

"Fuck off." Shane laughed playfully, reaching over towards Ilya's couch, pillow, grabbing it and swatting at him with it.

"Oh? Is pillow fight you want?" Ilya teased, grabbing a pillow from him side, gently swatting it at him.

The two of them took turns swiftly hitting each other before Shane stood and began to find cover behind a wall as Ilya followed, swatting at nothing, trying his best to reach Shane who was now down the hall, in Ilya's bathroom.

"Ah ah, you can't hide in there, that's cheating there is a door." Ilya called, as he walked towards the bathroom door, opening it to look for Shane,

Shane quickly turned the corner, and knocked the pillow into Ilya's back, laughing as he threw the pillow down against the bed and began running towards the kitchen, grabbing the detachable spray hose.

"Don't make me use this on you, Rozanov.. I'll do it!" Shane quipped, laughing as he did.

"Hollander, don't you dare." Ilya couldn't keep himself from laughing as he walked towards the opposite side of the kitchen Island, standing completely face to face with Shane.

It was a stare down, the two of them never making a move, daring the other one to make a move first. Ilya stayed planted firm, as Shane gripped the nozzle with his hand, the one finger ready to pull the trigger to start the spray.

"Shane Hollander. You are cleaning the mess after. You seem good at that." Ilya taunted with a smirk as he stuck his tongue out, puffing his cheeks out as he blew a raspberry in Shane's direction.

That was all Shane needed, and instantly the trigger was set, Shane sprayed Ilya with the water - two quick jets of water before putting the nozzle back and running into the living room, crumpling himself against the blue couch in the corner.

"I surrender! I surrender!" Shane said, giggling into the pillow as Ilya pounced on top of him, playfully nudging into his sides with his fists.

"Ahhh, got you." Ilya laughed, as he wrapped Shane into a hug, getting Shane wet, as he squeezed him tight to his chest.

"This time." Shane laughed, as he managed to wiggle free from Ilya's grasp.

"All the time. All the time, I have got you." Ilya mused, happily as he stood, offering a hand for Shane.

"Since when are you a romantic?" Shane teased, his smile staying planted against his face.

"Since I met you." Ilya admitted with a smile, and a wink, as he grabbed Shane's hand, the two of them walking towards the bedroom.

Ilya walked over towards the closet, and grabbed out a black high-collared tank top, and a pair of black slacks, with a white see-through button up shirt, and smiled as he watched Shane, swiftly walk into the shower.

Safe.

He felt safe. Back home in Russia, Ilya had to find himself stoic, hard, almost expressionless unless it came to a disagreement with a family member, then he was met with the option of numbness, or anger. There wasn't any semblance of happiness unless he was away from his home.

Here, he had Shane, David, Yuna and the rest of their teammates. The verdict was still out if he "liked" Hayden, but he did respect him. Respected the way he kept their secret, respected the way he treated them after the two of them came out.

He felt safe to be happy - playful, even. As he finished putting together this outfit, he walked into the living room, reaching for the phone that sat on the table, and dialed the number for his voicemail and his eyes lit up as he heard Svetlana's voice, a smile crossed over Ilya's lips

as he pressed the "save" button for later, and put the phone down just as Shane was walking out of the bedroom.

"Did you call Svetlana back?" Shane quipped as he walked towards Ilya; grabbing his shoes, sitting down on the couch.

"I listened to her message. She says she is coming here. She wants to meet you. Wants to meet "Jane" who stole me away." Ilya laughs fondly, a wide smile growing across his face, as his eyes seem to brighten, to Shane.

"You told her my name was Shane, right?" Shane asked anxiously, his eyes widening.

"Yes, Hollander. She knows who you are. She wants to meet you. I want her to know you." Ilya said gently as he walked towards Shane, putting his hand under Shane's chin, his thumb slightly stroking the side of his cheek.

"D-do you talk about me to her all the time?" Shane asked timidly.

"Shane." Ilya whispered, his brow furrowing slightly. Of course he talked about him to Svetlana. After they came out publicly, it was all he wanted to talk about.

Svetlana knew it, and was happy for the two of them. She always told him she missed him, but that "Jane" gave him more than she ever could - and Ilya never argued that fact. She was right. Shane gave Ilya a sense of safety and comfort that Svetlana just couldn't offer.

They both knew that.

"I'm sorry. Let's go. Where do you want to go?" Shane asked sheepishly, suddenly feeling foolish for asking so many questions.

"Lunch sounds good." Ilya spoke with sudden enthusiasm as he walked towards the door, grabbing a set of keys to his black SUV.

The drive to the restaurant was uneventful, although Ilya offered his hand to Shane the whole drive there, with his other hand planted firmly on the wheel, he held Shane's left hand in his the whole ride.

It felt nice to be able to get out of the house, and not feel like suffocating, every time he saw Shane and couldn't reach out to touch him.

Getting out of the car, two fans saw them but kept their distance, and waved. Of course, Shane waved towards them as Ilya locked the doors, finally turning to them and waving a bright smile and a nod was all that was shared between the four, before Shane interlocked their hands together, walking into the diner.

"Well, if it isn't Mister Rozanov himself!" Gustav welcomed, as he sat behind the counter.

"здравствуйте, Gustav." Ilya retorted happily as he walked towards a booth.

"Take a seat, Mr. Rozanov, I'll be with you shortly!" Gustav said quickly, as he turned his back to grab menus from the side.

Ilya led Shane towards the middle booth, by a window and sat down, the sun radiating against Shane's face caused his freckles to be more prominent, in the light. Just the perfect setting for Ilya.

As they took their seats on separate sides of the booth, they waited patiently for their menus to arrive. After only a few minutes of waiting, Gustav returned as promised, with two menus and a small pad of paper.

"Alright, what can I get the two of you to drink while you wait?" Gustav asked, as he handed them the menus.

"I will have Coke Zero." Ilya spoke.

"I'll just take a Ginger Ale if you have it. If not, a water with a lemon wedge is fine."

A smile crossed Ilya's lips again, as he shook his head. "That is why I brought you here."

Shane glanced over the menu and saw that there was a Canada Dry Ginger Ale option, and Shane burst into soft laughter.

"You brought me here because you knew they had Ginger Ale?" Shane asked

"It is what you like, yes?" Ilya quipped, as he thumbed through the laminated menu.

"Yes." Shane said with an endearing tone.

The two of them sat, staring at each other when commotion behind them seems to arise.

"Mommy, look!" A girl who could only be described as a small child, no more than four or five. She ran swiftly towards their table, away from what can only be assumed as her parents.

"You're real!" The little girl piped with enthusiasm, as Ilya watched with exaggerated eyes, grinning widely.

"I'm real? You can see us?" Ilya asked, as he scoot closer to the edge of the booth, motioning for Shane to scoot closer to the edge.

"Mommy he talked to me!" She said excitedly.

"I wanna be like just like you when I grow up!" She said, mimicking rocking back and forth from left to right as she held an invisible hockey stick in her hand.

Ilya felt a heavy feeling inside his stomach like he'd just swallowed a boulder. Hearing her say that, excited and frustrated him. No, she definitely didn't want to be like *him*. Maybe she meant Shane, but who would want to be like *boring, Canadian - Shane Hollander*. He smirked at his own thoughts and pushed them away, still entertaining the small child as he stretched his arm out for her to walk towards him.

"Can I take a picture with them, mommy? Please?" The little girl pleaded, as the mother walked right next to her.

"Forgive me, I'm sorry. Her dad took her to Centaurs game last week. She's been obsessed ever since." the woman spoke as she grabbed out her cell phone.

"Not a problem. Is okay. I like kids, they are innocent and in love with the world." Ilya spoke softly as the girl walked closer to the middle of the Booth's table,

Shane smiled at the camera as the three of them posed, the mother taking a couple of quick photos, before apologizing and then walking away with the little girl who was sitting on cloud nine, as she talked in a giddy tone, about how happy she was to meet her "hockey heros".

Watching how good Ilya was with that little girl made him feel warm inside. He let a breath slowly push past his lips as if he were holding it in the entire interaction. He didn't speak at all, when it came to people other than his family, or cameras being shoved in his face for trash mags and interviews - he *had* to talk for those. If not, he seemed like - an asshole.

"Are you okay, that was not too much?" Ilya asked, as he reached over and gently rubbed the top of Shane's hand with his thumb.

"Yeah. I'm fine." Shane smiled, as he watched Gustav walking towards them with their drinks clutched in hand.

"Have you decided what you'd like to eat?" Gustav asked politely as he sat their respective drinks on each side, a smile still frozen on his face.

"Can I have a salad with some vinegarette dressing?" Shane asked, as he stared down the menu, eyeing a burger that looked delicious, "Actually, can I have the Swiss Alps burger?" He asked as he pointed to the burger with sauteed mushrooms and onions on it.

"Absolutely. Rare, medium rare, or well done?" Gustav asked.

"Well done, please. Thanks." Shane muttered as he waited for Ilya's order.

"Gustav. I want "the works". You know. the fries. The ones with poutine! And a small piece of Cheesecake, please. Thank you." Ilya responded.

Ilya remembered coming to Canada, coming to this specific restaurant for the first time, remembering fondly how rare it was to have french fries with gravy spread over it, amongst cheese, and other various items. It delighted him, it was something they didn't have in Russia, and he remembered how Marleau made fun of him for never trying it before.

"Alright. I'll be back shortly!" Gustav spooet happily as he walked back to the kitchen, handing the order to the cooks.

"I still can't believe you don't like it. It is a Canadian classic, and *you are Canadian* " Ilya teased, as he watched Shane's scrunched face at the thought of Ilya's order.

"It's just never appealed to me." Shane said, as he looked out the window, watching a couple, walking a dog outside.

"Is -.." Ilya began, trying to find the correct English term, he was thinking of.

"Very good. Tastes like you." Ilya mocked playfully, insinuating that it tasted like "Boring Canada".

After about a fifteen minute wait, the two of them finally got their lunch, and they began to eat. The two of them sat quietly, eating their lunch, as they listened to the lunch rush settle into the diner, a few fans stopped by their table and asked for their autographs, and they, of course, obliged.

They finished off their plates, and Ilya glanced at the time on his watch. Ilya needed to be at therapy by 4:30, and it was now reaching 3:00pm. They had an hour and a half to spend, doing whatever they wanted.

They finished their food and stood to leave, thanking Gustav for their meal, and Shane walked over to the cashier counter, and placed a 20 dollar bill against the wood grain of the counter as a tip, and then the two of them walked back out of the diner, hand-in-hand.

The sound of a camera clicking caught Shane's attention, and drew him inside himself. He hated paparazzi. They were slimy. Getting private moments on camera for the world to see, it was the biggest thing he hated about being "famous". He didn't care about any of the other problems that could be brought on by public success - paparazzi's were the worst of it.

"Come here." Ilya whispered as he walked him to the side of the suv, opening the door for him.

"They take pictures because you're pretty." Ilya cooed as he walked over to his side, getting in the driver's seat, and shutting the door, putting the keys in the ignition to start the suv.

The Therapy Session

Ilya walks into Galena's office, still nervous, after being there multiple times. He takes a seat, and prepared himself for the session. He knows it will be a good one, but he still can't get things out of his mind, things he cannot express with Shane - not yet.

"Ilya." Galena says with a warm grin, as she opens the door to her office, motioning for him to come in. As he sits down she notices his demeanor and can't help but observe his stiff character. Usually it takes time, but the two of them start talking, and the stiffness flows away to a free-speaking, Ilya.

"Hello Ilya." Galena speaks softly as she writes down a few things in her notepad.

"Hello." Ilya offers back.

"It's been a few months since you've been to my office. Everything going well for you?" she asks.

"I am...fine. Okay. Better than bad, but not perfect." Ilya stated softly, as he looked down at his hands, blinking.

"Tell me why." she speaks, as she scribbles down something on her pad of paper.

"Today has been good, but...a fan, a little girl. She wants to be like me." He began,

"I don't want to be like me." he spoke, his own admittance making him feel childish and embarrassed.

"Why do you say that, Ilya?" She interrogated.

"I - I don't know. I- It's hard to explain." Ilya began.

"I am in love, I have family here now, I have money, and a good job. I love it, but - I still feel, not good." Ilya whispered timidly, trying his best to find the right words to articulate how he was feeling.

"Do you ever tell Shane how you are feeling?" She asked, looking at Ilya attentively.

"No, Not really. He already has a lot on his mind." Ilya stated, looking down at his shoes as if he were a child in the principals office, being scolded.

"Remember how I told you couples must work together, to find common ground between the two of them. You should talk to him, open up more, let him know how you're feeling." Galena replied softly.

Ilya sat against the chair, feeling every uncomfortable wrinkle in the leather from the indents of his bottom, the way the arms felt slightly cracked, and the too-cold texture of the chair's armrests.

He swallowed a lump in his throat as he whispered an obscenity to himself as he shook his head, forcing away a tear that escaped his eye despite his best efforts to keep it concealed.

"Sorry." He whispered meekly, his voice quivering as he spoke.

"Ilya, You do not have to apologize for your emotions, you are not a robot. You are allowed to speak freely and feel. Tears do not make you weak - they help relieve the pressure you've held on to for so long." She responded gently as she reached forward, handing him a box of tissues.

"Svetlana wants to come to America, she wants to meet Shane." Ilya said suddenly after a few moments of sniffing silence, smiling gently

"Are you happy about that?" Galena asked, glancing up from her pen, as she scrawled more words against the page.

"I don't know. I want it, but I am -" Ilya began, making hand gestures with his hands, 'flip-flopping' them from palm facing up to palm facing down, alternating between hands.

"I think maybe I don't want them to mix. Russia and Canada." He explained carefully.

"...Why is that?"

"I think maybe that life is in Russia, and this life is here. If they are together, they will mix. I do not want that." He responded.

"You don't want them to coexist?"

"Co - exist? What is that word?" Ilya asked, his eyebrows furrowing slightly.

"To be aware of each other, to know one another." Galena explained.

"I don't know, I think they maybe would be bad. I am not sure. They both like me, but what if they do not like each other, what if they are too different?" Ilya asked, seriously, looking up at Galena.

A sigh falls from Galena's lips as she scrawls something down on a piece of paper, obscuring Ilya's view with her hand momentarily. An elongated pause splays between the two of them, the only sound that can be heard is the pen to paper scrawling, for a few seconds, stopping, then continuing again.

"Ilya. I would like you to try something once you've left my office." Galena began.

"I want you to sit down with Shane. I want you to talk to him, tell him how you feel. Give him the benefit of the doubt. People can surprise you, after all. Then I want you to call Svetlana, and I want you to talk to her, with Shane in the room, Neither have to say anything to each other, but maybe being in the presence of each other, through you can be a singular commonality that can bring them together and ease your worries. Can you do that for me?" Galena instructed softly.

"Okay." Ilya's shoulders slumped as he let a small gasp of air past his lips, a breath he held, unintentionally as he listened to Galena's instructions.

He never knew the right word, it was harder to articulate himself sometimes.

"Any final thoughts before the end of our session, Ilya?" Galena asked, folding her hands as she continued to listen attentively.

"No, I think I am done today." Ilya pressed as he stood from the chair, legging his way around to the back of it, to stand behind, his hands resting on the back.

"It was nice to see you again, same time next week?" She asked.

"Okay."

At first his nods are soft, then they grow into a full nod before turning and walking out of the office.

Getting in his car, he reaches for the phone in his pocket, and turns his ringer back to "on", not bothering to start the engine of the car, before calling Shane.

"Ilya." Shane welcomed warmly as he answered the video call, wearing a black hoodie and his black glasses.

"You were reading, did I interrupt you?" Ilya asked, as he smiled a gentle smile, his eyes brightening as he took in the view of Shane with his glasses on, a look on Shane he adored, because it made him look even smarter than he already was.

"I was just going over some plays for the next game. I was thinking, maybe we could get Svetlana a ticket to come and watch us while she's here?" Shane quipped excitedly, as if he'd been thinking about it telepathically somehow.

"I think she would like that. Maybe she can go with Rose?" Ilya said with a gentle smile.

"That would be nice, but I don't think Rose is coming for awhile, she has a new shoot in Ontario this month, and is going to be on set, filming for most of it." Shane said gingerly before taking his glasses off, and standing, walking towards the fridge, and opening it, grabbing out a can of Ginger Ale and cracking the mouth open, before taking a sip.

Small things like this made Ilya fall in love with his boring Canadian boyfriend. It made him want to do all the things they never got to do before. It made him feel warm inside.

Hitting the phone on the stand, he turned the SUV on, and grabbed the steering wheel with both hands, and began driving out of the therapist's parking lot, as he listened to Shane continue talking about the plays he thought they could do, to further themselves to the playoffs for next year, another sign that showed he was the perfect captain for the Centaurs.

"I will be home soon." He said with a smile, as he continued his trek home.

At a red light, Ilya stopped and noticed a flower shoppe, and made the conscious decision to pull over, and head into the parking lot, getting out quickly before walking into the shoppe.

"Hello! Anything I can help you with?" The greyish haired lady who sat behind the cash register asked happily.

"Just looking. Thank you." Ilya said kindly, as he continued to walk around the botanical nursery.

Walking around for a few minutes, the smell of roses caught his attention, and he walked towards a single red rose sitting alone in a vase.

"I'll take that." as he brought the singular white vase, and rose up to the counter, to pay for it.

"Who's the lucky lady?" She asked.

"Boyfriend, I am lucky." Ilya said with a smile.

After a silent exchange of money, Ilya made his way back home, and got out of the SUV, grabbing the rose, heading inside.

Shane was sitting inside the living room, nestled perfectly against the blue plush couch, with his glasses on, a blanket nestled under his arms, draped across his chest, as the phone rest gently in his lap.

"Sweetheart. I'm home." Ilya whispered in a gentle, loving tone as he reached down to take Shane's glasses from his face, so they didn't break in his sleep.

"Mmmm..." Shane opened his eyes groggily, and smiled sleepily as he saw Ilya holding a red rose, clutched in his fist, watching him.

"You looked like you were comfortable. Sorry I woke you." Ilya stated softly as he sat down next to Shane, pulling him close holding the red rose in front of him.

"Ilya." Shane cooed, as he took Ilya's hand with the rose in it, gently leaning it down so he could smell the inside of the flower's petals.

"Shane." Ilya responded softly.

"This is beautiful. Thank you." Shane spoke softly, as he crooked his body to face Ilya's completely,

"Thank you." Ilya whispered into Shane's hair as he pulled Shane closer to him, wrapping his arms around him gently, as he kissed the top of his forehead, letting his hand drift up to Shane's freckles, before lightly kissing him on the cheek,

"For what?" Shane asked

"Making me feel...not broken." Ilya mused.

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