

Stolen grocery store kisses

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75809661) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75809661>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Anya Hollander-Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Grocery Shopping , Sweet Moments , I love when couples cherish domestic moments!
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-15 Words: 1,028 Chapters: 1/1

Stolen grocery store kisses

by [EndlessSunsetRose](#)

Summary

Such a mundane thing. Yet doing it together was the most special thing in the world.

Notes

I love Hollanov. And I love happy things. The books gave so much angst and it was juicy but all I want for these boys now is bliss!

(Also I don't proofread my works much so I apologize for errors - I am lazy!)

LONG GAME SPOILERS

Walking into the grocery store, Ilya's senses were immediately flooded with the aroma of coffee and baked goods. Without even thinking, he grabbed Shane's hand and led him to the coffee shop inside the store.

"Jesus, Ilya. We haven't even reviewed the list - oh," Shane said as he quickly realized what Ilya's rush was.

"I want a cookie and creme frappe.," Ilya said, led by his stomach and not his mind. "I like ice cream. Frappe will be good too. I think."

He knew Shane was still working his way through his restrictive eating habits, though they had vastly improved in the past few months after their wedding. While on the same team meant they were both more determined than ever to win the Stanley cup, it also meant soaking in the joy of hockey, and well if Ilya was being honest with himself, the joys of life itself a lot more.

"Well..." Shane said, clearly pondering his next move. "I guess I can't go wrong with a small mocha frappe"

Ilya blew a raspberry at him and swiftly ordered their drinks before Shane could change his mind.

After thanking the cashier, he shuffled back to Shane and took his hand in his own. It was still a surreal feeling. Loving out loud.

Shane, who must have been feeling similarly, met Ilya's eyes with a fondness in his own that could brighten Ilya's darkest days.

Ilya's depression still lurked. He knew it never would truly disappear. It was in his chemistry. But it wasn't him. He was not his mental illness. He was Ilya Rozanov. A hockey player. A husband, a dog-father and one day father to more.

Shane leaned his head onto Ilya's shoulder, their fingers still intertwined. They both were at ease and the moment only broke when the barista called out their drinks.

"This," Shane said pensively after his first sip of his own. "Is not bad. Its.. good" Ilya felt his lips quirk up into a smug smile.

"You should drink mocha frappe more often. Good for the mind," he said before taking a huge sip of his own drink. It was delicious.

"Try," he motioned the drink towards Shane.

"Fine, but only because until I do you will pester me," Shane responded, taking a sip of the drink.

"Shit."

“Good, see?” The smugness still hadn’t left his lips.

“Yeah, too good. Foods like these are better avoided all together because how do you go back to life without it?”

Ilya shrugged his shoulders. “Mocha and Cookie frappe are worth it to me.”

“Yeah well so is Mcdonalds breakfast,” Shane quipped as they walked out of the coffee stall and into the rest of the store.

“It’s a breakfast sandwich in between two pancakes!” Ilya chirped back.

“Yeah yeah, lets get back to why we are really here,” Shane said, pulling out the list, which was a crumpled note in his pocket at this point.

They popped their drinks into the cart cupholders and Shane pushed the cart through the aisles as they rattled through all they needed. Ilya, who couldn’t resist his husband, kept his hand on Shane's back whenever possible. He craved the touch.

When they got to an empty aisle, a cart now full of Ilya’s favorite snacks and some healthy foods, Shane’s extensive meal prep, and a bag of treats for Anya; Ilya felt an overwhelming desire to kiss his husband.

“Shane,” He said, voice low with a hint of mischief.

Shane stopped moving the cart and stared quizzically at his husband. Without giving him time to process, Ilya took his face into his hands and pulled it to his own, landing a loud kiss on his husband's lips. In front of a box of captain crunch.

“Sorry captain,” Ilya murmured, his forehead resting on Shane's. Expecting Shane to be mortified, he was ready for him pull away before he felt Shane's lips on his own. It was a quick kiss, gentle and pure. But it made Ilya's heart soar.

“I love you,” Shane murmured, his lips hovering inches from Ilyas and his face flustered. “And I want every ceareal mascot to know.”

Ilya, realizing his husband was an absolute dork, let out a laugh that probably was more obnoxious than he normally let out. But he didn’t care. He was kissing Shane. In a grocery store in broad daylight. They were sipping frappes, buying treats for their beautiful dog and enjoying a moment of pure domestic bliss.

He never knew life could be so beautiful in the cereal aisle.

“I love you.” Ilya responded, not even bothering to hide his smile. *More than you’ll ever be able to truly know.*

Groceries all acquired, Shane and Ilya had one more stop to make. The pharmacy. Ilya had decided to finally request for his antidepressants to be prescribed in larger amounts. He had

run out while traveling for an away game and the nausea was so bad he had to miss a game. Not to mention he worried Shane sick.

He still remembered the way Shane sat with him for hours, rubbing his back and comforting him in his anxiety and illness.

After ordering his prescription, Ilya turned around to see the most gorgeous man in the world. Yes, it was Shane. And yes, he was standing by their cart in the same spot he had left him in 2 minutes ago.

There was simply something so special about knowing that you will never be fighting your demons alone.

Overrun by emotion, Ilya walked over to Shane and took his palm into his hand, raising it up to his lips and planting a kiss.

“I love you. Thank you for being here with me.”

“Theres no place I’d rather be.”

Shane pulled him into his arms for a hug and Ilya heard a whisper into his neck.

“I can't wait to spend the rest of my life grocery shopping with you”

When they got home, Anya clobbered them with kisses and got her treats. Many of them. They then all cuddled on the couch together for the rest of the afternoon and Ilya could not be more at peace.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!