

**one of those days**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/88006101) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/88006101>.

|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Rating:          | <a href="#">General Audiences</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| Archive Warning: | <a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Fandoms:         | <a href="#">Heated Rivalry (TV)</a> , <a href="#">Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Anyia</a>   <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov's Dog</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Non-Verbal Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Autistic Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">that's basically it y'all</a> , <a href="#">they're just loving each other</a> , <a href="#">it's cute and fluffy</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Domestic Fluff</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Stats:           | Published: 2026-07-05 Words: 3,028 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |

# one of those days

by [Tizniz](#)

## Summary

“Are you okay?” Ilya asks, voice soft and quiet, eyes searching. Shane lets him, having nothing to hide and finding it easy to look Ilya in the eye.

Shane nods, tilting his head to press a kiss to Ilya’s fingers. He still can’t quite find words and thinks it’s going to be one of those days where he just can’t. Thankfully this isn’t the first time this has happened with Ilya.

Shane watches as his husband's face slowly shifts into one of understanding, releasing Shane’s chin to rest a hand on his chest instead.

“Is today a quiet day, then?” Ilya asks, the worry and concern gone from his voice.

Shane nods, offering a small smile, a silent apology of sorts.

## Notes

So my mental health has been kicking my ass, as of late, and it's prevented me from posting anything despite having a few stories (in both this fandom and 911) ready to be edited and posted. I'm, thankfully, still writing every day, so we know I'm still winning a little, but it has been a struggle to be a human and interact with others.

Because my other stories have a heavier topic involved or are longer (and I do not have the capacity to edit that much), I decided to go with this story. NV Shane but still a sweet and cute story. This was important to me too because going NV doesn't always have to equate to something bad happening. Sometimes you just...can't talk, even if the day is actually going decently well.

Anyways. Hope you enjoy. See you in the next story.

Xx

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

Shane wakes up feeling...fine.

Not great. Not bad. Just *fine*.

Ilya is already up and gone from their bed, leaving a cold spot behind instead of his usual warmth,, which is a bit surprising as normally Shane is the first to rise between the two of them. But Shane supposes it's just one of those days where his body decided he was going to sleep longer than his husband. Shane has always been the heavier sleeper of the two as well, so at least Ilya didn't have to worry about accidentally waking him.

He rolls out of bed, tidies the blankets and sheets, and heads for the bathroom. He makes quick work of relieving himself, splashing some water on his face, and brushing his teeth. He doesn't look at himself in the mirror. Thinks he'd dislike what he sees there.

Definitely one of those days, then.

Shane finds his husband in the kitchen, whisking something inside of a bowl, humming to himself while Anya munches on her morning kibble.

The sight of Ilya does lighten part of Shane's chest and he feels like he can breathe a little better.

He doesn't stop as he walks straight for Ilya, stepping up behind him and wrapping his arms around the other man, pressing his face into Ilya's shoulder.

"Morning, *moya lyubov*." Ilya greets, brushing his fingers along one of Shane's arms. "Sleep okay?"

Shane hums an answer, not quite up for producing words, letting his body lean heavier against Ilya's, knowing his husband can support his weight.

Ilya chuckles but says nothing as he finishes whisking what Shane can now see are some eggs and milk, sidestepping towards the stove. Shane lets go of Ilya as he does, leaning against the counter with his hip, watching silently as Ilya begins cooking his breakfast.

"Do you want a smoothie?" Ilya asks gently, glancing up from the pan, "I can make you one."

Shane wrinkles his nose, shaking his head. The thought of one of his smoothies actually sounds quite gross right now. It really *is* one of those days.

A flicker of worry passes Ilya's face before he turns the heat down on the stovetop and steps back towards Shane. His touch is gentle when he takes Shane's chin in his fingers, tilting Shane's head upwards.

"Are you okay?" Ilya asks, voice soft and quiet, eyes searching. Shane lets him, having nothing to hide and finding it easy to look Ilya in the eye.

Shane nods, tilting his head to press a kiss to Ilya's fingers. He still can't quite find words and thinks it's going to be one of those days where he just can't. Thankfully this isn't the first time this has happened with Ilya.

Shane watches as his husband's face slowly shifts into one of understanding, releasing Shane's chin to rest a hand on his chest instead.

"Is today a quiet day, then?" Ilya asks, the worry and concern gone from his voice.

Shane nods, offering a small smile, a silent apology of sorts. It's been made very clear through their time together that Ilya quite enjoys the sound of Shane's voice, boring conversation topic or not.

"Is okay." Ilya pats Shane's chest, smiling in return, "I will talk enough for both of us." He leans in and pecks Shane quickly on the mouth before returning to his eggs so they don't burn. He does look back at Shane once they've been mixed around though and smirks, "I will kiss you properly when I am done cooking. Okay?"

Shane huffs out a silent laugh, cheeks warming, but he nods.

---

True to his word, the moment the eggs are done cooking and off the heat, Ilya backs Shane up against the cupboard and kisses him thoroughly.

It makes something warm and fuzzy blossom in Shane's chest and he smiles after, feeling bashful for reasons he can't explain. Even after years of being with Ilya, both hidden and not, Shane can't quite believe he's married to this wonderful and amazing man. That even just kissing against a cupboard in the kitchen can make him feel this way. Almost like the first kiss all over again.

Shane thinks that'll never change. He'll never tire of Ilya's kisses and the way his husband makes him feel.

"Much better." Ilya murmurs half to himself, pressing another kiss to Shane's smiling and swollen lips, this one much more chaste than before. "Now go sit down. I will bring eggs and toast."

Shane nods, collects their water bottles from the fridge, and starts towards the table. Except he only gets about a step away from Ilya before there's a hand smacking his ass.

Mouth falling open in a silent noise, Shane glares over his shoulder at his husband, who smiles innocently but winks wickedly at him.

Shaking his head, Shane turns away to hide the new smile that curls up his lips, even more fond than before.

Breakfast is a quiet affair, mostly due to Shane not having words today, but it's not filled with worry or anxiety from either of them. There's a peaceful calmness that has settled around them. Ilya shares the occasional comment, his foot curled around Shane's ankle under the table, but otherwise, there's no real conversation. There's no pressure against Shane to talk and force words up and out of his throat into the world. Ilya is content with Shane simply... being here.

Shane truly doesn't know how he hasn't, like, exploded with all the love he feels for his husband. For this man who has always been so accepting and open to all of Shane's little quirks and ways. There aren't many people, Shane thinks, who would be okay waking up on a random Wednesday morning to find that their husband can't talk. Many who would think it's Shane being annoying and neurotic and that he just needs to make himself talk.

That's never been the case with Ilya.

He'd been worried, the first time Shane had gone fully non verbal, but even though he'd been confused and scared, Ilya had never made Shane talk. He asked questions in a way that allowed Shane to either nod or shake his head when he realized that Shane couldn't talk, easing enough of Ilya's frantic emotions until eventually Shane *could* talk again and explain himself. Ilya had asked many questions, then, wanting to understand better, so he could help Shane in the future when it happened again.

The memory of that makes Shane tear up a little; even his parents hadn't quite been *that* gentle about it when he'd gone non verbal in his early years.

But then again, Ilya has always been a little bit different towards Shane. Showing him love and tenderness Shane never imagined he'd ever have.

"Shane?" Ilya asks softly, leaning forward as he pushes the plate with a few crumbs left on it aside, "You are okay?"

Shane nods, reaching across the table to give Ilya's wrist three quick squeezes. Ilya's smile is immediate, blooming brightly across his face like the sun breaking the horizon.

"I love you too, sweetheart." Ilya says, understanding the silent message Shane has passed.

Three quick squeezes. *I love you.* A way for them to say it without having to actually say anything. It's come in handy for the days where they can't quite vocalize it but want to relay that reminder.

"But no crying, okay?" Ilya's thumb is gentle when he wipes at the corner of Shane's eye, "Even if it is not sad crying." He stands, leans over and kisses Shane's forehead, then gathers their plates and goes to clean them. Shane sits back in his seat, watching his husband at the sink, feeling content.

He doesn't quite know what's made him go quiet today, but he finds himself not searching for an explanation for maybe the first time ever. Because Ilya doesn't need one. He doesn't need anything except to know Shane is okay.

And he is. Shane feels okay. Not quite good but that's alright. It's just a day where... words don't want to happen.

"Come." Ilya says after drying his hands and tossing the towel onto the counter. He walks over and holds his hand out to Shane, "I want to go cuddle on the couch."

Anya trots ahead of them as Shane is led from the kitchen and into the living room.

There's probably things they need to do. Laundry, cleaning, phone calls for Ilya, and emails for Shane. But none of that matters as Ilya tugs Shane down onto the couch, manhandling his limbs until satisfied, leaving Shane laughing silently into his husband's chest but going as directed.

A few seconds later, soft piano music is playing through the Bluetooth speakers, ensuring the house doesn't settle into total silence. Anya curls up by their feet, releasing a long sigh before settling. Overall, it's a perfect moment.

Shane allows his body to sink into Ilya's, releasing his own sigh of contentment, eyes drifting closed. He's not tired, having woken up a short while ago, but he does feel calm and at peace.

---

The day passes in a slow, lazy passage of time.

Shane does get up eventually, Ilya trailing after him like a lost puppy (their *actual* dog doesn't even lift her head from where she's curled up on the couch when they move), and goes to throw some laundry in. Then he and Ilya work together to put away the clothes that are cleaned, Ilya once again occasionally filling in some of the silence with his pockets of comments. Shane continues to not talk, but he nods and rolls his eyes in acknowledgement of his husband. Ilya also keeps drifting closer to Shane, dropping a kiss on his cheek, shoulder, or mouth, grazing a hand across his back or hip. Just generally touching him in some way, a silent reminder that he's here even though he's been with Shane the entire day so far. More of a reminder that he's there for Shane while Shane isn't talking.

It's sweet and welcomed.

In the early afternoon, they take Anya for a walk through the small forested area behind the house. The occasional sounds of the outside world (mainly cars and sirens) are fully muffled by the trees and greenery in here. Shane sometimes can find this silence too thick and uncomfortable, almost like it's a physical thing pressing against his skin. He rarely goes on

his own out here because of it, and when he does, he'll throw on a podcast or some gentle music in his headphones.

But with Ilya at his side, their fingers tangled together, and Anya bounding ahead and sniffing any and all spots, it's nice.

The quiet in Shane's mind, the one that he thinks is preventing him from speaking, works in tandem with the silence of the forest. Ilya must sense it too, because he only occasionally whistles for Anya when she goes out of their view for a little too long.

Shane squeezes Ilya's hand three times in quick succession. A second later, Ilya does the same to Shane. It makes him smile, chest warm with love and appreciation for the man at his side.

After the walk, Ilya patiently waits for Shane to transfer the clothes from the washer to the dryer before leading him back into the bedroom and promptly pushing him down onto the bed, crawling over Shane's body and leaving a trail of kisses in his wake.

Ilya loves the noises Shane makes in the bedroom, that much has been made abundantly clear in all their years together, but even when Shane is in a non verbal state like he is today, it never deters Ilya. He won't ever push for anything if Shane is in a bad mental state – the norm for his non verbal days – but that isn't the case today. So while Shane only releases small gasps as Ilya slowly but surely takes him apart, Ilya doesn't act any different. Nor does it make it seem like he's determined to make Shane produce a sound. He's simply bringing his husband to beautiful points of pleasure. And Shane loves him dearly for it.

---

After a shower and change of sheets (Ilya grumbles about *more* laundry, which makes Shane roll his eyes because Ilya was the one to instigate the sex this time and if he's already doing a few washes today, it just makes sense to throw these in too!), the two move to the kitchen to make a late lunch. They take turns feeding each other bites of vegetables, smiling and laughing together, Ilya declaring he's going to make brownies after they finish, Shane agreeing with a nod because brownies actually sound really good right now and he's learning that it's okay to have a sweet treat once in a while. Ilya beams brightly when Shane agrees, and Shane finds himself pressed up against the fridge, the two knocking magnets and their calendar off of the stainless steel door.

Lunch takes a bit to get back to after that.

While Ilya begins to make a mess of chocolate and flour in the kitchen, Shane steps into the backyard with Anya, deciding to do some yoga in the late afternoon sun.

Today has been a pretty good day, and he hasn't felt bad, necessarily, but there's still that hint of *something* lingering under his skin. More than likely the reason behind his lack of words. But the thought of doing a full workout has Shane's anxiety spiking, something he doesn't understand and doesn't want to look too deep into, which is why he decides on doing some meditative yoga. It'll help with the *off* thoughts in his head and stretch his muscles (not that they aren't pleasantly stretched after his and Ilya's activities in the bedroom earlier).

Anya snuffles around the yard and plays with one of the balls they leave out there for her while Shane moves from one position to the next, the gentle breeze caressing his skin and helping sooth the slight prickly sensation resting there.

And even though it feels a bit ridiculous, Shane tries to get himself to speak, the trees his only audience as Anya has moved over to a patch of sunlit grass that she's rolling around in happily. No words emerge past his lips though and Shane sighs, resigning himself to a full day of no words.

At least Ilya doesn't seem worried about it.

"Shane?" Ilya calls out the back door a little while later. Shane finished running through some yoga and is now laying in the grass on his back, letting the sunshine warm his skin. The porch creaks a little as Ilya crosses it and then the very faint sound of grass being disturbed are the signs of Ilya approaching.

Instead of a shadow appearing over his face like Shane had expected (because his husband is a menace), Ilya settles down onto the grass next to Shane.

Opening one eye and turning his head, Shane sees Ilya sitting cross legged, smiling gently at him.

"Hi." Ilya greets, reaching over to brush the hair away from Shane's forehead, "Is this new yoga pose?"

Shane returns the smile with a small one of his own, leaning into the soft touch, his eye closing as he enjoys the sensation.

"I like this one. Seems very simple and easy."

His chest rises and falls with a silent scoff but Ilya's laugh is loud and vibrant in the afternoon sun. It brings Anya to a wakefulness from the slumber she'd fallen into, and Shane can hear her bound over to them, giving Shane's bare knee a quick lick. He opens both eyes into a squint, watching the dog burrow into Ilya's lap like she's much smaller than she actually is. Ilya doesn't protest though, simply curls his free arm around her, dipping his head to kiss her. His other arm remains stretched out towards Shane, fingers resting in Shane's hair.

Another moment that Shane wants to live in forever. Just him, his husband, and their dog. Love blooming brightly between them.

Shane sighs and presses further into Ilya's touch, contentment making his body loose and relaxed in the grass and sunshine.

---

The house smells of chocolate when they wander back inside, hand in hand. It's a warm, comforting smell. One that Shane finds himself inhaling deeply rather than wrinkling his nose at now. A big improvement, and one that visibly pleases Ilya when he leans over and kisses Shane on his cheek.

"I will feed you one later." Ilya winks, releasing Shane's hand to pull the brownies out of the oven, placing them on a cooling rack on the counter. They do look really yummy.

Ilya moves back to Shane's side and grabs his hand once again, tugging him closer until their chests bump together and Ilya can wrap his other arm around Shane's waist. Shane rests his head on Ilya's chest, hand sneaking under the tank top Ilya's wearing to rest his hand against his husband's bare back.

They stand there, swaying gently to music that only exists in their minds, but it's nice. Shane thinks back to when they didn't have this. After they'd admitted to one another they had feelings but before they could exist together for longer than a stolen night.

Shane squeezes Ilya's hand three times, holding tightly onto it. He also brushes his thumb along the wedding band adorning Ilya's fourth finger.

"I love you too, Shane." Ilya murmurs, "Always and forever."

Shane doesn't know what's made his words disappear today, but he knows he doesn't need to figure it out. Because Ilya loves him enough to make it work, to accommodate so they can communicate even without words. Shane has a place he can be safe and content and entirely himself, whatever form that takes for the day.

And he finds, in this moment right now, standing in his husband's arms, the smell of chocolate in the air of their home, and their dog lapping up water from her dish, that he is utterly and completely happy.

He doesn't need words to express it though, because Ilya knows.

End Notes

love you.

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