

## Canada's Golden Boy Gets High

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# Canada's Golden Boy Gets High

by [PrincessOfTheDesert](#)

## Summary

In which the Centaurs win the Stanley Cup, Ilya prepares a bag with snacks with the same seriousness he brings to game tape, Luca Haas knows his way around the munchies and Shane Hollander discovers that the wood on their cottage dock has a lot going on.

OR

Shane Hollander has won several Stanley Cups, come out to the world and married the love of his life. He has never tried weed.

This is the year that changes.

## Notes

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

“Want some, too?” Dillon asked, as he held the joint in front of his face, snapping Shane out of his thoughts. The other Centaurs players were scattered around the fire pit in Bood’s garden.

It had been dark for a while now and was getting a bit chilly. Cassie had brought them blankets so they wouldn’t freeze in their summer clothes. Some of the players had draped a blanket over their shoulders or legs. Meanwhile, Shane had put on Ilyas’s jumper.

In Montreal, something like this would never have happened. Ice hockey players didn’t get cold. Ever. And the players’ partners would never have been present at such an occasion either. They preferred to stick with the team. So they could do manly things without having to make allowances for their fragile wives and girlfriends.

But with the Centaurs, things seemed to be different. Cassie, Lisa, Selena and Harris were sitting on the patio under the twinkling fairy lights, drinking cider. Every now and then, Shane could hear their laughter being carried across the large lawn to them.

Ilya was sitting next to him, engrossed in a discussion with Troy and Wyatt, while Shane watched the fire. Ilya had a hand on his thigh, slowly running his thumb along the seam of his jeans. It was lovely.

Shane had asked Ilya not to make any public displays of affection in front of the other players. But here, in the semi-darkness and with the others deep in conversation and in various states of inebriation, it was fine. It was more than fine. It felt good. It felt like coming home.

Even though he was still a bit nervous about what it would be like to spend every day with Ilya from now on, playing hockey together and having to fit into a new team.

Dillon nudged him with his hand and held the joint up to his face again. “You want?”

Shane looked at the joint, which was burnt down more on one side than the other and which probably half the team had already taken a drag from.

He couldn’t, right? It would interfere with his sleep schedule. The sensible thing to do was to decline, so he shook his head. “No, it’s okay.”

He knew that the Ottawa Centaurs smoked weed together from time to time. Ilya had told him. And Shane had thrown it in his face during an argument, saying that Ilya wanted to take the easy way out, slumming it on a terrible team and preferring to drink beer and smoke joints rather than put in the effort.

Shane couldn’t understand how he’d been able to say something like that back then. How he could have believed that Ilya had lost his drive, and how he hadn’t understood that Ilya had done all this so that they could have a future together.

For the first time in his life, it seemed that Shane was starting to realise that there was more to life than hockey. Ilya had found a family here in Ottawa, and winning wasn’t everything.

Although, that wasn't entirely true. Shane still had some good hockey left in him. He wanted to prove it to the whole world, and especially to the homophobes, and he wanted to win a Stanley Cup with his husband.

Dillon leaned over Shane and passed the joint to Ilya. Ilya took the joint between his elegant, long fingers and took a hit.

Shane turned towards Ilya, seeing him bathed in the golden light of the fire, practically glowing. Their eyes met and Ilya smirked at him. In that moment, Ilya looked happier than Shane had probably seen him since their wedding day. Shane raised his hand, ran his fingers over Ilya's cheek, traced Ilya's shell of the ear, and then ran his fingers through Ilya's hair.

Ilya leaned towards him and said, "It's late. Let's go home." As Shane nodded, Ilya stood up and they said their goodbyes to their teammates amid a chorus of wolf whistles.

Later, as they lay in bed together, freshly showered, but with Shane still feeling pliant and soft from his orgasm, Shane thought back to the joint. He'd never tried weed before and hadn't really felt the need to until now. Of course, there had been the odd opportunity to give it a go. Or he could have simply walked into a shop and bought a joint or an edible. But what if it disrupted his sleep cycle? Or his reaction time?

He was aware this was not a normal thing to worry late at night, post-orgasm.

Somehow, he was curious.

"Ilya?"

"Hmm?"

"Are you asleep yet?"

Ilya grumbled. Shane shifted his head on Ilya's chest so that he could look Ilya in the eyes. Ilya placed his hand on Shane's cheek and jaw. Slowly, he stroked Shane's cheekbone with his thumb.

Then he whispered something in Russian. "My alarm clock?" Shane guessed.

"There. My alarm clock. What is it?"

"Nothing." Shane closed his eyes.

"I can tell you are thinking. Is just me. Tell me."

Shane smiled. When Ilya was tired, his Russian accent became much stronger.

"I... just... I was wondering what it's like to be high. I mean, high on weed."

"Have you not tried?"

“No. When would I have had time for that?”

“Of course, Canada’s golden boy, the rule-follower, the famously uptight Shane Hollander has never tried weed.”

“Shut up. You know that’s not true.”

“I know. Just teasing.”

“I’m serious, Ilya.” Shane sat up now, resting his head against the headboard. “What does it feel like?”

Ilya moved closer to him, laid his head on Shane’s thigh, and pressed a gentle kiss to his leg. The light stubble of his beard scratched slightly.

“Is not always the same. Sometimes is completely overwhelming and you cannot move, sometimes everything is just funny, funnier than anything you have ever experienced in your life, sometimes you think you have understood the meaning of life, and sometimes you feel completely paranoid.”

Shane now ran his hand through Ilya’s curls. Ilya pressed himself closer to Shane, nestling his head in Shane’s hand, looking him in the eyes.

“Hmm. Do you think I’d like it? Being high?”

“Maybe. If you can switch off your anxious mind.”

“Do you think I should give it a go?”

Ilya raised his eyebrows. “Does not matter. Do you want to?”

“No? Maybe? I don’t know. Pre-season starts soon, and then the new season. I don’t think I should be smoking weed during the season.”

“And afterwards?”

“Maybe.”

Ilya ran his hand along the side of Shane’s thigh, his fingers slipping under the hem of his boxer shorts. Shane took a deep breath.

“Shane. Sweetheart. What do you really want?”

“Well, I am a bit curious. But I’m not sure if I should do it.”

“Let’s make a bet: if we win the Cup, we will smoke weed together at the cottage next summer. Yes?”

“Sooner or later, we’ll win the Cup together.”

“Then is done thing.”

“Deal.”

Ilya pulled him down onto the bed and kissed him. “And now let’s go to sleep.”

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Over the next few months, Shane didn’t think about their deal very often. Occasionally, when he found himself daydreaming about them winning the Stanley Cup together, Shane would look up how to get his first high from weed. During one such search, he’d decided he’d prefer an edible to a joint.

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Summer had come round again, and Shane’s biggest dream had come true. They’d actually done it: they’d won the Stanley Cup alongside his husband. The moment the horn went Shane had grabbed Ilya so hard he’d nearly knocked them both over.

Once the initial commotion had died down, Shane plucked up the courage to broach the subject with Ilya.

Ilya was in the kitchen, having prepared their breakfast and made himself a cappuccino, when Shane returned from his run.

“Do you remember our bet?”

Ilya looked up from the plate he was preparing for Shane.

“What bet?”

“From the start of the season...”

“Ah, you mean about smoking a joint together?”

“Yes.”

“What about it?”

“Well, as you know, we won.”

“I know.” Ilya now came round the kitchen island with a broad grin, picked Shane up and spun him round once.

“Ilya! Put me down. I’m covered in sweat.” But Shane laughed.

“Yes. I have won the Stanley Cup with my sexy, sweaty husband.” Ilya set Shane back down on the floor and kissed him on the cheek.

“I... I want to try weed when we go to the cottage in two weeks.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, I am. Could we get some edibles?” Shane picked up the plate from the kitchen island and started eating his breakfast.

“On it. I will be best trip sitter you could imagine.” Ilya picked up his coffee cup and took a sip of his cappuccino.

“Oh, aren’t you going to have some with me?”

“Of course.”

“Then you’re not a trip sitter. A trip sitter stays sober.”

“Ah, so you are the drug expert? Mr ‘I have taken all the drugs’?”

“Fuck off.”

Ilya made a dismissive wave of his hand. “Then I will just be your weed guru. I will get the best gummies and the best snacks for afterwards. I will make sure you are relaxed. And I will bring lube.”

Shane looked at him. “You’ve been thinking about this?”

“Of Course.”

That was the thing about Ilya. He just said of course, like it was nothing, like thinking carefully about Shane’s first time trying weed was an obvious thing a person would do. Shane looked back down at his breakfast.

“We’re taking lube to the cottage anyway,” he said.

“I know. But I will bring extra.”

“Why?”

“Weed will almost certainly make you horny. You will not be able to resist me.”

“Well, that’s just a Tuesday.”

“You will see. Once you are high, it will be even harder.”

“Fuck off.” Shane felt himself blushing.

“But you know. I’m up for it, if you’re up for it... the sex stuff.”

“Of course you are blushing, moy pomidor.” Ilya laughed. “So you will know: When you get so horny and cannot resist me, I will be all yours.”

Two weeks later, when they went to the cottage, Ilya carried another bag to the car alongside his suitcase of clothes.

Shane was trying not to think about what the bag meant. He picked up his own suitcase and made sure Anya was safely settled in her pet carrier.

“What’s in there?” Shane asked.

“Is our trip bag. I have chips and sweets in there. I also asked Haasy for some good chocolate, and he also gave me a packet of biscuits with a wink.”

“Okay...?”

“I know. I was completely surprised too that our Luca knows his way around the munchies.”

“No, I meant, do we need that much stuff? I don’t think I’ll be eating that much junk food.”

“Yes, we do. Trust me, you will. But I have also packed a few bird food snacks.”

“Fuck off. It’s not bird food.”

Ilya put the bag in the boot. Shane looked at for a second and felt something move through him that was almost nerves and almost anticipation. The chips, the gummies somewhere in there, the whole careful thing Ilya had put together.

Then he shut the boot and got in the car.

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Then, finally, the moment arrives. Ilya takes two edibles out of a small plastic bag that still contains a few more gummies.

“One for you and one for me. Maybe two for me.”

Shane holds out his hand and Ilya reverently places the gummy in it. There was no turning back now.

“Maybe we should go outside,” Shane suggested, to buy himself a little more time.

“Good idea. Let’s sit outside. Maybe we can light a fire.” Ilya grinned. Ever since they’d first come to the cottage together, he’d loved staring into the flames for hours on end. Although, of course, he’d never admit that to Shane. Shane knew anyway.

“Do you think that’s a good idea?”

“Yes, is great idea.”

“What if we forget about the fire? What if Anya gets too close to the fire?”

Ilya walked over to him. Taking Shane's free hand in his, he said, "You're having a panic attack. We won't get so high that we forget everything around us." He kissed Shane's knuckles. "But if you are worried, we will not light a fire."

"Okay." Shane nodded.

"Now relax. Okay?" Ilya looked deep into his eyes and Shane could only nod again.

"Are you sure about this?"

"Yes, I'm sure." Then he raised his hand and popped the edible into his mouth. Ilya looked at him in shock for a moment, before doing the same.

They grinned at each other. Ilya took his hand and they sat down on the patio. The sun shone warmly on their faces.

"How do you feel?" Ilya asked, after a while.

"Fine. Normal." Shane considered this. "You?"

"Fine."

They listened to the water.

"Still fine," Shane said, a few minutes later.

"I know."

Shane looked at the tree line. A bird landed on the dock and then left again. He was definitely not high. He would be able to tell if he were high. He felt completely, entirely, one hundred percent normal, which proved it.

He stood up and started pacing.

"I don't think my edible actually had any THC in it." Shane threw his hands up. "I can't feel a thing."

Then he laughed. "I just can't feel a thing."

Ilya looked at him, raising his eyebrows. "You sure?"

"Yeah, sure. I'd have to feel different, wouldn't I? But I feel exactly the same. I feel just like I always do."

"I think is working."

Shane shook his head, then it occurred to him that if he really was already high and felt exactly the same as always, he must be pretty boring. "Oh my God! Ilya! Am I the most boring stoner in the world?"

"Maybe. Does it matter?"

“Yes! No. I don’t know. I just want to have a bit of fun.” Shane stopped in front of Ilya’s chair. Ilya wrapped his arms around his waist, rested his face against Shane’s stomach and looked up at him. “Just once in my life, Ilya.”

“What do you want to do?”

“Let’s go down to the dock. I want to look at the water.”

The wood had a lot going on, was the thing.

Shane was lying on his stomach on the dock with his chin propped in his hands. He’d been looking at the same section of planks for what felt like either four minutes or most of his adult life, and the more he looked at it, the more there was to see.

The grain ran in these long uneven lines that weren’t parallel at all when you got close. They curved following some logic the three had worked out long before anyone came along and turned it into dock material.

Along with the remains of branches, various shapes began to emerge. In one place, he saw a sad parrot and an owl, while in another, it looked as though evil eyes were staring at him. That spot frightened Shane a little. He stopped looking in that direction.

The color wasn’t brown, not really. Grey-brown where the sun had been at it for years. A darker stripe where it was still wet from Ilya’s swim.

“There’s a lot going on with this wood,” Shane said.

“Hm,” Ilya agreed from somewhere behind him and slightly to the left.

“Like structurally.” Shane traced one of the grain lines with his fingertip, barely touching it. “People think wood is simple. You can tell they think that because of how they talk about it. *Oh, nice hardwood floors.* As if that’s a complete thought. As if they’ve said something.”

“As if,” Ilya said.

“But this...” Shane gestured at the plank. The gesture was meant to encompass something large, but he was aware that from the outside it probably looked like he was just pointing at a piece of dock. That was fine. He was gesturing at a piece of dock. It was the right thing to be pointing at. “This is a record of every year the tree was alive. You can run your hand over it and you’re touching decades.”

He ran his hand over it. “Decades,” he said, quietly.

The water in the lake lapped gently against the dock’s pilings. Somewhere in the distance, he heard a goose.

“The guy who built this dock,” Shane said, “probably did not think about that. He probably just thought, I need boards, these are boards. But he accidentally made an archive. That’s

what I'm lying on. An accidental archive.”

“Shane?”

“Yeah.”

“You have been talking about the dock for a very long time.”

Shane considered this. “That makes sense,” he said. “It deserves it.”

He could hear Ilya shift and then Ilya was lying down beside him, close enough that their shoulders were touching. For a moment neither of them said anything. Shane looked at the grain. Ilya looked at whatever Ilya was looking at.

Shane tilted his head slightly upwards and looked at Ilya’s profile. Slowly, he reached out, running one hand over his nose, across his eyebrows, and down to his ear.

The light of the setting sun was doing something to the bridge of Ilya’s nose. Shane had looked at that nose an unreasonable number of times, had traced it with his fingers, had pressed his own nose against it, and somehow it was still surprising.

How was it possible that something so beautiful could even exist.

“Wow.”

“What?” asked Ilya.

“You.”

“Hm?”

“Nothing.” He paused. “Everything.”

Shane sat up, resting his forearms on the dock and feeling the fine grain lines of the wood. He moved his body closer to Ilya until they were touching from shoulder to foot, then he lowered his head and kissed Ilya. Gently. Lingered.

“Now would be a good time for the promised blowjobs.”

“I never said that is what we would be doing.”

“True. But I’d really love to feel your mouth on me.”

“Okay.” Ilya smirked, turning them both around so that he could press his full weight onto Shane. He moved down Shane’s body, kissing him everywhere. At some point, and Shane had no idea how much time had passed, Ilya finally pushed his waistband down. And then, at last, his thoughts switched off.

“I’m hungry,” Shane whined.

“But you had snack just now.”

“That doesn’t count.”

“Not fair. I think your cum was a very delicious snack.”

“Shut up.”

Ilya began to move; Shane slid off his chest and pulled him closer. “Where are you going?”

“I thought you were hungry. Snacks are in the kitchen.”

“No,” he whined. “I can’t get up.”

“So dramatic,” said Ilya, standing up and holding out his hand. “Give me your hand.”

Shane held out his hand and Ilya grabbed it, pulling him to his feet. They almost lost their balance and would have fallen off the dock into the water if Ilya hadn't steadied them.

Then he set off, pulling Shane towards the kitchen by the hand. Once there, Ilya laid out the snacks on the kitchen counter.

Shane reached for his protein bar and opened it. Ilya looked at him somewhat sceptically, but said nothing. Shane took a bite and was rather underwhelmed.

The protein bar tasted like cardboard and was dry. Far too dry.

“Do you not like it?”

Shane shook his head. “No.”

“Try this.” Ilya held out a bag of chips to him; Shane took one and ate it, and that was much better. Ilya, on the other hand, took a whole handful of chips from the bag and stuffed them all into his mouth at once.

It looked fun, so Shane did the same. Before long, their competitive side came to the surface and they started eating faster and faster, trying to cram as many chips into their mouths as possible. Then there were just a few measly crumbs left in the bag.

“What’s next?” Shane asked, looking at the remaining snacks. He picked up a packet of biscuits and eyed them suspiciously. Chocolate wafers.

Not exactly spectacular.

“Luca gave these to me. Rumour has it that they’re pretty tasty.”

“Well, then I’ve got no choice but to try them.” Shane opened the box, took out a biscuit, ate it, and knew he’d have to finish the whole packet alone.

“They’re mine,” he said and scampered off.

“No, Hollander, let me try.” Ilya ran after him and so they bounded through the cottage from the living room to the master bedroom and through the gym and the guest rooms the floor below.

Outside the downstairs bathroom, Ilya caught up with him because Shane couldn’t stop laughing. Ilya seized the moment to eat a biscuit. He wanted to grab the whole packet, but Shane wouldn’t let go. So, they fought over the biscuits, eating faster and faster and laughing in between.

After they had eaten all the biscuits, Shane couldn’t stop laughing. At one point, he didn’t even know why anymore. Just looking at Ilya was enough to make him laugh. And Ilya was laughing too. Whenever one of them felt they’d finally finished laughing, the other would start again. Shane laughed until his stomach ached and tears streamed down his face.

Eventually it wound down. One of them would stop until finally there was just the two of them breathing, leaning against the wall of the downstairs hallway, not saying anything.

Shane looked at the ceiling.

“I don’t even know why I was laughing,” he said, he’d mostly stopped now.

“Me neither.”

Shane stayed where he was. The cottage quiet around them. Anya, who had been running up and down the stairs with them and had just looked at them strangely when they started laughing, was back upstairs. Somewhere outside, a bird.

“Why can’t I always be like this?”

Ilya looked at him. He didn’t say anything for a moment. “You are always like this.”

“I’m really not.”

“No. okay.” Ilya tilted his head. “But is still you. Just... less of the other stuff on top. Less of the thousand consequences of every decision.”

Shane looked at the ceiling again. He knew that. He did know that. It was just hard to truly feel it.

“Ugh. It’s just so frustrating.”

“How about we stop thinking for today. There will be plenty of time for that tomorrow, da?”

Ilya hugged him. Shane nodded, his movements jerky as he’d pressed his head against Ilya’s collarbone and turned his face towards Ilya’s neck so he could breathe in his scent.

“Come on, we should watch stars.”

“Sounds good.”

Ilya turned his head to give him a gentle kiss. Then he carefully pulled away. “Race you.”

He gave Shane a light shove to the side and sprinted up the stairs. Shane followed him, yanking him back by his shirt when they reached the top. They wrestled with each other until they were out on the patio.

Shane looked up.

There were so many. That was the thing. He’d known there would be, he’d been to this cottage and to his parents’ cottage his whole life, he knew perfectly well what the sky looked like out here away from the city. And still. There were just so many of them. He lay down on the ground because it seemed like the right thing to do and looked up at all of it, his mouth open.

After a while he turned his head.

Ilya was watching him.

“You’re not even looking,” Shane said.

“Of course I am.”

“Sap.”

At some point – and Shane couldn’t have said how much time had passed – they got into bed. He closed his eyes, when he opened his eyes again much later, it was bright outside, despite the blinds being closed. The space next to him was already cold. He picked up his phone from the bedside table and saw that he’d slept until almost midday.

Not even in his teenage years had Shane slept for so long. Shane couldn’t even feel guilty about staying in bed so long; for the first time in ages, he felt completely rested.

Grabbing some shorts and a T-shirt, he headed for the kitchen. The room smelled of coffee, and he saw Ilya standing at the stove, cooking. Shane hugged Ilya from behind, wrapping his arms around his waist and resting his head on his broad shoulders for a moment. Then he kissed Ilya’s neck. “Morning.”

“Good morning, sleeping beauty.”

“Have you been up long?”

“About an hour. I was out for a walk with Anya.” Ilya took the pan off the stove, turned around in the embrace and kissed Shane. “Did you sleep well?”

“Obviously.” Shane laughed. “I don’t think I’ve ever slept for so long.”

“I thought as much. That’s why I did not wake you.” Ilya stroked his back. It felt good just to be here, not having to think about anything. “Are you hungry?”

“What are you cooking?”

“Pancakes.”

“Then I’m really hungry.” Ilya broke free from the hug and turned back to his frying pan.

“You can set the table in the meantime. Breakfast will be ready in a minute. The berries and maple syrup are in the fridge.”

As they sat on the patio, eating homemade pancakes and drinking coffee, Ilya asked: “How did you like yesterday? »

Shane picked up his cup, turning it from side to side. He thought for a moment. “I think... it was fun.” And that was true. He’d had fun and, for once, he’d been able to switch off his thoughts. “Was it okay for you too? Not too boring?” Shane lowered his gaze.

“I love boring.”

“Fuck off.”

“It was not boring. The first time I have been able to have a eating contest with you.” Ilya leaned towards him and kissed him on the cheek.

“Okay.” Shane kept staring at his cup. The night before he’d wondered if his life would be better if he were always this relaxed. Maybe Ilya would like him more if he weren’t always so complicated.

“Hollander, what are you thinking about?” Shane looked questioningly at Ilya. “I can hear your thoughts from over here. What’s up?”

“Would you like me more if I was always as carefree as I was yesterday?”

“No.” Ilya raised his hand and ran his fingers gently over Shane’s freckles.

“Just no?”

“Just no. I love you just the way you are. If you were not so determined all the time, we would not be here.” Ilya moved his hand to the back of Shane’s head and pulled him in close. He kissed him. They kissed until everything around them faded away. Eventually, they pulled apart

“If you say so,” murmured Shane.

“Yes, is true. I am always right. You know that, Hollander.”

“What should we do with the other gummies now?”

“Whatever we want. Maybe we’ll take them too. I don’t think we have made the most of horny and high Hollander yet.”

“Yeah, maybe, before we head back to Ottawa.” Shane grinned.

He reached for the last pancake.

Ilya watched him do it and said nothing, which meant he got to eat it in peace. On the lawn, Anya was chasing a pinecone. The coffee was still warm. They had three more weeks.

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Bood's garden looked exactly the same as it had the year before. Same fire pit, same twinkling fairy lights strung up along the patio, same smoker that Bood had been fussing over since noon. The Centaurs were scattered around in much the same way too, and Cassie had brought out the same blankets the moment the sun dipped behind the treeline. Shane had Ilya's hoodie on again without really thinking about it.

Dillon had the joint. Shane noticed that small familiar shape being passed around the fire pit with the same ease as on other occasions.

Last year, Shane had shaken his head. Immediately.

This year, he watched it come around and he didn't really think about it.

"Want some?", Dillon asked and held it out.

Shane took the joint.

There was a beat – small, but Shane felt it, where the conversation around the fire pit didn't stop but sort of everyone looked at him. Wyatt had his beer halfway to his mouth. Bood had glanced over from whatever he'd been saying to Troy. Then Dykstra said, "Hollander, what the hell," in a tone of pure delight and Wyatt started laughing and Dillon was grinning at him.

"What?", Shane said and took a drag. He immediately coughed.

Everyone was staring at him. Shane started giggling.

That made it worse. Dykstra doubled over. Holmberg, who had been very focused on his beer a moment ago, looked up and started laughing too. Shane could feel the tips of his ears going red.

"I'm fine," Shane uttered, which made Dykstra laugh harder.

He passed the joint round. Ilya sat next to him and stroked his back. His eyes were warm, but he was laughing too.

They weren't laughing at him. He could feel it clearly, the way he could with the centaurs. It was warm, it included him.

Across the lawn, Shane could hear Cassie and Lisa and the others under the fairy lights, their voices carrying in the evening air. Someone said something he couldn't make out and Selena's laugh rose above the rest of them, bright and sudden. Harris said something back. More laughter.

Dykstra had moved on. He was telling some story involving hunting that Shane was only half listening to and the fire crackled and the smoke drifted and after a while the joint came back around and Shane shook his head this time and nobody said anything about that either.

Later, when they were in the car, the city sliding past the windows, Ilya drove and Shane looked out at the lights.

"That went fine," Shane said.

"Yes."

"Dykstra's going to bring it up for the rest of the season."

"Yes."

Shane watched a red light turn green. He thought about Dykstra laughing, Dillon grinning at him, Ilya beside him. The dock at the cottage. The grain of wood under his fingertip. Anya and the pinecone. The stars.

Ilya reached over and squeezed his thigh.

## End Notes

Thank you for reading :) I hope you enjoyed this silly little chapter.  
Comments fuel me almost as effectively as edibles fuelled Shane's philosophical musings on dock wood.

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