

my drug is my baby

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my drug is my baby

by [strandnreyes](#)

Summary

Shane is adamant he's never been high, but Ilya remembers a loopy Shane in a hospital bed.

Notes

shane zooted out of his mind in that hospital bed is everything to me. i know one day ilya will laugh about it

Ilya expected it to be quieter here.

Shane's cottage is hours from any major city. It's probably the most rural Ilya has been in his life. He thought without any sounds of traffic and people around him, he'd find a blissful silence, both in his mind and in his surroundings. Neither are necessarily true.

As he sits on Shane's deck, the stars in the night sky shining down on him, he's surrounded by the sounds of nature. The frogs and bugs are the loudest, all whining and croaking to create a constant chorus, but occasionally something splashes in the water and there are a few calls from that stupid loon that Ilya has secretly grown a little fond of.

He's surprised all this noise is not enough to wake Shane. Then again, Shane is probably used to it. Ilya has never experienced this, not nature like this and not sleeping next to the man he loves every night this week.

He takes another puff from his cigarette, watching the smoke billow out in front of him as he exhales. He'll have to brush his teeth before getting back into bed or Shane will know what he was doing out here. He'll probably know anyway.

It's why he doesn't bother hiding the cigarette when he hears the door slide open behind him. He doesn't turn around, but he smiles when he hears the pat of Shane's bare feet on the deck.

"Can't sleep?"

Ilya turns his head to look at Shane. He's thrown his boxers back on, paired with a Boston hoodie of Ilya's. He'd tease Shane about it if he were so fucking enamored by the sight. If the people could see Shane Hollander right now, in his underwear and a Boston Raiders shirt...

But no. This is only for Ilya.

He holds his hand out, letting Shane come to him. He curls an arm around Shane's waist when he perches on Ilya's thigh and Ilya burrows into his warmth for a moment. Having the weight of Shane on his lap is quickly becoming one of his favorite things.

"You were snoring too loud."

"I don't snore," Shane argues, and Ilya smiles.

He doesn't, but it's so fun to watch him get all huffy. Ilya stares at him for a prolonged moment before inhaling deeply and turning his attention to Shane's property.

"I didn't know you still smoked," Shane says after Ilya takes another drag, politely blowing it away from him.

"Barely," he retorts automatically. It's true, but it's not zero so he knows it's still more than Shane would like. He's trying.

Predictably, Shane tells him, "You shouldn't."

“I know,” he mumbles before holding it out to Shane. “You want a hit?”

Shane scrunches his brows and shakes his head. “No.”

He’s already snuffing it out before Shane answers, knowing that’d be the response he gets. With his other arm free, he wraps it around Shane, holding him even more securely in place. “You ever tried?”

“No,” Shane says again, slightly less confident this time, like he’s waiting for Ilya to make fun of him.

Ilya isn’t the least bit surprised, so he doesn’t know why he pushes. The never ending need to want to know more about Shane, probably. “Nothing? Not even—”

“I’ve never been high,” Shane tells him.

Ilya purses his lips, looking out at the lake. He remembers a few weeks ago, Shane looking fucking adorable in a hospital better even while he was stressing Ilya out of his mind.

“Well…” A grin spreads slowly over his face as he turns to Shane again. “Yes, you have.”

Shane frowns at him. “No, I haven’t.”

“I have seen you high,” Ilya insists.

“No, you haven’t.”

“Yes, moya lyubov. When you were hurt. In the hospital.”

Shane stares at him for a moment and then scoffs, looking out at the lake. “That does not count.”

Ilya squeeze’s Shane’s hip. “I think it does.”

“I was on *painkillers*.”

“Drugs,” Ilya unnecessarily explains. “You were *so* high.”

Shane frowns. “I was not that bad,” he says, some of the confidence wavering in his voice. It’s like he’s asking Ilya to prove him right. Ilya will do no such thing.

He stretches his neck up to kiss Shane’s cheek. “It was cute. You were cute.”

“I don’t really remember much,” Shane mumbles.

“You don’t remember asking me to come to your house?” Ilya teases, and Shane fixes Ilya with a smile that’s equally fond as it is exasperated. Ilya loves that smile. When he first saw it, he vowed to do whatever it took to keep that look on him.

“I remember that,” he promises, and Ilya hums.

“You are happy like that.”

Shane exhales a laugh. “I was happy to see *you*.”

“Ah, I thought you don’t remember,” Ilya murmurs, leaning in close to press a few kisses to Shane’s jaw.

Shane hums in content, letting Ilya kiss him before turning his head and kissing the top of Ilya’s.

Ilya exhales, squeezing his arms tighter around Shane. It wasn’t that long ago, but it feels like it’s been forever since he walked into that hospital room not knowing what he’d find. Back when he thought this, *them*, was impossible. Fuck, he was going to end things with Shane. To save them from future heartbreak. He was so stupid. One look at Shane all doped up asking for Ilya in that hospital and Ilya knew even walking away would not end the love he feels.

“You scared me,” he murmurs.

Shane kisses the top of his head again, letting his lips linger. “I know. I’m sorry.”

“Not about that,” Ilya corrects. He leans back to look Shane in the eye. “Thought you were going to tell your nurse how much you love me.”

Shane blushes and looks away, but he smiles anyway. “That would’ve been a really embarrassing way to come out.”

“Yes,” Ilya agrees with a small chuckle before growing quiet. Shane said he had planned to ask Ilya the question the night before, if they would’ve met up as usual, but Ilya wonders if he wouldn’t have. If it was the drugs that made him more carefree, less afraid to ask Ilya to come be in love with him here. “I’m glad they gave you the good stuff. Whole reason I am here, yes?”

Shane frowns. “I thought Scott Hunter was the whole reason you’re here.”

Ilya shakes his head and frowns, pretending the entire concept of Scott Hunter being the source of so much of his happiness is ludicrous. “No, no, no, Hollander. You give him too much credit.”

“Says you. I want to send him a fucking fruit basket,” Shane says with a small laugh of disbelief, and Ilya hums. He still hasn’t wrapped his head around it either.

He leans his head into Shane’s shoulder for a moment before letting him go. “Is cold. Let’s go inside.”

Ilya grabs the cigarette butt in one hand and Shane’s hand in the other. He drops it in a glass of water he abandoned earlier to be taken care of when it’s not the middle of the night and then meets Shane in the middle of the bed. Shane is waiting for him on his back, so Ilya curls himself into Shane’s side. Like magnets, Shane’s hand finds his hair. He plays with it a lot and Ilya doesn’t know how to ask him to never stop.

“Are cigarettes the only thing you’ve ever...” Shane lets the question trail off and Ilya almost smiles, wondering if Shane can’t find the right language to even talk about drugs.

“Eh, weed. Rarely,” he says with a small shrug of a shoulder. “Nothing more than that. My body is a temple.”

Shane snorts a laugh of disbelief that makes Ilya smile. “I’ve seen what you eat.”

“Ah. You know my secrets,” Ilya murmurs, pushing himself up to press his lips into Shane’s for a moment.

Shane is pouting when he pulls back. “Seriously? How the fuck do you look like this when you eat like a twelve year old?”

This time when their lips meet, Ilya makes sure it’s softer. “Food is fuel, Shane.”

Shane averts his gaze and bites his lip, letting his head sink into the pillow again. Ilya takes the opportunity to relax again as well. Living in each other’s pockets for two weeks has caused them to learn more about each other than they ever knew. Ilya didn’t know how strict Shane was about his diet until now. He doesn’t know if *Shane* even knows, or if it’s Ilya’s job to bring attention. He doesn’t know a lot of things about being in a relationship, and half the time he’s trying to figure out how to not fuck all this up.

“It’s been nice to cook with you,” Shane tells him, and Ilya hums, kissing Shane’s chest. It’s been one of his favorite parts of the routine they’ve established. They’re having Shane’s parents over in a few days for dinner and Ilya desperately wants to show them how good they are together, as if being able to cook a ribeye together is the testament of good relationship.

“Yes. More exciting than alone.”

“Yeah,” Shane agrees quietly. His fingers twist around Ilya’s curls, proving to Ilya that his mind is still active. He likes that he already knows these details about Shane, that even though they’ve only just started to do this for real, they know each other better than he thought. “I’ve never even had marijuana,” Shane confesses.

Ilya chuckles. “No pot brownies at boring Hayden’s parties?”

“No.”

“Does not surprise me,” he mumbles.

“You don’t even know Hayden.”

“I meant about you.”

“Oh, yeah. I know. Boring,” Shane mumbles, and Ilya caresses his side, choosing his next words carefully.

“Yes, but also is hard for you to give up control, I think.”

Shane lets the statement hang in the air. Ilya doesn’t think he’s off base, but it’s still relieving when Shane nods. He wants to understand Shane. Even without having to be told things.

“Yeah,” he exhales.

“But you do with me. All the time,” Ilya points out, and even without looking at him, Ilya knows Shane’s cheeks are tinged just slightly pink.

“That’s different,” he mumbles, and Ilya grins. He slides his hand down, squeezing Shane’s hip before moving his touch back to a more innocent spot along Shane’s ribs.

“If you ever wanted to…” Ilya says carefully. “I would take care of you. Make sure you were okay.”

Shane is quiet for a long time, and then he says, “Maybe.”

“Okay,” Ilya responds.

It doesn’t matter to him. Shane could tell him he never even wants another drop of alcohol in his life and it wouldn’t make a difference to Ilya. But he also wants Shane to know that he’s safe with Ilya, that he doesn’t have to be so perfect. Ilya has wanted to look after him, maybe since the first time he saw Shane fold his clothes after he undressed. Ilya wants him to know that he doesn’t have to worry when it’s just them. He doesn’t know how to communicate all that, though, so he just says nothing.

“Please stop smoking,” Shane says after a long silence, and Ilya’s heart sinks just a little.

“I will try.”

“You’re like kissing an ashtray,” Shane jokes weakly, and Ilya chuckles, pulling away.

“I will go brush my teeth.”

He doesn’t get far before Shane is pulling him back in. “No, no. Stay.”

Ilya buries his smile into Shane’s warm skin. “Okay. I will stay.”

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