

High On Your Lovin'

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by [beeaattrricce](#)

Summary

Shane has his wisdom tooth removed. Ilya panics, Shane is high on painkillers.

Inspired by the hospital scene in episode 5

Notes

This Russian man and his autistic boyfriend have consumed my every being. I love them so much :')

Please ignore any spelling and grammatical errors this is the product of 3am insomniac behaviour. Comments and kudos' are always appreciated 💙

I talk shit on twitter :) [@TZPsEyelashes](#)

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

Ilya has broken a promise.

It was one he hadn't thought he ever would, not since that day. Not since the scare of a nearly fatal flight that had nearly ended them but here he was, and if Shane found out he'd kill him himself, but Ilya thinks Shane would forgive him if the circumstances were reversed.

He's on the expressway doing 110 in a 90 and for the first time in a while, he's glad he didn't get rid of all his sports car. The looming blizzard brings the slower than usual traffic and the 45-minute journey from the arena to their house is nearly twice as long. Snow whitening the road in front, signs of a brutal winter ahead as if weaves through the snail like traffic.

A year ago, he had promise Shane, he would take it easier. He had given up smoking and sold most of his car collection and traded in a sports car for a reliable SUV that could handle the mountains of Canadian snow. But he had kept one car, as a reward. He had worked hard and wanted something to show for it. He didn't have very many hobbies outside of hockey, but he had always loved cars since he was a kid and had dreamt of a garage full of them and he had that, but the void remained. And then he met Shane, and he had a better dream.

He takes the next exit and makes the ten-minute drive home in seven. The tires crunch under the gravel. The car barely stops before he's got one foot out. He doesn't bother with the key already knowing the front door would be unlocked.

He checks the living room first. Empty. The TV is on but left on mute.

"He's upstairs," the sound comes from the next room.

He finds Yuna in the kitchen. She's stacking the last of the dishes in the dishwasher. She doesn't look up instead says quietly. "He's in the bedroom sleeping I think, I hope."

"He's, OK?" Ilya looks back towards the stairs to the bedroom.

Yuna looks up eyes soft sensing what can only be panic radiating from Ilya. "He's a little out of it which is expected but he should be fine"

Ilya feels a hand on his cheek, he did even hear her move. Her thumb brushes against it wiping away a stray tear. He didn't realise he was crying.

"Oh, honey. He's Ok," she says again.

"I shouldn't have—I should've stayed." He thinks back to last night, Shane complaining about a migraine that they both chalked up to exhaustion, nothing a good night's rest couldn't fix. But then Shane had woken up in a pool of sweat despite the brittle winter temperature. He again brushed it off as no big deal, but Ilya knew that was for his sake more than anything. With a cool cloth to his forehead and glass of water by the bed side, Shane eventually fell back asleep. Ilya tried his best.

The morning came and Shane was still sprawled out in bed, one leg on top of the blanket as if his body couldn't decide if it was cold or not. Ilya knew it was bad. It was 8am and Shane

was still in bed which meant he hadn't even been out for his morning run. He places his hand on his temple trying to gauge his temperature without waking him. They had training later in the morning, but it was optional, and Shane would be opting out if Ilya had any say in it, and as his husband he made his decision known.

"I'm fine, it's just a slight temperature I'll be fine—" Shane argued when he woke nearly an hour later. Of course he did. But he'd be a little more convincing if he wasn't swaying on his feet.

"No," Ilya cut him off. "I'm calling coach, telling him we are not coming then I take you to emergency room" he's flipping the pillows around trying to remember where he last left his phone.

"Ilya—"

"No Shane, this is not up for debate," he finds his phone fallen halfway in between the cushions and opens his contacts. Before he can press the call button a hand on his arm stops him.

Shane exhales. "Fine. Ok. I'll stay but you should still go," Ilya opens his mouth to protest but Shane charges on. "I'll be fine, I'll probably just sleep it off anyway but there's no point in both of us missing training. We have 2 more games before playoffs start and with Troy still recovering from his sprained shoulder, we need the extra practice if we want to be the first married couple to win a Stanley Cup"

"I don't care about that, Shane; you are more important than stupid cup"

"I know, but it's just a fever. I just need sleep and plenty of water. I'll be fine, I promise"

Ilya looks at him, blanket draped over his shoulder. He looked so small. There was no way he could leave him like this even if it was just for a few hours. Shane speaks again before Ilya could say as much.

"Look, mom and dad are coming over for dinner tonight. If it'll help you calm down, I'll call and ask them to come earlier that way someone will be here if anything happens. Which it won't," he quickly adds, making sure to drive that point home. Ilya worries his bottom lip between his teeth then with a small nod, agrees. If he can't be here, having Yuna and David is the next best thing.

"Ok," his voice is soft. "Ok, I will call them, you go back to bed" Shane hesitates but then presses a kiss to Ilya's temple and makes his slow descend up the stairs.

Later, when Ilya has packed his bag and left it by the door, he slips on a hoodie and presses a kiss to Shane's temple. His fingers brush over his freckled cheek questioning if he's made the right decision. Shane's face looks slightly puffier, but he assumes it's because he'd just woken up.

"I'll be home as soon as I can. Mom and dad are on the way, should be here soon but I put more ginger ale in the fridge". He eyes the nearly empty can on the bed side table next to a

half-eaten sleeve of saltine crackers. Shane nods. Ilya takes another second to let his gaze wonder over his husband before he kisses him again, a soft touch of their lips. “я тебя люблю”

“я тоже тебя люблю” Shane replies, eyes slipping shut.

Yuna and David pull into the driveway as Ilya makes his way out. He updates them on Shane’s state since they last spoke nearly an hour ago and that he is resting in the bedroom and promises to make it back as soon as training is over.

He’s bloody useless.

They are halfway through a gruelling training session and he’s useless. He’s missing shots he could perform in his sleep with accuracy of a blind man and too distracted to make a pass. Not to mention his short temper towards his teammates.

The two hours drag but he runs to the locker room already stripping his gear off when coach finally calls it a day. Fumbling for his phone he sees several messages from Yuna and David accompanied by a handful of missed calls

Fuck.

Fuck!

He skips the shower after the training session but not before apologising to the team, they wave him off with nothing but love. He skims through the text, but his hands are shaking too much to read it clearly, instead makes a call. Phone pressed to his ear; he’s halfway out of the carpark when Yuna picks up.

He doesn’t hear much, blood loud in his ear to focus on the words screaming back at him through the speaker but he picks up bits and pieces.

Shane woke up shortly after Ilya left with a swollen face and a tooth ache. Yuna and David drove him to the emergency room where he underwent an emergency wisdom tooth removal. He is fine apparently, he’s on some strong painkillers, but they are on their way back to the house.

Fuck!

Fuck!

He knew he should’ve just stayed home. He should’ve been there; he shouldn’t have dismissed the migraine and fever as just exhaustion. What kind of husband leaves their sick partner at home to go to a training session that was optional no less. Fuck! He should’ve been there.

The drive home was the longest thirty minutes of his life.

“David just ran to the shops to get some things for dinner, I was thinking soup?” Yuna’s voice brings him back, hand still on his cheek. He blinks back the remaining unshed tears, nodding at her suggestion before making his way up the stairs to Shane.

He takes them three at a time and stops outside their bedroom, taking a deep breath before pushing the ajar door open.

“Ilyaaaaa” his voice an octave higher and he drags the last syllable. He feels his eye sting with fresh tears and blinks them back quickly hoping Shane is too out of it to notice. Shane lays half slumped over a pile of pillows. His mouth hangs open and he’s drooling onto what looks like a towel placed over his chest.

He wills his feet to move further into the room when Shane makes a grabby motion for him to come closer. “I missed you,” the words come out muffled and Ilya realises the gauze and cotton balls in his mouth may be the reason for that, as well as the drooling. His fingers lace with Shane’s while the other runs through his hair then down to stroke his cheek. Shane’s eyes flutter at the touch exhaling deeply.

“Hi, sweetheart,” his voice is gentle, accent thicker. “How are you feeling?”

“Hmm, good. Missed you,” he repeats

“I missed you too. I’m sorry I left you,” his voice cracks at the end of the last word. Shane’s eyes are still closed leaning into Ilya’s touch. He doesn’t say anything and for a moment Ilya thinks he might have drifted off again then he opens his eyes, looks up at Ilya with those honey brown eyes that has had him in a trance for the last twelve years, and pats the empty side of the bed motioning for Ilya to sit beside him.

“We have to be quiet, someone might hear us” he whispers, Ilya assumes he means Yuna who is downstairs and thinks Shane is asleep, so he says nothing and revels in the heat of his husband’s body.

They sit in the quiet, Ilya’s mind racing a million miles an hour at all the possibility of a different outcome. What if it had been worst. What if Yuna and David hadn’t been here. What would have happened to Shane? What if..

“I have a secret,” Shane draws his attention back to him. He all but slurs, leaning close to Ilya he looks around the room as if someone might be hiding in the closet to overhear it.

“I like you. Like really REALLY like you” then he brings a finger to his mouth to remind Ilya to keep it to himself. They had him on very strong painkillers it seems. A smile pinches the corner of Ilya’s mouth, and he snuggles closer to Shane. “I hope so,” he says, “otherwise this marriage would be very awkward, no?”

Shane pulls back so fast Ilya thinks he’s hurt himself but before he can intervene Shane yells, as best as he can with a mouth full of cotton. “We’re married?!?”

Ilya is so in love with this man he'd marry him again if Shane were to ask.

"Yes, we are"

"Was I there?" he gawks at Ilya and not for the first time he can't believe, all those years ago, he nearly let him slip through his fingers.

"Would be hard if you were not, yes?" Shane sinks back into his arms seemingly trying to process the new-ish information.

"Woooooow," he wraps himself around Ilya's body "I'm so lucky." Ilya kisses the top of his head and inhales the seaweed scent that he has come to associate with his husband and says into his hair, in Russian "Нет, это мне повезло." *No, I am the lucky one.*

Shane's breathing starts to even and Ilya knows it won't be long until he's out cold, but he holds his husband tighter and thinks he hears Shane mumble, "I can't wait to have your babies" and Ilya smiles at the thought of raising their kids with the man in his arm, high on painkillers, and he knows he has a new dream.

End Notes

Translation:

“я тебя люблю” - I love you

“я тоже тебя люблю” - I love you, too

“Нет, это мне повезло.” - No, I am the lucky one.

Thank you my darling Lena for helping with the translation 

I talk shit on twitter :) [@TZPsEyelashes](#)

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