

Hard to Say "No"

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Hard to Say "No"

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Summary

“You smoke,” Shane says, amused. He fumbles with finding the ledge on the cap to snap it off and get the joint. He ends up just squeezing the top of the tube until it pops open. Ilya watches him take out the joint and hold it between two fingers to his lips.

Ilya pinches the bridge of his nose, sighing. “Yes, I smoke” he starts, “but I do not do drugs.”

aka Ilya gets high and unexpectedly soft plus a bonus cat

Notes

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

Chapter 1: drugs

“What?” Ilya asks, disbelieving. He looks stunned as Shane takes out the neon green plastic tube from the side of his bag, on the balcony of Shane’s cottage. “Hollander.”

“It’s legal here,” Shane chuckles, shaking his head. Ilya got his Canadian citizenship yesterday, and Shane wants to celebrate with Canada’s best. Weed straight from British Columbia.

Shane smoked here and there as a teenager, before things got serious with their careers. He gets worried he’s fucking up his lungs or something during the play-offs, even though it’s nothing close to a cigarette. It’s the off-season now though, and Ilya’s gonna live here year-round. Shane thinks about Ilya living close, about Shane being able to just take a cab and have him. As opposed to the several thousand kilometers that used to separate them before. The growing elation in his chest has been hard to tamp down.

“It’s *drugs*,” Ilya says emphatically. He crosses his arms and gives Shane a once-over. He watches skeptically as Shane rummages through his jacket pockets for a lighter.

“Yeah,” Shane replies, finally grasping the hot pink lighter he knew he’d put in there. “Kind of.”

Ilya raises his eyebrows. “You are going to do drugs,” he accuses.

“You smoke,” Shane says, amused. He fumbles with finding the ledge on the cap to snap it off and get the joint. He ends up just squeezing the top of the tube until it pops open. Ilya watches him take out the joint and hold it between two fingers.

Ilya pinches the bridge of his nose, sighing. “Yes, I smoke” he starts, “but I do not do drugs.”

Shane smiles as he lights the joint, and sees Ilya’s eyes follow the movement of his hand. He takes a long drag, meeting his eyes the whole time.

If there’s one thing Shane knows about Ilya, is that he likes kissing. He can’t really hide it. His gaze is fixated directly at Shane’s lips as he exhales through his mouth.

Shane moves the joint away from his lips, and Ilya’s immediately sinking his fingers in his hair and pressing their lips together. They exchange a few heated kisses before Shane pulls away to raise the joint to his lips again, quirking an eyebrow at Ilya. The bulge in his jeans is not very subtle.

Ilya sees him looking and a dusting of pink appears high on his cheeks, but he shrugs. “I like watching you smoke.” He quickly glances back at the lit joint between Shane’s fingers, but Shane catches him.

And yeah— if there’s another thing Shane knows about Ilya— it’s that he fucking loves smoking.

He takes a chance and holds up the joint between them. Ilya stares at it as it continues to burn and give off smoke. Shane can almost see the gears turning on his handsome face. "Come on," Shane says lightly, "are you just gonna let it burn?"

A pause hangs in the air, but Shane knows he can't resist. Hesitatingly, Ilya reaches for the joint. He has a tiny frown between his eyebrows as he brings it up to his lips and takes a drag. Shane watches him inhale deep into his lungs, way more than Shane has the lung capacity for. Shane's not entirely sure why that's hot. Those middle school PSAs never stood a chance against the sight before him.

Ilya exhales, moving the joint away. "Tastes bad," he says, "and I do not—I do not feel anything." Not a single little cough.

Shane smiles, taking the joint from him again. When Ilya holds his fingers out for another drag, Shane crosses his arms and grins. "You're not allowed more."

Ilya looks at him in disbelief, hiding a cocky smile like he thinks Shane's full of shit. "Really."

"You're going to feel it soon, I don't want you to get too high."

"So you're..." Ilya trails off, clearly trying to remember a word. Shane waits patiently for him to find it, bemused. "Gatekeeping," Ilya finally says playfully, pleased with himself. "You are gatekeeping the marijuana cigarette."

Shane laughs, and puts out the joint. He tosses it over the edge of the balcony and heads inside through the screen door. After a short pause, Ilya follows him in.

"I do not get this movie."

Shane readjusts a little where he's nestled into the crook of Ilya's arm. His t-shirt is soft against Shane's skin. "It gets good."

"I don't think that's possible," Ilya says skeptically.

Shane finds Ilya's hand under the covers and brings it to his lips to press a kiss into his palm. Then another on the back of his hand, another on the tip of his index. He's just kissing, touching him, making sure he's real. That Shane really has him.

Ilya meets his eyes and Shane immediately notices how dilated his pupils are. That pretty blue swallowed more and more by intense black. "How are you feeling?" he asks gently.

"Fine," Ilya sighs as Shane takes the tip of his finger into his mouth.

Shane pulls off. He needs a real answer. "Are you feeling anything?"

Ilya looks like he's concentrating, that he look he gets when there's something he wants to say but he can't find the English word. "Floating," he starts, "but also...heavy."

"Do you feel relaxed?" Shane asks earnestly.

Ilya tangles their fingers together under the covers. "Yeah," he murmurs.

Shane gets ready to ask another question, but then Ilya's grabbing him by the waist and turning him. Until Shane sits directly on his hard dick.

Ilya sighs, grinding up.

Fuck, it's so hot. But Shane should really make sure—he pulls back to hold Ilya's head in his hands, asks "Are you sure about this? It's ok?"

Ilya looks a bit dazed, a bit less inhibited. He quickly kisses the tip of Shane's nose, making him smile. "Yes," Ilya breathes out, "I feel great. Stop worrying." He presses a heated kiss on Shane's lips, his jaw. His Adam's apple over and over again, sweet little kisses. Shane's trembling by the time Ilya whispers "let me suck your dick," and runs a large palm over Shane's clothed cock.

Shane quickly nods, and then Ilya flips him onto his back in one swift maneuver. He tugs Shane's pants down, takes him into his mouth immediately. Makes a noise like he loves it. It feels eight times as intense as it usually feels, because of the weed.

Shane watches as Ilya pulls off with a parting lick, before going back down. Slowly, until his nose is nestled in Shane's pubic hair. He stays there for a couple of seconds, and it's so hot Shane has to close his eyes in a shock of pleasure. He tangles his fingers in Ilya's hair, not trying to control. Just wanting to touch. Ilya gags a bit. Concerned, Shane tugs him backwards until he's off. Ilya suckles on the head a bit before pulling off, making Shane's whole torso contract. A thick string of drool connects his lips to the tip of Shane's cock. Shane's fixing to say something, something like *you don't have to*—

Ilya gives Shane a small little half-smile, and goes back down again, trying to take just as much. Proving a point. Shane moans helplessly, that little smile getting to him even more than the soft, perfect heat of his mouth. Ilya looks so good sucking cock. His pretty blue eyes look up at Shane with so much desire while his lips stretch around him. Ilya closes his eyes and sucks, looking utterly—blissed out. Like all he needed was Shane's dick in his mouth.

"I'm gonna come," Shane says desperately, not knowing what he should do. He repeats himself, a raggedness to his voice as he wonders if he should pull out, or is Ilya going to—Shane makes up his mind in a split second and yanks him backwards from his hair, trying to get him off before Shane inevitably floods his mouth with come.

Ilya just moans around his dick and goes further down. Taking all of it in his throat, because Shane can feel him swallow around his cock. Jesus Christ. Shane comes for so long, groaning as he feels his cock do these little jerks in Ilya's mouth.

Shane lays his head back against the pillow, his heartbeat pounding in his ears. He runs his fingers tenderly through Ilya's hair, coaxing him to rest his head on his thigh.

"Good?" Ilya asks, reaching up to lace their fingers together. He's usually so cocky about this, so confident it can be infuriating. And unbearably sexy. Ilya's looking at him with soft round eyes though, a little vulnerable.

"Yes," Shane says fondly, squeezing his hand, "so good."

Ilya breaks into a shy smile, flush high on his cheeks, and Shane's never seen him like this before, like ever. It's so endearing.

It's so fucking cute how delighted he looks when Shane tugs him up by his shoulder to kiss him, and it's even cuter how much he's clearly trying to hide it. Ilya never usually lets him say all the soft things he feels. All of those things are rattling around in Shane's chest right now though, and Shane thinks about holding them back, but Ilya looks so... Shane holds Ilya's face in his hands, and strokes a thumb over his cheekbone. Those cheekbones are sharp enough to kill him, probably. The sight of them becoming more defined as Ilya's cheeks hollow around Shane's cock is like, permanently seared in Shane's mind. He borrows it out of his mind's dirty library of memories once in a while when Ilya's not around, and it always gets him there. Always makes him wish Ilya was there with him as soon as he finishes.

"You're so good at sucking my cock," Shane tries, and the flush on Ilya's face deepens to his chest, but he doesn't pull away, so Shane continues. "You're so—" *hot, sexy*, "pretty." Shane finally says.

That's what Ilya usually says to him. Shane accepts the compliment from Ilya with a lot of skepticism, but on Ilya, *pretty* seems like the most natural way to say it. He *is* pretty, Shane can't even say how much he is. A sober Ilya would have shoved his shoulder and told him he's full of shit. An Ilya who's high after two hits of a joint, looks at him uncertainly, searching his eyes. For a joke, maybe. Or, a lie.

Shane doesn't think there's a single lie in him right now. He waits patiently as he watches the emotions flicker over Ilya's face. He must like whatever he finds in Shane's gaze because he slowly tilts his head up for a kiss. Shane gives it to him, tender and sweet.

Shane would never expect Ilya to say what he's putting into the kiss. Shane feels it anyway. *Thank you.*

They kiss until Ilya is grinding his hips downward, and Shane can feel the wetness seep through his boxers onto his leg. Shane shoves his thigh in-between Ilya's legs, and feels the surprised moan Ilya lets into his mouth reverberate through his whole body. "Do you need something?" he teases.

Ilya—God bless him—bites his lip and simply nods, moaning softly when Shane does it again. Wow. Shane's going to buy them edibles tomorrow. He's so hot like this, pliant and shy. He turns them over so Ilya's underneath him.

Shane thinks he could draw this out, tease him for real. Make him beg for Shane to touch him.

Ilya takes off his t-shirt, leaning back against the pillows. Shane takes in his gorgeous body, and Ilya just puts a hand behind his head, stretching back and smiling. Enjoying the attention.

Shane licks a long stripe up the length of his dick through his boxers, and Ilya's hips tilt up for more. He sucks firmly at the wet spot and Ilya lets out a small *ah* when he traces swirls up and down the hot line of his thick cock.

Shane could probably make him beg. He glances up at Ilya's face and is met with big pleading eyes though, and Ilya shakily puts a hand in his hair. Goddamn impossible to resist.

Shane sucks him off using all the tricks he's gathered, everything that he knows Ilya likes. He swirls his tongue around the tip and Ilya moans brokenly, hips jerking off the bed.

That's new. Shane does it again, redoubles his efforts, and soon Ilya's eyes are screwed shut as he gasps, keeping these high whines in the back of his throat. He pulls off, jerking Ilya off rapidly, twisting on the upstroke like Shane knows he likes. Ilya's cock flexes in his hand, and it's been half the usual amount of time Ilya takes to come, but from a look at his face—Shane bites back a smile, knows he's out of time.

Ilya explodes all over his stomach, gasping something in Russian, as his hips do these involuntary little thrusts upwards.

Shane barely has a second to enjoy the sight before Ilya is hauling him up, pressing kisses to his mouth between harsh breaths.

“Good?” Shane asks mock-seriously. Ilya slightly tilts his head, puzzled. “Does your brain feel like a fried egg? Should you have ‘just said no’?”

Ilya gives him a firm, hard kiss. “Shut up,” he says seriously. He leans over to turn off the lamp on the nightstand. Shane sees the smile he tries to hide as turns away. Yeah. Shane could get used to this.

Chapter 2: disgruntled guest

Chapter Notes

soft moment

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

Shane sighs loudly as he gets home, his duffel bag feeling especially heavy where it's resting on his shoulder. Fuck. Great. Two months after retirement (Ilya would insist they're *temporarily* retired) and Shane is already out of shape.

He tries the front door to his—their?—house up in Stratford, and is shocked to find it locked. They never lock it. Perks of living behind a gate that's supervised around the clock. Did Ilya leave for some reason? He jiggles the doorknob, pulling his phone out with his other hand to call him, and then it opens suddenly.

Shane almost drops his phone at the sight that greets him.

Ilya in a tight white tank top, hair a mess, a long bandaid on his forearm. His forearm that is supporting a cat, an actual tabby cat that meows indignantly at being carried in Ilya's arms.

Shane stands still in the doorway, shocked. "Ilya, what the..."

Ilya holds the squirming cat even tighter, and motions with his head toward the open door like Shane's being stupid. "The door," he exclaims, exasperated.

Shane pulls the door quickly closed behind him, and then Ilya gently lowers the cat to the floor. It meows in annoyance, and starts quickly flinging its tail in both directions, but it doesn't move away from Ilya. Rather, it slaps its tail against Ilya's shin repeatedly in a sassy act of revenge. Kind of cute.

Ilya looks down fondly at the cat. "I think she's a girl," he says sweetly, "she has no balls." He kneels down to pet her, but she hisses softly at Ilya's approaching hand in an obvious message. "She's kind of a bitch," he coos, taking his hand away. He turns to face Shane. "She's Dasha," he says matter-of-factly. "I locked the door because it's windy."

Shane shakes his head, not understanding.

"I thought the door might swing open. I don't want her to escape."

Shane sighs heavily, drops his bag gently down on the floor. "Ilya..."

"What," Ilya asks innocently. He meets Shane's eyes in challenge. Shane can see the ghost of his stupidly hot cocky smile tugging at the corner of his lips. Ilya crosses his arms, biceps

bulging, and Ilya catches him looking. Fuck. Ilya's watches him like he knows he won.

"If we're going to be married," Shane starts, but even he can hear the waver in his own voice. Ilya has that effect on him. "You cannot—"

"Cannot what" Ilya affects. He looks directly at Shane's lips in a blatant attack.

"You cannot bring—random *cats*?—into our house without us talking about it."

"What is there to talk about," Ilya states plainly like a sentence. "She is not a random cat," he shrugs unapologetically. "She is one cat."

"How are we going to take care of a cat, especially while we're away—"

"Away for what?"

"The regular—" Shane cuts himself off. Realizes what he just said. Goddamn, he's going to end up un-retiring, isn't he?

Ilya grins. "Tell me we're keeping this cat and I'll fuck you."

Shane can't keep up this pretense of conviction for much longer, as he's getting less and less convinced by the minute. Not just because of the promise of Ilya's cock. The cat, *Dasha*, is just so fucking cute where she's licking her paws, sprawled out on the heating vent across the room. It's cold outside, Shane reasons.

Ilya looks so fucking hot with that mischievous grin tugging at his lips, muscles bulging in his exposed arms. Shane's eyes drift to the crotch of his loose shorts. Can't see his cock. Too bad.

Ilya sees him looking. "Come here," he says quickly. Like he knows Shane's going to do what he asks.

Shane fiercely resists his urge to walk over there and get Ilya's dick in his mouth. "My mom's allergic," he counters. He sounds unconvinced to himself.

Ilya walks over to him, and crowds him against the wall. Ilya's hands fall to his hips, and he jerks them forward against his cock. He leans in close to Shane's ear. "I'll take you right here," he promises. Slowly, he slides a warm hand up under Shane's shirt. "If you say that you'll go get a litterbox from the store when I'm done fucking you."

Shane, occasionally to his detriment, remains fucking *helpless* to Ilya Rozanov. "Okay," Shane gasps as Ilya starts slowly massaging his cock through his jeans, "fine, fine. I'll—*ah*—I'll drive."

Ilya gives him a sweet kiss on the mouth.

"After," Shane reminds him.

Ilya leans in for another kiss, but Shane looks down between them at Ilya's arm as he's sliding up his shirt. He gently strokes over the long bandaid on the side of Ilya's forearm, giving him a questioning look.

"She is not very friendly," Ilya says, beaming.

Chapter End Notes

ok soft and horny moment hope you liked it !! yay finale tomorrow.

End Notes

yay canadian stoners rise. I'm not elaborating on why Ilya has Canadian citizenship.

(Shane convinced Ilya to legally marry him so he could move to Canada. Legally slowly turns into happily :))))))

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