

Everything he needs

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Everything he needs

by [CherryPie0](#)

Summary

“Hey, listen, I know you keep denying that you have a girl here in Boston, but we both know you're lying. You've been seeing her for years. Why don't we text her? Maybe you can spend the night with her at her place or something.”

Shane frowns. What's Hayden even talking about? “Don't have a girl,” he mumbles.

“Shane,” Hayden says, his voice firmer now. “I'm gonna text Lily.”

Shane's eyes widen at that name, only now understanding what Hayden's talking about. Because he might not have a girl in Boston, but-

“No, you can't text Lily.”

Shane gets drugged at a club. Ilya takes care of him.

Notes

I didn't get very creative with the sex pollen part of this and how it works tbh, but hopefully the rest of the fic makes up for it.

Enjoy ✨💕

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

Shane doesn't know how his teammates keep convincing him to go out with them when he quite literally regrets it every single time. He's just not made for clubs. It's always too loud, there are too many people around them, closer than what he'd prefer and it only gets worse if they recognize them - which most of the time they do; him especially - and if he wants to talk and say something he has to literally yell it in order to be heard. He doesn't know what's supposed to be fun about any of this.

Maybe if he wanted to find someone and get laid this would have been more appealing, but that's not an option for him. He already sort of... has someone and even if he didn't, it'd obviously be too risky to do anything like that.

And yet, there he is, trying to be a good captain and teammate, celebrating in Boston after an important win against them.

The fact he doesn't dance unless being absolutely forced to and that he doesn't really drink and has to be the only sober one among half-drunk people only makes it worse.

Fuck. He really is boring, isn't he.

It's that thought that makes him accept the beer being offered to him a little while later. A group of enthusiastic fans approach him, one after the other congratulating him on the win, one of them handing him a beer, insisting he deserves it for scoring the winning goal, and Shane - who can be relaxed and fun when he wants to! - takes it.

He drinks it a bit faster than he normally would, but it's nicely cold and surprisingly slides smoothly down his throat without making him grimace at the bitter taste. Hayden must notice it because he looks at him half worried, half impressed.

"Hey, easy there," he says. Shane only rolls his eyes and finishes his beer, offering Hayden a stupid proud grin that his friend returns with a fond shake of his head.

It's only a few minutes later that he thinks the beer actually helped a little. He feels relaxed, which is what he wanted but it's sort of strange. It's like he's a bit dizzy too, which doesn't make sense. He knows he's a lightweight and he doesn't drink much or often, but feeling like this after two drinks is ridiculous. Ilya would make so much fun of him, if he were there. Shane lets out a sigh and not for the first time he really wishes Ilya could be there with him. He also hopes he feels more sober when he goes over at Ilya's later tonight.

He's drawn out of his thoughts when he suddenly feels a hot flash flow through his body, starting from his face, making his cheeks feel like they're on fire, before spreading down to his neck and chest. He tries to calm down his breathing that seems to be getting faster, requiring more effort too, and he blinks the dizziness away, his eyes heavy and only making it all worse.

For fuck's sake, why did he have to drink the beer so quickly? Why did he even accept it? That was fucking stupid.

Especially because he was looking forward to seeing Ilya and now he's not sure that's a good idea. Something feels very off. Is this how people feel when they get drunk? Because honestly it kind of sucks. Maybe he should just go back to the hotel and sleep it off and hope he won't wake with a hangover. He just needs a moment first, to breathe and calm down and then he'll call a car, either to go to Ilya's or to the hotel. Maybe he'll feel better after he's had some water. He takes a few unsteady steps and gets closer to the bar, leaning against it, not trusting his legs to keep him walking.

He's so focused on just breathing in and out, he doesn't notice Hayden approaching him and he flinches when a hand touches his shoulder.

"Sorry," Hayden says, apologizing for startling him even though he hardly did anything, and his expression immediately turns into one of concern when he gets a better look at Shane.

"Hey, you doing okay?"

Shane blinks at him and the movement feels so slow, he's tempted to just let his eyes flutter closed. "Yeah, uhm... Yes. I'm fine," he says but he probably doesn't sound very convincing, because Hayden frowns, looking at him with narrowed eyes.

"Are you sure? You don't look good."

Shane nods, getting distracted for a moment by the lights of the club, his eyes suddenly feeling too sensitive. He squeezes them shut and shakes his head a little, hoping it'll somehow help. It doesn't and he winces when he opens them again, which Hayden must notice because he looks even more worried now. "I think I drank too much."

"You barely had two drinks, dude. That's hardly enough to get drunk even for you."

Oh. Right. He only half finished his first drink and then he had the beer. It's more than he usually drinks, but it's definitely not much. So then why does he feel like this?

Suddenly Hayden reaches to touch his forehead with the back of his hand and it's too much, making Shane flinch and whimper. He knows he can be weird about being touched, but not like this, especially with Hayden who's his best friend. "Shane, you're burning."

The words barely register. The dizziness seems to be getting worse. His limbs feel heavy, the heat is spreading through his whole body and he realizes that for some reason he's half hard. What is happening to him?

Someone comes to order at the bar and forces their way closer, pushing him to make room for themselves. Shane grimaces and immediately pulls away, not wanting to be touched by a stranger. It feels weird and unsafe and now he presses closer to Hayden, needing something familiar.

His skin feels too sensitive but also like it's craving to be touched and he rubs his cheek against Hayden's shoulder, seeking any comfort he can get.

"Shane?" Hayden says and Shane only hums in reply, unable to form actual words or pull away from his friend.

“Fuck,” Hayden mutters then and somewhere deep in the back of his mind he knows his tone sounds alarming, but right now Shane can't really do anything about it. “*Fuck*,” he says again and then just grabs him by the arm and all but drags him towards the exit of the club, meeting no resistance from Shane who right now doesn't feel like he has enough energy to even ask where they're going.

“Shane, hey,” he says once they're outside, trying to make Shane look at him and pay attention. Shane does his best, the cool air hitting his heated skin helping a little, his head feeling a bit clearer for a moment. “I think- I'm pretty sure someone roofied you. You know that drug people have been talking about lately? The sex pollen shit, have you heard about it?”

“Yeah,” he says, nodding. He thinks he's heard of it, but right now his brain is refusing to cooperate. He shakes his head again, this time *no*. “No. I don't know what that is.”

Hayden mutters something under his breath. Shane thinks he hears the word *fuck* and maybe some other swear words. He definitely doesn't sound very happy though. “The beer you were drinking, did someone give it to you?”

Shane has to think about it for a moment, which is ridiculous and probably quite concerning because he's pretty sure it hasn't even been an hour since he drank it. “Uhm, yeah. Yes. A guy, I think. A fan. Don't really remember him, sorry.”

“It's fine, it doesn't matter right now. We'll look into that later,” Hayden tells him. Shane thinks his friend is trying to reassure him so he nods to show that he's listening. “You're gonna be okay, yeah? But we gotta go. I'll call us a car.”

“Okay,” Shane mumbles, leaning against Hayden again. “Are we going back to the hotel?”

“No. I don't think rubbing against my shoulder will be helpful for much longer, buddy.”

“Oh. Why?”

Hayden lets out a sigh, but his voice is gentle when he speaks. “From what I know about this, it's gonna make you horny. Like, *a lot*. And soon. I don't know how exactly it works, but you're gonna be okay. We'll go to the hospital and they'll probably just keep you for a night to make sure everything is fine and get you on IV fluids so you can ride it out faster-”

It takes him a few seconds but eventually Shane's brain registers the word *hospital* and he immediately pulls away, shaking his head. “No. No, we can't go to the hospital.”

That means he'll probably have to call his parents, because as bad as he feels now, going to the hospital is definitely not something he should hide from them and they'll worry for no reason and maybe be disappointed in him, because he should know better than to accept drinks from strangers- because Hayden's probably right, it was the beer, that must have been how he was drugged, right? And then the press might find out and just thinking about everyone knowing this makes his stomach clench uncomfortably with shame and embarrassment. He doesn't know what the alternative solution is, but he's not going to the hospital.

“You can't just sleep this off, Shane. It's only going to be getting worse. And there's not much I can do to help.”

“No hospital. Please,” he says and he must sound and look quite pathetic because Hayden gives in, nodding.

“Okay, no hospital. But we gotta do something,” Hayden says and is quiet for a moment, before letting out another sigh. “Hey, listen, I know you keep denying that you have a girl here in Boston, but we both know you're lying. You've been seeing her for years. Why don't we text her? Maybe you can spend the night with her at her place or something.”

Shane frowns. What's Hayden even talking about? “Don't have a girl,” he mumbles.

“Shane,” Hayden says, his voice firmer now. “I'm gonna text Lily.”

Shane's eyes widen at that name, only now understanding what Hayden's talking about. Because he might not have a girl in Boston, but-

“No, you can't text Lily.” If Hayden texts Ilya and Ilya agrees to help him with this, it means Hayden will find out and he'll know that he and Ilya are... and that Shane is...

Fuck.

Or, even worse than this, he thinks with a shudder, what if Hayden texts Ilya and Ilya doesn't care and tells him it's not his problem to deal with. Shane doesn't think he'll be able to bear being rejected right now. Not by Ilya.

“You have, like, maybe half an hour before it starts hurting and you start feeling like you want to hump the first person you find-”

“I won't,” he says, sounding way more confident than he feels. For now the arousal doesn't feel that strong, he can handle that. But that doesn't seem to be the only problem he'll have to deal with, because he feels strangely exposed and scared and needs to be held and as much as Hayden being there helps him feel a bit safer, he knows very well Hayden is not who he needs.

“Shane, hey,” Hayden says, shaking him a little off his shoulder to draw him out of his thoughts. “Stay with me, buddy. Be patient, okay? I'm texting her.”

Shane doesn't have it in him to protest again. He doesn't even know when the fuck Hayden got his phone from the pocket of his pants. He just stands right by his side as Hayden texts Ilya, telling him fuck knows what.

“She's coming,” he says after a few texts and suddenly Shane's so glad and relieved Hayden didn't listen to him. Because his friend is right; being close to Hayden is sort of helping for now but Shane can feel it getting worse. His insides are burning and his skin feels too tight and all he can think about is Ilya.

Fuck.

Ilya.

Who's coming to get him.

When Hayden is right there.

Fuck.

Before he can think about it and realize what a bad idea this is, he says, "It's Ilya."

Which apparently doesn't make much sense because Hayden makes a confused sound, clearly not following. "Huh?"

"It's Ilya. Rozanov."

"The one who drugged you?" Hayden says, pulling away to look at him, suddenly sounding furious. "What the fuck, Shane? I'll fucking kill him!"

"What- no," Shane says, blinking in confusion. Fuck, his head is starting to hurt. He really needs Ilya, *now*. "My- my Boston girl. It's Ilya."

Now Hayden's eyes widen, surprise written all over his face. "What the fuck, Shane? All these years? How even..."

Shane just shrugs. What's he even supposed to say right now?

"Jesus Christ. We'll talk about this later," Hayden says with a defeated sigh. "You sure you wanna go with that asshole though?"

Now that Shane knows Ilya didn't reject him and is actually coming to get him, there's nothing else he's ever wanted- *needed* more.

"*Yes.*"

"Okay, fine fine," Hayden says reluctantly and it sounds like it truly pains him to agree with this, but thankfully he seems to trust Shane to know what he wants.

By the time Ilya texts that he's there, Shane's condition has definitely worsened. His dick is fully hard now and the pressure in his groin increases every time he shifts, causing his erection to press against the zipper of his jeans. It's too much and not enough and he needs to touch and be touched, every inch of his body burning and he aches to have Ilya's hands on him.

Ilya meets them in an alley behind the club. Thankfully it's dark and quiet and it doesn't look like anyone can see them.

He gasps a shaky exhale when Ilya approaches them, trying to take in every detail of him, suddenly hating that there's no more light.

“Fuck,” Ilya says when he's close enough to look at Shane and probably the state he's in. “You weren't joking.” That's directed to Hayden, Shane thinks.

It doesn't matter, none of it does, because just Ilya being there has Shane whining, wanting to throw himself to him. He's grateful he hasn't lost it completely yet and he's still sane enough to know that's way too risky, even if they're safely hidden in the shadows.

And there's also the fact that Ilya's glaring at him and looks like he's mad, so Shane doesn't move, as much as he wants to go closer to him.

“Rozanov,” is how Hayden greets him and Ilya's expression hardens even more, if possible.

“Pike,” Ilya replies and even as gone as Shane is right now, he can still tell Ilya doesn't sound happy to be there. Fuck, did he make a mistake to let Hayden text him? Should he have gone to the hospital instead? Ilya's eyes suddenly meet his and Shane's breath hitches, his chest squeezing. “Come on,” Ilya tells him, motioning for Shane to follow him.

Shane starts moving the moment the words are out of Ilya's mouth, but Hayden grabs his arm, stopping him. “No no, wait. You should have my number, in case something happens. He'll most likely be out of it for the next few hours.”

Ilya doesn't look happy about Hayden's request either but he grunts his agreement and thrusts his phone impatiently to Hayden, waiting for him to type his phone number.

“Take care of him,” Hayden says as he gives Ilya his phone back. “And call me if-”

“Yes yes. We should go now. Is not safe to just stand here,” Ilya says and waits until Shane makes his way to him to start walking. Shane feels a bit disoriented as they head to Ilya's car. He can hear Hayden follow them and he hopes he and Ilya are careful and have checked whether there's anyone there that might see them, because Shane is definitely in no position to do so.

He startles a little when a jacket is being draped over his shoulders, Ilya's cologne immediately flooding his nostrils. He thinks his own coat might still be in the club. Maybe Hayden will go back for it. It probably doesn't even matter right now. He turns to look at Ilya, wanting to at least offer him a grateful smile in reply, but Ilya's looking straight ahead, maybe not purposely ignoring him but definitely not making any effort to meet Shane's gaze either.

It feels like a rejection and it brings shivers across his skin, the overwhelming heat disappearing but in the worst way. He wraps Ilya's jacket tighter around his body, trying to shield himself from the sudden cold.

Soon after, Ilya's opening the door of the passenger seat of his car and ushering him inside.

“Call me when you're feeling better,” Hayden tells him. “Or if you need anything. You're sure you wanna go with him, right?”

Ilya replies before he has the chance to do so. “He will not need anything,” he says and Shane nods his agreement, giving Hayden a little wave with his hand and then they're off to Ilya's

house.

It's silent in the car. It also smells even more like Ilya and Shane lets the familiar scent wash over him. It sends a comforting warmth radiating through him and he inhales greedily, but at the same time it's all too much and he doesn't know how to handle all this overwhelming want and desire and need he feels. They're alone and quite close to each other but Ilya feels miles away and Shane feels tears threatening to escape him. He squeezes his eyes, willing them to stop, and he knows he fails when he feels a few drops sliding down his hot cheeks.

"Are you mad?" Shane asks, not being able to stand the silence any longer. He feels anxious and he can't stop squirming in his seat and yet, even with Ilya glaring and frowning, this feels safe. The car has tinted windows so no one can see them from outside and he's with Ilya, just the two of them. His skin is buzzing and aching, needing to get closer to Ilya, but even being together like this somehow helps a little.

His question seems to surprise Ilya, who turns to look at him for a moment before returning his eyes on the road. "What- no, Hollander. I am not mad."

"You look mad," Shane says, digging his nails in his thighs, trying to stop all his nervous squirming.

"You should have called sooner," Ilya tells him. "Not spending time with *Pike*, until it's almost too late."

Oh. That's why he's mad? "Sorry."

Ilya lets out a sigh and shakes his head. "No. Fuck. Is fine. I am being asshole. Is not your fault, Hollander," Ilya tells him and his voice is warm again; Shane feels it like a caress across his skin. "I am only mad at the fucking asshole that drugged you."

"Okay," Shane replies a bit dazedly, just happy to know Ilya's not mad at him. Especially when Ilya reaches to squeeze his hand.

Shane feels bolder now and just leans over the console between their seats until his head is placed on Ilya's lap and he can rub his face all over Ilya's crotch. He hums and inhales into the fabric of Ilya's sweatpants, whimpering when he gets to smell more of him; more than just his cologne.

"Hollander," Ilya says, his name coming out as a warning. Ilya's voice sounds strained, rough, like he's desperately trying to stay in control, and Shane nuzzles his lap again, feeling Ilya's cock starting to harden against his cheek.

"Ilya. I want it," he says, trying to mouth at the head, but the thick material of Ilya's sweats is getting in the way.

"Be patient. We're almost there."

"No. Please. I want it now. *Please* let me," Shane insists, he can't help it, no trace of shame or embarrassment left inside him; he needs this more than he needs oxygen to breathe.

Ilya curses and reaches for the waistband of his sweats, shifting on his seat and slightly lifting his hips so he can drag his pants slightly down along with his boxers and pull his cock out. Shane whines enthusiastically and rubs his cheek against the thick length before starting to mouth at him.

It draws a moan from Ilya, hips slightly rocking upwards. "Don't suck. Just put it in your mouth," he orders and Shane feels a powerful wave of relief wash over him now that he's actually allowed to do something.

"Thank you," he says breathlessly before swallowing Ilya's half hard cock in his mouth. He feels it starting to grow harder, fatter and he just closes his eyes and lets the fullness in his mouth calm him down. Ilya's stroking his hair from time to time and Shane mewls around him, his hips shifting, trying and failing to grind against his own seat. It's torture and it's starting to hurt and yet when they get to Ilya's house, he wishes he didn't have to pull away. His jaw is aching like it always does when he has to accommodate Ilya's girth between his lips and there's drool running down his chin, but his mouth feels terribly empty when Ilya guides him off his cock.

He tries to get out of the car on his own, impatient to get to Ilya again, but he fails, his legs too weak and shaking to hold him. Ilya's there a second later and Shane leans on him, letting him carry most of his weight as they head into the house.

"Please, touch me," Shane begs the moment they've managed to get to the bedroom and thankfully Ilya doesn't leave him waiting any longer. He quickly pulls Shane's pants and underwear down and then his large, calloused hand is wrapped around Shane's hard cock and Shane whimpers, tears falling down his cheeks at the touch. He needs it, he needs it so fucking bad, but he feels so sensitive it hurts when Ilya starts jerking him off. A mix of overpowering pleasure and pain rushes through him and it's only seconds later that he comes, crying in relief and writhing on Ilya's bed as he empties his release all over his shirt.

The relief lasts only for some seconds and his cock stays fully hard, even after his orgasm. He doesn't know how many times he'll have to do this until he feels fine and sane again and it's already all too much and he's scared-

"Hey hey," Ilya's voice breaks through his thoughts and Shane blinks his eyes, trying to clear his vision and look at him. "Hey, I got you, yes? I will take care of you," Ilya promises and reaches to wipe the tears on Shane's face, which is pointless because they keep coming but Shane welcomes the touch all the same.

Shane nods and snuffles and feels a little disgusting but still accepts the kiss Ilya presses to his lips, eagerly opening his mouth to deepen the kiss and suck on Ilya's tongue.

He whines in protest when Ilya pulls away, but he's quickly silenced when Ilya's mouth finds his dick next. Ilya doesn't tease him like he usually does. He swallows him in that skilled mouth of his in one smooth motion and Shane chokes out a moan, his hands immediately finding the back of Ilya's head. He threads his fingers through the soft curls of his hair, tugging at them and keeping him right there, as Ilya hollows his cheeks and sucks, his tongue swirling around the oversensitive head.

Shane arches his back off the mattress, his legs falling further open, as he rocks desperately into Ilya's skilled mouth.

"Fingers. Please," he says, needing to feel full too. Ilya pulls off his dick and drags his pants and boxers all the way off. Then his hands come to spread Shane's thighs as he leans in and spits right at his hole before resuming what he was doing. Two fingers brush over his rim right after, rubbing the saliva there and then slowly pushing inside.

Sometimes Shane needs to be opened up thoroughly and fucked slowly and gently while others he wants to be taken and get railed and truly feel it. Ilya seems to understand that right now, with the need making his insides ache, there's no time for gentle and Shane's immensely grateful for him.

Ilya bobs his head up and down, taking him to the back of his throat, just as he works his fingers in and out of Shane's body, brushing his prostate every time he fucks into him until Shane's a trembling mess, the only words leaving his mouth being *please* and Ilya's name.

His second orgasm feels just as powerful as the first one, fresh tears joining the drying ones on his flushed cheeks. Ilya swallows his release until the very last drop and when he pulls away, Shane's dick is only half hard and Shane knows it won't last but still he can't help feeling a little relieved that this seems to be working. Probably.

Ilya moves so he's hovering over him and leans in to peck his lips.

"Okay?"

Shane nods and offers him a small smile, his eyes fluttering closed. "Better."

He lets out a pleased sigh when Ilya strokes his cheek, the feather-light touch soothing some of the ache inside him.

"Is it bad I think you look very pretty when you are crying?" Ilya asks, drawing a surprised, breathless chuckle from Shane.

"Yes, shut up," he mumbles half-heartedly and opens his eyes, finding Ilya's intense gaze on him.

"Very pretty eyes. Stunning," he says and then leans in to kiss Shane, their lips and tongues moving perfectly in sync, just like the first time they've ever kissed. As if they were simply made for each other, two pieces of a puzzle that just clicked together perfectly the moment their lips met.

Unfortunately, as much as he loves kissing Ilya, tonight that's not nearly enough. Apparently he gets only a couple of minutes to talk and breathe normally, before the madness is back. He can feel it quickly coming back, the tension returning to his body. He's so glad Hayden insisted on texting *Lily* and that Ilya came to get him, because right now just the thought of getting through this in an impersonal hospital room or alone at the hotel makes him want to cry- even more.

"Ilya," he says, already feeling breathless and needy, because the release was good- more than good, *amazing*, but what he truly wants is Ilya's cock, inside him, stretching him, filling him up. "Need you to fuck me. And don't hold back. Please."

Ilya grunts in reply and nods his head, moving to grab lube from the bedside table-

"No," Shane says before he can stop himself and Ilya turns to look at him, surprised and confused. "I don't want... Don't use a condom," he says, basically *begs*, not standing the thought of having anything between them. He'll have to deal with it if Ilya doesn't want this of course, but if feeling Ilya bare inside him is an option then that's what he wants.

"Fuck," is all Ilya says but the condom is quickly abandoned back in the drawer.

It's only been seconds since Ilya has moved to grab the lube, but apparently that's already more than enough for Shane to start feeling restless again, fidgeting and shifting towards Ilya, needing to be touching him in any way he can at every given moment. His breaths come out shallow, his heart pounding against his ribs.

"J- just get inside me," he says, removing his shirt and spreading his legs in a clear invitation. His mind feels hazy and he has to blink a few times in order to focus on Ilya right before him, the only thing he keeps thinking over and over again is that he needs Ilya inside him *now* and as deep as possible.

Ilya must hear the urgency in his words because he's quick to take his clothes off and apply some lube on Shane's hole, slicking up his cock as well, before finally lining up with Shane's welcoming body. Preparing him to take Ilya's cock is usually a much longer process because they don't get to fuck often and Shane is always tight and it feels like Ilya's fat cock can never fit inside him.

Tonight, Shane barely registers the resistance his body puts on as Ilya starts pushing inside. All he cares about is that he can feel Ilya's cockhead slide past his rim, stretching him so deliciously wide it feels like he's being split in half and always leaves him open and gaping.

They both moan when Ilya's finally all the way inside him and Shane wraps his legs around him, drawing him closer and encouraging him to start moving. And like always, Ilya doesn't disappoint.

Somehow he always seems to know exactly what Shane needs and this time it's no different.

He presses their bodies together and starts rocking his hips, driving his cock inside Shane at a fast, demanding pace, truly making him *feel* it. Shane trembles and moans with every inch that's being pushed into him, making sure he's wonderfully full, buried so deep inside him it's like he can feel in the back of his throat.

It's perfect.

His eyes fall closed without his permission, his eyelids too heavy for him to keep them open right now. He just wraps himself around Ilya, clinging to him, and takes everything Ilya gives him, whimpering weakly as Ilya pounds into him. His nails dig into the muscles of Ilya's back

and his heels are resting on the firm swell of Ilya's ass, urging him to go harder, faster, deeper.

Shane's dick is hard and bouncing between their stomachs and Shane tilts his hips, rocking them upwards and trying to grind against Ilya's abs, letting out a pathetic, little whine when Ilya's hand, big and rough and firm, grips his waist, pinning him to the bed.

“Shh,” Ilya says soothingly, kissing his cheek as his hips keep moving, his thrusts growing harder and unforgiving but still somehow precise, nailing Shane's prostate every time. “I got you, sweetheart, yes? I am here.”

Shane nods his head frantically and mewls, his body clenching around the thick cock inside him. Every nerve of his body feels overexposed and Ilya's hand is hot on his waist, as if he's branding Shane, and the pet name is only making everything else even more intense and Shane really hopes he remembers every detail of this once this is all done.

“Say that again,” he says, forcing his eyes open, needing to be able to look at Ilya this time. His request makes him feel even more vulnerable and exposed but he needs this so bad, he doesn't even consider Ilya might deny him.

It only takes Ilya a moment to understand what Shane's referring to. “Sweetheart,” he breathes out, his voice low and rough with arousal and need, the sound of it, such a tender word and in Ilya's familiar accent, affecting Shane almost as much as Ilya's touch. “I am right here. I will take care of you. You want that, sweetheart?”

Shane nods immediately; of course he wants that. He needs that more than he's ever needed anything in his life. He feels like he'd actually die if Ilya stopped touching him right now. “Please,” he says in a gasp, voice breaking. He can feel a strong, persistent heat settle under his skin, the tension of his body turning worse.

He whines helplessly when Ilya pulls away slightly but his protest lasts for just a few seconds, because Ilya's hand is on his cock then and he's fucking Shane and stroking him and Shane just lets his body melt and submit to Ilya's touches as his orgasm takes over.

There's barely anything coming out of his throbbing dick with this being his third climax in such a short time but somehow this feels even more intense than the previous ones, especially when Ilya starts coming too, shooting his load into Shane's writhing body.

Shane's pretty sure he blacks out for a bit because the next time he opens his eyes Ilya's stroking his hair, his fingers brushing lightly against his sweaty forehead and he has already slipped out of Shane.

“Hey,” Ilya says softly and leans in to kiss his lips, then each of his cheeks, his forehead, his eyelids. The tip of his nose. Shane makes a weak little sound, relishing the feeling of Ilya's mouth being pressed gently to his skin. He feels exhausted and overstimulated, even the low lights in the room seeming too bright right now. “I know you're tired but you should have some water.”

Shane shakes his head and whines when Ilya pulls away from him.

“Shane,” Ilya says patiently.

Shane's tempted to obey but he really does want to just lie there with Ilya and hopefully sleep. He doesn't know if the tension and the heat and the arousal will be back, but right now he feels the calmest he's felt since they left the club and he wants to take advantage of it.

Apparently Ilya has other plans.

“Sweetheart,” he says, his tone soft but firm, and this time ignoring him is basically impossible. It also makes his dick twitch and he doesn't even think it's because of the drug. This is all *Ilya*.

He grumbles and sits up, accepting the water bottle Ilya hands him. Ilya watches as he drinks, only nodding his approval when Shane has emptied it.

“Good boy,” he says and rewards Shane with a kiss, before getting rid of the bottle and maneuvering their bodies so they're lying on their sides, Ilya's chest pressed to his back. Shane sighs and shifts against Ilya, making sure there's no empty space between them, before letting himself drift off to sleep.

He doesn't know how long he manages to stay asleep but he does know the drugs are very much still in his system because he wakes up needy and panting, immediately reaching behind him for Ilya's cock. “Ilya,” he says, his hand closing around his soft cock and starting to tug at it, feeling relieved when Ilya makes a groaning sound, waking up.

“I need you.”

“Yes yes, am here. Let me,” Ilya says, replacing Shane's hand around his dick. Shane waits impatiently, hearing as Ilya applies some lube on his cock and strokes himself, before he's finally ready for Shane.

Shane bends his upper leg so Ilya has better access to his opening, gasping when Ilya forces his way inside him. He's still open from earlier, but not enough to easily accommodate Ilya's thickness, not that Shane's complaining. Feeling his inner walls being forced to stretch obscenely wide as Ilya slides all the way inside him is exactly what he needs right now.

His eyes flutter closed in bliss once Ilya is buried inside him to the hilt, feeling stuck somewhere between consciousness and sleep. He instinctively reaches for the arm Ilya has wrapped around him, his hand closing around Ilya's wrist as he moves it exactly where he wants it, until he can guide two fingers inside his mouth.

He moans and softly sucks around them, as Ilya moves inside him, not quite fucking him but grinding into him, slow and deep and perfect. It feels really fucking good, but he doubts he can come again, his dick too sensitive to be touched. It hardly matters though, because this seems to be what he needs right now; just Ilya inside him, holding him, kissing and nuzzling the back of his neck, filling his mouth.

Ilya keeps him in his arms and continues fucking just like that, sending small shocks of sharp pleasure through his body every time his cock brushes against Shane's prostate that feels even more sensitive than usual. Ilya keeps murmuring the whole time, telling Shane how good he's being, promising to take care of him, calling him sweetheart again, some russian words slipping in there too.

Instead of making Shane more desperate and wilder, this time Ilya's cock and his words have a soothing and calming effect on him and he's pretty sure he drifts off again because when he wakes up, his stomach is stained with fresh cum even though he doesn't even remember climaxing and he's hugging Ilya's arm tightly against his chest, the fingers having slipped out of his mouth, but Ilya's mostly soft cock thankfully still inside him.

He feels better. He doesn't think he's quite well yet, but he's getting there. His head is still a bit hazy and trying to think hurts, but his body feels less tense, even though completely exhausted.

His shifting must wake up Ilya because a pair of familiar lips press to his shoulder, a low groan greeting him.

"Hey. You okay?" he asks and Shane can't help smiling; Ilya literally just woke up and the first thing he does is to check on him. Shane doesn't think he knew how much he liked feeling cherished and cared for until now.

Now, after spending the night with Ilya, all he wants is to beg Ilya to keep him. To want him. To love him maybe.

He keeps all that to himself.

"Yes. Kinda. Better."

"Good," Ilya says and another kiss is placed on the back of his neck. "I will go bring you water-"

And yes Shane is better, but definitely not okay because the words make his stomach clench into a painful knot and a surge of panic courses through his entire body. "No! Don't go. You can't leave me," he says and turns around, wincing a little when the movement causes Ilya's dick to slip out. He shamelessly wraps himself around Ilya and sighs when the feeling of agony is quickly replaced by contentness and bliss, especially when Ilya hugs him back.

"I will come back quick," Ilya promises him, stroking Shane's back and the tender touch almost distracts him enough to agree- *almost*.

He shakes his head. "No. I'll come with you."

"Okay," Ilya agrees and Shane nods triumphantly, before realizing he still can't make himself move away. Fuck. "You want me to carry you?"

"No," Shane huffs, rolling his eyes. "I'm too heavy," he says, but tightens his arms around Ilya, hooking his leg over his hip.

Ilya just hums and then easily gets up, one hand holding Shane's ass while his other arm is wrapped around his waist.

Shane buries his face in the crook of Ilya's neck to hide his pleased smile, his eyes widening when he feels something drip-

"Ilya! I'm leaking!" he says, his whole face heating up in embarrassment as he tries to clench his hole and keep Ilya's cum inside. He sort of forgot they didn't use protection.

"Oh, uhm, yes," Ilya says, for some reason sounding nervous, which admittedly is rather adorable. "You did not want to use condom. I only agreed because I am clean," he explains himself and Shane feels his chest suddenly squeeze with affection.

He forces himself to pull away, cupping Ilya's face and leaning in to kiss him. "It's okay," he says, "I'm the one that wanted us to fuck without a condom in the first place. I'm clean too by the way."

Ilya nods and smiles at him and Shane leans in to connect their lips again, pouting when Ilya avoids the kiss.

"No kisses now. Don't want to drop you and injure second best hockey player," he says seriously and Shane laughs, a ridiculously fond smile spreading on his lips.

"Asshole."

Unfortunately, Ilya sets him on his feet when they reach the kitchen. Shane drinks the water Ilya offers him, mostly because he knows he has to and because Ilya's looking at him expectantly and he doesn't really have any other choice other than to empty the bottle. Admittedly, it does help.

"Better?" Ilya asks and Shane nods. "You want something to eat? I can make-"

"No, I'm fine," the way his words come out all whiney doesn't help convince Ilya he's fine, but whatever. "Can we go back to bed now?" It's still quite early in the morning and he's also craving the physical contact and proximity, not ready yet to put any distance between them.

"Okay," Ilya agrees and then he's right there next to him, one of his arms settling on Shane's back, the other one under the back of his knees, picking him up. "Like princess," he announces casually, as if Shane's heart isn't doing fucking cartwheels in his chest.

"Shut up," he mutters, feigning annoyance, probably very unsuccessfully.

Especially because he can feel his cheeks are flushed. And he has also already wrapped his arms around Ilya's neck.

Yeah, he's absolutely, totally not loving it there.

They go back to the room and settle on the bed again and Shane's honestly very happy his arousal has faded, because his hole feels too sore and tender to be fucked again. Now he just wants to be close to Ilya.

It's strange how easy it is for them to get comfortable and fit against each other when cuddling, especially considering it's not something they usually do. Or like, ever. But just like when they're having sex, this feels right too, natural, like they were simply meant to be together like this.

That's Shane's last thought before he falls asleep, lying half on top of Ilya, resting his head on Ilya's bare chest and letting his steady heartbeat lull him back to sleep.

Shane wakes up some time later in that exact position, Ilya still sleeping underneath him. He more than deserves some rest after spending pretty much his whole night dealing with Shane, taking care of him, fucking him exactly like he needed to be fucked.

Shane carefully pulls away from Ilya's hold and allows himself to look at him for a long moment. He looks younger like this, his face calm and sweet, and Shane has to resist leaning in to give him a kiss, not wanting to wake him up.

He quietly climbs off the bed and heads to the bathroom, now feeling incredibly gross. If - *when* - they fuck without a condom again, he's definitely showering right away, instead of letting Ilya's cum make a whole fucking mess of his ass and inner thighs.

He takes a long, hot shower, which is necessary but also a huge mistake, because he's all alone and his brain is apparently working again and all he can do is start thinking about everything that happened since he left the club last night.

He's pretty sure he should be more focused on the fact he was actually fucking drugged by someone who was planning to do fuck knows what, but instead all he can think and worry about is what all this means for them; for him and Ilya.

And the more he thinks about it, the worse it gets, because he starts remembering more and he honestly doesn't know how he'll face Ilya after acting like this. And he didn't even really give Ilya the opportunity to choose whether he wanted Shane to spend the night when he was like this. It was Shane that wasn't careful enough and fucked up and yet Ilya was the one that had to carry the burden.

Fuck.

He feels way less relaxed after the shower, which is ridiculous because it was supposed to have the opposite effect, but at least he's clean. He wraps a towel around his waist and dries his hair with another one, before heading back to the room, finding Ilya still in bed but awake.

"Hey, there you are," he says, stretching his arms above his head and distracting Shane, basically forcing him to admire all those delicious muscles. "You okay?"

Shane clears his throat, nodding. "Yeah. I think it's all out of my system."

"Good."

All of his worries and everything he kept thinking during his shower suddenly come back to him and he can't even meet Ilya's eyes as he talks. "Listen, I, uh, I'm sorry. You shouldn't have had to deal with me when I was like... like that. But thank you for helping me. If you hadn't come to get me..." Shane trails off and shakes his head, shuddering just at the idea of not spending last night with Ilya.

"Hollander, you are being an idiot," Ilya says bluntly and it surprises Shane enough that he lets himself meet Ilya's eyes. He opens his mouth to reply, then closes it again. How's he being an idiot?

"I did not mind," Ilya continues. "I am glad you texted me-" he says, then corrects himself. "That *Pike* texted me".

Oh.

Oh fuck.

Shit. That's right, Hayden knows. Shane should probably text him to let him know that he's fine and Hayden doesn't have to worry-

And holy fuck, he actually came out to his friend and outed Ilya too.

"Fuck. Oh God. I'm so sorry he found out about us. I fucked up so bad," he says, even though an apology, as genuine as it is, won't change anything now, will it? "He kept saying I should text Lily because I didn't- I didn't wanna go to the hospital and then he actually texted you and I realized it meant I'd have to tell him, but he won't say anything to anyone, I'm sure of it-"

"Shane." His name in Ilya's voice successfully shuts him up, managing to stop his spiraling, at least for now. "Come here," he says and Shane walks towards the bed, until Ilya can pull him into his lap. Ilya's hands move to his thighs, slipping underneath the towel and settling there, his palms warm and comforting against his skin. "I do not care about that. Is fine. You did what you had to do, yes? I understand."

"Thank you," Shane says earnestly and maybe the drugs are still in his system because he feels like he wants to cry. It's all too much; getting fucking drugged, Hayden finding out, Ilya taking care of him all night.

And even after everything Ilya's still being so impossibly nice and sweet to him. Shane refuses to let his tears escape but he still hugs Ilya and hides his face in the crook of his neck.

Ilya hugs him back, squeezing him in his arms. "When Pike texted me... Fuck, Shane. You scared me. I am very glad you're okay," Ilya says, the words barely a whisper, and they just stay like that for a while, holding each other. It feels intimate and safe and perfect.

Shane lets out a little sigh eventually, kissing the side of Ilya's neck. "I should text Hayden. He's probably still pretty worried," he says and starts to move and pull away, only to find himself trapped in Ilya's hold, a low growl escaping him; they're so close Shane can feel the sound vibrate against his chest.

“No. Not yet,” Ilya tells him firmly. “I am glad you called me. And I do not care about Pike knowing about us,” he says again. “But you should have called me the moment you were not feeling well. What if it was too late? You were already... very *close* with Pike when I got there.”

It takes Shane a couple of seconds to realize what's happening because what Ilya's complaining about doesn't really make sense, but when he does understand, he slightly pulls away so he can look at him, grinning. “Ilya. Are you jealous?” he asks, genuinely curious and also kind of wanting it to be true, because the thought of Ilya being jealous and possessive of him makes his chest grow nice and warm and his groin tighten with pleasure.

“No,” Ilya huffs but doesn't even try to make it sound convincing.

Shane grins and leans in to kiss him. Ilya makes grumbling noises as if he doesn't want the kisses, but doesn't move, still welcoming Shane's mouth against his own. “Hayden's my best friend. And he's straight. And married. He was just worried about me. Even if it was too late, he'd just make sure I'm okay and keep his distance.”

Ilya shakes his head, clearly not convinced. “He would not be able to resist you. I know. Is impossible, sweetheart.”

Shane really wants to roll his eyes and pretend he's annoyed and maybe a little amused too, but hearing that last word again, now that he's not delirious with arousal and need, has him melting, his lips curling up into a smile. “It doesn't matter anyway, because you were all I could think about. I just wanted *you*,” he says and hopes he didn't just reveal too much, admitting he only wanted Ilya even when drugged and horny out of his mind.

Or maybe he did, but Ilya's definitely pleased about it so he can't bring himself to care.

“Good,” he says and cups the back of Shane's head, drawing him closer and into a kiss. “But you are still not texting Pike. I will. I tell him I took *good* care of you. With my cock. All night.”

Shane shakes his head, unable to hold back his laugh. “I hate you,” he says, way too fondly for the words to be even slightly true. “Don't fucking text him that,” he tries to say it firmly, as an order, but it only makes Ilya grin, his eyes shining mischievously. Fuck. He's definitely going to text him that.

Shane knows he shouldn't be in such a good mood after literally getting drugged and maybe he'll realize the gravity of the situation later when he leaves Ilya's place and yes, obviously he'll need to get some tests done to make sure he truly is fine, but he can't help thinking that not everything that came out of this was bad.

Some were not bad at all. Or maybe that's simply the effect of being in Ilya's lap and being kissed until his lips are swollen and tingling. Either way, right now it truly feels like the last twelve hours or so have strangely been quite wonderful.

End Notes

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