

keep your bliss (nothing wrong w/ this)

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Summary

“He watches anime?”

“Not important Shane,” Ilya shook his head. “He takes edibles sometimes, to help him relax. He says it makes him feel he can only ‘think one train of thought at a time’? Maybe something you need?”

Shane thought for a second, at first against it but they weren’t not allowed to have marijuana. It used to be a big deal, but now the rules have relaxed a little. And Shane was not a rookie anymore - he was a grown man. In actuality, he had no rules or expectations.

A eight page character study of Shane Hollander

Notes

Locked inside because we have a record snow fall for the last ten years, have my supply of edibles, and infinity for the complexity of these characters. The possibilities.

Ilya and Shane were half way out the door, bags in tow, when they got the call the game had been cancelled. . Shane was a little frustrated - Shane is like a ball rolling down a hill once he gets locked in.

He will go on autopilot for the whole season. Work out, practice, work out again, play hard as fuck - always - and then fuck Ilya. The only difference now, of course, was that they were playing on the same team *and* married, so it was on a whole other level.

They sit awkwardly in the car waiting on further instructions - probably practice, a team meeting... and then what? They had been running such a tight ship all season, and a few days off in a row... the options felt endless.

Shane insisted on driving to rink anyway, they had a foot of snow on the ground since the first week of November.

“Damn North Americans,” Ilya chided, shaking his head. “They do not know snow like us, huh?”

“Well they do play ice hockey, Ilya.” Shane replied, not realizing he sounded like a smart-ass.

Ilya pulled Shane’s hand off of the gear shifter and pulled it into his lap. He ran his finger over the angry red hangnail forming from where Shane had picked at it.

“Mmm, you are nervous? Why, *moya lyubov*?” Ilya was running his hand over the angry red hangnail that was left behind.

Shane took a deep inhale in response to the nickname.

Ilya pulled Shane’s hand up to his lips, pressing a tiny kiss to all of his nail beds.

Shane only offered a quick nod.

“Mm, you hear me out on this, Shane?”

“Oh god, I really don’t want to spend this time with my paren-” Shane started in but Ilya cut him off.

“No no no, I love them. But I want to fuck my husband,” Ilya continued. “Well, I was talking to one of the new rookies. He’s kinda weird like you,”

Shane had learned by now being called “boring” and “weird” is almost as sacred as what they whispered between each other at night.

“Oh, is it Walsh? You’d think I’d like him? I haven’t got to meet with him one on one,”

“No he’s a... what do you call... he likes the animated Japanese girls?” Ilya searching for English words.

“He watches anime?”

“Not important Shane,” Ilya shook his head. “He takes edibles sometimes, to help him relax. He says it makes him feel he can only ‘think one train of thought at a time’? Maybe something you need?”

Shane hesitated. He’d been against it, once—but it wasn’t like it was forbidden anymore, and he wasn’t a rookie with something to prove. Still, the idea of not being in control made his stomach tighten.

“I think Pike used to take them, or Jackie... I can’t remember,”

“Ah that explains a lot, that would be why they have four screaming children,”

“I don’t wanna—” Shane swallowed. “I don’t want to not be in control.” Who would he become with no inhibitions?

Ilya looked out the windshield and shook his head quickly. “No, I will be there,”

“I will think about it,”

Ilya had done the hard part for Shane—gone into the dispensary, picked it out, risked being seen there. His mom might have a fit. Ilya didn’t care as much.

The brown bag felt like it had eyes, boring into Shane’s soul.

It was the same way alcohol at parties had looked at him when he was a teenager: *you aren’t supposed to have us*.

(I’m a grown man.)

Ilya heats up a meal prep dinner Shane had prepared for the week. Salmon, some grilled veggies, and quinoa. He was most excited for the drizzle he had made. He felt more comfortable eating food that wasn’t so... well... boring.

Ilya put on the percolator for some coffee, Shane filled his water bottle up once more.

And then he sat fixated on the brown bag on the counter top.

“Ilya?” Shane looked over to where Ilya was standing by the stove.

“Yeah?” Ilya responded, blue eyes soft for Shane.

“Have you ever taken one? Are you going to take one with me?”

“Yes I have. It’s been long time though,” Ilya shrugged, cracking open the oven door to peek on dinner. “But I will stay sober tonight since I will be babysitting you.”

“That’s no fun,”

“No it is - for me. But in case you panic, I’m there.”

Shane nodded and opened the package, reading the back before plucking one in his mouth. It was good at first, like candy.

The flavor had turned stout. Shane wrinkled his nose at the bitterness.

It will take about an hour to kick in,” Ilya added, opening the oven and deciding the food was warm enough.

“Here is what we are going to do, we will eat dinner, take long hot shower, and we will retire to the couch. I will pick out boring documentary and we will hang out, is that okay?”

Shane affirmed with a quick nod.

“Good,”

Once dinner was finished, Ilya gave Shane firm instructions to go get the water running.

Warm spray hit Shane’s neck, then his back, his chest. He wasn’t really thinking much. Head full of cotton, moving just a beat slower.

Ilya wanted Shane to fully relax. If he needed to sleep, he could.

Once Shane hit the water, everything folded in on itself a little.

Shane had a methodical hygiene routine, which came as no surprise from a man who couldn’t focus if the TV volume was a hair too loud. He’d researched everything, had expensive skincare products sent straight to the apartment. Floss, brush, tongue scraper, mouthwash — always before he even stepped into the shower.

Ilya didn’t help with that.

But once Shane hit the water, everything softened. His world, in this moment, had narrowed to the warmth of the shower, the hazy feeling in his head, and *Ilya*.

Ilya finally entered the shower door, feeling the water once with his wrist and turned the knob more towards the hot side.

Shane only offered a mumble in response.

“You feeling ok?” Ilya checked in.

Shane didn’t respond vocally, just opened his eyes—pink around the edges—and smiled at Ilya.

Shane pulled Ilya under the water with him and nestled into Ilya's neck. Ilya gently nudged Shane's head under the water, avoiding soaking his face.

"*Malysh*," the Russian rolling right off his tongue. "You must answer me,"

"M'okay, Ilya. Not thinking much."

Ilya shampooed Shane's hair twice - putting conditioner on just the tips before reaching up to do his own.

Shane just watched through his half lidded eyes, swaying back and forth underneath the warm stream of water. Him letting Ilya wash his hair was letting Ilya step in on Shane's routine.

Ilya must handle with care.

And then there was the body wash—also twice, with a rough washcloth. Top to bottom, as always.

Shane's products never had a strong smell, leaving his cologne to do all the work. Shane also couldn't leave the shower without washing his face. He wasn't supposed to, something about it's bad for his skin. His shower wouldn't feel complete.

It is the same reason he brushes his teeth before and not after. Ilya didn't care - when Shane and Ilya first started seeing each other, Ilya had one bottle of three in one in his shower, complete with toothbrush and toothpaste. It wasn't until after Shane that he appreciated such a methodical example of self care.

And then, Shane and Ilya finally made it to their final destination - the couch. Carefully picked for its plush cushions and soft suede material. Shane settled against Ilya's chest without much hesitation as Ilya put on a documentary.

"It is about funeral homes," Ilya said plainly, laughing to himself. "I think you will like it."

Normally Shane would make a comment about 'because he's so boring' but he didn't even clock the conversation.

Shane had melted into Ilya, his arms spilling over Ilya's sides like he was boiling over. Under the quilt was so warm; they were skin to skin aside from pajama pants.

Ilya's mind was percolating, thinking of all the ways he got to see Shane - but sleepy and clean from a shower, relaxed on his chest, was easily in the top ten.

"Mmm, you are being awful quiet. Is good or bad?"

Shane mumbled something incoherently and nuzzled closer into Ilya's pec.

"You have to give me an answer," Ilya brushed his thumb behind Shane's ear, "But you are cute, so it is acceptable,"

Shane murmured again, still muffled by Ilya, then sat up clumsily, having to brace the couch to straddle him properly.

"I am thinking about you," Shane added, finally.

"What about me?" That smile.

Shane hesitated for a second, not sure how he was about to land. "You are my baby. You've been my baby for so long,"

"Your baby?" Ilya would say the same for Shane, and the way Shane loved Ilya was incomprehensible. Shane saw something in Ilya that no one else did. A string between them.

"Well, not like an actual baby." Shane said quickly, "Just - mine,"

"Ah! Perfect sense," Ilya joked, leaning back against the big fluffy pillows.

"If you were an actual baby I would swaddle you up tight and then put on a nice selection of nature sounds."

Ilya busted out laughing, but his cheeks were rosy at the cheesiness coming off his man right now.

"So I can be a boring baby? That hurt Hollander," He feigned hurt.

"No, s'not what I meant. Just love you so much,"

Ilya smiled tenderly, bringing Shane into tight and Shane settled his arms around Ilya's neck.

"I love you, too"

—

Over the course of the first episode of the documentary, Shane had slowly slid back down so his cheek was smooshed against Ilya's cheek. Ilya couldn't tell where he stopped and Shane began.

The soft quilt pulled to Shane's ears, him absentmindedly playing with Ilya's crucifix. Ilya was going to lose his mind, he didn't know loving someone this much was possible.

"Ilya?" Shane brought the end of the crucifix to rub against his lips. Shane was going to be the death of him.

"Yes?"

“Have you ever had sex while you were high?” The crucifix parted Shane’s lips and was resting between them, soft and red.

“Yes,” Ilya responded.

“And?”

“Well, Hollander... it’s been a long time, have I ever fucked you high?” Shane thought back over the course of a decade of them seeing one another.

“I fucked Sveta high once or twice, when we were...”

“Don’t say lovers,”

“I wasn’t,” Ilya chirped out quickly. Ilya has not thought of her in that regard in many, many years.

“It’s... more intense. But your mouth kind of gets dry, tacky.”

Shane just nodded, crucifix clacking against his teeth.

His hand snaked to Ilya’s hand resting under the blanket, finding his ringer finger and twisting the ring around. And then staring to pull it up... up... up to the top of Ilya’s ring finger and back down to the base.

Ilya was to the good part of the documentary, where they are cremating a bunch of dead people at a time, America-fashion.

Ilya tried to pay attention, while Shane was unknowingly igniting a fire inside of his husband.

And that was the thing. Ilya would love to take Shane to bed now. Kiss his all over, every freckle, every dimple, every scar, every stretch mark - make slow sweet love in this gentle state he had been bewitched by.

But it was Shane’s first time trying an edible.

And he knew Shane might get anxious. He worried Shane might not be able to articulate he needs to stop.

And then Shane brought Ilya’s hand up his mouth - pressing tiny kisses to his fingers and then bringing Ilya’s thumb to repeat that back and forth motion like the crucifix.

“Need something?” Ilya breathed out, trying very hard to watch how Americans apparently break corpse laws. What a world to have such a thing.

Shane looked up, those beautiful brown doe eyes meeting Ilya’s and it nearly knocked the breath out of him. Shane could ask Ilya to quit hockey and he’d do it right now.

“Fuck me? Please?” Ilya screwed his eyes shut. Trying to back his hips away from Hollander’s - but of course he follows after. Shane wants to be good.

“Shane...” Ilya had went to grab Shane’s hips. To stop him. “Shane...” Shane was in his own world.

“Baby, please.” His hands found the soft waistline of his husband. “We can’t sweetheart,”

“What...?” Shane went through all five stages of grief in one look.

“Why not?” Shanes voice cracked. “Don’t want me?”

Ilya’s heart leapt at the accusation. It was the opposite. More than the opposite. Could not be further away from the truth.

“I... it’s too risky.” English was hard. “Don’t want to hurt you,”

“Not going too,” Shane argued quickly, the glint in his eyes moving from brokenhearted to an angry kitten. “You never have,”

“Shane,” Ilya grabbed Shane’s chin - needing to make absolute certain this reaches whatever part of Shane’s judgement isn’t clouded by a drug.

“It is not because I don’t want you. I’m not sure I have ever wanted you more than I do right now. I don’t want to push you too deep, can’t bring you back up.”

Ilya thought of kissing him on the balcony all those years ago... this hint of vodka on his man's lips.

“I would not be able to forgive myself if I pushed you. I will fuck you in the morning,”

Ilya used this tone very sparingly, but it told Shane there would be no more arguments about it. Shane needed this structure, lest he spiral. Shane just huffed and laid back down.

“But I’m the boring one,” Shane bit back.

“Ah, so you are wanting ass-beating in the morning? First thing?”

“I’m being good,”

“You are being so good,”

“Can I have a compromise?” Shane grinned up at Ilya. *Yes, I don’t even have to know what it is, you can have the empire state building. I will buy it.*

“Go on,”

“Can I..?” He tried to spit out a little, bashful. His ears were hot. He tapped his lips twice.

“Can you ask me nicely?”

“Can I put your thumb in my mouth? I need something there. Please,” Shane spit out quickly.

“Of course,” and Ilya offered Shane his hand. Shane wrapped his hand around his knuckles and put it past his lips. Shane hummed against the intrusion, mouth warm around Ilya’s thumb.

Ilya settled deeper into the couch, brushing his free hand through Shane’s hair.

By the end credits for the second episode were scrolling across the screen, Shane was dead weight on Ilya. His breaths had evened out over thirty minutes.

If it wasn’t for the crick in his neck, he would argue to just stay there.

He rose Shane gently. Shane blinked hard, furrow returned to his brow. Ilya was obsessed with his bleary eyes.

Shane had a drool line on his cheek, face red from where it lay against Ilya. He just whined, pulling Ilya closer.

“We have to go lay down. Too old to sleep on couch,” Shane nodded in response against Ilya’s neck.

Shane was like a baby deer standing for the first time. A little shaky, all leg and instincts. He made grabby hands to his Hydroflask on the coffee table.

Hydroflask in hand, Ilya walked Shane through the house to their bedroom. The bed was still unmade from the morning. Shane instinctively grabbed Ilya’s pillow and brought it to his face, smooshing against the cold fabric.

“No need for that. I’m right here. Not going anywhere.”

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