

Off that Good Stuff

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by [Sweettree](#)

Summary

Shane gets his wisdom teeth removed and in his medicated state goes down a self deprecating rant. Ilya tries to grapple with his husband's true feeling about himself.

Notes

Happy eating disorder awareness month to everyone especially my fellow Athletes....yeah it's been rough. Love love love everything and everyone who interacts with my works. I try.

It's just a standard wisdom tooth removal. After days of research and having Yuna tell him that it would be nothing serious Ilya felt a little better.

Apparently it was an online trend to film the moments after someone comes out of surgery because they get loopy and goofy.

Harris managed to get Shane's permission to make a tiktok on it. Ilya would film it then send it to Harris so he could post it.

It would have been funny, really it would have.

Shane seemed to be so loose and free when on any sort of substance.

Ilya was almost excited to see that part of Shane again, one that wasn't so weighted by anxiety and pressure.

If only that Shane came out.

After helping Shane into the car Ilya pulled out his phone to get a small clip for Harris to appease their insatiable fans.

Shane was groggily muttering about the soreness of his face and touching his cheeks as if he was surprised there was skin on his face.

Ilya chuckled "How do you feel Моя любовь?"

Shane's eyes caught the rear view mirror. His eyes focused for a moment and then his face fell.

"I look dithugsting..." Shane said slowly as he turned his body towards the window.

Ilya immediately stopped recording and stuffed his phone in the cup holder.

he leaned over the center console to get a better look at his husband.

"Shane..."

"Ilya don't look. I look a fucking mess." Shane let out a chuckle, as if it was a funny gipe. As if Ilya was supposed to agree and laugh.

"That's not true. You are most beautiful." Ilya turned his husband's head slowly and looked at his cute swollen blood and drule covers face fondly.

Shane smiled and swatted his hand away. "Yuh gotta drive asshole..stop lookin."

Ilya returned to his seat and began their drive home. Harris could have his video when Shane was at home and more comfortable.

Ilya was driving home listening to Shane's soft breathing and the low radio when another noise was registered.

Shane had started laughing.

"What is funny sweetheart?" Ilya felt warmth run down his spine listening to his husband laugh so unrestrained.

"You! Shane elongated the 'oo' and continued to laugh as he turned in his seat to face Ilya.

"What about me?"

"You like me" Ilya gave a nod "like, YOU want to be with ME. I'm a futhing meth. Aggggg. I'm disgusting....heh. You love me for no reathon-you. Are perfect at everything. Even-even therapy...you do tho tho good and I..." Shane continues to laugh.

Ilya's smile had long since dropped. Shane just continued to flop around and laugh to himself and ramble about all the 'stupid' things he does.

"Come Shane..." Ilya helped a weak Shane into their house and onto their couch.

"Thank you Ilyaaa." Shane's eyes were closed and he was blushing deeply.

"I love you so so much Shane always. Be nice to my husband please..." Ilya knelt down and pressed a kiss to the back of Shane's hand

"Mmm..." Shane melted at the touch.

"Tea and soup?" Ilya said rubbing the back of Shane's palm.

Shane let out an exaggerated groan and flopped to his side like a toddler. Knocking his hand out of Ilya's grasp.

"I thought the surthery would mean noooo food." Shane wiped his face and let out another hearty laugh "No food righth now Ilya, I finally have an ethuse. Been wanting one for ageth. Don't want to think about food everrr again. Makes my head hurt. To much." Shane waved his hands around his head to convey the words he was missing.

Ilya stood up and tried to keep himself together hearing his darling talk about himself like this.

Shane sat up and gabbed at Ilya's writs studying his face.

"Noooo. Sad sad." Shane frowned deeply then he laughed like someone had just told a joke "Definitely no food now. Huthbands who make Ilya sad get no food.-" Shane nodded up to Ilya as if what he was saying made perfect sense "only...hmmm kale thalad that makes my tummy hurt when I think about the taste too much. I'll be so good, gonna be gooooood." Shane swayed and began to speak in sing song tone

“Secret secrets...” Shane pulled Ilya down as if he was supposed to listen. Ilya reluctantly leaned down and turned his ear to Shane.

“When I do hard days...hehehe...I um, I pour the thmoothie in the think at practice...don’t tell Lee-na or...or Ilya...oh wait” Shane laughed again “Fuck! I’m fucking stupid. CAnt do anything right....fucking waste. But I’ll be be-ter...for you.” Shane stood up and wrapped his arms around a stunned Ilya.

“So sexy...I love you...love you..love you thank you...” Shane said softly through his persistent giggles.

Ilya was glad they were hugging for Shane couldn’t see him choking on tears. How could Shane think that. How...oh his poor baby. Shane was always trying to keep it together for everyone else. Ilya never thought Shane would feel the need to perform for him too. He almost found it funny that they both thought they didn’t deserve the other. That the other was so much better than them. God it was pathetic how perfect they are for each other.

“I wish...wish I could be perfect for you..” Shane said against his neck

“You are perfect for me my sweet boy.” Ilya replied squeezing him tight.

Harris was not getting his stupid video

Ilya was gonna let Shane sleep off whatever this bullshit was and then he was going to kiss and fuck his husband. Remind him a billion times that Shane was his world and completely perfect for him. His Shane.

For now, they swayed there as Shane ran his hands through Ilya’s curls and went on about how they were as soft as his pubes.

God he was gonna be the death of Ilya.

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