

reefer madness

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by [seeking_amy](#)

Summary

Hayden's phone is partially covering his face, but his smile is still just barely visible as he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small bag that immediately makes Shane want to check the time on his phone, just in case.

He's going to get hell for this when Ilya gets home.

Or;

Shane gets very high; Ilya is very entertained by it.

Notes

set after 2018, the official legalization of marijuana in Canada, of course.

again, I have unfortunately not read the Game Changers books, so forgive me if this is canon-inaccurate, please, I beg.

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

It all starts up at an odd time. Shane doesn't know exactly why Ilya mentions it. Only that there's an... interesting look in his eyes. Mischievous, even for Ilya. Shane doesn't like it at all.

"You are too careful," he starts. *Innocently enough*, Shane thinks.

They're in the gym now, working on the last thirty-seven minutes of their session for the day. They'd skipped yesterday's. Too busy doing better things to be bothered (they'd been fucking, just a few feet away from the door to the gym, with their workout clothes ditched around the floor). Shane is trying to finish his dumbbell set at the moment, and Ilya is making it very difficult.

He turns to his boyfriend, brows tight. There's some sweat sliding down his forehead. "About what?"

"This body." Ilya swivels his leg over the bench separating them. Shane pauses his rep, weight suspended halfway between his hip and chest, as Ilya slides his hands on either side of his waist, tugging him closer. The weight is quickly dropped to Shane's side, jerking him slightly to the right, but stays heavy in his hand. Ilya's in the way of the weight rack.

"Oh," Shane says simply, looking down at himself. "I mean. I guess so."

"Mm, I know so." Ilya presses a kiss to Shane's temple, then the edge of his eyebrow. "So careful."

"We're professional athletes, Ilya. Part of the job is staying on top of your body."

Shane takes pride in how he takes care of his body. A lot of pride. Maybe, occasionally, too much. So much that he can get caught up in every detail of his diet and workout regime, focus too hard, too intensely. Forget about other things, like, *sometimes*, taking breaks on heavy workout days. Even he can admit that. And Ilya is always teasing him about it. About just *how* on top of his body he is ("You know you'd rather have me on top of your body," a constant repeat).

Shane doesn't bring up Ilya's terrible smoking habit that he's yet to convince the other man to give up. Ilya knows he hates it. Shane leaves the reminder in his brain and tries instead to telepathically send it into Ilya's. *You should stop smoking. Before you develop a cough.* He hopes Ilya hears it loud and clear.

"Yes, Shane, I know this." He's smirking now. More mischievous. The weight is getting heavy.

"Ilya, my arm's getting tired," he says softly. Impulsively, he pecks Ilya's cheek. Doesn't know exactly why, but it feels right.

Smiling bigger, softer all of the sudden, Ilya swiftly moves out of the way of the weight rack for Shane, who quickly—but not hastily—places it back where it belongs. He exhales quickly at the release. Ignores the urge to carefully adjust the weight, align it with the rest *just right*.

“Only time you let loose is when drinking with your team,” Ilya then comments, tipping his head a bit to the side. Shane looks up from where he’s staring at the weights.

“Well, that’s—”

“Good. Is good that you let go of macro-food thoughts and let yourself drink weight in vodka.”

Shane glares at him. He thinks he makes it look playful. “Hmph.”

“Do not look at me like this,” Ilya coos. He leans closer again. His tongue drags over his bottom lip as his gaze drags over Shane’s, mirroring the movement. “You will make me hard, and we still have thirty-seven minutes of workout left.”

“You’re ridiculous.” But Shane is smiling, dropping his head to hide the warmth spreading over his cheeks. Ilya’s right. They really do need to finish, especially after having skipped their session yesterday.

Shane’s cheeks get hotter at the memory of Ilya swiveling his feet away from their path to the gym, and the subsequent pressing of his face into the couch as Ilya pulled his shorts down and slid between his thighs.

He still doesn’t think to complain.

“You should let loose like this more often,” Ilya waits to say until Shane is climbing onto the stationary bike. He circles around the side of it, his hand gliding along Shane’s side as he does, lingering for just a moment on his waist. Shane tries to focus on setting the resistance to the proper level. He doesn’t do very well.

“Oh yeah?”

“Mm, yes.” Ilya leans over the front of the bike, arms crossing over the edge of the screen just barely getting started on tracking Shane’s session. “Much more often. Would be good for you.”

“I don’t know drinking every weekend with my friends would be good for me.”

“I say nothing about drinking.”

“Hm?” Catches Shane’s attention in a tighter grasp. “What then?”

Ilya’s smirk isn’t even mischievous anymore. Not even close. It’s... goddamn fucking *evil* looking.

If Shane didn’t trust Ilya with his life, he might think the other man was plotting to poison him.

“Was thinking of something more, eh,” he pauses, extravagantly pinching his chin between his fingers to be sure that Shane knows he’s thinking, “herbal?”

Herbal?

Shane's eyes squint at Ilya nearly instantly.

Herbal.

"No," he buffs sharply, then goes back to focusing on the movement of his legs against the resistance of the pedals. Ilya is still hovering just in front of him, but Shane tries to ignore him. "Not a chance."

"*Ugh*. So boring." Ilya's voice is drawn out, slow, and pathetic. It would be annoying, if Shane didn't find it fucking adorable. Big, bad Ilya Rozanov; a big, whiny child in adult-man form.

"I'm not interested."

"Sure you're not," Ilya throws right back, playful, teasing. Shane can hear the smile in his voice.

"I'm not."

"Hm, I think you are curious. At very least. Eyes give it away."

"I'm *not*."

Ilya huffs. Again, childish and overexaggerated. Shane can just picture his cheeks puffing out right out of view. He sometimes thinks Ilya just likes putting on a show, even if no one's looking. That somehow makes it all the more adorable.

"It's terrible for the body, Ilya," Shane rationalizes. Maybe for Ilya. Maybe for himself.

He's not curious. Definitely not.

If only because he doesn't want Ilya to have the satisfaction.

"Ah, but this is only true if you smoke."

"Pssh." Shane shakes his head. *Not curious. Not, not curious.*

"Is true," Ilya continues, dropping his chin onto the screen frame. "Works just as well when eaten. They make this available now."

"I'm not a nun, Ilya. I know what edibles are." Shane finally looks up at him from the cycle screen. Ilya is pouting at him with those dumb puppy eyes that he only uses when he really, *really* wants something. It's totally pathetic.

It's also Shane's favorite thing Ilya's face does.

"Big baby," Shane whispers, trying to sound patronizing, leaning forward to kiss the perfect nose that's just been begging for one right in front of him. He doesn't manage. It just sounds

like an endearment.

“Mm, you love me.”

And Shane does. Even when Ilya’s being a childish little pest and interrupting Shane’s workouts, he does. Even when he’s teasing Shane and getting in the way of cleaning by pulling on his hips and pressing up against his ass, he does. Shane fucking loves Ilya so much it sometimes hurts. Most often though, now, blissful and official and *together*, it just makes Shane feel like he’s floating through the atmosphere and won’t ever feel the weight of gravity again.

“Mm,” he hums, angling downward just enough to brush his lips against Ilya’s. “Just a little.”

And then, with a smile and a *blep* of his tongue, Ilya drops it.

Shane... does not.

He just can’t seem to. Doesn’t let it go for a week. Then two. It’s not anything more than it is; just lingering thoughts. Or at least that’s what he tells himself. Definitely not curiosity. *No*. No way.

It’s not that Shane hasn’t ever gotten high before. Fine—no, he hasn’t. He’s thought about. Not often, but he has. He’s always discouraged by a few too many Google searches and the memory of a horror story relayed to him by Jacki a few years ago about the time Hayden got so high he vomited, passed out in it, and then vomited again in his sleep. Always decides it’s a bad idea. Not worth it. And, besides, hockey gets in the way. Shane usually just lets the curiosity fizzle out, because it always does.

A third week passes, and the thoughts don’t fizzle out.

Shane is getting annoyed.

He ends up looking it up on his phone. Just once. On a random Wednesday, when Ilya is out of the house.

Weed edibles.

Simple as that. Just a few scrolls. Clicking onto a link or two that take him to online websites with hundreds of types and flavors. Chocolates. Gummy bears. Lollipops. Cookies.

Okay, so maybe he’s curious. Kind of.

Shane really wants himself to let it go. But, fuck, Shane knows he’s never been the type to let things go just like that. Wishes he would, but it doesn’t come as easily as he imagines it does to most other people, so he’s learned to live with it.

He looks it up again. Another couple times, maybe, though if Ilya were to ask him about it, he wouldn’t admit to shit.

And then, one fateful day, it’s brought up again.

Just not in the way Shane would've expected.

"Y'know man, I've been sitting on these fuckers for *months* now."

Shane looks up at Hayden, who's sitting across from him on the couch. They've been lounging around most of the day. Ilya is out with Marlow and a few of his other teammates. Shane had told Ilya it would be good for him. That it would give him time to clean around the house and tidy things up before Ilya returned so he wouldn't have to worry about a dick being stuck between his legs every time he tries to vacuum underneath something.

Hayden's phone is partially covering his face, but his smile is still just barely visible as he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small bag that immediately makes Shane want to check the time on his phone, just in case.

He's going to get hell for this when Ilya gets home.

Of course it would be Hayden to bring it up, and of course it would be when Shane takes the opportunity. Ilya, for all his brashness, never truly pushes Shane into anything. If Shane tells him to drop something, he drops it. Makes stupid noises and pouts like a child, but drops it. Gives Shane room to breathe. To think. He'll let Shane bring whatever it is up whenever or if ever he decides to. It's always up to Shane.

But Shane is stubborn. He's always known this about himself, another thing he's come to be okay living with. He knows Ilya would think he'd won their debate, and Shane can't have that.

Hayden, though? He's just an unassuming outsider to this whole situation with a harmless bag of green-apple flavored edibles.

Shane tells himself that as long as they're discrete, he won't have to worry about the endless, relentless pestering he'll get for it from Ilya if he were to find out. He'll make sure to send the empty wrapper home with Hayden. They'll sober up by the time Ilya gets home.

And, so, that's how he and Hayden wind up sprawled out on the couch, bag empty, long discarded on the couch and pushed somewhere down between the cushions, with the food-network playing loudly on the TV.

Shane would think it's all such a fucking cliché—if he weren't so busy watching Mary Berry stir a bowl of freshly concocted vanilla cake batter with a bright-pink spatula.

"She's a fuckin' artist," Hayden says, voice airy. He's just as entranced by the TV, it seems. Mary starts dropping small pieces of white chocolate into the batter. Shane's mouth waters.

"The way she adds the chocolate into the batter? Artist."

"Chocolate's such a weird word," Shane says in response.

They look at each other at the exact same time. Instantly, their mutual hollers are echoing through Shane's apartment.

“Fuck, man. You’ve been missing out. Glad you finally came to your senses and called on your fairy godmother to help you out.” Hayden’s hand reaches around the couch, between the creases of the cushions. Shane absently thinks to tell him that they *definitely* finished whatever was in the bag, but the words don’t really want to come out, so he doesn’t.

“I don’t think you’re allowed to say that,” is all he manages between chuckles. His cheeks are hurting. His stomach is gurgling. He feels amazing.

“I feel pretty fucking great,” he voices.

“You look fucking great, dude. Don’t think I have ever seen you smile this much.”

That almost makes Shane feel guilty for Ilya not being here. Almost. Nearly. But then he backtracks over the past ten-or-so years of his life and decides that this isn’t the most he’s ever smiled; those moments are always when Ilya is shouting curses at the TV while they play bad video games or when he’s jumping around like a kid who’s been introduced to the water for the first time in the lake or when he accidentally lays out in the sun for too long with his sunglasses on and comes back inside with tan lines around his eyes.

And this just makes Shane start giggling like an idiot. He’s pretty quickly doubled over himself, clutching his stomach for unattainable leverage, and he just knows that Hayden is looking at him like he’s crazy. Strangely, he doesn’t care. Not at all.

If it weren’t for how much teasing would happen, Shane thinks that this would be so much more fun with Ilya. He loves Hayden. Of course he does. They’re best friends. Shit, the only person who knows him any better than Hayden is *Ilya*.

But what Shane is thinking would be so amazing right now is simple: Ilya, Hayden, and himself. The three of them, together. Being friends, having fun, and enjoying Mary Berry’s fascinating baking expertise on the TV. Ilya and Hayden like each other fine, Shane thinks. Hopes. He thinks they’d like each other a lot more if they let go of their little tussle of wits, something Shane always finds funny. It’s because they’re so similar, he knows. Not identical, not by a long shot, but similar.

So, when the front door opens and he hears the sound of Ilya’s footsteps (definitely Ilya’s—Shane has had that sound memorized since he was nineteen), he forgets about the inevitable teasing and taunting and just beams towards the door from over the back of the couch.

“Ilya!” He waves his hand over the couch, trying to make it obvious that he wants Ilya to come over to them.

Ilya knows. He must know. Shane can see the realization growing clearer on his face the closer he gets to the couch, but he doesn’t care. *Ilya, Hayden, and him*. A perfect throuple. Well, not a throuple. That’s—ew. Gross. Shane tries not to wrinkle his nose at the thought.

“Hello boys,” Ilya sing-songs as he rounds about the couch, standing between them. He glances back at the TV. Mary is pulling out a perfectly browned cake that’s golden, fluffy, and sweet-looking. Shane forgets about his macrobiotic diet for the few moments he’s looking at it. “Having fun?”

“Fucking tons,” Hayden says with a grin. “You need to let this fucker get high more often. He’s so much more fun like this.”

“Hey, fuck you!” Shane kicks at his foot. “I’m always fun. Right Ilya?”

He looks up, and Ilya is already looking at him with a big, bright smile that makes Shane mushy all over but doesn’t answer his question.

“Ilya, I am funny, aren’t I?”

“Oh, yes.” Ilya nods, leaning down, petting his hair. If Shane didn’t know better, he’d think it was a pity answer. “Very funny.”

“See.” Turns back to Hayden. “I’m funny.”

“He’s only saying that ‘cause you guys are married.”

It’s a chirp. And an incorrect one at that, since as far as Shane is aware he and Ilya are not married. But nevertheless, Shane stores it in the back of his mind. The box labeled: *Good Ideas for Later*.

And then he looks up at Ilya again, greeted by soft blue eyes and another one of those amazing smiles. Shane wiggles under the gaze. Warm and fuzzy. Maybe Ilya also has a box in his mind with a similar label on it that’s found a new addition.

“I should kick you out to street, Pike, for peer-pressuring my husband,” he then says. Simple. Rolls right off his tongue like everything else as he strokes the back of Shane’s head.

(Shane will register the weight of Ilya’s sentence in a few hours, probably. Lying in bed while Ilya plays Candy Crush on his phone with the brightness turned too high beside him, trying to recall the moments he’s in now and being struck with the memory of that word coming out of Ilya’s mouth so smoothly. *Husband*. Then, of course, he’ll burrow his way under the covers and give Ilya a blowjob that will make every other blowjob he’s ever received from Shane feel like a feather-light peck on the cheek.)

But, for now, Shane just smiles. His cheeks are still hurting, but he can’t stop smiling and leaning into Ilya’s touch and giggling every now and then at nothing but his thoughts.

“I hope you have saved some for the ball and chain,” Ilya says as he plots down onto the couch next to Shane, squeezing him up against the cushions. His arm is around Shane instantly, so Shane forgives him and doesn’t think to ask where Ilya learned the phrase.

“Shit, man…” Hayden goes back to searching for the bag between the cushions, frantic until he pulls it up from halfway beneath one. *How did that get there?*

“I think we finished it off,” Shane says with a solemn exhale, pressing his face into Ilya’s chest.

“A tragedy, really.” With a squeeze of his hand around Shane’s shoulder.

“I did bring some flower?” Hayden then supplies, shrugging.

Shane snaps up to look at him. “Hayd!”

“*What?* I figured I might as well, we’re already getting stoned.”

“I said no smoking!”

“C’mon dude, there’s only so much of the experience you can get with edibles!”

“You’d stink up the whole house and that would look terrible on me.”

Ilya hums beside him, drawing him away from his and Hayden’s verbal scuffle. He looks up. A smile beams back at him.

“Mr. Hollander,” he drawls, leaning his nose forward to bump against Shane’s. Distantly, he thinks Hayden scoffs. “Mr. Golden Boy.”

“Shut up.” Shane swats at him. “I would have never heard the end of it.”

“Will never hear end of it,” Ilya says with a kiss to Shane’s cheek.

And Shane can’t help swooning. Never can, but right now it’s especially difficult to resist. With Ilya’s hands all around him; one still on his shoulder and the other now coming to rest on his knee, then to trace halfway up his thigh, down, then back up again. With Ilya’s lips pressing soft kisses all over his face. With the weed still circling thick and heady in his system. He couldn’t be happier.

“You guys are disgusting,” Hayden suddenly says, but Shane swears he can hear the smile in his voice even if he’s not looking at his friend. “Even Jacki and I aren’t this bad around guests.”

“Mm, to Shane, you are guest. To me? You are intruder.”

“It’s not my fault your husband invited me over to get high. Without you.”

Ilya bobs his head. “Probably because your wife didn’t want to deal with you.”

“Okay guys, calm the alpha-male shit,” Shane says, sitting up. “Plenty of me to go around.”

“Ew, I don’t want sloppy seconds.”

“You are not for sharing.”

Come at precisely the same time. Shane is smiling at both of them. Definitely couldn’t be happier.

“Okay, Rozanov, smoke some fucking weed.” Hayden offers the bag; a mutual treaty. “Maybe it’ll calm the bedside manner.”

Ilya gently clasps his fingers around the edge of the bag, careful not to touch hands with Hayden. Shane imagines that would be a fate worse than death to Ilya.

“This, I will not argue with. Even coming from you.”

Ilya gets up, and Shane finds himself leaning into the spot he just left for a moment. He watches Ilya walk out of the living room and in the direction of the bedroom. Pretty sure he’s going to get his pipe (the one he keeps in one of the bathroom drawers and that Shane has said nothing about because he knows Ilya will know it’s out of curiosity).

“I’m gonna marry him,” he suddenly says, mostly to himself. He’s nearly forgotten Hayden is there until he turns back to him and is met with a wide-eyed stare.

“What?”

“Fuck dude,” Hayden says, shaking his head. Shane might be worried if it weren’t for the smile. “I mean. Fuck, yeah. Yes! Marry the dude. But...”

“But, what?”

Hayden exhales, puffing his cheeks out, slotting his hands on his knees like he’s trying to stable himself. Then, after a beat, “*Rozanov?*”

For a moment, Shane just looks at him like he’s an idiot. Then, he can’t help it. He laughs. Hard.

“Yes, Rozanov.” Shane looks back towards where he can hear Ilya’s soft footsteps approaching. “I’m gonna marry him.”

Ilya comes into view, holding up, as Shane suspected, his pipe. Sleek black metal with a golden detailing. It’d been expensive. Shane had chided Ilya for spending so much money on it, as if Ilya didn’t spend so much money on everything. Somewhere, in that little drawer of good ideas, Shane wonders how much he’d spend on a wedding.

End Notes

leaving the follow up events up to y'all lovelies cause I couldn't decide whether or not Shane would have a toke with Ilya and Hayden.

thank y'all sm for reading and I hope you have a wonderful day/night!!!

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