

one cigarette in the non-smoker's tray

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one cigarette in the non-smoker's tray

by [thegrandoptimist](#)

Summary

With their mouths slotted firmly together, lips parted just right, Ilya exhales heavily into Shane's mouth. The smoke flows between them again, filling up Shane's lungs.

The only way Shane can describe the experience is warm. Ilya's mouth is warm against his, his hand is warm where it rests on his chin, and the smoke he breathes in is warm as it fills his lungs. Ilya pulls away just enough to let him exhale out all the smoke, but Shane quickly slams their mouths back together, tongue pushing past his parted lips.

[or: Ilya shows Shane how enjoyable getting high can be.]

Notes

listen. liSTEN. i had been working on an unrelated fic on and off for the last six months, which then led to working on a spinoff for something i haven't even finished. it was gonna be my big return to fic writing because i haven't published anything in seven years.

and then.

hockey brainworms. i wrote this in like a week in between reading all of the books, doing holiday stuff, and working. oops.

title is from "one cigarette" by edwin morgan. here's a [hollanov playlist](#) i put together while writing. enjoy.

please ignore that the author changed, i've made to decision to merge my NSFW and SFW accounts because it's all my work and i want it all together ♡

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

Ilya wakes with a start, though the details of his nightmare are already blurring and fading by the time his eyes open. The anxious pit in his stomach remains.

The nightmares aren't as common anymore. Therapy has helped a lot. Being married has helped a lot. But sometimes...

The anxiety pulls tighter in his stomach. There's hazy visions - a hand hanging limply from a bed, a body bleeding out on the ice.

Next to Ilya, Shane is sleeping soundly. His mouth hangs open slightly, soft puffs of breath brushing across Ilya's skin. When he tilts his head up, he can see Anya asleep on the far side of the bed, curled into the space behind Shane's legs. She's technically not meant to sleep on the bed, but at this point, even Shane struggles to say no to her sad puppy dog eyes.

Ilya tries to relax himself back to sleep. He focuses on the way Shane's breathing tickles his neck, the fresh scent of detergent wafting off the sheets pulled up to chest, the distant sound of the lake lapping at the shore. All the little things that left him know he's home, that he's safe.

But the fear of another nightmare lingers. What worse thoughts could his brain conjure up while simply trying to rest?

When he finally accepts that sleep will not take him, Ilya gently slips out of bed and quietly gathers his things. Anya stirs slightly when he opens a drawer to grab socks, but ultimately she remains out cold.

Outside, the sky is crystal clear; the edges of the skyline are starting to glow faintly, though sunrise is still more than an hour away. The air is cool, and Ilya almost wishes he grabbed a sweatshirt.

Instead, he sits in his black briefs and a plain t-shirt, socks and slides on his feet, letting goosebumps spread across his forearms as he lays his items out on the table in front of him.

A water bottle. A small glass ashtray. An old lighter. And a pre-rolled joint.

Therapy has been working. But as it turns out, part of therapy is also figuring out how to medicate. They tried a few different anti-depressants, each with their own slew of side effects for Ilya to adjust to. Ultimately, the process of taking pills had been more anxiety-inducing than either had truly expected.

So Galina had suggested weed. He periodically smoked it before, at parties and celebrations with the team. It was always pleasant, making everything fuzzy around the edges in a surprisingly soothing way. Much easier than trying to force pills down an unwilling throat.

Ilya tries not to rely on it too much, especially not during the season; but here, in his summer home, he lets himself indulge in the warm smoke filling his lungs. He exhales, watching tendrils of smoke curl up towards the starry sky before dissipating entirely. His fingertips start to tingle.

He takes one more hit and plans to snuff the embers out into his tiny ashtray, knowing that a full joint would be overkill for falling back asleep, when he hears a sound coming from the house.

It's Shane.

He's gently closing the backdoor, keeping Anya inside as he shuffles out to meet Ilya. Their thick, fluffy comforter is wrapped tightly around him, and his eyes are still heavy with sleep.

"Hi," he mumbles quietly, plopping into the chair next to Ilya. He takes a second to readjust the comforter, ensuring as little of his skin is exposed to the cool night air as possible.

"Sorry, did not mean to wake you," Ilya responds quietly, making sure he exhales the smoke away from Shane.

"Couldn't sleep?" A socked foot extends from the mass of comforter, landing on top of Ilya's own foot. It's a familiar, comforting point of contact.

"Ah, just," he swirls his hand through the air as if he'll be able to grab the word he's looking for. *Nightmare* is the only word coming to mind, but he doesn't want Shane to worry again. "Just wanted an excuse to smoke."

As if to prove his point, he takes another hit of the joint. It's more than he intended to smoke at this point, but another puff or two won't make that big of a difference given his tolerance.

Shane looks unimpressed with his excuse, but doesn't say anything.

They sit in silence for a few moments and watch the sky, stars slowly fading as the sun creeps closer and closer to the horizon. Nature croons around them, insects humming and birds starting to chirp. Ilya is ready to snuff his joint and head back inside when Shane finally breaks the silence.

"What's it feel like anyway?" The question is vague, and Ilya can't hide the confusion that crosses his face. Shane looks almost embarrassed as he clarifies. "What's... smoking feel like?"

"Are you asking what drugs feel like?"

"Nevermind, it was stupid," Shane grumbles and even in the mass of blankets, Ilya can tell he has crossed his arms over his chest.

"Is not stupid," Ilya soothes, scooting his chair closer. "Is hard to explain, though."

Shane doesn't seem to mind, staring at him with such genuine curiosity.

"You know drinking? You feel loose and floaty and maybe a bit silly, but alcohol also makes you feel heavy?" Shane had never been a big drinker, especially once he started his weird bird diet, but he had certainly experienced getting drunk a handful of times. Ilya figured it was a good place to start. "Kind of like that, but not heavy. More floaty. Everything feels fuzzy, but relaxing. Takes away stress. Makes everything quieter. And no hangover next day."

Shane nods along as Ilya explains.

"It is nice to just relax," Ilya continues, staring at the joint resting in his fingers. "To just be, without thinking too much."

Shane bites his lip, clearly struggling with what he wants to say next. After a long pause, he finally speaks.

"Could I... try it?"

"Shane Hollander, you want to do drugs?" Ilya actually guffaws. "This certainly not part of your bird diet."

"Oh fuck off," Shane says with an eye roll. "I'm just... curious. Aren't you always complaining that I'm too boring? You should want me to do this!"

"Yes, but you are good boy. What kind of husband would I be if I let you try drugs?"

"It was stupid, I knew I shouldn't have said anything," Shane's getting grumpy now, retreating even further into his comforter cocoon. Ilya would almost feel bad, if he didn't love seeing Shane's pouty face so much.

"Okay, okay, you take one hit, then we go back to bed," Ilya says, unable to turn him down. Anya's puppy dog eyes have nothing on Shane Hollander.

The comforter falls away as Shane reaches for the joint, and Ilya realizes he's just in his underwear. Even in the dim glow of the approaching dawn, Ilya can see the summer freckles that dust across his bare shoulders. Ilya resists the urge to kiss each and every freckle he sees.

It's uncanny to see Shane holding a joint, and it's clear he feels equally out of his element.

"So do I just... breathe in?"

"You want to pull in, hold it in lungs. If you exhale too fast, will not work."

Again, Shane nods along, but it's clear he's not entirely certain what Ilya means. He holds the joint up to his mouth and –

Shane almost immediately starts coughing, a seemingly impossible amount of smoke spilling out of his mouth.

"Jesus Christ, Hollander, is not competition! You are trying for world's biggest hit award or something?"

Shane just continues to cough, hard. Ilya quickly grabs his water bottle from the table, shoving it into Shane's empty hand. It takes a moment before his coughing starts to settle, and he's finally able to chug the water down gratefully.

His eyelashes are wet with tears and his face is flushed when he finally puts the water bottle down, still letting out small coughs to fully clear his throat. Despite the disaster, he cracks a small smile.

"I don't think I did that right."

"Yeah, no shit," Ilya lets out a sigh, running a hand over his face. He's standing now, hovering over Shane to make sure his husband isn't about to keel over and die. "So no more drugs for you, yeah?"

He fiddles nervously with the joint still in his hand. He won't quite meet Ilya's eye, a sign that he's still nervous about something. "Unless you... you wanted to show me how to do it?"

Ilya blinks slowly, processing the request. Shane had watched Ilya smoke many times before, much to his despair and annoyance; surely another demonstration wasn't what he was looking for. Unless...

Ilya takes the joint from Shane's shaky hands and leans in close. "Pay close attention," he says, voice firm. Shane lets out a soft noise, not quite a whimper, but he obeys Ilya's request and locks his eyes on his husband's plush lips.

Ilya puts the joint to his mouth and breathes in, taking what he would consider to be a standard hit. Rather than exhaling as he normally would, he leans even closer to Shane, locking their mouths together. Shane understands and immediately begins to suck in a breath, pulling the smoke from Ilya's lungs into his own. When they finally part, Shane slowly exhales, letting the smoke swirl around them both.

He still lets out a little bit of a cough, but it's nowhere near the disaster that was his first hit. He's looking at Ilya with clear want in his eyes as he takes in a few raspy breaths. Once his breathing starts to settle, Ilya repeats the process, pulling a hit and pushing their mouths together.

This time, Shane does whine; a needy sound that sits high in his throat. He coughs a little harder when they part this time, eyelashes growing damp with tears again. It doesn't seem to bother him.

"Again," Shane wheezes slightly, desperate to catch his breath. But he's more desperate to kiss Ilya again with a smoke filled mouth.

Ilya shoves the comforter out of the way and properly crawls onto Shane's lap. He brackets his thighs, barely fitting on the flimsy cushioned seat.

With one hand, he grabs Shane's chin, tipping his head upwards to face him; with his other hand, he lifts the joint up to his mouth and inhales as deeply as he can. There isn't much left, so he needs to make sure to get the most out of it, needs to make sure this one counts. The way he then smashes his mouth against Shane's is messy and uncoordinated, but Shane whimpers in a way that says it's exactly what he wanted.

With their mouths slotted firmly together, lips parted just right, Ilya exhales heavily into Shane's mouth. The smoke flows between them again, filling up Shane's lungs.

The only way Shane can describe the experience is *warm*. Ilya's mouth is warm against his, his hand is warm where it rests on his chin, and the smoke he breathes in is warm as it fills

his lungs. Ilya pulls away just enough to let him exhale out all the smoke, but Shane quickly slams their mouths back together, tongue pushing past his parted lips.

Shane kisses like a man possessed. His hands grab roughly at the neck of Ilya's shirt to pull the two of them as close together as possible. His tongue is sloppy, lapping eagerly at the inside of Ilya's mouth. Ilya lets him take complete control, basking in the way Shane desperately runs his hands up and down his back.

They kiss and kiss and kiss, until Shane starts to whine and squirm, rutting desperately for some friction against his hard cock. Ilya pulls back, taking in the sight before him.

Shane's eyes are red and lidded, eyebrows bunched together. His mouth hangs open, ragged little breaths filling the silence between them. His nipples are hard where the cool air brushes across his exposed skin.

He looks simply irresistible. Ilya drops the roach into the ashtray.

"I should suck your cock now."

Shane doesn't even have time to reply before Ilya is climbing off his lap and sliding to the ground in-between his legs. Shane knows the stone patio must be cold and uncomfortable under his bare knees, but all he can focus on is how warm Ilya's hands are as they settle heavy on Shane's thighs.

"This is okay, yes?" he asks, staring up at Shane with a curious look. His eyes are similarly bloodshot from the high and lack of sleep, but they still shine dark and intense.

"This is more than okay," he tells his husband. Then, because he knows how much it'll turn Ilya on, he runs his hand gently through Ilya's hair. "You know I always love when you suck my cock. always feels so good."

A smug grin spreads across Ilya's face at the words and he turns his attention to Shane's cock, barely contained within his dark briefs. All he needs to do is reach for the waistband, and Shane immediately lifts his hips to assist. Ilya wastes no time in yanking the briefs down, watching his cock bob free. There isn't even enough time for Shane to bask in his dick being free before Ilya's mouth fully engulfs the head.

"Oh fuck, Ilya," Shane hisses, hips bucking up immediately. It's so much - almost too much - all at once. "You need to warn a guy when you're about to do that."

Ilya pulls off with an intentionally loud pop and gives Shane a blank stare. "Was telling you I suck dick not enough? How about I suck soul out of your dick now."

Shane can't find it in himself to get annoyed, especially not with the way Ilya immediately sucks him back into his mouth and works his way down the shaft. It's hot and wet and completely overwhelming; all Shane can really do is let out a gasping whine and throw his head back.

Getting head from Ilya is always an amazing experience, but there is something about being high that makes it all the more intense. Every nerve ending in Shane's body feels like it's buzzing, like there should be an audible hum radiating out of his skin. He's never felt anything like it before. Ilya had been right when he said everything felt fuzzy, but he failed to mention how electric it would be.

"Fuck," Shane breathes out. His one hand finds its way back to Ilya's hair, threading through the golden curls softly before his grip tightens. Ilya groans happily at the sensation, drool leaking from the corners of his mouth. Even though Shane isn't applying any pressure, Ilya still takes the hand resting on his head as an incentive to work his way further down Shane's cock.

True to his word of sucking Shane's soul out of his dick, Ilya is quick to swallow almost the entirety of Shane's length down, the tip resting in the back of his throat. Shane can't help but whimper loudly, head thrown back and hips bucking forward. Ilya doesn't even flinch as Shane's dick thrusts deeper into his mouth, instead bringing a hand up to cup at Shane's balls.

"Fuck, fuck, Ilya, you're gonna make me come," Shane chokes out, hand tightening its grip on those beautiful curls. His other hand grabs at the seat of his chair, clutching the cushion like it'll keep him grounded.

Ilya looks up at him through his lashes, mouth full and stretched around Shane's cock; the look he gives him makes it clear that making Shane come is *exactly* what he plans to do. With renewed determination, Ilya makes quick work of bobbing up and down, hand still fondling his balls gently.

"Close, close," Shane babbles out, unable to do anything but buck his hips desperately. That's the only warning he's able to give before his orgasm hits full force, entire body jerking forward as he spills into Ilya's mouth. His high only seems to increase the strength of his orgasm, pleasure coursing through his whole body in hot, thrumming waves.

Ilya doesn't relent, still bobbing up and down; the slick of come allowing him to go even faster. Shane can do nothing but cry out, cursing through clenched teeth. He starts to thrash about, hand yanking hard on Ilya's curls as he finds himself unable to handle the overwhelming sensation any longer.

Finally Ilya pulls away, lips swollen and slick, with come dribbling down his chin. He leaves a trail of wet kisses along Shane's inner thigh and up to his hip bone, basking in the trembles he can feel radiating through Shane's body.

"You look so pretty like this," Ilya tells him, voice scratchy from the rough treatment of his throat. Shane is fairly certain he does not look pretty; he's sweaty and dazed, eyes unfocused, a few droplets of come are still leaking from his cock, and his briefs are still bunched around one of his ankles. But his body is buzzing and his mind is blissed out, so he can't bring himself to argue. "You okay for me to fuck you?"

Shane lets out a breathless laugh, still trying to come down from his orgasm. "I am- I am always okay for you to fuck me, holy shit," he breathes out; Ilya is polite enough to ignore the way that Shane's voice awkwardly cracks halfway through his sentence.

"We should probably move inside then," Ilya suggests. He seems surprisingly in control. It makes sense, as Shane knows Ilya isn't nearly as affected by the weed as he is. Ilya presses another sloppy kiss to Shane's hip before he rises off the cold ground.

Shane rises on unsteady legs, pulling the comforter back around his exposed body. Ilya helps grab his underwear, hanging limply around his ankle. The remainder of their items are left on the table as the two make their way back inside, sure to remind them in the daytime of what they got up to while the sun was still struggling to rise.

Anya attempts to greet them as they enter, which causes Shane to pull the comforter tighter around his naked body in embarrassment. *The dog doesn't need to know about our sex life*, Shane always complained.

"You stay out here, sweet girl," Ilya says softly, using a leg to block her from following them into the bedroom. They'd certainly let her back in later, after all was said and done, but for now, Ilya wanted Shane all to himself, no distractions.

Speaking of, Shane has flopped onto their giant bed, legs splayed apart. He's completely naked, except for his socks. His cock rests half hard against his thigh, nestled in a thatch of dark hair. It's almost unfair how effortlessly hot he looks.

Ilya finally pulls his own shirt off before he starts to make his way to the bed, though his briefs stay on. His own cock sits hard, heavy and neglected in his underwear. It can survive a bit longer without attention.

"How are you feeling?" Ilya asks, crossing the entire room in a few slow strides. He settles on the bed, in the space in between Shane's thighs.

"You were right, it is floaty," Shane responds, stretching his arms above his head. He lets his fingers curl and flex a few times, focusing on the way they tingle softly. "I feel good though."

Ilya hums softly, grabbing Shane's leg and pulling it up to kiss his ankle. He slowly works his mouth up the inside of his left leg, propping Shane's knee onto his shoulder to keep him in place. "Does it feel good when I kiss you?"

Shane lets out a small, breathy sound. "Feels really good," his voice is barely a whisper, and Ilya can see his cock twitch with renewed interest.

Ilya runs a hand down the rest of Shane's thigh, letting it slip into the crease next to his balls. Shane sucks a harsh breath in through his teeth. "Does it feel good when I touch you?"

Shane lets his legs spread further apart to give Ilya easier access, letting his hand slide further down. He gently caresses the skin behind his balls, though it still isn't quite what Shane wants. His pulse pounds under his skin, hot and electric. "Feels so good," he whimpers. "Please touch me more."

Ilya grins down at him, teeth displayed like a predator snarling at its prey. Shane would let Ilya devour him, if he asked. He dips his hand even lower, fingers brushing over Shane's entrance and his entire body spasms.

"Oh, fuck."

Ilya grabs the other leg and promptly folds Shane in half, knees pressed up to his shoulders. What a blessing yoga could be. Folded like this, Shane's hole is on full display. His cock twitches where it's now pinned to his stomach, almost fully erect.

Ilya bites at his left cheek, enjoying the red marks his teeth leave on otherwise smooth skin. Shane throws his head back, eyes clenched shut. With gentle nips and soft licks, Ilya makes his way closer and closer until he finally runs his tongue over Shane's hole.

"Ilya!" Shane says his name like a prayer, revenant and loving and so, so horny. "Please, please, please... more. Just. Please, anything."

His words slur together and his brain feels dizzy with desire as Ilya's tongue gently circles him. His nerves are all on fire, body tingling from every touch, every slide of Ilya's tongue. It's all so much, and he can only whimper and beg for more, body trapped in Ilya's tight grasp.

"Tell me what you want," Ilya commands, pulling away from Shane's desperate squirming. "Use real words."

It's almost cruel. Shane's brain can barely process words and sentences during sex on a good day; the added inebriation from the weed leaves his mouth dry and brain empty.

"Use your fingers," he manages to pant out. He swallows and distantly wonders if this is the dry mouth he's heard his teammates complain about before. "Open me up with your fingers."

"There you go, big boy words," Ilya grins. His own high has already peaked and begun to fade, but with Shane's lower tolerance, he knows he still has some time to drag this out before it wears off for him.

His hands had been pinning both of Shane's legs up, but he lets one hand slowly trail its way back down, the other hand still applying enough pressure to keep Shane folded over. Using just the spit from his mouth, he traces one finger around Shane's rim, ever so slightly dipping in. There's very little resistance, Shane still slightly stretched from the sex they had earlier in the day. Or yesterday, technically. The clock on the nightstand says it's nearly 5:00 in the morning, and the sky outside is growing orange with the impending sunrise.

Ilya spits where his finger is currently stretching Shane, and uses the moisture to push further in. He'll need to grab lube before they do anything more, but he enjoys the way Shane clenches around his finger desperately.

"You just swallow me right up," Ilya says; his voice falls somewhere between possession and amazement. "Like your body knows it was made for me. So eager, every time."

"It's so good," Shane breathes out. Despite the awkward position, he tries to push back against Ilya's hand, tries to take his finger further. "More, more, please."

Ilya pulls his finger out and finally releases his hold on Shane's leg, letting his body flop somewhat ungracefully flat on his back. Ilya is too busy to make fun of the startled sound Shane makes, currently crawling across the bed to grab their bottle of lube. It only takes a few seconds before he's back between Shane's thighs, but it feels like a lifetime.

Ilya slicks up two fingers and immediately pushes both into Shane.

Shane lets out a broken cry, eyes rolling back at the onslaught of sensations. The lube is icy cold and the stretch of two fingers burns hot and his entire body is thrumming with static and -

Ilya curls his fingers into Shane's prostate and he actually screams, the sound searing itself permanently into Ilya's brain. Shane's cock is absolutely drooling, smearing sticky lines of precome all across his stomach.

"So sensitive," Ilya grins, but his voice is warm with adoration. He continues to curl and flex his fingers inside Shane. "You are so beautiful, so open for me."

As if to demonstrate just how open Shane is, Ilya slips a third finger into him, curling into those soft inner walls. Shane takes the added stretch with another loud moan, pushing his hips down to match every thrust of Ilya's fingers. His entire body is so warm and fuzzy, he barely registers the added heat building low in his gut.

All it takes is one more firm press to his prostate, and Shane's entire body convulses, an unexpected orgasm crashing full force over him. His untouched dick spurts out ropes of come, splashing his stomach, his chest, even up to his neck.

Ilya stills his hand to watch on in amazement; the sight of Shane coming just from his fingers makes Ilya's dick pulse violently, straining against the confines of his underwear. He's quick to pull his fingers out and climb up the bed, laying his body on top of Shane's still shaking body. Come smears on his chest where their skin overlaps but he doesn't mind, too busy slamming his mouth against Shane's.

"You are so incredible, moya lyubov," he manages to say, practically breathing the words into Shane's mouth. Shane just groans and wraps his arms around Ilya's neck, pulling him deeper into a kiss.

"I love you so much," he mumbles against Ilya's lips, arms squeezing their bodies together tightly. The skin between them is slick and sticky with come, and it would usually be so gross, but all Shane can think is how he's marking his territory, sowing himself deep into Ilya's skin. He feels the hardness of Ilya's dick pressing firmly into his thigh through the thin cotton, and it sends another shiver of desire through his entire body. "How about I ride you until you come?"

Ilya pulls back with a startled look. "You came twice."

"I can keep going."

Ilya laughs and kisses him firmly. "Who are you and what did you do to my husband?"

Shane pushes at Ilya's shoulder, shoving him onto his back so he can climb on top of him. "You put in all that work stretching me out. It'd be a shame for it to go to waste."

"My husband will be upset when he finds out you have replaced him," Ilya continues, giggling even as Shane kisses and bites at his neck. He mostly ignores Ilya's goading, kissing his way down Ilya's body. He tries to avoid the come smeared across Ilya's torso as he works lower and lower, eventually making it to the waistband of Ilya's briefs. "You cannot possibly be him; he is boring and you are too sexy."

"Do you want me to fuck you or not?" Shane asks, fingers curling into the waistband of Ilya's underwear.

"Sorry, sorry, go ahead," Ilya grins, lifting his hips slightly so Shane can yank his briefs down. His cock oozes precome and it's such a relief to finally be free from the tight cotton. Shane grabs the lube, drizzling it directly onto Ilya's cock.

His cold hiss quickly turns into a gasp as Shane grips him tightly, spreading the lube with slow, intentional strokes. It's the first attention his cock has gotten since they started, and Ilya can't stop himself from bucking into Shane's warm grasp. It's almost embarrassing how such little movement launches him so quickly towards release.

Before Ilya can get too into the rhythm of fucking Shane's hand, Shane lets go. Ilya can barely let out an annoyed whine before Shane is climbing into his lap and lining himself up.

"I can't wait to feel you," Shane breathes out, and gently sinks down Ilya's length.

It's like all the air in Ilya's lungs get punched out when Shane sinks all the way down; he grabs at his hips to hold him in place, as though any sudden movements will be too much and send him crashing over the edge. Shane seems similarly overwhelmed, eyes clenched shut and open-mouthed panting. Gently, Ilya shifts so he can sit up against their headboard, the subtle movements making both gasp.

"So good, Ilya, feels so good," Shane slurs out, trying to move his hips despite Ilya's tight grip. Between their bodies, his dick is almost fully hard again.

Between that visual and Shane's flushed, sweaty face, Ilya can't resist thrusting up into Shane. The thrust is the perfect catalyst for Shane to finally start moving on his own, forcing his way up and slamming back down as Ilya's nails bite into the soft skin of his hips. He's no longer holding Shane in place, instead using his grip to help bounce Shane up and down faster.

They kiss, a messy clash of tongue and teeth and heavy breathing. Shane rides him with a level of desperation that shouldn't be possible after already coming twice. He moans and whines and claws at the skin of Ilya's chest as Ilya's dick starts to slam into his already sensitive prostate. If Ilya wasn't already hurtling towards release, the sight of Shane riding him, his own cock hard and dripping as it bobbed between them would certainly get him close.

"Touch me, touch me, wanna come," Shane moans, each phrase punctuated by another bounce on Ilya's cock. Every nerve in Shane's body is in overdrive, pleasure practically

overwhelming his senses. The only coherent thought in his brain is his urge to feel Ilya come inside him. "Wanna come together."

Ilya could never say no to that. He grabs Shane's cock, still slick and messy with the earlier come, currently spewing more precome out, and jerks to the same rhythm Shane is bouncing to. It doesn't take much before that rhythm falls apart for both of them.

With one final jerk, Shane lets out a yelp and his entire body seizes up, clenching so, so tightly around Ilya's cock as he comes for a third time. His dick lets out two pathetic spurts that land on Ilya's stomach. The rest of his orgasm is dry, cock pulsing but unable to spill any more come. He collapses forward, slamming his mouth into Ilya's and shoving their tongues together.

It's enough. After being so hard for so long, the heat of Shane clenching down and his tongue swirling in his mouth is finally enough for all the tension in Ilya's body to snap. With one final thrust upward, he comes and comes and comes, dick pulsing endlessly inside Shane. He can feel shivers run through Shane's entire body with each pulse, the sensation clearly teetering on overstimulation.

As the aftershocks settle for both of them, they just kiss. Lazy, tender, closed-mouth kisses. Ilya could fall in love over and over just kissing Shane like this.

But the stimulation is too much. He gently pulls his dick out of Shane, who hisses as the sensation. Ilya is careful to roll Shane onto his side, gently kissing his temple before he crawls out of bed and heads into the ensuite to clean up.

Ilya knows he must look fucked out, but the vision reflected in the mirror is shocking. His curly hair is sticking out in all directions, surrounding his flushed face and red, swollen lips. There's come quite literally everywhere - it's smeared across his chest, his stomach, and still dripping from his cock. There's also a fresh bite mark staining the skin at the base of his neck - a favor he'll certainly return to Shane next time.

He takes a minute to wipe himself down in front of the sink, still a bit in awe at how much of a mess Shane had made. He grabs a hand towel, soaking it through with warm water, before making his way back out to clean up Shane.

Shane is sprawled across their bed, limbs stretching in every direction. His cheeks are still flushed, the pink hue making his freckles stand out even more than usual. Despite his eyes being closed, there's a dopey grin spread across his face.

Shane is equally as fucked out. There's so much come splattered from his stomach all the way up to his neck. His cock, finally softened, is an angry shade of red from overuse. Ilya wipes the streaks of come off of Shane's torso with the warm towel before he gently wipes down his cock. Shane lets out a small hiss of discomfort, but lets Ilya continue his work. Once everything is clean, Ilya grabs at Shane's thigh and lifts it up to clean at his hole, where come dribbles gently.

It takes another few moments to ensure Shane is fully cleaned up. Once he's satisfied with his work, Ilya tosses the towel to the floor - Shane will surely complain later, but Ilya can't be

damned as he collapses back onto the bed, curling up next to Shane.

The two lay quiet for a few moments, just basking in each other and the afterglow of sex. Ilya lets his breathing slow, syncing up with the gentle rise and fall of Shane's chest. For a brief moment, everything is peaceful.

"I have decided. Drugs are bad for health," Ilya declares, breaking the silence as he stares up at the ceiling. It's fully illuminated at this point, the sun shining brightly well above the horizon.

"What? Ilya, this is a prescription from your doctor. You should talk to her if-

"No no, you misunderstand," he cuts Shane off, turning to look at him. Their noses are practically touching, with Shane curled in close under his arm. "*You* taking drugs is bad for health. My health. Made you too horny. I cannot survive."

Shane's face splits into a grin, even as he pinches at Ilya's side. "Oh fuck you, you liked it!"

"I am getting old, my heart cannot handle you becoming sex demon."

"It was fun," Shane says, enunciating it with another hard pinch at the skin on Ilya's ribs. "But I think that's probably the start and end of smoking weed for me."

"You are taking pity on your poor husband," Ilya nods sagely, as if he's successfully articulated what Shane was thinking.

"You're so annoying," Shane laughs, then gives Ilya a gentle peck as if to show he's not truly annoyed. "It felt nice, but it also felt so... out of body. I'm not good with not feeling in control like that. I think I should just stick to being boring."

Ilya rolls towards Shane, tightly wrapping both arms around him. "You are allowed to be boring. I love you either way."

From the other side of the bedroom door, Anya starts to bark, a sign that the two have spent too long lounging in bed without her. Shane sighs, untangling himself from Ilya's grasp.

"I know you didn't sleep well last night so try to rest up a bit more, I'll take Anya for her morning walk," he says, pressing a light kiss to Ilya's forehead. "I love you."

Ilya grabs Shane's face before he can pull away, pulling him into a deep kiss. It's surprisingly chaste given everything they'd done; Ilya gently runs his fingers through Shane's hair as their lips move together. When they finally part, he smiles at his husband with heavy, tired eyes. "I love you."

A moment passes, the two staring at each other with pure adoration, before Shane is able to break the spell. He gathers some clothes and quickly heads out of the room, pulling the door shut behind him so Anya can't bother Ilya.

Ilya rolls onto Shane's half of the bed, basking in the musky scent that lingers in the sheets. Every muscle in his body feels relaxed, fully sated and content in post-orgasm bliss. It finally

registers in his body just how exhausted he truly is.

As sleep starts to creep in, Ilya's mind flits back to his nightmares, to visions of fear and blood and despair. To wondering how he could ever sleep again when his brain still shows him such horrifying visions.

But sleep is winning the battle. Because Ilya knows the nightmares aren't real.

What's real is that he will doze off and wake up to his lover making weird diet food for breakfast when he returns from walking their perfect dog and they'll enjoy a healthy meal together.

What's real is that later in the day, they'll see the ashtray and lighter still outside, and Ilya will make fun of Shane for choking, and Shane will blush as he thinks about what they did.

What's real is that tonight and tomorrow night and nearly every night for the rest of his life, Ilya will crawl into bed with his husband and sleep peacefully side by side.

And what's real is that Ilya's last thought as he finally slips back into sleep is simply how much he loves Shane.

End Notes

cool cool cool this is slightly ooc in the sense that i genuinely do not think shane would try smoking, but i DO believe he deserves to enjoy getting absolutely railed while high and who am i to tell my brainworms otherwise? also the idea of him trying to take a normal hit and absolutely obliterating himself with the world's biggest hit ever is too funny to me. my descriptions of smoking are probably not the most accurate because i take maybe two hits of a joint like once a year when offered, my lungs just aren't build for it. but i did write a lot of this while high on edibles so like. close enough.

anyway i cannot stop thinking about these two so. potentially expect more soon.

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