I Don't Need Drugs ('Cause I'm Already High Enough)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76315931.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, David Hollander
Additional Tags:	POV Ilya Rozanov, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, Wisdom Teeth, Medical Procedures, Domestic Fluff, Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Sickfic, Introspection, shane gets his wisdom teeth removed and they give him the good good, ilya is the sweetiest pie in the whole world, they love each other so much it makes me sick, inspired by episode 5 obviously, anyone else have will you cometomycottagethissummer on repeat in their heads, this is kinda sad btw, SO SORRY
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-24 Words: 5,222 Chapters: 1/1

I Don't Need Drugs ('Cause I'm Already High Enough)

by lipstickliterature

Summary

Shane has an emergency wisdom tooth extraction.

Ilya takes care of him.

Notes

who up heating they rivalry????

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya was at dinner with his teammates when he got the call.

His phone vibrated on the tabletop, and he sat up straight when he saw the caller ID on the screen. “Will be right back,” he murmured to one of the Centaurs, a left winger in the chair next to him. He didn’t want to draw too much attention to his absence. His teammate nodded, and Ilya slipped away from the table, tucking himself into a dark alcove near the bar’s restrooms.

“Hi,” he whispered into his phone, breathless. He always got a bit lightheaded when he spoke to Shane while they were apart. It was like microdosing hard drugs.

“Ilyaaaa,” Shane sighed happily. He sounded so unlike himself, so airy and light. The only other time Ilya had ever heard his voice take this tone was when he was on pain medication at the hospital after Cliff had laid him out on the ice in Montreal.

Ilya glanced behind him to make sure no one was approaching. When he had ensured that he was still alone, he frowned. “Shane? What’s happening?”

“They took my teeth, Ilya,” Shane whined. His words were garbled and he had an unusual lisp. It was hard to understand him, especially in this noisy bar and especially when English wasn’t even Ilya’s first language.

“They what?” Ilya wasn’t sure he’d heard that right. Or translated it correctly in his head. Had he forgotten what the word *teeth* actually meant? “Who?”

There were loud crackling noises like Shane was moving around restlessly on the other side of the line. “The dentist, *obviously*.” This word was spoken with so much emphasis, that Ilya could practically hear how dramatically that Shane rolled his eyes.

“The dentist?” Ilya pressed a finger into his other ear as the bar erupted into raucous applause at whatever happened in the football game on the enormous screens spread across the building. Stupid football. Ridiculous sport. “Your surgery is in three weeks, yes?”

After weeks of Ilya pestering Shane to go to the dentist for the ache in his jaw causing him constant, pounding headaches, they’d found that his wisdom teeth were the source of the discomfort. Shane had scheduled surgery to remove them after the season was over and Ilya would be back in Montreal to drive him to and from the dentist’s office, then look after him in the days following.

He’d liked the idea of it, when Shane had suggested it. Liked the idea of taking care of his boyfriend, of holding him and comforting him and protecting him. It was ridiculous, Ilya knew. It was wisdom teeth removal, not open heart surgery. But he didn’t think he’d ever felt *needed* before. Not like this.

“No, no, no. *Nope*.” Shane popped the ‘p’ once, amused himself with the sound, then did it twice more. “To-day. Hurt so bad when I woke up, Ilya. Dad had to drive me to the dentist.

They moved the surgery. An abscess was exploding, orrrr…I don't know. My brain is one billion pounds."

There was a noticeable tremor in Ilya's fingers as he pulled his phone away from his ear and typed the word into a search engine.

ab·scess

/ˈabˌses/

noun
a swollen area within body tissue, containing an accumulation of pus.

There were still some words in the definition itself that he didn't recognize, and this unfixable uncertainty of what had happened sent his ears ringing. "Are you alright? What does this mean?"

"It means my teeth are gone forever. And my mouth is full of *stuff*."

"Stuff?" Ilya felt like a fucking idiot asking all of these questions that he clearly wasn't going to get any answers to.

Shane ignored his inquiry, which was unsurprising. "Can you come home?"

Ilya closed his eyes, and the bustling noise of the bar fell away from around him. *Home*. What a messy, complicated idea. Had he ever had one of those? He had lived in many places, owned many houses. Had he ever felt welcome in any of them? No, he didn't think so. Not in the same way that he did in Montreal, at the cottage, surrounded by unabashed, unconditional love. Cooking dinner in the kitchen with Yuna. Sitting in the passenger seat of his expensive custom cars while David took them for a spin around the block. Tossing his legs over Shane's lap in their bed while he watched television and Shane read a book. Waking up from a nap on the couch with quiet conversation floating in from the dining room and a blanket on top of him that anyone could have put there.

And Shane didn't consider it his home alone anymore. He'd slipped up like this a few times in the previous months.

Can you stop by the store and grab dishwasher pods on your way home?

Did you leave your jacket at home?

We should go home, Ilya. I'm tired.

"I don't know if I…" He started, but there was a deep ache in his chest at the prospect of not being there for Shane when he needed him.

“Please, Ilya?” Shane asked, voice quieter than it had been before. “I miss you.”

Both of their teams had been eliminated from the playoffs this week. Ilya still had some obligations with the team in Ottawa before he planned on heading down to the cottage for the summer. He was expected to be there as the team’s captain, but he could tell his coaches that it was an emergency and they wouldn’t ask him any further questions. He didn’t like letting the team down so early in his contract, but God, this was Shane. Shane missing him, Shane needing him, Shane asking him to be there for him.

If he left now, he could be in Montreal in just under two hours.

“Okay,” Ilya said, already turning on his heel and weaving through the bar patrons for his table.

“Really?” Shane asked with such blatant excitement that Ilya had to grip the back of his empty seat to keep himself upright on his wobbly knees.

“Yes, really.” He tucked his phone between his shoulder and cheek to dig his wallet out of his pocket and toss a fifty onto the table to cover his meal. When one of the Centaurs looked up at him quizzically, he pointed to his phone like it was explanation enough, spared them one last wave, and made a beeline for the front door. “Your dad is still with you?”

“Yessss,” Shane said, then spoke again further away from the phone. “Dad! Ilya is coming home! Yay!”

There was a muffled response in the background of the call, the words too distant to make out.

Ilya would have given up an unbelievable sum of money to know what had been said. He loved David and Yuna very much. Their fondness of him filled a void inside of him that he’d thought would remain empty forever. He had already strode across the parking lot and dropped into the driver’s seat of his car. If he really put his mind to it, he was sure he could shave half an hour off of the drive. It was a Sunday evening and the sun had already set. Traffic would be light.

“I will be home soon, alright?” He realized when he turned the key in the ignition that his hands were still shaking. “I love you.” He’d gotten into the habit of saying those words every time he spoke to Shane. He needed him to know, always. Just in case.

Shane giggled, and the sound healed every wound that Ilya had ever suffered. “I love you. Please hurry.”

Ilya stepped on the gas.

One-hundred and two. Ilya counted each minute as they ticked by on the dashboard clock. Finally, *finally* Ilya pulled into the driveway, his tires crunching over gravel as they came to a stop in front of their home. He had grown to crave this feeling of profound relief that washed over him each time he arrived at the cottage, like he'd carried the weight of the world on his shoulders for weeks, and someone had finally eased the burden, if only a little.

The moon hung, full, in the sky, illuminating the steps up onto the front porch. Ilya spared a single knock to announce his arrival before using his key to let himself in. He shucked his jacket off in the foyer and hung it up on the rack like he knew Shane preferred—as opposed to the floor, which Shane absolutely did *not* prefer.

When he poked his head into the living room, he saw a messy tuft of black hair over the top of the couch cushions. His heartbeat faltered, spasming the way it did when he was finally in the same room as Shane after spending so long apart. His footsteps had noted his arrival, and Shane whipped around faster than was likely advisable given his current condition.

He looked absolutely ridiculous.

His face was swollen and flushed, and his lips were tight and dry and crusted with blood. His eyes were unfocused and glazed over. Even through it all, he still managed to wear that dopey grin. "Ilyaaaa!" He called, trying and failing to push himself to his feet. "Dad, Ilya's here!"

Good fucking God, he was so high.

"Oh, thank Christ," David murmured, standing up from his spot on the couch. He scrubbed a hand down his face, then managed a smile for Ilya. "Hey, Ilya. Glad you made it back safe, son."

The Hollanders were huggers, Ilya had been ecstatic to learn. And now, as David enveloped him in a hug with several heavy pats on his back between his shoulder blades, Ilya held on maybe a moment too long. He couldn't help but cherish every second.

"You good to take it from here?" David asked, low enough that Shane wouldn't hear. "I love him but I'm afraid he's going to say something to me that he *really* doesn't want me to know."

Ilya could only imagine what Shane had already divulged. His cheeks heated. "Yes. I will take care of him. I am sorry I wasn't here earlier."

David waved the sentiment off. "No, no, don't worry about that, kid." He pointed over towards the coffee table where there was a bottle of pills and a packet of information. "The infection was pretty bad by the time they got to it, so he's on the good stuff. Vicodin."

Dread kickstarted Ilya's pulse. "He is alright, though?"

"Yeah, yeah, he's all good now," David assured. "He'll need to take two pills every six hours. His next dose is at ten, so right before bed. He stopped bleeding about an hour ago so we took the gauze out, but if it starts back up there's a fresh pack on the kitchen counter. He's got ice packs in the freezer, and he can start rinsing with saltwater tomorrow morning to clean

out the wound. Only soft foods, which I grabbed at the store while he was in surgery. There's some extra instructions in that packet over there if you'd like to read through it. It's a lot, though, so if there's a word you don't understand, just shoot Yuna or I a text, and we'll figure it out together, alright?"

Ilya swallowed around the ache in his throat. "Thank you, David. For trusting me."

"Of course, buddy. I know he's in good hands." David gave Ilya a soft look before rounding back towards the couch. He leaned over and pressed a kiss to the top of Shane's head. "Be good, alright? Don't bother Ilya too much."

The gesture was so tender that Ilya had to look away.

"Ilya likes when I bother him," Shane said, and Ilya didn't have to see him to know exactly which expression he wore. Sunshine dripped from his voice. "I think it turns hi—"

Ilya jumped towards the couch, and it might have been the fastest he had ever moved in his life. He put a hand on Shane's shoulder and squeezed a warning. "Okay, that's enough, Shane. Tell your dad goodbye."

"Bye bye," Shane sang, smiling so brightly up at his father that it would have been blinding if not for the blood on his teeth. "I love yooouuuu."

David waved as he retreated towards the door. "I love you, too, kiddo. I'll see you tomorrow. Mom and I will come back and the four of us can watch some movies or something, okay?"

Shane gasped like it was the best news he'd heard in years. "Fun!"

Ilya had to agree. He slid his hand into the silky hair at the nape of Shane's neck. "Yes. Very."

The front door shut behind David, and Shane immediately grinned up at Ilya. "Are you going to fuck me?"

Ilya made a noise that he was glad Shane wouldn't remember when the drugs finally left his system. "No, Shane. Not today."

Shane huffed and flopped back against the cushions. "Not fair. It's been so, so, so, so long."

Ilya ran a hand through his hair. "I know, baby."

"Do you think I could have a hug, please?" Shane asked, after a moment of quiet.

Warmth pooled at the base of Ilya's spine, and it was a weighty task to keep his eyes from crossing with satisfaction. He rounded the couch and sat carefully next to Shane before wrapping his arms around his shoulders. He cradled the back of his head with one hand, careful not to jostle him too much. He loved Shane so much that it took every ounce of effort not to crush him to him until they both bled, until their bones fused together and not even the most skilled surgeon on Earth could extract them from one another.

Shane melted into him, exhaling a heavy breath. Then he groaned, displeased.

Concern washed over Ilya. “What is it?”

“Can’t feel my face.” Shane nuzzled his nose at the base of Ilya’s throat. “Can’t feel your skin.”

He was so sweet that Ilya wanted to die. “Is not forever. Tomorrow will be better. You can feel then.”

“Yessss,” Shane murmured quietly. “You can stay here forever and ever and ever. Never leave again.”

This wasn’t true, but Ilya would say anything at all right now if it kept him happy. “Yes. I missed you very much.”

“I missed you more, I think.” He made a contemplative sound. “I also think I want a popsicle.”

Several popsicle sticks and their wrappers already littered the coffee table.

Ilya leaned back and gestured towards them. “Is not enough?”

“I like them,” Shane argued.

“How about real dinner?” Ilya suggested. “I will make you something.”

Shane sighed dramatically. “I don’t know…”

“I bet there’s macaroni and cheese.”

“Doesn’t sound very healthy.”

“Protein macaroni and cheese.” This was maybe, probably, most likely a lie. Ilya didn’t know if protein macaroni and cheese even existed. “Very good for you. Very healthy.”

“Hmmm,” Shane squinted in suspicion as he thought about it. “Is that true?”

“I would not lie to you.” He would, if it was for Shane’s own good.

“Okay then.”

“Good choice.” Ilya patted his cheek. “I will go cook. Do that puzzle on your phone that you like.”

Ilya was glad he had slowly accumulated a collection of his own belongings at the cottage over the time they’d spent there together, because he had not wasted any time by stopping at his apartment to grab anything. Not even the suitcase he’d already packed and set next to the front door days in advance because the anticipation of seeing Shane had demanded a tangible

manifestation. He changed into a loose T-shirt and sweatpants from his side of the bedroom closet, and headed back to the kitchen to get started on dinner.

When he passed by the couch, Shane was listening to audio recordings on his phone and repeating them out loud. The words were Russian, but Shane's amateur pronunciation combined with the lidocaine that still numbed his tongue made everything he said entirely nonsensical. He beamed up at Ilya proudly after butchering a simple sentence. "That was good?"

Ilya ruffled his hair on his way by. "Better than many people I know back in Russia. I knew you would be perfect."

Shane, satisfied, flopped against the pillows and continued bastardizing the Russian language.

As he suspected, there were a few boxes of macaroni and cheese in the kitchen, along with mashed potatoes and soup and pudding cups. Ilya plucked a box from the pantry and got to work. Multiple times, he caught himself smiling into the pot of boiling water as Shane's voice floated in from the living room, trying his very best to learn Ilya's native tongue.

And when he took their bowls back out to the couch, he practically had to pry Shane's phone from his hand so he would stop.

"I have to do thirty minutes every day," Shane argued as Ilya placed his bowl on the pillow in his lap. "It's only been twenty-four."

This was another one of those times where lying for Shane's own good was a necessity. "No. You started at 7:34. It's 8:11 now. You did more than thirty minutes, see? You are okay to stop."

Shane's lips twisted in suspicion, but he eventually relented.

Eating was a task in itself, considering that Shane still couldn't feel his lips or the skin around them. Ilya spent the time between his own bites making sure Shane got his food from his bowl to his mouth without making a mess.

Shane chewed slowly and carefully. Every now and then he would wince, and Ilya knew he'd need another dose of the pain medication soon enough.

After they finished eating, Ilya took their bowls to the sink to rinse them off and then put them in the dishwasher. When he returned to the couch, Shane had sunk back into the cushions. His hair flopped in soft tufts on his forehead, and his hands were tucked into the sleeves of the heavy cream-colored button-up cardigan he wore. There were little red maple leaves embroidered into the material.

"You look comfortable," Ilya noted. What he really meant was *You look so cute in your sweater that I could throw up over it*. He didn't want to say as much.

“I think I would be more comfortable if you were riiiight—” He dragged the word out as he patted the empty space next to him. “Here.”

Ilya huffed out a laugh and dropped back onto the couch next to him. He let his gaze fall over every inch of Shane’s face, cataloguing the places where the skin stretched tight and his cheeks puffed out. He searched for any signs of discomfort. “You are feeling okay?”

“Better now. Bet-ter.” Ilya hadn’t been wearing anything but a plain black tank-top beneath his jacket, and Shane was enjoying the view too much for someone so high in the clouds he could no longer see the ground. He grabbed Ilya’s bicep. Well, as much of it as he could fit into his hand. “Arms. Muscles.”

Ilya was so amused by this. He had half a mind to record him. He would never show him, but keep them only for himself. He would play them a thousand times over when he was alone, when he was sick with misery over missing him. “I am object to you, Hollander?”

“Nooooo,” Shane insisted, but then he smiled to himself and tossed his head to the side in embarrassment.

“No,” Ilya said, tapping two fingers on Shane’s wrist so he would turn back. “I like when you stare.”

Shane’s bashful grin was liquid sunlight. “Don’t lie.”

Ilya shrugged. “Is true. Keep staring.”

“O-kay,” Shane said, emphasizing both syllables. He turned his attention back towards Ilya’s arm, drinking in every detail like he was going to be tested on them at gunpoint. “I like your moles so much.” He traced them all the way down to Ilya’s wrist, staring intently at each one and pausing to give them all his undivided attention. Suddenly, before Ilya could process what was happening, Shane’s eyes had welled up with tears and his mouth pulled down at the edges.

“What is wrong? It hurts?” Ilya was going to…Jesus, fuck. He didn’t know. Something drastic. Kill the dentist.

“Yes, it hurts.” Shane sniffed, and let his head fall back onto the sofa cushions. “Because I want to kiss your moles, and I can’t. I can’t feel my lips.”

Ilya blinked. Of all the things he expected Shane to say, this was the last. “...What?”

Shane’s cheeks were red, and fat teardrops raced their way down into the corners of his lips. He sucked in a wet, stuttered breath. It was incredibly boyish, and far too endearing. “I love your moles. They are so pretty, Ilya. How will they know I love them? How will you know?”

Ilya remembered when he and his brother had been just boys, and Alexei had his wisdom teeth removed. It was so long ago that the memory had grown hazy and disjointed, but Ilya recalled with a distant fondness that Alexei had acted similarly, abnormally emotional and

irrational. He cupped Shane's face in his palm, and tapped one of his tears away with his thumb. "Is okay, Shane. They know. I know."

"Really?" Shane asked, hopeful. His doe eyes glistened like stained glass.

"Of course." Ilya kissed his temple, relishing in the heat of his skin against his lips. "If I know nothing else, I know this."

Shane's chin trembled again. He dragged the back of his hand across his eyes. "Does your heart hurt, too, Ilya? When you're away?"

Christ. How could he ask him that? Did he not understand that Ilya's heart had been torn in two the moment they'd met, that half of it lived with Shane always, and that its absence made it impossible to breathe? He could not explain to Shane that it felt as if he was dying every minute they were apart, that even in sleep he was haunted by that profound emptiness. Each time Ilya left him it was like losing a limb. "Yes. It never stops."

"I hate it." Shane made a miserable noise, then lowered his head into his hands. His shoulders shook. "I hate it, I hate it, I hate it."

"*Shane*," Ilya said, voice breaking. He was already formulating plans inside of his head to fix this, to make it better, to heal this rift that lived constantly between them. He pulled Shane into his lap, tucking his head into his neck. He clenched his teeth to keep his words from wavering. "We will figure something out. One day. Soon."

A fresh wave of tears spilled from Shane's eyes, and he sounded like he was having trouble taking a deep breath. "We don't get any time ever. And now we do, and I'm like this." He gestured resentfully at his puffy face. "I'm wasting our time, Ilya."

"Is not your fault," Ilya said, barely able to speak past the thorns in his throat. "You are hurt. And I like you like this."

Shane wailed. "Like what? My mouth is so bloody, Ilya. I have tooth holes. I can't feel my tongue. I can't even kiss you."

"No, no. You are honest like this. Like I can see inside your head. Is my favorite." He cupped Shane's face in a gentle palm. "And is not true. I can kiss you still."

With painstaking care, he touched his lips to Shane's. They were chapped and bloody and Shane couldn't feel a thing, but Ilya treasured every moment regardless. To be allowed this tenderness, to be allowed to assuage Shane's guilt and his sadness, was a privilege he would spend the rest of his life cherishing. Ilya peppered his face in candy sweet kisses, soft as butterfly wings against his cheeks, his temple, his jaw. "See? My moles know you love them. Your lips know I love them also. Is all good, yes?"

Shane looked at him so earnestly, it was like having the skin flayed from his bones. His eyelashes were clumped together with tears. "You're the best thing that's ever happened to me, Ilya."

Ilya was so overcome with adoration that his chest was on fucking fire. He patted Shane's chest just over his heart, comforted and grounded by its steady beat. How could anyone survive a love like this? "Yes. I wish you could know how I feel, *Лучик*. I need to—I will be right back, okay?"

Shane's eyes widened with worry. "You're leaving?"

"No, no." Ilya gently shushed him and kissed the top of his head. His hair was soft against his lips. "Only using bathroom. Okay, love?"

The word was a balm, it seemed, because the tension bled out of Shane and he relaxed back into the couch. He blinked at him slowly like a cat.

Ilya pushed to his feet and stalked towards the hallway without looking back. He ducked into the bathroom and closed the door behind him with a soft click, then turned and leaned his forehead against the wood.

The problem with Shane was that everything he felt played out on his face so obviously at any given moment that anyone with half a brain could read his thoughts. Ilya had noticed it the second they'd met, when Shane first looked at him with a soft grin and inviting eyes that could only meet Ilya's own in quick bursts rife with admiration. It was excruciating on a normal day, but unbearable now, when the medication had stolen every last drop of Shane's self-control. For him to say these things when he was at his most earnest, in his most basic and truthful moment…*fuck*.

Ilya took deep, unsteady breaths, but he couldn't stop the tears from spilling over his waterline. They fell to the tile floor in wet splatters. He had never been loved like this in his life, he was sure, and the stark reality of it was staggering. He missed Shane so much, and he was only twenty feet away.

This was ridiculous. He needed to get it together. He needed to convince the Centaurs to base themselves out of Montreal so he didn't have to live like this any longer.

Ilya dug his blunt fingernails into his palm until the pain grounded him enough to put an end to this nonsense. He took a look at himself in the mirror and swore. His face was almost as puffy as Shane's. His eyes were bloodshot and his lips were a dark, rosy pink.

Hopefully, if he drugged Shane up with his next dose, his pitiful, pathetic state of being would remain unnoticed.

Ilya did just that. He swung casually back into the living room with a small cup of water and tucked his face into his shoulder to hide the fact that he'd been crying. He tapped two pills from the prescription bottle into his palm and handed them over for Shane to take.

When he had swallowed them, Ilya jerked his head towards the bedroom. "Let's go to bed." Shane was usually enthusiastic to follow orders, but the drugs made him more difficult than normal. He needed to be smart about this. "I had long drive. I am tired."

“Me too.” Shane let himself be pulled from the couch, and he held on tightly to Ilya’s hand as they ambled down the hallway to their room.

Ilya situated Shane on his side of the bed before undressing him. First, he dragged the cardigan from his arms and folded it neatly on top of the dresser just as Shane would like. He didn’t want to try pulling the soft shirt he’d worn beneath it off over his swollen face, so he left that on. His sweatpants were next to go, and then his socks. He was left in the T-shirt and his briefs. It was warm out tonight, so he wouldn’t overheat with Ilya tucked into his side beneath the sheets.

“How about I read to you?” Ilya suggested as he pulled back the duvet. “In Russian?”

Ilya had bought Shane copies of a few of his favorite books as a gift for his birthday. Reading a translation of a book you’re very familiar with is one of the best ways to learn new words and phrases in a different language. Last time he checked, Shane was a quarter way through the first, a book called *Beartown.*

“That would be nice.” Shane’s eyes went a bit dreamy. “I want to hold you.”

Ilya twisted his lips to keep the disgusting, fond smile from splitting his face in two. “I think we can make that happen.”

Ilya pulled his shirt over his head and tossed it to the floor, then plucked the book from the dresser and crawled beneath the covers next to Shane. Even drugged to the fucking gills, Shane’s movements were automatic, lifting himself up slightly so Ilya could tuck an arm behind his back and pull him close.

“Mmm,” Ilya hummed, reminding himself that he needed to be gentle. He wanted to cover Shane with his body and crush him with his weight. He wanted to bite him. These were terrible urges to have. He could never put a voice to them. “You are warm.”

Shane pressed his nose into Ilya’s side, just beneath his armpit. “You smell so good.”

“Pervert,” Ilya murmured, squeezing him.

“We can fuck now, I think.”

Turning down these propositions so many times felt cosmically criminal. It had been nearly two months since they’d seen each other. Ilya was a starving man forsaking a feast. “No. I lied earlier. You did not do thirty minutes.”

Shane gasped, affronted. He opened his mouth to reprimand him, but Ilya spoke before he could.

“This is how you will make up for it.” Ilya opened the book and let the bookmark fall onto his chest. “Pay attention.”

Shane did as he was told, occasionally lifting a finger up to the page and translating a word he recognized. He was delighted when Ilya paused the story to ask him what he thought had

just taken place, and quizzed him over new vocabulary words. Ilya helped him sound the words out, taking them one syllable at a time until he got the pronunciation right.

This, undeniably, was love.

Eventually, as Ilya read, Shane finally succumbed to sleep. His body slumped against Ilya's, and Ilya felt a damp spot seeping through his own shirt where Shane was drooling on it. His swollen face was more relaxed and content than Ilya had ever seen it.

This was better than any narcotic, any stimulant, or any hallucinogen. Ilya could combine every drug in the world into a single substance, shoot it into his veins, and it wouldn't feel a fraction as good as this, as sitting in the home he loved so dearly, with this man that poured his affection and devotion and loyalty into llya so freely. He would hold onto this high forever, would scratch and claw and bite for it with bloodied fingers and sharp, wanting teeth.

Ilya closed his eyes and listened to Shane's steady breaths. This, above all else, was euphoria.

End Notes

ARE WE READY TO GO TO THE FUCKING COTTAGE?????????????? 48 HOURS LEFT BABY!!!!!!!!!!

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