

Hi(gh!) Honeymoon

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Hi(gh!) Honeymoon

by [ashes0909](#)

Summary

Shane found that he wanted to let loose, wanted to go a little wild, maybe even get a bit silly.

Notes

Because high Shane is adorable.

Thank you for the beta, ferret, and thank you for reading!

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

Across the table, Ilya's eyebrows lifted so high they almost disappeared behind his curls. "You want to do this?"

"Yes," Shane repeated once again, this time letting a tinge of annoyance enter the word. He put his fork down and crossed his arms over his chest. "Is that so hard to believe?"

Ilya snorted. "Yes."

The bustle of the plaza filled the silent stare-off for a second. "It's our honeymoon," Shane explained, and he thought that should be enough, that Ilya would understand that here, with him, in this country where no one really cared who they were or what they did, he'd understand Shane's desire to let his hair down a little. Especially because now it was completely legal.

"It was our honeymoon yesterday too, but you still wouldn't let me fuck you on the beach."

Shane sputtered. "That's totally different. There were people around! And sand! Not to mention the fact that I'm almost positive *that* isn't legal at all."

"Ah, yes, a little sand and one person over five hundred meters away."

"And the legality, Ilya, that's an important factor."

"So you say."

Shane returned to his paella, resisting the urge to roll his eyes. "Anyway, this shouldn't be as big a deal as you're making it out to be. I just said that tonight I'd like to have one of your *very legal and entirely harmless* THC gummies, and you're looking at me like I've been possessed."

Ilya pointed his fork at Shane. "Prove it to me that you are Shane Hollander. When was the first time you begged me for my cock?"

"Ilya!" Shane hissed, looking over his shoulder, sure that some family nearby would be absolutely scandalized.

"No, it was more like, '*Rozanov, please--*'"

"Would you please--"

Ilya moaned.

"Oh my god, just forget it. You're horrible. I no longer want to have one of your gummies. Forget it."

Ilya had the audacity to pout even as he said, "Whatever you want, Hollander."

The corner of Shane's lip flicked up into a small smile. "I think you mean, 'whatever you want, Hollander', but accompanied with an incredibly hard time."

"Well, yes, that part was included in our vows, yes?"

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Later that night, as they were getting ready for their night out in Ibiza, Ilya walked across what had become Shane's side of the large ensuite bathroom and handed him a small bag. "No more than one, maybe even half of one, should be good."

Shane knew there wasn't a challenge in those words, but it was hard for Shane not to hear one anyway.

They both knew Shane had never been a big drinker, and he had no real desire to change that. But here, on their honeymoon, celebrating their love, he found that he wanted to let loose, wanted to go a little wild, maybe even get a bit silly, where only Ilya and a bunch of complete strangers could see.

"How many did you take?" Shane asked.

"Two."

Shane reached in, grabbed two, and tossed them in his mouth. Okay, maybe he did want to rise to the unspoken challenge.

"Hollander!" Ilya protested.

Shane replied with a wide grin. "Name's Shane."

Ilya growled under his breath and pressed a kiss to his cheek. "You will not leave my side the entire night."

"Don't tempt me with a good time."

Fifteen minutes later, sitting in the back of the cab, Shane's arms started to feel extra heavy. He lifted one, let it fall, then did it again. What a silly thing to do. Shane laughed.

On the other side of the backseat, Ilya chuckled and slid their hands together. He looked so good in his black shirt. He'd put gel in his hair and Shane wanted to mess him up a bit, bring back his curls, so he reached across the backseat and did just that, running his fingers through Ilya's hair. Ilya ducked away from the touch which made Shane whine.

"Ilya," he extended the end of his name into one long A-sound. "Let me touch you."

"Shane, we're almost there and you will ruin my hair."

Well that just wouldn't do. And why was Ilya so far away, anyway? He should be right next to Shane so Shane could run his hands over his legs all along where those dress pants stretched over his thighs.

The cab approached a red light and in the quick moment the car stopped, Shane beamed at Ilya before unbuckling his seatbelt and sliding into the middle seat, fastening the new seatbelt across his lap, and plastering himself against Ilya's side.

"Shane, you are high," Ilya whispered against his ear.

A bubble of laughter fell out of his chest. "No, I'm plastered. To you! Get it?" He laughed at his own joke as the cab pulled up outside the club.



Ilya had seen Shane high three times before. Once was after that horrible accident on the ice that still hurt his chest every time he thought of it. The second was during the weekend Hayden and Jackie had stayed at the cabin and Jackie had made special brownies that Shane had felt, "would be rude not to try." The third was for some tooth related thing.

The effect had always been the same. Even when bedridden, Shane somehow became a clingier, less filtered version of himself. And he always, always loved touching Ilya.

Currently, he sat next to Ilya in a dark booth in the corner of the club, smiling loose and wide, head bobbing with the music, and every part of him from shoulder to hip to thigh rested against Ilya's. He looked like Anya when she was waiting for her bowl to be filled. An easy excitement that Ilya wanted to bottle up and save for the days he was exhausted from a game or upset about a loss.

All of that, even Anya, was far away now. Ilya leaned back in the booth and slid his arm over the back of it so Shane could settle more firmly into the curve of his side. Unabashedly, Shane's hand came up to run over Ilya's chest, and he shifted even closer to whisper in Ilya's ear, "This shirt is spectacular on you."

The shirt was nothing, a plain, black button up, but to Shane, right now, it seemed like it was something worth worshipping. Shane's hand was a mild distraction, it was enough to stoke to life the heat that always simmered between them. Ilya's own gummies had loosened his cares, letting him throw his head back against the wall as Shane's hand continued its exploration over his pecs.

Ilya delighted in the lack of inhibition his husband - his *husband* - was feeling. This man was tied to him now, in all ways that he ever could be. With his head lounging against the booth he basked in the glow of their matrimonial vows. Shane's touch left sparks in its wake and in a rare moment, Ilya's mind quieted to just Shane.

Time passed, the music of the club thrummed through them, and then Shane leaned in to kiss Ilya's neck and his hand trailed downward, teasing at the button of his pants.

Ilya smirked at how the gummies emboldened him. But, Ilya knew that Shane - the sober, rational headed Shane - would not want to give him a handjob in the corner of a club. So Ilya grabbed his palm, caressing the wedding ring that wrapped around his finger, and moved in the seat until his lips touched Shane's ears, "Let's dance, moy muzh."

He'd never tire of seeing the way Shane's eye brightened and his smile turned soft whenever Ilya called him his husband, in any language.

Under the dim lights of the dance floor, bodies crowded around them, pushing them together, and instead of becoming flustered or awkward, Ilya watched as Shane basked in the atmosphere. He spun when the DJ dropped the beat, jumped up and down with the crowd, and when the bass turned sensual, he wrapped his arms around Ilya's waist, pulled them flushed together and rocked their bodies in a way they rarely did outside of the bedroom.

Ilya let Shane set the pace, followed him into blaring out the words to a pop song, brought his hands to Shane's back pockets when they were rocking their hips together, and as a sweat broke out over them both, he kissed the perspiration off of Shane's neck.

An unabashed moan told Ilya all he needed to know about how the evening was affecting Shane. "Ilyaaa," Shane whined into his ear. "Why do you still have a shirt on? I want to lick your chest."

Ilya snorted. "Sweetheart, we don't get naked in public."

"Not naked," Shane corrected with an exasperated sigh. "Just...not fully clothed."

"Ah, of course, big difference."

"We should get out of here, get back into bed. Why did we leave bed? Why do we ever leave bed? Or put on clothes for that matter?"

The music picked that moment to change to a much louder song and Ilya answered his husband's questions by pecking a kiss to his cheek, grabbing his hand, and twirling him on the dancefloor. Shane beamed, wide and free from any thought or concern, and Ilya answered silently, in a language only they could understand, by catching his eye and twirling him again.

"I love dancing with you!" Shane shouted. "You, you, you." With every word he pointed at Ilya and danced into the space that had formed between them. "I guess we can't dance in bed." Shane found that hilarious. "Well not the same way," he corrected after he recovered.

Ilya felt a sudden urge to pull Shane in close by squeezing his cheeks between his palms and smacking another wet kiss on his face, this time right on his lips.

Rose had taught him the phrase 'cute aggression' and it wasn't till right in this moment, with Shane high as a kite and utterly his, that Ilya understood its meaning.

They danced what felt like hours, but time blurred when Ilya ate gummies so it could've been hours or minutes. It didn't matter, really. What did matter was that he still felt like he was floating on air, and Shane was still an adorably giddy kitten next to him, when they finally stepped out of the club to hail a cab back to their hotel.

Shane threw open the door to their hotel room and pulled Ilya inside. “--and that’s why we have to be quiet, shhh, because people are asleep, Ilya. Ilyaaaa. Your name is like a song.”

Ilya pressed his lips together in a way that made them entirely disappear into his mouth. It was hilarious. Shane stepped forward and bit at his chin.

“It is not even midnight in Ibiza, Shane. I guarantee our floor is most empty.”

Warm arms slid around his waist and Shane melted into Ilya. Did he always feel so good? What a silly question to even ask, inner Shane, of course he did, he was Ilyaaaaaaaa. Shane nuzzled his face into his shirt. His shirt! They were in the hotel suite which meant...

Ilya looked down. “We are not even in the bedroom and you are undressing me?”

Shane raised an eyebrow at his very silly husband and continued unbuttoning. “Oh, do you suddenly need a bed now for me to get my hands on you? Did something change from the last, oh, what is it, a decade now?” The shirt fell from Ilya’s shoulder and, fuck, this man was a work of art, even in the offseason. His chest was teasing Shane, so he leaned forward and kissed at the loon and bear tattoos before biting his nipple.

Ilya made a sound between a moan and growl before reaching around Shane and hoisting him up. Shane’s legs wrapped around Ilya’s waist.

Shane laughed. “Are you leading us to that bedroom you suddenly seem fond of?”

Ilya tossed him on the bed. “Oh? And you are not fond of it?”

Ilya lowered himself on top of Shane, starting down by his thighs and crawling up with a hand on either side of him until he hovered above Shane, face to face.

“I remember you wouldn’t let me fuck you in the sand. Only on this bed.”

Shane’s breath caught, and his brain fixated on the beautiful flecks of green in Ilya’s hazel eyes and the way Ilya’s accent caught on the word ‘fuck’.

“I bet you’d let me fuck you on the beach if you were high on gummies like you are now.”

Imagining it, the sand everywhere, the sun beating on them, salt or sweat sticking the sand onto every part of them. Shane’s lips pursed in imaginary discomfort. “Sand,” was his only reply before he pulled Ilya down into a kiss.

Ilya laughed, pulling away and Shane tried to chase his lips but Ilya sat up, straddling Shane, pulling Shane’s shirt off as he spoke. “So it has nothing to do with the fact that people might see. Does high Shane like to show off?”

Shane shrugged, hands running up and down Ilya’s chest. “If it wasn’t illegal...”

Above him, Ilya pretended to look affronted, hand lifting to his mouth with a gasp, and the drama of it all made Shane laugh. He reached for Ilya and pulled him down, rolling them so Shane was on top of him now.

“Gotchu,” Shane said, pressing kisses to Ilya’s face as he laughed again.

“You have..what is it called? Giggling. You are giggles.”

That made Shane cackle and nuzzle his face in Ilya’s neck. He didn’t stop laughing, even as he kicked out of his pants and pulled Ilya’s down as well until all that remained was skin and underwear.

Shane's giggles subsided. Ilya always felt so fucking good, always, always, always. Shane ran their legs together. Ilya’s chest hair brushed against Shane’s nipples, hips rubbing against each other as their cocks hardened under straining cotton.

“You are a big cat. Nuzzling against me like I am your favorite person.”

“You are my favorite person.”

Ilya hummed. “Will you purr soon?”

Shane laughed. “If you make me.”

Ilya growled and rolled them again, so he was on top of Shane.

“If I’m a cat, what are you, growling all the time? A--Oh my god.” Shane beamed. “You’re a bear. That’s why you tattooed it to your chest, Mr. Growls all the time.”

Shane laughed and laughed, and apparently Ilya decided to let Shane laugh and continue his own objective because he traced kisses down Shane’s chest, stubble tickling against his sides only making him laugh more. When Ilya’s face rested in the space above Shane’s cock, he met Shane’s gaze. “Will you still be laughing, when your cock is in my mouth?”

Shane laughed even more. “Probably, would that make you growl again?”

Ilya clenched his teeth against what Shane suspected, was another growl, before unceremoniously pulling down Shane’s briefs and swallowing him in one smooth motion.

Under normal circumstances, the warm, wet, slide of Ilya’s mouth would have caught his breath, ceasing all laughter immediately, but the fact that he was in the middle of laughing, and Ilya was in the middle of sucking his dick, made him laugh all the more. With his mouth full of Shane’s cock, Ilya caught his gaze, merriment dancing in Ilya’s own hazel eyes, as he winked at Shane.

Then he went to work on Shane’s cock.

Fuck, he was good at that. Taking him deep with long, messy, strokes of his tongue, until Shane’s cock hit the back of his throat, and then he swallowed again.

Somewhere through it all, Shane’s laughs morphed into moans and Shane’s hands fisted into the sheets. Every touch, every wet movement of Ilya's head made Shane see stars.

He wasn't going to last long, but then again, with Ilya he never really did. With sparks flying along his skin, the building heat coalescing in his groan, he wanted to make it last, he wanted to follow it over the edge, he wanted, he wanted, he--Ilya didn't give him a choice, his hand came up to cup at his balls as he suctioned his cheeks, and Shane felt like his very essence shot from the tip of his cock.

Shane threw his head back on the bed, watching Ilya lift up and give him a satisfied smirk as his finger came up to wipe some of Shane's come from the corner of his mouth. Shane would have growled if he had any energy left in him. But he wanted, even with his legs feeling like jelly and his brain a buzz of satiation and THC, he wanted to get his mouth on Ilya as soon as possible.

Ilya looked at him like he was his next meal, hunger and desire darkening his hazel eyes. When Shane reached out a hand and lazily beckoned him forward, Ilya's mouth curled in a smirk and he cupped his cock straining behind his boxers.

"You want this?" Ilya asked.

Shane rolled his head on the pillow, pleasure and want flowing through him. "You know I do."

"Poor blissed out, Shane, cannot even lift himself up far enough to get his favorite treat."

"Fuck you, Ilya." Shane smiled, affection dripping off the words. "If you want to pretend to be an asshole, then fine, all you're doing is keeping yourself from a stellar, exhausted and, probably, sloppy, blowjob. Your loss."

Ilya laughed. "Like you don't want my taste on your tongue as much as I want to straddle your chest and feed you my cock."

"By all means." Shane gestured at his chest.

Ilya did just that, taking off his briefs and lifting himself over Shane. Shane's mouth watered as Ilya situated himself. He waited for the first feel of Ilya's cock to trace over his lips, and when it finally happened, Ilya didn't disappoint.

A bead of precome spread across his lips and Shane's tongue flicked out to savor it, moaning at the familiar taste. Ilya seized the opportunity to slide his cock into Shane's mouth and the weight of it on his tongue felt so right, exactly where Ilya should always be. Being pinned under Ilya, helpless outside of whatever Ilya chose to give him-- Shane's cock gave a feeble twitch even though he had just come.

It was hard to really be sure--as his mind narrowed to the single focus of Ilya using his mouth--if it was the drugs that made his brain swirl into a heady fog, or if it was just everything that Ilya always was to him. Here, with his lips cradling Ilya's cock and spit forming at the side of his mouth, he had a greater purpose: giving Ilya pleasure, making him come.

As much as Ilya always teased Shane about winning the fastest shot competition, Ilya wasn't that far behind. Shane, always greedy, sucked and gagged around Ilya's cock, and when he hit the back of Shane's throat in just the right way, Ilya exploded in Shane's mouth with a groan.

Ilya fell forward onto Shane, lying on top of him as he caught his breath. Shane's hand came to his curls, tugging and caressing as he kissed Ilya's forehead. He couldn't resist the urge to chuckle and whisper in his ear, "Do you think the gummies make you come quicker, or am I just that good?"

Laughing, Ilya rolled off of him. "Oh, Shane, you know it's definitely the gummies."

Shane hit his arm. "You fucking asshole."

"You love this asshole." Ilya bit at Shane's shoulder. "Just like I love yours."

Shane groaned at his corny, innuendo-loving husband.

"Ah, the gummies must be ending their effect on you."

"Why do you say that?" Shane wondered.

"Because if you were still high, you would not be groaning, you'd be laughing at my good joke."

"Is the good joke in the room with us?"

"Maybe you need another gummy? I go get." Ilya moved to get up, but looked over his shoulder at Shane with a goofy grin that belied his intentions.

"If I have to be under the influence, is it really a good--?"

He never finished his sentence because Ilya had turned and thrown himself back on Shane, effectively cutting him off with a kiss.

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Ilya slid out of bed early the next morning, soft footsteps bringing him over to where Shane stood on the balcony, watching the rising sun. He slid arms around Shane's waist, and the man didn't even startle, just settled his weight in him.

"Ilyaaaa," Shane whispered, a slight whine in the tone.

"You are not still high. Did gummy break you? Is this you now?"

Shane laughed. "Nah. It wore off. Just feeling warm, affectionate." He leaned over to kiss the first part of Ilya his lips met, the side of his shoulder. "And married."

Ilya smiled and tightened his arms around his husband. “That part will not wear off, is for forever.”

“Yes,” Shane agreed, the glow of the sunrise sparkling in his eyes when he met Shane’s gaze. “Nothing in my system anymore, just you. Us.”

Ilya’s chest ached from happiness, at the fact that this was their life now, after so long. He kissed Shane’s temple and held him there, steady and sure.

End Notes

This is also for my Heated Rivalry Bingo Square: Laughing during sex.

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