love affair gummies

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by sarabbz

Summary

The first weed dispensary opens up in Montreal and Ilya decides it would be a fun idea to take Shane.

OR, Shane is anxious about his first time weed experience but ends up having a really good time and feels very safe doing so with his husband, Ilya.

Notes

hello! i haven't written fics in over a decade but the most recent heated rivalry episode with shane high in the hospital had me so inspired to write something silly and sweet. depending on how this one goes, i may write more just because shane/ilya are my everything rn

this is mostly fluffy and sweet, with a nice spicy section in the middle.

Shane and Ilya only get two weeks alone each summer - no summer camps, no hockey practices, no family obligations. Just the two of them, sunshine, sex, sleep, repeat for two whole weeks. So at the breakfast table, when Ilya asked Shane if he wanted to go on a little drive to Montreal only three days into their fourteen day vacation, Shane was more than surprised. “What business do we have in Montreal?” was Shane’s immediate response as his calendar of events ran through his mind. He swore they completely blocked off these two weeks, no scheduled press or commercials or photoshoots… Ilya cut off Shane’s train of thought, “New dispensary opened in Montreal. First in Canada. Could be fun.”

Dispensary? Like weed? Shane’s mind started racing again, remembering that weed just recently became legalized in Canada and dispensaries were to start opening this summer. When Shane read the news a few weeks ago, he brushed it off. Professional athletes like himself couldn’t indulge anyways - first it would impact his performance, and second the NHL did drug tests at the start of preseason and Shane was never willing to put his career at risk. Ilya could see Shane’s thoughts going a mile a minute again and went to take his hand from across the table, gently brushing his thumb over Shane’s knuckles. “We don’t have to go,” Ilya said with a shrug. “Thought it could be relaxing. We’d have enough time for it to get out of our system before preseason testing… and unless you plan to smoke out all of Ottawa, it would even be out of your system before summer camps in a few weeks.”

Shane had never smoked weed, or consumed weed in any form, in his life. Nothing that would hurt his performance on the ice rink. The closest time that Shane had been high was when he was hospitalized after Cliff knocked him out a few years ago. Shane doesn’t remember much of the days in the hospital, but Ilya has playfully held it against him more than once, reminding him that high Shane was all clingy hand holding and heart eyes. Ilya swears the nurse was the first person to know about their secret relationship before anyone else.

“I don’t know… what’s even the appeal?” was all Shane could respond. It was a true thought of his - what was the appeal? He supposed it would make him more relaxed, but how much more relaxed could he get when he had Ilya all to himself in the cottage? “Hmm… less stress, more relax…” Ilya pondered the question. “Some say you have better sex when high, but you have me, which is the best, so don’t know how better it can get…” Ilya said with a wink, interlacing his fingers with Shane’s. All Shane could do was roll his eyes and hope the blush creeping up his cheeks wasn’t too noticeable. Shane had nothing to lose in this situation. Like Ilya said, it would be out of his system far before preseason drug tests, and it’s not like Shane had any practices to be worried about the next two weeks where it could impact his hockey skills. Really the question was if Shane wanted to experiment a little with his husband, or not.

“Have you…?” Shane looked at Ilya, the question coming out as a mumble. There was no way Ilya hadn’t indulged in some recreational drug use, especially in his early 20s. Ilya responded with a gentle smile, “Darling, I’ve done more than weed… but other drugs won’t relax you. You need to be less high-strung, not more.” Shane released his hand from Ilya’s grip with a pout. “I am not high-strung,” he mumbled back, his eyes not willing to meet Ilya’s. Shane could hear the gentle creak of Ilya’s chair moving away from the table, and felt his arms wrap around Shane’s chest from behind. “You are as high-strung as you are boring,

but I love you all the same," Ilya murmured as his lips made a trail from Shane's hair to his neck. "Does not interest you, is okay. Just an idea." Shane sighed as Ilya's lips continued their trail onto his jaw, temple, back down to his neck. He couldn't imagine anything relaxing him more than this.

It was mid-day by the time they arrived at the dispensary in Montreal. Somehow between their morning sex and now, Shane decided to say fuck it. On the drive there, Ilya gave Shane multiple opportunities to change his mind, but Shane wanted to go outside his comfort zone. He lived a comfortable life now. He had multiple Stanley Cups, a hot husband also with multiple Stanley Cups, a dog he adored, a charity he was passionate about, and a thriving hockey career in his hometown. Everyday was very similar, very comfortable. That wasn't a bad thing by any means, but it's fun to do something different every once in a while. He knew Ilya sometimes longed for the days of partying at the clubs, maybe doing a line with Svetlana, maybe sneakily having sex with Shane. Ilya longed for the adventure and lust for life that they had years ago. Obviously Ilya had never shared these thoughts with Shane, so it was all up to Shane's assumption, but Shane was and always had been more cookie cutter than Ilya. It would be fun for them to try new things, experiment together, as a couple. Also maybe the idea of weed somehow enhancing the already mind blowing sex he and Ilya had did intrigue him.

Shane had never been to a dispensary before, so he didn't know what he was expecting but it definitely wasn't what he saw when they pulled up. Shane was maybe picturing a warehouse with fully blacked out windows, or an underground greenhouse with low lighting. Instead, the dispensary had wide open windows, a minimalist white color palette, and was called Floral Medical - straight to the point. It was actually more intimidating this way, looking unbelievably upscale yet nonchalant. He may have preferred the blacked out warehouse.

Ilya opened Shane's car door, reaching his hand out to help Shane out of the car and giving a gentle kiss in his hair before leading the way to the entrance. The line to get in was surprisingly short, perhaps because it was afternoon on a weekday and most adults didn't get a summer vacation like them. The front door security scanned both of their IDs and proceeded with a TSA level patdown. One of the security guards shook Ilya's hand and said, "Incredible final goal during the championships. Huge fan." Shane tried not to be hurt about the guard not saying the same to him, especially since he made the winning goal that got them the cup this year. Ilya could read the look on Shane's face and held back a chuckle. "Whatever," Shane said, rolling his eyes.

Once they were inside, Shane was overwhelmed by the stations of choices. Different vapes, pens, flower… he didn't even know where to begin or comprehend what he was looking at. However, Ilya seemed to understand everything perfectly and took Shane by the hand, leading him to a section that was more colorful than the rest. Gummies of all shapes and sizes, in bright and fun candy wrapper looking bags. "Better for you, and me… no smoking," Ilya said softly to Shane. Ilya hadn't smoked a cigarette in over two years now and Shane was immensely proud of him. He even cut back on the hard liquor, only indulging in his imported Russian vodka for special occasions. His therapist, Galina, advised him that alcohol and smoking could often make him feel worse than better. He trusted her implicitly.

“How do I know which ones I will like?” Shane asked, his eyes searching through the clear glass display cases. Some of these names were crazy… Silver Haze, Jet Fuel, Love Potion… how was he supposed to know what any of this meant? “Hmm, you can see the little tags say the effects each one gives. This one,” Ilya pointed at a bright rainbow bag, “psychoactive, relaxing. Where this one,” his hands moved toward a yellow bag with citrus artwork, “energising, exciting. Not every kind is the same, so depends on what you want.” Shane’s eyes scanned through all the different names, types, and effects.

It felt like he was taking forever, but this was his first time doing drugs and he wanted to make sure it was exactly what he wanted. Ilya ended up sitting on a plush chair, chatting with the security guard from before about his goals for next season, how he plans to get Ottawa a third Stanley Cup. Shane finally had picked two little baggies of gummies and he called Ilya over to inspect the choices. Ilya chuckled as he read over both options and gave Shane a kiss on his knuckles. “A bit on the nose, hmm?” Shane picked some gummies that were supposedly cherry flavored, in the shape of a heart, and called Love Affair. The effects listed were arousal and euphoric. The other was a sleek black bag of white circular chews called White Russian, with the effects being relaxation and stress relieving. Maybe they were too on the nose. “Do you think they are okay? Should I choose different ones?” Shane questioned his choices now that Ilya was inspecting them. Suddenly, he felt shy and even a bit embarrassed. “They are great. You feel good about it? I feel good about it,” Ilya responded to Shane with a smile and Shane’s anxieties washed away. “Good. Let’s get home.” Ilya led the way to the check out, handling the payments while Shane stood by. As they left, Ilya patted his new friend, the security guard, on the back and said, “I’ll get you those tickets.”

They got home and Shane was all nerves. He spent most of the car ride researching the gummies they got, reviews online, other people’s experiences, how long the effects last, could he get addicted, could he lose his job if he tested positive in 2 months… Maybe this was a bad idea, maybe he was too ambitious to go this far out of his comfort zone. On top of that, Ilya’s insane driving didn’t bring Shane any solace. Once they were inside, they went their separate ways as Shane prepared lunch and Ilya took Anya for a walk by the water. During Shane’s research, he looked up if you can get nausea while high, and a lot of answers said yes, so he went for a more light lunch to be cautious. A chopped salad and salmon should be good, right?

After about thirty minutes, Ilya and Anya got home and they ate their late lunch on the dock. “Are you scared?” Ilya asked, his voice dripping with a sarcastic tone. Shane grumbled into his salad, “I’m not scared, you’re scared.” Not his strongest comeback and Ilya laughed in response. “Will be fine, my baby. Just us two, won’t do too much. Ease into it.” Ilya wrapped his arm around Shane’s shoulders, gave him a sloppy kiss on the temples, and dived back into his meal. “Easy for you to say… you’ve done worse.” Shane mumbled. “Worse?” Ilya feigned shock. “But I am so innocent, so angelic…” He batted his lashes at Shane, a smirk growing on his face. Shane wasn’t taking the bait. Ilya placed his hand under Shane’s jaw, forcing Shane’s eyes up to look into Ilya’s. “I wouldn’t suggest it if I knew you wouldn’t enjoy it. Your pleasure is my pleasure, hmm?” Shane tried to look away from Ilya’s darkening eyes, but Ilya’s grip on his jaw forced him to look back up. “Will be fun, will be

safe. Now eat so we can get high and watch the sunset." Ilya gave Shane a kiss filled with lust before pulling away so they could finish their meal.

After lunch, they both changed into some comfy clothes, cleaned up a bit, and now Anya was sleeping on her giant dog bed, and Shane was holding both gummy bags contemplating which one to try. Ilya's vote was for the Love Affair gummies, "I want to have sex by the sunset, not a nap." But Shane was undecided. What if it made him too horny and he was up all night? But what if the other gummies made him too relaxed and he fell asleep before he could feel high? How would he even know he is high? He decided to follow Ilya's lead and set the White Russian gummies to the side for now. Maybe if tonight goes well, they can try those tomorrow. He read the label on the Love Affair bag. *20mg per gummy, 10 gummies per bag, 200mg per bag*. In his research, he found a chart that showed the recommended milligram depending on a person's weight. He could technically do 15mg for a low dose, but he didn't know how his body would react so he settled on splitting the gummy in half and doing 10mg. Ilya watched as Shane made sure he cut the gummy perfectly in half, ensuring he didn't get a single milligram above 10. With a smile, Ilya pulled out a full 20mg gummy from the bag, "I know myself." He stated with a shrug. 20mg seemed like so much to Shane, but maybe that was nothing at all? He contemplated taking a full gummy with Ilya but decided against it - he didn't want to overdo it.

With a deep breath, he interlaced his fingers with Ilya and said, "I'm ready." He wondered if Ilya thought he was ridiculous. It's not like he was going on an acid trip, or skydiving. It was just a little weed. Ilya smiled, gave Shane a kiss, and said, "My brave boy." His tone didn't have a hint of mockery - Ilya was in full support and understanding. Of course he was. They both took the gummies, Shane chewing slowly, savoring this first time experience with his husband, whereas Ilya more or less swallowed it whole. "Now, relax," Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane, pulling him down onto the couch to cuddle and he put on a rerun episode of Below Deck.

It took almost a full episode of Below Deck before Shane felt anything. He could barely focus on the episode, his mind reeling the whole time. Maybe he couldn't get high, maybe there was something wrong with his body and he couldn't feel the effects of weed and this was a waste. Maybe he should've tried 20mg like Ilya. After about 45 minutes, Shane's body started to feel warmer and lighter at the same time. He almost felt light headed. It was a similar sensation to when you wake up in the middle of the night after some cold medicine. A little light headed, a little loose, warm and disoriented but you do know where you are. It was nice. He could feel his body melting even deeper into Ilya's arms, and Ilya's grip tightened around Shane's waist. Ilya hummed and murmured Russian sweet nothings into Shane's hair. He imagined Ilya was feeling the same, but Shane was far too comfortable to turn his head around to look. Instead, he allowed himself to feel Ilya's fingertips graze up and down Shane's hips and waist under his clothing. Every touch sent warmth and electricity through Shane's body. Shane had felt Ilya's fingers on him for years now, but it never felt like this. His touch was gentle, but if he pressed further, Shane was worried he would melt into a puddle. Shane almost felt like Jello.

Another full episode of Below Deck moved on as Ilya continued to caress and whisper to Shane. It had already been almost two hours since they took the gummies, and Shane could barely open his eyes. He didn't even know his cock had been rock hard until Ilya finally allowed his fingers to slip under Shane's waistband and lazily stroke him. Ilya softly moaned in Shane's hair, pressing his own fabric covered cock against Shane's ass. Shane could barely focus on what was going on. He wasn't overstimulated necessarily, but it also felt as if his brain was turned off. It felt as if his body was not his own - just a vessel for his pleasure and need. Ilya rocked his hips back and forth, his hard girth lining up perfectly with Shane's ass, and maintained that same rhythm with his hand on Shane's cock. Shane knew his cock was leaking precum, but all he could focus on at the moment was Ilya's warm lips leaving tiny lovebites all along his neck and collarbone. He wondered if Ilya felt the same as him. How could he focus on keeping a rhythm, a cadence with both of their bodies? Shane couldn't even open his eyes, let alone take control of this situation. Maybe Ilya really did know his limits when he was high. Maybe he got high way more in his youth than Shane initially thought. For a few minutes, the room was quiet besides the low volume of their TV and the heavy, lustful breathing of the two men pressed together.

"*Please, sir*," Shane softly moaned in Russian. He felt Ilya's hand stop on his cock and Shane moaned louder, needily pushing his hips forward. "What did you say?" Ilya's words dripped with lust. What did Shane say? He didn't even remember, he was so focused on Ilya's fingertips digging into his hips and his other hand steady on his hard cock. "Say it again, my love," Ilya whispered into Shane's ear, biting at the lobe. Shane actually couldn't remember so he just moaned Ilya's name, hoping Ilya was also too high to remember. However, Ilya knew his limits and he was not as high as Shane. "If you want me to fuck you, my needy princess," Ilya murmured with his lips trailing and nipping at Shane's neck and collarbone, "Beg for me in Russian again." Oh that's what Shane said. Over the past few months, Shane had really been working on his Russian, especially on some key phrases that he could use with Ilya on the ice to communicate during games. What he hadn't told Ilya yet was that he was also working on some key phrases to use in the bedroom. It was a bit harder to learn these sayings without Ilya's help, so Shane had been tirelessly on Youtube and Google translate to ensure he got the pronunciations right. He supposed the pronunciation must've been good enough if he could say it while high and Ilya understood.

"*Please use me*," Shane whispered in Russian, using all the brain and willpower he could to move his melting Jello body to face Ilya. Ilya's eyes were glassy, his pupils dilated fully. Shane couldn't figure out if it was from the weed, from his shock at Shane's new Russian sayings, or the immense lust and pleasure radiating through his body. The second Ilya and Shane's lips connected, it felt like every kind of heat and electric current was running through Shane's body. He could feel it down to his toes, he was lightheaded, and he had no control of his body. When he pulled away gasping for air, Ilya continued his lips down Shane's neck, wasting no time taking both of their shirts off before his lips reconnected with the muscles on Shane's abdomen. This was the first time in Shane's life where he thought he could orgasm just from these kisses alone. Shane could feel his cock dripping, out of control and he lifted his hips from the couch, begging Ilya to move his lips further down.

"Say more of your fun new words," Ilya said against Shane's skin. Ilya was asking too much - Shane felt like he was floating, his eyes closed, lips parted as he moaned for Ilya to keep going. No way he could get another Russian phrase out. "That can't be all you have learned?

I know there are other useful phrases you must have studied," Ilya pulled away from Shane's body with a smirk, reaching for the lube they kept in the couch side table. "Hmm… umm… *finger me… please?*" Shane struggled to find the words and the correct pronunciation. His tongue felt heavy, his face was burning up from blush and lust, and honestly all he could focus on was Ilya removing his sweatpants to reveal his own girth, rigid and dripping. "My needy princess…" Ilya breathed before he slipped Shane's pants all the way off and allowed his fingers to glide between Shane's ass cheeks. "You are so beautiful like this."

Shane was sprawled out on the couch, completely naked, with his legs spread open, mouth parted and eyes red and glazed over. Tiny bite marks covered his neck, and he felt like he was burning everywhere Ilya had touched him. Ilya sat with his knees between Shane's legs, hovering above him, one hand holding Shane down at his hips, the other one working its fingers to open up Shane. Shane couldn't help the moans and words that spilled from his mouth, a mix of English, French and Russian, but all of them the same, begging for Ilya to kiss him, touch him, fuck him. Shane's orgasm was already close and Ilya had only just begun fingering him. Shane felt like he was on fire, every inch of his body tingling and purring. There wasn't a single thought in his head except for how good everything felt and how he wishes he knew he could've felt like this and oh god, Ilya's cock is lined up at Shane's ass and Shane is moaning louder, feeling tears prick at the corners of his eyes.

"*Please fuck me, please, please*," Shane was a begging mess and Ilya just chuckled under his breath. He leaned down to give Shane a gentle kiss, wipe the wetness from his eyes, and whisper, "I love you, baby," before he slid his cock deep into Shane. Ilya immediately started thrusting his hips, now moaning himself at full volume. Shane knew Ilya felt on fire too. Shane knew neither of them were going to last long. Shane started whispering I love yous over and over in English and Russian as Ilya thrusted in rhythm with his hand stroking Shane's cock. Shane felt like he was filled with TV static - every bone, every muscle, every vein vibrating and screaming with pleasure. It was euphoric in a way he had never felt before. He couldn't even focus on that fact that he was about to come all over himself, all he could think was how much he didn't want this to end. Ilya moaned, "Come for me, princess, let me see it," but before he could even finish the words, Shane made a white hot mess all over Ilya's hands and both of their stomachs.

Shane pulled out the last of the Russian he learned, using the last of his brainpower, whispering, "*Please come inside me*." And that did it for Ilya. Shane felt every inch of Ilya stall inside him, streaks of pleasure filling Shane up so much that it immediately began to drip out all over the couch before Ilya could even pull out. "Oh fuck," Ilya mumbled, with half concern. Shane loved this couch, they almost always put a towel down… Shane couldn't even finish the thought or engage in any level of concern for his beloved couch before he started to fall asleep, Ilya's cock softening inside Shane's hole and cum drying up all over them. "Come on, my love, let's clean up," Ilya murmured to Shane but Shane couldn't be bothered to move. His body was vibrating, and he felt so light headed that he wouldn't get very far if he moved. Ilya chuckled softly, removed himself from Shane's body and picked up Shane in his arms. Shane was so tired and spent, he didn't even remember Ilya bathing him or tucking him into bed.

When Shane woke up the next morning, he felt groggy in the way you get when you are hungover for the first time. No headache, no body aches, but a bit confused and a bit groggy.

He checked the clock and saw it was 11AM - significantly late for Shane, who usually woke up at 6AM to get in some exercise, hockey practice and breakfast all before 10AM. He looked over on Ilya's side of the bed only to find him not there, which was abnormal for Ilya who stayed in bed until about 12PM unless Shane forced him out earlier otherwise. Shane tried to recall last night and felt himself getting embarrassed at his lack of tolerance for weed. All he did was watch TV, have sex and go to sleep in less than two hours. He can do that without weed. He did have a great time however in those two hours or so… he felt his face get flush as he remembered all his needy begging for Ilya last night. Sometimes alcohol makes people emotional or angry, maybe weed just makes Shane submissive? But he didn't need weed for that either.

Before he could get more disappointed in his lack of engagement during his first drug experience, Ilya walked in with a small plate of chopped fruits and iced water, a toothy grin across his face. "How'd you sleep?" He placed the plate and cup on Shane's nightstand, leaning down to give him a gentle forehead kiss before sitting at the edge of the bed. "Great I guess - I feel like I slept for hours, but I am also disoriented. How long was I asleep?" Shane responded before taking a large sip of water. He suddenly realized how dehydrated he was, his voice scratchy and mouth dry. He was also starving. "Over twelve hours. Can't remember the last time you slept that long," Ilya said, the grin never leaving his face as Shane started to chow into the chopped fruits beside him. "Long night and long trip before that, though. Sleep was deserved," Ilya continued. Long night? Shane felt like the night was nonexistent, all they did was have sex.

"What do you mean long night?" Shane said in between bites of food, his face scanning Ilya's for an answer. Ilya laughed and said, "So good you don't remember, hmm? Told you you would enjoy it." Shane felt like Ilya was speaking to him in riddles. What was he talking about? Shane tried to recount the night again but it was all the same. Below Deck, sneaky fingers, sex, sleep. Was there something he was missing? "Shane," Ilya ran his fingers along Shane's cheek and jawline, tracing the puzzled expression between his eyebrows, "We had sex for almost 4 hours. It was a nonstop affair." Shane almost choked on his water, his eyes going wide. "What do you mean 4 hours? Did I black out or something? Is that possible?" He didn't know blacking out could be a side effect of weed, he thought he would remember everything. Maybe weed is closer to alcohol than he thought.

"No black out, I think maybe you lose track of time. Sometimes it is harder to orgasm when you are high, sometimes it is easier, sometimes you never want it to end… and you, my love," Ilya said, his fingers tracing Shane's lips with a smirk, "Never wanted it to end." Shane was surprised, and now even more embarrassed regarding his tolerance because he did remember everything… It just was a much longer evening than he thought. He thought back on the night with as much strength as he could, and started to foggily recall shower sex after the couch, and then sleepy blowjobs in bed before falling asleep. That must be why he felt so tender, everywhere. He probably took Ilya more in one night than he had in a week. "It just felt so good…" he mumbled, a blush creeping up his neck and ears as he avoided eye contact with Ilya. It did feel so good. It felt euphoric every time Ilya touched him last night. Every kiss felt like a burn, every finger felt like a prayer, and he couldn't get enough. Maybe he should try it again tonight but with a lower dose so he can really remember it all, really soak in how good it feels…

Before that thought could continue, Ilya laughed and said, “Oh I know it did. *Please, sir… please use me…*” Ilya began to speak in Russian, mocking Shane’s statements and accent from the night before. Shane grabbed a pillow to smack Ilya with, but before it could make contact, Ilya grabbed Shane’s wrist and pinned him back onto the bed. “I will make use of you tonight, and you will feel heavenly, with or without those little gummies, my princess,” Ilya whispered in Shane’s ear, sending a shiver down his spine. “Nothing can make you feel as good as I can.” Shane whimpered and nodded in response. Ilya was right. Maybe Shane’s first time weed experience wasn’t exactly what he imagined, and while it did feel euphoric and he definitely will be using those gummies again to elevate their night time activities, nothing could make him feel as high as loving Ilya could.

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