

You take me to bliss (never felt a love like this)

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by [mickeysmyheart](#)

Summary

Ilya kisses across his cheek down to his neck, licking up to his earlobe. Shane sucks in a breath at that. Ilya says hotly in his ear, “We should smoke it together, it would be fun.”

Shane pulls back, looking into Ilya’s eyes. “You can’t be serious,” he says, that irritation creeping back into his voice.

“Why not? Is just us— no one else around. It is not big, just few puffs,” Ilya tries convincing him, peppering his cheeks and jaw with soft kisses.

OR

Ilya and Shane smoke weed together for the first time one hot afternoon in June at the cottage.

Notes

hiiii!!

this is my first hollanov fic so pls be gentle with me.

if you know me, you know i love to write my ships getting high together, so it was only fitting that my first hollanov fic was that. this is set a couple weeks before the start of the long game!

hope you enjoy it! ♥

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

June 2019

Tomorrow is finally the day that Ilya will get to be with Shane again at his cottage. Their first summer together was the best couple months of Ilya's life and he can't wait to be there again — to be with him.

He hasn't seen Shane in nearly a month and everything hurts— his chest, his stomach, his heart. He just needs to be near him again and everything can finally relax. This past year has been kind of rough for them. Yes, they're finally together— *boyfriends*— and Ilya is living closer to Shane as he was in his first season with the Ottawa Centaurs, but they still don't get to see each other as much as Ilya thought they would living about a two hour drive away from each other.

There were times when Ilya would be in Ottawa but Shane was travelling or vice versa, though, when it finally lined up that they were both in Ottawa or Montreal, the other would drive over and spend all the time they did have together— sometimes it was nearly a week, and sometimes it was just a night or two.

Ilya loves it though— being in Ottawa, being closer to Shane, being in Canada. He does wish his team was better but you win some you lose some, and boy did this team lose *a lot*. Going from a Stanley Cup winning team to this was a big blow to Ilya's ego for a while but he has never regretted that decision. He will never regret a choice he made with Shane in mind.

This first season was not a great start, although, for him personally it was a decent one, as he's the only player on the team that manages to score any goals. He's hoping that maybe next season, he can get them to be a winning team— or at least win one game.

As he's surrounded by his teammates celebrating the end of the season, Ilya's only thinking of finally driving up to the cottage and taking Shane into his arms. He would have driven there tonight, especially since Shane got there a few hours ago, going to his parents for dinner at their place ten minutes away.

Shane told Ilya to enjoy his last night with his team before driving over in the morning, and that he'd be here waiting for him. It was all too tempting to ignore that and still drive up— it

is barely a two hour drive— but he doesn't.

Shane's probably sleeping now anyway since he texted him an hour ago to tell him to call him the second he leaves in the morning— Ilya knows it's because Shane wants to make sure the house is clean and perfect before he arrives even though Ilya doesn't give a shit about any of that.

Ilya takes his phone out of his pocket, opening his text thread with Shane— finally no longer Jane.

Ilya

Soon you will be in my arms ❤️

He's become a real sap since being Shane's boyfriend— partner— *husband*— no, no, but one day perhaps, if they can ever be themselves in public.

Shane doesn't reply so he's got his answer, he's asleep. It's just after ten o'clock, and Ilya does have a long drive tomorrow and wants to leave early so he gets up from the booth he was sitting in at the bar. He walks over to say bye to some of the guys before he gets to Wyatt Hayes, their goalie.

"No, you're leaving already??" Wyatt says when Ilya says bye.

"I have somewhere to be early tomorrow," is all Ilya says in response.

"We were just about to go outside to smoke a joint and were going to come grab you," Wyatt tells him. Being in Canada after the legalization of marijuana, Ilya has indulged once or twice with his teammates but other than that, it hasn't really affected him.

"I can't," Ilya says, shaking his head.

“Okay, well, wait—“ Wyatt says before he goes into his bag that’s on the chair behind him and takes out a joint container. Ilya watches him open it and sees two small joints land on his palm. He puts one back into the container and closes it. “Take this,” he tells him, handing it to him, before he tucks the other joint behind his ear, ready to go smoke it.

Ilya hesitates but Wyatt insists so Ilya just pockets it before he says bye to a couple more people then heads home.

The next day

By six in the morning, Ilya is in his car, driving to the cottage. He wasn’t able to sleep anymore and found himself making coffee by five thirty and in his car at six, travel mug in the cupholder and his bags in the trunk.

He’s pulling into the driveway of the cottage by seven thirty. There was barely any traffic on the road that early and Ilya did speed— just a little— so that it wouldn’t take so long. He’s growing very impatient with every second that passes. Ignoring his bags for now, Ilya uses his key to let himself inside.

Ilya looks around quickly but can’t see or hear Shane so he must still be sleeping. Shane’s usually already up by this time, he must have needed some more sleep, he had been having a rough week trying to get any sleep. Ilya blames his new intense diet but Shane assures him that’s not it, that the diet is doing more good than bad, and he must just be stressed out about the camp and how their plan is in motion.

Ilya’s nervous about that too but maybe for different reasons. Some days, Ilya doesn’t care if they get caught, and would probably feel relieved. He hates hiding now that Shane is his. When they were younger, and Ilya was much more afraid of anything to do with Shane Hollander, he was fine hiding— he hid a lot, even his feelings for Shane from himself— but now, he’d welcome people knowing. He’d be proud to show Shane off, show people that he’s *his*.

He kicks his shoes off and climbs the stairs quietly, opening Shane's bedroom door when he reaches it. He sees Shane laying in bed, curled up on his side, face shoved into his pillow. Ilya smiles widely, taking in the sight of his sweet boy. He walks over to the bed and Shane must not be as asleep as he thought because he stirs, turning onto his back and slowly opening his eyes once Ilya is standing at the end of the bed, looking at him.

"Ilya?" Shane asks, voice soft as he's still waking up. He opens his eyes wider and it seems to register that Ilya is actually there.

"Hi," he says softly, smiling at him.

Shane reaches his arms out and Ilya can't help but laugh. He's quickly climbing onto the bed, half on top of Shane. Shane wraps his arm around him, holding him tight, his face buried in the crook of Ilya's neck, breathing him in.

Ilya's heart squeezes, finally getting what he wanted. He kisses Shane's neck and up to his jaw, kissing his cheek and then the bridge of his nose, up to his forehead. He pulls back to look at him, seeing his blushing smile, and soft eyes.

"I missed you," Ilya tells him softly in the little space between them.

"Me too," Shane says, smiling softly.

Ilya leans down, attempting to kiss Shane on the lips but Shane slightly pulls back. "You will not kiss me until you brush your teeth," he notes. Shane hates morning breath even if it's his own. He's glad he had a mint before getting here or he would make him brush his teeth again too.

Shane at least looks apologetic when he says, "It'll just take two seconds."

Ilya groans, dropping his head into his neck again. Shane laughs, pushing Ilya off of him, and hovering over him now. He gently touches Ilya's cheek, and Ilya can't help but lean into it.

Shane leans down but brings his lips gently to Ilya's other cheek, kissing it softly before climbing out of the bed.

Ilya stays there until Shane returns from brushing his teeth, jumping onto the bed and leaning on Ilya. He quickly presses his lips to Ilya who moans deeply into it as their lips finally touch. Ilya rolls Shane onto his back as he lays on top of him between his legs. He left the house that morning in a pair of loose black gym shorts, a matching black tank top, and Shane's blue hoodie since it wasn't that hot yet even though it's nearing the end of June.

Shane's hands are instantly under the hoodie, attempting to pull it off while they kiss. "As much as I love you wearing my hoodie," Shane says into his mouth. "Take it off," he adds, pulling away from the kiss. Ilya loves when Shane tells him what he wants, so he's quick to remove both the hoodie and shirt before his lips are back on Shane's.

All Ilya and Shane have done the past three days is fuck, eat, sleep, repeat. Not seeing each other for so long has made them feel desperate to be close. Ilya doesn't mind, he loves when Shane is all over him, or how you say, clingy.

They finally manage to meet up with Shane's parents on the fourth day for lunch at their place and then heading out on their boat, enjoying the really hot day in Ontario on the lake.

By day five, Ilya's lounging on one of the long chairs by the pool overlooking the dock and the lake, when he sees Shane round the corner, walking towards him looking pissed about something.

He stops at Ilya's feet and is holding something in his hands. "What the fuck is this?" Shane asks, annoyed.

Ilya takes his sun glasses off, sitting up, he can now see that Shane's holding the joint container that Wyatt gave him a week ago that he tossed into his bag and forgot was even there.

“Is nothing,” Ilya shrugs.

“It’s a joint. Why do you have a joint? And why is it here?” Shane asks, still annoyed.

Ilya sighs. “Oh my God, Hollander, you make everything so dramatic,” he says, standing up and coming closer to Shane who doesn’t move, just look up at him, waiting for an explanation. “Wyatt gave it to me when I left the party last week, the night before I came here. I forgot I put it in my bag. Is not big deal, look is tiny little joint,” he says, taking the container from Shane and opening it, taking out the half gram joint.

“I don’t care how big it is,” Shane says, and Ilya snickers. “Don’t,” Shane warns, knowing Ilya was ready to make a dirty joke. “It’s bad enough you still smoke cigarettes even though you told me you quit.”

“I don’t smoke cigarettes,” Ilya tells him again, but Shane gives him a look. “Okay, I do not smoke cigarettes as much.”

“You shouldn’t smoke *at all*,” Shane punctuates, still irritated.

Ilya hates when he gets so wound up over silly things. With the joint back in its container, Ilya drops it onto the chair and brings his hands up to Shane’s neck, one hand sliding down to his shoulder as the other holds Shane’s face.

“I am trying, okay?” Ilya says honestly, softly. “I hear your voice tell me is no good all the time.”

Shane smirks softly. “You do?”

“Yes— is very annoying,” Ilya tells him, making Shane crack as he laughs softly. Ilya leans in and kisses Shane softly on the lips. Shane kisses him back, forgetting how annoyed he was

just a minute ago.

Ilya kisses across his cheek down to his neck, licking up to his earlobe. Shane sucks in a breath at that. Ilya says hotly in his ear, “We should smoke it together, it would be fun.”

Shane pulls back, looking into Ilya’s eyes. “You can’t be serious,” he says, that irritation creeping back into his voice.

“Why not? Is just us— no one else around. It is not big, just few puffs,” Ilya tries convincing him, peppering his cheeks and jaw with soft kisses.

“We can’t,” Shane says, but he doesn’t sound convincing in the slightest. Ilya pushes a bit more.

“We can,” he says, before kissing him on the lips again, shoving his tongue into his mouth.

Shane moans deeply into the kiss, feeling his body pressing hard into him. Ilya’s fingers thread into Shane’s hair where it’s gotten longer at the back of his neck. He tugs on the strands gently, pulling his face away from him.

“What about camp?” Shane says, trying to find any excuse.

“Is not for ‘nother week,” Ilya says, ghosting his lips over Shane’s. “Is just one time, sweetheart, it’ll be fine.”

He waits until Shane finally says, “Fine,” before kissing him again, deeper, giving him what he wants. They both moan into the kiss, their hands touching all over their bare chests, up to their necks, down their backs.

Ilya pulls away from the kiss and says, “Go sit on the dock, I will join you in one minute.”

Shane nods, doing as he's told. Ilya heads back inside to grab a lighter from Shane's junk drawer that he leaves in there to light candles. He takes the joint when he returns outside and walks over to join his boyfriend on the dock.

He sits down next to Shane, letting their legs hang off the end of the dock, their feet touching the water. Ilya takes the joint out of the container and puts it between his lips. He pockets the container then lights the joint. He inhales, letting it sit in his lungs before blowing it out. He coughs a little since it's the first time he's smoked weed in a long time, then does it again and doesn't cough.

He tries to hand it over to Shane but he looks scared. "Maybe I shouldn't. I've been working really hard with training and this diet and—" he starts saying, overthinking things per usual.

Before Shane could keep spiralling, Ilya says, "Shane— shut up," before he takes another hit of the joint and takes Shane's chin in his hand, forcing his mouth to open slightly as he blows the smoke directly into his mouth.

Shane coughs and Ilya smiles wickedly. Shane shoves his chest hard and says, "You're such an asshole," but then he's smiling at Ilya and he knows he's not actually mad at him— maybe just slightly annoyed by him.

"I will do it again," Ilya tells him, waiting for Shane to nod before he takes Shane's chin in his hand again, this time softer, more gentle. He takes another hit of the joint— it already making him feel it— and then brings his lips to Shane's, grazing their lips together as he blows the smoke into his mouth. He doesn't let him go, just lets Shane blow the smoke back into his face before Ilya kisses him hard, shoving his tongue into his mouth. Shane moans into the kiss, his hands instantly in Ilya's hair, fingers tangling into the curls.

Ilya pulls back from the kiss, and they do it again— Ilya takes a hit, his lips gently touching Shane's as he blows smoke into his mouth, then kisses him again. They keep that up until the joint is done and Ilya puts the butt of it into the container, leaving both the container and lighter, sitting on the dock beside him.

Ilya lays back on the dock, Shane immediately following him, curling up into his side, his head on his chest. He already loves how clingy Shane gets when they're together but now that he's high, he's even more clingy and Ilya is eating it up. He wraps his arms around him, holding him close, and kissing the top of his head.

Shane kisses Ilya's chest then turns his head to look up at Ilya. His eyes are slightly hooded and glassy, he's got the cutest smile on his face, and he's looking at Ilya like he means everything to him. It's almost too much to take in.

"You are very cute when you are high," Ilya tells him, leaning forward to kiss the tip of his nose. Shane giggles and Ilya grins. "Mmm, yes, very cute," he adds, seeing the blush on Shane's cheeks get darker. "You are very— uh— clingy is word? Like koala, yes?" Ilya teases.

Shane laughs, slapping his chest gently. "Shut up," he says. "I'm not clingy."

"You are, and is okay," Ilya reassures him, pulling him back down onto him. "I like it," he tells him when Shane's close to him again. He leans in and kisses him gently on the lips. Shane's smiling too much for the kiss to be any good but it's still perfect to Ilya.

They finally get back up, both of them getting uncomfortable with lying on the dock. Ilya teases Shane, pretending like he's going to push him into the water.

"Don't," Shane laughs, holding onto Ilya's biceps. Ilya smiles teasingly then suddenly Shane is pushing *him* into the water.

Ilya is submerged in water then pops back out, laughing, looking up at Shane on the dock looking way too pleased with himself. Ilya laughs, splashing water up at him. Shane then actually jumps into the water next to him. When Shane pops back up, Ilya takes Shane into his arms, and Shane easily wraps himself around Ilya.

"Koala," Ilya teases again, kissing his neck. Shane laughs but then moans softly when Ilya's tongue licks away the water droplets from the lake— probably not the cleanest but Ilya

doesn't care when it means he can lick Shane's neck and tease the fuck out of him. One of his favorite things to do.

Shane's arms are wrapped around Ilya's neck, his legs around his waist, truly like a koala, and Ilya's got him pinned up against the dock. Shane's left hand runs up into Ilya's wet curls, gripping onto them tightly. Ilya's cock twitches in his swim trunks, up against Shane's which is also hard.

Ilya kisses up to Shane's mouth before pulling back to look at him. He's standing in the water — it reaches up to the middle of his chest. His right arm is holding Shane in his arms, pressing his back against the dock. He brings his left hand up to hold Shane's face as he leans in and devours his mouth.

Shane moans deeply into his mouth, grinding down hard against Ilya's hard cock, rubbing his own hard cock against his for any friction between them. Ilya's fingers are splayed out on Shane's neck as his thumb runs across his chin just under where his lips are on Shane's.

Ilya pulls away from the kiss softly, looking into Shane's eyes. He glides his thumb across Shane's bottom lip then he takes it into his mouth, sucking it deeper into his mouth.

"Fuck," Ilya moans, watching Shane suck his thumb in his mouth. Ilya can't help but picture the first time he showed up to Shane's hotel room— 1410— and kissed him. Shane was quick to take his thumb into his mouth much like he still is today, all these years later.

Ilya pulls his thumb out of Shane's mouth to replace it with his mouth, kissing him hard. He kisses his way to his neck and says hotly in his ear, "You will love getting fucked high."

He can feel Shane shudder in his arms. "Please," he moans.

"Please what?" he says, encouraging Shane to tell him what he wants, needing to hear him say the words.

Shane's head thumps gently against the dock as he looks at him. "Please fuck me, Ilya," Shane says, whiny as fuck and so *fucking* hot.

"Good boy," Ilya says before he kisses him hard, licking into his mouth. He pulls away gently and says, "Let's go."

Ilya lets Shane go and the two of them get back on the dock. Ilya picks up the joint container and lighter, and the two of them walk back towards the house. Shane races Ilya up to the patio before Ilya grabs Shane and pulls him into his arms.

Shane takes Ilya's face in his and kisses him, walking him back against the door leading to the living room. Ilya allows Shane to take that bit of dominance, pressing him up on the door and grinding up against him. Ilya grabs onto Shane's hips, pulling him harder against him, his tongue mapping out Shane's mouth.

Ilya walks him back and turns around so he can open the door for them to get inside. Shane's back on him inside and the two of them try to pull each others swim trunks off before they just stop kissing long enough to get themselves naked.

Ilya looks at Shane and sees him in all his glory. His cock hard and curving upwards, leaking already— *God*, he always gets so wet— and his big thighs and legs walking towards him as Ilya says, "Come here."

"You come here," Shane says, teasing, bringing them back to another time. They meet in the middle, both of them still a bit wet, and both hard as fuck. Ilya picks Shane up and walks him over to the nearest couch.

While holding Shane in his arms, Ilya sits down, making him now straddle him on the couch. Shane settles onto his lap comfortably, Ilya's cock sliding between Shane's ass cheeks as Shane's hard cock slides between their abs. "*Fuck, Ilya*," Shane moans, as Ilya's mouth finds it's way to Shane's neck.

Shane starts grinding hard on top of him, Ilya moans deeply into his neck. "You want to ride me, Hollander?" he asks hotly. He doesn't usually use his last name anymore but when he

does, he can see how it turns Shane on.

“Yes,” Shane says, looking down at Ilya from where he sits in his lap.

“Get lube I put in drawer,” Ilya tells him, nodding his head towards the little stand next to the end of the sofa. On top of it is a lamp. Shane chuckles, shaking his head at him. “What? Is convenient, no?”

Shane kisses him softly on the forehead before getting up. He opens the drawer and takes the small bottle of lube that is indeed in there along with some coasters for the coffee table. Shane climbs back into Ilya’s lap. Instead of handing him the lube like Ilya thought he would, Shane opens it and puts some onto his hand before taking Ilya’s cock in his hand and getting his cock slicked up.

“*Fuck*,” Ilya moans, watching Shane stroke his cock between them. “You need prep,” he says when Shane lifts his hips, positioning himself above Ilya’s cock.

“I need you,” Shane says, taking Ilya’s mouth into a passionate, deep kiss.

Ilya stops Shane before he does something reckless. “Patience, moya lyubov’,” he tells him. He slicks up his fingers and slowly presses one against Shane’s hole, until he relaxes, taking him in easily.

Shane moans, kissing Ilya again, as Ilya fingers him open, slipping a second finger in when Shane starts rocking up and down on his finger.

Ilya stretches his open until Shane’s a whimpering mess above him, grinding hard on his fingers, begging him for more.

Ilya removes his fingers and allows Shane to lift his hips and sink down onto his hard cock. They both moan deeply into the kiss as he bottoms out. Shane deepens the kiss as he slowly lifts himself and then sinks back down.

He starts riding him, taking what he wants from him. Ilya loves it— he loves watching Shane take some control. He fucks up into him, matching every thrust with his own. Shane’s moaning into his neck, a whimpering mess but still riding him, needing more.

They're sitting on an L-shaped couch, and in the corner of it where the two pieces meet is a big square piece that is pushed up into it, creating a larger section for two people to lie down — perfect for when they cuddle on the couch to watch a movie— or for moments like this.

Ilya takes Shane into his arms and stands, moving them over on the couch, and putting Shane down before climbing on and sliding back inside of Shane.

Shane moans, back arching as Ilya bottoms out, lifting Shane’s leg up over his hip, as Ilya drives into him harder, faster, deeper. “Fuck, baby, don’t stop—” Shane moans, his hand reaching up to hold onto Ilya’s big chest, his other hand gripping onto his arm. “Right there, *fuck*,” Shane adds, looking up at Ilya.

Ilya knows Shane’s close, can feel it, can see it. Ilya’s close too— he never used to be this way. He used to be able to fuck for longer before feeling the need to come, but with Shane things are different— they are better. He wants to be with him all the time, wants to fuck him and kiss him and *hold* him all the time.

“*Oh God, Shane*,” Ilya moans, watching Shane as he moans loudly. Ilya leans down, burying his face in Shane’s neck, kissing him softly. “I love you,” he says softly into his ear.

Ilya’s fucking into Shane hard and their abs are rubbing against Shane’s hard, leaking cock, and with those words whispered softly into his ears, Shane comes hard between them, untouched, moaning Ilya’s name.

Ilya lets himself go, coming hard inside of the love of his life, kissing him hard on the lips, needing to taste him on his tongue as they fall apart together.

When their orgasms have subsided, Ilya slowly pulls out of Shane before plopping down onto the couch next to him, his leg hanging off the side. Ilya turns his head to look at Shane who is all flushed and sweaty and—

“Beautiful,” he says softly, looking into Shane’s eyes.

Shane blushes as he smiles fondly at him. He leans forward and kisses Ilya softly on the lips. Ilya leans into it, pressing his body closer to Shane’s, his hand on Shane’s perfect chests. Ilya pulls back to look at him and Shane smiles up at him, then he says, “I’m hungry.”

Ilya laughs softly. “You are cute,” he says, leaning down to kiss his forehead. “Come, I will make you food,” he says, before getting off Shane and offering his hand to help him up.

Shane takes his hand, allowing Ilya to help him stand, but Ilya takes Shane into his arms, holding him close. He kisses him softly on the lips. “I love you too by the way,” Shane says softly against his lips, smiling.

Ilya kisses him again and says, “I know,” making Shane smile softly, but he loves hearing Shane say those words, he’ll never get tired of hearing that Shane Hollander is in love with him.

End Notes

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