

Boy, look at you looking at me

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by [mickeysmyheart](#)

Summary

After a great win against Toronto, Shane is walking out of the locker room with Ilya, Wyatt, Troy, and Luca, it's Luca that mentions that 420 is on Monday and since they have three days off as of tomorrow, he asks if they'd like to come to his place and smoke some weed with him and some of the other— younger— players.

“No, but thank you,” Shane says first before Ilya is looking at him with puppy dog eyes.
“Ilya, no.”

“Shane, yes,” Ilya smiles. “It will be great bonding moment, yes?”

OR

Shane smokes weed for the first time and has no issues with loving up on his husband in front of their friends.

Notes

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this was a little self indulgent ficlet i wrote while puffing yesterday and posted as a thread on twitter but i thought i'd post it here too.

hope you enjoy it! 

p.s. title is from the song 'high by the beach' by lana del rey

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

After a great win against Toronto, Shane is walking out of the locker room with Ilya, Wyatt, Troy, and Luca, it's Luca that mentions that 420 is on Monday and since they have three days off as of tomorrow, he asks if they'd like to come to his place and smoke some weed with him and some of the other— younger— players.

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“Ilya, no.”

“Shane, yes,” Ilya smiles. “It will be great bonding moment, yes?”

“Fuck yeah,” Wyatt agrees.

“Not like we can get in trouble, Hollander, loosen up,” Troy adds.

Shane doesn't know how to tell them that he's nervous to smoke weed because he never has before, so instead, he just nods. They say goodbye in the parking lot, near their car. Shane gets in the drivers seat and doesn't speak much the entire car ride. He can see Ilya watching him carefully but he doesn't say anything.

Not until they're home.

“If you really do not want to go to this 420 party, we do not have to, moya lyubov' ,” he tells him and Shane instantly melts.

He loves when Ilya uses pet names, especially in Russian. “I just—“ he says, nervously biting his lip.

“You have never tried it before,” Ilya says. He doesn't ask. He does that a lot. He's so perceptive that he just says things as fact— he's always right, it's very annoying.

“No...” Shane trails off. “When would I have? I’ve been training professionally for decades.”

“You are adorable,” Ilya says instead, pulling Shane into his arms. They’re still just standing in the front hall of their home.

He kisses Shane’s nose softly making Shane give him what Ilya has called his angry kitten face. “It will be ok, sweetheart. We will be with our friends. If you want we can move the gathering here so that you feel more comfortable?”

“That might actually help,” Shane considers.

“We definitely have a nicer house anyway, and I will get the best munchies,” Ilya says, making Shane roll his eyes. “What? Munchies are no joke!”

Shane kisses him, making Ilya smile into the next kiss. When they pull apart, Ilya tells him that he’ll tell Luca they’ll host.

In the early afternoon of April 20th, otherwise known as 420, the day stoners have an excuse to smoke even more weed than they usually do. But for Shane, who has never smoked anything in his life, it just feels like a Monday but with a bunch of his teammates and friends over.

They had also mentioned the occasion to Rose and Svetlana— who are now an item— and they said they’d make it a point to be here. Shane doesn’t like their intentions but he’s glad to see them.

Luca and a couple of the younger players are the first there with a lot of supplies— things Shane has no idea what they even are. Rose and Svetlana arrive shortly after with way too

excited smiles for Shane to get started on the products Luca brought. Not much later Wyatt arrives with Dykstra, Troy, and Harris.

No one else seemed to want to join so now that everyone's there, Ilya says, "I bought lots of drinks and snacks. I will also order real food after."

Shane's parents are keeping Anya today. They didn't ask them why they needed her to stay at theirs and Shane's very thankful for that.

Shane also didn't want to smoke inside but with it being cold in Ottawa even near the end of April, he's allowing it. They turned their basement into a comfortable area where they can all chill and smoke. This way the entire house doesn't smell— which is what Shane wanted to avoid.

Shane is immediately pulled into Ilya's lap and he settles into him, allowing himself to relax into his husband's reassuring touch. A few joints are rolled and with the large group, they're all lit up, passing them around in a circle.

Svetlana passes one to Ilya who takes it. Shane shifts so he can watch Ilya put the joint to his mouth and inhale. It looks just like it does when Ilya smokes cigarettes— that he claims he quit but he knows he still smokes occasionally. He blows the smoke out above him so as to not blow it in Shane's face.

He watches as Ilya smirks at him— he knows that face, he has an idea.

"I will do shotgun for your first puff, okay?" He asks him.

"Uh— what?"

"Here," he says before taking another hit then with his other hand, takes Shane's chin and kisses him hard, letting the smoke blow into Shane's mouth. Shane pulls back, coughing. There's some giggles making Shane blush. Ilya rubs his back soothingly until he's fine.

“Do you want to try it properly?”

“Okay,” he says. He takes the offered joint and mimics what he saw Ilya do— inhaling and holding it a second before blowing it out. He coughs again— much more than before and again Ilya rubs his back.

Ilya takes the joint and passes it to Dykstra. Ilya keeps his hands on Shane’s hips, keeping him on his lap— like Shane would even remove himself right now, he’s way too comfortable. Which isn’t something he ever thought he would be in a room full of people— full of teammates.

They’ve all been so supportive of his relationship to Ilya and of Shane himself, it feels really good to have all this love right now.

Wait— is he feeling something?

Another joint is given to Ilya who takes a hit before Shane turns to look at him and says, “Shotgun?”

Ilya grins, taking another puff and then before he could pull Shane’s face to his, Shane is kissing him, slipping his tongue into his mouth, tasting the smoke. He can hear everyone telling them to get a room or just whistling at them.

He can’t even fully care right now. Not when he feels so good on Ilya’s lap, and Ilya’s tongue in his mouth. Shane pulls back with a shy smile then plucks the joint from Ilya’s fingers and takes another two puffs, only coughing on the second puff.

He passes it along and settles back against Ilya’s chest, his arms wrapping around Shane’s middle. “Feel good?” Ilya asks softly in his ear, and it gets Shane feeling too good in front of a bunch of their friends.

“Yes,” he says, turning his head enough to see Ilya’s face.

Ilya grins at him and says, “Oh, I’m sure,” before leaving a quick peck to his lips.

“What?” Svetlana asks next to them so Shane looks over at her and she says, “Oh!” before she starts giggling.

Rose says, “What? Tell me!”

Shane looks at her and Rose laughs. He says, “I don’t get it.” Was he not feeling what they’re all feeling? Why are they so giggly? Shane wants to laugh too.

“You look high, bro,” Wyatt tells him from across from him where he’s lounging half on the floor and half on the giant beanbag chair Ilya insisted on.

Wait. He looks high? Is he high?

He turns to look at Ilya and sees that Ilya looks high actually. He thinks so anyway because he’s never seen him look like this. Ilya’s eyes are hooded and he has a lazy smile that hasn’t disappeared yet. He looks adorable. “Hi baby,” he says softly, which makes Ilya’s smile widen and he giggles.

He leans in and kisses Shane’s nose quickly. “You’re very cute, moy kotenok,” he tells him. Ilya then lifts them slightly as he readjusts them so that Ilya’s can lean back into the couch more.

Shane leans back into Ilya who pulls him in. He lounges on Ilya like he’s his own personal couch— half of his body leaning into the actual couch so Ilya can still somewhat see around him and be part of conversations.

Shane feels really good. He’s comfortable, he’s sitting on his husband with those big, strong arms around him, and he’s listening to all his friends have a good time and good

conversations.

Dykstra is sitting next to them on the couch— with some space between them so Shane doesn't accidentally hit him with his legs— and taps his arm. He looks over at him and sees that he's offering him the joint— another joint? He has no idea.

“You want?” Dykstra asks since Shane hasn't done anything.

“Oh,” he says before he looks at Ilya. “I don't know if I feel anything.”

Ilya smiles at him softly. “I think you do,” he tells him.

“I mean I feel good but—“

“Yes, sweetheart, you are feeling it. Now, do you think you want a bit more or no?”

“Are you?”

“A little,” he says, lifting the joint to his lips. Wait— when did he take it from Dykstra?

Ilya wraps his lips around the joint and Shane swallows hard— fuck, he's thirsty, in more ways than one. He watches Ilya take a puff of the joint and Shane's slowly moving closer to Ilya. Ilya holds Shane's jaw as he forces his mouth open.

Ilya blows the smoke directly into his mouth. Shane inhales and breathes it out before Ilya kisses him.

“Alright you two—“ Svetlana tells them, smacking Shane's leg.

She corrals them into a game while Rose gets up to grab herself a water bottle from the fridge downstairs. “Me too please!” he calls to her.

She brings back a few. Shane drinks and feels so much better. He leans back into Ilya when he’s done drinking from the same bottle. Ilya’s arms are wrapped around his middle, his face sitting on his shoulder. “This is nice,” Shane tells him.

Ilya kisses his cheek. “It is,” he agrees. “You are very affectionate when you are high. I love it,” he says softly in his ear.

Pulling his head back a bit so he can see his face. “You saying I’m not usually?”

“No, you are— when we are alone,” he says as he pulls Shane’s face closer to his. “It is nice to be able to be like this around others sometimes. I like it when people know you are mine.” Ilya kisses him softly on the lips.

He lets him go and Shane says, “I’m trying to be better at the public thing.”

“I know, baby,” Ilya says, making Shane smile softly. His heart feels like it’s going to burst.

And apparently his stomach as it growls. Ilya laughs softly as Shane blushes.

“So munchies, eh?” he says, making Ilya laugh louder. Shane laughs, practically falling off of him.

Shane squeezes more onto the couch as Ilya gets up. Shane sits properly on the couch when Ilya’s up and smiles up at him. “I am getting snacks, someone other than my husband help me,” he says.

Luca, always eager when it comes to Ilya, is up and following Ilya. Shane listens to everyone around him having a good time, smiling softly the entire time.

He's so excited when Ilya returns with snacks, and tells everyone that he ordered pizza. Shane hasn't had pizza in so long. "Thank God," he finds himself saying, accepting the bag of popcorn Ilya hands him.

"You can call me, Ilya," he teases before he plops down beside him, putting his hand on Shane's thigh. Shane shoves him with his elbow, making him laugh. Ilya kisses his cheek as he reaches into the bag of popcorn.

Shane smiles at him softly, getting cozy with his husband again as they share the bag of popcorn.

They'll have fun with their friends then kick them all out so they can go to bed and have one of the best fucks of Shane's life, so full of love, intimacy, and passion.

End Notes

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