Hey! Hey!

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Hey! Hey!

by SalasFigureCollection

Summary

Shane visibly relaxed. “Oh, thank fuck. Because I was starting to feel really guilty for getting a little turned on the moment I saw you.”
Ilya snorted. “Wow, Shane. Good to know that even high, you’re still easy for me.”

Notes

This is the only one-shot I will make. I saw a high Shane and thought to myself, what if Shane forgot they were married for a sec? Please enjoy!

Shane either had to be the most accident-prone person alive—or so painfully boring that God, or whoever was up there, felt the need to play with his life.

Ilya was more inclined to believe the latter.

He'd been chirping at Shane the entire afternoon, and Shane—because he apparently had no sense of self-preservation when it came to Ilya—had felt the need to compete.

The result was a broken arm, all because Shane had tried to prove a point by building their daughters a treehouse, despite Ilya loudly and repeatedly telling him not to.

So here they were, spending a Saturday morning at the damn hospital after Shane had fallen off a ladder. It never ceased to amaze Ilya how someone so fast and coordinated on the ice could be so clumsy when it came to climbing.

Then again, it probably didn't help that after being ignored, Ilya had decided to be a smartass and point out that they were using the wrong wood. Shane, needing to be right, had climbed down in a hurry just to tell him off.

He just hadn't expected the ladder to tip—or to land on his arm the wrong way.

Chaos ensued.

Their daughters, Irina and Jane, promptly lost their minds, convinced their daddy was seconds away from death, while Ilya found himself stuck somewhere between panic and pure, unfiltered annoyance at Shane.

And Shane—well.

Shane just stared down at his arm and said, casually, "I don't think my arm is supposed to look like that."

Ilya huffed out a laugh. "You don't say?"

After calling Hayden and informing him that it was time to step up as an uncle and take the girls, Ilya bundled Shane into the car and drove them to the hospital—only after successfully talking Irina and Jane down from the belief that their daddy was, in fact, dead.

It took the promise of two treehouses to stop the crying.

Ilya supposed he'd be building the damn things himself now. Maybe that was his punishment.

"Fuck you, God," Ilya muttered, banging his head lightly against the wall as he waited for his husband's doctor to realign Shane's arm.

Injuries were common in a sport like hockey, and of course, Shane and Ilya were no strangers to them—but this was different. This wasn't a bad hit or an unlucky play.

Getting hurt in the off-season like this was simply the result of two idiots.

Idiots in love—but idiots all the same.

Ilya sighed, his knee bouncing as he checked his phone again. Three hours had passed, and he still hadn't seen his husband.

Shane had told him to wait in the waiting room, insisting that Ilya's hovering wasn't helping anyone. Ilya had a sneaking suspicion Shane just didn't want him worrying more than he already was.

If that was the case, Shane should've just admitted defeat—because Ilya was clearly the better handyman.

It didn't help that Ilya had pointed out Shane needed both a stylist and a designer just to figure out how to decorate a house, let alone decide what to wear.

Shane had leaned in close, lips twitching, and whispered, "Fuck you," when the girls weren't in earshot.

Eventually, Ilya decided to get up and head to the cafeteria in search of something sweet—preferably cookies. It took him ten minutes of wandering before a kind old lady took pity on him and shared some of hers.

They had jam.

Satisfied, Ilya made his way back toward the waiting room, only to nearly collide with Shane's nurse.

"There you are!" she said brightly. "You can see your husband now. Just know he's on pain medication, so he might be a little out of it."

Ilya nodded, relief settling in his chest. He handed her one of the jam cookies with a grateful smile. "Thank you."

The nurse blinked, then blushed, before smiling back and moving on to help another patient.

By the time Ilya reached Shane's door, he paused, taking a moment to breathe and center himself.

He's okay, Ilya reminded himself, fiddling with his ring hanging around his neck, letting the words pulse through his chest until his heart finally found a steady rhythm.

Once he finally felt like himself again, he opened the door—only to be greeted by a very, very high Shane.

"Hey! Hey!"

Ilya shook his head, a small smile tugging at his lips as he moved to his husband's bedside. "Shh. You're being loud. Whatever happened to the polite Canadian boy?"

“I am a good boy!” Shane protested. “I’m saying hi!”

Ilya huffed, running a hand through his curls. “Oh, I know very well you can be a good boy—but I need you to be quieter.”

Shane blinked up at him, longer hair loose from its man bun, eyes glassy.

“That sounds really dirty.”

“Really?” Ilya teased, a wolfish grin tugging at his lips.

Shane eyed him warily, glancing around the room as if checking for witnesses.

“Um… are you flirting with me?”

Ilya laughed softly. “And what if I am?”

Ilya watched with amusement as Shane carefully sat up, fixing him with a serious look. With his unbroken hand, Shane tugged the blanket higher, cradling his injured arm like it was protecting his modesty.

“I—I, uh, appreciate the interest,” Shane said earnestly, “but I am married.”

Ilya let out a loud laugh because it was just too fucking cute. He’d forgotten how silly Shane could be when he was high.

“Hey!” Shane protested. “Don’t laugh—my husband could come any minute!”

“I’m sure he wouldn’t mind,” Ilya said lightly. “I don’t.”

The look on Shane’s face was priceless as his freckled cheeks flushed a deep red. *God*, Ilya loved this man.

“You, sir, are a pervert!” Shane declared. “Nurse! Help—there is a pervert here!”

Ilya doubled over in laughter, his earlier anxiety finally melting away as Shane continued his valiant attempt to call for help.

“Hey, stop,” Ilya managed between laughs. “I am not a pervert.”

Shane squinted at him suspiciously. “Yeah? So what are you?”

Ilya smiled softly.

“I’m your husband, Shane.”

Shane visibly relaxed. “Oh, thank fuck. Because I was starting to feel really guilty for getting a little turned on the moment I saw you.”

Ilya snorted. “Wow, Shane. Good to know that even high, you’re still easy for me.”

Shane pouted adorably, mumbling something under his breath.

“What was that?” Ilya asked.

“W-well,” Shane said, suddenly shy, “since we’re married… Does that mean you’ll kiss me?”

Ilya smiled, warmth blooming in his chest.

“Of course.”

He leaned down slowly, careful of the wires and Shane’s injured arm, and pressed a gentle kiss to his lips—soft, brief, and familiar.

Shane sighed into it, smiling as he’d just been given something precious.

“Best husband,” he murmured, eyes already fluttering shut again.

And Ilya really was the best husband—because for the next two months after the ladder incident, he not only built two treehouses for their daughters, but also somehow managed not to rub it in Shane’s face as much as he absolutely could have.

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