

Loopy doesn't begin to cover this

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by [WriteFandomRepeat](#)

Summary

Ilya deals with a slightly loopy, post dental surgery Shane.

Notes

For the nose booping bingo squares.

(Loosely inspired by that video of a post surgery guy who forgets some things 😊)

This had definitely not been how they'd imagined the first few weeks of their summer vacation going. But, surgery to remove Shane's wisdom teeth had been required and apparently Shane had needed the really good drugs for surgery. It was also taking far longer than they'd anticipated for him to wake up.

The nurses had assured Ilya he was absolutely fine. Not everyone responded the same way to meds. Ilya mostly wanted to get them home, in their familiar surroundings, and spend the week snuggled in bed minding his husband.

"You have all the info to take care of him at home," the dental assistant asked Ilya.

"Everything is in the car, yes."

"Make sure you follow the instructions. People think it won't matter--"

"You have made it very clear," Ilya assured her with a smirk. "No sucking of any kind. No matter how tempting."

The older woman put her hands on her hips and leveled him with a glare that only made Ilya smile more. "You joke around, but if he comes back here with dry sockets, we will have words."

"Only spoons for his smoothies. *When* he can eat again. Promise."

"Mm-hmm. Of course you meant smoothies."

"They are Shane's favourite food group," Ilya replied as innocently as he could.

"Want a smoothie," Shane mumbled next to him, the words slurred but not enough that Ilya couldn't make out what Shane said.

Ilya pointed to Shane, as if proving his point.

"You're not fooling me, young man. I'll go find Dr. Philips so she can do one last check before we send you off."

"Thank you." Ilya moved to sit on the bed where Shane was lying. Even a few years of playing together in one of the roughest sports out there and he'd never seen Shane quite like this – that terrible concussion notwithstanding. "How are you feeling?"

"Confused. And hungry. What's going on? Did I get hit again? Is that why you're here?"

That hadn't been what Ilya expected to hear, but he had been warned that the meds could make his husband... loopy.

"No, you needed surgery for your teeth. Nothing bad."

Shane reached up to touch his own face, as if just now realizing it was stuffed with wads of gauze. Ilya grabbed Shane's hands before he poked himself in the eye after booping his own nose a few times and giggling. His movements were still incredibly uncoordinated apparently. And wasn't that something he never imagined he would see. He squeezed Shane's hand in his, and Shane returned the gesture, lingering just a bit on one particular finger. A move that was familiar to Ilya. Something about comfort, Shane had once told him.

"We can leave soon--"

"There's a ring on your finger," Shane said ignoring Ilya. He pulled their joined hands up to eye level and examined the wedding band on Ilya's ring finger.

"Of course," Ilya replied simply, amused at Shane's astonished expression.

"There's a ring. On your finger," Shane repeated again. Before Ilya could ask him if he felt okay, because that was just odd, tears started streaming down Shane's cheeks.

"Shane? Does something hurt? What's wrong?"

But Shane was effectively in a bubble and ignoring him.

"There's a ring. I was supposed to do that. I know you wanted to. At the cottage. With the fire hazard. But *I* wanted to do it. Was gonna, but I missed my chance." Shane tried to boop Ilya's nose, and missed and looked completely devastated. This was far beyond what Ilya had expected when they said loopy. "You were always too good for me. You're so pretty. And fucking hot. Why are- oh my god, does your wife *know about us*," Shane whispered the last part so loudly Ilya couldn't contain a laugh, which made Shane pout. "It's not funny! I wouldn't let me be around you if I knew. I could eat you up, you're so gorgeous."

"Well, you are not allowed to suck things right now, so that is settled."

Shane was very confused by this response apparently and couldn't quite put words together.

"Shane," Ilya continued, moving his hands to Shane's face. He brushed tears off his cheeks with his thumbs until Shane calmed enough to listen. "I do not have a wife."

"Oh." Shane looked relieved only for a moment and then looked even more upset than before and a fresh wave of tears started flowing. "You married a *boy*?!"

"I did, sweetheart. Married him twice, even." Ilya reached for a tissue and wiped the tears away. "And, look."

Ilya found the chain around Shane's neck and pulled it out from under his shirt. Shane couldn't quite see the matching ring that hung from the silver chain, so he unhooked it from Shane's neck, slid the ring off and placed it in Shane's hand.

"It's mine?" Ilya nodded. "I'm married too?" Ilya nodded again and leaned in to kiss Shane. "No!"

Ilya froze.

“What’s wrong?”

“I’m *married*! We can’t kiss anymore! You cannot do that to your *husband*!”

Ilya let his head drop and let out an exasperated groan. “My husband is an idiot.”

“That is not a nice thing to say.”

“I think he’d agree with me right now.”

Shane frowned and the door opened.

“How’s your husband doing, Mr. Rozanov,” Dr. Philips asked Ilya.

“Wait, your husband is *here*?!?”

Ilya pointed to Shane. “This is the meds doing this, right?”

The doctor chuckled as she made her way to Shane. “Oh yeah. Not the first time this’s happened. Should wear out soon, probably needs a bit more sleep.”

After a quick check-up, a reminder of all the things not to do after having teeth pulled, and being assured no video footage existed much to Ilya’s chagrin, Ilya got the all clear to take his husband home. Assuming Shane agreed to leave with him.

Shane sat on the bed, looking a little shaky at the change in position, but he didn’t protest when Ilya slotted himself between his legs, and held him gently by the waist. “So. I think. I think you love me.”

Ilya had been about to confirm that they were married, to *each other*, but he was now curious to see where Shane went with this.

“I do love you. Very much.”

“And your husband is *here*.”

“That is true.”

Shane turned the ring between his fingers, concentrating on it hard like it held all the answers. He looked back up to Ilya with the most hopeful expression.

“Did I propose?”

Ilya beamed in response. He took the ring from Shane’s hand and slid it where it belonged. “You did. Has been 3-years since we got married. It was one of the best days of my life.”

Shane smiled back before wincing slightly. “I kinda was an idiot, huh?”

“Was very entertaining. Can I kiss you now, or will your husband be mad?”

Shane attempted to smack Ilya in the chest, but he still lacked some coordination and strength. Ilya just smiled and leaned in, finally getting to kiss his husband.

“Come on,” Ilya said against Shane’s lips, kissing him quickly again before helping him to a stand. “Let’s get you home. Anya will be happy to see you.”

“Wait, do we have a *kid*?!”

Ilya burst out laughing. This would be an interesting drive home.

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