

sweet tooth

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by [rosepetal](#)

Summary

“Sorry... Who are you?” Shane builds up the courage to ask when he knows they’re alone again. The man’s piercing eye contact is making him squirm a little, but it’s not unwanted. It makes Shane's stomach flip actually.

“I am Ilya”

“Ilyaaaaa.” He tests the name out, it feels right. Familiar. He lets out a small giggle at how ridiculous he must sound right now.

The man’s eyes, Ilya’s eyes, soften and once again Shane feels his heart speed up.

“You’re really handsome” Shane blurts, unable to filter his words. He quickly slaps his hands over his own mouth. He can definitely feel the blush creeping up his neck.

or, Shane wakes up from wisdom tooth surgery confused and unable to recognize his hot husband.

Notes

honestly i wrote 3/4 of this at 3am after the drop of episode five because i COULD not stop thinking about the hospital scene

pls forgive any mistakes this is So un-betaed.

Shane slowly blinks his eyes open, squinting as the bright overhead lights shine directly at him. His clothes feel rough, the material scratching on his skin. He groans softly, his limbs feeling heavy and his head foggy as he tries to remember where he is.

“Shane. You are awake?” He hears a man’s accented voice gently ask him. It’s deep and pleasant. He hums in response, not totally awake yet. When Shane turns, his eyes finally adjusted to his surroundings, he realizes he’s in some kind of medical room. He doesn’t see the man but hears some shuffling by the side of his head. He tries to open his mouth to talk, but immediately feels a wet lump of gauze in his mouth. He winces in pain. His jaw feels sore and tired.

“Hello? Nurse?” the man says, his voice laced with concern as he gets up and heads towards the door. He pokes his head out and leans into the hallway.

Wow, Shane thinks. He’s tall.

Then the man turns around and maybe it’s because his jaw is numb and heavy but Shane’s mouth begins to hang open as he gets a real look at him. This is the most handsome man he’s ever seen. His black t-shirt is taut over his built frame, a gold necklace sits in between the valley of his chest muscles. His shoulders are broad and his biceps. Wow. They were practically fighting to stay in the small cuffed sleeves. Not to mention his curly hair sitting perfectly behind his ears in a charming and rugged kind of way. Shane wanted to tug on the curls and watch them spring back into place. The man comes closer, slightly hovering above Shane and his eyes are so, so blue. His nose is steep and masculine. Shane imagines it nestled in the crease of his neck and shudders.

Then the man smiles and Shane feels his heart pound out of his chest.

“Hey Sweetheart, nurse is coming.”

Sweetheart?

Shane’s face scrunches with confusion.

“What is wrong?” the man asks, sounding more worried than before.

Why is the hot guy calling him sweetheart?

Before he can attempt to ask, the nurse enters the room and walks towards him.

“Hi Shane” she says, “Let me just replace your gauze so you can speak a little better”

He opens his mouth and feels relief as she pulls out the bloody cotton and gives him a new, and slightly more manageable replacement. He runs his tongue over his dry lips and feels the crusted blood caked into the corner of his mouth. He probably looks so gross right now.

“Where am I?” he slurs slightly when he can finally talk. His words are muffled and even he can tell that his voice is hoarse.

“You just had your wisdom teeth removed.” the nurse replies. “You’ll be a little disoriented for a couple of hours but that should go away once the anesthesia wears off. Let me just get the paperwork ready so you can leave.” She smiles reassuringly and turns towards the man.

“Don’t worry, a little confusion like this is normal.” The man gives a small smile back as he lets out a breath of relief. The room is silent as the door clicks, indicating the nurse’s departure.

“Sorry... Who are you?” Shane builds up the courage to ask when he knows they’re alone again. The man’s piercing eye contact is making him squirm a little, but it’s not unwanted. It makes Shane's stomach flip actually.

“I am Ilya”

“Ilyaaaaa.” He tests the name out, it feels right. Familiar. He lets out a small giggle at how ridiculous he must sound right now.

The man’s eyes, Ilya’s eyes, soften and once again Shane feels his heart speed up.

“You’re really handsome” Shane blurts, unable to filter his words. He quickly slaps his hands over his own mouth. He can definitely feel the blush creeping up his neck.

Ilya laughs at this. “Yes. You are right.” He moves closer to Shane, filling the gap the nurse had left and settles into a chair next to the bed. It looks impossibly small compared to his large frame. Limbs draped over the armrests confidently. He mentally pictures himself

climbing this man like a tree. The image makes Shane bite his lip and blush a deep shade of red.

“You do not remember me?” Ilya asks Shane, a glimmer of mischief in his eyes.

“I think I would remember someone this...hot” he blurts out again, which earns him another chuckle. Shane wishes the world would swallow him up whole.

“We are...what do you call...Coworkers?” Ilya says, smirking while he places his hands on the side of the bed. Shane follows the movement and notices a wedding ring sitting firmly on Ilya's ring finger. He deflates a little.

“Oh. Of course you're married...” Shane murmurs. He can't control the disappointment that is obviously reflected on his face right now.

“Ah yes. This.” Ilya holds up his left hand. “My husband picked ring out.” He brags.

“...Cool” Shane responds, not really wanting to continue the conversation anymore. He can't bring himself to fantasize about a married man. But Ilya keeps going.

“My husband is even more handsome than me. Maybe is not as tall and cool but beautiful freckles all over face like you. Is very cute.”

Shane thinks he's pouting at this point. He's feeling ugly and swollen sitting in bed next to a gorgeous man who would probably be more happy hanging out with his equally attractive husband.

"Ah, you both are very lucky" he says under his breath. For some reason, it feels like Ilya is enjoying his sudden sour mood.

“Well Shane. You are lucky. Handsome man is your husband.” Ilya proudly points to himself and smirks.

Husband?! No way.

The man laughs again and Shane realizes he had said that out loud. He squeaks, and sinks down into his blanket. He was sitting here, blood and drool all over his face and shirt and he couldn't even keep his mouth shut. This was so embarrassing.

"Nooooo, don't hide. You are very cute right now. Like chipmunk." Ilya says teasingly.

Shane peeks his eyes back over and catches Ilya smiling at him, adoration and warmth in his eyes. It feels like a thousand words are being said with just his gaze.

"We're actually husbands?" he asks, feeling his cheeks get redder than he thought was physically possible.

"Yes moya lyubov. Husbands who love each other very much."

Maybe he was a saint in his past life. How else did he land the hottest guy on earth?

"Wow" Shane responds in disbelief. "Score"

This earns him another laugh as Ilya comes even closer and puts his hand softly on Shane's face. Shane automatically leans in. It feels like muscle memory. Ilya's hand cradling his cheek as he nuzzles in deeper. This feels like comfort.

"Feels nice..." he murmurs into the calloused hand.

"We even have dog together. Anya" Ilya shares happily. His thumb slowly stroking Shane's cheek, tracing the freckles. Shane lets out a breath, it feels like his body is automatically relaxing from Ilya's touch.

"Amazing. What else?" he asks, blinking slowly and staring. Admiring Ilya's features openly now that he knows that this is his husband.

"Hmm... We have cottage by lake. Has beautiful view but is little bit noisy with stupid Canadian wolf birds."

This makes Shane laugh.

“So you’re handsome and funny...and my husband...Wow” he says. It seems like half his vocabulary is the word wow at this point and he's given up on even attempting to filter his words.

“Yes you know, I am funny one. You are boring. Perfect match”

“Asshole” Shane responds, the word slips out like it’s second nature but his small smile betrays how he's really feeling.

“Oh look. Seems like you are remembering.” Ilya says.

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