

the anesthesia made me do it

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76048306) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76048306>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , Zane Boodram
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , Domestic Fluff , Fluff and Humor , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-19 Words: 4,234 Chapters: 1/1

the anesthesia made me do it

by [pucksandpower](#)

Summary

Wisdom teeth surgery: 0/10, would not recommend.

Confessing your feelings to your secret boyfriend while high on anesthesia in front of a nurse: -10/10, please make it stop.

Shane's parents are in Belize, he's got an emergency dental surgery, and Ilya drives two hours from Ottawa without hesitation. What follows is 24 hours of post-op care, an alarming amount of feelings said out loud, and the mortifying realization that yes, he really did call Ilya a "hot lion."

At least the nurse was cool about the whole secret boyfriend thing.

Notes

This is the result of me seeing Shane high on pain meds in episode 5, and realizing I need way more of that.

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: [都是麻醉的错 \(授翻\)](#) by [SLoan_1007](#)

The text comes in at 10:38 AM on a Thursday.

Jane: Emergency wisdom tooth surgery tomorrow morning. Parents in fucking Belize. Can you believe it?

Ilya stares at his phone in the locker room, still sweaty from practice. Around him, his teammates are chirping about someone's new haircut, but he's already doing the math. Montreal is two hours away. He has a game Monday, but tomorrow's Friday and they have the day off.

Lily: I will come.

Three dots appear, disappear, appear again.

Jane: You don't have to

Lily: Shush

Jane: Ilya

Lily: I am already packing

This is a lie. He's still in his gear, and Zane Boodram is giving him a look from across the room that says he knows something's up.

"What?" Ilya raises an eyebrow.

"You have that face."

"What face?"

"The face you get when Jane texts you." Zane grins, all knowing and annoying about it.

"What's she want?"

"Nothing. Mind your business."

"Uh-huh." But Zane just laughs and turns back to his stall.

Ilya showers fast, throws clothes into a bag at his apartment even faster. He's on the road by noon, drumming his fingers on the steering wheel as Quebec sprawls out in front of him in the gloomy winter afternoon. Shane sends him the address of the oral surgeon — some fancy place in downtown Montreal that probably costs a fortune — and then the address of his apartment building, which Ilya already has memorized but doesn't say.

Lily: What time is surgery?

Jane: 8 am. I'm not supposed to eat anything after midnight like a fucking gremlin.

Ilya snorts. Shane gets weird when he's stressed, more likely to swear, more likely to make stupid jokes. It's one of Ilya's favorite versions of him.

Lily: I will be there at 2:30

Jane: To hold my hand?

Lily: If you want.

The three dots again.

Jane: Yean. I want.

Ilya's chest does something stupid and warm.

He gets to Montreal at 2:36 PM and goes straight to Shane's building, the nice one in the Plateau with the brick facade and the plants in the lobby. The doorman recognizes him — probably from hockey, maybe from the handful of times he's visited — and waves him through without comment.

Shane answers the door in sweatpants and an old Voyageurs t-shirt, hair damp from a shower. He looks tired, jaw already a little swollen on the right side.

"Hey," he says.

"Hey." Ilya drops his bag and pulls Shane into a hug, breathing in the smell of his shampoo. Shane melts into it immediately, face pressed into Ilya's shoulder.

"Thanks for coming," Shane mumbles against his collarbone.

"Of course I come." Ilya pulls back to look at him. "How bad is it?"

"Fucking awful." Shane touches his jaw gingerly. "Came in sideways. The dentist said if I wait any longer it'll hit a nerve or something."

"Scary."

"Yeah."

Shane looks young like this, worried and soft around the edges. Ilya wants to wrap him up and protect him from everything, including impacted molars.

"You eat lunch?" Ilya asks.

"I'm not supposed to eat after midnight, remember?"

"So? Is only three. Come on, I make you something."

Shane's kitchen is obsessively organized, labels on everything, meal prep containers in the fridge. Ilya finds eggs and cheese and vegetables, starts cooking without asking. Shane sits at the counter and watches him, chin in his hand.

"You don't have to do all this," Shane says quietly.

"I want to." Ilya looks over his shoulder. "Stop being martyr. Let me take care of you."

Shane's ears go red, which is adorable. "Okay."

They eat scrambled eggs and toast at the counter, knees bumping. Shane tells him about the practice he missed, about how Coach Theriault gave him shit for the timing but told him to take the rest of the week off. Ilya tells him about their rookie's new girlfriend, who's apparently very concerned about his dietary choices.

"She sounds intense," Shane says.

"She is nice. Just ... a lot of opinions about carbs."

Shane laughs, and the sound fills up the kitchen in a way that makes Ilya's chest tight.

After dinner, they brush their teeth side by side at Shane's bathroom sink — Shane extra carefully, wincing when the brush gets near the problem area. They get into bed early because Shane has to be up at 6 AM, and Ilya spoons up behind him, one arm slung over his waist.

"I'm glad you're here," Shane whispers into the dark.

Ilya kisses the back of his neck. "Me too."

The oral surgeon's office is aggressively beige and smells like antiseptic. Shane fills out paperwork with hands that shake just slightly, and Ilya sits next to him, their thighs pressed together on the waiting room chairs.

"Mr. Hollander?" A nurse in purple scrubs appears. "We're ready for you."

Shane stands, and Ilya stands with him.

"You can come back with him until we start the IV," the nurse says with a smile, like she can tell Shane needs the support.

The surgical room is small and cold. Shane sits in the chair, and Ilya stands next to him, holding his hand while the nurse preps the IV line.

"You'll feel a little stick," she says.

Shane barely flinches, but his grip on Ilya's hand tightens. The surgeon comes in — Dr. Belanger, middle-aged and competent-looking — and starts explaining the procedure in English that's lightly accented with French.

“We’ll have him out in about forty-five minutes,” Dr. Belanger says to Ilya. “And then he’ll need to recover for about thirty minutes before you can take him home.”

“I stay with him?” Ilya asks.

“After he wakes up, yes. But not during.”

Ilya looks down at Shane, who’s already starting to look drowsy from whatever they put in the IV.

“You’ll be okay,” Ilya says.

“Mmm. Yeah.” Shane’s words are starting to slur. “You’re pretty.”

The nurse grins. Dr. Belanger looks amused.

“Very pretty,” Shane continues, gazing up at Ilya like he’s just discovered this fact. “Has anyone ever told you? You should ... you should know.”

“Okay, Romeo,” the nurse says kindly. “Let’s let the medication work.”

Ilya squeezes Shane’s hand one more time and then forces himself to leave, to sit in the waiting room with terrible coffee and even worse magazines.

He texts Zane: She’s in surgery.

Zane: Jane will be fine.

Ilya: I know.

Zane: Such a mother hen.

Ilya: Fuck off.

But he’s smiling at his phone, and the older woman across from him notices and smiles back.

Forty-seven minutes later, Dr. Belanger appears.

“All done,” he says. “Went very smoothly. He’s waking up now if you want to come back.”

Ilya follows him through a door and down a hallway to a recovery area with several curtained-off bays. Shane is in the last one, still reclined in the chair, gauze packed into his cheeks like a chipmunk. His eyes are open but unfocused.

“There he is,” the nurse from earlier — her name tag says Gabrielle — says warmly. “Shane, your friend is here.”

Shane’s eyes swing toward Ilya and go wide.

“Ohhh,” he says, the word mushy around the gauze. “Oh no.”

“What’s wrong?” Ilya moves closer, concerned.

“You’re so-” Shane gestures vaguely at Ilya’s entire body. “Look at you. This is a problem.”

Gabrielle is definitely trying not to laugh.

“He’s still pretty loopy,” she says. “The anesthesia takes a bit to wear off.”

“I’m not loopy,” Shane protests. “I’m being truthful. You’re-” He points at Ilya again. “You have a face. An unfair face.”

“Okay.” Ilya sits down in the chair next to him, biting back a smile. “Thank you.”

“Don’t thank me. It’s not a compliment. It’s a complaint.” Shane shifts in the chair, trying to sit up more. “You can’t just ... walk around looking like that. It’s distracting. I’m trying to play hockey and you’re out there being-” He waves his hand around. “-being all ... tall and cheekbones.”

“He’s definitely still feeling the medication,” Gabrielle says, checking Shane’s vitals. “This is pretty normal. Some people get emotional, some get chatty.” She grins. “Looks like Shane’s a chatty one.”

“I’m not chatty,” Shane says indignantly, which is undermined by the way he immediately continues talking. “I’m just being honest. I think the medication makes you honest. Did you know that? I read about it. Anesthesia removes your ... your filter thing. The thing that stops you from saying true stuff.”

“Uh-huh.” Ilya is full-on grinning now.

“So when I say that you’re the most beautiful person I’ve ever seen and sometimes I look at you and forget how to breathe, that’s just the truth. Medical truth.”

“Medical truth,” Ilya repeats.

“Yeah.” Shane nods seriously, then winces. “Ow. My face hurts.”

“I know, solnyshko.” The endearment slips out before Ilya can stop it, and Gabrielle’s eyebrows go up slightly before her expression smooths into professional neutrality.

“Sol-ny-shko,” Shane repeats dreamily. “You called me little sun. That’s ... you don’t usually do that in public. Are we in public?”

“Little bit.”

“Oh.” Shane looks around the recovery bay as if seeing it for the first time. “Where are we?”

“The dentist.”

“Why?”

“You had surgery.”

“Oh right!” Shane touches his face carefully. “Wisdom teeth. I’m wiser now. Wise Shane. That’s me.”

Gabrielle is barely holding it together. “Okay, Shane, I’m going to go over your post-op instructions with your friend here, alright?”

“He’s not my friend,” Shane says immediately.

Ilya’s stomach drops for just a second before Shane continues.

“He’s my boyfriend. My secret boyfriend. Because we play hockey and everyone would be weird about it. But he’s-” Shane reaches out and grabs Ilya’s hand. “He’s the best. The best boyfriend. Even though he plays for Ottawa and that’s offensive to me personally.”

“Got it,” Gabrielle says, her voice warm and completely non-judgmental. “Your boyfriend will make sure you follow the instructions, then.”

She runs through the list: soft foods only, no straws, ice packs twenty minutes on and twenty off, pain medication every six hours, no strenuous activity. Ilya nods and takes mental notes and tries not to think too hard about the fact that Shane just outed them to a nurse, even if she seems perfectly cool about it.

“Can I take him home now?” Ilya asks.

“In a few more minutes. Let’s make sure he can stand without getting dizzy first.” Gabrielle helps Shane to his feet, and he wobbles slightly but stays upright.

“M’fine,” Shane mumbles. “Strong legs. Hockey legs.”

“Very strong,” Ilya agrees.

They make it to the waiting room, where Shane refuses the wheelchair Gabrielle offers and instead leans heavily on Ilya as they walk.

“You smell good,” Shane says into Ilya’s shoulder. “Has anyone ever told you that? You should bottle it. Eau de Rozanov. People would buy it. I’d buy it.”

“You don’t need to buy it. You can smell me for free.”

“Best boyfriend,” Shane sighs.

In the car, Shane slumps in the passenger seat, gauze still packed in his cheeks, ice pack pressed to his jaw. Ilya starts the engine and heads toward Shane’s apartment.

“I can’t feel my face,” Shane announces.

“That’s the medication.”

“It’s weird. Like my face isn’t there. Maybe I don’t have a face anymore.” He prods at his cheek experimentally. “Nope, still there. Just numb.”

“Don’t touch it.”

“You’re bossy.”

“Someone has to be.”

Shane is quiet for approximately thirty seconds. “Do you think I’m brave?”

Ilya glances over. “What?”

“Brave. Do you think I’m brave? Because I don’t feel brave. I feel like I’m scared all the time. Scared people will find out about us. Scared I’m not good enough. Scared you’ll wake up one day and realize you could do better.”

Ilya’s hands tighten on the steering wheel. “Shane-”

“I know, I know, I shouldn’t say this stuff. But the drugs make me honest, remember? Medical truth.” Shane’s head lolls against the window. “You could have anyone. You’re Ilya fucking Rozanov. And I’m just ... I’m just some guy from Canada who’s good at hockey.”

“You are not ‘just some guy.’” Ilya’s voice comes out rougher than he intends. “You are Shane Hollander. You are the best player I know. And yes, you are brave. So fucking brave.”

“I don’t feel like it.”

“You are. Trust me.”

At a red light, Ilya reaches over and takes Shane’s hand. Shane laces their fingers together and doesn’t let go until they pull into the parking garage.

Getting Shane up to his apartment is an adventure. He’s not dizzy anymore, but he is chatty and affectionate and keeps stopping to tell Ilya things.

“This is the elevator where I first realized I was in love with you,” he says as the doors close.

Ilya blinks. “What?”

“You’d come to visit and we were alone for like thirty seconds and you looked at me and smiled and I thought, oh fuck, I’m in love with him. This is a problem.”

The elevator doors open on Shane’s floor.

“You never told me this,” Ilya says.

“Well, it was scary! You’re scary when you’re beautiful.”

“I am not scary.”

“You are. Terrifying.” Shane fumbles with his keys at the door. Ilya takes them gently and unlocks it himself. “Like a very attractive predator. A hot lion.”

“A hot lion.”

“Yeah.”

Inside, Ilya gets Shane settled on the couch with pillows and the ice pack and a glass of water with the medication the surgeon prescribed. Shane takes the pill obediently and then immediately tries to talk around the gauze.

“How long do I have to keep this in my mouth?” He asks, the words coming out garbled.

“Another twenty minutes, the nurse said.”

“Ugh. I hate it. It tastes like blood.”

“I know. Sorry.”

Shane reaches for the TV remote, then seems to forget what he’s doing. His eyes drift to Ilya, who’s sitting on the coffee table in front of him.

“Will you stay?” Shane asks. “Not just today. I mean ... always.”

Ilya’s throat goes tight. “Always is a long time.”

“I know. That’s how long I want you.” Shane’s eyes are so sincere, even hazy with drugs. “I love you. Did I say that already?”

“In the elevator.”

“Well, it’s still true. Very true. The truest thing.” He pauses. “I’m going to be so embarrassed about this later.”

“Don’t be.”

“Easy for you to say. You’re not the one confessing your feelings while you sound like a chipmunk.”

Ilya laughs, helpless against it. “You are very cute chipmunk.”

“Cute.” Shane wrinkles his nose, then winces. “Ow. Can’t make faces. I forgot.”

“No making faces.”

“You’re enjoying this.”

“Little bit.”

“Asshole.” But Shane’s smiling around the gauze.

After twenty minutes, Ilya helps him remove the gauze — carefully, gently, while Shane makes pitiful noises.

“There,” Ilya says when it’s done. “Better?”

“No. My mouth tastes disgusting.”

“Do you want to rinse with salt water?”

“The nurse said not for twenty-four hours.”

“Then just regular water?”

Shane nods and lets Ilya bring him a glass. He swishes and spits into a bowl Ilya holds for him, and yeah, this is definitely not glamorous, but Ilya finds he doesn’t care. This is what you do for people you love. You hold bowls while they spit blood-tinged water and you don’t flinch.

“Okay,” Shane says when he’s done. “Now what?”

“Now you rest.”

“I’m not tired.”

“Shane.”

“I’m not! The drugs make me energized or something. Hyper.” As if to prove it, he starts to get up from the couch.

Ilya puts a hand on his shoulder. “Where are you going?”

“I don’t know. Somewhere. Anywhere. I feel like I need to move.”

“You just had surgery.”

“Like an hour ago. I’m fine now.”

“You are not fine. You are high.”

Shane considers this. “Maybe a little high. But in a good way. Like everything is interesting and sharp and you’re here and I’m happy about that. I’m very happy.” He beams up at Ilya. “Did you know I’m happy?”

“I’m starting to get that idea.”

“Good.” Shane grabs Ilya’s hand and pulls him down onto the couch next to him. “Sit with me.”

“I am sitting.”

“Closer.”

Ilya shifts until their thighs are pressed together, Shane’s head on his shoulder. This seems to satisfy Shane, who lets out a contented hum.

“Tell me something,” Shane says.

“Like what?”

“I don’t know. Anything. I like your voice. It’s nice to listen to.”

“My voice is nice?”

“Very nice. Sexy.”

Ilya huffs a laugh. “Okay.”

“It is! Especially when you speak Russian. I don’t know what you’re saying but I don’t care because it sounds good.”

“What do you want me to tell you?”

Shane thinks about it, his face scrunched up in concentration. “Tell me about ... about when you knew.”

“Knew what?”

“That you loved me.”

Oh. Ilya wasn’t expecting that.

“You don’t have to,” Shane says quickly, like he’s afraid he’s asked for too much. “I’m being weird. The drugs-”

“No.” Ilya cuts him off. “I want to tell you.”

Shane goes quiet, waiting.

“It was after that game in January,” Ilya starts. “You remember? When you scored the overtime goal and beat us.”

“I remember.”

“Everyone was so mad. My teammates, the coaches. And I was mad too, at first. But then I saw you on the ice, celebrating with your team, and you looked so happy. Purely happy. And I thought *I want to make him happy like that. I want to be person who makes him smile like that.*” Ilya pauses. “That’s when I knew.”

Shane is staring at him, eyes shiny.

“Don’t cry,” Ilya says, alarmed.

“I’m not crying. It’s the drugs. They make me leaky.”

“Leaky?”

“Emotional. Whatever.” Shane sniffs and swipes at his eyes. “That’s really when you knew?”

“Yeah.”

“Even though I beat you?”

“Especially because you beat me. I like that you are good. I like that you challenge me. I don’t want easy. I want you.”

Shane makes a noise that’s half laugh, half sob. “Okay, now I’m definitely crying. Thanks for that.”

“You asked.”

“I did. My mistake.” But he’s smiling, even as tears streak down his cheeks. He curls into Ilya’s side, careful of his sore jaw. “I’m going to sleep now.”

“Okay.”

“Don’t leave.”

“I won’t.”

“Promise.”

“I promise.”

Shane’s breathing evens out within minutes, his weight heavy and warm against Ilya. The afternoon sun slants through the windows, turning everything gold. Ilya thinks about Shane’s parents in Belize, about how they would probably want to be here but can’t be. He thinks about how Shane called him in the middle of his panic, trusted him to show up.

He thinks about how they hide this from the world because it’s easier, because it’s safer. But here, in Shane’s apartment with Shane drooling slightly on his shoulder, nothing feels hidden. This feels like the most honest thing Ilya’s ever done.

His phone buzzes. Zane: How is she?

Ilya: High. Very talkative.

Zane: Ha. Take care of your girl.

Ilya: I will.

Ilya sets the phone aside and lets himself doze off too, Shane’s heartbeat steady against his ribs.

Shane wakes up two hours later, groggy and disoriented.

“What time is it?” He mumbles.

“Almost four.”

“Christ.” He sits up slowly, touching his jaw. “It hurts now.”

“You are due for more medication.”

Ilya gets him another pill and water, watches him swallow it with a wince. Shane’s face is more swollen now, puffy on both sides, and he looks miserable.

“Do I look terrible?” He asks.

“No.”

“Liar.”

“You look like you had surgery. Is normal.”

Shane slumps back against the couch. “I’m hungry but I don’t think I can eat anything.”

“The nurse said ice cream is okay. Or yogurt.”

“Ice cream sounds good.”

Ilya finds vanilla ice cream in Shane’s freezer — of course it’s some fancy organic brand — and scoops some into a bowl. Shane eats it slowly, carefully, making faces whenever the cold hits a sensitive spot.

“This sucks,” he says.

“I know.”

“I’m a baby.”

“You are allowed to be baby. You had teeth removed from your head.”

“I know, but-” Shane waves his spoon around. “I hate being weak. I hate needing help.”

“Is not weak to need help.”

“Feels like it.”

Ilya takes the bowl from him and sets it on the coffee table, then takes Shane’s face in his hands — gently, so gently.

“Listen to me,” he says. “You are not weak. You are human. Humans need other humans. And I am here because I want to be. Because taking care of you is not burden. Is privilege.”

Shane's eyes go wide and shiny again. "You can't just say things like that."

"Why not?"

"Because I'll cry again and my face already hurts and crying makes it worse."

"Then don't cry."

"Too late." Shane swipes at his eyes. "Fuck. I'm a mess."

"You are my mess."

Shane laughs wetly. "That's not romantic."

"No?"

"No. But I like it anyway."

They spend the rest of the evening on the couch, watching terrible reality TV that Shane pretends to be embarrassed about liking. Ilya keeps getting up to refresh the ice pack, to bring more water, to check that Shane isn't in too much pain. Around eight, he makes soup — just broth with some soft vegetables that Shane can manage.

"You're good at this," Shane says, watching Ilya move around the kitchen.

"At making soup?"

"At taking care of people. At taking care of me."

Ilya brings the bowl over and sits down next to him. "I practice on you."

"Lucky me."

They eat in comfortable silence, Shane managing about half the bowl before he starts to fade again. The medication makes him drowsy, and by nine he's yawning into his fist.

"Bed?" Ilya suggests.

"Yeah."

In Shane's bedroom, Ilya helps him change into clean pajamas, pretending not to notice how Shane leans into his touch, how his hands linger on Ilya's shoulders. They brush their teeth — Shane very carefully — and then crawl under the covers.

Shane immediately plasters himself to Ilya's side, face in the crook of his neck.

"Thank you," he whispers.

"For what?"

"For coming. For staying. For everything."

“You don’t have to thank me.”

“I want to.” Shane presses a kiss to Ilya’s collarbone, soft and sweet. “I meant what I said earlier. About loving you.”

“I know.”

“I don’t say it enough.”

“You say it in other ways.”

“Still.” Shane pulls back to look at him. “I love you. I love you even when I’m not high on painkillers.”

Ilya cups his jaw — the side that’s not swollen — and leans in to kiss him. It’s gentle, barely a brush of lips, but it still makes Shane sigh into his mouth.

“I love you too,” Ilya says. “Always.”

“Always,” Shane echoes.

They fall asleep like that, tangled together, Shane’s breath warm on Ilya’s neck. And if Ilya stays awake a little longer just to watch him, to memorize the peaceful look on his face, well. That’s nobody’s business but his own.

In the morning, Shane wakes up more himself — less loopy, more embarrassed.

“Oh god,” he says, face half-buried in the pillow. “Did I really tell a nurse you were my boyfriend?”

“Yes.”

“And did I tell you that you’re beautiful multiple times?”

“Also yes.”

“Fuck.” Shane groans. “What else did I say?”

Ilya grins. “You called me a hot lion.”

“I did not.”

“You did.”

“Jesus Christ.” Shane finally looks at him, cheeks flushed. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. Was very cute.”

“It was mortifying.”

“Little bit mortifying. Little bit cute.” Ilya runs his fingers through Shane’s hair. “How do you feel?”

“Like someone punched me in the face. But better than yesterday.”

“Good.”

Shane shifts closer, careful of his jaw. “You’re staying today too, right?”

“If you want.”

“I want.” Shane’s voice goes softer. “I always want you here.”

“Then I stay.”

They spend the day in Shane’s apartment, moving between the couch and the bed, watching movies and dozing and eating progressively more adventurous soft foods. Ilya has to leave tomorrow — he has practice, a game Monday — but for now he’s here, and that’s enough.

Around mid-afternoon, Shane’s phone rings. His mom, calling from Belize.

“Hey, Mom,” Shane says, his voice still a little thick. “Yeah, I’m fine. Ilya’s here. He’s— yeah, he came up from Ottawa. No, it’s fine. He wanted to.”

Ilya can hear Shane’s mom’s voice on the other end, warm and concerned. Shane’s ears go red.

“Mom, I’m not—we’re not—” He stops, takes a breath. “Okay. Yeah. I will. Love you too.”

He hangs up and looks at Ilya.

“She says thank you for taking care of her baby,” Shane says, making a face.

“You are welcome.”

“She also says—” Shane hesitates. “She says you’re welcome at dinner anytime. If you want. No pressure.”

Ilya’s chest goes warm. “I would like that.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

Shane smiles, wide and real despite the swelling. “Okay. Good.”

Later, when Shane falls asleep on the couch with his head in Ilya’s lap, Ilya thinks about the future. About coming out, about what it would mean for them both. About the risks and the fear and the possibility that maybe, just maybe, it could be okay.

But that's for later. For now, he's content to be here, in this moment, with Shane's warmth against him and the afternoon light painting patterns on the wall.

For now, this is enough.

For now, this is everything.

Works inspired by this one

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!