

you got me cursing the daylight

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by [princebutt](#)

Summary

Waking up in Shane's bed is everything. Shane's arms tangled around him, their legs intertwined beneath the soft, high thread count sheets, the golden morning sun seeping in beneath the curtains and gilding Shane, outlining him in gold – it's almost too much. It almost breaks Ilya's brain.

OR, Shane and Ilya wake up together for the first time, and Ilya has feelings about it.

Notes

Ok so I wrote this kinda quickly and it's just a lil diddy about the first time these two wake up together at the cabin. Some details might not be too accurate because I'm terrible at remembering what happens in books, but we vibe yall. Just... be nice my brain is ouchy tonight.

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

Waking up in Shane's bed is everything. Shane's arms tangled around him, their legs intertwined beneath the soft, high thread count sheets, the golden morning sun seeping in beneath the curtains and gilding Shane, outlining him in gold – it's almost too much. It almost breaks Ilya's brain.

Ilya hadn't expected to wake up early; usually, if he gets the opportunity to sleep in his body is good about taking advantage of that. Usually when he's this content and satiated, he can sleep. But something woke him up early today. Maybe it's Shane wriggling in closer to him, scrunching further into his embrace. Maybe it's Shane's silky smooth dark hair tickling his nose, nostrils full of the scent of his stupid expensive shampoo that's soothing and familiar now. Maybe it's that he doesn't want to miss this – wants to really savor this, so his body instinctively woke him up so he could take advantage of Shane sleeping and just... admire him. Admire the way Shane fits so perfectly in his arms, admire the way Shane feels like *home*.

Home. He's never felt at home before. Russia was his obligatory home. It was the definition of home – a place he came from. The place he originated. But it never felt like the feeling of home, never was the place that knew him best. And Boston was... a temporary shelter from that. Boston was a solace, a scar forming over a wound, a place that heals but doesn't become permanent. It was a step on the journey, a cornerstone to finding his home.

Then he met Shane and he thought... Maybe home isn't a place so much as a person. Maybe home isn't about what bed he falls into every night but whose arms hold him, whose heart beats beside him beneath the sheets.

Ilya squeezes his arms tighter around Shane, and Shane's face turns into Ilya's chest, his nose brushing against Ilya's collarbone as he lets out a sleepy little sigh. Sleeping together like this had never been on the table for them. Their hook ups were fast and dirty, sexy and unattached. They didn't fuck with feelings, because looking too closely at this thing between them would mean admitting that the feelings had always been there. And then Scott fucking Hunter had to go and kiss his boyfriend on television and. *Oh*. They could have this. They could take the steps and they could start the process of making *this* a reality, something more than just sex, something they could feel deeply in the core of their bones.

Coming to the cabin had been a no-brainer. Ilya hadn't even thought, he'd just called, told Shane he was coming, and that was that. He was tired of hiding himself away, tucking these feelings into a neat little box that he taped shut and stored in the back recesses of his mind. He was exhausted from pretending Shane wasn't the most important thing in his life. He was scared of this fragile thing that sat between them, delicate as spindled glass and just as transparent, too. He could see right through the pretenses and lies they told to keep the distance between them, and now that he's on the other side, he sees just how brilliant the truth is. Now that he's holding Shane he realizes that maybe there's more to life than fast cars speeding on the highway, or scoring the game winning goal. Maybe life *can* be something soft for him.

He's always pulled away from the soft simplicity of love. He hasn't known it since his mother passed, and feeling the depth of his emotions, the way his heart seems to grow three

sizes when he thinks too hard about how sweet Shane is curled into him, how his heart flutters at the simple smell of him... Well. He thinks he's fucked, a little. Maybe a lot.

Shane makes a small, sleepy noise, a yawn, maybe, and his eyes flutter, dark lashes like butterfly wings as he slowly wakes. His expression is bleary as he meets Ilya's gaze, then it goes soft and shy, bashful almost. "Sorry..." He starts, his voice rough. He clears his throat and moves to roll away, but Ilya stops him. He simply tightens his grip on Shane, holds him close, does what he's always wanted to do every time Shane leaves his bed – this time he holds on. "I don't even remember falling asleep," Shane admits with a small huff as he buries his face into Ilya's chest, his cheeks flushing slightly. They're both naked and pressed together, and Ilya hopes he can spend many more mornings like this.

"Is ok," Ilya promises as he kisses the top of Shane's head and runs one hand down the knobs and ridges and his spine. Shane shivers against his touch and cranes his neck back to meet Ilya's gaze again, and for a moment they just sit like that, staring at each other, eyes locked and searching.

"Hi," Shane breathes, his cheeks pink, his nose wrinkling so his freckles crinkle adorably.

"Hi," Ilya agrees with a small huff of a laugh. Shane's hand comes up then, and the pads of his fingers trace the outline of Ilya's nose, skirt down his cheekbone then cup his jaw sweetly.

"I think I could get used to this," Shane admits with a soft sigh. Nothing is solid between them; they haven't even talked about what they are. But Ilya knows he would bend time to make mornings like this happen. Ilya knows he would race the sun across the continent to hold Shane in his arms every morning.

But he doesn't say any of that. It's too soon, and he doesn't want to come on too strong. Ilya knows he loves hard, it's why he's protected his heart for so long. Instead he just lets out a contented "mmm" of agreement. He leans down and presses a trail of kisses down Shane's cheeks to his jaw, across his jaw to nip on his earlobe lightly. Shane inhales sharply, then Ilya pulls back so he can meet his gaze again. They have nowhere to be. The day is theirs, and Ilya wants to spend it in bed. He wants to define their mornings with slow, lazy kisses, and mindblowing sex. He wants and he wants and he wants, and he's finally ready to take, he thinks.

Things devolve slowly. Ilya presses more kisses against Shane's skin, and he sucks a mark onto his neck, right at the juncture of his jaw. His touches are languid, and he takes his time taking Shane apart. They stay tangled in the sheets, moving only to grab lube and a condom, and Ilya isn't shy as he whispers velvety words into Shane's hair and his ear and his mouth. His hands work in a slow steady rhythm, and it doesn't take long before they're both falling over the edge, both coming and crying out together, both clinging to the other like a lifeline.

They make out languorously, because there is nowhere they have to be. When they finally manage to stumble out of bed they shower together, the steam enveloping them, and Ilya washes Shane's hair and scrubs suds down his arms and torso. They've showered together before, but never like this, never in a way that makes Ilya feel like he's caring for Shane, like he's showing Shane the reverence he deserves. Once they're both cleaned, they exit the shower and brush their teeth before heading downstairs.

“I could make us breakfast?” Ilya offers, hands splayed on the counter as Shane starts the coffee maker and turns towards him.

“Yeah?” Shane asks as he arches one eyebrow and his lips quirk up into a small smirk.

Ilya nods solemnly. “Yes. I am a fantastic cook, Shane,” he teases as he goes to the fridge and opens it. Ilya digs out eggs and cheese as well as sausages and bagels. He starts the oven and Shane hands him a pan, and they fall into a routine, Shane helping where he can and Ilya scrambling eggs and frying sausages while he drinks coffee out of a Montreal Voyageurs mug. He tells Shane how he likes his coffee and lets Shane prepare it for him, and while it’s a little sweeter than he’d usually like, he loves the idea of Shane knowing how he takes his coffee. He loves that this could become regular. His heart feels full to bursting, and as he portions the food out onto plates, he feels an overwhelming sense of rightness.

This is where he’s meant to be. He’s home.

End Notes

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