

Morning Love

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Morning Love

by [mirilik](#)

Summary

These past two games were hard on Shane; he was tired, he was a little hurt, and he missed his fucking boyfriend. But maybe said boyfriend was closer than he thought.

Or

Shane is a little overwhelmed, and Ilya is a big softy.

Notes

Hello, third fandom I am writing for. These boys have me in a fucking chokehold. I eat, sleep, breathe Shane&Ilya, Ilya&Shane and it's not healthy. But they also made me write again, sooo.

I guess all I can say is: Thank you, Canada!

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

Light was already spilling into Shane's bedroom when he blinked his eyes open. Considering the time of year and the little daylight they were getting in Montreal, it meant that Shane had overslept spectacularly. Despite his rather anxious nature, Shane couldn't find it in himself to care. He just woke up from *such* a good dream. A dream that was worth missing his alarm for.

Shane closed his eyes once more, pulled the duvet over his head, and took a deep breath in through his nose. He could *swear* that he was able to smell Ilya in his sheets, even though that was impossible. He tried to pull back that wonderful dream, the way Ilya was there, right next to him. How Ilya had kissed him hello, had climbed under the duvet, and had pulled Shane close to his chest. How he had pressed countless little kisses into Shane's neck, onto the freckles on Shane's shoulders. Shane was convinced that he could hear Ilya's voice in his ear.

"*Ya tebya lyublyu.*"

"*Ya tozhe tebya lyublyu,*" Shane had answered in his basically delirious post-game state.

Shane blinked his eyes open once more, and his heart sank. He was alone. Of course he was. It was a dream. "Only a dream," he rasped to himself and used all of his willpower to force the tears back that threatened to spill over his cheeks.

He was an idiot. An idiot who was hopelessly in love with his arch-rival turned fuckbuddy turned boyfriend, who was always too far away from him.

Shane tried to remember what day it was. He had a game last night. He scored a hat-trick. He had also taken quite a hit in the final few seconds of the game because one of Florida's D-men had to prove that he was a fucking sore loser.

Shane's nose scrunched up at the memory of the sharp pain that went through his right side when he was pushed into the boards. His ribs were sore already, thanks to the game against Tampa a few nights before that, so it took embarrassingly little to bring Shane down on his knees and finally face down on the ice.

Carefully, he pulled his right hand out of his cocoon and pressed it against his face. It stung a little, and he knew that Ilya would turn murderous as soon as he saw the bruise in person, but - well, wasn't that the problem of it all? He would have to see it in person, as in, he would have to be here, in Shane's Montreal home. And Ilya wasn't. He was... *Fuck*, and now Shane felt even worse because he couldn't remember his boyfriend's schedule anymore.

Shane was pulled out of his depressing thoughts by a sudden -- quietness? Before he understood what was going on, and that the white noise in the background he hadn't recognised before was his shower running, the door to his en-suite opened. Shane blinked and blinked again and -- there he was.

"Ilya," he said, a bit shocked at how small his voice sounded.

“Hey, sweetheart,” Ilya smiled, and Shane felt like his heart was falling out of his ass.

“You’re not a dream,” Shane continued, and he knew that he would be embarrassed about this later, but he just didn’t care at that point.

Ilya chuckled and closed the small gap between the bathroom door and the bed. He tucked the towel off, which was just slung around his hips, and immediately dove under the duvet. His arms circled Shane’s body without any hesitation, and he quickly pulled the smaller man against his slightly damp chest.

“Good morning, moya lyubov’,” Ilya whispered into Shane’s hair and Shane -- Shane broke.

He felt his chest move with his sobbing before he even realised that tears were running down his cheeks.

“Hey, hey, shh, shh, baby,” Ilya immediately tried to soothe him and pulled Shane even further into his chest. His warm hand was steadily stroking over Shane’s face, his hair, all the way down to his neck.

Shane’s own arms were wound around his boyfriend, his hands clutching Ilya’s shoulders.

“I’m -- sorry,” he hiccuped, but Ilya just shushed him again.

“Is okay, moya lyubov’, I am here. I have you.”

And those very few words were all Shane needed to hear. He felt the tension leave his body, felt his hands going lax and his breathing even out, and before he knew it, he fell back asleep in his love’s arms, right where he belonged.

**

The next time Shane woke up, everything felt a little clearer. He remembered where he was, he remembered that Ilya had played Ottawa the night before, and afterwards immediately jumped into his rental car to spend the rest of the night and the following day with Shane.

Shane definitely didn’t feel like crying anymore. Ilya still being in bed with him, arms tightly wound around Shane’s waist, while Shane’s face was smushed into Ilya’s neck was probably one of the reasons for that.

Shane took a deep breath before he lifted his head to look at his boyfriend. Ilya grinned.

“You frown when you sleep. Have deep lines right here,” he said and pressed two fingers between Shane’s eyes.

“I do not,” Shane frowned, realising too late what he was doing.

Ilya smirked. “You will get wrinkles, Hollander.”

Shane rolled his eyes. “You will have to look in my face when the time’s come, Rozanov, so not my problem.”

Ilya's smirk turned into something soft. "I guess I will," he mumbled and pulled Shane close.

Usually, Shane would complain about morning breath, about needing to wash up. But usually, he would also be out of bed for at least four hours by now and would not cling to his boyfriend in his sleep, so who fucking cared.

The kiss was soft before Ilya caught Shane's bottom lip between his teeth and pushed his tongue into his mouth. Hands roamed up and down his body, and Shane quickly remembered that Ilya had climbed into bed naked after his shower.

Shane moved his hand down Ilya's chest, fingertips trailing over the hairs under his belly button, leading towards Ilya's cock. Shane hummed into Ilya's mouth when he felt how hard the other was already.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya sighed and threw his head back into the pillows while Shane began to follow his hand with his mouth.

"I will not last," Ilya groaned, his right hand gripping Shane's hair. He did not push, just kept holding on, while Shane bopped his head up and down, taking Ilya deeper into his mouth. Shane frantically humped his own hard cock against Ilya's strong leg and moved his right hand to gently hold Ilya's balls.

"Moya lyubov', I am so close! Fuck, Shane!" Ilya moaned, and Shane felt his cock flex on his tongue before his release flooded his mouth. He swallowed eagerly while the hand that was just cupping Ilya's balls moved to his own cock to give himself two, three strokes, triggering his orgasm.

Shane panted heavily against Ilya's stomach before he slowly crawled back up, resting his head on the same pillow as Ilya.

Ilya cupped his cheek, his gaze boring into Shane's before a small smile grazed his lips. "I wanted to take care of you this morning."

Shane grinned and pressed a soft kiss onto Ilya's rosy lips. "You did, already. You were all sweeeet and cuddled me and came to my hooooouse."

"You sound like time when you were high in hospital," Ilya rolled his eyes. "Don't tell anyone that I can be sweet. I have reputation."

"Sure," Shane rolled his eyes in return and moved until he could rest the back of his head against Ilya's shoulder, Ilya's arm immediately circling his waist to pull him closer.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Ilya eventually asked, after they basked in each other's company for a while. Snow was falling outside, and it felt like they were living in their own little world.

Shane sighed softly. "I'm fine, it was nothing."

Ilya didn't need to say anything. The slight tightening of his arm around Shane was enough.

“I really am,” Shane insisted and moved so he could look into Ilya’s eyes. “I was just... overwhelmed, I guess. These last games were hard, I was home late and I...”

Ilya’s eyebrows pulled together, another squeeze around Shane’s waist. “You what?”

“And I missed you, I guess. Quite a bit, to be honest.”

There was a hand cupping his face and then pillowy lips on his once more. “I missed you, too, *moya lyubov*”.

“I am glad you’re here,” Shane kept on admitting.

Ilya nodded, pressed another kiss on Shane’s lips, his nose, his forehead. “Me too.”

Shane was proud how sweet and soft they could be with each other until his grumbling stomach interrupted the moment and made Ilya chuckle.

“Come on, sweetheart, I will feed you now,” Ilya playfully slapped Shane’s stomach and moved to stand up.

“Oh, will you now?” Shane grinned and followed.

“Da,” Ilya nodded, but suddenly turned around. Shane nearly ran into his naked chest, not that he would complain. “By the way. I will smash both Williamson’s and Tucker’s ugly faces into the ice when I see them.”

Shane snorted. “You will not do that,” he argued, but Ilya was already walking again.

“Yes, I will. You have not seen your face this morning, and don’t think I haven’t noticed how you held your ribs just now.”

“I hate you,” Shane complained and sat down in one of his barstools.

“No, you don’t,” Ilya grinned and pulled eggs out of the fridge. “You loooooove me,” he sang. Ilya leaned across the counter to smack a wet kiss against Shane’s hot cheek. “And you look so pretty when you blush. Even with bruise.”

“Shut up and feed me,” Shane grumbled. “I’m going to get something to wear,” he said and slid off the stool.

“I brought my old Boston sweater. I know is your favorite, yes?”

Ilya’s voice sounded so innocent, but Shane knew that *Ilya* knew exactly what he was doing. Shane stood frozen for a few seconds, his back towards Ilya. He could deny. He could laugh. He could ignore Ilya.

His body turned, just a little, just to get a glimpse of Ilya, who now also had his back to him and fiddled with a pan on Shane’s stove.

“Okay,” was all Shane finally said. He couldn’t see Ilya’s face, but he knew that the other man was grinning.

End Notes

I do not speak Russian or have any clue about ice hockey (I am working on both, though)

Ya tebya lyublyu - I love you

Ya tozhe tebya lyublyu - I love you, too

moya lyubov' - My beloved

Thoughts? Prayers for my mental health? Kidding. But please do obsess with me in the comments or on tumblr: @louis-arssets.

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