

Mornings are for boyfriends.

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Mornings are for boyfriends.

by [noumbrella](#)

Summary

Ilya allows himself to bask in this new, peaceful reality they are building for themselves, where they can exist in between breaths, where their hearbeats synchronize and do the talking instead of fast hands and impatient bodies, desperate for connection and release.

This could be Ilya's safe haven, if he let it. The one place where the storm finally quiets down. The thought terrifies him as much as it ends something deep and raw inside of him.

Notes

I don't know how this happened. One moment I'm at work and the next I'm using Notes to write with no gloves on and freezing my fingers off because apparently there was too much fluff begging to come out from these two.

There is no depiction of actual depression per say, but Ilya's mind is at times a little heavy so if you are not in the safest state of mind, please read with caution. And take care always.

Also, no beta we die like Alexei so please forgive me for any remaining error.

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

The early morning sun hits Ilya under his closed eyelids the moment his head shifts slightly on the pillow. Shane's pillow his fuzzy mind supplies, sending a shiver of something down his spine. Joy. Disbelief. Elation. Love.

He shifts again, burrowing deeper under the comforter in hope to avoid the bright, insulting light and fall back asleep. They must have forgotten to close the electric blinds before they crashed. They went to bed too late, or early? last night, since Shane's parents spent the evening with them until well past midnight.

Ilya wills the echo of Shane's laughter as he beat him for the *second* time in a row at cards to lull him back to sleep when he feels warm skin brushing against his own, cutting through the sleepiness even more.

"No. Sleep now. Sex later."

Shane chuckles next to him and slides a leg between Ilya's.

"Definitely a dream then."

Ilya groans internally and blinks with difficulty to find Shane propped up on an elbow, watching him with a look in his eyes Ilya hasn't been subjected to enough times that it doesn't make his chest feel tight. He kind of hopes he never does.

"What?"

Ilya's voice is rough and his breath must be rougher but Shane leans in anyway and kisses his lips softly, clearing the fog in his brain for good. Ilya opens his mouth without much thought and tastes the mint on Shane's breath.

Of course he got up to brush his teeth. Probably had breakfast already too. Boring.

"Ilya Rozanov turning down sex, just the proof I needed to confirm that all of this is a dream."

Ilya sighs at the nuisance beside him. Nuisance with beautiful freckles and a gentle hand stroking his collarbone, but nuisance all the same.

"Is no dream. But it is too early. Had exhausting night. Won many games. Champions need sleep."

There. It's a solid argument.

Shane chuckles again, "Ilya, it's already 11. Come on, the living room is a mess, we need to clean up."

Ilya groans out loud this time but sits up, catches his phone resting face down on the nightstand next to him and discovers that it is indeed 11:10am. He also finds an unread what's app message from Yuna on a group chat he was just added to last night, letting them know

they got home safe. He answers a quick “thank you for chicken and beer!” before shutting the device and turning to face Shane. The idiot is smiling at him like he just met Morozko himself.

Ilya wants to kiss his face until his grin turns breathless and Shane is so drunk on him that his obsessive brain forgets about everything but them.

Ah, maybe sex now. Sleep later.

He moves to bury his face inside Shane's neck and speaks into the soft skin, reveling in the shudders he feels resonating against his lips, "You can't clean without me? You need your big, strong, beautiful boyfriend to help lift big, heavy Monopoly box?"

Shane's arms hug him at the waist and roll them over so that Ilya's body presses his into the mattress, hips aligned so deliciously it tears a groan out of both their throats. They never got to have morning sex up until about three days ago, and Ilya always preferred to sleep with people at night and have them leave afterwards. Quick, easy. Safe.

Today's morning is coming to an end but they can still pretend. Ilya plants languid, open mouth kisses on any patch of skin he meets: shoulders, throat, chest. He bites just under Shane's right nipple at the same time he speaks and goes lower still.

"Asshole. If, ah, if I tell you the truth, shit *Ilya*, do you promise not to make fun of me?"

"But mocking you is my favorite!" Ilya laughs.

"Okay," Shane huffs, "I'm not saying anything ever again. Another win for Rozanov!"

Ilya shakes his head and begins his ascent back to the grumpy face he knows awaits him.

"No. I promise. No fun, only kisses. Better?" he asks with a wink.

"You really are an asshole. I... I wanted to wake up with you, okay?" Shane whispers and Ilya can see him flush down to his chest. He rests his cheek to it and lets Shane take his time. Words can be hard sometimes for both of them, he knows. "It's been... A lot. For me at least. My parents found out about us yesterday morning, I still freaked out for the major part of the afternoon, and then we spent all evening with them. We haven't had time, or space I don't know, to process everything. Together, I mean. I just wanted some time just the two of us, to realize that this is real."

Ilya's breath catches in his throat with the echo of his own fear. He pushes past it and looks up.

"Ah. So you decide to watch me sleep to make sure yesterday happened. Is terrible idea, Hollander. And makes no sense either."

They have been alternating between first and last names for a while now, by text and in person, but there is something about calling Shane Hollander when he teases him that thrills Ilya still. The ever-present blush on Shane's cheeks is the only tell Ilya needs to know the

feelings is mutual. He traces the color with his fingertips and watches with delight as it deepens, making the freckles he adores pop a little, losing himself in the process.

"No sense at all Hollander."

Ilya's stomach swirls, still in awe at the idea that he gets to have this now. That somehow, after years and years of hiding and fighting his feelings, they made it to the other side. Safe. Together. In love. Shane might be right, maybe it is a dream. Maybe they will get back to sleep after an orgasm or two and wake up in a hotel room in Florida, when Scott Hunter never came out on national television, when everything felt too uncertain for Ilya to trust the idea of a future. If he listens closely, he knows he will find the poison of doubt in his mind.

"I hate you. Why?"

"Because I am so gorgeous, how can face like this exist in reality? So this is a dream."

Ilya can hear his voice crack just a fraction on the last word, the lightness he felt when he woke up diffusing suddenly, and hopes violently that Shane doesn't catch on it, or will prefer to keep the joke going instead of ruining the moment by giving Ilya's traitorous brain enough space to interfere.

But for all the times Ilya managed to mask his emotions from Shane under a hard gaze or harsh words, there is no escaping him now. Ilya doesn't know if he made the active decision to bring his defenses down or if Shane has simply managed to push past them without him noticing. He thought the phone call with Pike had been a one time occurrence, his face being a little too raw with insecurity and making it easy for Shane to pick up on what he had left unsaid. No such luck apparently.

Shane's eyes, kind and sure, find his. He sneaks a finger underneath Ilya's chin and presses their mouths together, once, twice. Ilya exhales slowly and deepens the last kiss, the wave inside of him receding enough to maintain eye contact, the tightness easing slowly.

"So, Shane Hollander. Is this a dream?"

Shane smirks and oh, it's a new look on him. It takes Ilya back to the face-off post Tampa, their secret smiles and faux-battling sticks replacing the chirping they used to share at the beginning.

"No. If this was a dream you'd be much nicer."

Ilya gasps, affronted. The knot inside his chests loosens completely, replaced by playfulness and warmth only.

"How am I not nice? I wake up from great, deep sleep because you forgot to close blinds when we went to bed and do not complain: nice. I answer to your mother that I had wonderful evening with them even if she hated me two days ago: nice. I give you kisses: nice."

To prove his point, Ilya places a kiss on Shane's right nipple. As expected, the man shudders under him. Ilya drops his body down entirely, torso smushing Shane's face.

“Get off me! You're too heavy, you neanderthal!”

“Insults! You shiver because you are cold, I keep you warm: nice.” Ilya fires back and shifts, making sure to drop even more weight onto Shane who stops resisting at once, collapsing into the mattress like a ragdoll cut free. The position reminds Ilya of two nights ago, when Shane held him up as he broke down. This is just as good though. Fun. Shane pretends to bite his collarbone but Ilya simply slides lower to settle firmly against him.

He hears Shane whisper. "Okay. You can stay I guess."

They lie this way for some time, enough for Ilya to start fearing the return of the familiar but cold, hard fist around him. It always comes back when he feels so good and so light he believes he might never touch the ground again, numbness creeping in through old wounds never quite sewed shut, weighing him back down without fault.

The minutes pass, one into the next until Ilya loses track and still, to his amazement, he is warm. Safe.

Shane's hands free themselves from underneath his body and start drawing imaginary patterns on his back with such tenderness bleeding from his fingertips that Ilya's throat constricts. Skating moves, probably, he thinks to himself with a trembling smile. He has never felt so cared for in his life. It takes him a little while to realize that Shane is actually tracing each of his moles, dancing from one to the other in no particular order, mapping them.

Ilya loves him with every beat of his heart.

“Is not a dream, Shane. Your dad forgot his charger and saw us kiss. We went to your parents' house to explain. Your mom made delicious pasta. Then we came back here and you didn't want to have sex so I had to do it on my own in the shower.” Shane twitches at that and pinches him. Ilya blows a raspberry on his bicep. “Your parents arrived for dinner with delicious grilled chicken. We played Monopoly. You lost. We played weird Canadian card games. You lost. We went to sleep. Heard more stupid Canadian wolf birds. Is not a dream. Is all real. I am your boyfriend. I love you.”

Maybe Ilya needs to hear that as much as Shane does, if the tingles spiking from his head to his toes are any indication.

“I love you too. It's going to take a while to get used to it, you know? Come here. Kiss me please?” Shane requests with a timid note to his voice, yet his words are spoken with devastating assurance.

Ilya complies immediately, shifting his weight on both elbows to support him. If this is how he gets to wake up every morning, he never wants to leave. For now they have two weeks, maybe more if Ilya plays his cards right. They could push for three, or four. Ilya won't have a team to go back to practice with if they go through with the tentative plan they made the

other night, and starting a charity must be hard work. Long hours. It makes sense to stay until they figure everything out.

They separate for a breath and Shane's eyes shine so bright Ilya believes they might pierce into his soul. Fucking fuck, if Ilya is having that many disgustingly loving thoughts, this is definitely not a dream. Dream Ilya would be acting on them, not lie there like a fool.

Shane's phone rings loud and sudden, next to Ilya's ear. He checks the screen to find out who the offender is and recoils in disgust.

"Fucking Pike. Not again." Shane's left hand stops moving so Ilya quickly threatens with a low voice, "Shane if you pick up the phone, I am not getting on my knees for you the whole time I am here."

The deserting hand comes back and resumes its gentle strokes as if it never stopped. Good.

"You're the worst. What if something happened to the kids?"

"Then he will call back. In hospital you said we will be completely alone together. Was a lie. We haven't been alone at all."

Ilya knows he's pouting. He doesn't care.

"Wow, you truly are a baby." The fondness in Shane's voice could make Ilya pink up but Russians do not blush, as Ilya has repeated and proved over the years, so he does his best to control his blood vessels.

"Is not my fault your stupid friend keeps calling! What does he want to talk about? Baby drinks bottle, baby burps, baby sleeps, baby shits," Ilya scoffs, "I think this is why you are friends with him. He's boring too. And even worse at hockey than you."

"He's not boring!" Shane squeaks and pinches his back for the second time in barely five minutes. No handjob for him for the next three days then. Ilya kicks him in the shin in retaliation.

"Ah, but you think he is bad at hockey yes? I knew it."

Ilya doesn't wait for an answer and captures Shane's mouth once more instead. They trade slow, tender kisses, content in each other's arms in a way they never let themselves have before. Shane melts into him, again, and Ilya decides to enjoy this a beat longer. Ilya allows himself to bask in this new, peaceful reality they are building for themselves, where they can exist in between breaths, where their heartbeats synchronize and do the talking instead of fast hands and impatient bodies, desperate for connection and release.

This could be Ilya's safe haven. The one place where the storm finally quiets down. Maybe it already is. The thought terrifies him as much as it ends something deep and raw inside of him.

Of course, Shane has to ruin it.

"I know what you're doing. And it's not working. The living room won't clean itself. We need to get up."

"I'm not doing anything. I'm kissing my boyfriend, is all I'm doing. We have time to clean, is not even time for lunch!" Ilya protests before delving back into Shane. If he licks at the front of his teeth to stop him from answering, no one has to know.

Shane breaks the kiss, lips sinfully swollen and wet that do nothing to help quell the hunger in Ilya's stomach for this man. Will he ever stop wanting him so fiercely?

"Is this how it's going to be the entire time you're here? You'll sleep in every morning and have me do all the cooking and cleaning? If yes, I might make you leave early," Shane threatens with very little intent. They both know Ilya can't cook to save his life, the cottage would probably never be the same if he tried to approach the stove.

"Lie. Mean lie. Is not my fault I sleep so late! I'm very relaxed, so I sleep longer. Must be the Canadian air and water, good for relaxing?" Ilya muses, bringing a hand up from where it was lying on Shane's forearm to rest his thumb on the column of his neck, tracing up and down slowly. If Ilya can distract him just right, he might get him to stay in bed until his stomach forces them out.

As if on cue, it starts to rumble. Ilya ignores it. He also needs to shower soon but he feels so warm and boneless he doesn't want to exist in a different state for the next hour, or two. Maybe a whole year.

"Yeah, that must be it. It has nothing to do with having multiple orgasms a day and eating everything I stored in the fridge in four days when it was meant to last us two weeks."

Ilya squints at Shane and pinches his side like Svetlana does to him when he's being an idiot.

"You say I make fun of you but you have been mocking me since I woke up. This is not the way to treat important guests you know."

Shane smirks at him, smug and proud of himself. "You can report this very displeasing situation to the manager if you'd like. I'm sure he'll take it into consideration."

"Okay, Mister Clean. Let's get up. I need a shower," Ilya decides on a sigh. He rolls over to the side he decided was his now to free Shane from underneath him and sees the gears starting to turn immediately inside his mind.

"Great. I'm gonna make coffee. I'm sure you want something to eat, with the sounds your stomach is making. Plus you have heavy lifting to do with all those boxes..." Shane teases him and Ilya is certain he *will* eat that smirk off his face at some point but for now, he has more important and surprising matters to tend to.

He raises an eyebrow, dumbfounded.

"Why are you making coffee? I'm going to take a shower," he repeats with a blank face before he pushes the comforter to the end of the bed with his feet, revealing his naked body

except for his black boxers, and enjoys the way Shane's eyes rake over his stomach and thighs as if they hadn't been glued together mere seconds ago.

There is no more novelty in being naked in front of each other yet the burning need in Shane's eyes every time he looks at Ilya will always thrill and excite him. As accustomed as he is to being wanted for his abs or his ass, any part of his body really, the magnitude and depth of Shane's desire for him, all of him, is something Ilya doesn't want to take for granted. Ever.

"And I need to make the bed since clearly you don't give a shit about keeping a clean house. I'm sure you never make your bed when you're home. Oh my god you just leave everything around for the maid to organize, don't you?"

"Ah yes. Bed. In Russia, and America, and I think many other countries, we open windows to let new, fresh air inside before we make the bed. Maybe is different here in Canada. I noticed."

Shane stares at Ilya, then looks at the bed. Ilya can tell he's debating whether to stick to his usual routine or allow the very sensible and wise words to make him reconsider.

"Okay. You're right. It's better to air out the room before making the bed." Shane relents and brushes a hand against Ilya's where it rests on his stomach.

"Again, I win! Should we keep tally board on the fridge and the one who wins most gets blowjob rights whenever he likes during next season?" Ilya suggests very seriously as they get up.

He avoids the balled-up socks Shane throws his way and walks to the wall of windows to crack one open. The sun is shining bright on the lake, he can see the glimmer between the trees from where he stands. It's kind of mesmerizing.

"Of course, don't help me with your shit left around everywhere. By the way I am never, ever dressing up as a maid or whatever, if that's what you're going for here!" Shane grumbles behind him but Ilya barely reacts. He hums absently, too busy taking in the fresh air and the peaceful, relaxing midday sounds of nature. Strong arms hug him from behind and a soft mouth touches his neck.

"So, you where talking about a shower?"

They have plans to set up, a charity to create from scratch, a somehow forever plan to build and many, many variables to take into consideration before jumping into this life for real that will, without a doubt, make Shane panic and Ilya question for the umpteenth time if he truly has the right to want this for himself but right now, he doesn't care. He takes a deep breath and pushes back into Shane's body.

Ilya closes his eyes with a smile, and lets himself be held.

End Notes

So. Much. Fluff. Hope that was okay.

I do love to read about people's thoughts so drop yours if you want!

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