

morning coffee

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morning coffee

by [andipxndy](#)

Summary

prompt: morning coffee

“Good morning.”

The only response he got was a tired grunt. The tired grunt of a man who didn’t want to be up yet, and saw no point in being out of bed at that current time.

“Why are you awake?”

“Why are *you* awake?”

Shane smiled at Ilya’s response and the gentle kiss to his shoulder as he continued to read through the instructions, trying to commit the process to memory before trying to make anything. Compared to the grinder, this one seemed a lot more complicated—

“What is that?”

Notes

this fic is 2? 3? days overdue. oops. BUT i finally got it done!! the third of my "write a fic a day" prompts, and also my first hollanov fic (and probably not the last). honestly i had a lot of ideas for this but i fell in love with these guys so much. i need to write more fluff for them. tooth rotting fluff.

anyway, enjoy!! and i hope i didn't mischaracterise either of these two too badly

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

Coffee.

Shane had never... well, that was probably, kind of, a *semi-lie*. He'd tasted it. Once. It was kind of bitter, but probably not so bad if he'd given himself enough time to think on the flavours rather than instantly recoil at the heat on his tongue. But the nutritional values from it didn't align with maintaining his diet, so once had been enough.

That did not explain the brand new espresso machine and coffee grinder currently sitting on his kitchen counter.

Looking at everything in front of him, he ran his fingers over the small bags of various beans he'd bought — Columbian, Guatemalan, Brazillian — before picking up the instructions booklet that came with the coffee grinder. That was the first step, right? Making sure the beans (of the right roast) were ground (to the correct fineness) before they could be placed in the... *fuck*, what was that thing called again?

His gaze shifted over to the instructions booklet for the coffee machine itself, his hand moving to flick it open and skip to the page with the diagrams, the helpful diagram that basically annotated the entire machine before you put it together and used it—

There.

His finger landed on the item he was thinking of. *Portafilter*. He got the feeling that he'd have to learn pretty much everything about the espresso machine and the grinder, how they worked, how to clean them. How to make the perfect espresso. Which was what he was trying to do right then, except he'd never had any of the coffees Ilya liked before — not even when they passed through cafes to get coffees to go, considering Ilya always got his coffee black from a specific place with a specific roast and a specific type of bean. Shane knew that. He was very sure he knew that.

He just wasn't completely sure which of the hundreds of bean types and roast strengths his husband preferred, and wasn't completely sure Ilya wouldn't get suspicious if he just left the house and went to their regular haunt to ask for all the information he could get about his husband's specific order. (They probably didn't even remember it, or wouldn't be able to unless they saw his face or something like that.)

And that was why Shane Hollander was standing in the kitchen on a morning when he could have easily spent a couple more hours in bed. Even Anya was still asleep, curled up at the foot of their bed instead of following Shane out for breakfast and a walk as she usually did.

Letting out a sigh through his nose, Shane looked over all of the instruction packets in front of him again, trying to decide what he should look at first, before finally deciding on that of the grinder. That, at least, would get him through the first step of the whole coffee making process, and give him something to work off for the rest of it as well. he ppicke up the instruction manual, running his fingers over it.

Most people didn't read instructions manuals, did they? Wasn't there that joke about how mmos men didn't, or something like that?

Oh well. Fuck that.

It didn't take him long to plug in the machine and, after reading through the instructions and cleaning any part of the equipment that needed to be cleaned before use, he finally reached the stage that he knew would have him stuck for a while if he didn't just... bite the bullet.

Which beans?

His hand came up to his lips thoughtfully as he tried to decide which coffee he was going to try this whole thing with first, before eventually deciding on Columbian. He;d heard about Columbian. He'd heard about Columbian, at least. Maybe that's because they were good.

He hoped.

It didn't take Shane too long to follow the instructions as they were laid out to get the ground coffee.

Open. Scoop. On. Set. Grind. Pack.

Soon enough, the portafilter was set and ready to go into the espresso machine, with plenty of ground coffee left on the side for if more would be made later.

It was as he was reading the instructions for tth espresso machine that he felt a pair of arms slide around his waist, a chin settling onto his shoulder. He barely managed to hold back a smile.

"Good morning."

The only response he got was a tired grunt. The tired grunt of a man who didn't want to be up yet, and saw no point in being out of bed at that current time.

"Why are you awake?"

"Why are *you* awake?"

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"What is that?"

The chin lifted from Shane's shoulder and he turned his head slightly towards Ilya, looking as though he was answering whilst his eyes remined glued to the instructions. "What?"

One hand moved from his waist to tap on the paper, and then point at the machine. "This. What is this?"

“It’s, uh...” Shane looked at the cover of the booklet. “It’s a coffee machine. *Espresso* machine, actually.”

“I see that.” Shane tried very hard not to retort to Ilya’s comment. “But why do you have? You do not drink coffee.”

“No, uh...” Shane put the booklet down this time, gesturing to the machine. “I got it. For you. You drink lots of coffee and we don’t always get the chance to get some in the mornings so I thought—”

“Hollander,” Ilya cut in, silencing Shane immediately.

“...Yes?” Shane’s tone was hesitant. Had he overstepped? Was this not what he’d wanted? Would he have to return it all? Would they even take the grinder back, considering he’d half used it? He was sure they could find other uses for it, if they didn’t take it back, so that it wouldn’t be a waste—

A kiss to his cheek, squishing his face, brought him out of his thoughts. And then Ilya was sliding so that he was standing beside Shane, shifting him over with a gentle hand on his waist. “Is good brand,” he commented as he moved to take a closer look, running a hand over the front of the espresso machine itself. “Did your decorator buy for you?”

The tone was teasing, Shane could tell, but his cheeks still flushed at the jab. “No! No, I bought it myself. So you could... you could have your coffees every morning. And maybe, you know, try to experiment with other styles, like you said you wanted to—”

This time, Ilya cut him off by pressing his lips against Shane’s own, deepening it for a few moments and stealing his breath from him before pulling away. Shane refused to admit that it left him a little lightheaded, but in that good way that Ilya always made him lightheaded.

“I love.” The smile on Ilya’s face, if possible, made Shane even *more* lightheaded. “Give.” He picked up the instruction booklet in front of Shane and flipped through it briefly, his eyes scanning over everything.

Shane carefully reached over, sliding through the booklet for him. “There’s a set of instructions in Russian too.”

Ilya blinked, staring at the pages, before suddenly Shane realised he was looking intently between the machine and the book. A smile grew on his face at that.

The man was probably investigating it as much as he would have if he was into it. “I’m going to make breakfast.”

“Okay,” Ilya responded simply, still engrossed in the machine. He probably hadn’t even realised the readied portafilter yet. Or maybe he had and wanted to make sure everything else was perfect before using it.

Before Shane could walk off, Ilya grabbed his arm, pulling him in for a kiss, soft and slow, before letting him go again.

No words, but the kiss conveyed all the thanks Ilya meant, and Shane knew it.

End Notes

i hope you guys enjoyed!!

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