Cuz Baby I'm the Giver

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Cuz Baby I'm the Giver

by whathehell

Summary

Shane is minding his business in the kitchen making his smoothie when he starts hearing country music coming from their room upstairs. Eventually Ilya's deep voice could be heard singing along to the chorus as he walks down the stairs to where he's standing. That's when the lyrics register.

Credit to Chappell Roan for the lyrics of the song "The Giver" and the inspiration for this story.

Notes

Thank you to any and everyone reading this fic. This was born from my obsession of the idea of Ilya listening to Chappel Roan's The Giver. Enjoy the fic!

Do not scrap to AI or post anywhere.

See the end of the work for more notes

His morning had started like all his other mornings. He woke up five minutes before his alarm with his brain groggy, his mouth grainy and his body sleep warm from the heat provided by his husband. His husband who still lies asleep next to him in their bed. Sometimes, he still can't believe that he can call him that.

He quickly leaned over to the left side of the bed and gave Ilya a light peck on his cheek before getting up. He put on a soft pair of sweats that he probably stole from Ilya as well as one of his favourite worn black tee-shirts and made his way down the stairs to the main floor. He quickly feeds Anya her organic wet dog food (Ilya’s choice, not his) and they make their way to the front door.

He makes sure to check that the sidewalks have been plowed and salted enough (thankfully they have) and pulls on his running shoes. Specifically he takes the pair that have the most wear and tear. He did the same when he was in Montreal. The newest shoes that are in the best condition only get worn on the treadmill or outside in the summer on sunny days. Then, once they start becoming a bit more worn in he'll wear them in the fall and days after it rains. Eventually they'll be used in the spring when the sidewalks get all muddy and wet and other rainy days in the fall and summer. The end of their life cycle comes when he wears them in the winter, the salt just chews the shit out of the soles and putting his new shoes through that is just wrong.

the team podiatrist told him not to do this, and that he could buy new shoes. And the reality is that he can afford to buy new shoes. But he hates breaking in the shoes when he gets a new pair so he delays retiring them as much as possible.

Maybe a small part of him believes that if he maintains his shoes for a long time he’ll be able to push back his retirement as far back as possible. But that’s here nor there. Right now, he needs to bring his excitable dog outside so that she could do her business and they could run off some energy.

He pulls on a light sweater and puts Anya's little booties on her feet before they head out for a run, stopping every once in a while for Anya to sniff and do her business.

After, they come back to the house and Shane brings Anya in through the side entrance where they leave the towel to wipe all the grime off her legs before letting her run off into the house. He, much more slowly, removes his shoes before heading upstairs for a shower.

His shower takes the 10 minutes it always does before he finally heads back to the main level of the house where the kitchen is. Ilya sleeps like a log so he doesn't worry about the noise he makes as he gets his banana, his protein powder, his milk and the blender out to make his breakfast.

He zoned out a bit as the sounds of the blender filled the kitchen before he came back to the sound of country music started coming from the direction of the bedroom.

It wasn't so much the music that took Shane out of his zone of focus, he knows Ilya loves to listen to music in the morning as he gets ready even though he personally doesn’t get the

appeal. It's more that Ilya has complained to him multiple times that country music is the bane of his existence and whenever Dykstra has control of the music in the changing room said complaints become louder, more insistent and whinier.

As the source of the music starts getting closer, he turns his heat to look over his shoulder to see Ilya coming down the stairs, holding his phone up in one hand as he shimmies around to the beat of the music. Eventually Ilya's voice could be heard singing along to the chorus as he walks down to stand next to him. That's when the lyrics register.

"So, baby, when you need the job done
You can call me, babyyy

'Cause you ain't gotta tell me, it's just in my nature
So take it like a taker, 'cause, baby, I'm a giver
Ain't no need to hurry, 'cause, baby, I deliver
Ain't no country boy quitter, I get the job done
I get the job done!"

"Oh my god Ilya!" He laughed incredulously. Here is this man, this lovely ridiculous man he loves with all his heart that also tops him, passionately singing a song about being 'The Giver' who gets the job done for their 'Taker'. All the while, he's swaying his hips and approching him with a warm smile on his face, enhancing the flush of pink on his cheeks.

Anya, of course, was jumping excitedly behind him, tail wagging like crazy, panting loudly with exertion. Happy because her favourite people were happy.

"Do you like this music? I think it reminds me of us!" Ilya's eyes were crinkling at the edges because he would not stop smiling.

"Are you seriously giving up on your hatred of country for this song."

"Yes I am. Chappell Roan is a very good singer, she knows how to put on a show and sings very well. She also gets me, being giver is… special."

Shane couldn't stop the giggles from leaving his mouth and simply let his head hang down as his shoulders shook from his laughing. Anya moved to be in between the both of them, now that they’re a mere foot from each other, her cold nose tapping against his thigh. Shane automatically starts to pet her soft head, paying special attention to her ears.

Once he gets over his giggle fit, Shane is able to pull himself together and looks over at Ilya, who is somehow now standing even closer in front of him, crowding his space in the most comfortable way.

Shane looks at him with half-lidded eyes, already excited for their plans later in the afternoon. "I love you so much, you know that?"

"I love you too, my precious, beautiful taker."

Shane just rolled his eyes fondly as he turned away and went back to making his smoothie. *God, this man.*

End Notes

This is not beta read, if you see any spelling or grammar mistakes please let me know in the comments.

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