

Shitty Mornings are Better Together

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Shitty Mornings are Better Together

by [CaNiTOuCHyoUrMaNgoEs](#)

Summary

Mornings suck. Especially injured at 6:00 am on the road when your husband is having an off day and there's nothing you can do to fix it.

Notes

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

Shane literally just woke up and the day already sucks. As soon as he regains consciousness, everything hurts. He took a nasty hit in last night's game and clearly the painkillers wore off. The stupid uncomfortable hotel bed isn't helping either. He groans as he rolls over, wrapping his arms around his sleeping husband. Hopefully the trainers can give him something a bit stronger before tonight's game.

He nuzzles into Ilya's back, soaking up his warmth. His body starts to feel heavy and his mind turns sluggish—

RINGGGGGG! RINGGGGG—

Shane winces, turning his phone's brightness down before double checking the alarm is turned off and not snoozed. It is, thank god, but fuck, how is it already 6:00 A.M.. They have an hour before they have to leave. Fuck, he's getting old. He misses his rookie days when he could take hits left and right and be fine the next day. He'd wake up early, and sure he'd be a bit tired but he wouldn't feel like death.

He switches the bedside lamp on, wincing at the harsh light. "Ilya," he turns to the lump beside him. Ilya's not facing him and Shane assumes he's still sleeping. "It's time to get up, sweetheart," Shane lays a hand on his arm, nothing. "Ilya," he murmurs, leaving a trail of kisses up his husband's bare shoulder.

"Five more minutes," Ilya's voice shakes. Shane's heart stops. He recognizes that voice. It's not, *I'm exhausted after playing an intense game of professional hockey, please, let me sleep.* It's, *I have no desire for anything, please, leave me alone.*

Shane rubs his hand over Ilya's arm, hoping it helps soothe his husband. His heart hurts as it always does when Ilya's having an *off* day. Lately, it feels like Ilya's having more *off* days than not. Ilya says it's normal. According to his new psychiatrist, it can take time to figure out what medication works for him.

Shane leans down and presses a soft kiss to Ilya's forehead. He hopes it conveys all the love he feels. "I'll be back with breakfast," he murmurs, "get some rest." He turns off the light and slips out of bed. He brushes his teeth, slips into a sweat suit, and heads out.

At every hotel they stay in, the Centaurs team reserves an event room and provides a buffet for the players and staff. Shane's one of four people here this early. He's not surprised it's mostly empty. Most of the guys sleep as long as possible, roll out of bed, and grab food for the plane.

He nods to Hank, head of security, before getting in line behind a woman he sees all the time but never knew the name of. She's the coordinator of team logistics, is very funny and has a cat named Deku. Unfortunately, Shane met her in a crowded room, couldn't hear her name, and now it's too late to ask.

"Oh Shane!" She lights up. "Good morning."

“Good morning,” he smiles.

“How are you today? I hope you slept well.” She’s also a major talker. Shane normally doesn’t mind, it’s easier when others talk because he can just follow along. But this morning, his mind is elsewhere, stuck back in his hotel room with his husband. He pretends to listen as they serve their food.

Shane does his best to serve both plates at once. It’s a bit difficult juggling both, but he seems to manage. He makes sure to grab a ton of eggs for himself, he needs to start the day off with enough protein. He serves some for Ilya as well, along with some bacon and toast. For himself, he skips the fatty bacon, instead grabbing two single serve yogurt containers.

When they reach the end of the buffet, Shane eyes the pastries. It’s meant for the staff. The team nutritionist highly recommends the players avoid sugar. Most of the guys ignore him and devour the sickly sweet desserts. Shane never disobeys, always listening a little too well. He’s better about it now, letting himself take a few bites of Ilya’s every now and then. Apparently he hasn’t made that much progress, because even though the cinnamon rolls look delicious, guilt overwhelms him at the thought of eating one.

But Ilya likes sweet. On days like today, it might be the only thing he’ll eat.

Shane glances up, the team logistics lady is staring at him expectantly. Shit. “Sorry,” he says, already turning to leave. “I have to run.”

“It was nice seeing you, Shane!” She calls after him. Fuck, was he rude? Even if he was, Shane can’t find it in himself to care.

He hurries back to the elevator, almost crashing into someone as he rounds the corner. “Woah,” Hazy holds his hands out, ready to catch anything that falls. Luckily for Shane, nothing does. “Sorry ‘bout that.”

“No worries, man,” Shane smiles awkwardly. “I was the one rushing. Do you mind?” He nods to the elevator button.

“No problem,” Hazy hits the up button. “Man I’m jealous,” he nods down at the two full plates in Shane’s hands. “Breakfast in bed with your partner. I wish Lisa was here,” he complains. Shane doesn’t know what to say and luckily he doesn’t need to say anything, Hazy walks off towards the buffet muttering about calling Lisa.

He watches the elevator number drop, wishing it would go faster. After seemingly forever, it dings and opens. Another patron exits with their luggage and Shane smiles awkwardly at them before entering.

He somehow manages to balance the plates on one arm while he unlocks the hotel door. He probably could’ve been a waiter if hockey didn’t work out. Maybe at the Old Spaghetti Factory by his parents house, the one Ilya loves.

As quiet as possible, he pushes the door open. The room is still dark and silent. He sets the food on their respective nightstands before opening the blinds. The sun is starting to rise and

it blankets the room in a subtle orange glow.

He turns back to his sleeping husband, or not sleeping husband as it appears. Ilya's eyes are half opened, staring blankly at the ground. Shane crouches next to him, hoping to gain his attention. He doesn't.

"Moya lyubov," he murmurs, brushing a curl out of his eyes. *"Ya imet' yeda."* Shane is sure his grammar is atrocious, but if he can get the message—that he brought food up—across, that's all that matters.

Once again, he finds himself wishing he was fully fluent in Russian. He studies every free chance he gets, before going to bed or when they're sitting for hours at the airport or when they have a rare few hours of free time. Unfortunately, it's not fast enough.

'Is hard to think, when I am like that,' Ilya's past words circle through Shane's head. He needs to study harder.

"Ne goloden." Ilya's still not focusing on him, but Shane takes any answer as a victory, even if it's not the answer he's hoping for. If his translation is correct, Ilya's not hungry. Unfortunately his medication has to be taken with food.

"Ok," Shane murmurs, pressing his lips to Ilya's forehead. He will have to try again in a little bit. He squeezes his eyes shut, hoping his tears won't fall. He turns away before they have the chance. He grabs an orange juice from the mini fridge along with Ilya's medication from the bathroom counter and sets it on Ilya's night stand next to his food. He's glad he grabbed the cinnamon roll, hopefully it will awaken Ilya's appetite.

Ilya has yet to move and Shane tries not to think about it. He climbs into bed and grabs his own plate from his nightstand. Turning on the tv, he jolts at the noise. Shit, he turns the volume down until it's barely audible. He glances at Ilya, nothing. Shane can't decide if that's good or bad. He flips through the channels for a few minutes before settling on an old sitcom they watch from time to time.

He's about halfway through his plate when Ilya slowly sits up. Shane forces himself to act normal and keep eating. Ilya rubs the sleep from his eyes, his hair is sticking up in every direction and the pillow left a mark on his cheek. Despite everything, Shane finds it adorable.

They sit there in silence for a few minutes, Shane forcing his attention back on the tv while Ilya stares at it blankly. "What time?" Ilya asks.

Shane glances down at his phone, Ilya stares back from his screensaver. It's one of Shane's favorite photos of Ilya. It was right after they got Anya and Ilya's holding her in his arms, the biggest grin on his face as Anya licks it. "6:33," Shane says, swallowing the lump in his throat. "If you want to sleep a little longer, we have half an hour before we need to be in the lobby."

Ilya runs a hand through his messy hair. He flops back onto the bed. It's not done dramatically or playfully, it's done as if he's too exhausted to hold himself up any longer. Ilya

curls into a ball at Shane's side. "Want you," his voice shakes and he curls a fist into Shane's shirt.

Shane sets his half finished plate on the nightstand and Ilya takes the invitation, curling up in Shane's lap. Shane threads his fingers through Ilya curls and lets the tv fill the silence.

"I am sorry," Ilya chokes out. Shane's hand stills.

"Don't be," he swallows the lump in his throat. Shane hates how familiar the words are. He hates even more what's coming next.

"I do not want to be burden."

Shane's heart breaks. He gently moves Ilya so he can slide down the bed. Face to face, he brushes his thumb under Ilya's eyes, catching the fallen tears. Ilya's lip wobbles and Shane makes sure to look him in the eyes as he carefully enunciates each word, "you are not a burden. You are my husband, and I love you so muc—" his voice cracks and he fights his own tears. "Don't you dare think you're a burden to me. I want to take care of you. Let me share your load so you don't have to carry so much weight."

A sob escapes Ilya's throat. His eyes are puffy and red, but they crinkle at the corner with a familiar glint. It's barely there, but it's there. "I am happy to give you my load."

Shane snorts out a laugh. Dear god he's so in love with this man it hurts. He presses his mouth to Ilya's. It's awkward and a bit gross with all their tears and snot and Ilya's morning breath, but Shane wouldn't trade it for anything. When he pulls away, he gently rests his forehead against Ilya's. He finds Ilya's hands under the blankets and inches closer.

"*Ty lyubov vsey moyey zhizni,*" Ilya whispers, squeezing Shane's hand a little tighter.

Shane lets his words wash over him. He never gets tired of hearing them. *You are the love of my life.*

Last week, Shane finally learned the perfect response, studying the grammar over and over to make sure it's perfect. "*Ty dlya menya vse,*" he murmurs. *You're everything to me.*

"Is not a competition," Ilya says, but Shane can tell he's trying not to smile and that's the best victory he's ever achieved.

"Of course it is," Shane pecks him on the lips. When he pulls away, they simply stare at each other. After a moment, Ilya untangles their hands and reaches up, brushing his thumb over Shane's freckles.

"*Ty — ves' moy mir,*" Ilya murmurs. Shane can tell it's another sappy endearment, but it's one Ilya's never used before and he's struggling to translate it. Thankfully, he doesn't have to. "You are my whole world."

Shit. Shane's totally lost. His chest feels heavy trying to contain all of his love. He covers Ilya's hand with his own, moving it to his lips. The tears fall as he kisses Ilya's finger tips.

“Do not cry,” Ilya kisses his forehead. “I do not like when you are sad.”

“That’s my line,” Shane chokes out a laugh.

“*Da*, only I can be sad.”

“No,” Shane shakes his head. “You’re not allowed to be sad either.” Shane’s pronouncement is not going to magically fix everything and they both know it. “I got you a cinnamon roll,” Shane says, hoping to distract them from the truth.

“*Mmmm*,” Ilya hums but makes no effort to move.

“It’s got icing on top.”

“Sounds nummy.”

Shane sits up, hoping this is his chance. He reaches over Ilya and grabs his plate. “Sit up,” he instructs and Ilya listens. Shane sets the plate in his lap and Ilya stares at it.

Shane hates when people stare and expect him to eat. It always amplifies the pressure, making it nearly impossible to overcome his mind. So he grabs his plate and goes back to eating his own breakfast. From the corner of his eye, he sees Ilya pick up the cinnamon roll. He lets out the breath he didn’t know he was holding and smiles into his yogurt.

Ilya only eats half before pushing his plate away, but it’s better than nothing. Then, he downs his pill with the help of some orange juice. Shane puts his empty plate on the night stand and checks his phone. 6:45. “We have time for a quick shower.”

Ilya rubs his eyes again. “Good idea,” he mumbles. “You stink,” he scrunches his nose, dramatically waving a hand in front of it.

Shane playfully shoves his shoulder, a smile stretching his face despite the insult. Ilya’s coming back to him. “Cmon,” he grabs Ilya’s hands, pulling him up with him. Ilya drags his feet but Shane doesn’t relent.

In the bathroom, Shane helps Ilya strip. It’s not fun or sexy, yet somehow it’s more intimate. Once they’re fully naked and the water is warm, they both pile into the shower. Unlike the one they have at home, it’s clear this shower is not designed for two. The space is limited, forcing elbows to bump and apologies to be muttered.

Ilya stands under the hot water as Shane pumps body wash onto his hand. “Let me,” he says. Ilya’s eyes open and he stares at Shane, slowly processing his words before nodding. Shane winces when he tries to reach Ilya’s chest. Fuck.

“You are still hurt,” Ilya’s brows furrow.

“It’s nothing,” Shane waves him off. Lifting his arms, he winces again. Oops.

“Is not okay,” Ilya holds Shane’s hands, forcing them to lower. “Am sorry, I was....” He looks around as if hoping the word he’s searching for will appear out of thin air.

“It’s really okay,” Shane hopes his smile is convincing. “It’s not that bad.”

Ilya brushes his thumb over Shane’s freckles. “I…” Ilya closes his mouth and furrows his brows. He takes a deep breath. “I do not know how to say what I want.”

“Tell me later, when you know.”

“Okay.” Ilya’s staring at him so intently. Shane feels his thumb lightly tracing his freckles and he closes his eyes, leaning into the touch. “We will be late, if we stand here.” But he doesn’t move and neither does Shane.

“I don’t care,” Shane mumbles, turning his head to kiss Ilya’s palm. “You can blame me.”

“Is obvious lie,” Ilya snorts.

“Doesn’t matter, they can’t leave without us.”

“No,” Ilya chuckles. “They will lose badly.”

“It would be a disaster,” Shane laughs.

Ilya’s smile falls and the sight makes Shane’s fall with it. “I do not know what I would do without you.”

“You don’t need to find out,” Shane grabs his hand and squeezes. “I’m right here. I’ll always be right here. You’re not alone”

Ilya’s lip wobbles, he closes his eyes, squeezing Shane’s hands. After a moment, he pulls away and turns towards the water. He clears his throat and says, “we are very late now.” Shane can hear the forced normalcy in his voice, he pretends he doesn’t.

They wash quickly. Ilya briefly helps Shane, refusing to let Shane hurt himself further. It goes against Shane’s need to take care of Ilya, but he recognizes Ilya’s need to be useful. So if Shane has to let go of control and let Ilya help Shane to help himself, Shane lets him without argument.

When they step out of the shower, Shane grabs the fluffy white towels to dry off. When he’s done, Ilya drops his towel on the ground. Shane bites his tongue, some things never change. If it were a regular morning, Ilya would be getting a lecture.

They quickly and quietly change into clean sweatsuits. Shane is once again glad the league dropped the ‘players must wear suits when traveling’ rule. It’s about the only progressive change the league has ever made.

They start shoving the rest of their belongings into their duffle bags. The messy nature drives Shane a little nuts and he’s itching to take it all out and arrange it neatly. Glancing at the clock, there’s no time for all that. They’re supposed to be in the lobby now and that triggers an even stronger anxiety.

He quickly checks the room over, making sure they didn't forget everything. He grabs Ilya's charger and a spare sock from last night and throws it in his bag. Now the only thing left is their toiletries.

"Did you brush your teeth yet?" Ilya doesn't respond, which is enough of an answer. "I'm not letting you skip it." Shane grabs Ilya's toothbrush and brings it out to him, holding it in front of his chest. After a moment, Ilya takes it and trudges into the bathroom.

He comes out of the bathroom a few minutes later smelling minty fresh. "Much better," Shane leans up to peck him on the lips.

Ilya zips his toiletries into his bag and slings the Goyard duffle over his shoulder. "Ready?" He asks. Shane nods, ignoring the pain and slinging his matching duffle over his shoulder. It's stupid and impractical, but Ilya was overjoyed to receive a matching set as a wedding gift.

"We will be like matching couples."

"You mean the obnoxious ones?"

"No, like cute ones."

Ilya loves them and despite the countless mixups, Shane loves them too.

In the elevator, Ilya leans against the wall, using the railing to hold himself up. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath as if mentally preparing for what awaits beyond the door. Shane reaches for his hand and laces their fingers together. Ilya opens his eyes and gives him a soft, appreciative smile.

When the door finally dings opens, they're immediately met with the bitching and moaning of their teammates.

"There they are," Troy grumbles. Shane doesn't read into it. Troy's passive aggressive tone and hunched posture clearly shows he hasn't had his morning coffee.

"Roz, why are you making Hollander late?" Hazy teases.

"It was my fault," Shane smiles apologetically.

"No way," Dykstra laughs. "You're covering for him."

"And all that morning fun," Bood adds, pointing to their wet hair.

"I don't kiss and tell," Ilya says with that easy going smile, the one he always wears in public. Bood laughs and shakes his head.

"Alright guys!" Coach Wiebe interrupts. "We're already late," he shoots Shane and Ilya a pointed glare. Shane feels Ilya tense beside him. "Let's not waste any more time."

Shane feels Ilya's hand squeeze his own. Shane spares him a glance. Ilya's not looking at him, he's watching the team file out of the lobby. Without anyone's eyes on them, the easy going mask is gone. Shane leans a bit closer, bumping their shoulders together. He gently squeezes Ilya's hand, immediately feeling his shoulders relax.

You're not alone, I'm here.

End Notes

This was the first fic I started writing for this fandom and when I went back to finish it I realized I wrote hank as a staff person in another fic. I thought it was funny so I left it lol.

Also I need a beta reader if anyone wants to do that

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