love was a myth (now it's my morning coffee)

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love was a myth (now it's my morning coffee)

by cornelia_leclerc

Summary

There’s a stillness and serenity to mornings at the cottage that Ilya immediately fell in love with. From the first morning he woke up in Shane’s light filled summer sanctuary (to the same man’s lips just barely grazing Ilya’s chest with each breath before the day dragged them away from blissful, linen soft slumber), Ilya was in awe of this sense of calm he’d never found anywhere else in the world but here.

Notes

hey hey <3

it's been like 18 months since I even tried writing but these two are so darn sweet i had to give it a shot. i listened to 'audrey hepburn' by maisie peters like fifteen times in a row before texting meghna to be like 'omg it's Them' and now here we are.

shane's glasses and hoodie and also crossword puzzle are for bella so i hope she likes them lol. i borrowed the clue from a nytimes crossword from sometime over the weekend, it felt like a good one.

special thanks to meghna for receiving and encouraging all of my hollanov thoughts lol it's been so much fun falling in love with these stories and these characters. perhaps some of the most fun i've had all year if i'm being totally honest. it feels very early 2020s core to be writing fic with friends in mind on nye. i missed writing soft happy little guys on this day <3

title is (shockingly) from audrey hepburn by maisie peters (but it's a veeeery loose inspo here)

i'm (sometimes) over on tumblr if you wanna chat

happy new year everyone :)

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya wakes slowly, whatever dream he was having disturbed by the smell of honey and espresso overwhelming his senses as his eyes flutter open. It's a kind of thing he wonders if he'll ever get used to (he hopes not).

There's a stillness and serenity to mornings at the cottage that Ilya immediately fell in love with. From the first morning he woke up in Shane's light filled summer sanctuary (to the same man's lips just barely grazing Ilya's chest with each breath before the day dragged them away from blissful, linen soft slumber), Ilya was in awe of this sense of calm he'd never found anywhere else in the world but here.

The quiet of the cottage and the woods and water is grounding in a way he isn't sure words can describe. (And he knows so many words now, in a couple languages even.) There was a vast period of his life defined by the soothing power of flashing lights and deep bass and crowds of people swallowing Ilya up in clubs across North America and back in Russia. He knew one day he was likely to move on from that, grow up or something of the sort. That one day his ears would grow sensitive to the bass and his ability to make it to morning skate while also staying up until the little hours of the morning would slip away from him. He didn't think he was quite there yet (he's not even thirty, he's got plenty of party left in him) but there's a flip that switches in his mind somewhere between Ottawa and the long drive of the cottage that lets him see this idyllic, slower version of what life is allowed to be like.

He blinks against the pale morning light streaming through the windows across the room. (Shane had been campaigning against sleeping with the curtains closed while they were at the cottage this summer. Something about natural light and circadian rhythm that Ilya had missed most of because he was adding *circadian* to his notes app to look up the definition for later.) The view from his pillow is one of cool, dark blue water and a cloudless sky, beams of light glittering over the water and the trees still without even a trace of a breeze. A rabbit leisurely hops across the yard and Ilya slowly rises from his pillow to watch it scamper back into the woods beyond the house.

It's only then, just a fraction more awake than he was a moment ago, that his thoughts return to the scent of coffee as it hits his nose again. He turns and a smile pulls lazily against his cheeks when his eyes meet the sight of his favorite mug filled nearly to the brim.

(The mug has a bright blue smiley face and a messy yellow heart and 'I LOVE YOU' scrawled across one side in a six year old Shane's handwriting. A Mother's Day present from the mid-90s that Yuna had conveniently forgotten at the cottage after Ilya had cooed over it during the previous Christmas. Shane and Ilya had tried returning it twice but it always ended up back in their cupboard despite their efforts.)

The mug on his nightstand steams in a way that tells him it hasn't been there long. It's something Shane started doing recently, making his coffee, on the mornings he finishes his workout before Ilya rises (which is most of them on their off days from camps or practices). He lifts the mug to his lips now to take a sip, the sweetness of the honey Shane had picked up from the farmers market the weekend before mixed into the milky coffee instantly waking him up and warming him from the inside out. He moves to stand, his bare feet pressing into the hardwood warmed by the morning sun. Ilya returns the mug to the nightstand before

reaching for the hoodie Shane had left out on the chair in the corner the night before. The smell of the woodsy cologne Shane has been partial to lately hits his nose and with a small sigh, Ilya grabs his mug and heads to go find his boy.

His first stop is the kitchen with the thought that Shane might still be making breakfast (he discovered a new flavor of his favorite protein - caramel apple - just before the start of playoffs and has been on a shake kick since). But the blender is already resting in the drying rack which tells him he's past that point in his routine. There's a couple places he could be instead, back in the gym in the basement or outside. Ilya's gut is telling him it's a yoga kind of morning and weaves his way around the living room furniture, careful not to let any of the liquid gold in his coffee mug spill, and slips on a pair of slides before pushing the door open to the patio.

Outside the air holds the tune of a quiet, late spring morning. There's birds chirping in the trees and a boat somewhere in the distance running a motor Ilya can just barely hear if he listens for it. But mostly he hears nothing other than the sound of his shoes hitting the wood of the deck below his feet and his own breath. Ilya has just closed his eyes to savor the stillness for another moment when a couple more noises are added to the soundtrack of his morning - the turning of pages and a quiet sniffle. When his eyes open again, he feels his face soften into a lazy smile as he turns to find Shane on the loveseat beside the firepit.

He hasn't noticed Ilya yet, his focus centered on the crossword book in his lap. His glasses rest on the end of his nose and his hair is still tied back in the tiny bun he likely pulled it into halfway through his workout when it started getting in his eyes while trying to hold a pose. He's wearing the hoodie that Ilya left on a barstool the night before. It's one of his and a few years old now, a welcome gift from the Centaurs, a little torn up around the sleeves and the neck from getting tossed around Ilya's car and the locker room. (Ilya isn't awake enough for the way he feels seeing Shane wear his number and last name across his back but Shane got fussy last time he tried initiating anything on the patio so he pushes the thought away for later when he coaxes Shane back inside.)

From where he stands, Ilya can see Shane biting at the end of his pencil, his brows furrowed in thought as he stares down at the puzzle in his lap. If he wasn't so cute Ilya would consider leaving him in peace. But those *damn glasses*.

"Can I help," Ilya asks, his lips pressing into Shane's hair above the bun before rounding the loveseat. He lifts Shane's legs at the ankles before sitting and lets them rest across his lap. He leans over to look at the book.

"Mmm, let me see," Shane starts, his voice still a little rough with sleep like he hasn't spoken yet today. He scans the clues with the tip of his pencil, obviously looking for one Ilya is likely to know. "Oh, how about this one - *60 Down, 4 letter word for 'chew, like a dog on a bone'*."

Ilya laughs and hums against Shane's neck to make him laugh, pressing a kiss below his ear and he can't help but let his teeth gently catch the soft skin there. "Gnaw?"

A pink blush paints across Shane's freckled nose. "That's what I was thinking, yeah."

They continue like this for a while, Ilya sipping idly on his coffee and his thumb tracing circles around Shane's ankle bone while supplying suggestions to clues every so often. He leans forward to place the empty mug on the table in front of them before sitting back with a sigh. He loves days spent like this. Ilya sees the rest of his life like the sunny end to some happy movie in moments like this. He closes his eyes and sees the two of them, maybe 20 or so years from now, their bodies achy from a career of being pushed around on a hockey rink and hair with flecks of gray. He imagines Shane has kept his hair long to Ilya's joy and his mother's dismay. And every single morning is like this one - Shane teaching Ilya new English words and Ilya sipping the coffee Shane still makes for him each morning. Maybe by then Shane will have Ilya joining him for morning yoga so he stays fit enough to chase the kids (probably two or three?) around the yard with a soccer ball.

There was a period in Ilya's life, not so long ago really, where thoughts like this would scare the hell out of him. Even dripping in love and soft domestic bliss, the future was so vast and mythical that he pushed at the thoughts and feelings of it before they could sit too long in his imagination. Before he could believe them to be true and real. He turns to watch Shane push his glasses up his nose, his nose scrunching in thought as he taps his pencil against the spine of the book. The future doesn't scare him anymore, no. It fills his chest up with something. Joy or hope or some mix of both. Ilya thinks of their already storied careers, how they'll only grow to be more so as they inch their way towards their 30s and beyond. About how it all feels like background noise to the moments they've collected here and within the walls of their other homes.

"Someone's thinking very hard this morning," Shane teases with a laugh as his book drops to his lap (his pencil marking his place, of course) as he leans forward to press a kiss to the corner of Ilya's lips. "What's on your mind?"

Ilya reaches for Shane's cheek with a soft smile, his thumb softly stroking the freckles beneath his eyes that are squinted against the sunlight. "I'm just happy. To be here, with you. I like the quiet here, it is nice."

"I am, too," Shane smiles. "The world gets too loud sometimes, I like that we can get away from that here. Or, well, I can always get away from that with you. If that makes sense?"

Ilya only nods, a small laugh leaving his lips in agreement.

Shane's hand covers Ilya's before releasing it and moving to stand. "I'm gonna grab that new novel my dad dropped off the other day. You want another coffee?"

"Yes, please," Ilya beams, and he reaches forward to hand Shane his mug. "With more of that honey? It was nice."

Shane's eyes light up. "Totally, I'm glad you liked it."

"Was perfectly sweet," Ilya nods. "Just like you."

"Okay, cheese ball," Shane laughs and leans down to ruffle Ilya's curly bedhead. "Back in a few."

Ilya watches Shane head back toward the house, a vision of a cozy June morning in his low slung sweats and that hoodie still inspiring ideas for how they could spend the rest of the day. For now, Ilya relaxes back into the loveseat, the smallest breeze across the water cooling him from the steadily rising sun. Yes, he thinks, this place, this quiet, this love, is a good way to spend forever.

End Notes

thanks for reading ! come say hi on tumblr if you wanna x

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