

The One Where Shane Falls Asleep At The Dinner Table

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The One Where Shane Falls Asleep At The Dinner Table

by [WonderfullyWonderingAlone59](#)

Summary

Shane has a bad day while recovering from his injuries and Ilya comes to take care of him.

Notes

This is set during Shane's injury but they are out as a couple.

Ilya is getting changed for practice when he hears his phone buzz in his locker. He takes it out and sees Shane's mother, Yuna, calling and instantly swipes to take the call.

"Hi, Yuna," he says, shouldering the phone while he pulls his skates on.

"Hi, sweetie, I was hoping I'd catch you before you got out there, are you planning on stopping over after practice this evening?" Yuna asks.

Ilya feels a little swell in his chest at the motherly tone she always uses with him since they came out and are a public couple. It makes missing his own mother just a tiny bit better.

"Um, yeah, I can. I don't have anything else going on after this. I only got to talk to Shane for a few minutes this morning before meetings and everything else on the schedule so I didn't get to ask him yet if he wanted me to come over," he says.

Honestly, there's nowhere else Ilya would rather be. The only reason Shane is staying with his parents while he recovers from his concussion and fractured collarbone that occurred from a game two nights ago, is because the team schedule is crazy right now and Ilya doesn't want him to be alone while he's out of the house. They'd been living together for awhile now and he misses Shane in their bed at night. He stops over and sees him in all his free time as much as he can. But Shane isn't good at following doctors orders, especially when he gets it in his head that he's ok and pushes himself before he's ready. It's only for a few weeks, but Shane isn't happy about staying with his parents and has been extra pouty about it. Ilya can't blame him, but he's just happy Yuna and David are able to take care of him when he can't be there.

"Ok, good, I was hoping you would. And for the record, you don't need to ask to come over," Yuna says. "You're his boyfriend and you can come over whenever you want. He's better when you're here."

Ilya smiles. "Ok, I'll be over straight from practice. Should be around 7. How is he doing? He didn't sound too good this morning when I talked to him."

"Well, he's not having a great day. He's definitely starting to go stir crazy from being cooped up in the house. He's been restless all day and very argumentative and uncooperative," she says.

Ilya doesn't like the sound of that. He hates when Shane is restless, it's a challenge to keep him confined and calm. He finishes up with his skates and sighs loudly. "Ok, I have to head out now but I'll be there as soon as I'm done," he says.

During practice all Ilya can think about is Shane. He hopes he isn't giving Yuna and David too much of a hard time and fuck, he just misses him. Time goes by way too slowly but as soon as they're done, he hits the showers and heads to Shane's parents house.

As soon as he gets out of the car he can hear David hollering at Shane. Ilya feels nervous as he heads towards the backyard where he can see smoke from the grill and wonders what is going on. Yuna is manning the grill making what appears to be barbeque chicken. She smiles

brightly when she sees Ilya approaching and holds her arms out to him for a hug and kisses his cheek. Ilya removes his sunglasses and looks out into the big backyard to where David and Shane are standing.

“He keeps taking his sling off so they’re arguing about that,” Yuna says, reading his mind. “He also has had zero naps today because he’s refused his pain medication all day.”

Shane had been napping on and off during the day every day since his injury. Between the concussion and the pain meds the doctor gave him, he’d been constantly sleepy, but the doctor said that that was normal and that he should sleep as much as possible to let his brain and body heal. He also was to wear the sling at all times, except when he was showering or changing clothes, to keep his arm immobilized.

“Uh-oh, that is not good,” Ilya says, watching David try and fail to get Shane back in his arm sling. “Yeah, I don’t know what’s wrong with him today,” Yuna says from beside him, shaking her head. “He’s been in a terrible mood all day.”

Ilya slowly walks towards David and Shane, wanting to wrap his arms around Shane because he can see how stressed out and worked up he is. David sees Ilya first and steps aside, smiling and nodding at him. Ilya puts a hand on Shane’s back and rubs gently. Shane turns around and his face immediately falters when he sees Ilya. His breathing picks up, chest heaving, and he looks like he’s going to cry and fuck, if that doesn’t break Ilya’s heart.

He puts his hands on Shane’s waist and slowly pulls him to him and Shane comes crashing into him. Ilya takes all of his weight as Shane drops his head onto his shoulder and takes a deep, shuddering breath and begins to cry. Ilya puts one hand protectively on the back of Shane’s head, careful to support his concussed head, and the other rubs circles on his back and he rocks him back and forth.

After a few minutes Shane calms down and is just sniffing on his shoulder as Ilya comforts him. He reaches for the sling and David hands it to him. “He won’t leave it on and he’s been trying to get out and exercise all day. I caught him downstairs in the home gym trying to get on the treadmill earlier and just now he was going to go for a walk and threw a fit when I told him he couldn’t go by himself.”

“Dad, shut up,” Shane grumbles into Ilya’s shoulder. “Hey, don’t talk to him like that, he’s only looking out for you,” Ilya tells him. Shane huffs and mumbles something that neither of them can make out. David rolls his eyes. “I’ll let you take it from here,” he tells Ilya and walks back to where Yuna is on the porch.

“So I hear you are being bad patient today,” Ilya says. “Refusing your pain medicine, taking sling off, and being a grump.”

“I’m not a grump,” Shane says against Ilya’s shoulder.

“Hm, ok, if you say so,” Ilya says, teasingly. “I’m going to guess that you are frustrated from being out of your usual routine, yes? You’re bored and restless not being able to move how you want to.”

Shane nods and Ilya hums knowingly. “Now, tell me why you are refusing your pain medicine.”

Shane sighs. “It makes me tired and I’m sick of sleeping all day,” he says.

“Sleeping is good and what your body needs right now to heal, my love,” Ilya says, pressing a kiss to Shane’s head.

He pulls away and reaches down to support Shane’s right arm at the elbow, slowly lifting it up to position it correctly and starts to put his sling back on. Shane tenses up, wincing in pain. “No, I don’t want it on,” he says. “It needs to be on, Shane,” Ilya says, holding him still. “I’m tired of wearing it, it’s tight and making me feel claustrophobic!” Shane says.

“Ok, ok, shh. Let me look at it,” Ilya says. He works Shane’s arm into the sling while Shane pouts at him, then he adjusts the strap as much as he can without making it too loose. “There, let’s try that for awhile, ok?”

Shane sighs loudly and looks like he’s about to fight him about it but Ilya gives him a stern look and he stops in his tracks.

Ilya sees David and Yuna setting food on the table on the porch and starts walking Shane that way, settling him down in a chair before sitting beside him. Yuna smiles at him and mouths “thank you” at him and they exchange smiles.

Ilya takes Shane’s plate and cuts up his food for him, causing Shane to roll his eyes, annoyed at not being able to do it himself. Ilya just smiles and kisses his pouty mouth. He hands Shane his fork when he’s done and then turns to him. “Now, you start eating and I’m going to go get your pain medicine and you’re going to take it, yes?”

Shane just stares at him, wanting to protest, but Ilya fixes him with a raised eyebrow, daring him to challenge him. After a few seconds Shane takes a small bite of his food and Ilya smiles proudly and kisses the top of his head as he stands and goes inside to get his pills.

When he comes back he sits back down and faces Shane. He hands him his glass of water and waits for him to swallow what is in his mouth. “Ok, open your mouth,” he says. “I can take it myself, Ilya,” Shane says. “Hm, I know, but I don’t trust you, open your mouth.”

Shane stares at him for a few seconds and then slowly opens his mouth and Ilya pops the pill onto his tongue. Shane takes a drink and swallows the pill while Ilya watches his every move. “Good, now eat,” he tells him.

They eat and talk for awhile, Yuna asking about how practice went and Ilya telling her all about it while occasionally looking over at Shane to keep an eye on him. Shane asks about how the team is looking for the next game and asks if the guys miss him. After about twenty minutes Ilya notices Shane has been very quiet and still. He looks over at him and sees him struggling to hold his eyes open and that his head is starting to wobble. Shane’s eyes close suddenly and his head starts to go down, but Ilya is quick to reach out and catch it one handed with cat-like reflexes.

“Whoa, ok, pain medicine is working,” he says. Shane mumbles something unintelligible and Ilya reaches for him, pulling his chair closer to him so that they’re touching and guides Shane to lay against him. He takes the fork out of Shane’s hand and sets it aside. He quickly finishes what little is left on his plate while running his fingers through Shane’s hair.

Yuna and David exchange a loving look with each other, smiling at the way Ilya is able to handle Shane with such ease and take good care of him. Once Ilya is done he carefully maneuvers Shane while he stands up and then lifts him like he weighs nothing and carries him inside while David holds the door open.

He takes Shane over to the couch and lays him down on the giant sectional. He removes both of their shoes and then lays down beside Shane. Shane instinctually moves right to Ilya’s chest, laying his head down and snuggling his face into his neck. Ilya kisses his head and rubs his back, lulling him to sleep, which takes only seconds before Shane goes completely still against him, breathing deeply.

Yuna brings a blanket and lays it over them. Ilya tucks Shane in how he likes, bringing the blanket up to cover most of the side of his face. Yuna watches and can’t stop smiling. “This is the first time he’s slept all day since he got up early this morning, he has to be exhausted. He’s been used to napping multiple times a day.”

“Yes, I think he wore himself out today,” Ilya says.

“You’re so good with him,” Yuna says. “He’s so much calmer being near you, I can tell he feels safe with you. It’s nice to see.”

Ilya smiles fondly and kisses Shane’s forehead.

“Well, I’m going to go help David clean up and then what do you say we watch some hockey before bed? You can stay here tonight and make sure my son sleeps. You know where the bedroom is.”

Ilya smiles and nods. “Sounds great.”

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