

all that matters

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by [WriteFandomRepeat](#)

Summary

Ilya comes home from the dreaded Florida road trip to someone he wasn't expecting to see.

Notes

Basically, what I imagine happened after the infamous plane incident of Role Model. So, some life affirming sex and getting heads out of asses (figuratively). And, I am not delusional enough to think I did this any justice and I may delete this one TLG is out and Rachel schools us all on what *did* happen.

“Shane?” Ilya sounded confused at the sight of his boyfriend standing in his living room, yet Shane couldn’t help but notice the hint of relief that coated his name as it left Ilya’s lips.

“Hey,” was all Shane could manage and even that one short word cracked as it came out.

“Hey,” Ilya echoed.

They stood there for a long moment just looking at each other. Shane wanted to do so many things. Run into Ilya’s arms, cry at how happy he was that he was home, scream at him for those fucking texts he’d sent him, punch him for telling him not to come. All of those and so much more, in no particular order. He had no doubt he looked as miserable as Ilya did right now and he couldn’t bring himself to care.

Ilya opened his mouth just as Shane closed the space between them in two long strides. Shane grabbed Ilya’s face in his hands and crashed their mouths together before a single sound could come out of Ilya. Ilya’s hands went to Shane’s neck, his hair, his shoulders. Like he wanted to touch every inch of him and didn’t know where to start. It was frantic, bordering on desperate, but it was a reflection of what Shane felt. What he’d sensed Ilya felt like too when they’d spoken via texts and on the phone.

“I love you,” Shane told him when they pulled away just enough to catch their breaths. “Love you so fucking much.”

Ilya made a soft broken sound Shane had never heard from him before. One hand went to the back of Shane’s head, gripping his hair as he kissed him again, his other arm wrapped around his waist and holding him tightly against his body. Everything was a blur, and yet Shane was hyper aware of every part of him Ilya touched.

They somehow managed to make it up the stairs with Shane’s legs wrapped around Ilya’s waist, his t-shirt getting shed along the way. It was a miracle they didn’t break their necks pulling that off. Ilya’s button down shirt got torn off while he held Shane up against a wall, kissing his neck and jaw like he hadn’t touched Shane in months. Pants and underwear came off as soon as they reached the bedroom, the two of them going as fast as they could to limit the time they weren’t pressed into each other.

Their touches slowed and became more deliberate when they were lying in bed, but there was still that undercurrent that Shane had felt when they’d first seen each other. No matter how much Ilya had insisted Shane didn’t need to be there when he got home, they needed this. Both of them needed to feel the other, solid and warm under their hand.

Ilya’s mouth never left Shane’s body for more than a second. If he wasn’t swallowing down his moans as his fingers worked him open, they were on his neck and collarbone. Shane didn’t even care that he’d likely end up with marks on himself from Ilya biting and sucking his skin. He absolutely did not give a shit in that moment, because Ilya was here and that’s all that mattered, really.

When Ilya finally pushed into him, everything felt like it clicked in place.

“I love you,” Ilya whispered in his ear, not moving inside him, just keeping them joined as close together as he could.

They lay together, holding each other for long moments before Ilya braced himself on his forearms, kissed Shane deeply and finally started moving in and out of him. His pace was slow, unhurried, one that would normally frustrate them both to no end. But it was perfect right now. Shane never wanted this moment to end, or to leave this bed, or his boyfriend behind. The fleeting thought that the word *boyfriend* was getting really old crossed his mind once more, and he filed that away for later. Right now, he wanted to concentrate fully and completely on Ilya, here and now. Something he’d never thought he could lose with as much finality as they’d apparently come so close to.

Shane tangled their fingers together, Ilya moved their hands above Shane’s head on the pillows. They kissed, murmured soft I love yous, and moaned out the other’s name with their release, which hit them with far more intensity than Shane expected given their slow, unhurried pace.

“You missed practice,” Ilya stated gently in the quiet of the room later, when they were lying on their sides, kissing each other while their hands still roamed about the other’s body.

Shane wanted to make a joke. *Was worth it*, were the first words that popped in his mind. Then, *I almost lost you, you God damned idiot, of course I missed practice*, but that seemed... much.

“It’s just hockey,” he decided on.

Ilya stilled his hand carding through Shane’s hair. He apparently hadn’t been expecting that answer. He pulled Shane in for a deep kiss. “It is *never* just hockey,” he replied against Shane’s lips.

“I’m sorry it took all that for me to say it. But it’s true.” Shane brushed curls off Ilya’s forehead. “You are more important than hockey, Ilya.”

Ilya pulled him into a hug and held him for a long time.

“Can you stay. Just tonight-“

“I’m staying. We have a game tomorrow, and I already warned coach I might not be back.”

Ilya looked at him then, brows knit together in shock. “You would do that?”

“If you need me to, yeah. I told him there was a family emergency and I had to be here today, and I wasn’t sure about tomorrow.”

“You can get in trouble.”

“I will tell you as many time as I have to: I don’t care.”

Ilya nodded, like maybe this time he sort of believed it. Shane did mean every single word. And the fact that it was so hard for Ilya to believe them right now proved that he had some

serious work to do to fix this.

He would be damned if he let their relationship fall apart. They needed to have a very serious conversation soon about all of that, but for now, for today at least, all he planned to do was just this – hold Ilya in his arms and make sure he knew that he was loved and without a doubt the most important thing in Shane's life.

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