

Text When You Touch Down

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Text When You Touch Down

by [FestiveFerret](#)

Summary

As soon as the plane landed, Shane pulled his phone out with everyone else, planning to text Ilya and let him know they'd arrived, but before he could bring up his contacts, his notifications were flooded, phone pinging wildly.

9 missed calls

9 new voicemails

1 text: Ilya <3

Don't worry about the calls. I just missed you. Everything is fine. See you soon.

Notes

This was fully and completely inspired by scream-singing Make Out With Me by Maren Morris in the shower on repeat all week. I'm not usually in the song-to-fic pipeline but this one just straight up is that song.

Thanks for reading! <3

As soon as the plane hit the runway, Shane was surrounded by the chimes of phones reconnecting to service, and he huffed a laugh at the team's predictability before digging out his own phone. Usually, he wasn't part of the rush. The rest of the team had partners and kids to check on and the in-flight wi-fi wasn't good enough for facetime or VoIP calls. Shane had never really understood how hard it was having a lifestyle like this until this road trip.

Because usually the person he wanted to connect with the most was in the seat next to him, chirping his teammates, making Shane watch shitty movies, and falling asleep with his head in Shane's lap. But Ilya had taken a well-fired puck to the gut four days ago, and while he was going to be okay, the massive bruise was interfering with his game enough that Coach had benched him for this roadie. Which meant he stayed home, and for the first time since they'd said, *I do*, Shane got on a plane and left him behind.

He'd thought it would be no problem. He and Ilya spent the first years of their relationship apart more than they were together. But it hadn't really been a *relationship* at first. It was... whatever it was. Unacknowledged, unaddressed. And then even when they had pulled their heads out of their asses, it was still a secret from everyone else, one they maintained by being apart more than they were together. Sometimes being with Ilya back then had been even more painful than being apart because it underscored everything they couldn't have. But now they were stable and in love and happy together and *out* and playing on the same team. And separated.

So Shane pulled his phone out with everyone else, planning to text Ilya and let him know they'd landed, but before he could bring up his contacts, his notifications were flooded, phone pinging wildly.

9 missed calls

9 new voicemails

1 text: Ilya <3

Panic flooding his veins now, Shane clicked on the text, but as soon as he read it, his nerves settled.

Don't worry about the calls. I just missed you. Everything is fine. See you soon.

Shane let out a tight breath and sat back in his seat. What did that even mean? Obviously, Ilya had guessed that a bunch of missed calls and messages would freak Shane out, but Ilya had never left him a string of voicemails like this before. The flight had been five hours, and Ilya had clearly had his flight tracker on because the first call was twenty-two minutes after take-off and the last was seven minutes before landing.

Shane grinned at his phone. Even without listening, it was heart-warming to know that Ilya was thinking about him when they were apart.

The plane docked at the gate and there was the usual hustle and bustle of everyone packing up their things and pulling their bags out of storage. Shane slid his tablet and headphones back into his bag and tucked his phone under his cheek after hitting play on the first voicemail.

"Hello, sweetheart. You are flying on your way back to me which is good because if you were away any longer I would have had to get in my car and come after you. I decided to leave you a message to listen to when you land because I cannot talk to you right now. I missed you so much this week. I missed playing with you and I missed holding you at night. Come home safely. I love you."

Shane hid his face behind the seat in front of his, knowing the kind of chirping he'd get if any of his teammates saw the expression he no doubt had on his face. It wasn't like it was rare for Ilya to be romantic, he certainly had his moments, but he was just as likely to call and tease, so Shane hadn't known what to expect.

Everyone got up and started filing off the plane, now that the doors were open, so Shane joined the queue and hit play on the next message. Were the other eight messages the same? Shane opened the next one.

"Fuck, I can't believe I used to sleep in this huge fucking bed without you. How did we do that? I barely slept at all last night. Longest four days of my life."

Shane eagerly clicked the next voicemail, shuffling along down the tunnel between Wyatt and Troy.

"I miss your perfect ass too." Ilya's voice was soft and a little slurred. "I maybe had some vodka and now all I can think about is your ass and what I want to do to it. I want you to come with nothing but my cock deep inside you. You will beg me for it. Come home, come home, come home."

"Shit," Shane huffed to himself, glancing around to see if anyone had overheard, but no one gave him a second glance. He was grateful he'd opted for his slightly looser set of suit pants, but he still tugged his jacket tighter around himself, just in case.

He knew he shouldn't listen to the next one, not if Ilya continued on like this, but...he couldn't help himself. Ilya *wanted* him to listen while other people were around, wanted him to have to hide his reaction, which would be extreme - he couldn't contain himself around Ilya, had never been able to.

"It is hard to watch you play with the guys and I am not there. And you all probably went out for drinks after. What if a cute guy hits on you and does not know you are mine? I hope they see your ring and think how sad it is that you are taken. Sad for them. For me it is very happy. I love you so much and I get to be your husband. Fucking amazing."

Shane laughed softly.

"Okay, I have stopped drinking. I want to be sober when you come home. I want us to order curry from that place you like so much and we will curl up on the couch and make out forever"

because it has been forever since I got to touch you last."

"Anya misses you too, but I think she is more sad that she did not get to stay with her grandparents this road trip. She has our travel schedule memorized and this was not the plan!"

Shane snorted. Anya, little daddy's girl that she was, was no doubt absolutely thrilled that she got Ilya all to herself for a few days. He had definitely spoiled her rotten the whole time.

"Have I ever told you how much I like it when your face gets all scrunched up while you read? I do, I love it. Sometimes I just watch you read when I say I am reading myself."

"Did you touch yourself at all this week or did you save yourself for me?" Ilya purred in the next one. *"I bet you saved it. You always want to save yourself for me, sweetheart. You know how much I love to make you come when it's been so long and you're desperate and crying for it. I won't make you wait any longer. As soon as you get home I will take care of you."*

"Fuck," Shane hissed. They were almost out of the terminal now, and he was developing a serious problem in his pants. And of course Ilya was right. He *had* saved it all week. He couldn't wait to get Ilya's hands on him again. He played the last one, dreading the drive from the airport to their apartment already. He just wanted to be with Ilya again.

"You will be landing soon. Be safe. I will see you very soon. I love you so much."

The team shuffled out of the airport, jostling each other and arranging groups of players who lived close enough to each other to share cars into town. With no more voicemails to listen to, Shane was trying to wiggle his phone back in his bag when someone laughed and said, "Well, looks like Hollander won't need a ride."

Shane looked up, confused, to see a bright yellow Porche - one of the few pieces of his collection Ilya had replaced - parked in the lane outside the doors. Leaning against it was the most gorgeous man Shane had ever set eyes on in his entire life. He had his long legs crossed in front of him and his hands in the pockets of his peacoat. He was wearing sunglasses, but Shane knew his eyes were sparkling to match the smirk that curled his lips. His bronze curls peeked out from under the edge of a Centaurs toque.

He was stunning, and he was Shane's, and he was *here*.

Shane couldn't stop his grin as their friends whooped and catcalled, shoving him towards Ilya, who pulled his hands out of his pockets to spread his arms wide. Shane trotted across the sidewalk and dumped his bags on the ground. He threw himself into Ilya's arms, barely catching himself at the last moment so he didn't smack the still tender bruise under Ilya's ribs. "You're here," he said into Ilya's neck.

"I missed you too much to wait." Ilya clutched him closer, one hand coming up to cup the back of Shane's head.

"You shouldn't be driving," Shane chastised, burrowing further.

"I stopped drinking many hours ago."

"I meant because of your injury." Shane reminded him with a gentle poke just above the bruise, but Ilya barely flinched, which meant it had to be much better.

"Is fine. I will play again tomorrow. I could have played yesterday, no problem."

"Good. It's not the same being on the ice without you." Shane dropped his hand to twine their fingers together. "I got your messages."

Ilya laughed. "There was nothing else to do while I waited." He kissed the side of Shane's head.

Shane pulled back to kiss him properly and there were cheers and whistles from their friends. He couldn't help grinning. "I listened to those in front of the guys, you know." He mock-glared. "All of them."

Ilya's smirk twisted truly devious and his eyebrow shot up. "Good. Then you know my plans for tonight."

"Ilya."

Ilya cupped his face and brushed his thumbs over Shane's cheeks. "Missed these fucking freckles," he murmured to himself in Russian. "So adorable."

"Let's go home," Shane replied, in his own shaky Russian, and Ilya beamed.

"Yes. Let's go home. I can't wait to have you back where you belong. With me."

"There isn't anywhere I'd rather be."

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