

Cancelled Flight Home

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Cancelled Flight Home

by [vlademetri](#)

Summary

But he refused—absolutely refused—to sleep on the airport floor.
Across from him, however, Ilya had surrendered to that reality much faster.

or

Shane will not sleep on the dirty airport floor...unless his husband asks nicely cause he's sad

Read pt. 2 [HERE](#)

Notes

I literally wrote this in like 30 min based on a comment someone left on my tt video on the centaurs. Watch [HERE](#)

So enjoy!

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

The cancellation announcement came just after midnight.

The speakers in the terminal crackled with the familiar flat tone of airport announcements, and then a tired voice informed them that due to mechanical issues and weather delays further up the route, the flight to Ottawa had been canceled. Rebooking would begin in the morning.

For a long moment, no one from the Ottawa Centaurs said anything. Then the groaning started.

"Oh you've got to be kidding me," Bood muttered, dropping his head back against the plastic airport chair like someone personally betrayed by aviation.

Haas dragged both hands down his face. "Please tell me they're joking."

"They're not joking," Troy said flatly, already scrolling through his phone like there might be some miracle solution hiding on the airline app.

The flight was originally only delayed but after a mechanical issue, they decided to ground the plane. No flights until morning. No buses available. No hotel rooms left near the airport because of a snowstorm grounding half the flights in the region.

Which meant the Centaurs were doing the only thing they could do. Camping out in the terminal.

At the gate counter, a few fellow passengers were already arguing with the staff. The Centaurs had learned long ago that arguing rarely solved anything in situations like this.

Equipment bags had been shoved into loose piles. Jackets had been claimed as blankets. A few guys had dragged over empty rows of chairs from the neighboring gate.

Tanner had taken up residence across four seats like a man who had absolutely no shame about public sleeping.

Evan had kicked his boots off and used a duffel bag as a pillow.

Wyatt had somehow managed to curl his massive frame under some chairs with his knees practically touching his chest.

LaPointe and Boyle were still awake, quietly playing tiktoks on their phones with the screen brightness still all the way up.

Troy and Harris sat nearby, murmuring about the game earlier that night.

Eventually they all began to drift. Exhaustion hit athletes hard once adrenaline wore off.

Shane had claimed a seat near the windows. The row faced out toward the runway where long lines of lights stretched into the dark like glowing highways. Shane had pulled his

hoodie up and leaned sideways against the cool glass. The chair was uncomfortable. The armrests dug into his sides.

But he refused—absolutely refused—to sleep on the airport floor.

Across from him, however, Ilya had surrendered to that reality much faster.

Ilya had taken one look at the seating situation, shrugged, and simply laid down on the ground.

Ilya had shrugged off his jacket, rolled it loosely beneath his neck, and then shoved his backpack underneath it to create a makeshift pillow. His long legs folded slightly, one arm tucked beneath his head while the other rested across his chest.

Shane had stared down at him in disbelief. "You're not seriously sleeping down there."

Ilya cracked one eye open lazily. "Is floor. Will be fine."

Shane gestured at the tile like it had personally offended him. "It's disgusting."

Ilya's mouth twitched. "You are dramatic."

"I'm hygienic."

"And you are princess."

Shane scoffed loudly. "I will not be sleeping on the floor."

Ilya had only shrugged again, completely unconcerned. "Suit yourself."

But Shane had still moved his leg closer to still be able to touch him.

Time passed the way it always did in airports late at night—slow and strange. Lights dimmed slightly. Announcements became less frequent. The terminal grew quieter.

One by one, the Centaurs drifted toward sleep.

Tanner started snoring loud enough that Bood threw a crumpled napkin at him.

"Shut up," Bood whispered. But Tanner snorted but kept sleeping.

Shane hadn't meant to fall asleep. But exhaustion eventually won. His head tipped sideways against the window. The cold glass pressed against his temple. His breathing slowed.

He drifted.

He didn't know how much time passed before something jolted him awake.

Movement.

Sudden.

Violent.

Shane blinked awake, disoriented.

Below him, Ilya had bolted upright from the floor. His backpack had slid away. His shoulders were tense, chest rising and falling sharply like he'd just run a sprint. For a moment he looked completely lost.

Shane was out of his chair before he even thought about it. "Ilya?"

The word came out quiet but immediate. Ilya dragged a hand down his face. His breathing slowly steadied.

"A nightmare?" Shane asked softly.

Ilya nodded once. He didn't elaborate. He didn't need to.

Shane knew enough about Ilya's past to understand that some dreams stayed with him longer than others.

Shane crouched beside him. "You okay?"

Ilya looked at him for a long moment.

There was still sleep in his eyes. Something vulnerable too—something he usually kept locked down tight.

Then Ilya said quietly, "Lie down with me?"

Shane blinked. "Here?"

Ilya glanced at the floor like the answer was obvious.

"Да." There was something gentle in Ilya's voice now "Please?"

And honestly how was Shane supposed to say no to that?

They settled on their sides facing each other. Backpacks under their heads. The airport lights cast soft gold reflections across the floor.

Shane tugged his sleeves over his hands. "This floor is definitely sticky."

"You are imagining." Ilya huffed out

"I'm not imagining."

They fell quiet after that. Just looking at each other. The exhaustion of the day settled around them.

Shane reached across the small space between them first. His fingers brushed Ilya's. Ilya immediately laced their hands together.

Warm. Familiar. Grounding.

"Better?" Shane murmured.

Ilya nodded once. "Yes."

His thumb brushed slowly across Shane's knuckles.

Outside the windows a plane rolled slowly across the runway lights. Inside the terminal the Centaurs slept in messy piles of limbs and equipment bags.

Eventually Shane's eyes began to droop. Ilya's breathing slowed again.

And still holding hands between them, they drifted off.

But they did not go unnoticed.

Across the row of chairs, Evan stirred. He blinked once. Twice. Then his gaze dropped to the floor. His eyebrows shot up.

He leaned sideways and nudged Wyatt. "Dude."

Wyatt groaned awake. "What?"

"Look." Evan whispered. Wyatt followed his gaze. Then immediately slapped a hand over his mouth to keep from laughing.

"Oh my god!"

Curled together on the floor were Shane and Ilya. Facing each other. Hands clasped between them. Completely asleep. It looked absurdly soft.

Evan slowly pulled out his phone. Click. The camera shutter was silent.

Troy leaned forward from the next row. "What are you—" Then he saw. His grin spread instantly. "No way." Click.

Boyle sat up too. "Holy shit."

Tanner cracked one eye open from his chair. "What now?"

Troy just pointed. Tanner squinted down at the floor. Then he whispered loudly, "They're holding hands."

Haas snorted awake mid-snore. "Huh?"

Bood lifted his head groggily. "Why are you idiots whispering?"

Boyle turned his phone screen toward them. The photo. Shane and Ilya asleep. Soft and peaceful and very, very married.

Bood's grin was immediate. "Oh we're saving that forever."

Click.

Click.

Click.

Within five minutes everyone had pictures. Evidence. Blackmail. Group chat material.

Morning came slowly. Airport lights brightened. Announcements returned. Passengers filtered back into the terminal.

And eventually Shane stirred. He blinked groggily at the ceiling. For a moment he didn't understand where he was.

Then he felt the floor beneath him. And the warm hand that was still holding his.

He looked down. Ilya was still asleep. Hair messy. Face soft. Shane smiled a little.

Then he noticed everyone watching them.

Haas.

Bood.

Chouinard.

Tanner.

Young.

LaPointe.

Evan.

Holmberg.

Troy.

Harris.

Boyle.

Even Coach Wiebe.

All grinning at them.

Oh no.

"You two sleep well?" Piped Bood. Shane immediately buried his face in his hoodie.

"Shut up." Shane shot back

Ilya stirred beside him. "What is happening?"

Evan held up his screen. The photo: Shane and Ilya on the floor. Hands intertwined. Looking like the softest couple in existence.

Ilya stared at it. Then slowly turned toward Shane.

"You stayed on the floor all night?" Ilya quietly asked.

Shane groaned again. "You asked me to lay down."

Tanner laughed. "He had a nightmare." Shane felt the need to explain.

Half the team made exaggerated aww noises.

Ilya sat up immediately. "Delete that."

Evan pulled his phone back. "Never."

Troy raised his own. "I got three angles."

LaPointe grinned. "Same."

Shane looked horrified. "Three angles?!"

Haas stretched lazily across the chairs. "Group chat already has them."

Shane buried his face in his hands. "I'm being bullied."

Troy smirked. "Captain Roz sleeping on the airport floor holding hands with his husband?"
He shrugged. "That's elite content."

Ilya rubbed his face. Then glanced sideways at Shane. "...You stayed with me."

Shane peeked through his fingers. "You asked." Something soft flickered across Ilya's expression.

Behind them Evan whispered loudly: "Oh my god they're looking at each other again."

Phones lifted instantly. Shane threw an old crumpled boarding pass at them. "Stop documenting our marriage!"

The entire team burst into laughter. And quietly, between all the noise and teasing, Ilya reached over.

And took Shane's hand, brought it up to his face, and kissed his knuckles not caring who saw anymore.

End Notes

It was too cute not to write

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