

I'm losing my mind just a little

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I'm losing my mind just a little

by [princebutt](#)

Summary

Its a month into Ilya's last season with Boston and Shane is desperate to see his boyfriend. So he books them a cabin in Burlington, Vermont for a little getaway together.

Flufftober day twenty seven: meeting in the middle

Notes

Can't believe I have less than a week left of these 😭 I'm gonna miss posting a fic every day!
Thank you to dntat and Anna for betaing!

A month into the season and Shane is about ready to lose his mind. Stolen moments with Ilya aren't enough – he needs more. How is he supposed to love Ilya from Montreal? Boston isn't that far, but it's just out of reach, like his fingers can't fully wrap around it. He wants more than one night, and needs it to keep himself sane. So Shane does what he does best – he works for it. He researches what's the middle most point between Montreal and Boston, which turns out to be a town called Burlington, Vermont, that sits right on a lake. He finds the perfect little cabin and compares their team schedules, and he books them one night away.

One night isn't much, but it's going to have to be enough. One day and one night when they won't be focusing on hockey, where they can just enjoy each other instead of worrying about getting on a plane or being stealthy around their team mates. One night of Ilya's body pressed up against his, keeping him warm, loving him fully and unconditionally.

It's going to have to do.

Shane texts Ilya as soon as he books it – an address. A picture of the lakeside cabin, a check in time and a winky face. Ilya is quick to respond.

Lily: what is this?

Jane: a cabin getaway. I can't wait until our next game to meet up.

Lily: Shane.

Jane: Ilya. Please. I need to see you.

Lily: ok. I will be there.

Lily: soon 😊

Jane: Soon.

Typing that word fills Shane with relief. They only have a week to wait until they'll be in Vermont, wrapped up in each other, the world a distant worry.

Shane is the first to arrive at the cabin, and he's hardly surprised by that. The whole thing was his idea, after all, and he's more punctual than Ilya, so – it makes sense. He unloads his bag and gets the key from the lockbox, then makes his way into the cabin and lets his shoulders sag with relief. They made it. They're making it work. Everything is going to be ok.

The sound of tires on the gravel drive hits Shane's ears and he goes to stand out on the deck. He leans against the rail and watches Ilya park, then looks out at the sun which is hanging low over the lake, setting into it, setting the water alight with gorgeous oranges and deep lilacs and vibrant pinks. The wind carries a chill, and Shane regrets not putting on his jacket, but then Ilya is there, his bag left at the top of the stairs, his arms making their way around Shane and welcoming him home. This is only the beginning of time they are going to have to spend apart, but Shane has vowed to make it work, so he's going to try his damndest.

Shane just breathes Ilya in as they embrace, and his face presses into Ilya's neck as he lets out a low, contented noise. Ilya's hand soothingly trails down Shane's spine through his sweatshirt, and he lets out his own exhale of relief as he pulls back and meets Shane's gaze.

"Thank you. For making this happen."

They both know this isn't time they have – they should be at the rink practicing, training, pushing themselves to be better. Shane wants another cup badly, but he's starting to think he's found something more important than a Stanley Cup win, and that turns his worldview upside down. Not that he'd ever stop trying for a cup; just that he's found something as worthy of his time and affection as hockey is.

Ilya is worth it. Shane knows that now. He knows what he'd been grappling with all along.

The landscape is gorgeous – all the trees' leaves are turning, the sun is putting on her show, and the lake is shimmering in the evening light. But all Shane can focus on is Ilya back in his arms, Ilya being all his for twenty four hours, Ilya, Ilya, Ilya. It's all he's wanted, all he can think about since they left their cabin a few months ago. Shane wants to be greedy. He wants to snap Ilya up like a dragon and add Ilya to his hoard, lock him up in his house and never let him leave, love him every minute of every day and never feel the pain of the physical distance between them.

It wouldn't be fair. He knows that. Logically he knows that this is how it has to be. Illogically, he just wants Ilya to hold him forever.

They make their way into the cabin and Ilya deposits his bag in their bedroom. Shane brought a cooler full of things to cook, and they get to work making dinner – steaks and vegetables, and even sweet potatoes to roast. Soon the whole house smells like rosemary and thyme, and they're laughing between kisses as they wait for the steak to finish cooking in the oven, and there's something so magical in these lazy, shared moments.

When the timer beeps, Shane pulls the steaks from the oven and lets them rest. Ilya tackles him to the sofa and ravishes him in kisses across his freckled cheeks, down his neck to his collarbones. Ilya's hands smooth over his sides and tease little noises of contentment from Shane, and his head falls back on the couch pillows as Ilya's mouth finds a home at the base of his neck where he is careful not to leave a mark but lavishes the spot that makes Shane's toes curl with the attention all the same.

Their dinner goes forgotten for a good thirty minutes while they lazily make out on the couch. A fire is going in the fireplace, and Shane's legs are tangled in Ilya's, and they're covered in a soft blanket that had been hung on the back of the couch, and this is maybe the closest to a perfect moment Shane has ever experienced.

Ilya's stomach rumbles, though, and ruins the mood.

"I'm hungry," he admits sheepishly, and they untangle their limbs and make their way into the kitchen to plate up the food. They sit at the little breakfast nook and watch the moon rise over the lake as they eat their dinner and trade stories about training and how their teams are looking this year. It's beautiful in its simplicity, and Shane can feel the time slipping through

his hand, each second a grain of sand ticking in an hourglass. His foot reaches out and hooks around Ilya's ankle, and his hand reaches out and laces his fingers through Ilya's, and he just wants every inch of them to be touching.

Shane is so fucking obsessed with his boyfriend, it's kind of pathetic.

After they finish eating, they wash the dishes together. Ilya puts on a playlist and serenades Shane as they work, and Shane peppers his cheeks with loving, tender kisses. Shane's laughter weaves in with the music, and he finds his cheeks aching from how much he's smiled today.

Once they're done with the work, they curl up on the couch and scan through the different streaming services the cabin offers. They land on a Rose Landry action movie and start it up, and it doesn't take long for Ilya's hand to trail up under Shane's shirt, and his erection to press against Shane's ass. Ilya has never been subtle, that's for damn sure.

It isn't long before Shane is straddling Ilya and kissing him into the couch cushions. They make out for a while, taking their time, relishing this while they have it. But then Ilya gets desperate and needy, and Shane wants so much that he can't deny Ilya anymore. They abandon the TV and make their way into the bedroom, where they leave the window blinds open and don't worry about who might see or hear.

Ilya worships Shane's body, and makes him feel so alive, more alive than he's felt since they were at Shane's cottage over the summer. They savor each other's bodies and take one another apart with their teeth and tongues, and Shane comes completely undone at Ilya's hand. Once they're both spent, they shower, then curl up on the bed wrapped up in blankets and limbs and still pressing delicate kisses to every inch of skin they can reach.

This is how Shane falls asleep – Ilya's arms around him, their legs intertwined, and their breath mingling as Shane's face presses into Ilya's neck. He fights sleep for a long while, because seeing Ilya now is a treat he wants to savor, and when the morning comes, they'll have to part for another few weeks.

It's bittersweet, and Shane's final thoughts before sleep takes him are of how unfair this all is, how he deserves Ilya all the time, not just on the NHL's schedule.

One day, they'll have each other full time. One day nothing will matter but them. Until then, Shane will settle for any time he can get.

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