

The Mouse House

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The Mouse House

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Summary

Ilya might regret that he talked Shane into giving the kids the 7th birthday party they asked for...in this weird, horrible place.

Notes

While not strictly necessary, my Shane/Ilya fics are all conceptually linked and are best enjoyed in chronological order, which is as follows:

The Interview

The Offer

Two Are More Than Twice As Much Work As One

A Day In Disney

Date Night

First Day Of School

A Perfect Christmas

The Mouse House

The Hit

Family Hockey Game

The Changeling

Sasha's Story

The noise level was off the charts. Ilya lived for parties, and even he was overwhelmed. Between the screaming, the singing, the clanging, the dinging, the honking, and that maniacal weird mouse intermittently laughing, he was going to be in for a massive headache if they didn't leave soon.

A knocking noise came from above him. Ilya turned toward Shane just as Shane looked up toward the ceiling, his face registering dawning horror. Lying flat in a clear plastic tube, waving at them, was Eva. Next to her Sasha stuck out his tongue which touched the tube under his face.

Looking back down at Shane, a smile tugged at the corners of Ilya's lips as he waited for what he knew was about to come out of Shane's mouth. "Oh my God. We're going to have to bathe them in bleach when we get home. Are they up to date on their tetanus shots? Everyone is going to be sick by tomorrow." He stuck his hands in his hair and pulled hard in abject despair. "Whose idea was this anyway?!"

Ilya's smile broadened. "Relax Hollander. Your kids wanted a birthday party at The Mouse House and we gave them one. Look how happy they are! It is all OK."

Shane huffed out a long breath. "Ugh. This place is sticky and chaotic and creepy."

"Did you never come to one of these when you were a child?" Ilya asked.

Shane stared at him dolefully. "You think I would have wanted to come here? Gross."

"Well, let us be thankful our kids are not as picky as you."

Shane grumbled in reply, as Yuna and David approached them. Yuna pet Shane's hair and kissed him on the forehead. "I'm sure you're complaining about how awful this place is. Am I right?" she asked, turning to Ilya.

He chuckled. "Yes. Shane is going to bathe the kids in bleach when we get home. Straight from the door to the tub. He won't let them touch the furniture or anything."

"Shut up," Shane mumbled grumpily.

Yuna laughed. "If you want, we'll come home with you and help. We'd like to watch them open their presents anyway."

"Yes, it is a good show," Ilya joked. "Eva rips off the paper and throws it everywhere. Sasha is maybe opening his second present by the time she is finished."

"OK, well anyway, can we eat the pizza and have the weird mouse sing Happy Birthday and then be done?" Shane shuddered, like the thought of enduring all of that was horrific.

Yuna smiled at her son. "That's why we came over. The host said they're about ready for pizza. We should gather up the kids."

Ilya was on it. He went around clapping his hands, yelling for the twins and their friends, and pried piperling them all over to the table. He settled Eva and Sasha in the center, with Eva's best friend, a docile girl named Matilda, on her left, and Sasha's best friend, a mischief-making scamp named Lucien, on his right. He always enjoyed listening to the kids and their friends nattering away about nothing. It reminded him of how safe their world was, having the luxury of only caring about innocent, silly childhood things. That world wasn't available to him when he was their age. It settled something deep inside him to be able to provide his kids with what he had so longed for and been unable to have.

Yuna and the host brought out the two birthday cakes and placed them in front of the twins. He and Shane always offered that they could share a cake, or each have their own choice of flavors and decorations. Some years they chose a joint cake. This year, Sasha chose a vanilla lemon cake with a picture of a Disney show about pirates on top. Eva chose a chocolate fudge cake with an ice-skating Barbie.

Shane winced as the curtain opened and out came the creepy mouse to sing Happy 7th Birthday to them. Eva jumped up and down in her seat from excitement. After they had made wishes and blown out their candles, the host and Yuna took away the cakes for cutting and Ilya turned to Shane. "Almost done, moy malen'kiy vertolet."

Shane raised his eyebrows. "Your little helicopter? Where do you come up with these? Is it spontaneous or do you keep a list in your head, waiting for the right moment?"

Ilya smirked. "Wouldn't you like to know?"

Shane shook his head, then leaned in and kissed Ilya softly. "Thank you for talking me into this. And making it bearable. They had a great time." He kissed Ilya again. "Now can we leave?"

Ilya laughed. "But wait. There is more! Now we get to stand on that line over there while the kids trade in their tickets for stupid little toys that they will break or lose or throw away by next weekend, after fighting over which one belongs to who. It will be fun."

Shane rolled his eyes. "Oh my god. I love my family. I love my family. I just have to keep remembering that I love my family."

Ilya leaned down toward Shane, and pressed their foreheads together. "I love you. And I love our family."

Shane sighed and closed his eyes. "I love you too," he whispered. "So much."

Ilya gave him a small sweet smile. "Just remember that when you see the giant super soaker water guns I bought for all of us to use at the lake house."

Shane punched him in the arm and laughed as Eva yelled, "Daddy! Papa! Come try my cake, it's yummy!"

Ilya winked at Shane, then walked over to the twins. "Of course! We will try both of your cakes. And we will see who likes which one better."

Shane stepped up next to him. “I think I’ll love both of them, thank you very much.”

“And just think. Now that the season is over, you can actually have more than one bite,” Ilya teased.

They each took a plate, Ilya of the chocolate cake and Shane of the vanilla, and proceeded to share bites of each.

“Which do you like better?” Eva asked. “I bet Daddy likes Sasha’s and Papa likes mine. Am I right?”

“You are a smart girl. You are always right,” Ilya said as he tickled her. She giggled and screeched and squirmed until he stopped and kissed her on top of her head. He turned to Sasha. “How did you like your birthday?”

Sasha smiled shyly. “It was so much fun. I beat everyone on the air hockey table, even a really big kid, and I won lots of tickets. Can we go pick out prizes now?”

Shane and Ilya shared a look. “Of course!” Ilya said. “Let’s go see what they have. Did you put the tickets in the counting machine already?” He steered the twins toward the prize counter, looking back to see Shane helping to pack up the leftover cake. They would go home and bathe the kids (without the bleach), and open presents and play with toys and have some leftover cake, and they would tuck the kids in and Yuna and David would go home. And then?

Ilya smiled dreamily. Then he would fuck his husband.

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