

high tide came and brought you in

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Summary

“I sent you the trip itinerary!”

And he had.

It was just so detailed that Ilya had glazed over after reading through the first day of vacation on the list.

Notes

Title found in Taylor Swift's *This Love*.

“Why so many hills?” Ilya’s voice comes in huffs and Shane has to smother a laugh as he turns on the path and finds him hunched forward, head bowed, hands pressed to his knees. “I thought San Francisco was the place with all the hills... crazy roads...”

“You’re not wrong.” Shane backpedals, lets his hand coast down Ilya’s back even as he tracks where his parents and their daughter have turned up ahead. “Both San Francisco *and* Seattle are known as Seven Hills cities, even though they both contain more hills tha—”

“Than roller coaster?” Pushing off his knees, Ilya straightens. “I could have used a warning is all.”

“I sent you the trip itinerary!”

And he had.

It was just so detailed, so extremely planned—there were subheadings and excursion options—that Ilya had glazed over after reading through the first day of vacation on the list.

Which was in another city altogether.

They’d visited Stanley Park and the Vancouver aquarium, the Gastown Steam Clock, Granville Island, Kitsilano Beach; hell, they’d even risked Capilano Suspension bridge with a five-year-old.

(She’d loved it, much to Shane’s dismay; they had a real adrenaline junkie on their hands.)

But, really, it was no wonder he’d not made it to Seattle’s portion of the document.

And truth be told, it’s not the first time Shane has overplanned a trip. He cannot seem to help himself, which Ilya loves—he would not be his smart, funny, precise husband otherwise...

It’s just...

They all need a break; vacation is supposed to be relaxing.

“I just thought the second half of the trip might be slower, Hollander.” He starts forward, eyebrow lifting as they move to catch up with Yuna and David, who have paused to watch Bree playing in the sand.

“I mean it’s not even that hilly here!” Shane gestures to the curving path along the sound. There’s some high brush and the Pacific wind isn’t helping, but it’s relatively flat along the shoreline. “Has retirement caught up to you already?”

“You know, it has not.”

“Could have fooled me.”

“Really? I don’t think that’s what you thought last ni—”

“Boys,” Yuna’s voice cuts through the teasing, her head shaking as she closes the few steps between them. “We’d like to get to the lighthouse before it’s dark.”

“It’s only two, mom, I budgeted...” Shane’s words die as his mother’s eyebrows raise. “I’m doing it again, aren’t?” He looks from his parents to Ilya who just shrugs, bites back his own fond smile.

“Yes, dear, you are. Look, you can easily plan next year’s trip to Disney, from what my friends have told me when they’ve taken their kids and grandkids, it’s one that you *need* to overplan.” Yuna cuffs Shane on the shoulder, winks at Ilya. “You’ll love it.”

“Yes, yes, you can wear your sexy reading glasses while you plot it all out.”

“I don’t really need those for the computer.”

“Not the point, Shane.” Ilya slows them once more as his in-laws catch up to Bree who is now following a duck along the beach. “Look, I know it takes you minute, but we have no place to be. We can slow down a bit, yeah?”

“Yeah.” He lets out a surprised laugh as Ilya tucks them behind one of the last trees before the path opens out to West Point lighthouse. “In fact, tomorrow you and Bree can be in charge, the entire day.”

“Ooo, whole day.” Leaning forward, Ilya brushes his lips over Shane’s, lets his hands settle low on his hips. “Very generous, Hollander.”

“Mmm, I thought so.” He tips his head up, skims his thumb along Ilya’s jaw. “Thank you, thanks for...”

The rest of the sentence dies as Ilya crashes their mouths together once more, teeth tugging at Shane’s lower lip, fingers twisting in the bottom of his henley.

Sighing, Shane cards his hand through Ilya’s curls, tugs him even closer.

He knows he can get stuck in his head, especially when it comes to making a game plan.

He’s so incredibly lucky...

grateful...

pleased...

that he has a partner who understands.

Who loves him for it.

“Is my pleasure.” Pulling away, Ilya presses a kiss high on Shane’s cheek. “I need to keep things exciting for my boring husband.”

“You...” Shane’s real smile—not the one he uses in ads or even speaking for the Irina Foundation—spreads over his face, lights in his eyes. “You do a great job.”

“I know.”

“Oh my god, why do I put up with you?”

“I think we just went over that.” Grinning, he flexes his fingers against Shane’s back. “I love you, too. I love that you can’t help but think ahead, but love when you’re like this, too, in the moment.” Powerless to stop himself, he drops another kiss to the corner of Shane’s mouth. “Like when you skipped my turn at Go Fish with Bree last week because you were so into the game or last night when—”

Shane shoves his shoulder, hooks a finger through Ilya’s belt loop as he drags them back out from behind the tree. “Last night was hot but please—*please*—stop bringing it up when our parents and daughter are right there.”

“Their hearing is not that good, don’t worry.”

“Still.”

“Yes, fine.” Ilya lets out an affectionate laugh as they start picking their way through the rocks at the base of the lighthouse, catching up to the rest of their family.

Bree is crouched down near one of the outcroppings, her teeth pressed in her lower lip in concentration as she tracks the path of something unseen.

“Please tell me she didn’t ‘see’ another ghost; I knew she was too young for *Coco*.” Shane says to his dad as they sidle up to the group.

“No, there’s—”

“Dad! Papa!” Breanna’s high voice slices through the stillness of the afternoon, her pigtailed bouncing as she turns to them. “Look, it’s a starfish.”

“What?!” Ilya immediately hunkers down next to her, knees balanced on the rock beside her as he leans over to gaze into the pool of water. “I don’t know, could be jellyfish or circlefish.”

“Silly.” Bree giggles, her little shoulders shaking as she tilts her head towards her father. “It looks like the stars in my room, it has to be a starfish.”

“Oh, well it must be then.” Ilya ruffles her hair, grins over her head at Shane as he crouches on the other side of her. “Sure is not a squarefish?”

“Maybe an octagonfish.” Shane settles on the ground, bites the inside of his lip to keep from laughing at Bree’s enraged look.

“No, it’s definitely a starfish! Look!” She reaches her arm out, tracing the shape of the starfish in midair.

“How did we miss that, Dad?” Ilya sets his hand on Bree’s back, sighs as Shane’s hand covers his, thumb brushing over his knuckles.

“I don’t know, I guess we’re going to need a lesson in shapes when we get back home.”

Bree nods, her brow furrowing deep in thought as the wind picks up, her fathers buffeting her against the gust. They’re all bent forward, watching the water ebb and flow, discussing what other sea animals they might spot before the end of the day—maybe a whale or Scuttle, suggests Ilya—when Shane catches the telltale tapping of his father snapping picture after picture with his phone.

“Oh, that one’s good.” Yuna leans against David, her arm wrapping around his waist. “It can replace the one we currently have on the fridge.”

“One?” Shane looks back at them, shades his eyes against the sun. “Last I looked there were like eight on there.”

“More like twelve; you didn’t count the ones of their favorite son by himself.”

“Right.” Shane chuckles as he leans over Bree, pressing a kiss to Ilya’s temple before dropping one to the top of his daughter’s head. “I don’t know how I could have forgotten.”

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