

dry spell

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/79149991) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/79149991>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Original Children of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Retired Hockey Player Ilya Rozanov , Retired Hockey Player Shane Hollander , Parenthood , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov is a Menace , Bossy Bottom Shane Hollander , Barebacking , Riding , yeehaw , Explicit Sexual Content , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , covering all bases here , Hand Jobs , Cockblocking , Car Sex , Masturbation , Semi-Public Sex , Parents Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Parent Shane Hollander , Parent Ilya Rozanov , Mirror Sex , they get cockblocked for a lot of this ok , but in the end it all works out , Domestic , Mentioned Yuna Hollander , Mentioned David Hollander , Needy Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov is Whipped , huge fan of that tag , fluff is mixed in here , so i guess , Fluff and Smut , Not Beta Read , One Shot , Post-Canon , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , the "ilya rozanov is a menace" tag really cannot be stressed enough here , Ilya Rozanov is a Little Shit
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of Our House
Stats:	Published: 2026-02-09 Words: 7,221 Chapters: 1/1

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by [hollanov_1410](#)

Summary

Shane: did you send my mom an SOS?

Ilya: a what? what is SOS?

Shane: like a distress signal

Ilya: da. yes. told her there is big distress. my husband needs to get fucked by end of week or his dick will explode. would leave our kids with one less father

Or,

Shane and Ilya have been cockblocked by their kids for nearly 2 weeks. When they finally get a night to themselves, the tension snaps before they even make it to their dinner reservation.

Notes

hi! this follows the same Hollanov dads universe from my other fics in [Our House](#), but they're all standalones so you definitely don't need to read any of them to read this one!! some general background that might add a little context:

- takes place abt 14 years post-TLG
- their kids are niko (12), max (9), and mila (3)
- they're both retired, but shane works as a skill development coach for the centaurs

hope you enjoy!

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

Shane stood at the bathroom sink in pajama pants and an old, faded Centaurs T-shirt, methodically flossing.

His hair was a mess. Way messier than usual, considering he hardly moved when he slept. Most nights, he was either flat on his back with Ilya draped over him like a weighted blanket or on his side with Ilya curled around him. But Mila had crawled into their bed last night after a bad dream, and as she drifted off again, she had comforted herself by grabbed fistfuls of Shane's hair. By the time Ilya finally carried her back to her own room, the damage was done.

The house was still quiet, which wasn't surprising for 5:54 AM on a Wednesday morning. The kids only seemed to wake up early on days when he and Ilya actually had time to sleep in, and today wouldn't be one of those days. Shane figured he had ten minutes of peace, at most, before the usual morning chaos erupted: the demands for breakfast, the frantic search for someone's missing sock, or a sudden meltdown over a problem that made perfect sense only to a toddler.

He heard Ilya's sleepy groan from the bedroom before he saw him. A few beats later, Ilya appeared in the ensuite doorway, looking half-awake and entirely disheveled. He was wearing his grey sweatpants, hanging low on his hips, and his curls were sticking out in five different directions. That was not an unexpected sight; Ilya was constantly rolling around in his sleep. Shane's ribs could attest to that.

Ilya yawned so deeply his jaw cracked, then dragged a hand absently across his stomach as he blinked himself awake. "Good morning, *moya lyubov*," he mumbled, leaning in to kiss the side of Shane's head—carefully avoiding his mouth because he knew how much Shane hated kissing him on the mouth when he still had morning breath.

"Morning," Shane said around the floss still between his teeth.

Ilya reached for his toothbrush from the holder. Their bathroom had two perfectly good sinks, but they almost always ended up like this—crowded around the same one, shoulders brushing.

Shane caught Ilya's reflection in the mirror. The line of his bare shoulders, the way the sweatpants hung on his hips and his happy trail was peaking out over the waistband. Even half-asleep and doing something as mundane as brushing his teeth, Ilya was unfairly attractive.

And Shane was going insane. Because they hadn't had sex for over a week now.

Shane knew they had gone through long periods of times without sex before. Months without even *kissing* in those early situationhip years. So logically, Shane knew a little over a week shouldn't feel like this much of a crisis.

But it did.

Because this wasn't those years. This was marriage. This was supposed to be different. Easier. More accessible.

And instead, they've been trapped in this endless loop of interrupted moments and bad timing and children who had an uncanny ability to urgently need something the *second* Shane and Ilya got within two feet of each other.

It started last Monday with Niko's school project crisis. What followed was a late-night marathon of emergency store runs and glue-stick surgery that lasted until 11:00pm, as they fought to save the structural integrity of a cardboard solar system. The following days were doomed to Mila getting sick, the likely fallout of a playground peer sneezing directly into her face. The pediatrician had diagnosed it as a common cold, but Shane saw it as a hostile takeover. She spent the following days clinging to him like a barnacle while he drifted through the house in a sleep-deprived fog. For days, she refused to sleep anywhere but the crowded center of their bed, wedged firmly between Shane and Ilya.

And the weekend hadn't given them any breathing room either. It was a blur of back-to-back games for the boys and a never-ending mountain of errands, topped off by the inevitable: Max caught the bug Mila had just finished fighting off. By the time Shane and Ilya finally made it into bed each night, they were out cold in minutes.

It was becoming torturous.

Shane moved to flossing his bottom molars. His cheeks felt a little warm, and he could still hear the soft rhythmic scratch of Ilya's toothbrush beside him.

"You are staring," Ilya said through a mouthful of toothpaste, grinning wide enough that the foam nearly dripped from the corner of his mouth.

Shane darted his eyes back to his own reflection. "I'm looking in the mirror," he said. "The one you've decided to share with me."

Ilya leaned over the sink to spit, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and stepped closer. He was still brushing lazily with one hand, but his other drifted to the back of Shane's thick thigh.

"You love when I give you no space," Ilya murmured.

Shane's breath paused for half a beat, the tiniest hitch that gave him away. As if the flush growing under his freckled cheeks hadn't already. He met Ilya's eyes in the mirror.

"I tolerate it," Shane said. "Even though we waited 12 weeks for these sinks to get shipped here, and we still only ever use one."

Ilya rolled his eyes. He gave the back of his thigh a firm squeeze and then closed the last remaining space between them, his chest directly against Shane's back.

"Oh, sorry," Ilya said dryly. "We do not use the guest bathroom sink enough either. Maybe I should go finish getting ready in there. To get our money's worth."

The corners of Shane's mouth turned up at that. He knew damn well that wasn't happening. He could already feel Ilya's hard-on pressed insistently against his ass, and the way Ilya was breathing. He knew Ilya was just as desperate and touch-starved as Shane was.

"It's been nine days," Shane said casually, or at least trying to be, still working the floss between his teeth.

Ilya blinked. Then, a slow, crooked grin spread across his face.

"Since what?" he asked innocently, leaning over to spit into the sink and set his toothbrush down with a decisive click. He then immediately resumed his position pressed up behind Shane. He grinned against Shane's neck, fingers trailing deliberately over the waistband of Shane's striped pajama bottoms. "Since we had nice dinner? Since we watched movie together?"

Shane narrowed his eyes at Ilya's reflection, deliberately pressing his hips back into him. "You know what."

"Mm. Yes," Ilya purred, pressing an open-mouthed kiss right behind Shane's jaw, tongue dragging over the sensitive skin there. He slid one hand over Shane's stomach, lowering until he was cupping at the tent forming in Shane's pajama bottoms. "I have definitely not been counting days. Have definitely not been thinking about it constantly and wanting to ship our little terrors off for a few hours."

Shane inhaled sharply, hips jerking forward involuntarily into Ilya's hand. He was already hard. He had been since Ilya walked into the bathroom half-naked. Honestly, he'd probably been hard since he woke up and saw Ilya snoring on his pillow beside him. Because *nine days*. At this point, even the dried patch of drool crusted at the corner of his husband's mouth had been enough to do it for him.

Ilya stroked him once through the thin fabric, slow and firm, while his mouth moved to Shane's ear, tongue tracing the shell of it.

"*God*," Shane breathed out. His hands fell away from the floss still dangling between his teeth, head dropping forward as he gripped the edge of the sink.

"You've been wanting this?" Ilya asked, breath hot against his ear as he stroked again, maddeningly slow.

"Yes," Shane choked out, his voice strained. "Fuck. Fuck, I need you. Now."

Ilya groaned low in his throat, and Shane tilted his head back just enough to give Ilya the access he needed. Their mouths crashed together, fast and messy. Ilya's tongue slid past Shane's lips, the minty taste of toothpaste still sharp on both of them.

Ilya pressed forward, grinding his crotch against Shane's ass in slow, hungry rolls of his hips. The moan it dragged out of Shane was immediate, and Ilya swallowed it in another messy kiss. His hand was simultaneously working Shane through his pajamas with irregular strokes,

slow one second, firmer the next. As if he couldn't even decide whether he was trying to tease him or get him off right there.

Ilya swallowed another one of Shane's gasps before he pulled back, teeth catching on Shane's bottom lip for a moment. His gaze went back to the mirror, his hand still working. "Look at yourself."

Shane forced his eyes open and met his own gaze in the mirror. His pupils were blown wide, lips already swollen, his chest rising too fast. Ilya looked wrecked in the mirror too: flushed, lips parted, the vein at his temple pulsing with each unsteady breath he didn't bother hiding.

Shane was not in the mood for delay. And he knew they were running on borrowed time. He quickly tugged his pants and boxers down far enough to give Ilya complete access. "Come on."

Ilya smiled wickedly, but couldn't even manage to tease him about it or drag it out. He couldn't. He wanted to see Shane cum. He needed to.

Ilya wrapped his hand around the head of Shane's cock, gathering the beads of precum to lubricate the friction as he picked up the pace. Shane's hips bucked immediately. He fought to keep his eyes open, wanting to track Ilya's devouring expression in the mirror, but the sensation was beginning to white out his vision.

Heat pooled in Shane's stomach as Ilya's hand moved over him, each stroke dragging a little more sound out of him. Soft, stifled little moans—Shane was clearly trying to keep his volume down. Not wanting to wake the house.

Which only made it hotter for Ilya to watch. He leaned in closer, his mouth parted as he watched Shane's face, fascinated by the sight of Shane fighting so hard to stay quiet when they both knew he was seconds away from breaking.

Shane's fingers curled tighter around the edge of the cold porcelain, his knuckles white as he anchored himself against the friction. "I've wanted you all week," Shane panted. "I'm—fuck, *fuck*—I'm close."

Ilya kept his eyes locked on Shane's in the mirror, pressing a sloppy kiss to his neck and sucking lightly at the skin while his hand sped up the rhythm. "I know," he rasped against his damp skin. "You look so good like this."

Shane whimpered, the tension in his body coiling toward a peak.

Then, a sound broke the rhythm.

It wasn't loud—just a soft shift of weight in the hallway—but it was enough to make Shane's breath hitch. He froze, eyes opening. Hoping it was just the house settling.

Ilya didn't stop. Not yet. He pressed another kiss to the nape of Shane's neck, more insistent this time, trying to reel him back under. "Ignore it," he whispered hurriedly. "Shh. Stay with me."

Shane almost did.

Then came the sharp *crack* of a plastic bin shattering in Max's room.

Ilya's hand went still. Shane held his breath, the room falling into a vacuum of silence that lasted exactly three seconds before Mila's startled whimper pierced through the door.

"It's fine!" Max's voice drifted down the hall, muffled but frantic. "Nothing happened!"

Shane's forehead dropped against the mirror with a dull clink, his shoulders slumped in a long, ragged exhale. "You've got to be fucking kidding me."

Ilya sighed, leaning forward and pressing a lingering kiss on the back of Shane's head. "We are cursed," he grumbled. "Cursed by very cute, very evil children."

He finally peeled away, the sudden lack of heat leaving a chill in the small bathroom. Shane stood there for a second, eyes closed, before reaching down to hike up his boxers and pants.

"I'll calm down our dramatic daughter," Ilya said, already walking towards the door. "And see what damage Max caused."

Shane nodded, rubbing a hand over his face to jumpstart his brain into parent-mode.

9 days. And about to be 10.

Later that day, Shane was at his desk reviewing game footage when his phone lit up with a text from Ilya. It was a photo of the kids in the kitchen, taken just after school pickup.

The kitchen was a total mess. A fine dusting of flour covered the counters and the floor. Max was right in the middle of it, hunched over a bowl of what looked like chocolate chip cookie dough. Mila was perched on the counter beside him, a wooden spoon in one hand and a crushed egg in the other, watching the yolk ooze slowly through her fingers. Niko was standing behind her, scowling at the camera, clearly in the middle of an indignant rant to Ilya.

Underneath the photo, the text from Ilya popped up:

Ilya: guess who is getting shipped off to grandma and grandpa's on friday night

Shane let out a genuine, breathless laugh, shaking his head. He could perfectly envision the scene: Ilya, probably covered in flour himself, leaning against the doorway and deciding that instead of jumping into the fray, his first priority was documenting the evidence of why they desperately needed a child-free night.

Shane: did you send my mom an SOS?

Ilya: a what? what is SOS?

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Ilya: da. yes. told her there is big distress. my husband needs to get fucked by end of week or his dick will explode. would leave our kids with one less father

Heat rose to Shane's cheeks despite himself. The simple prospect of a whole night to themselves made his pulse thrum, especially knowing that Ilya was just as wired as he was. Wired enough to reach out to Yuna himself and make it happen.

He was endlessly grateful they lived so close to his parents. Yuna and David were always happy to take the kids for a night, but this time, the arrangement felt less like a luxury and more like a necessary survival tactic. At the very least, Shane had the comfort of knowing their dry spell had a definitive expiration date in 48 hours. But hopefully, they could still break the streak before then.

Shane: please do not describe my hypothetical death like that to my mom

Ilya: you would die happy

Shane dragged a hand over his face, biting back a hopeless grin.

Shane: i'll make dinner reservations for friday. make it a real date night

Shane: and for being so thoughtful, i'll do everything in my power to suck your dick tonight

A few seconds later, Shane's phone buzzed with another sharp *ping*.

Ilya: i am a lucky, lucky man

Ilya: ok i think max ate some raw egg from cookie dough. SOS

Shane shook his head, a lingering smile on his face as he tucked his phone back into his pocket and got back to work.

Ilya had been thinking about Shane's text for the rest of the day.

Against all odds, the evening was actually moving in their favor. Dinner—chicken parmesan, a tactical choice Ilya knew always satisfied the masses—went off without a hitch. The kids devoured it in record time, and for once, the table was free of meltdowns or bickering.

The post-dinner routine was just as seamless. Shane hunkered down with Niko in the living room to wrap up the last of his homework while Ilya handled Mila's bath. She was out like a

light after just one bedtime story—one, not even the typical two. With a sudden window of time, Ilya headed down to the home gym to burn off some restless energy from the day.

He kept the workout simple, focusing on the burn until his muscles finally felt heavy. After about 45 minutes, he made his way back upstairs, his skin damp with sweat and his breathing still slightly elevated. When he finally pushed open the bedroom door, he was already reaching up to haul his shirt over his head.

The door swung open.

He stopped dead in the doorway, shirt half-off, one arm still caught in the sleeve.

Their bed—the bed he'd been thinking about all day, the bed where he'd planned to *finally* get his hands on his Shane without interruption—was occupied by two bodies too many.

Shane was propped up against the headboard, looking resigned in that particular way that said he'd already fought this battle and lost. Mila was sprawled directly across his chest like a starfish, her black hair fanned out everywhere. One foot was digging into Shane's stomach, the other dangling off his thigh. She was wide awake, eyes glued to the TV mounted on the wall.

Then there was Max. He was positioned diagonally across the mattress, his head resting near Shane's hip and his feet dangling off the far edge. For a kid who was only 9, he knew how to take up a lot of space.

"What," Ilya said flatly, still frozen in the doorway with his shirt twisted around one arm, "is happening."

Shane's eyes met his, and the look in them was pure exhausted apology. Ilya noticed the bags under his eyes, and how his eyes were slightly bloodshot. It was a common appearance these last few weeks.

"Mila had another nightmare," Shane said, smoothing a hand over her silky hair. "And then Max heard us come in here and staged a sit-in."

"It's *Ponyo*," Max added helpfully, not looking away from the screen.

Ilya stared at the scene in front of him. At his children, who had colonized the mattress with the entitlement of small conquerors. At Shane, who was currently serving as a human mattress for their toddler and seemed to have accepted his fate as a permanent piece of furniture. Then his gaze drifted to the TV, where the bizarre fish-girl was sprinting over the crest of a giant wave.

"Ponyo," Ilya repeated under his breath.

"Papa!" Mila perked up, finally noticing him. "Come watch!"

"I do not want to watch," Ilya said, looking at her from the doorway. Her blue eyes were a little glassy; she must have cried when she had the nightmare. "It is bedtime, *solnyshko*. For you. Not for Papa."

Mila's bottom lip puffed out; a tactical strike. She anchored her arms around Shane's neck, burrowing into his collarbone. "Daddy said I stay."

Ilya's eyes cut to Shane, completely deadpan. Shane gestured down at her, as if that answered everything. "She was scared, Ilya. I couldn't exactly peel her off and toss her back in the bed."

"I know," Ilya sighed, but it was fond despite the exasperation. Because he *did* know. He would have folded even faster than Shane had. Much faster. Probably would've already had her in bed with a promise of cookies for breakfast the next morning before she'd even finished explaining the nightmare.

He moved fully into the room, peeling his t-shirt the rest of the way off and tossing it toward the hamper. It missed by several inches. Ilya stared at it for a beat, then walked over and actually put it in properly, because he knew exactly how Shane was about that kind of clutter.

He sank onto the sliver of mattress not claimed by a child and rubbed his face with both hands. "How long is this movie?" he asked, resigned.

"Like an hour and a half," Max said cheerfully, not taking his eyes off the TV. "But we just started."

"Ponyo swimming!" Mila chirped, her head popping up just long enough to deliver the news before she dropped back onto Shane's chest. Shane caught her with a grunt, shifting her weight as she plopped back down and pressing a lingering kiss to her hair.

"*Of course*," Ilya muttered in Russian. Of course they had just started. Of course the fish girl was swimming.

Shane's hand reached out, his fingers finding the tension between Ilya's shoulder blades and pressing in a silent apology. Ilya leaned into the contact for a fleeting second, then let out an exaggerated sigh and maneuvered himself onto his side next to Max. Because if he was being evicted in his own bed, he might as well try to get comfortable.

"We're not watching the whole thing," Shane said firmly, looking at both kids in turn. "Ten more minutes. Then everyone goes back to their own beds. That's the deal."

Max blew a loud, wet raspberry at that declaration. Mila immediately dissolved into giggles when he did, her whole body shaking against Shane's chest. "Do it 'gain, Max!"

Max obliged with an even louder one, clearly delighted by his audience of one.

"Okay, that's enough," Shane interjected. "Watch the movie."

Mila wiggled on Shane's chest again. Shane rubbed her back in slow circles and exhaled slowly.

Ilya reached over Max's sprawled form and found Shane's free hand, lacing their fingers together in the cramped space between Max's shoulder and Mila's dangling leg.

Shane squeezed back immediately. He gave Ilya a small, tired smile—a look of faint amusement even though they'd been sidelined for what felt like the 200th time this week alone.

There was still a flickering hope. Maybe in 10 minutes, once the kids were ushered back to their own rooms and the house finally went still, Shane could actually deliver on the promise he'd made earlier that day.

But a few minutes later, when Shane looked over at him, the battle was already over. Ilya was out cold. Mouth parted open, his breathing deep and even.

Shane smiled and ran his hand through Ilya's curls.

At least they still had Friday.

Friday finally arrived.

Shane stood before the mirror in their master bedroom, sliding his belt through the loops of his black slacks. Between the dress pants and the white button-down, he felt like a stranger to himself. This was a far cry from his typical dress code lately. But he had intentionally picked a restaurant with dim lighting and candles and a valet service and a total lack of high chairs or kids menus.

He wanted to take full advantage of every second and dress up. More importantly, he wanted to watch Ilya watch him take full advantage.

"We leave in 5 minutes!" Shane called out to the kids. They were going to be dropping them off at his parents' on the way to dinner.

Ilya was currently doing his hair in the bathroom. Smoothing the sides back with some gel. He was wearing a form-fitting button-down and those navy slacks that always hugged his ass. He knew exactly what he was doing when we wore those.

Niko was in Mila's room, helping her pack an overnight bag. The kids never needed to bring a single thing to Yuna and David's; the house was a grandparent-fueled fortress overstocked with their favorite things. Their own beds, pajamas, snacks, and toys. But Mila had a ritual; she liked to curate a collection of her favorite stuffies and current "treasures" for the trip. Everyone knew it was a losing battle to try to logic her out of it, so they just let her pack.

After a final spritz of cologne, Shane went to check on their progress. He leaned against the doorframe of Mila's room to find a scene that looked like a warzone. Niko and Mila were sitting on the floor, surrounded by a toy makeup kit, tiny tea cups, and a mountain of crinkled dress-up clothes.

Niko was wrestling with Mila's backpack, which was already strained at the seams. He looked up at Shane with a helpless expression the moment he walked in.

"Mila, honey, it's one night," Shane said, crouching down beside them. "You can't pack every toy you own."

She looked up, her expression devastatingly earnest. She was clutching her well-loved stuffed dog in one hand and a glittery plastic wand in the other. "But Daddy, I *needs* it."

Shane sighed. His daughter always seemed to *needs* the most inconvenient things at the most inconvenient times.

Niko nudged the backpack toward her, showing her the bulging zipper. "Mils, the bag is literally full."

She frowned and shook her head. "No."

Shane checked the time. They needed to leave now. "You can pack one more thing, and that's it. Then we're leaving."

For a split second, Mila looked like she was gearing up for a full-scale debate—she was their kid, after all. But miraculously, she just gave a tiny pout and handed her stuffed dog to Niko to put in the bag. Shane let out a relieved sigh and pressed a quick kiss to her cheek. "There you go. Good girl."

Luck continued to be on their side because Shane and Ilya managed to herd everyone into the car and hit the road within five minutes.

When they pulled into the driveway, Yuna was already on the porch, waving before the engine even cut out. Max didn't even wait for the car to fully settle, scrambling out the door and sprinting across the lawn.

Ilya leaned into the backseat to unbuckle Mila, while Shane retrieved her overstuffed bag from the trunk. As they made their way toward the porch, Yuna was already sweeping Max into a crushing hug as he ran up to her while her eyes searched for the rest of the crew.

"Look who arrived right on time," she teased, carding her hand through Max's curls as they all gathered around.

"You know Shane will do anything to avoid being late for date night with his handsome husband," Ilya said smoothly, hoisting Mila higher onto his hip and throwing a wink at Shane.

Shane chose to ignore the comment, even if it was technically the truth. He leaned in to kiss Yuna's cheek before dropping Mila's backpack just inside the front door. "Thanks again for taking them tonight, Mom. We owe you."

"Of course," she said, already reaching for Mila. Mila latched onto her instantly, and Yuna began bouncing her with practiced ease. "You guys get out of here. Go be adults."

After a flurry of goodbyes and reminders, Shane and Ilya finally made it back to the car. As the doors clicked shut, they both exhaled in unison. It was silent. They could hear the thoughts in their head.

They both looked at each other and smiled.

“Ready to go?” Shane asked as he put the key in the engine.

Ilya hummed a little. He leaned over the center console, his hand finding the back of Shane’s neck to pull him in. Shane met him halfway, kissing back greedily.

“I have missed you,” Ilya murmured.

Shane smiled against his lips. “I’ve missed you.”

Ilya tilted his head, his tongue sliding against Shane’s in a slow, rhythmic tease that made Shane’s heart hammer against his ribs. They both strained against their seatbelts, leaning into the narrow space above the console, hands wandering—Shane’s grip tightening on Ilya’s shoulder while Ilya’s fingers tangled deep in Shane’s hair, pulling him closer until the gear shift was the only thing keeping them apart.

"Maybe we go back," Ilya murmured as he pulled back slightly. His mouth trailed down to Shane's neck, teeth grazing the sensitive skin just below his ear. "Cancel dinner. Order in. I fuck you on every surface in the house instead."

Shane's breath hitched despite himself, one hand coming up to grip Ilya's shoulder even as he tried to maintain some semblance of reason. "This reservation wasn't easy to get," he managed, but he was turning his head to give Ilya more access to his neck. "And I would actually like to have one meal where we're not cutting up someone's food or wiping up a spill every thirty seconds. We got dressed up and everything."

Ilya pulled back just enough to look at him, eyes dark in the dim glow of the streetlight. He let his gaze drag deliberately down Shane's body, taking in the button-down that Shane had actually ironed, the dark slacks that fit him perfectly. "You look very good," he said, voice rough. "This is problem."

Shane huffed out a laugh. "That's not a problem. That's the point."

"It *is* problem," Ilya insisted, sliding his hand up Shane's solid thigh, fingers pressing just hard enough to make his point, "because now all I can think about is taking these off you."

Shane inhaled sharply. He caught his wrist, grip firm but not quite committed to actually stopping him. "Ilya."

"Shane," Ilya mimicked, accent thickening the way it always did when he was worked up, grinning against Shane's jaw.

With Ilya’s teeth grazing his neck and a hand heavy on his thigh, Shane’s self-control was disintegrating. Ilya knew exactly what he was doing with those slow, deliberate circles, and Shane was about two seconds away from stop caring about the plan.

"We're going," Shane said, though his resolve was audibly wavering. "We're going to dinner. We're going to have wine and an actual adult conversation and—"

Ilya bit down gently on his earlobe, and Shane's words dissolved into a little moan. Then he broke off and sat back in his seat, grinning at Shane. "Okay. We go."

Shane readjusted the collar of his shirt and started the car, his heart pumping loud.

They'd barely made it three blocks from Yuna and David's house when Ilya's hand slid onto Shane's thigh again. His thumb stroked once, then twice, in a way that sent a sharp pulse of heat straight to Shane's gut.

Shane inhaled sharply, his hands tightening on the wheel. "Ilya."

"Mmm."

Shane shot him a warning look—the kind he knew, from decades of experience, would achieve absolutely nothing. "I'm driving."

"Yes," Ilya murmured, leaning closer. "I notice this."

Before Shane could even brace himself, Ilya shifted. He unbuckled his seatbelt and leaned over the center console, keeping one hand on Shane's thigh and pressing his face down into his lap.

"Ilya—"

Then Ilya's mouth was hovering inches from the fly of Shane's slacks. His breath was warm, ghosting through the fabric, and Shane's grip on the steering wheel tightened so abruptly the car jerked toward the shoulder for a split second.

"*Ilya*," Shane hissed, voice breaking halfway through. "I'm driving."

"So I must be fast," Ilya said seriously, as if he were providing a tactical analysis.

He leaned back in, nuzzling into the heavy fabric. He let out a low, vibrating hum against Shane's crotch—a sound that made Shane's entire body go taut. Underneath the layers of cotton and wool, Shane's cock stirred instantly, a heavy, insistent throb that made his grip on the wheel feel suddenly very precarious.

Shane tried to keep his eyes on the road. He really did. He was trying to focus on the taillights in front of him, the glow of the streetlights. But it was a losing battle. Ilya was relentless, mouthing at him through the fabric, his lips and tongue tracing the hard length of him with agonizing deliberation. Every hot exhale from Ilya soaked right through to Shane's skin, making his vision swim.

"Ilya—*fuck*—" Shane gasped, his foot hovering uncertainly over the brake as his brain short-circuited.

Ilya moaned against him, the sound muffled as Shane's cock twitched in response. Without pulling his mouth away, Ilya reached up, his fingers fumbling blindly and insistently at the zipper of Shane's fly.

Shane's head tipped back for half a second before he snapped it upright again. His pulse was thumping in his throat, and his knuckles were white where he strangled the steering wheel. As the light ahead flashed red, he slammed on the brakes. He reached down, burying his hand in Ilya's curls and yanking his head up.

Ilya's face was flushed a deep red. He was wearing that exact shit-eating grin he always got when he knew he'd pushed a boundary to its breaking point with Shane. Just to see how far he could get.

"Do you want us to die?" Shane asked, breathless, his voice thin. "Is that the plan?"

Ilya paused, humoring him by pretending to think for a moment.

"Would not be a terrible way to go," he mused.

Shane just stared at him, incredulous.

"No, Shane," Ilya finally said. "The plan is not for us to die."

"Then sit back and put your seatbelt back on."

Ilya's smirk widened. He fucking loved how bossy Shane could get. At the end of the day, there wasn't a thing in the world Shane could tell him to do that he wouldn't eventually follow.

With a theatrical sigh, Ilya sank back into his seat and clicked the buckle with agonizing slowness, his eyes never once leaving Shane's face.

Shane let out a shaky breath and looked ahead at the red light. "Thank you," he muttered, desperately trying to calm his body down.

There was a stretch of quiet as they waited for the light to turn green. Too quiet.

Shane glanced over.

Ilya had shifted in his seat, his legs spread wide. His shoulders were relaxed, his jaw loose, and his eyes half-lidded. One hand resting innocently on his thigh, the other toying with the waistband of his pants.

Shane's stomach dropped. "Ilya."

"Yes?" Ilya said pleasantly.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing."

Shane already knew. As he turned his eyes back on the road when the light turned green, he knew without seeing. He knew by the way Ilya's breath caught, barely audible but unmistakable. He knew by the soft rustle of fabric as Ilya shifted in his seat.

"*Ilya*," Shane hissed. "Are you fucking touching yourself?"

"Maybe." The sharp, metallic rasp of a zipper followed, cutting through the quiet.

Shane's head snapped toward him. Ilya was watching him through hooded eyes, his eyes dark and pupils so blown they nearly swallowed the iris. He didn't look away for a second, his hand now buried deep inside his unzipped pants, his shoulder jumping with the steady, rhythmic movement of his arm.

"My seatbelt is still on," Ilya said, a little breathless. "It is legal."

Shane was pretty sure it wasn't. And he was pretty sure he was going to come just from the sight and sounds of Ilya's shallow, needy breathing.

"Jesus Christ, just wait until we're back," Shane said, trying to focus back on the road. But Shane was starting to ache, a sharp throb behind his fly that made it impossible to think about traffic or turns.

Ilya responded with a broken moan, his legs kicked out wide in the passenger footwell to give himself room. The cabin was small enough that the slick, rhythmic sound of him stroking himself filled the space.

Shane squirmed in his seat, his own clothes suddenly feeling too tight and his skin too hot.

Without a word, Shane checked the mirror and jerked the steering wheel, pulling the car onto the gravel shoulder with a violent crunch.

The moment the tires hit the gravel of the quiet side street, Shane slammed the car into park. He didn't even wait for the engine to settle before he was unbuckling, his hands reaching across the console to fist into Ilya's shirt. He dragged him forward, meeting him in a desperate kiss.

Ilya gasped and opened his mouth for him, pushing his tongue inside.

Ilya lived for this. Pushing Shane just hard enough out of his comfort zone so that he finally stopped overthinking. Even after all these years, he still loved this little song and dance they had. To a state where Shane got more confidence to get out of his head and into his desires.

Shane broke off just long enough to grunt out: "Backseat."

Ilya could have died a happy man right then. Shane was practically vibrating, eyes dark and so focused on him. Just him.

He didn't need to be told twice. Ilya fumbled his seatbelt open with trembling fingers and practically vaulted over the center console, scrambling into the back. The frantic urgency of

the movement had Shane's heart hammering against his ribs as he climbed through the gap right after him.

The second Shane dropped onto Ilya's lap, Ilya let out a wrecked groan. The backseat was cramped, their knees knocking against the door panels, but neither cared. They collided again, kissing like they were starving—mouths open, messy, teeth clashing in the rush. Shane's fingers dove between them, shoving at Ilya's belt, his hands shaking too much to find the buckle on the first try.

"Faster," Shane muttered against Ilya's jaw, his breath ragged. "God—take this off—take it off."

"I am, I am," Ilya managed, though his own coordination was shot. He lifted his hips just enough to pull his pants down, and his cock immediately sprang free, slapping up against the fabric of his shirt. He didn't waste a second, fumbling with the buckle of Shane's belt while dragging him back into a kiss, sucking on Shane's bottom lip hard enough to draw a sharp, needy gasp.

The moment Ilya got his pants undone enough, he wrapped his hand around Shane's cock, stroking him once. Shane instantly tilted his head back, nearly hitting the headrest behind him, and moaned.

"So needy," Ilya said. "You've been wanting this for so long."

Shane just nodded, breathing hard. He gripped the back of Ilya's head and kissed him desperately, his other hand holding onto the back of the seat. Shane rocked into Ilya's hand, breath shaking, thighs trembling around him.

"Ilya," Shane choked out, voice breaking. "I need—I need you to fuck me. Right now."

Ilya felt like every nerve ending in his body had been set on fire. "You are bad, Shane."

But before Shane could say another word, Ilya shifted so that he could reach his pocket and pull out a small travel-sized bottle of lube. Shane stared at it, his face flushed crimson.

"You fucking packed lube for our dinner date?"

Ilya gave him a lopsided grin as he popped the cap. "I am a mind-reader," he said. "I know my husband."

Ilya slid one finger slowly near Shane's entrance, but Shane didn't hesitate. He bore down on it immediately, letting out a soft, wrecked moan that punched the air right out of Ilya's lungs.

"God, Shane—"

"More," Shane panted after just a few pumps, his forehead resting against Ilya's shoulder, his fingers digging into Ilya's biceps. "Please, Ilya—I can take it. I need it."

Ilya added a second finger, hooking them upward and pumping them with more vigor. Shane's breath caught, then he was rocking his hips, fucking himself down onto Ilya's hand,

the car's suspension whining in protest.

Ilya knew his husband well enough to know when was properly prepared. It wasn't just the slick, yielding heat he felt against his fingers, but the shift in the air—the way Shane's sharp, needy gasps had smoothed out into deeper moans.

“Ready?” Ilya choked out.

Shane nodded frantically, his eyes glazed, a fine sheen of sweat already beading along his hairline. Ilya pulled his fingers free and Shane immediately whined at the loss, hips shifting restlessly on Ilya's lap.

Ilya quickly drizzled lube over his cock as Shane lifted his hips just enough to line them up. Ilya then reached out, burying his hands into the fleshy curves of Shane's ass. He squeezed, his fingers sinking into the skin and tracing the silver stretch marks he knew by heart, the sheer feel of him spilling through his fingers making Ilya's head spin.

Shane sank down in one slow, heavy motion, his head tipping back as both he and Ilya both let out a shuddering exhale. Ilya's grip on him tightened instantly, his fingers digging into the soft skin hard enough to leave a map of bruises by morning as Shane finally bottomed out.

It was anything but graceful. Shane's knees were jammed into the leather, and there were stray Goldfish crackers on the floor mat from the kids earlier that day. The bulky shadow of the empty car seat loomed right next to them, but as the car rocked on its springs, none of it mattered. Shane was still riding him with that same demanding intensity he brought to their bedroom.

“We,” Shane gasped. “We can't go this long again.”

Ilya was rapidly losing the ability to form coherent words as he watched Shane's flushed face above him, eyebrows pinched together in concentration and pleasure, mouth falling open with each roll of his hips. So he just nodded frantically, breathing hard through his nose, trying desperately to hold on and not come within 30 seconds like a teenager.

But feeling Shane so tight around him, seeing him so desperate and eager and *present* after over a week of nothing—it was making control nearly impossible.

Shane wasn't doing much better. “Fuck. Fuck, fuck, Ilya—”

“You have needed this so badly,” Ilya managed to get out, his words slurring together. He tilted his hips, adjusting the angle just enough to hit his prostate with a sudden, bruising precision. The reward was instant: Shane cried out sharply, his nails digging into the fabric of Ilya's shirt as he clung to his shoulders.

“There—right there—don't stop—” Shane's rhythm stuttered, movements becoming more erratic as he chased the angle that made his vision white out at the edges. His thighs were burning.

Ilya's hands slid from Shane's ass to his hips, his fingers digging into the meaty flesh to guide the rhythm. He began helping Shane, lifting him up and pulling him back down with frantic force. Shane clenched tighter around him, and it was enough to make Ilya start to see stars.

"*Bozhe moy*," he choked out, head slamming back against the headrest. "Shane—"

Shane's orgasm hit hard just a few seconds later, back arching as he clenched tight around Ilya's cock. A ragged, broken sound tore from his throat as he came in hot spurts across Ilya's shirt. All without Ilya even touching him.

The feeling of Shane pulsing around him, squeezing rhythmically with each wave of his release, was more than Ilya could handle. His own orgasm crashed over him immediately, and he buried his face in Shane's neck with a guttural groan as he spilled deep inside him.

Shane was boneless, draped over Ilya as he stay seated in his lap, face buried in his shoulder as he tried to catch his breath. Ilya's head was tipped back, hands around Shane's waist. The only sound left was the ticking of the cooling engine and their own frantic breathing.

The silence stretched for a little while longer before Shane lifted his head, wincing slightly as he shifted his weight off his cramped knees. "We really can't go that long again."

"No," Ilya panted. He opened his eyes, half-lidded with exhaustion. "Next time we ship them away after three days, maximum."

"Three days," Shane confirmed, pressing a quick, tired kiss to Ilya's mouth. "New rule."

"New rule," Ilya echoed, his hands lingering on Shane's waist.

They sat there, just breathing together and reluctant to break apart. After the nonstop interruptions the past 2 weeks, they had more than earned the right to just stay tangled like this.

End Notes

i just write out whatever thoughts come to my mind and this week, it was touch-starved-Hollanov-dads ͇_(`ʘ)_͇ sue me

also didn't mean for this to be so long but i got carried away with their banter

thanks so much for reading!!! if you wanna check out my other fics in this universe (which have been much more PG lol) you can [here](#)! <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!