Delicious BBQ (Bathroom Blowjob Quickie)

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Delicious BBQ (Bathroom Blowjob Quickie)

by bubbleomatic

Summary

Ilya wasn't sure what turned him on more: being accepted and loved unconditionally by the Hollanders, or seeing Shane dripping wet and glistening in the summer sun.

Whatever the reason was, he needed to get Shane alone. And *fast*.

Notes

Shoutout to bellesa on IG and their recurring 'slutty weekend loading' confessional posts for inspiring this one-shot. Can you believe I've been writing this thing since July? 🥲 Enjoy the emotional smut!

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya had never seen a backyard so full of people.

Well, that wasn't entirely true. In his youth, family gatherings amassed much larger headcounts than this, with cousins and second cousins and cousins twice removed. But those gatherings had always felt…stuffy. Obligatory. Bleak and cold.

This was the complete opposite of that.

It was early afternoon on a Saturday in July, and the Hollander family cottage was buzzing. Little pockets of relatives chatted and laughed, helping themselves to drinks from the various coolers scattered about the deck and yard. Hot summer rays washed over Ilya, and yet it was the kindness of everyone around him that kept him warm.

It always threw Ilya for a loop, how relentlessly caring the Hollanders were.

The Hollander clan hugged out of desire, never obligation. They showed genuine interest in getting to know Ilya, asking him questions that ran an emotional gamut: his life before and after Canada, his hobbies outside of hockey (thank Christ), his undying love of Shane, his favourite foods. He'd gone from having almost no family to this — people who sincerely cared about him, who graciously made room for him at their table, in their home, in their hearts. Their boundless affection reminded him of his late mother, an unconditional love he'd long forgotten.

It was disorienting, even on a good day such as this.

But if he was being really honest with himself, it was also wonderful. So weirdly wonderful.

Adjusting his sunglasses, he grinned at the jovial display in front of him. He was beyond grateful to have found this family. One that took him with open arms and zero judgment. He knew he'd buttered them up with his natural charm, but their collaborative Shane razzing definitely sealed the deal.

And he had his husband to thank for all this.

His handsome, usually disciplined husband who currently had two smaller Hollander clones monkey-wrapped around his calves as he stomped around the grass like a goof.

"You alright, son?"

Ilya turned to smile at David, the person he was supposed to be helping make burgers and hot dogs on the barbecue. But Shane was being too cute of a distraction.

"Yes, sorry," Ilya replied, unwrapping more hot dogs for David to grill. He peeked below the rim of his sunglasses, and pointed his chin to the Hollander cousin pile. "I was watching your son getting his butt kicked by the kids over there."

David chuckled heartily, shaking his head. "*My* son? Oh, no, no, *no*." He wagged his spatula in the air. "He's *your* problem now, Ilya."

“I didn’t read the fine print before saying ‘I do’. My fault.” Ilya playfully nudged David’s side, and they shared a small, father-son laugh.

His gaze unconsciously drifted back to Shane, who just let himself flop onto his back with a dramatic yelp, pretending to have been overpowered. He starfished on the ground, chest heaving, catching his breath with a huge smile plastered on his face. A burst of tiny giggles and a high-pitched chorus of “again, again!” echoed across the yard as the two younger cousins climbed back on top of him. The three of them rolled around on the lawn, wrestling and laughing.

Ilya snorted, amused. Not many people got to see Shane Hollander like this, playful and unguarded. He counted himself lucky to be amongst the select few.

The gentle clap of barbecue tongs broke Ilya out of his reverie. His father-in-law plucked a few sizzling hot dogs onto a plate beside him. “Those kids are gonna run him ragged,” David remarked. “You should probably go rescue him.”

“Shane is *fine*. Look, he is already—oh, never mind, he is back on the ground.”

“I think he could use his husband’s help.”

Ilya looked at the merciless kidlet assault on Shane, then back down to the stacks of uncooked meats. He was being a terribly inefficient helper to David, and he felt kind of bad. Shane was more than capable of wrestling those kids off of him — Ilya had seen him do it before with no issue — but he seemed more incapacitated this time.

Still, he hesitated. “Are you sure? I can still help with—”

“Yeah, yeah, don’t worry about me. I’ll be fine,” David quickly interrupted, just as a giggled squeak wormed its way from under Shane’s child attackers. “Go rescue your problem,” he tacked on with a clap to Ilya’s shoulder.

Ilya simply smiled. “Okay.”

He crossed the lawn in a few long strides, the grass warm beneath his bare feet. Weaving through people and camping chairs, he finally joined up with the two children who were using Shane as their personal jungle gym.

The boy, whose name was Mac, now hung off Shane’s shoulders from behind with his legs securely wrapped around Shane’s waist. Mac beamed, triumphant, like an explorer who’d just successfully scaled a giant mountain.

A young girl — Claire, if Ilya remembered right — stood about six apples tall next to Shane. Her arms were crossed, her lower lip pouting in very obvious annoyance.

Ilya bit back a smile. Claire’s scowl was far too precious to be actually menacing.

“Uncle Shaaane, you *promised*!” Claire whined.

Mac didn't seem to care. Or hear. "Take me around the yard!" he cheered, pointing in the distance.

Shane tried to negotiate while simultaneously trying not to get choked by the monkey-child on his back. "Mac, buddy—oof, *careful*. Remember what we said about taking turns?"

"It's only been, like, a minute!" Mac countered. "It's still my turn!"

Claire fussed with a *stomp stomp stomp* of her sandaled feet. "No, it's been, like, *five* minutes!"

"Mac, you can't—" Shane's eyes went wild with relief as Ilya approached. "Oh, thank *god* you're here."

Ilya grinned, cocking a hand on his hip. "Looks like you are having fun."

Mac wrapped himself tighter. "Giddy up, Uncle Shane!"

"Help please," Shane wheezed.

As Ilya crouched down to Claire's eye level, her scrunched-up face somehow became scrunchier. She'd definitely inherited that expression from Shane. "Uncle Ilya… It's not fair," she grumbled adorably.

"I know, *solnyshko*." Ilya tucked a loose auburn strand of hair behind her ear, then dropped his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "I can carry you, if you want," he offered with an empathetic smile. "I know I am not Uncle Shane, but I am much faster. And *taller*. You will see the whooole lake, maybe Montreal!"

Shane scoffed from above. "Pfft, yeah, *okay*—ow, Mac, easy!"

Claire's eyes widened with bright curiosity, her pout pulled back in. "Really?"

"Only one way to find out." Ilya winked, patting his back in invitation.

Claire giggled, then promptly clambered onto Ilya's back with determination. Once she had attached herself, Ilya rose to his feet, adjusting her with a couple of bounces. Her legs dangled excitedly on either side of Ilya's waist as she settled into position with a little wiggle.

Ilya shot Shane a shit-eating grin, the one he knew riled up his husband like nothing else. "Should we race?"

His husband's nose wrinkled in disapproval. "*Race*? No, we're not gonna—"

"Yeah, let's race!" Mac crowed.

Claire squealed in Ilya's ear. "To the end of the dock! Last one in the lake is a—is a rotten egg! Pee-*yew*!"

In the quickest truce Ilya had ever witnessed, Mac and Claire chanted “race, race, race” from their grown-up perches. Their cheers grew louder and more insistent.

“I don’t know, kids,” Shane said, glancing down at his clothes. “Uncle Ilya and I aren’t wearing swimsuits.”

“They are just clothes, Hollander. They will dry,” Ilya cut in, letting his sunglasses fall haphazardly onto the soft grass with a quick snap of his head. Then he raised an eyebrow, challenging, with a crooked smile to match. “Or are you scared you will *lose*?”

“C’mon,” Shane protested. “Seriously?”

“Yeah, Uncle *Shane*,” Claire piped in. “We’re gonna win! You and Mac are gonna be rotten eggs!”

“Nuh uh!” Mac argued.

“*Yuh* huh!”

“*Nuh uh!*”

“YUH *HUH!*”

Well. That truce was short-lived.

In the corner of his eye, Ilya caught Claire’s tooth-gapped sneer as she argued with Mac, unrelenting and determined. This girl had *spunk*.

“I like this one,” he casually said to Shane.

Shane rolled his eyes in defeat, though Ilya caught the glimpse of a small smile. “Fine, *fine*, we can race,” he conceded.

Ilya and the children whooped. Shane sighed.

“I hate you,” he whispered quickly to Ilya.

With his hands otherwise occupied holding tiny Claire on his back, Ilya simply puckered his lips and sent Shane an air kiss. Shane narrowed his eyes in defiance, but with Mac clinging to him like a koala, he couldn’t swat Ilya’s affection away mid-air like Ilya knew he would.

Ilya’s smile grew wider, immensely pleased with himself. He imagined the invisible kiss landing right on the tip of his husband’s freckled nose with a cheeky little *boop*, exactly where it belonged.

But enough with the foreplay.

Widening his stance in preparation to race, Ilya eyeballed the distance to their destination. It was six to eight metres away, give or take. He could totally beat Shane. No contest.

“On your mark…” Mac called out.

Shane siddled up beside Ilya, knees slightly bent at the ready, eyes already on the prize.

“Get set…”

Even with something as trivial and low stakes as this, his husband was always so needlessly competitive. One of Ilya’s favourite Shane quirks, quite honestly.

Too bad Shane was going to lose today.

Then Claire shouted, “Go!”

Ilya took off, bounding across the lawn. Claire jossled against his back as he ran, her delighted screams getting lost to the wind. She yelled a steady stream of encouragements to him: “Faster, Uncle Ilya, faster! They’re catching up!”

Mac’s shrieking laughter and Shane’s measured breathing melded together closely behind them. Ilya elongated his strides, manicured grass suddenly giving way to wooden planks. The dock bobbed beneath Ilya and Shane’s feet. They were neck and neck, so close to the finish line, the winner would be by a nose—

Then Ilya made a last-second decision: he’d let his husband win.

He slowed *just* enough for Shane and Mac to pull ahead to the end of the dock first. Shane lept, Mac cheered, both landing in the lake with a tremendous splash.

With Claire still perched onto his back, Ilya reached the end of the dock a fraction of a second later. Ilya’s balance faltered but for a moment, recovering quickly.

“We lost…” Claire said oh-so sadly, her chin disappointingly resting on Ilya’s shoulder. “Are we rotten eggs now, Uncle Ilya?”

Children could be so overly dramatic. And Ilya *loved* to play along. “You? Never!” he declared solemnly. “We said ‘last one is rotten egg,’ yes? I will take the fall.” He puffed out his chest, accepting his defeat with utmost dignity. Then, he craned his head back, smiling at her. “You want me to throw you in?”

Claire replied with a happy “Okay!” as she slid off Ilya’s back. She eagerly hopped to Ilya’s side, and stretched her arms up towards him. “I’m ready!”

Ilya scooped her up and gently tossed her into the lake, just a few feet from where Shane had surfaced. She caused an adorably small splash, then sputtered out water and laughter as she came up.

Slicking his hair back as he tread water, Shane scanned the lake for a quick head count, then whipped his head towards the dock. His frown was hilariously immediate.

“What the f—” Shane coughed. “You’re not coming in? Cheater!” he accused, sending a splash of water onto the dock.

Ilya shrugged. “How is this cheating, Hollander? You *won*.”

“Yeah, but that’s not—what I meant was—” Shane was getting frustrated, and Ilya was greatly amused by it. “Ugh, *whatever*. You’re not allowed to just *stand* there, though.”

“No? Why not?”

“Because! I jumped in! You have to jump in, too!”

“I have to do everything you do,” Ilya deadpanned.

“Well, no. But in this case,” Shane said, sending more water up to Ilya, “*yes*. I know you only wanted to race to get me in the lake.”

Yes, *of course*, Ilya only suggested the race to get Shane into the lake. And, *yes*, he did let up at the last second to get Shane to jump into the lake *first.*

Like hell he’d ever divulge any of that to Shane.

Instead, he feigned confusion by tapping a finger to his chin. “Hmm. And why would I, your loving husband, do that?”

“They are just *clooothes*, Hollander,” Shane playfully mocked in a piss-poor excuse for a Russian accent. “They will *dryyy*, Hollander.”

Ilya barked out a laugh. “Wow, is that supposed to be me? I sound so sexy. No wonder you can’t resist me.”

“Just jump in the lake, asshole.”

“Uncle Shane said a bad woooord!” Claire chirped in a backstroke.

“Yes, he did!” Ilya agreed. “Bad Uncle Shane! We will need to punish him.” He took three purposeful steps back…

Shane glowered. “Punish me? I—” Dark eyes went wide as he watched Ilya run up the dock and leap. “No, Ilya, don’t—!”

But it was too late. Ilya was already flying through the air with his knees tucked to his chest. He crashed into the lake, hopeful that his perfect cannonball formation soaked both kids and his husband in the aftermath.

When he breached the surface, Mac and Claire were both laughing up a storm. Shane, on the other hand, was spitting out lake water.

“Did you *have* to do that?” Shane muttered, clearly unimpressed.

“You told me to jump in. You never said *how*.” Ilya then vigorously shook out his curls like a wet puppy, deliberately aiming the spray at his disapproving husband.

Shane tried (and failed) to shield himself from that. The showering droplets helped wash away the exasperation from his face. “You’re so annoying,” he chuckled dryly.

“Yes,” Ilya agreed easily, smoothing dark wet strands off Shane’s forehead.

“Incoming shark attack!” Two small voices erupted nearby. Mac and Claire were swimming over to dogpile Ilya and Shane.

Ilya immediately latched onto a frazzled Shane like a leech, winding his arms and legs around him. “Oh no, sharks! Shane, save me! I’m too famous and handsome to die at twenty-one!”

“Twent—Ilya, you’re *thirty-five*!” Shane blubbered, flailing about. “Don’t—ah, let me *go*, we’re gonna drown!”

“Okay, I won’t let you go!”

“That’s *not* what I said!”

What followed was a water fight for the ages. The four of them splashed, doggy-paddled, and wrestled, their uproarious laughter peeling across the lake. Claire and Mac led remarkably well-coordinated attacks against the two adults, sneakily ducking under water then bubbling up in surprise back glomps.

For fifteen glorious minutes, the lake was their own chaotic playground. Ilya’s cheeks ached from smiling.

Eventually, the chill of the lake got the better of them. Claire’s and Mac’s lips were tinged blue.

“Alright, kids, let’s get outta here,” Shane said, motioning everyone to swim to the dock. “Food smells like it’s almost done.”

“F-f-f-five more minutes!” Mac pleaded through chattering teeth.

With a shiver, Claire argued just as unconvincingly. “Yeah, five more minutes! I’m not c-c-cold.”

It seemed like food wasn’t enough of a motivator for these kids. Shane gave Ilya a despairing *what’re we gonna do* look.

Ilya waded through the water in between Claire and Mac. “I will race you both to the dock,” he declared. “Ready? Go!”

These two energy-packed kids were unmistakably of Hollander blood, never ones to back down from a challenge. They kicked and splashed their way to the floating boards.

Ilya purposely trailed behind, pretending to struggle with keeping up. When he reached the dock after the children, he overly huffed and puffed as if out of breath. “You are too fast for me,” he fake-wheezed. “Like two *rybochki*!”

As he plopped Claire up on the edge of the dock, she asked with a giggle, “What does that mean?”

Ilya opened his mouth to translate—

“Little fishes,” Shane said from behind him in the water.

Ilya whipped his head back to find Shane giving him a shy smile. Ilya’s answering grin nearly split his face.

If it was physically possible, Ilya would’ve become one with the lake. He’d have melted into a lovesick puddle, swathing Shane in a watery embrace. He knew Shane was learning Russian for him, to communicate better with one another, but Ilya’s heart always helplessly flipped at Shane’s knowledge of his mother tongue.

He felt so incredibly lucky.

“I’m not a little fish, I’m a shark!” Mac argued as the dock bobbed under his weight.

Ilya registered Mac’s words, but couldn’t fathom looking away from Shane at that moment. He was so in awe of his husband, he forgot why they were in the lake in the first place.

Shane floated up next to Ilya, probably recognising that awestruck look, and placed a chaste kiss on Ilya’s cheek.

Ilya swooned, nearly losing himself to the calming lull of the lake’s waves.

“I bet sharks still like hamburgers,” Shane mused, hauling himself up on the dock and leaving a ring of foam in his wake. Ilya watched as he ruffled Mac’s water-mated hair, then pointed to the shed near the cottage walls. “Why don’t you take Claire to grab some towels and dry off? Then go see David about some grub, okay?”

Mac nodded and flashed a toothy smile. “Okay! C’mon, Claire!” He extended his small hand out in invitation to the young girl, all five fingers splayed.

Claire scampered up with a tiny laugh, and grabbed Mac’s hand in hers. “See ya later, Uncle Ilya! Uncle Shane!” she called out with a frantic wave of her free hand.

Ilya’s previous smile hadn’t left as he waved back.

By the time he boosted himself up onto dry land, the two lake-damp cousins were already halfway across the yard to retrieve towels from the shed. The world settled to a welcoming calm, with a bright blue sky and the hush of lakewater lapping against wood.

Shane remained behind, still dripping wet from his impromptu swim, standing just a few feet away on the dock.

And Ilya’s breath caught in his throat.

Under the late-afternoon sun, lake droplets turned liquid gold as they glided along Shane's sharp jaw down to the hollow of his throat. He slicked his hair back, the wet sheen sparkling almost blindingly so. His white t-shirt was completely soaked through, the now-transparent fabric clinging to every delectable curve of defined muscle underneath. Shane readjusted his khaki shorts from hanging too low off his right hipbone, and Ilya wished he had pulled them down *more*.

Then there were Shane's freckles. Those goddamn, stunning freckles.

They always grew darker this time of year. But now, summer warm and lake wet, his beauty marks were somehow even more pronounced, more deliciously prominent. A sun-kissed constellation speckled across the bridge of his nose and the apples of his pink cheeks.

None of this was foreign to Ilya, of course. Over the years, he'd seen Shane dressed to the nines, completely in the nude, and everything in between. There was no part of Shane that he hadn't already meticulously studied and explored, no expression or curve or angle he hadn't already committed to memory.

Something about seeing Shane wet and glistening in the heat of the summer sun made Ilya ravenous.

To Ilya, Shane was all-consuming.

And fuck, maybe that was the problem. Because Ilya knew all too well what waited for him underneath those wet clothes: a gorgeous masterpiece of a man. And yet he still yearned to rip the fabrics off his body, to re-catalogue every generous facet of Shane. He'd happily do it over and over and over again.

His gaze fell to a drop of water that sat on Shane's upper lip. God, he wanted to taste it, savour it, lap it up and nip at the skin with his teeth… He bit the inside of his cheek. It barely suppressed the urge, the primal instinct, to jump Shane right here on the dock.

It failed, however, to stop the hot rush of arousal from running down south into his own soaked shorts.

Shane casually lifted the bottom hem of his t-shirt, and wrung out excess water onto the dock, momentarily revealing his toned midriff…

Ilya practically salivated.

Christ. He needed to get Shane alone, and soon.

"What?" Shane asked, eyebrow raised as he tied his damp hair up into a half-bun.

No, fuck that. Not soon. *Now*.

With a saunter that bordered on explicit, Ilya closed the gap between them. He threaded a finger into one of Shane's belt loops, tugging just enough to send a message.

“I think,” he started, keeping his voice low and close to Shane’s ear, “I will need soft cotton towels to dry my hair. From the upstairs bathroom?”

Shane pulled back enough to roll his eyes. “Your hair will *survive*, Ilya. It’s just lake water.”

“You want me to look like frizzy poodle? In front of our whole family?”

“Since when do you care about frizz? You literally roll out of bed, and shake out your hair. You did it this morning.”

Okay, Shane *clearly* wasn’t picking up what Ilya was putting down.

Time to be more direct.

“Shane…” he purred, slow and drawn out. He made sure to lock eyes with his husband before letting his hungry gaze trail down between them. His hand slipped under the hem of Shane’s wet t-shirt, and suggestively, *hopefully*, squeezed Shane’s waist. “I think you will enjoy the special towels. In bathroom. Upstairs.” He licked his lips. “With me.”

Shane startled at Ilya’s touch, eyes wide and cheeks flushed. He visibly swallowed, then grabbed Ilya’s wrist in urgency. “*No.* Nuh uh,” he hissed. “There are *way* too many people here.”

Ilya hummed with a coy smirk. “Mm, but we will be inside. Alone.”

Long, convincing fingers dipped under the waistband of Shane’s underwear then, ghosting along the cool, damp skin of his hip.

Shane’s grip tightened on Ilya’s wrist, though he made no move to *stop* anything. He let out a shaky, quiet exhale.

“Ilya…”

Perfect. Victory was in Ilya’s grasp. One final nudge should do the trick.

“Won’t be long,” he cooed. “Is important. For my hair.”

Shane studied Ilya’s face long and hard, his brow knitting in that particular way when he was mentally weighing his options. There was a twinkle of interest in those dark, pensive eyes. Not many would recognise it, but Ilya was well versed in Shane’s facial and body languages. A skill he’d honed over the years. The internal debate played across Shane’s fair features.

And then finally, Ilya saw it: the little flicker of surrender in Shane’s eyes whenever he agreed to something he’d normally oppose.

Victory sealed.

“Fine,” Shane conceded. He laced their fingers together. “I could use a change of clothes, anyway. No thanks to *you*.”

“Yes,” Ilya agreed rapidly, already marching them to the cottage hand in hand. “Is all my fault. I will take off your clothes.”

“Jesus, Ilya,” Shane sputtered behind him, “the kids—”

“—are already very far away, stop worrying.”

Ilya weaved through boisterous relatives and dodged questioning eyes, dragging Shane by the hand towards the cottage. He was a man on a mission, and that mission was to show his husband how utterly and completely obsessed he was with him.

With a quick and dirty blowjob behind closed doors.

* * *

The moment they entered the cottage, Ilya practically hauled Shane up the narrow staircase. Their twin footsteps were wet, squelching against the wooden floorboards, leaving a trail of foot-sized puddles in their wake.

Ilya climbed up the stairs two steps at a time, not caring about the watery mess they were leaving behind. He felt Shane wobble slightly through his grip as he stumbled on the top step.

Shane laughed breathlessly. “Slow *down*, Ilya.”

But there was no time to slow down. Who did Shane think he’d married? Someone who *wasn’t* a thirsty bitch for his husband all the time? He really should know better by now.

With a sharp right turn, Ilya made a beeline for the small guest bathroom.

He opened the door, and spun Shane inside. Clumsily, he kicked the door shut, flicked the lock loudly, looked up—

Shane stood there motionless, lips slightly parted, pupils blown wide.

There was an argument, an objection, precariously perched on the tip of Shane’s tongue. Ilya could almost hear it.

Before it could manifest into speech, Ilya grabbed Shane by the hips, pressed him backwards against the vanity, and kissed him like a man starved.

Shane melted into him easily, his arms circling Ilya’s neck, fingers tugging at the wet curls by his nape. Ilya moaned into his mouth then, unabashed, and wedged a knee between Shane’s legs. He swallowed his husband’s needy sounds, hungrily, dutifully.

Pulling away just enough to catch a breath, Shane smirked lazily and asked, “What about your hair?”

“Fuck that,” Ilya groaned, his voice rough, then captured Shane’s mouth again.

Christ, Shane tasted so fucking good — like lake water and sunshine and *trouble*. Ilya shamelessly licked the roof of Shane's mouth, savouring him, delighting in the small sounds that coated his tongue.

And he couldn't get enough. He'd never get enough. He'd only been thinking about this for the last five minutes, but kissing, touching, *anything* with Shane always felt like the first time all over again.

Electric. Life-altering. Hot.

So goddamn *hot*.

The sneaking around, trying to be quiet, keeping secrets… While Ilya didn't miss that part of their relationship, he could admit that he missed the *thrill*. The rush. Of doing something forbidden, of getting caught.

Making out like horny teenagers with his gorgeous, wet husband in a tiny bathroom with his extended family just outside?

Fuck.

Yeah, it was definitely scratching an itch for Ilya.

He moved his mouth down to the sharp line of Shane's jaw, needily nipping his way down to the crook of his neck. His hands slipped under the hem of Shane's shirt, palms flat over lean muscle, pushing the soaked fabric up to expose Shane's chest.

"God, Ilya…" Shane whispered, reverent. His head fell back against the mirror, giving Ilya better access to his neck. "This is insane…"

"I know." Ilya's thumbs blindly found Shane's nipples then, and teased them with filthy little flicks.

A harsh gasp grazed his ear, fingers clenched tighter in his curls, as Shane arched into his touch without protest.

"What's gotten into you?" Shane breathed, his hands roaming over Ilya's shoulder blades. "Why are you so horned up?"

The answer to that question felt complicated. And perhaps a little embarrassing.

Sure, the impromptu sneaking around was fun. And Shane was, in fact, a hot piece of ass.

But there was more to it than just that.

In truth, Ilya loved watching Shane with his family, how selflessly kind they all were to him and each other. How David treated Ilya as his own flesh and blood, as his own son, offering a father's love he never had. How impossibly well Ilya fit into this familial circle. All of it combined filled him with such an overwhelming amount of love and joy that he didn't know how else to channel other than through his eternal lust for Shane.

Maybe Ilya's kink was functional healthy family relationships.

And wasn't that just a bit too sad of a truth? Definitely too sad to share with Shane right at this moment, when they were ravishing each other in the Hollander family cottage's cramped guest bathroom. He'd reveal the real reason to Shane later. Maybe.

For now, Ilya opted for a different, more convenient truth.

"You are my husband, you look very sexy like this, and I want you," he murmured hotly into Shane's ear. He dragged an earlobe between his teeth before confirming, "Those are good reasons, yes?"

With a death grip into Ilya's damp tank top, Shane shivered against him. A gasp, a pause, and then finally, "Uh huh…"

Ilya smiled into Shane's skin. "Good."

Then he dropped to his knees.

"What—" Shane's voice came out unsteady as hell. "What the fuck are you doing?"

"Baking a cake," Ilya replied flatly without looking up. He fiddled impatiently with the button and zipper of Shane's soaked shorts. "What does it look like, Hollander?"

"I thought you just wanted to make out! Not…" Shane gestured wildly at his own crotch. "Not suck me off at my *parents'* cottage."

Ilya was so zeroed in on the task at hand — undo button, pull down zipper, take off clothes — he'd almost left Shane's concerns unanswered.

"Maybe I wanted to make out *and* suck you off."

He popped the button open.

"Ilya—"

Pulled down the zipper.

"Shane."

Then the shorts.

"Don't…do this."

Ilya paused then to look up, eyebrow raised. Shane was leaning back against the sink, hair still slick and dripping, cheeks flushed, breathing uneven. A very obvious bulge was stretching out his briefs mere inches away from Ilya's face.

"Are you sure about that?" he asked plainly.

Shane's face turned a brighter red, his eyes darting to the bathroom door and back. "Everyone's gonna hear…"

"You cannot stay quiet for thirty seconds?"

"Thirty?! Fuck you!" The words came out of Shane high-pitched and cracked.

Ilya laughed despite himself, then uttered a quick: "Shh!"

Shane went stiff with the reminder. "Thirty seconds?" he whisper-yelled. "Really?"

Ilya's grin turned decidedly smug. "Too generous? Fifteen then."

"Stop that."

"Stop what?"

"You know exactly *what*," Shane huffed. "I know what you're doing."

Of course Shane knew what Ilya was doing. Ilya certainly wasn't trying to hide his intentions either. It was no secret that Shane loved a challenge, especially when sex was involved.

And what better challenge than to keep quiet during a fifteen — no, *thirty* or more — second-long blow job?

Ilya nuzzled his scruffy cheek against Shane over his underwear, then peered up innocently. "Is it working?"

Shane's hips twitched at the contact. He gave in with a sigh. "...Yes."

"Then stay quiet for me, *moya lyubov'*."

With a single tug, Ilya pulled Shane's underwear down. The garment sat heavy at his ankles, pooling into the puddles of lake water on the floor. Shane's cock sprang free, eager and flushed, curved at attention.

Ilya tucked a loose curl behind his ear, and hungrily dove in.

There was nothing careful with the way he took Shane into his mouth. They were both already so wound up from the teasing, the prospect of getting caught, that there was no point in drawing things out. Ilya simply got down to brass-tacks — he hollowed his cheeks, and sucked down hard, his pace breakneck.

"Oh fu—" Shane quickly clamped a hand over his mouth "—*mmph*!"

Shane's knees quivered, but he miraculously remained standing. Ilya was impressed.

He worked his hand and mouth in tandem, twisting his wrist at the base, feverishly bobbing his head.

Compared to Ilya's usually more refined technique, this was pretty sloppy, embarrassingly needy, and oh-so dirty. But it didn't matter that Ilya was being messy and uncoordinated. That spit was already dribbling down his chin. That the tiled floor was uncomfortable under his knees.

None of that mattered.

Not when Shane was struggling to muffle the whimpers Ilya was drawing out of him. Not when Shane's cock was deliciously heavy in his mouth.

Ilya slowed for a moment, keeping the tip of Shane in his mouth, to glide his fingertips up his husband's bare thighs. Firm muscle trembled under his touch as he reached Shane's hips. He gripped them tight, thumbs digging into the flesh there, anchoring himself at the joints.

A long inhale through his nose, then he plunged back down again.

Above him, Shane made a strangled noise, one that cut through the obscenely wet, loud sounds echoing between Ilya's ears. With his nose nestled nicely into the coarse patch of hair at the base, Ilya glanced up.

Shane was gripping the edge of the vanity so hard, his knuckles blanched like the porcelain underneath. The glimpse of his bare stomach was tensed, his chest heaved with each ragged breath. Nails dug into his own cheeks as he fought to keep quiet, his eyes heavy with want.

The sight of Shane looking absolutely wrecked from getting sloppy head was nearly enough for Ilya to lose it, right there, untouched.

Then Shane bucked forward, without warning. Ilya choked, *gagged* even, his world flickering white at the edges. It was unexpected, a little brutal, and a fucking delight. Shane blurted out an apology so fast, the words tripped over themselves.

"Shit, sorry, you okay?"

But Ilya was more than okay. Choking on his husband's cock was fucking filthy, and he *loved* being filthy. Shane rarely did anything purposely nasty like this during sex. Even if this was accidental, Ilya wanted to encourage it.

He wanted more.

Pulling off with a lewd pop, he coughed to clear his throat. His lips felt pleasantly swollen, dancing on the edge of pain, as he wiped saliva off his chin with the back of his hand.

Shane looked down with a mix of arousal and concern. "Sorry, I didn't mean—"

"Fuck my face," Ilya pleaded, his voice hoarse.

Shane blinked, dazed. "Wha…? No." Then he shook his head more decisively. "Not *here*."

"Yes, *here*," Ilya insisted with a huff.

He fumbled with his own shorts, muttering a few choice words in Russian while he struggled. When he finally had himself in his hand, he gave himself a few languid strokes, his relief washing over Shane's cockhead in a contented sigh.

"Ilya, I'm not gonna do that," Shane whispered, his words betrayed by a shiver.

Ilya grumbled, impatient. "Do you want to cum, Shane?"

Freckles wrinkled across pink cheeks. "What kind of question is that?" his husband hissed. "Yeah, I… Obviously, I want *that*."

"Me too." Ilya gave himself another long stroke, pre-cum slick in his palm. His breath hitched. "Fuck my face, Shane. *Please*."

Shane's throat worked through a lump, swallowing hard. He looked torn between desire and logic.

"Please, sweetheart."

Then Ilya watched as his husband's resolve crumbled to dust with a bite of his bottom lip.

"Alright, just…" His fingers threaded through Ilya's damp curls at the crown of his head, caressing and careful. "Tap out if you need?"

"Yes, yes. Three taps—" their safe signal "—I remember. Give it to me, Shane."

Ilya gave his own cock an eager squeeze. Lips parted and plump, he leaned forward. Waiting. *Wanting*.

Guiding Ilya back onto his cock, Shane kept his touch gentle as it slid down to the ringlets at Ilya's nape. Ilya opened his mouth wider, relaxing his jaw as Shane pressed forward.

God, his cock felt incredible slotting back into Ilya's mouth, grazing the inside of his cheek, reaching the back of his throat. Hot and thick and fucking *perfect*.

But Shane's movements were much too cautious at first. Thrusts shallow, measured. Ilya knew Shane could do better than that. He had in the past. The only difference now was the fear of being heard looming over them. Ilya didn't want that to prevent Shane from going full tilt.

He needed Shane to lose control.

Using his free hand, he slapped Shane's right ass cheek, a sharp *clap* sounding loudly between them. Shane stuttered to a halt, his muscles clenched in Ilya's palm, as he narrowed his eyes downward.

Ilya furrowed his brow and peered up with a needy look. A muted whine wrapped around Shane's cock, hopefully communicating his desperation without words.

"Okay, okay," Shane huffed in reply. "Bossy."

His hips snapped forward then, forceful and deep and *fuck* — that was exactly what Ilya wanted.

Shane set an insane rhythm, simultaneously fucking into Ilya's mouth and pulling Ilya down by a fistful of hair. It was downright filthy, and Ilya's cock throbbed and leaked in his own hand.

Every thrust reached the back of Ilya's throat, nearly choking him. The corners of his eyes stung with salty tears, but he didn't care. He loved when Shane pushed him beyond the edge of pleasure, welcoming the growing ache in his jaw, the loving abuse of his mouth. He surrendered himself fully, letting Shane take what he fucking wanted.

Ilya was such an unapologetic *slut* for Shane.

His eyes closed tightly in concentration, in pure bliss. Ilya matched Shane's pace, stroking himself faster. Heat pooled in his belly, that familiar sensation growing hotter with every push, every pull. Thighs tensed, knees locked, fist tight.

Despite his best efforts to prolong this as much as he could, Ilya was getting dangerously close.

"Fucking hell, Ilya…" Shane panted hard above him, uneven and strained. "Your mouth–" A ruthless thrust. "–is so–" A bruising pull. "–fucking–" A harsh hair tug. "–*perfect*."

That praise did Ilya in.

His whole body seized as he spilled hot and thick over his fist and onto the tile. Bright coloured spots danced at the edges of his vision behind closed eyelids. His mind went blank in his seemingly unending orgasm, riding it out in waves. It felt incredibly intense, turbulent and epiphanal. Jaw slacked and lips still stretched around Shane's length, he nearly went limp.

But that might make Shane stop, which was the last thing Ilya wanted.

"Holy shit," Shane whispered, sharp but quiet. His rhythm wavered. "Did you just—? Oh my god, Ilya, that's so fucking hot. I…" He gasped, moved faster, harder. "I'm gonna cum…"

Fuck yes.

Ilya persevered, post-nut haze be damned, and gathered what little sanity he had left to refocus himself. He forced his heavy eyelids open, gazed up at Shane through long lashes. Hot tears tumbled down his flushed cheeks, like proud battle scars, from the relentless face-fucking. His throat was fucked raw, his head was still cloudy, yet Ilya managed a cock-muffled "mhmm" in encouragement around Shane, nodding as best as he could.

"Oh fuck…" Shane moaned, not as quietly as he should have. "Fuck, fuck, fuck, *Ilya*—"

He gripped Ilya's curls like his own personal reins, pulling Ilya down his entire length as he jerked forward one last time. Hot release coated the walls of Ilya's mouth, flooded his throat, all the while Shane trembled through his orgasm above.

Ilya swallowed, reflexively, again and again and again, each gulp a reward for a job well done.

Then Shane's fingers loosened in Ilya's hair, as if releasing his capture. Slowly, Ilya started to pull off. He slid his spit-slick lips up to the head of Shane's softening cock, giving it one last gentle suckle of appreciation. When he was finally empty of Shane, Ilya took a steadying breath and rested his sweat-damp forehead on Shane's bare hip.

He let out a short, raspy laugh, still feeling sex drunk and a little delirious.

"Holy fucking shit…" Shane's breathless voice caught Ilya's ear. A caring hand carded through Ilya's curls then, the touch softer but still possessive. "You okay?"

Ilya nodded slowly, leaving a small kiss near his husband's navel. He grabbed the edge of the vanity with both hands, on either side of Shane. When he pulled himself up, he grimaced as he tried to stand on wobbling legs.

Shane quickly caught Ilya by the elbows, and steadied him. "Careful."

"My knees are killing me," Ilya groaned quietly, his voice wrecked. "They are not what they used to be."

"Well, you do play a sport that makes your knees more prone to injury," Shane replied in a whisper, cupping Ilya's cheek and brushing a thumb across semi-dried tears.

Ilya nuzzled his lazy smile into Shane's palm. "Yes, with hockey and blowjobs for my *demanding* husband, my knees are fucked for life."

"Hey." Shane grinned and accusingly poked Ilya's chest with his other hand. "*You're* the one who insisted on doing this."

Ilya hummed knowingly, his hand blindly finding Shane's waist and squeezing him over his still-damp tee. "And you agreed to this. You like me on my knees," he murmured salaciously over Shane's lips.

Light pink turned dark rose over speckled cheeks, a blush in full bloom. Ilya nurtured it with a playful smirk, watered it with a gentle nip of Shane's bottom lip. Colour flourished and grew to the tips of Shane's ears.

Shane stared back dreamily, eyes glassy with lingering want.

God, Ilya loved flustering Shane like this. Especially after having been used so wonderfully. The air in the small bathroom was thick and humid, a remnant of their stupid and reckless sexual escapade.

But being in love with Shane Hollander was, in itself, stupid and reckless.

Fuck if it wasn't worth it. Every single day.

After a beat, Shane leaned in, cradling Ilya's face in both hands now. Thankful thumbs caressed Ilya's tear-stained cheekbones as the tips of their noses touched. Shane then pressed his lips to Ilya's well-abused mouth, the contact featherlight and fond, the kiss a soothing balm. He pulled away, still hovering close, and said quietly, "We should clean up."

With eyes half-lidded and serene, Ilya gingerly rested his forehead on Shane's and sighed. "Do we have to?" he pouted.

"*Yes*," Shane chided softly, his laugh dusting Ilya's chin. "C'mon."

Once tucked back into their still-damp underwear and shorts, they worked quickly to clean up any evidence of their lewd activities in the bathroom. Ilya wiped away his rather large mess he'd made from the tiled floor, while Shane ran a washcloth under cold water for them to freshen up. Then they stood in front of the bathroom mirror, hand-combing their hair back to normal.

Shane successfully tamed his mussed hair into a bun atop his head. Ilya, however, struggled. Stuck in a mid-airdry limbo, his curls were unruly and uncooperative. He grumbled as he tried to smooth his hair into *something* presentable.

It was then that Shane stepped in front of him with a proper bath towel in hand.

"Come here," he said with an empathetic smile, gesturing for Ilya to tilt his head down.

Shane threw the towel over Ilya's chaotic, curly mane. With his vision semi-obscured, Ilya could only hear Shane's interspersed giggles as his hair was being messily dried off. He let it happen, his heart fit to burst from his husband's sweet, happy sounds.

"What?" Ilya chuckled.

Shane's bright smile came into view then. "Your hair actually does look like a frizzy poodle now," his husband teased.

With the towel still draped over his head, Ilya glanced down to find the corner with the towel's garment tag. He scrutinised it with a click of his tongue. "Ah, this is not cotton," he remarked plainly. Then he flicked his eyes to meet Shane's again, with a suggestive smirk and an arched eyebrow. "Maybe we try another bathroom…?"

"One bathroom quickie is all you're getting outta me today," Shane shot back, yanking the cloth back over Ilya's face.

Ilya sighed behind the fabric, shoulders drooping dramatically. "You are no fun."

Hair now somewhat under control, there was still the matter of their wet clothes. After Shane triple-checked the cleanliness of the bathroom, they tip-toed across the hall for a quick pit-stop to the guest room. It was basically *their* room away from home, with how often they used it. They scrambled to find a change of dry underwear and clothes, Shane pulling on a heathered grey tee and board shorts. In his haste, Ilya had plucked the first t-shirt that he saw,

not realising it was one of Shane's, then had to ask his husband to wrestle him out of it. In the end, Ilya opted for a colourful tank-top and his spare swim trunks.

"Okay." Shane blew out a breath as he stood in front of the bedroom's body-length mirror, nervously adjusting the hem of his clean tee. He turned around and gave Ilya a once-over, nodding firmly to himself in approval. "You look good. How do I look?"

Ilya rested a hand on his hip, and studied Shane with mock criticism. Overall, he looked surprisingly normal, well put together. Like they hadn't just desecrated the Hollander's cottage guest bathroom. Ilya did notice a very faint blush that still tinged his husband's sun-dark freckles. To the untrained eye, it would simply pass as a light summer tan, which worked in their favour.

No one would know that Shane Hollander — everyday overachiever, rule-following boy scout — had fucked the ever-living hell out of his husband's mouth in probably *the* filthiest blowjob he'd ever gotten with his entire family in earshot.

But Ilya knew. That was enough for him.

"You look very boring," Ilya said simply.

"*Great*," Shane replied, tone flat with a pinch of amusement. He grabbed Ilya's hand and guided him to the bedroom door. When he reached for the handle, he paused. "We are never doing that again," he tacked on before they both stepped into the hallway.

Ilya raised an eyebrow as they padded down the stairs. "Never?"

"Fine, not *never*, just…not with family so close by," Shane amended.

"Ah. No family, okay. At work then?"

"*What*? No—"

"Locker room after practice."

"You wish, Rozanov."

"In Harris's office? He won't mind."

When they finally reached the patio door, their playful argument slowed to a stop. The sounds of family chatter and laughter seeped in from outside, the faint smell of barbecue smoke tickled Ilya's nose.

They stood together, side by side, hand in hand. Shane tilted his head up to meet Ilya's gaze. His dark brown eyes gleamed with a quiet fondness reserved solely for Ilya.

Shane squeezed Ilya's hand. "Can you *please* be normal out there, for me?" he asked with a small, nervous laugh.

With a grin, Ilya stole a quick, grateful kiss. "For you, anything."

And he meant it.

End Notes

Big virtual hugs to my personal cheerleaders: Olivia, PeaceLilies, and calistoga. Thanks for reading my random snippets and encouraging me these last few months. 🎉

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Comments and kudos give me the good brain chemicals. Thanks for reading!

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