

A Moment to Ourselves

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A Moment to Ourselves

by [Afraid_Industry8409](#)

Summary

Ilya and Shane are adjusting to being new parents, but they still find a way to connect with one another.

Sex. The way is sex.

Notes

Welcome to my first Heated Rivalry fic! This show has me in a chokehold. More M|M fanfic needs to be made into visual media please and thank you.

Anyone who has read my Good Omens fics knows I have a thing for dads. (I also have a new Ineffable Dads fic, Hot Dads on Holiday, coming soon-ish.) I love the little peeks we get throughout Heated Rivalry into the kind of dad Ilya would be.

The Russian in this fic is from Google Translate, so if I got something wrong, please let me know.

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

Ilya walks into the living room, and his breath catches in his throat when he sees Shane stretched out on the sofa with their baby girl on his chest, both of them fast asleep. His reading glasses have slipped down his nose and one strong hand rests on Yelena's back, rising and falling with each tiny breath. After everything they've been through, he can't quite believe they finally get to have this. All of his wildest dreams have come true.

Still, it's after ten o'clock, and Shane will be cranky tomorrow if he doesn't get a decent night's sleep in an actual bed. He approaches the two most important people in his life and gently eases Yelena off of her daddy's chest. "*Moya dochka, papa tebya zabral,*" he whispers into the top of her head after picking her up.

Shane has already given her her nighttime bottle and changed her into her pajamas, so all Ilya has to do is change her into a fresh diaper and swaddle her before laying her down in the crib in the cottage's newly converted nursery. Once he places her on the sheet decorated with cartoon centaurs ice-skating—a gift from Grandma Yuna—Yelena snuffles and whines but doesn't fully awaken, which he counts as a major victory. She may not be his genetic offspring, but she already knows better than to interfere with his plans for the evening.

Or at least he really hopes so.

After making sure that she is settled safely in her crib and that the baby monitor is on, he strides down the wooden steps at the cottage, a man on a mission. Or, more accurately, a man who hasn't been laid in entirely too long and hopes to change that tonight.

When he returns to the living room, Shane is still sleeping soundly on the sofa. Ilya's not surprised he's tired. He took the early shift with Yelena this morning and let Ilya sleep in. Ilya should really let Shane know how much he appreciates that.

Ilya checks the receiver for the baby monitor, which is on the console table under their large flat-screen television. Satisfied that it is loud enough to hear their *devochka* if she wakes up, he directs his attention to his sleeping husband. Though a decade and a half has passed since he first laid eyes on Shane Hollander, he barely looks a year older. While Ilya now has gray streaking his beard and at his temples, the dark brown hair that hangs to Shane's shoulders has been spared the same indignity.

He's beautiful. More so than the day he met him.

Sitting on the edge of the sofa next to Shane, Ilya tucks a lock of hair that has fallen into Shane's face behind his ear and brushes a thumb over the freckles on his cheek.

"*Spyáshchaya krasávitsa*, sweetheart. It's bedtime."

Shane's face scrunches adorably as he blinks his eyes open. Ilya can't help himself; he has to bend down and kiss that ridiculous look off of Shane's face.

Shane moans appreciatively as the kiss deepens and Ilya climbs on top of him, slotting a knee between his deliciously thick thighs. "What did I do to deserve this?" he asks, slowly waking up.

“You woke up early with Yelena. That deserves some sort of reward, yes?”

Desire flashes dark in Shane’s eyes as he wraps his arms around Ilya’s shoulders. “How are you going to reward me then?”

Ilya laughs. “No, you misunderstand.” He points a finger at his own chest. “I deserve reward for finding a husband who is such a good dad.”

Shane grabs Ilya by the biceps and flips their position, surprising him with the show of strength. Ilya usually prefers to be in charge, to call the shots, but every once in a while Shane overpowers him like this, and it makes him absolutely giddy. He knows he must look like a loon the way he is smiling up at him.

“How would you like to be rewarded?” Shane asks.

There’s no sense beating around the bush. Neither one of them knows how much time they have to themselves. “I want to fuck you.”

Shane’s eyes dart to the baby monitor. “But what if—”

“She’s sleeping soundly. Let’s try. Please.” He knows that he’s unlikely to convince his husband with words, so he reaches to remove Shane’s glasses and sets them on the coffee table before working Shane’s shirt over his head and dropping sucking kisses on the newly exposed skin.

Ilya runs his hands down Shane’s back, letting them come to rest on his hips. He holds him in place as he presses his hardening cock against Shane’s thigh, hoping that will strengthen his argument.

Thankfully, it does. “Let’s go upstairs,” Shane suggests.

Ilya puts a finger to his chin as he thinks. “I don’t know, Hollander. It’s been a while since I fucked you over this couch.”

Unconvinced, Shane stands and pulls Ilya up with him. “If you want to do this, we’re doing it comfortably in bed.”

Feeling he has already won, Ilya knows better than to push his luck. Shane picks up his shirt and heads toward the second floor. Ilya follows, enjoying the view of the joggers slung low on his husband’s hips as he ascends the stairs.

Once they cross the threshold to their bedroom, they don’t waste any more time, pushing down their joggers and pulling off Ilya’s tank top at record speed. The first touch of Shane’s warm chest against his feels like heaven.

As they embrace, Ilya remembers when, after a game in Boston last season, Boodram had joked with Ilya and Shane, asking if they were going to go back to their room and pretend that they were still sneaking around. They had both laughed politely, but as soon as they were behind the closed hotel room door, they agreed that no, they did not want to do that. Nothing

was better than this. Besides, they had fought too hard for what they had to pretend it had never happened.

“Come here,” he whispers as he slides his hands under Shane’s thighs and picks him up. For the few steps to the bed, they stare stupidly into each other’s eyes. Being in love is so embarrassing. Thank goodness no one else is here to see it.

After depositing Shane on the bed, Ilya positions himself sitting back against the headboard. “Here. I want you to ride me.”

Shane’s expression changes when he hears that. His husband is always so eager whenever he has an order to obey. He twists to get the lube from the bedside table and squeezes a generous amount in his hand. Straddling Ilya’s lap, Shane kisses him firmly as he wraps his slick fist around Ilya’s erection, which is taut and leaking against his stomach.

Shane’s hand feels so good around him, but it doesn’t feel anywhere near as good as fucking him will. Deciding that foreplay is over, Ilya finds the lube from where Shane discarded it in the sheets. When he teases Shane’s hole with his lubed fingers, Shane groans against his lips, “Shit, Rozanov.”

He grips Shane’s hips and guides him to where he wants him. “Come. Let me have you.”

“Always,” Shane says, his eyes fluttering shut as he slowly sinks down on Ilya’s cock.

Ilya is no stranger to having someone on his cock. Yeah, it’s been years since he’s been with anyone else, but it’s not like he’s forgotten what it’s like. But it’s always been different with Shane. As he is overcome by his husband’s tight heat, he buries his face in Shane’s neck instinctively trying to hide his emotions from the one person he knows he doesn’t have to hide them from.

Fortunately, Shane starts moving and Ilya stops thinking, letting the pleasure wash away all the thoughts usually racing through his head. Shane looks down at him with hooded eyes and says, “This was a good idea. Thank you.”

It’s too much. Ilya is racing toward release, but he’s nowhere near ready for this to be over. He schools his expression into a cocky smile and says, “You’re welcome, Hollander.” Then, he maneuvers Shane off of his cock and onto his back, knowing this is a better angle for Shane. As Ilya plunges back into him, Shane cries out in pleasure.

Remembering the sleeping baby down the hall, Ilya puts a finger over Shane’s hips. “Shhhh.”

“Oops,” Shane giggles. “Guess we’ll have to be more careful about that, huh?”

“Yes.”

After that, there wasn’t any more talking. Well, not coherent words, at least. Not until Ilya murmurs, “Touch yourself, Hollander. I’m going to come.”

Shane’s hand flies between them, when he starts stroking himself as Ilya drives into him again and again. The warm glow burning at the base of Ilya’s spine explodes throughout his

body as he feels Shane's walls constrict around him. "Fuck, Shane, I love you," he whispers as he fills his husband.

Strong arms wrap around Ilya as he collapses next to Shane, resting his head on a broad shoulder and feeling wrung out in the best way. Shane's hand finds Ilya's curls and wraps one around his finger as he glances to the baby monitor. "She's still asleep."

"Yes. Of course she is, I had a talk with her." Mmm, this was nice. Shane smelled good, a combination of his fancy shampoo and sex, and his shoulder was more comfortable than any pillow money could buy.

"Oh, did you? What'd you say?"

"I said, 'Yelena, your dad needs to get fucked down, so please sleep for a few minutes and let your papa make him happy.'"

Shane slaps him weakly on the shoulder. "You're terrible."

"And you love me. What does that say about you?"

"I do." After a long moment, Shane adds, "I've been meaning to tell you, Harris has been bugging me to babysit."

"For Yelena? No."

"Why not? He's responsible. He takes good care of Chiron."

"No," Ilya insists. "Our daughter is not a dog. You like him so much, he can babysit for you."

"You're ridiculous. I think it would be nice if we had some time alone. Just the two of us." He turns to kiss Ilya, cupping the back of his head and gently tugging on his curls.

"Okay, fine." He may be spent, but kissing him like that, Shane can convince him to do almost anything. "But only Harris, not Troy."

"Of course not. What do you think I am, an idiot?"

Ilya hums non-committally in response. They settle into a comfortable silence, and Ilya is starting to drift off when he hears a faint "Wahhhh" coming from the baby monitor.

He makes eye contact with Shane, who still has his own come splattered across his defined abs and Ilya's seeping out of his ass. "You get cleaned up. I'll get her," Ilya says, already rolling off the bed and pulling on a pair of joggers that had been hastily discarded on the floor.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! Come yell at me or learn about what I am up to next on [Tumblr](#)!

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