Date Night

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Date Night

by perachdavida

Summary

Shane and Ilya have kids and a dog sleeping in their bed every night. It’s time to call in the grandparents and hightail it to a hotel for a sexy night out.

Notes

While not strictly necessary, my Shane/Ilya fics are all conceptually linked and are best enjoyed in chronological order, which is as follows:
The Interview
The Offer
Two Are More Than Twice As Much Work As One
A Day In Disney
Date Night
First Day Of School
A Perfect Christmas
The Mouse House
The Hit
Family Hockey Game
The Changeling
Sasha's Story

Shane loved his kids more than anything in the world. He really did. He would give his life for them, would do anything for them, wanted to hand the world to them on a platter and guarantee their safety, security and joy for the rest of their lives.

Shane loved his kids more than anything in the world. But the little fuckers were cockblocking him.

Sasha had been having a lot of nightmares recently. And fears. No amount of soothing in his bedroom, or in one memorable case Ilya going on a monster-in-the-closet hunting expedition worthy of an Oscar, had helped. For the last month, he wouldn't go to sleep unless it was in their bed. And where Sasha slept, Eva slept. And where Eva slept, Anya slept. Two four year olds and a dog in their bed every night did not a sexy time make. Hence, cockblockers.

They had a live-in nanny, a wonderful Russian woman named Natalya, but her hours didn't include overnights. When they had away games, Yuna and David would stay at their house and take over from Natalya after dinner and on weekends. The wonder of away games was shared hotel rooms and no kids in sight. But being in the preseason and rostered either for home games, or one of them home while the other was away, meant they hadn't had a night to themselves in over two weeks. Since his parents helped them out so much during the regular season, and playoffs when necessary, Shane really hated to ask them for any additional time. But they were feeling desperate - well, probably Ilya was feeling a lot more desperate than he was - and so he had caved.

His mother had given him a doleful stare, knowing exactly why he would be asking her for an unnecessary overnight, and sighed her agreement. He and Ilya were dropping the twins off at his parents' house and then heading to a hotel for the night. They could have just gone back to their house but Shane wanted to be stress free, with no toys and clothes and games and dishes scattered everywhere to pull his attention. He wanted to see and feel and think about nothing but Ilya tonight. Just the thought of it had him checking his watch and calling up the stairs. "Hey everyone! How's the packing going? Are we almost ready?"

He heard muffled voices rising in volume, then the patter of little feet scampering across the carpet. Eva came to the top of the stairs and brushed her wild dark hair off of her face. "Daddy, Papa says he needs you upstairs cause Sasha can't find Bun Bun."

Shane sighed. Bun Bun the rabbit was Sasha's stuffie that accompanied him everywhere, including to sleep. A Sasha without a Bun Bun was not going to fly tonight at Grandma's. Shane charged up the steps and down the hallway, where he heard Sasha's increasingly loud whining and Ilya's increasingly panicky attempts to soothe him. He entered the twins' room to find Ilya kneeling in front of Sasha, holding him by the shoulders as tears ran down Sasha's face. "I know you are upset but I need you to listen, moy mal'chik. I need to know the last time you remember seeing Bun Bun and then everywhere you went after that."

"I can't remember!" Sasha wailed.

"OK. Do you think you had him on the couch when we were watching TV before dinner?" Sasha nodded yes, his breath hitching. "Good. Now do you remember where he was during

dinner?" Sasha screwed up his little face in thought. "I don't know. I went to the bathroom before dinner and then I don't know."

Ilya turned to look at Shane in the doorway. "Downstairs bathroom." He tilted his head toward the stairs. " Go."

"On it!" Shane said, running back downstairs to the bathroom. He opened the door and looked around cursorily but didn't see Bun Bun. He looked behind the toilet and under the counter, and then shoved aside the curtain to check in the tub. Why Bun Bun would possibly be in the tub he didn't know, but weirder things had happened. He put his hands on his hips, thinking. Then he yelled, "Eva! Come here please!"

More pattering little feet, and then Eva peeked around the doorframe. "Baby, were you and Sasha playing hide and seek either before or after dinner?"

She put her hands behind her back and twisted her torso back and forth. "Um. Yes."

Bingo. "Where did you find Sasha hiding?"

"Um. In the front closet." Shane raced down the hall to the front closet and pulled the door open so hard the knob practically came off in his hand. He got on his knees and started throwing aside all the items on the floor until he saw a long white ear sticking out from underneath a pair of Ilya's shoes. "Ah hah! Success!" he yelled as if he had just won a gold medal.

Eva jumped up and down clapping her hands. "You did it, Daddy!"

Sasha came barrelling down the stairs with Ilya trailing, beleaguered, behind. He charged at Shane and grabbed the doll, stuffing his face into the rabbit's stomach. "Bun Bun!!"

Ilya looked at Shane with his shoulders hunched. "I need to call Hayden and apologize for every time I made fun of him for trying to find Chompy."

Shane laughed. "I'm sure Hayden would love that, but can we please get going to my parents' house? Like, the sooner the better? If you know what I mean," he said, his eyes drilling holes into Ilya's.

Ilya snapped to attention. "Yes. Bags are upstairs. I think we have everything. Let me grab them. You get the kids in the car."

"Got it. Come on, hockey fans," he said, clapping his hands loudly. "Let's move it. To the car."

They followed him outside, Eva jumping hopscotch style down the steps and Sasha trying not to trip with his face still stuck to Bun Bun's belly. Ilya pushed out the front door with Anya at his heels, throwing their backpacks in the trunk and letting Anya hop up into the backseat while Shane helped the kids strap into their car seats. They met while crossing at the front of the car and smiled at each other. Shane held up his hand and Ilya high fived him with a wink. Then Shane got behind the wheel and they were off.

Yuna was waiting at the front door when they pulled up. The kids started frantically unbuckling the second the car stopped and threw themselves out onto the grass, Anya jumping down behind them, barking. “Grandma!!” they both screamed, racing up the lawn.

“There are my babies!” she yelled, arms wide as she scooped them up in a hug. “I hope you’re ready to have some fun. Grandpa might have gone out and bought stuff for ice cream sundaes.” This announcement was followed with squeals of delight. While Ilya was more lax when he was in charge, Shane limited the junk food in the house. Grandma could be counted on to undermine his healthy intentions every time. Yuna took one little hand each and led them into the house, looking over her shoulder with amusement on her face. “Have fun you two. We’ll see you in the morning.”

David stepped out just as Ilya arrived on the stoop with their backpacks, gave Anya a pat on her head and scooched her on the butt to encourage her into the house. David took the bags from Ilya and smiled. “Don’t mind Yuna giving you a hard time. You know we’re thrilled to take care of the kids anytime you want or need.”

Shane hugged him. “Thanks Dad,” he said appreciatively. “OK, we gotta go. Bye!” He grabbed Ilya by the arm and dragged him to the car. The second the doors were closed, they reached toward each other and met in the center of the front seat in a tangle of lips and tongues and hands and arms.

Shane pulled away abruptly. “Shit. They can probably still see us through the window. Let’s just get to the hotel.” He turned on the car and zoomed away from the curb, looking over to see Ilya palming his dick through his pants. “Is that for me?”

Ilya licked his lips. “You have no idea what I have for you. But it will take a very long time. You may be tired tomorrow.”

“Who fucking cares,” Shane threw out. “Sounds good to me.”

Ilya laughed and reached over to link their fingers together. He kissed the back of Shane’s hand, then darted out his tongue to lick over the knuckles. Shane jerked, the car swerving slightly into the next lane. “Shit. Let’s not die before we get to the hotel.”

“Then you better drive faster, Hollander,” Ilya purred.

Ilya had hardly kicked the hotel room door shut behind them before he was on top of Shane, surrounding him.

“Why did we have kids?” Shane asked in a wobbly voice as Ilya kissed and licked down his neck. “I mean I know why we had kids, but sometimes I still wonder why we had kids.”

Ilya bit his shoulder, then licked over the bite. “They are cute when they are not interfering with sex.”

“I guess so.” Shane gasped as Ilya moved down his torso to his knees. “I mean sometimes I think -”

“Shane,” Ilya said firmly. “Stop talking and start undressing.”

“Yup, got it,” he said hurriedly, throwing off his t-shirt and pushing down his pants. He reached over to Ilya and dragged his shirt up and over his head. Then Ilya pulled Shane’s cock out of his underwear and sucked him down to the base.

“Oh my God,” Shane moaned, throwing his head back. “Shit. I missed your mouth.”

Ilya pulled up long enough to mumble around Shane’s leaking head, “Not as much as I missed your cock,” before sinking his mouth down again. Shane fisted Ilya’s hair and enjoyed a few moments of utter bliss before he yanked at Ilya’s head. “Let me get on the bed.”

Ilya pulled off Shane’s cock to look up at him and ask, “Why do we need a bed? There is a floor right here,” as he continued mouthing at Shane’s dick.

Shane winced. “Ugh, gross hotel carpet, way to turn me off.”

Ilya rolled his eyes and stood up. “Fine.” He picked up Shane like a rag doll, who yelped as Ilya threw him onto the mattress. “You are on a bed. Now roll over and get on your knees so I can get you ready.”

Shane sat up and smirked. “You don’t need to. I might have pre-gamed in anticipation of this very moment.”

Ilya’s gaze turned heated, his eyes roaming up Shane’s body to his face. “Did you now? Dirty boy. Let me see.”

Shane rolled over onto his stomach and got up on his knees. Ilya kneeled behind him and palmed his ass, smacking him while Shane cried out in surprise and longing. Ilya used his thumbs to pull at Shane’s hole, checking that it did feel slippery and slack. “Naughty boy, what did you do? Tell me all about it.” As Shane opened his mouth to speak, he felt Ilya’s tongue swipe up his crease. “Ah!” he shouted, pushing back against Ilya’s tongue. Ilya stopped for a moment. “I don’t hear you talking. I want you to tell me how you opened yourself. Unless you want me to stop.”

“God no,” Shane gasped breathily. “OK.” He tried to gather his thoughts as Ilya resumed doing wicked things with his tongue. “Um, I used a plug. I put it in late this afternoon, and then…oh God...and then I took it out again as we were packing to leave for my parents.”

Ilya hummed his approval, the purr vibrating against Shane’s hole, making him shiver. “I wish I had known you were wearing that,” Ilya said in a husky voice. “It would have made the waiting even better.”

“I wanted to surprise you,” Shane panted. “Fuck, just get in me already,” he cried impatiently.

Ilya moved his body up behind Shane and slowly ran his hand down Shane's back from his neck to his hole, circling it with his finger one last time. "OK, you asked for it," he said as he shoved inside Shane in one rough thrust that had Shane crying out as he was forced up the bed. Ilya planted his knees, grabbed Shane's hips and started thrusting almost violently. "Is this what you wanted, Hollander?" he asked, his voice low and breathy.

"Yes!" Shane gasped. "Fucking hard and fast in a hotel room makes me think of how it used to be in the beginning." Shane could hardly get the words out with how hard Ilya was pounding against him.

"Oh yes?" Ilya taunted, spreading himself over Shane's back until his mouth reached Shane's ear. "You like thinking about us when we were just fucking?" he whispered silkily. Ilya gradually slowed his pace, dragging his cock in and out of Shane a little slower, then a little slower still, until Shane grunted in frustration, shoving his ass back, trying to get Ilya to pick up his pace again. Ilya stopped him, flattening Shane to the bed under him so that he couldn't move. "Fucking and not lovemaking? Rivals and not lovers?" He bit and licked at Shane's ear, nuzzled into the back of his neck. "You preferred being enemies instead of husbands?"

"No!" Shane sobbed out. "I don't ever want to go back to not being yours."

In one fluid movement, Ilya pulled out of Shane, flipped him over onto his back, lifted his right knee, and shoved his cock back inside Shane's hot hole. Shane cried out at the sudden shift. Ilya lowered down until they were chest to chest, his face hovering barely an inch from Shane's. "Good," he breathed out softly against Shane's mouth. "Because I don't think we were ever just fucking, Shane. I think we were always lovemaking. From the start, yes?"

Shane's heart felt so full, he thought it might explode out of his chest. Tears pricked the corners of his eyes. He loved this man so much, sometimes he couldn't even hold all of it inside himself. He reached up to kiss Ilya's soft pillowy lips. "Yes," he answered. "From the start." Ilya raked his eyes over Shane's face and kissed him so softly. Then he started moving slowly inside Shane again, making love to him with kisses and caresses and whispers and endearments, so unlike Ilya's usual approaches to sex which were some combination of passionate, rough, teasing or dominant. Shane felt something rising up inside him that was more than an orgasm and closer to his soul flying out of his body. Ilya's breath started to get choppy and Shane could feel Ilya's cock growing even harder inside him, signaling he was close. Shane let go and allowed the feeling to wash over him and spill outside his body into the space between them, in perfect sync with his cock jerking and shooting all over their chests that were pressed together. Ilya tightened his arms around Shane and gave a few short ragged thrusts before breathing a harsh groan into Shane's neck and pulsing inside him.

They lay there together, arms wrapped around each other, breathing heavily, slowly coming back to earth. "I love you" Shane said into Ilya's hair, his voice barely a wisp of air.

Ilya turned his head until their noses rubbed together. "I love you, moy prekrasnoye solnyshko."

Shane smiled as he pressed his lips against Ilya's tenderly. "Your beautiful sunshine? That one I'll gladly take."

“Excellent. Now. Some vodka, and a shower. And then more sex. And then maybe more vodka and another shower, but definitely more sex after that. Possibly sex in the shower AND after the shower.”

“OK, He-Man,” Shane teased as Ilya rolled off of him and lay his head back on the pillow. “Let’s start with the vodka. One shot only. We are in training and we’re not twenty years old anymore.”

“Bah.” Ilya waved his hand. “I will be drinking bottles of vodka when I am an old man and it will be fine. It’s the Russian genes. We are born with vodka in our blood.”

“I certainly hope not,” Shane declared. “Your liver won’t be happy about that.”

“My heart will be happy about that and nothing else matters.” He rolled into a sitting position and then stood up, stretching his arms over his head and walking to the bag he had brought with him. He grabbed the vodka bottle - not the really good shit, but certainly better than regular store bought - and brought it back to the bed. “Why bother with shot glasses?” He twisted off the top and held up the bottle between them. “Zah zdahrohvyuh,” he said, then took a gulp. He handed it to Shane, who also swigged some down. He had gotten used to vodka over the years, to the point that while it wasn’t his favorite drink, he could tolerate shooting it straight.

Ilya set the bottle on the nightstand and turned back to Shane. “Now. Shower time.” A smile flirted over Ilya’s lips. “And maybe we can combine the shower with the next round of sex.”

Shane stood up. “That’s certainly more efficient. I’m pretty tired. We have to save time where we can before I pass out.”

Ilya walked around the bed, grabbed Shane’s hand, and dragged him towards the bathroom.

The next morning, they rang his parents’ doorbell at 9am, late enough to have slept in a bit but not late enough that his mother would be annoyed. The door opened to reveal a 4 year old in braids and a blue Cinderella dress. “Hi!” Eva chirped. “We had so much fun! Grandma made us sundaes with whipped cream and chocolate sauce and cherries! And we played dress up and Candyland and took Anya for a long walk and read lots of bedtime books, and because Sasha was scared Grandma and Grandpa let us sleep in their bed even though Grandma said it was a bad idea and Grandpa said we won’t be little forever but they both said they drew the line at a dog in their bed, and Sasha didn’t lose Bun Bun again because Grandma made a special shoulder sling, like a purse, so that Sasha can always carry Bun Bun with him.”

They smiled and nodded at her babbling monologue, waiting patiently for Eva to take a breath before Shane interrupted. “That’s so great, sweetie! We’re so happy you had a wonderful time. How about you go get your stuff so we can go home?”

“Ok!” she agreed, already turning to run up the stairs. Shane and Ilya glanced at each other, shaking their heads in amusement. The twins would be going to Kindergarten next year and

they already felt sorry for Eva's teacher. She never stopped talking. Loudly.

Yuna came in from the kitchen, a knowing look on her face. "Did you boys enjoy your night?"

Shane blushed and had a hard time looking at his mom. Ilya on the other hand answered her in a chipper voice. "It was great. Just what we needed. Thank you, Yuna."

"Well I'm glad to hear it. Now, I'm going to enjoy the rest of my day in peace. We'll see you when we bring the kids to the game with Edmonton on Friday." She kissed them both on the cheek, and then Shane and Ilya collected two kids, two backpacks, and a dog. Sasha had Bun Bun safe in his side sling.

They each took a kid to help strap into the car and then met at the trunk where they deposited the backpacks. Ilya took Shane into his arms and hugged him tight, kissing the top of his head. "Soon we will be in the regular season. That means a hotel room at least once a week." He pulled away and waggled his eyebrows at Shane, who laughed.

"Whether a hotel room or our own bed with kids and dogs in it, I'm just grateful you're there." Shane leaned up to kiss Ilya and a heartbeat later there came gagging noises from the back seat. "Yuck! Are you kissing? Stop kissing. Kissing is yucky. Unless it's Anya kissing people, then it's OK because it's licks and she's a dog. Can we go home now? I want to go home."

Shane closed his eyes, shook his head, and then opened them again to see Ilya smiling at him. "You heard your daughter, Hollander. Let's go home."

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