

more than just some butterflies

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by [alspancakes](#)

Summary

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“Dude,” Hayden scoffed. “Why do you need to know?” He finally turned around to give Ilya a proper scowl.

“Is another thing we will beat you at,” Ilya said with a wink. “Maybe in nine months, you will meet baby Hollander.”

Hayden groaned, scrunching up his face in disgust as he exited the car. Shane was displaying Ilya’s favorite combination of emotions: embarrassment, annoyance, and arousal.

“What the fuck is your problem?” Shane laughed, no venom in his voice.

“This is what people do on their honeymoon, yes?” Ilya winked. “Make baby.”

*

or, post-canon hollanov on their honeymoon, doing what newlyweds do best.

Notes

this is set right after The Long Game! but you don't really need to have read it to understand whats, uh, going on here. spoiler alert, shane and ilya get married at the end of the book. here's a glimpse into their honeymoon ;)

title is, obviously, from Sabrina Carpenter's 'Juno'

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

“Where did you go for your honeymoon again?”

Hayden caught Ilya’s eye in the rearview mirror of his mini van, all sorts of suspicious. Even after years of pseudo-friendship, Hayden always seemed to presume Ilya was on his worst behavior. Which, in fairness to Hayden, Ilya almost always was. But, still.

“Aruba,” Hayden replied succinctly, but with a small smile. “We left right after the wedding. Like, that night.”

Shane hummed from the seat beside Ilya, then laughed. “Oh, that’s right, I remember. You bought an industrial sized sunscreen and couldn’t bring it on the plane.”

That made Ilya chuckle, laughing along with Shane, and Hayden glowered in return.

“I hate that you guys sat together in the backseat,” Hayden quipped. “I feel like an uber driver.”

“It is not my fault for wanting to sit next to my husband on the way to our honeymoon, Hayden.”

Hayden rolled his eyes.

“You’re on the way to the *airport*, on the way to your honeymoon.”

On the way to an eighteen fucking hour flight, too, apparently. Shane had done the booking, and when Ilya saw their travel itinerary, he nearly strangled him. They had two stops. Two! Couldn’t they have afforded anything faster? With two multi-million dollar salaries? But, Shane explained, almost every flight out of Ottawa stopped through the states, and there were almost no direct flights from the U.S. to Ibiza.

Whatever. At least the champagne was free in first class.

Ilya wove his fingers between Shane's where they rested on his thigh. He looked so goddamned *adorable*, wearing his baby blue neck pillow already like a little kid on a field trip. Ilya knew he had an eye mask and ear plugs stashed in his pocket, too. It was cute. *So* cute. How one person could be so cute, Ilya had no idea. But he'd been wondering that for the last decade, give or take.

"Is very sexy there?"

Hayden spluttered. "What?"

"Is Aruba very sexy?" Ilya reiterated. "Ibiza is very sexy, I think."

Shane pursed his lips to hold back a grin. He always pretended to hate when Ilya pushed Hayden's buttons, but Ilya knew his secret. Deep down, Shane always wanted to laugh.

"It's not a competition," Shane interjected.

"Everything is a competition," Ilya grinned.

They were finally pulling into the airport complex, ascending the ramp towards Departures when Ilya thought of one final parting barb for Hayden.

"How soon after honeymoon was Jackie pregnant?"

Hayden's eyes went wide in the mirror, then his brows dropped low, knitting together in frustration.

“Okay, what the hell?”

“I want to know,” Ilya smirked.

“The girls were born around your guys' one year anniversary, right?” Shane supplied helpfully, though Hayden didn't seem to think so. “I mean,” Shane quickly added, perhaps realizing he'd found himself no longer on neutral ground between his best friend and his husband. “I just remember Jackie complaining that she'd either be pregnant or post-partum for your first anniversary,” Shane added.

Hayden nodded stiffly. “Yeah. They ended up coming early, cause, y'know, twins.” They had pulled up to the United Airlines drop-off area, and Hayden put the car into park.

Ilya contemplated his next choice of words. “So, maybe three months after honeymoon. Jackie was pregnant.”

“Dude,” Hayden scoffed. “Why do you need to know?” He finally turned around to give Ilya a proper scowl.

“Is another thing we will beat you at,” Ilya said with a wink. “Maybe in nine months, you will meet baby Hollander.”

Hayden groaned, scrunching up his face in disgust as he exited the car. Shane was displaying Ilya's favorite combination of emotions: embarrassment, annoyance, and arousal.

“What the fuck is your problem?” Shane laughed, no venom in his voice.

“This is what people do on their honeymoon, yes?” Ilya winked. “Make baby.”

Shane rolled his eyes, though the mirthful smirk never left his face. “Get out of the car.”

The travel had been long and arduous, but Ilya could not deny that it had all been worth it.

They had yet to see the outside of their hotel in the daylight, but that was fine. Actually, they had yet to leave their hotel suite, really.

And that was *perfectly fine*.

Shane's head rested comfortably on Ilya's sweaty chest, rising and falling with each of his slow, deep breaths. Ilya wanted to stay in the moment forever, wanted to fall asleep and die just like this, naked and warm and so, so satisfied. But he knew that, soon, they would need something to eat, and maybe, *maybe* they should see the outside of the hotel. At least once, right?

It was just so fucking *hot*: fucking his *husband*. Whenever people asked him '*does it feel different?*' in regards to being married, Ilya's answer was always *not really, no*. He'd been obsessed with Shane Hollander since they were seventeen, what difference did a couple of rings make?

But, deep down, the difference was vast.

Everything was *them* now. *Theirs*. Their life, their house, their cars, their dog. Their money. Their family.

Even if it felt like that before, it didn't compare to how it felt now.

Ilya supposed they called it a 'honeymoon phase' for a reason, but he didn't really see their sex life ever slowing down. He had a voracious appetite that only Shane could satisfy. That only Shane could *match*.

And, being married meant making plans for the future. Real plans. For their *very* real future.

“If I could get you pregnant, that would have done it, I think,” Ilya murmured into Shane’s hair, thinking back to the way he had just pounded into him, carnal and primordial. Ilya’s fingers swirled idle patterns on the small of Shane’s back.

Shane snorted. “What is with you and all this pregnancy talk today?”

Today was a bit of an exaggeration, considering their ride to the airport was yesterday, but. It did sort of feel like one big long day.

Ilya wasn’t sure what had gotten into him, he supposed. Then again, he’d been having the same feelings for a while. Years, even.

They were both men, and there was no possible way for it to happen, but for years, Ilya had been thinking about getting Shane pregnant. Watching Shane grow big and fat with his baby, everyone in the world knowing who did that to him. He’d always sort of pictured it, growing up, and even in their early years, when Ilya was convinced Shane would end it eventually. He always pictured some faceless woman, someone he didn’t love, ripe and round, giving him a baby.

It started out as a fantasy for when he was alone, and when he was alone *only*. Ilya would take himself in hand and stroke, thinking about Shane beneath him, pumping into him with no protection, consequences be damned. Shane with a positive pregnancy test. Ilya’s hand on Shane’s bump.

Ilya didn’t let it bleed into their actual sex, because honestly, there wasn’t much room for fantasy when they were together. Ilya didn’t *need* to imagine, didn’t need to pretend. He had the real thing in his hands. But recently, he’d been feeling the fantasy creeping in, little by little.

“I don’t know,” Ilya shrugged, downplaying. “Sometimes I think about it.”

After a moment's silence, Shane turned in his arms, propping himself up on his elbow.

"I think about it, sometimes, too," Shane said, voice small. He ran his fingers through Ilya's chest hair, tangling in it, playing with his gold crucifix. "I mean. I sort of wish we could... make an actual baby. Just thinking about our genetics."

Ilya scoffed. He already had given that enough thought.

From the Rozanov end, it's suicidal on one side, and Alzheimer's on the other.

His own genes were nothing to pass on.

As much as Ilya teased Shane for the boring-ness he seemed to inherit from generations of Hollanders, *his* genes were fine. His genes were great.

But he knew that wasn't what Shane meant, and he knew he hadn't meant it that way. A few years ago, that kind of comment might have shut him down, ruined his night. But Ilya knew where Shane's heart was.

He knew he was thinking about *hockey*.

"Would be great hockey player," Ilya grinned.

Shane nodded. "It's almost a waste." He laughed. "I mean. They don't have to play hockey. I mean, hockey, yes, obviously. Like, they'd be hockey royalty. But like, any sport. They would be such a natural."

"We will not force our baby into sports, Shane," Ilya chastised. He said it light-heartedly, but he meant it in his core. Most professional athletes did want their kids in sports, considering

everything that sport gave to them. But Ilya knew the dangers of obsessive parents, the pressure he felt growing up. He would never, *never* be that way with his kids.

“What if she is into theater? Or singing? Or math?”

Shane grinned. “Oh, so it’s a she?”

“Could be either,” Ilya replied seriously. “I will take whatever.”

Shane hummed, eyes flicking down to Ilya's chest again. He traced the edge of Ilya’s nipple gently. “How would we do it?”

“Hmm?” Ilya had almost forgotten what they were talking about as soon as Shane started to touch him. “Oh. Adoption, yes?”

“Yeah,” Shane nodded, eyes still down. “That sounds good. Then it’s fair.”

Ilya’s brow furrowed at that. “Fair how?”

“Well like,” Shane looked up at him. “Then we aren’t picking one person’s... sperm,” he said, as though the word grossed him out a little. “To like, get some surrogate pregnant.”

Ilya hummed, running his hand through Shane’s hair. “Mmm, could be a competition. It has been so long since we have competed against each other.”

“Oh, god,” Shane laughed.

“My sperm would win,” Ilya grinned menacingly.

“Okay, gross,” Shane grimaced.

“Maybe we mix them together in the cup and see who comes out,” he joked. “Baby will pop out speaking Russian.”

“Jesus Christ,” Shane rolled his eyes. “You’re unbelievable.”

“I think you like it,” Ilya replied, and a beautiful blush bloomed beneath Shane’s freckles. As though he knew, Shane buried his face in Ilya’s chest, and Ilya felt the puff of breath as he laughed there.

God, he was so in love. So, so in love.

A muffled *fuck* could be heard against Ilya’s skin, followed by a groan. Shane’s hips twitched against Ilya’s thigh, and he felt a deep breath heave through Shane’s chest.

“Fuck,” Shane breathed again, slowly picking himself up, moving to straddle Ilya’s body. Ilya peered down his chest and stomach to where they touched, Shane’s warm center planted over Ilya’s cock and balls. Ilya wasn’t entirely soft, but he wasn’t hard either. Shane, on the other hand—

“You are hard,” Ilya murmured, squeezing Shane’s smooth thigh gently.

Shane sighed, feigning annoyance. “Yeah.”

“You got hard,” Ilya smirked, “from thinking about a baby.”

Shane blushed harder. “You brought it up.” He drew his plush lower lip between his teeth, and Ilya was caught like a fish on a hook. His cock swelled beneath Shane, and he bucked up

to show him just how mutual it was. “I just... fuck.”

“Say it, Hollander,” Ilya grinned.

Shane shook his head, laughing to himself, rocking his hips gently over Ilya’s cock.

“I want you to get me pregnant,” Shane murmured, barely more than a whisper.

“Hmm?” Ilya tapped his ear, playing dumb. “What was that?”

Shane groaned, his nose scrunching up defiantly. He planted both hands down on Ilya’s chest and dragged himself along Ilya’s cock, shuddering just a little.

“I want you to fuck a baby into me, Rozanov.”

Ilya’s eyes rolled back, his hips bucking again, desperate for relief.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya croaked, voice unsteady. He reached around behind Shane to feel him there, to run the pads of his fingers over his hole. They had barely just *stopped* fucking a few minutes ago, and the last thing Shane needed was Ilya’s cock rammed into his ass again. But what he found there was Shane’s entrance, still loose and slick with Ilya’s seed, slippery and warm and waiting. And that made it really hard to say no.

Shane hissed at the contact, but sank down onto Ilya’s fingers, a soft moan falling from his lips.

“You are so wet,” Ilya teased. “I love it when you are like this.”

Shane's eyes fluttered shut as he did his best to ride Ilya's fingers, his hips twisting and grinding. "I need you," he whined.

Ilya hummed and gripped his hips, flipping them over. As much as he wanted Shane to ride, as much as he wanted to sit back and watch, he knew that wasn't what Shane wanted. Shane wanted to be *fucked*, Shane wanted to be *filled*. And as his husband, it was Ilya's job to do just that.

He kissed down Shane's body, offering a drag of teeth over his nipples as he went. He sucked one into his mouth, tongue swirling around the pebbled bud, just barely biting down, and Shane gasped. Ilya left wet, open-mouthed kisses to Shane's belly, letting his fantasy wash over him at last, thinking about these muscles that Shane worked so hard for, stretched to the brink, distended to house their new little life. Shane, ruined and reveling in it, beautiful and glowing with their baby inside him.

By the time he reached Shane's cock, a pool of arousal was leaking out from his slit, and *fuck* if that wasn't the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. Ilya lapped it up like a dog, his toes curling at the mere *taste* of Shane on his tongue. He swirled his tongue around the swollen head, drooling onto his fist below. He wanted to drag it out, bring Shane to the edge and back again a hundred, no, a *thousand* times, but when he felt Shane tugging on his hair, he pulled off.

"Fuck," Shane gasped, looking "I don't wanna come yet," he pleaded.

Ilya grinned and kissed his hip bone, wanting desperately to worship Shane's every inch, to shower him with attention and affection. He placed a hand beneath Shane's knee and opened his legs wide, nuzzling his nose in the crease of Shane's groin, his lips pressing soft kisses to Shane's balls. As he moved lower, Shane adjusted himself higher, forcing a pillow beneath his sacrum and holding his own knees open wide. Spreading himself out on a fucking platter.

As Ilya dove into Shane's heat with his tongue, Shane cried out, squirming and whining Ilya's name. Ilya could taste himself there, taste his own release, the mark he'd already left on Shane. Hands busy with holding Shane open, Ilya rutted against the bed, searching desperately for friction on his own rigid cock.

“Fuck me,” Shane cried out, his voice broken. “Please, Ilya, I need it. I *need you*.” He sounded like he might break down, like he might sob and wail, totally blinded with desire.

Reluctantly, Ilya pulled away, licking a final wide stripe against Shane’s hole. He could have stayed there for hours, worshipping Shane, taking him apart and putting him back together, just to make him shatter again. But, his job. His duty. His husbandly responsibility was calling.

Lightheaded already, Ilya reached for the lube on the bedside table, squirting it out haphazardly onto his fingers. Shane was already wet with come and lube and spit but Ilya wanted more. He wanted Shane wetter than *ever* before, wanted to slide home and bottom out and hammer into his husband’s body, because Ilya really didn’t have it in him to be gentle. And that didn’t seem like something Shane wanted either.

Ilya slicked his cock with what was left, shuddering into his own hand. God, he wanted to be inside Shane so badly. Wanted to bury himself there and never, ever leave.

Shane raised his legs, and Ilya propped his ankles up on his shoulders, practically folding Shane in half. He lined up and thrust in, watching Shane’s face crumble below him, their bodies crowded together. Ilya was already so close, the heady pull of Shane’s body completely irresistible, his tight warmth that welcomed him in.

“*Fuck, yes,*” Shane huffed out as Ilya pumped into him. “More, Ilya, *please.*”

Ilya did as he was told, quickening his already punishing pace inside Shane.

“Yeah?” Ilya breathed, his crucifix swinging violently between them. The sounds that filled the room were like music to Ilya’s ears, sweaty skin slapping and Shane’s sweet, breathy moans. “You like it, sweetheart?”

“Fuck, yes,” Shane nodded, his lip curling as he whimpered. “I love you so much.”

“I love you,” Ilya returned in a second. “Want you like this, forever.”

“Yes,” Shane gasped.

“Want my baby in your belly,” Ilya gritted out, his own voice wobbling. “A piece of me in you. Forever.”

“Yeah, *yes*,” Shane sobbed. “Give it to me, please—”

“Want you to come,” Ilya grunted. “Then I will fill you up. Give you baby.” Ilya pressed Shane’s knee down towards his chest, changing the angle just enough that—

“Oh, *fuck, fuck, Ilya*, I’m coming,” Shane moaned, his eyes squeezing shut and his jaw falling open. Shane’s release splattered between them onto his belly, thick ropes of cloudy white seed that Ilya wanted to lap up with his tongue. Ilya watched as the corners of Shane’s eyes filled with tears, and he was done for.

“Shane, oh, *fuck*,” he groaned, shivering with pleasure as he sent his release deep inside. He collapsed onto Shane a second later, boneless and shuddering as he teetered on the edge of overstimulation. The mess on Shane’s stomach smeared between them, and Ilya reveled in the sensation. Shane sighed beneath him, reminding Ilya that he was probably crushing his poor husband. So, he rolled them back over and pulled Shane onto his chest, his own heart hammering in his chest. His softening cock slipped out of Shane, and Ilya reached around instinctively to catch his seed where it dribbled out, pushing it back inside.

“Fuck,” Ilya sighed. Shane huffed a laugh, his face pressed against Ilya’s sweaty neck.

Time stretched as they lay there together, limbs tangled, sheets soaked. As Shane’s breathing returned to normal, he rolled off Ilya to lie beside him, weaving their fingers together. Automatically, Ilya brought their clasped hands to his lips, kissing each of Shane’s knuckles, back and forth and back again until Shane swatted him away with a laugh.

Ilya thought he knew exactly what his husband was going to say. *We should clean up.* It was Shane's catchphrase after sex, Shane's go-to. Ilya was already mentally preparing to pull away from him, to go run a washcloth under some warm water to clean him up.

Shane pressed a kiss to Ilya's shoulder, eyes closed. "Maybe I will come home pregnant," he murmured, much to Ilya's surprise. Shane's eyes flicked open and peered up at Ilya then, the slightest hint of a smile playing on his lips. "If anyone could do it, it would be us."

End Notes

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