Here to Help

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by newtntommy

Summary

Shane is suffering consequences of being away from his baby. He’s in pain and uncomfortable at hockey practice.

Ilya is a helpful husband.

Notes

yall i have NOTHING to say besides that i saw that nipple sucking scene and ilya being fuck drunk

Shane's pregnancy was planned down to every second. Every time they had sex to conceive. What time of year. Where they did it. What position - which made Ilya laugh but he was more than happy to comply. Shane's positive he'd fuck him in a car if he let him.

He has let him. Multiple times. His alpha is horny a lot.

It was all planned by the second in order for Shane to be on the bench for less time. For how badly he wanted to have children, he wanted to be put on the sidelines less. Hockey was his whole world, and that didn't stop just because he's a mated omega wanting to have kids. Stereotypes may believe all omegas want to do is to have children all day long, but Shane doesn't. He loves his child with his whole heart, but he'd rather not give up either one.

Shane loves his child. The crazy schedule and scares to get her were worth it. He threw up every meal for three months, and he got scarily thin and dehydrated. He got benched earlier than he expected, which was a nightmare and a mountain of panic attacks in itself. Ilya got penalized more often because he was too hot-blooded due to his pregnant omega being at home miserable and weak. The alpha couldn't stop worrying, and he ended up stepping away from hockey to take care of Shane.

Shane yelled at him to go back, furious that Ilya wasn't following their plan. The team needed both of them, and they should at least have Ilya if they can't have Shane.

Thirty minutes of a staring contest between a stubborn, sick omega and equally stubborn, protective alpha. Thirty more minutes of Shane arguing while Ilya fed him snacks and ginger ale. He smacked Ilya's hand and chest when he came close. The standoff ended when Shane bit Ilya's hand when he tried to cup his face. Ilya retaliated by biting his neck. Shane smacked him again but then went limp.

Stupid possessive alpha.

Shane loves the way his daughter smells. Pinewood and vanilla. She smells like Christmas with both of her parents' scents. Ilya can't get enough either. If Shane wasn't holding her, she was in Ilya's arms. Ilya's nose to her chubby cheek and neck as she giggled. The alpha was obsessed with their child. He looked…lighter since she was born. Lighter and free - content. More than content.

Irina. Irina Hollander-Rozanov. Shane's idea and Ilya cried.

Shane couldn't wait for summer. There they can relax completely, and they can hold their daughter in their true home and nest away from everyone.

Ilya wasn't happy when Shane said they needed to go back to hockey. They need to finish the season. It's what they promised the league. It's why Shane planned so hard. His parents can watch their child while they're gone. They can fly in for some games so they can see her. It'll all work out. It'll be fine.

It's not fine. Shane is not fine. All his planning and he didn't account for this happening.

A pain has manifested a couple days since he last saw his baby, one centered in each of his omegan breasts. His shoulder pads draped over his chest, putting more pressure to the area, making it downright agonizing to move and breathe. Thankfully it was just practice today with a game tomorrow, but he couldn't figure out what's happening. He didn't understand what was wrong with him.

There was a short break, and Shane hurries off the rink. Ilya catches his eye, and Shane nods to say he was fine and not having a panic attack. He takes off his skates and goes straight to the locker room to grab his phone. Needing more privacy, he goes into one of the abandoned office spaces down the hall.

He calls his obgyn, and after he explains his symptoms, she was very kind. "Mr. Hollander, it sounds like you need to nurse."

"My baby isn't here," Shane says.

"Where is Irina?"

"Home." Shane scratches his neck. He winces at the pull of his chest. "With my parents. I'm at practice."

"That's no problem," she soothes. "Do you have a pump? You can store it in the fridge and feed her next time you see her."

Shane's stomach sinks, and he grips his phone. "No, I don't have a pump. I don't have anything on me."

"That's okay," she says, catching the panic in his voice. "First time parents, and you're back to working. We all learn. No need to worry. You will be a little uncomfortable until you pump. I suggest getting one as soon as you can so you can avoid discomfort. We also don't want you to become clogged and risk an infection."

He thanks her and hangs up. His hands shake and he puts down his phone. He can't believe he didn't think of this. He can't believe he could be so stupid and think he'd be okay not nursing or pumping. He's nursed his child several times a day for the last two months. He thought he could last longer than this. Some sources said he could.

He was going to see Irina tomorrow before the game. He didn't think it would be a big deal. Why hadn't he? How could he miss this? He looked up nursing and how long he can get away with not doing it. He read articles - hundreds of them - and they all varied. There was no direct answer.

He didn't bring anything with him to practice. He made sure to keep his personal life from hockey. His teammates wouldn't mind, but he would've. Because of his decisions, he has nothing to make the pressure in his chest go away. His breasts were starting to really hurt. The pressure was getting to be too much, and his shoulder pads aren't helping. He removes them quickly, wincing at the pull and stretch. He heaves it all off and goes for his shirt that's too tight and soaking in sweat.

It’s not sweat. He’s leaking through the shirt. Fuck. No, no, no. This can’t be happening. His breasts throb as he frees himself from his shirt. Everything is so sensitive and painful, and his eyes burn. His chest is blissfully bare, and he leans against the desk in fear and discomfort.

How could he miss this? He researched for literal days before he got pregnant. Anything that could happen - he read thousands of articles. He needed to be prepared because he hated surprises. He missed this, let his hope and thrill to get back into playing get in the way, and he can’t believe he’s going to be the reason they don’t get a good practice today. They’re going to lose tomorrow’s game-

His miserable ranting comes to a halt when his husband walks in. Ilya freezes at his half naked state, and then seems to remember where they are because he closes the door and locks it. He goes right back to stupidly staring at Shane’s chest.

Shane doesn’t see what has Ilya staring at him like this. Hungry and ravenous. He has more stretch marks now, ever since Ilya knocked him up. He always had stretch marks on his lower back, ass, and thighs. Ilya liked touching them, following them with his fingers and mouth, and Shane didn’t see the appeal.

There are new ones on his lower stomach from pregnancy. Lines appeared around his breasts when they swelled with milk for the first time. Having his hungry baby attached to them didn’t help things, but he didn’t really care how they looked when they’re sore and tender.

Ilya doesn’t look away from Shane’s chest. “I was wondering what had you stressed out there. You ran out very fast. Are you okay?”

“You made me uncomfortable,” Shane sneers. Ilya’s brows raise in alarm. “Your baby did this to me. I want to play hockey.”

“Our baby,” his alpha corrects. His eyes are dark and curious, still stealing glances at his chest like he can’t help it. Shane would cover his chest if he didn’t know it’d hurt. Ilya comes over to him, and doesn't stop moving until he’s standing between Shane’s legs. He carefully runs his thumb along the underswell of his breast. Shane jolts with a breathless gasp. Ilya wraps an arm around him to keep him in place.

“Does this hurt?”

Shane slaps his hand. Ilya cocks a brow at him, and Shane glares and looks away. Ilya places his thumb back to where it’d been. “Shane-“

“Yes, it hurts,” Shane snaps. He slaps Ilya’s hand again. Ilya pulls his head back by his hair, and he nuzzles and bites at his neck. Shane shakily breathes in his mate’s scent and submits. “Not by you touching them. They just hurt.”

Ilya kisses him for the answer. He presses his palm to the swollen weight of his right breast. His thumb massages the skin around his nipple, gently coaxing soft moans from the omega. Ilya lets go of his hair to snake around his waist again to hold him in place. He kisses Shane’s neck and collarbone, his hot breath forming goosebumps over Shane’s body.

Ilya's soft kisses trail to the small swell of the top of his chest. His fingers circle Shane's nipple gently, stirring a heat of desire in Shane's stomach, cooling the wrath and anxious worry. It's a sensitive line Ilya has memorized well. Ilya's lips lower more, coming in close to where Shane hurts. The omega gasps, catching onto what he's doing, and grabs his alpha's hair.

"Is okay?"

His breath tickles, and Shane swallows. "Yes."

Ilya's lips come infuriatingly close to Shane, before moving to the left and kissing there instead. He does it again, and again, and Shane's eyes brim with frustrated tears. His tongue flicks out, causing liquid to bead from the center. Ilya plants another wet kiss right beneath, and his tongue peeks out to catch the stray droplet. His breath fans over him.

"Alpha-" Shane says, needy, through clenched teeth.

His husband latches on and sucks without hesitation. The sensation of pinpricks and tauntness reaches its peak and catches him off guard. The heaviness begins to flow in his alpha's mouth, and Shane's jaw drops. The unforgiving pressure finally eases, and the feather-like feeling of Ilya's tongue and demanding lips brings a relief that's near euphoric and mindblowing.

Shane's whole world narrows to Ilya's lips. He's sucking with no holding back, greedy and starved, and insatiable. He scrapes his teeth against Shane, who jumps and whines. He clutches his curly hair and tries to stay on his feet. His knees buckle, but Ilya doesn't let him get far. He catches him easily, maneuvering him by the back of his thighs to place him on the desk without removing his lips. His hands are made of iron, and he drinks like he's famished, keeps going until the very last drop.

Ilya switches to his neglected left nipple, paying it with the same teasing treatment. Circling his chest with hot, wet kisses, driving Shane into hysterics.

Shane clenches his teeth and grabs Ilya by the chin. He forcefully tilts him to face him, leveling his mouth to where he needs him.

"Ilya."

"Shane."

Ilya licks his lips, shiny with Shane's milk. His eyes are several shades darker, his hair tangled in knots. He's breathing hard, drunk off Shane.

Shane slaps his shoulder. "Help me out of this situation you put me in."

"Because I knocked you up?"

The way Ilya says it so casually makes Shane tremble and slap Ilya's shoulder again. "Yes, because you knocked me up. I forgot my pump, and I need…"

“What do you need?”

Shane breathes hard, digging his fingers into Ilya’s cheek and jaw, begging him to take the pain away. Ilya doesn’t give in, just continues to tease and lick his lips.

“You.” Shane squirms on the desk. “I need you.”

“Good omega.”

Ilya holds his gaze as he presses a soft kiss to Shane’s breast. He slaps his hand around Shane’s neck, giving him no choice but to watch the moment he latches on and sucks. Shane gasps, gripping his husband’s face, pressing him closer desperately. The pressure lessens as the heaviness trickles out of his other breast. A stuttered moan escapes Shane’s mouth when Ilya sucks in earnest, groaning at the sweet taste.

Ilya’s hands slide to the band of Shane’s pants, and the back of him. His fingers gently brush his hole to find slick soaking his underwear, and his hard cock making a tent. “I want to fuck you.”

“You’re not done,” Shane says, bringing Ilya’s lips back to his still full breast. Ilya latches on eagerly, and they both work Shane’s pants down. Shane gets Ilya’s buttons undone and tugs down his pants enough to free his cock and line the head with his slick hole. Foreplay wasn’t needed here. Shane had been dripping wet the second Ilya first sucked.

Ilya fucks into him, going in easily with how wet Shane is. The stretches from practice makes him flexible enough to stay latched and fuck Shane at his hurried, brutal pace, both already dangerously close to climax. Shane moans at the delicious weight and heat of his alpha’s big cock filling him up. His lips sucking hard and relieving him from that awful pressure and pain. Shane angles his body differently, slotting their bodies into a better position so Ilya can fuck him deeper.

He was being consumed in every way. Ilya was glued to him with half-lidded eyes and mouth full, sucking and sounding like a starving man, demanding everything Shane has to give him. Sometimes the way Ilya gets, he looks to be stuck in a daze with the only goal being to make Shane fall apart. He moved in a single-minded state, entranced by Shane’s taste on his tongue and dripping, quivering hole. It looks almost like a rut, but he’s not. There’s nothing Shane can do besides part his legs wider, get Ilya’s cock that much deeper to hit his prostate with every thrust.

Shane groans in satisfaction. He felt light with pleasure, free of the pressure that's pained him all day. He comes with a relieved cry, Ilya fucking him through it, sharpening his orgasm to a whole new level. Ilya releases his nipple and kisses him, and Shane tastes the sweetness of his own milk on his lips. Ilya’s hips snapped, losing his rhythm, and comes hard with his teeth in Shane’s sweaty neck. Close to his mating bite.

Ilya shifts on top of him and moves off the desk. He rubs feeling back into Shane’s legs and arms. He kisses both of Shane’s breasts, that were painless and soft, and Shane sighs.

They’re putting their clothes back on. Ilya kisses Shane’s cheek. “Mr. Rozanov-Hollander, I am happy to help you. I do not want you hurting.”

“I’m sure you are,” Shane says. He puts his gear back on. “It’s alphabetical. Mr. Hollander-Rozanov.”

Ilya grins.

They get back to the rink in time for the break to end. Troy spots them. He stands with his boyfriend. He holds up a gatorade. “Want one?”

Ilya shakes his head and gets on the ice. “I am not thirsty. I am… Uh, word for full?”

“Quenched?” Harris guesses.

Ilya smiles wide. “Yes. I am quenched.”

Shane turns bright red.

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