

setting in a honeymoon

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setting in a honeymoon

by [unearthedlove](#)

Summary

Ilya brings out two pairs of wings and says he wants them to dress up as the main characters from Ember & Ice.

“You want us to dress up as who from what?”

“Dane and Finn. They are sexy fairies from sexy book called Ember & Ice.”

(Or: Shane and Ilya make a bet to decide who will pick their Halloween costume. It ends with interesting results.)

Notes

i had been wanting to write a fic like this for forever but i could never settle on a sexy enough halloween costume and then boom. we got hudcon reading ember & ice and well. i have no excuse for this. i didn't even plan to have a pregnancy kink in this until i started writing and it just came out of me. i think hudson would be proud.

anyways! i hope you enjoy this latest installment of married shane and ilya <3

title is from i'm like a lawyer with the way i'm always trying to get you off by fall out boy.

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

October 2024 – Ottawa

Shane is in their office finalizing some events for the Irina Foundation when Ilya appears in the doorway. He looks sexy, as usual, but something about the smirk on his face and the casual way he leans on the door frame makes him look hotter than usual. Shane ignores his lust and raises an eyebrow. “Can I help you?”

Ilya’s smile grows. “What if we make a bet?”

Shane’s face scrunches up into confusion. “A bet?”

Ilya walks over to Shane, standing over him. Shane feels his mouth run a little dry. “Yes, we were talking this morning about our Halloween costumes. What if we make bet? Whoever scores the most goals during the first two weeks of games gets to pick costume for our party.”

It was true, they couldn’t decide what they wanted to dress up as. Shane had never been a big Halloween person, but since they’ve gotten married and Ilya likes hosting his annual Halloween party, Shane has gotten into it. It’s been fun and ultimately, really sexy.

(Let’s just say, last year, Shane may have gotten his world rocked after surprising Ilya by dressing up as Han Solo. It had been a good night.)

Shane smiles up at his husband. “What happens if we tie?”

Ilya shrugs. “Then, we let Hazy dress us in boring superhero costumes that he’s been begging us to do for years now.”

Shane laughs. Wyatt has been trying to convince the team to go as the Defenders for years now, but he hasn’t had much luck besides forcing Luca to go as Doctor Strange two years ago. “Okay, you’re on. I’m going to win this easily. I *am* the top scorer in the league.”

Ilya grins, eyes going wild. He leans over Shane’s chair, getting into his space. Shane can feel his breathing pick up just a little. “Last year, I beat you by 3 goals, *lyubimyy*.”

Shane leans further into Ilya’s space, lips brushing. “I had to sit out for a couple of games because of my twisted ankle. I don’t have anything to hold me back now.”

Ilya pecks him softly. “Then, I guess you’ll have to show me who is the best. What do you say? We start now? Why don’t you show me you are the best?”

Shane breathes out, “Okay,” before he kisses his husband.

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Everyone on the team quickly finds out they have this bet going. Probably because Ilya announces it during his pregame speech before their season opener.

Ilya's standing on one of the benches, giving his normal speech about how they're going to have a great season and they need to show Detroit they mean business. They had won the cup in 2022 and 2023, but one too many injuries ended their season in the first round of the playoffs in the spring. They're hungry for that third.

"And lastly! As you all know, me and Shane will have our Halloween party at end of the month. Please make sure to give me as many opportunities as possible to score so I can make Shane dress up however I would like!"

The guys start laughing, while Shane smacks him on the leg. "You can't cheat!" Shane looks out at his teammates. "But also, don't pass to him. But please pass to me so *I* can score."

Ilya jumps down from the bench, grinning at Shane, as the team turns back to getting ready, already used to Shane and Ilya's weird way of flirting. Boody, who was standing next to them, grabs them both by their shoulders. "Is this some weird sex bet you have going on?"

Shane says, "No," while Ilya goes, "In a way." Shane lightly smacks him again, while Ilya grins.

Boody laughs again. "Seriously though. What's the bet?"

Shane points at Ilya. "My husband suggested whoever scores the most goals during our first two weeks of games gets to pick our Halloween costume."

Boody nods. "And you want to win because Ilya will either pick something super embarrassing or something you deem inappropriate?"

Ilya gasps. "How dare you think such things of me?"

Shane rolls his eyes, but he's sure he can't stop the fondness from showing. "You know him too well at this point."

Boody ruffles their heads, before dropping his arms that were still around them. "We'll make sure you're both scoring a lot. Nothing better for our team than you two at your most competitive."

Shane smiles. He privately agrees. He *loves* playing hockey with Ilya. They're not on the same line, but whenever they get the chance to power play together, Shane feels the rush of electricity between them. No one has ever understood him like Ilya has. Shane sometimes thinks back to that All-Star Game in 2017 when he first got to experience that rush. Normally, no one takes those games seriously, but just being on the ice with Ilya made it feel *real*. Like they could dominate the sport *together*.

Now, he gets to experience that all the time. But sometimes, he misses competing against Ilya. His husband is one of the greatest hockey players in the league's history. No one pushed Shane like Ilya did. No one gave him the same drive. Sure, Ilya pushes him now by being his captain and just generally being Ilya, but there's nothing like beating the only person who could match you in skill. So, sometimes when they make these silly bets, it reminds Shane of

the old days. He's glad they still have that spark in them to compete. It's part of what made him fall in love with Ilya to begin with.

Later, as they're warming up on the ice, his two wingers, Luca and their rookie from last year, Peter 'Petey' Dawson, comes up to Shane. Luca smiles at him. "No worries, we'll make sure you win your bet with Roz."

Shane barks out a laugh before fist bumping them. "And this is why we're the best line on the team."

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There are seven games in the first two weeks of the season. Ilya takes the early lead, scoring two goals in their season opener. Shane gets an assist to Petey, but no goals for him in the opening week. Ilya's cocky grin after the game simultaneously makes him angry and horny. Fortunately for him, it's an emotion he's all too familiar with.

Game two swings Shane's way, where he scores a hat trick against Toronto, which is always a good feeling. Dallas Kent may be serving jail time now, but the team are still douchebags who still have a vendetta against their little gay hockey team. Ilya seemingly doesn't even care that Shane's beating him in their bet because Shane gets fucked *hard* that night in their shower. It's a good feeling.

Game three takes them on the road through parts of the Northeast. First stop in Buffalo ties the score up, with Ilya scoring two and Shane scoring one, making it 4-4. They then head to Boston, where Ilya lets the jeers of his former fanbase fuel him to scoring another two goals, while Shane only gets two assists for his wingers.

Game five has them facing off against the Admirals. Scott Hunter always plays a good game for them, despite Ilya describing him as ancient. Shane ends up scoring two goals, while Ilya gets one. Ilya is still in the lead, but Shane knows next game he can bring it to a tie since they're playing Montreal.

It's been years since he left his former team, but a number of the players still hold animosity towards him which just pisses Shane off. He didn't want to leave Montreal. He had fully played on retiring there; building a true dynasty there. But instead, *they* kicked him to the curb because he loved Ilya. In a way, he's grateful to them because he wouldn't be here playing on Ottawa if they hadn't been so awful. Maybe in that first year, he was upset when he played them. Now, he just enjoys beating them especially since the quality of their team slowly declined once he left.

He's right in the end. Petey and Luca play their asses off, and Shane gets his second hat trick of the season in only six games. Ilya scores one goal himself, bringing their bet to 9-8 as they head into the last game of the two-week period.

Shane's putting on his equipment when Troy comes up to him in the locker room. "Holly, sorry about tonight."

Shane looks up, eyebrows raising. "Why are you apologizing to me?"

Troy looks a little sheepish. “Promised Cap I would make sure he wins the bet today. But I want you to know – it’s no hard feelings.”

Shane shakes his head fondly. “Would your fiancé agree with this?”

Troy’s smile grows into something fond, like it always does when someone mentions him and Harris are engaged now. “Well, you know him. He just likes that he has so much to post about on social media. But yeah, he’ll probably tell me I shouldn’t meddle.”

Shane chuckles softly. “It’s okay, I won’t get you in trouble with him. I know you and Bood have been doing everything you can to help Ilya win anyways. My wingers told me they wanted to beat Ilya too.”

Troy barks out a laugh. “Even Petey? That kid is so nervous around Roz.”

Shane smiles, nodding, before putting on his helmet. “Even Petey. It’s all in good fun. Let’s go out there and beat Winnipeg, eh?”

Troy knocks his helmet against Shane. “Let’s fucking go.”

In the end, it’s a close game. Not the actual game between Ottawa and Winnipeg. No, the game between Shane and Ilya. Ilya ties their bet early, scoring on the first face-off of the game. Shane rolls his eyes at husband who winks at him after scoring.

Once Shane is on the ice, he quickly reminds his husband how good he is by getting a goal off an assist from Luca. He blows a kiss to Ilya, who pretends not to catch it. Shane has to hold back his laughter.

In the second period, Ilya scores another goal, tying it back up. Shane gets a couple of good shots on goal but ultimately fails to get ahead of Ilya. He changes that at the start of the third period, when Shane and Ilya are on power play together. Ilya tries to look mad after Shane scores, since Shane is winning again, but Shane knows his husband too well. Ilya’s a little turned on, as he always is when they score together.

Ilya scores himself only minutes after the power play ends. As he skates by the bench, Shane hears, “Only one more to win!”

Shane yells back, “We’ll see about that!”

Dykstra chuckles next to Shane. Shane joins him in the laughter. “Hollzy, obviously we love having you on this team because one you’re secretly hilarious and two you’re the fucking G.O.A.T, but also, we love that you’re the only one who can put Roz in his place.”

Shane bumps shoulders with him. “I like being here too.”

Shane gets two more shots on goal, but ultimately both of them hit the bars, which he tries not to let bother him. Finally, it’s the last thirty seconds of the game, Shane is sitting on the bench, sweating not just from the game. They’re tied at 11 goals each. Shane can’t lie – he really does not want to dress up as whatever superhero Wyatt has in mind, so he kind of hope Ilya wins. Eventually, Ilya makes a break down the ice. Winnipeg’s defense is too slow for

him and with less than ten seconds on the clock left, Ilya scores. The score is 12-11 now, Ilya winning.

Ilya throws his hands up, celebrating his victory. He turns, searching for Shane. Shane tries to look put out, but truthfully, he knows he'll get his own reward tonight. And probably Halloween tonight, even if he's forced to go through a humiliation ritual to get it. It's worth it. Ilya is always worth it.

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Ilya has kept their costume tight-lipped since he won over a week ago. He says he had to "get arrangements in order" (whatever that meant) before he could reveal the costume to Shane. Finally, it's the day of the party and Shane is sitting on their bed, Anya at his feet when Ilya brings out two pairs of wings and says he wants them to dress up as the main characters from *Ember & Ice*.

"You want us to dress up as who from what?"

"Dane and Finn. They are sexy fairies from sexy book called *Ember & Ice*."

Shane scoffs out a laugh. "Have you even read this book? I never see you read. In fact, you make fun of me when I read."

Ilya shakes his head. "That is because you are boring and only read hockey books. I listened to the book when we were on the road. Cassie recommended it to me."

Shane can feel his mouth hanging open in shock but can't bring himself to close it. "You listened to a smutty gay romantasy book? Did you even like it?"

Ilya shrugs. "It was hot. Plot was fine. Not sure if I would read anything else like it, but I wanted to be nice to Cassie. Also, it gave me this idea, no? So, I am the real winner in the end."

Shane laughs, fond. "I mean, not that I have a choice, but fine. Give me the wings. What am I supposed to wear with them?"

Ilya leans down, kissing him before handing him the wings. "Just a black top and jeans. But I am going to add glitter to your face."

Shane crinkles his face. He doesn't love putting make-up on often. He tolerates it for his advertisements, not wanting to upset anyone, but he tries to avoid putting it on in other situations. Ilya kisses him softly again. He taps his fingers to Shane's temples. "Just here, sweetheart. I know you do not like make-up. I want to make you glow a little, okay?"

Shane smiles. Ilya always knows what to do. "I love you."

Ilya pats his thigh, before turning to head out the bedroom door, Anya getting up to follow him. "I love you. Now, shower and get dressed. I will finish setting up downstairs before I change."

Shane showers, cleaning himself thoroughly. He comes out pink and pliant, ready for the evening. The truth is he likes that Ilya is picking out what he's going to wear. Shane knows he has a hard time giving up control. Most of their relationship, Shane dictates how they're going to do things. Ilya doesn't mind – in fact, he has repeatedly told Shane he loves it. He loves that someone cares enough about him to affectionately nag him.

But the one place Shane loves giving up control is the bedroom. Ilya is the only person who has ever been able to get Shane out of his head. He loves just being able to *feel* instead of overthinking. He knows this isn't technically sexual roleplay, but in a way, it kind of is. Ilya was right when he told Bood that all those weeks ago. So, as he's lathering himself with lotion post shower, he thinks about the back of his underwear drawer where no one, not even Ilya, knows he's keeping something. Lacy panties.

Rose bought them for him for his birthday this past year. He had blushed so hard, he thought he was going to permanently turn red. He hadn't worked up the nerve to use them in bed yet. Ilya doesn't even know they exist, since he opened them on Facetime with Rose while Ilya was out picking up his birthday cake. He knows Ilya will go insane when he sees them. He's just always had a hard time thinking of himself as sexy.

He knows he's good looking and pretty (he's started to embrace the word since Ilya calls him that constantly), but he's always felt awkward being "sexy" prior to the actual sexy time. But tonight, his man picked out a sexy couples' costume, after playing two great weeks of hockey, so the two of them can walk around their house together, flaunting what they are. And he knows he's going to get fucked either way, but why not use that to his advantage to show Ilya how much he loves him?

Mind made up, he quickly grabs what he needs. He can still hear Ilya setting up downstairs, Carly Rae Jepsen playing softly in the background. He hurries back to the bathroom. He takes a look at the panties. They're nothing crazy in hindsight. It's a black, sheer lace thong. Shane's a little nervous because he's very particular about his underwear, but as he slides it on, he finds it to be pleasant. It's softer than he imagined it to be. And shockingly, comfier too. He turns slightly to get a look at his ass and finds himself pleased when he sees the string sitting snugly between his cheeks. He knows he has a good butt, and he knows his husband will go crazy over this.

Pleased, he finishes getting dressed and starts messing with his hair. It's no longer long enough to be pulled into a bun, but he can still tease and style his hair. Just as he's finishing setting his hair into place, Ilya knocks on the bathroom door. Shane looks over at his husband. He's dressed in blue jeans and a white tank top. His hair is curling beautifully today. Shane tries not to drool.

"You clean up well, Hollander."

Shane smirks, turning back to the mirror to make sure he's satisfied with his hair. "You look good yourself, Rozanov. Come put glitter on me."

Shane sees Ilya in the mirror stalking towards him. He reaches into his drawer and pulls out the small make-up kit he has. Neither of them use it much, but Ilya likes to keep it on hand, mostly in case there's a pimple emergency. He pulls out the glitter eye shadow and a brush,

placing the eye shadow on the counter. Shane feels Ilya's hand on his jaw turning him towards his husband.

With Ilya's hand still on his jaw, he looks into his husband's eyes. They're filled with so much adoration and love; it almost knocks Shane on his feet. Gently, Ilya coats the brush with eye shadow before lightly dusting it on Shane's temples. Shane's eyes flutter, reveling in the soft touch. His eyes are still shut when he feels a light kiss on his lips. "Beautiful, Shane. Always so pretty."

Shane smiles before opening his eyes. Ilya is smiling softly at him. "Here; let me doll you up now. The party's starting soon."

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Shane can admit he looks good in the wings. He thought he would look a little stupid, but honestly, he feels great. He's gotten numerous compliments about it too, from both his teammates and their partners.

Cassie shrieked when she saw them, instantly knowing who they were. She grabbed Lisa, who had managed to get the night off from the hospital, and Lisa soon joined in on the giddiness. Ilya put on a show for them, both of them whistling at him. Shane gave a little twirl at their insistence. Bood and Wyatt were laughing next to their wives, but it felt good.

Shane and Ilya split eventually, Ilya deciding to play beer pong and Shane finding a corner to talk with Luca and Petey with. He loves his wingers; they're like his baby brothers. Ilya always fake whines about Shane stealing his rookie for him, but Shane knows Ilya is pleased Luca has someone like Shane. Shane relates painfully to Luca. That first season Shane was on the Centaurs, Luca was still painfully in the closet. It took a lot of long talks and a few crying sessions before Luca admitted he was queer.

Since then, Shane and Ilya have become Luca's personal dating experts. It makes Shane laugh because the truth is he's a horrible example of what good dating is. He was casual with Ilya for seven years before dating secretly for four before getting married. But he's glad Luca doesn't have to suffer like he did.

Petey is like a golden retriever to him. A sweet boy, eager to please, maybe a little shy at times. He loves kayaking and going to his family's camp (why New Englanders refer to their lake houses as camp, he'll never know). Shane obviously was an only child, so it's nice to have pseudo brothers like these.

Petey is telling them a story about his sister and her wife and how they tricked him into drinking bacon fat when Ilya appears. He feels a kiss to the back of his head. He turns around, smiling at Ilya. "Hi. Did you win in beer pong?"

Ilya nods. "*Da*, of course. I am the best."

Shane shakes his head. "What did you bet Troy?"

Ilya rolls his eyes. "Nothing this time."

Shane cocks his head. “Let me guess – because Harris wouldn’t let you?”

Luca and Petey both laugh while Ilya rolls his eyes again. “Is not my fault Barrett keeps losing! He should know by now!”

Shane laughs, leaning in to kiss Ilya’s cheek. “You are ridiculous.”

Ilya smiles then. “Yes, but you love ridiculous. Come dance with me.”

Shane pouts. “Ilya. You know I’m so bad at dancing. And besides, I’m talking with Luca and Petey.”

Petey pushes Shane. “Go dance with your husband! We’re fine.”

Ilya gestures to the left winger. “See, even rookie agrees.”

Ilya’s giving him the biggest puppy dog eyes right now, and Shane is only so strong. “Fine, fine! Let’s go dance.”

They head to their dining room, which has become a make-shift dance floor, their dining room table pushed into the corner, speakers set up on the table blasting some pop song Shane doesn’t know. On the makeshift floor, Dykstra and his wife are grinding away. Wyatt and Lisa are dancing goofily together in the center. Plus, plenty of their other teammates are dancing with their partners.

Ilya pulls Shane in closer, grabbing him by the hips. Shane’s hands come up to loop around Ilya’s neck. He really means it when he says he’s not a good dancer. In the years since they’ve gotten married and have been able to go to clubs together, Shane has not improved. He just tries to keep up with Ilya.

It’s a little funny that Shane has such a hard time moving his hips on the dance floor, when in the bedroom, he has no problem rocking Ilya’s world whenever he’s riding him. Shane feels Ilya’s hands slide past his hips and land firmly on Shane’s butt.

With a start, Shane remembers he’s wearing the thong. He can’t believe he forgot about that. He had been enjoying himself so much at the party he forgot about his little surprise for Ilya. He looks into his husband’s eyes and sees thinly veiled lust behind them. The party is still raging around them, it barely being 10 at night. Shane bets he can get his husband to leave the party for their bedroom for a good hour, so they can have sex.

Shane closes his eyes and tries to picture himself riding Ilya. He starts moving his hips a little bit more, without Ilya guiding them. Ilya’s hands easily follow the movements, and Shane feels Ilya press in closer. Ilya noses at Shane’s neck, Shane tilting his head to the side, so Ilya can press small but hot kisses along his jawline.

Shane listens to the beat of the music and tries to move his hips along. His hands move from the back of Ilya’s neck to his hair, gripping tightly. Ilya groans into Shane’s neck, pressing a longer kiss right below his ear. Shane starts essentially grinding his cock into Ilya’s leg, moaning softly into Ilya’s ear.

Ilya presses another kiss below Shane's ear before whispering, "You are so hot. I can feel you, and your wings, trembling."

Shane whimpers. Fuck, why is it so hot to imagine that his *wings* (his imaginary, definitely not real wings) might give him away? Shane whispers into Ilya's ear. "I want you. Can we sneak away?"

Ilya leans back so he can look into Shane's eyes. He smirks. "Oh, you want to be bad tonight?"

Shane kisses him in lieu of answer. He feels Ilya's tongue in his mouth, moaning at the sensation. He pulls back from his husband. "Meet me in our bedroom in five minutes."

Shane doesn't give Ilya any more warnings before he turns abruptly and heads up the stairs. They have a gate at the bottom of their stairs that was installed to sometimes keep Anya downstairs. It's closed tonight. As much as they love their team, they don't need them snooping around in their bedrooms. The guys are respectful; no one has gone upstairs.

Shane steps over the gate, looking back briefly to see Ilya running a hand through his hair in the kitchen. Shane giggles to himself. Ilya is trying so hard to look nonchalant. To everyone else, it's probably deceiving.

Shane heads to their bedroom. Anya gets locked away in a guest room during parties, so he's completely alone. He's about to take off his wings when he gets an idea. He does take them off briefly so he can take his tank top off, but he quickly puts them back on. He also takes off his jeans before settling himself on his knees in the middle of their bed.

Shane tries to not chicken out as the minutes pass by. Just as he's thinking it's a stupid idea, Ilya steps into their bedroom. Shane looks over at him. Ilya sucks in a breath. Shane swallows the saliva building in his mouth.

"Oh, Shane. Did you wear this for me?"

Shane nods. He rasps out, "Yes."

Ilya licks his lips before stalking over to the foot of the bed. Shane crawls towards Ilya, until he's kneeling right in front of him. "Fuck, you look so good. Your ass looks perfect in that."

Shane lunges forward, hands tangling in Ilya's hair. They crash together, but Shane can't bring himself to care. Shane moans, loudly, as he and Ilya kiss harsher. Shane is so grateful for the loud music downstairs to cover up the sounds he's making.

Ilya's hands grip at Shane's hips tightly, right on his panty line, which makes Shane moan even more. Ilya pulls them flush together, grinding his clothed cock against Shane's panty covered one. Shane's tongue licks past Ilya's teeth, mouths opening wider as they basically try to consume one another. One of Ilya's hands come up to grip Shane's jaw, keeping it hinged open. Shane moans as Ilya sucks on his tongue.

Ilya pulls away, a line of spit connecting them still, Shane trying to chase after him. “Uh-uh. Ask nicely.”

Shane pants. “Please. I want more.”

Ilya squeezes his cheeks with the hand still on his jaw. “Be more specific.”

Shane licks his lips. “Please give me your spit.” He opens his mouth and sticks out his tongue.

Ilya coos. “Such a good boy. I will give you what you want.”

Ilya purse his lips to build some spit in his mouth. He uses his hand to tilt Shane’s head back before he slowly lets the spit drip out of his mouth onto Shane’s tongue. Shane closes his eyes and moans. He feels the train of spit stop as Ilya moves his head back into a neutral position. Shane pulls his tongue back into his mouth and makes a big show of swallowing Ilya’s spit. “Thank you.”

Ilya kisses him briefly. “You are welcome. Now, lay down. I want to admire you.”

Shane slides back until he’s near their pillows before laying down. He puts his hands above his head and cocks his face so Ilya can get a good look at his neck. Ilya groans, so he knows the position must be working for him. Despite the wings still on Shane’s back, he barely notices them.

Ilya strips quickly, jeans and underwear first before shedding his wings and tank top. But like Shane, he puts his wings back on. Ilya crawls onto the bed then, cock hanging heavy between his legs. Shane licks his lips, as Ilya settles his weight on top of him.

Ilya leans down, kissing Shane sweetly. “You are so beautiful, *feya moya*.”

Shane grins up at his husband. “You’re beautiful too.”

Ilya kisses him again. “Did you know that sometimes, in these sexy books, the male fae can get pregnant?”

Shane stills. He looks into Ilya’s eyes. Ilya cocks up one of his eyebrows. He wants to know if Shane is okay with where this is going. Shane swallows. “Oh really?”

Ilya leans down then, planting soft kisses all over Shane’s face. “Yes. Should I try to knock you up tonight? Would you want that?”

Shane takes a shaky breath through his nose. He closes his eyes as Ilya keeps pressing light kisses to his cheeks. Quietly, he says, “Yes, I want that. I want you to knock me up.”

He feels Ilya’s grin against his cheek. “I can’t wait to see you heavy with our baby.”

Shane can’t handle it anymore. He grabs Ilya’s face, bringing Ilya’s lips to Shane’s mouth. It’s hot and wet and a little bit messy but Shane doesn’t care. The thought of carrying Ilya’s baby is too hot for him to handle.

Ilya groans into the kiss, hands coming up to massage Shane's chest. They're both rutting against one another, desperate to feel how these words are affecting one another.

Ilya pulls away from the kiss then, instead starting to slowly kiss down Shane's body. Shane's hands find purchase in Ilya's hair once more. Ilya sucks a quick hickey into Shane's stomach, causing him to whimper before Ilya finally reaches Shane's cock. He runs a finger lightly against the cloth, causing Shane to jump. "Fuck, I'm so close already. Don't tease me."

Ilya presses an apology kiss to the wet spot on his panties. "Should I make you come first by sucking you off?"

Shane shakes his head. "No, no, I want you to fuck me. Don't they say you're more likely to get pregnant if you finish during the sex?"

Ilya grins. "You've thought about this before?"

Shane blushes. The truth was *yes*, he had thought about it. In practice, Shane would probably hate being pregnant right now. He's still at the prime of his career and the thought of missing an entire season would send him into cardiac arrest. But sometimes, he imagines it – they're retired. Shane is pregnant. He's having Ilya's babies.

He's thought about it a lot over the last year and a half since they applied for adoption. It's been a hard process, much harder than he thought it would be. There have been a lot of nights of frustrating tears. They've jumped through so many hurdles, and they're still not at the finish line. He wishes he could just have a baby. He wishes he could have a baby that was half Shane and half Ilya.

It's all a fantasy. Maybe that's why under the pretext of pretending they're fairies, Shane lets Ilya take him there. The thought of becoming a dad from Ilya's sperm makes him horny.

Shane nods. "Yes, I've thought about it."

Ilya groans before pressing hot, open-mouthed kisses to the inside of Shane's thighs. "I will make it happen."

Without any more warning, Ilya yanks down his sticky underwear, tossing them over his shoulders. He grabs the backs of Shane's thighs shoving them towards Shane's shoulders. Shane gasps, his own hands coming to rest on his knees. Ilya wastes no time before diving in to taste Shane.

Shane moans, loudly, when the first swipe of Ilya's tongue touches his hole. No matter how many times they do this, Shane is still addicted to it. Ilya is so meticulous and sexy when he eats Shane out. He makes quick work of opening Shane open with his tongue, before he starts working a finger inside of him.

Shane reaches up under the pillows, searching for their lube. They both knew the night would end with sex, so Ilya had placed it there this morning. Shane finally finds it before tossing it to the end of the bed. Ilya barely looks up from what he's doing, reaching for the lube. He slings up two of his fingers before shoving them into Shane.

Shane groans. He loves it when Ilya preps him quickly. It means his husband is just as desperate as he is. Ilya is sucking hickies into Shane's thighs as he fingers him, his middle and index finger just brushing Shane's prostate. He starts scissoring them before he presses a third finger into Shane.

"*Fuck, fuck!* Ilya, I'm ready, c'mon."

Ilya finishes sucking one more hickey on Shane's thighs before pulling back. His fingers are still in Shane. "You want my dick?"

Shane nods, tears in his eyes now. He already feels like he's about to come. "Yes, I want your dick. I want your cum. I want you to knock me up."

Ilya presses one last kiss to Shane's thigh before he pulls his fingers out. Both of his hands come to rest on the back of Shane's thighs again, pressing them towards Shane's shoulders again. "I will give you what you want. Hold your legs for me."

Shane tucks his hands under his knees, pulling his legs back to expose his hole even more. Ilya groans before he lines himself up with Shane's hole. He presses in slowly, causing both of them to moan. The tears in Shane's eyes build even more. He loves this so much. "Oh, God. That's so good."

Ilya bottoms out, groaning. "So perfect." He leans down between Shane's legs, kissing him hotly. He hovers over Shane's lips. "Beg for it, *lyubov*."

Shane licks his lips. "Please fuck me, Ilya. I want you to get me pregnant."

Ilya groans again before his hips start moving. Ilya's tempo slowly building until the only sound in the room is the steady slapping of Ilya's hips against Shane's ass. "You always take it so well. This hole was made for me, yes?"

Shane nods, already feeling on the brink of orgasm. "Yes, made just for you. I was made for you."

Ilya picks up his pace, head dropping so he can watch his dick go in and out of Shane. Shane knows how much that turns Ilya on. As he watches Ilya watch him, he gets a thought and before he can over think it, he rasps out, "Please fuck my cunt."

Ilya lets out a shaky, "*Fuck!*" before his movements get even more desperate. He looks up at Shane's face again, before leaning in to lick at his mouth. "Say that again."

Shane presses two kisses to Ilya's mouth. "C'mon, I want you to finish in my cunt."

Ilya's head drops into the crook of Shane's shoulder, where he's pressing kisses over and over. He sucks a mark into his shoulder before he looks back into his face. "No, it's *my* cunt."

Shane whines, head shaking. He can feel his balls tightening. He's going to come any second now. "It's yours. It's yours."

One of Ilya's hands comes up to grab at Shane's chest again. "Say it properly."

Shane pants out. "It's *your* cunt, *oh*, fuck!"

Ilya growls out. "That's right, no one else. Come for me, come on Shane. Be a good boy and come for me. I'll get you pregnant then."

The good boy is what does him in. His back arches slightly as he comes all over his chest untouched, hole clenching as he finishes. Ilya keeps pumping his hips as he finishes almost at the same time, filling Shane up. Shane can feel some of Ilya's cum leaking out, even with Ilya's dick still in him.

Ilya is pressing soft kisses to Shane's face again, Shane trying to catch his breath. He hears Ilya repeating "I love you" over and over again in Russian. It causes Shane to smile. "*Ya lyublyu tebya.*"

Ilya pulls back. He gives Shane a smile. "Was that okay?"

Shane leans up, kissing him sweetly. "Yes. I loved it."

Ilya's lip morph into a smirk. Shane already knows what's coming. "So, you want to get pregnant?"

Shane shoves at his chest. "Shut up. With all the adoption paperwork we've done over the last year and a half, I think it's only natural to think about."

Ilya kisses him again to placate him. "We would have the prettiest babies. But I can't wait to meet our real ones too."

Shane's lip wobbles. How Ilya always manages to go from the most annoying person to sweetest husband in the world will baffle Shane. "Me too. Soon."

Ilya nods. "Soon. Come on, let's clean you up and go join party again."

Ilya leads a shaky Shane to the bathroom, where he cleans the cum out of Shane. Ilya puts the sexy panties away, claiming he would jump Shane again. Shane just shakes his head and puts on a pair of briefs instead. Both of their hair looks a little crazy, but they figure everyone is drunk enough that it doesn't matter too much.

Shane looks at the time then. 11:07pm. They've been gone for over an hour. Oops. Shane can barely bring himself to care.

They don't even try to come down the stairs separately, Ilya holding Shane's hand as they walk back down to the party. No one even bats an eye.

Ilya walks off to get them a drink, when Bood slides up to Shane. He gives Shane a shit-eating grin. "Told you it was a weird sex bet."

Shane throws his head back and laughs. He supposes Bood was right. It was a sex bet.

End Notes

if you've read the first installment of this series, hands to myself, we love a shane who's grown to be confident in his teammates teasing him about sex!!

comments and kudos always appreciated! if you have a twitter and want to talk, my priv is @thecorktrees!

(sorry for any typos or weird spacing. i'm sure i'll inevitably find stuff to edit in the days to follow even though i've read this over 15 times)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!