

like a prayer (down on my knees)

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like a prayer (down on my knees)

by Anonymous

Summary

Ilya's birthday present with Shane pregnant and on his knees - let's just say best birthday ever.

Notes

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

Ilya's birthday had crept up on them without warning through the whirlwind of practices, games, and getting ready for the baby it had just slipped through their cracks of their minds.

And yes, Shane had Ilya's birthday circled in big letters on his calendar but honestly at this point in his pregnancy it was a miracle that his 'mom brain' hadn't made him forget his own name. That shit was real and he had regretted thinking it was an over exaggeration.

One thing was for certain, Shane had an idea for a present he *knew* Ilya would appreciate.

"So you guys doing anything *special* for Ilya's birthday?" Harris questioned, snapping a couple photos of Ilya at practice that morning for the Instagram page. It was his birthday so naturally in Harris fashion there would be a big birthday post with pictures of Ilya attached.

"Oh um, I mean we're just gonna probably go out to dinner and have a quiet evening in. Nothing like huge or anything." Shane felt terrible saying it like that now that the words were out of his mouth.

What kind of husband was he? Most spouses went out of their way with grand gestures but here he was with Medovik, something he learned was a special cake Ilya's mother had made him when he was young. It wasn't all that hard to make it just required patience and a lot of standing at the counter which given his predicament nowadays his feet would swell up even if he so much as *thought* about them.

So standing was a little uncomfortable but the result of a cake that Ilya would enjoy was worth it.

The second present, was well a baby. That was the main reason Shane was currently ready to pop open like a confetti popper. It was probably seen as cheap but he had paid quite a bit of his blood, sweat, and tears into making this one. Literally.

And lastly, a blow job. Yes, a good ol' fashioned. It was simple and Shane hadn't been able to really do much in that department (it was murdering him slowly) since the morning sickness had kicked back into full swing to the point he could barely get out of bed without running to the bathroom.

Whoever said morning sickness struck only in the morning and stopped in the first and second trimester could kiss his ass.

It was going to be when Ilya least expected it, they had a nice dinner out to Ilya's favorite restaurant with reservations for just the two of them or well okay three with the baby currently lounging on his pelvis.

It was definitely a small feat to go on a walk with Anya in the park after dinner but it was worth it to see Ilya's face light up chasing Anya around in the grassy area and then pretending like she was chasing him earning an eye roll from the omega.

It was soft simple moments like these that Shane wanted to capture and keep forever.

Despite the ache in Shane's hips, they walked back home and Ilya was already coaxing him out of his clothes- not that it took much at all.

It was funny to him that half the time now when Ilya helped him out of his clothes it was because Shane was overstimulated from the fabric and the way it rubbed against his thighs or his rounded midsection.

But tonight it was because Ilya *needed* to see all of Shane, wanted to see what he had done to his omega. The curve of Shane's belly protruding over his hips, his eyes dipping lower as he helped his husband out of those pesky dress pants held together by a hair tie just below his navel.

It was a trick Jackie had taught him and Ilya had gotten smacked in the nose by a stray hair tie unknowingly once when he jerked down Shane's pants with reckless abandon so it was safe to say he carefully undid them now.

They were leisurely going about this at first except Shane had been thinking about it the entire night that he was practically vibrating with the need to get his mouth on Ilya's cock. It was for Ilya's birthday but Shane was wondering if for his mental well being that this was a little bit for him too.

They walked their way backwards up the stairs, Shane with his back to the stairs a grin on his lips while Ilya mirrored his giddy expression except for the fact that his eyes kept darting down every few seconds to make sure Shane didn't miss a step. Pregnancy had definitely thrown his omega's center of gravity off.

Shane was trying his best to stay on planet earth, to keep his head in the game and give Ilya his *present* but his alpha kept derailing his brain.

Ilya may have had dinner but this was his birthday dessert. Shane's creamy thighs on display had him licking his lips like that cartoon coyote ready to dive right on in and- Shane had the nerve to stop him.

Which made no sense except Shane was easing himself down onto the carpet, brown orbs staring up at him like he hung the moon and the stars.

"This is my present. I mean I know we haven't been able to do as much lately- I just I wanted to give you something I know you've been missing." *As much as I have.*

Shane had to cradle a hand beneath his swell to get comfortable, his hips were definitely cooperating as much as they could given the pressure on them.

Ilya was so surprised because he was going to just take Shane in their bed and spread him open, taking care of him like any good alpha would but this was definitely unexpected and *very* welcomed.

"Shane, are you sure?"

The omega looked up at his alpha through his lashes, a nod and then a nuzzle against his hip trailing down to his inner thigh with a purr escaping his plump pink lips.

"Fuck- you are going to murder me already." Ilya chuckled, sucking a breath in through his nose as he watched Shane part his lips to mouth at his still clothed cock already hardened in his own dress pants.

"Off." Shane didn't have to ask twice to get what he wanted, fingers digging into the waistband of Ilya's pants pulling the zipper down with his teeth, fingers popping open the button with a practiced hand — all the while his eyes were on the prize.

Ilya's hand automatically found its home in Shane's inky locks, intertwining his fingers in the silky strands giving them a gentle testing tug, a small playful smirk corkscrewing its way onto his lips. They did this like routine clockwork but there was something special about this.

A groan left Ilya's lips as he felt the cold air meet his now painfully rigid cock, the feeling being quickly replaced by the warmth of Shane's lips parting around the tip taking him shallow on his tongue at first before eagerly taking the rest of him until the head of his cock hit the back of his throat.

"So good for me, *moya lyubov*." Ilya praised his omega making him purr again under his lust filled gaze. Shane's hands came to rest in the divets of Ilya's hips, nose nestled there breathing in his alpha's musk getting practically high as a kite on the scent alone.

Shane hummed happily as Ilya ran a finger over the stretch of his lips, sucking in a breath as his husband began to move his hips slow at first into the warmth and then sped up his thrusts keeping a hand threaded in Shane's locks to keep him there not that it was necessary — his omega wasn't going anywhere.

Ilya could barely get a warning in, only Shane's name leaving his mouth in a low groan as the latter's grip on his inner thighs tightened as he eagerly swallowed Ilya's release, slick trickling down the backs of his own thighs sweetening the already thick air.

"We need to clean you up too, it would not be fair to leave you like this after you gave me such good present." Ilya helped Shane to his feet, they were wobbly as were his own legs from his omega practically sucking his soul out through his dick.

Shaking his head softly, Shane was on cloud nine, lips glistening with cum mixed with saliva having been so *so* good for him.

"Want you to come on me." Ilya hoisted Shane up by his widened hips, stretch marks crawling up the expanse of milky skin proving just how much his body had grown to accommodate their pup. That got Shane's attention loud and clear, his eyes flitting up to meet his alpha's as he pulled him on top of him.

Every inch of Shane's belly was on display for him, his hand dipping between his own legs wrapping around his cock giving a few tugs before Ilya took over and wrapped a hand around Shane's as they began to move up and down his weeping cock precum already smeared on his lower stomach.

Ilya reached his other hand up quickly to steady Shane as he began slipping into a euphoric blissed out state of mind, not realizing his own body was top heavy and that he was leaning backwards with each frantic jerk of his cock.

"Mmph- m'so close- fuck, Ilya." Shane whimpered, his eyes fluttering shut as he tumbled head first over the edge of his orgasm with a cry. "This was supposed to be *your* present." He managed to find his voice after a few minutes, breathing a little heavier than normal as his stomach was currently pushing up on his lungs (yet another perk of pregnancy).

"Believe me this was best present you could have given me. Thank you, sweetheart." Ilya chuckled breathlessly as he peppered kisses down the side of Shane's neck, leading down to his chest giving a nibble that earned him a smack to the chest before helping Shane off of him to get comfortable in the spot next to him beneath the blankets.

"So, what occasion do we do this for next?" Ilya smiled lazily down at Shane, earning another playful smack.

Shane struggled to get comfortable considering his pregnancy pillow had been tossed somewhere in the floor but once he did, face first in Ilya's chest he was sound asleep snoring away.

End Notes

this was inspired by connor lip syncing to madonna's like a prayer i will admit to that 😂 this idea popped into my head and i was like how can i make this about pregnant shane too? anyways, hope you enjoy! <3

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