

hold me til the daylight?

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by [huacheesecake](#)

Summary

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David cringed at his own wording, watching Ilya's wide-eyed expression. David forced a smile,

“What helped me was- well”, David shrugged, looking a little embarrassed, “When Yuna started to court me again. She would do small things for me, buy me some new clothes, put on music that I liked- that one might not work for Shane. Rearrange our nest, buy new swaddles for Shane.”

Or

Ilya courts Shane after giving birth to their pup. Shane squirts.

Notes

hi it's hua!

taking a break from piss hollanov to deliver (dramatic pause) CHUBBY SHANE!!!

- afab terms for shane
- we <3 natural bodies
- ofc it will be angsty, cutesy and very, very filthy
- anxious/insecure shane (touching on post-partum depression)
- lactation kink

note: this fic can be read as a part 2 to ‘can u stay up all night?’, but it can also be read as a standalone. i’ll link it as part of the series incase you guys would like to read them together!

english is not my first language but please enjoy!

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

Ilya was sitting in the waiting room of the doctor's office, thumbing through a pamphlet. It was pastel pink, with bubble lettering outlining the header,

Preventing Post-Partum Depression in Omegas

Ilya's lip twitched. Shane was four months post-partum, getting a precautionary check-up. Yuna had gone into the check-up with him, armed with a checklist of questions and post-partum supplements that Shane had been taking. Despite some second-degree vaginal tearing, Shane was recovering well, breastfeeding smoothly, and Ilya had to convince him to stay in bed, instead of trying to do aimless tasks of wiping windows and vacuuming the floors. Yuna had been over every day at their house in Ottawa, helping Shane shower and nurse the baby while David and Ilya cooked, cleaned and kept up with the yard work. They had built a big nest in the middle of the lounge room, buying new couches to make a 'U' shape, filling the middle in with a plush mattress that Ilya had spent hours scenting. Shane had spent most of the time wrapped in blankets, nursing their pup, hiding his face in Yuna's neck to cry. Ilya had felt helpless. He had talked to the doctors himself, talked to Shane, talked to Yuna.

Shane was feeling a lot of things.

Ilya had gotten down on his hands and knees, pressing his face into Shane's legs as he cried, begging Shane to tell him how he could help, what to do. And yet, Shane insisted that Ilya was already giving him the world. Ilya felt like he was doing nothing. Every night, Ilya held Shane from behind as they slept together, limbs slotting together like they did before Shane had gotten pregnant. Now that they were parents, their scents had changed. Shane, who had been all soft vanilla and peaches, had a stronger, sweeter undertone of lilies. And Ilya's cedarwood scent burned whenever they left the house, the protective stench leaking into every surrounding. Shane secretly loved it.

Ilya gripped the pamphlet in his fist and gritted his teeth. The dot-point list of suggestions on how to 'prevent post-partum depression' was mediocre at best. The complete and utter bare minimum expected of deadbeat baby daddy alphas who were yet to mate their freshly post-partum omegas.

Scenting.

Co-sleeping.

Household chores.

Keeping your partner company.

The frustration of feeling utterly hopeless.

The fear that Shane was lying to him, suffering in ways that Ilya couldn't see, terrified him.

Ilya blinked as something cold touched his cheek. He looked up to find David pressing a plastic cup of cold water to his face, a small grin touching his features. He was also suppressing a grimace, which made Ilya look up and notice that the other patients and

reception staff were wrinkling their noses or pulling face masks higher over their noses. As Ilya took the cup, David gently pulled at his wrist,

“C’mon, buddy, you’re stinking up the place, let’s go outside, hmm?”

Ilya sighed and nodded. The doctor’s office was inside a mall, so they didn’t have to go too far to find somewhere to sit. David smiled as he rubbed Ilya’s back, prompting him to release the burning, overwhelming undertones from his scent. It took practice, especially when he was separated from Shane. David hummed as Ilya shuddered, trying to remember the breathing exercises that Galina had given him at one of his first sessions. Ilya sipped his water, letting the cold liquid cool his throat. He desperately needed a distraction. Realistically, he knew Shane was just fine. He was inside a doctor’s office, their family OBGYN, Doctor Liu, who was a beta, and didn’t pose any threat to Shane’s wellbeing. He was with Yuna, his mother, who was an alpha.

Shane was *safe*.

But every time he looked up and couldn’t smell Shane’s scent, couldn’t see his omega’s darling freckles, he felt sick. All he could think of was,

Omega. Omega. Omega. Protect. Protect. Protect. Scent. Scent. Scent.

Ilya knew David was waiting for him to talk.

But he didn’t know what to say.

“Ilya?”

“Yes?”

“I know you’re worried about Shane,” David soothed, “And I want you to know that you can talk to me.”

Ilya’s shoulders shook, and he closed his eyes, urging the tears back behind his eyelids. He didn’t want to cry in front of David. He took a shaky breath, gripping the plastic cup in both hands,

“I am worried”, Ilya confessed, “I am worried that we are- that he is not telling me when he is hurting. That I am not doing enough for him. You know my- you know my mother, she was not happy after I was born. I am scared that all the laundry that I fold, the clothes I scent and the food I cook will not be enough for him. Sometimes, when you are not home, he doesn’t want to eat my food. He will- he will only eat the food that Yuna has left, *in small portions-*”

Ilya cut himself off with a dry sob, hastily swiping at his eyes. Their decision to make a baby had been (neither of them liked to admit) a rash decision. But Shane had insisted that this was what he wanted. Even if it meant giving up hockey for a little while. Even if it meant giving up his routine, his body. And Ilya wanted nothing more than to have a pup with his husband. They had waited so long to be out, hiding in shadows and behind well-timed suppressants. Spending heats and ruts away from each other, separated by air-travel and piles of snow.

They hadn't really thought about how significantly a baby would change their routine, their habits. Shane, completely overtaken by cravings, had put aside his macrobiotic diet in favour of small mushroom-shaped Japanese biscuits and ginger-melon soda that Yuna had ordered in bulk from Japan. And now, having returned to a semi-comfortable routine, Shane had been returning to a pattern that worried Ilya. Maybe Shane hadn't been ready to give up his life of careful routine, macros and scales. But he had been forced to, for the sake of their pup. And when Shane felt out of control, he craved getting it back in any way that was possible. Even if it meant jeopardising his health. Ilya had caught him in the mirror, wearing a soft grey cotton nursing bra and a pair of Ilya's trackpants. He was touching the stretch marks across his flank, the dark line running down his navel and the rolls that decorated his back. Ilya had watched as Shane hastily pulled on a baggy T-shirt, smiling as Ilya came up behind him to kiss his neck.

David rubbed Ilya's back reassuringly, offering Ilya a packet of pocket tissues as the tears started to fall.

"Hey Ilya?"

"Yes?"

The reply came out watery. Ilya sniffled.

"I-" David frowned, "I had a bit of a hard time, after Shane was born. He was born early, and he was so small. I was barely sleeping, staying up to feed him. Yuna felt guilty, I think, being an alpha. You know, Yuna and I, we couldn't have another child. But you already know that. It took a while for us to uhh-- *rekindle the romance*."

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Ilya's lips parted, watching David intently,

"Shane told me about the tuna melts," David confessed, "I know you like doing things for people you love. For Shane. Maybe that will- help? It'll be good for you, too, and good for Shane. It doesn't have to be anything big- just something special."

Ilya blinked.

He hadn't thought of that.

Despite being together all the time, sharing nightshifts because Shane stubbornly refused to sleep while their baby cried, Ilya had been so overwhelmed, he hadn't even realised how *separate* they had felt. They would kiss, of course and hug, but both of them had been too exhausted, and on Ilya's end, too cautious to try anything else. Ilya jerkily stood up and

looked around the mall. There were a few baby shops, interior design stores, and there was a luxury lingerie store down the hall. Ilya thought of the hundreds of electric candles placed around their living room on the night that Shane had proposed. The way Ilya had felt so surrounded by Shane's unwavering love, that he had wanted nothing more than to collapse on the plush carpet on their living room floor and take Shane. He often felt that his instincts, the ones that led him to Stanley Cup wins, the ones that etched the absolute, unwavering, carnal desire toward Shane into his senses, was what made him strong. The (second) strongest man in the league. The reckless, yet strangely calculated captain of the Ottawa Centaurs. The husband of Shane Hollander. Yet now, face to face with a small brown bear onesie, he felt weak. He walked around the store, taking in the pastels, the flowers, and the soft scent of baby clothes. Ilya let his hands clutch the little socks and bunny stuffed toys, the sun-and-moon baby mobiles. The nursery that they had set up together had been somewhat gathering dust, all soft yet bold with black and white photos of the Centaurs winning their first Cup, of Shane and Ilya kissing at the altar, of Yuna and David in front of the cottage. A personalised Centaurs jersey with 'BABY HOLLANDER-ROZANOV' embroidered into the back. They had barely touched it since they had come home with their pup.

Ilya added the bear onesie to his shopping basket, alongside three pairs of socks, a new baby mobile with little horses (the closest thing to a centaur) and two new swaddles, which David helped him pick out. He bought a bouquet of roses, peonies and forget-me-nots, for passion, love and devotion. And when he lingered in front of the lingerie store, David took the paper bags with the baby things and nodded toward the entrance of the doctor's office, and Ilya watched him go, heart warm and melty and grateful that he had a father-in-law like David. Ilya browsed, hands clasped behind his back. He felt oddly out of place in a way that he had never really felt in a lingerie stall. His prior visits had been fueled by a text from 'Jane', thinking about how Shane would look, draped in silks and frills, the way his body would shudder and crest under Ilya's touch. But now, Ilya felt strange. He felt like buying the wrong thing would be detrimental. He found a dark corner near the change rooms and dropped to his knees, burying his face in his hands.

What would Shane want to wear?

Would he even want to think about sex?

Was Ilya pushing this expectation onto him?

Was he relying on sex again?

To fix his relationship?

Ilya's head pounded.

"Excuse me, sir, are you okay?"

Ilya looked up.

A worried-looking woman was standing over him, a Victoria's Secret lanyard dangling from around her neck. Ilya looked up at the curve of her stomach, soft and rounded and very much

pregnant. He wondered if it would be rude to ask her for help. He hastily stood up and took a breath,

“I am- I am looking for some lingerie,” Ilya said, “My husband gave birth a few months ago, and I am trying to uhh *rekindle the romance*.”

The woman instantly brightened,

“Maybe something silky?” she suggested, “If you come with me, I can show you-”

Fifteen minutes later, Ilya left with a sizeable bag of lingerie. He had bought one pastel pink pair with a pink frilly bralette and boyshorts, a navy blue pair with ribbons and a translucent babydoll dress to go over the top and a soft pale purple silk slip with flowery lace over the chest. He’d gotten them in a size bigger than usual, just to be safe. They were all maternity friendly and made out of easily scentable material, which Ilya had appreciated. When he exited the store, David was waiting for him, holding his phone to his ear. Noticing Ilya, he hung out and patted Ilya’s shoulder,

“Hey, Ilya, I just suggested to Yuna and Shane that we might go to a cafe after this. I was thinking you probably want some time alone at home to set up?”

Ilya blinked. Yuna Hollander was the planner in the family, but clearly, David wasn’t far behind. David grinned at Ilya’s stunned expression,

“I want some grandparents time with our little bear”, he looked a little guilty, “We’ll take good care of him while you two sort things out.”

Ilya chuckled,

“Is fine if I take the Jeep?”

David nodded,

“Yuna and I drove ours in. We’ll drop Shane home when we’re finished with lunch”

Ilya smiled and felt his eyes tingle as David wrapped him in a sturdy ‘dad’ hug.

He was still getting used to the feeling of being so loved.

.

Ilya flicked the lights on, groaning inwardly at the sight of their messy lounge room. Before Shane had gotten pregnant, their house had been spotless. Shane had a strict cleaning regime that they (Ilya, somewhat reluctantly) stuck to, and the house, ridiculously large, had become a common place to host their barbecue nights. Now, the lounge room smelt faintly of sweat, and their intertwined scents, which wasn’t necessarily a bad smell, but Ilya needed to open a few windows. Shane had gotten horribly anxious that morning and ripped apart his nest in the lounge room, curling up their pup in the ensuite bathtub, clinging to the front of Ilya’s shirt as he wept. Ilya pulled the sheets off the mattress and pulled the pillows off the couch, putting them out in the sun to air out. He folded the piled-up washing that was practically falling out

of the dryer. He emptied the dishwasher and mopped the floors, using the scent-free detergent that he knew Shane liked. And lastly, when the house was clean and the air conditioner was running, Ilya got into the shower, removing his barely functioning scent blockers and the outside smell. He trimmed his happy trail until it was a neat line, and wore the tight-fitting black T-shirt and dress pants that he knew Shane loved on him. He arranged their nest, digging through his dirty laundry to find the sweatiest gym clothes and the softest blankets, so heavy with Ilya's scent they were practically dripping.

He lined the wicker basket he had bought with the two swaddles, arranging the baby items he had bought so they fit nicely with the baby mobile. He wanted to greet Shane with the flowers, so he left them on the kitchen counter. And lastly, the lingerie. Ilya scented them, a soft growl rumbling low in his throat at the thought of Shane, his Shane, his omega, wearing them. He cut off the tags, all of them, including the ones with the size and cleaning instructions. He arranged the basket on the nest, anxiously watching the clock. Shane should be home soon, he thought, smoothing his curls back behind his ears. Ilya heard them pull up, grabbed the bouquet and walked outside to meet them. Shane was hunched over the baby seat in the back, fretting anxiously, leaking the scent of an omega in distress as Yuna reassured him,

"Shane," Yuna said, "We raised you, remember? We know what we're doing with your pup, we promise."

Shane nodded jerkily, running a gentle fingertip over their pup's soft, light brown curls. He had Shane's freckles. Ilya's heart clenched as he came up behind them, resting a palm on Shane's back,

"*Moy lyubimyy*, how was your appointment?"

Shane instantly relaxed under Ilya's touch, leaning back into his husband's scent. He was drunk on it in seconds, sighing as Ilya wrapped an arm around his waist,

"It was good", Shane whispered, "Doctor Liu said there were no problems. The tearing is completely healed, too."

Ilya smiled,

"We will let Yuna and David have grandparents' time with our little bear, yes?"

Shane worried his bottom lip between his teeth,

"I- I don't like being away from him."

Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane's temple,

"I have a surprise for you, *solnyshko*, will you come inside to see it?"

Shane looked down at their sleeping pup, wrapped in a scented swaddle. He looked peaceful, nose twitching and bunching his freckles together on his little, chubby face. Shane nodded and leaned down to kiss their baby's cheek, watching with shimmery eyes as Ilya traced a

finger over their pup's little knuckles. Yuna smiled as Shane stepped back, pressing his face into Ilya's chest.

He was trying not to cry.

But he *really* needed a break.

As they walked up the stairs to the front door, Shane turned around,

"You have everything right? I gave you the frozen breastmilk, and you have the diapers?"

Yuna smiled, fondly exasperated,

"Honey, you helped me pack the baby bag."

Shane's ears turned pink,

"I know, Mom, just making sure."

Ilya helped Shane take off his shoes at the door, holding out the bouquet to him as he stood up,

"Moy lyubimyy, I am very, very in love with you."

Shane's breath caught as he took the scent of the flowers in.

Passion.

Devotion.

Love.

And the protective, piercing undertone of Ilya's cedarwood. He sighed shakily, feeling a swell of emotion cresting in his chest like a tidal wave. The past four months had been a blur. They had barely any time together, always heating milk and changing diapers. Shane had felt horribly overwhelmed. He felt like he was constantly about to scream or cry. And yet, Ilya had found time for them, prepared for them. The house smelled like the mostly scentless floor cleaner that Shane loved, and the afternoon light was caressing their rearranged, freshly scented nest through the floor-to-ceiling windows. Ilya took Shane's hand as he led them toward the front of the nest, where the basket was sitting. Shane turned to look at Ilya incredulously,

"Ilya."

"Yes?"

"What is this?"

"Is something small for you. And our little bear."

Shane sat down on the edge of the mattress, picking up the swaddles and baby mobile that were tucked into the back of the basket. He could feel tears wetting his cheeks, sliding his palm over the soft fabric. He picked up the bear onesie, sobbing as Ilya wrapped an arm around his shoulders,

“He’s our, he’s our little bear”, Shane sobbed, leaning back into Ilya’s touch, “He’s *our* baby.”

And then he spotted the lingerie.

Shane took the silky fabric in his hands, whimpering softly as Ilya nosed over his scent glands, lips grazing their mating mark. He rubbed his thighs together, feeling arousal spike for the first time since giving birth. His attraction to Ilya had changed in the past four months. It was no longer the fast-burning, senseless need to be filled over and over, but rather a slow-burning appreciation for the man, the father, that Ilya had become. Waking up to Ilya, shirtless, standing next to their nest, bottle feeding their pup through drooping eyes. Watching Ilya stand in the kitchen with David, kneading dough to make saltbread when it was the only thing that Shane could stomach. Ilya, attending Shane’s maternity yoga classes, encouraging him with a gentle hand on the hip when it all felt like too much. And now, this Ilya, who was looking at him with the intensity of that first night in the gym, openly staring at Shane with the same desire, as if over ten years hadn’t passed, as if Shane’s body was exactly the same as it was when they were eighteen. Shane picked up the navy blue pair with ribbons and the babydoll dress,

Maybe if he covered most of his body, Ilya wouldn’t notice the ways he had been poked and prodded and stretched. Wouldn’t see the unshakeable flabs of skin around his stomach or rolls on his back.

Would the lingerie even fit?

Does Ilya still even want-

“Shane.”

“*Mhm.*”

“You are in your head. You will look at me, yes?”

Shane whimpered, looking down at the heap of navy blue lace in his hands through blurry eyes. He felt Ilya grip his chin and gently tug him up until their eyes met. Shane jerkily shook his head at the wrecked expression on his husband’s face. Ilya looked distraught, but was desperately trying to hide it,

“Shane- I am *so* sorry” Ilya began, “I should have known that you are not ready. I do not want to force you into anything.”

Shane shook his head, cradling Ilya’s face in his hands,

“It’s not-” Shane whispered, “I want to. I promise. I just-”

He took a shaky breath,

“Will you help me put it on?”

.

Ilya's hand caressed Shane's tanned skin as he slipped the sleeves of the babydoll over his husband's shoulders, nosing gently at the soft hair against the nape of Shane's neck. The lingerie fit perfectly, complementing his newfound cleavage, the soft skin of his stomach spilling over the waistband of the lacy panties. Shane turned around to straddle Ilya's lap, hiding his face in the crook of his husband's neck. He could feel slick leaking between his legs, desperately wanting to grind down on Ilya's cock. He had felt utterly disgusting for the last four months, so it felt strange to feel so, wanting. He had felt entirely sexless after giving birth, everything trained on keeping their pup alive and fed.

And now, despite Ilya's every reassurance, Shane couldn't help but focus on the noticeable pudginess around his waist and thighs. The extra skin around his chin, the softness of his calves, no longer defined by wiry muscle. Shane hadn't had the chance to shave or even trim for a while. He hadn't been expecting this either. The dark hairs on his legs had grown out, and so had his armpits. He let out a watery whimper as he tried to tuck escaping wisps of dark pubic hair into the side of the panties, sighing as the navy blue satin ribbons tickled his thighs. Shane looked in the full-length mirror outside their ensuite, exhaling softly as Ilya came up behind him, wrapping his strong arms around Shane's waist,

“*Solnyshko*, you are stunning.”

Shane flushed, turning around to hide in the crook of Ilya's neck. His voice was muffled as he spoke,

“You're just saying that because you're my *mate*.”

Ilya rolled his eyes,

“I am saying it because *my husband* is fucking hot.”

“And you wanna get in my pants.”

“Maybe” Ilya allowed, shrugging delicately as he tugged Shane toward the bed by the waist. Shane chuckled, letting Ilya pick him up and toss him onto the bed. Ilya crawled over him, slow and sensual, pressing slow kisses as he mouthed apart the front of Shane's babydoll dress. The translucent, shimmery fabric fell away to reveal the nursing bralette that had been part of the set, ornately decorated with soft navy ribbons. Ilya leaned up to cup one of Shane's tits, thumbing the nipple when Shane hissed, wriggling out of his husband's touch. Ilya looked up, searching Shane's face for discomfort. Shane was flushed down to his neck and whining softly, hips shifting and thighs widening. He looked embarrassed as Ilya met his eyes,

“S' just tender”, Shane confessed, “I- I haven't pumped yet, today. S' so full.”

Ilya groaned as his eyes dilated, gaze trained on the nursing clasp on the bralette. Shane started to shake his head as he watched Ilya tug down the lace covering his left breast,

“No- *hngggg*”

Ilya latched looked up, inches from wrapping his lips over Shane’s pert nipple,

“Please, Shane” he rasped, sounding wretched, “Let me help you, yes?”

Shane whined,

“It’s so embarrassing, you’re not a *baby*.”

Ilya shrugged, lathering his tongue over the sensitive areolas,

“Yes, but I made you a *mommy*.”

Shane’s breath hitched as Ilya closed his lips around Shane’s nipple, drawing out milky liquid as he sucked hard. Shane’s back arched as his whole body vibrated with the sensation, a dry sob spilling out of his mouth. Ilya’s face was mashed against his chest, nose pink and blonde curls tumbling over his forehead. He looked so fucking content, it drove Shane crazy. Ilya came up for air, gasping and wiping the back of his hand across his mouth as he practically ripped the other cup down to reveal Shane’s right nipple. He groped Shane’s left tit as he mouthed the right one, greedily slurping milk as the cold of his crucifix slid over Shane’s sternum. Shane was close to crying, oversensitive and whining, post-partum hormones raging in his insides as he clung to Ilya’s shoulders. Ilya’s scent, deep cedarwood, permeated every inch of fabric in the room, clinging to the bedsheets, smothering Shane into a soft blanket of constant arousal. It felt terribly yet wonderfully overwhelming after months of feeling nothing. Suddenly, Ilya leaned down and palmed over Shane’s soft belly, fingers sinking into the pudgy skin.

Shane flinched, stumbling out of Ilya’s grasp.

Breast milk splurged from his left teat as he hastily sat up, shying away from his mate’s touch. His scent turned sour with distress as he pulled the sheer fabric of the babydoll dress over his stomach, sobbing at the way the skin folded. Tears threatened to fall as he shuddered, breath coming out in short pants, thick thighs drawing up to cover his upper body. Ilya, momentarily disoriented, sat back on his heels, taking in the distressed form of his mate,

“Shane?”

Ilya crawled forward, pressing his nose against Shane’s scent glands as he slowly started to release calming pheromones, careful not to overpower Shane’s signals of distress. Ilya pulled back as he pressed a gentle kiss to Shane’s trembling lips, nudging them open with his tongue. Shane let him, sighing into the kiss as he felt Ilya cradle his cheeks, rubbing their noses together as Shane hastily swiped at his eyes,

“I’m sorry, Ilya,” he whispered into the space between them, “I dunno why- I just- I’m not used to my body.”

Ilya murmured,

“*Moy zaychik*, you had nothing to be sorry for.”

Shane whined, trying to hide his stomach,

“Our pup, he gave us so much, but I just feel so- so much. I’m so used to being in control, of being able to just, take everything out on my body. And now I can’t, and I look like this.”

Ilya gritted his teeth, stomach twisting at the prospect of Shane feeling uncomfortable, of feeling distressed because he felt like he was too much. Ilya pressed a kiss to the underside of his chin, mouthing at the extra skin, lips curving into a smile as Shane’s toes curled at the contact,

“Shane. Sweetheart, you look the fucking best,” Ilya groaned, “You looked so good when you were full of my pup, and now you’re so fucking soft. The *prettiest*.”

Shane sighed as Ilya motioned for him to lie back on the pillows, kissing down Shane’s body, fingers pressing into the chubby line of his hips,

“Let me-” he grunted, “Let me treasure you, yes? Love how soft your tummy is, how the hair around your cunt is all grown out.”

Shane sobbed as Ilya tongued the waistband of his panties, nudging the satin ribbons,

“You will let me eat you out, yes?” Ilya murmured, tugging at the ribbons with deft fingers, “I will make you so messy.”

Shane hiccuped and nodded, sobbing as Ilya slid his panties down to his ankles, hissing as cold air hit his sopping pussy. His clit throbbed with desire as Ilya thumbed his labia, hips twitching as he tried to cant his hips into Ilya’s mouth. Ilya tutted and tugged at Shane’s clit, making him squirm, leaking slick into the mess of pubic hair around his hole. They had been slicked into dark little whorls around his swollen lips, sticky with sweat and slick. Ilya nosed Shane’s labia apart, spitting over his pussy and adding to the mess of liquid. Shane, horribly embarrassed but desperate to cum, had slid his fingers under the bralette, massaging his tits as Ilya’s grip tightened on his squishy thighs. Ilya reached up to plunge two fingers into Shane’s mouth, sliding the pads of his fingers against Shane’s dribbly gums. Shane moaned around the fingers, thoroughly coating them in saliva as Ilya pulled them out with a pop, sliding them down to tap against Shane’s clenching cunt. Shane nodded, trying to fuck himself down onto Ilya’s fingers, steadily sobbing as breast milk leaked from his tits and got caught in the ridges of his soft stomach. Ilya licked up the falling droplets, tongue lathering over Shane’s soft skin, breathing in the gentle undertones that in his husband’s scent. Ilya looked up at Shane’s pearly eyes as he slid the first finger in, watching Shane’s face contort in slight discomfort until he pressed against the dimpled ridge of Shane’s g-spot. Suddenly, Shane arched off the bed,

“Ilya!” he gasped wetly, “Cumming, *cumming*, *cumming*- gonna squirt!”

Ilya blinked as clear liquid sprayed from Shane's glistening pussy, coating Ilya's lips and the soft mass of pubic hair over Shane's mound. Shane whimpered as he writhed off Ilya's finger,

"S-sorry" he groaned, "Dunno what came over me- I haven't cum in *ages and-*"

Ilya hissed as he reached into his dress pants, tugging desperately at his cock as he jerked off over the mess Shane had made on his stomach. Shane let out a nasal groan at the sight of his husband, completely gone, jerking furiously as his knot started to swell. Shane watched, mesmerised, as precum dripped in globs from Ilya's leaky slit,

"I-Ilya-" he moaned, "Let me-"

Shane reached down to wrap his hand around his mate's swelling knot, rubbing it gently as Ilya jerked faster and faster, hips snapping forward to meet Shane's grasp,

"*Fuck, Shane,*" Ilya warned and let out a guttural groan as he came all over Shane's stomach, mixing their release together, smearing his cum through Shane's pubic hair and over his pussy. He panted in the crook of Shane's neck, inhaling his mate's scent of sweat, peaches and soft arousal. They lay there together, not speaking, barely breathing as Shane clung to Ilya, letting their scents mingle.

Finally together.

.

Shane blinked his eyes open, rubbing a hand over his face as he silenced the insistent buzzing coming from his phone.

Hollander Family Group Chat

10 minutes ago

David: We're parked out the front with your little bear. Yuna wanted to come in but I thought we would give you two some space.

Yuna: Come out whenever you're ready, little bear is asleep with his Obaachan.

Ilya: I will come and get him. Shane is still sleeping.

Shane could hear the soft sound of chatter from the lounge room, and the dreamy scent of their pup, combined with the familiar scent of his parents. If he strained his ears, he could hear their pup babbling to something that Ilya said. Shane looked down at his naked body.

His body, so soft and squishy and nothing at all like the pro-NHL player he had been.

His body, which had grown their pup from the root.

His body, which Ilya loved.

His body, which he was growing to love again.

End Notes

tysm for reading!!

to be loved in the way that ilya loves shane (dreamy sigh) this started off w horny, chubby shane but ended with post-partum fluff...

i hope you guys enjoyed!!

also for future fics...what do you guys think about service top ilya...with subby, horny shane and an armpit kink on the side??

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