

Little Loon

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Little Loon

by [polaris_x](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander navigates his daughter's silent treatment. Ilya is helpful, until he's not.
Shane Hollander tries to get some sleep. Ilya is "helpful" but in reality he's definitely not.

Notes

Hello!

- This is a third installment into this little Cinnamon & Sugar verse, so once again A/B/O dynamics, two babies so far Nikolai and Alina - baby three perhaps in the near future?? (if Ilya gets his wishes granted)
- Shane has carried both babies, and is omega, Ilya is an alpha
- As always, time is irrelevant to me, hockey does get referenced, and Anya makes a brief cameo
- Rating updated to reflect the antics of chapter two, but first chapter is more of a teen rating at most!

Chapter 1: Silence in Chaos

Shane had immediately noticed that something was off with the toddler. Alina had always been on the wilder side. She seemed to go through quite a few more phases than her older brother had at this age. Sometimes *or most times* it became evident that she was part Rosanov Spawn just by the look in her eyes, a chaotic energy that Shane wouldn't ever admit was likely his doing as well. This morning in particular there was something very Ilya in Alina's ocean eyes. A spark combined with a little blariness that sent alarm bells off in Shane's mind. Shane was already bracing as he spoke to their young daughter.

"Good Morning, angel," Shane's voice was soft, but clearly not soft enough for the sleep-rattled child. She immediately started to whine, putting her hands against her ears with a signature Rosanov pout. *She had unfortunately learned from the best.*

Shane lowered his voice to a whisper, trying to pinpoint the toddler's concern. "Do your ears hurt?" he questioned, which earned a frustrated squirm from Alina.

"Shhhh," Alina squeaked out as she burrowed deeper into her mattress. The sheets were white with little pink and red hearts all over them. Her body was contorted in her bed, half hanging out from the sheets, half sunken deep into the bed. Her pajama of choice were the one with tiny pucks all over them, surely a gift from an Ottawa player or maybe Svetlana. There was no saying honestly, beyond the fact that Shane needed her to get it moving.

"C'mon bug, it's time to get up, Papa is making breakfast," Shane kept his voice low, which didn't seem to do the trick as his daughter continued to

wiggle around trying to disappear from his view.

"Quiet, Dada, no talk to me," Alina said, popping into view, a tornado of curls on her head, a tiny finger held against her lips. Her pink sparkly polish, the one that matched Ilya's fingernails, was surprisingly still intact, sparkling in the soft lamplight.

Shane had quite honestly already had a hell of a time getting Nikolai up and downstairs with Ilya which meant that there was a thrumming headache that was already reaching his temples

as he tried to navigate the new quirk. So, against his typical logic, he just went along with it. Silence it was. He reached out to help Alina out of bed instead.

“No no no, Dada!” Alina squealed, swerving his help and flinging herself out of bed. She was quick on her feet, immediately heading toward the bedroom door. Her dark curls were everywhere, her pajamas wrinkly and askew in a way that only a toddler could have managed. Shane rubbed his temples just briefly before he grabbed Alina’s favorite blanket, hopeful that it might settle her somewhat. The blanket had been something handmade, a gift from her grandparents, softly scented with both Ilya and Shane’s scents. He threw that over his shoulder, and walked after her. A few deep breaths were necessary, needing to recenter before the chaos of the morning impacted him too gravely.

Shane walked out to where the toddler was standing near the top of the stairs, stepping slow and intentional toward her to help. That was mistake number 27 of the day though, made abundantly clear by the icy look that he received. She gripped onto the stair-railing and started the slow descent herself. “No help, Dada, I do,” she explained, briefly lifting her finger to her mouth to insinuate that Shane should keep it quiet and let her concentrate on her absurd mission. Shane wasn’t sure what had gotten into her, but she seemed so so sure of herself and this plan that Shane just let her do it, hovering just enough out of the perimeter so that Lina didn’t give him another one of *those* looks.

He reached the bottom stair before Alina, but was unable to warn the rest of the house before Ilya spotted the determined toddler doing a final jump to the bottom of the stairs. Ilya was unintentionally turning the spotlight back onto the tyke who seemed to be on independent strike requiring absolute silence and no help whatsoever.

“Good Morning, malyshka,” Ilya said as he continued to plate up some breakfast food for Niko. He turned slightly to acknowledge the whirlwind that was heading his way. Shane had begrudgingly given up on making meals most mornings after the sheer look of horror that appeared on Niko when he was presented with a spinach omelet which had ended up more green than yellow, the one Ilya had barely choked down. Ilya was much better at this whole *edible children’s food* thing, though Shane of course had a say in things by buying the groceries or influencing Ilya enough to limit the number of sugary cereals that lined the cabinets.

“No no!” Alina shrieked, sitting down on the floor with her hands over her ears.

Shane was quick to intercept, stepping into the kitchen to announce that Ms. Hollander-Rosanov should not be spoken to directly, touched, frankly looked at, certainly not helped in anyway. Niko was too busy eating breakfast to notice, busy speaking a mile a minute to Ilya about all the things planned for school today. Ilya was nodding along, finishing up with plating breakfast as he perfectly tuned into both children's needs.

"Apologies, little one," Ilya said, miming zipping his lips as he turned his focus toward Niko more full on. Shane watched Alina struggle to contain a smile. She lifted a hand to her face to hide it before she managed to put on her *serious face*, pulling herself back up and stepping over to the counter to get his food. Ilya had already put together the food, so it was just the task of making sure she made it into the chair to eat her food without too much assistance. Shane watched moderately terrified as the plate wobbled before it settled against the wooden table. Alina looked lost though, typically used to sitting next to at least one of her parents. Her head was on a swivel before she managed to capture Shane's attention, giving him the Rosanov stare that Shane was unsure how to interpret considering the current household regulations. She made it crystal clear soon enough, looking at the seat beside her and back at Shane a comical number of times before he moved. Shane nodded his head, soon finding himself sat beside her in the seat she had eyed. She calmed down instantly and began to eat, Shane was more grateful as Ilya slid a healthy smoothie across the table with a wink. He quickly pulled it in close, eyes scanning between Alina, to Niko, to Ilya, who gave him a questioning look. Shane shrugged before he pulled the drink closer and started to suck down the green juice.

Ilya was sitting across from Alina and Shane, next to Niko who had grown entirely invested in his meal. Shane caught eyes with him once again, Ilya immediately sensing the overwhelm in Shane's tight shoulders. "I've got it, don't worry," Ilya mouthed, which was something Shane needed to see far more than he had realized. Shane absolutely loved his children, but some days his brain got in the way and some days *especially those with the complex randomized regulations set out by a toddler* it got a little more difficult to navigate without assistance. Ilya like him was likely thinking that this wouldn't last, that he could do something to pull Alina from this and back into the happy, chatty girl that she typically was on every occasion. Worse comes to worse, she was expressive enough without words to get her point across pretty well. So maybe it wouldn't be all too terrible. Ilya would do school drop off with Niko, then Shane would hand over Alina so he could head in for a quick meeting and time in the gym, brief swap once again for media purposes, and then Shane would be home with Alina for just a short while when Ilya picked Niko up from school at the end of the day. They usually swapped around depending on the day, so today was all Ilya in the drop off lines. All in all, hopefully the events of the day and the time between parents should hopefully coax the spitfire to return to business as normal on this Monday morning.

Shane could absolutely not have been more incorrect. Alina had managed to maintain her silence throughout the whole thing, no matter snack bribes, no matter time petting the puppy at the rink, no matter Anya chasing her around the house in laps, absolutely nothing got the girl to crack. It was like this was a game that Shane and Ilya hadn't known they signed up for. Like there was a million dollar check waiting for Alina at the end of the day or an endless supply of cookies waiting on the other side of the door if she made it. She didn't fuss as much throughout the day as soon as she noticed that people were respecting her wish, seeming to just need the day to just *be*.

However, by bedtime things had started to shift. Alina had finally curled up beside Ilya, now dressed in her pajamas with little loons on them, *absolutely a Shane purchase*, curls now slightly more calm after a mostly successful attempt by Alina herself earlier to tame them. The tiny bows she had put in earlier were abandoned somewhere in the house now. Her eyelids were drooping as she listened to the story that she had allowed Ilya to read to her, too tired to try and get him to guess exactly what she wanted since it was straight from Ilya's brain. Before her eyes drooped too far she reached out to Shane, little hand flexing to grab at him and urge him closer to the bed. Shane followed her demand, plopping himself with a bit of that exhaustion seeping in. She let out a sleepy sigh, curling in further to Ilya, as Ilya's hand rubbed against her back. Shane pressed a kiss against the tangled curls atop her head, brushing the hair off of her shoulder as Ilya's voice lulled her closer to sleep.

"Missed you today, Dada, Papa," Alina whispered, her little hand curling tightly into Ilya's shirt.

"We missed you too, little birdie," Ilya responded, squeezing her gently against him as she continued to drift further and further into dreamland.



The night ended with Shane and Ilya curled up together in their own bed, the tiredness evident in the slow movements as they prepared for bed. Shane rested his head in the crook of Ilya's neck, breathing in the spicy aroma of his scent. Though Shane wanted to stay up, actually speak for once, he was finding it difficult to keep his eyes open. Ilya's hand reached down and lifted his chin, thumb skimming across his cheek.

“Are you still with me, Hollander?” Ilya mumbled, pulling him up to press a brief, but sweet kiss to Shane’s lips.

Shane mumbled something mildly unintelligible under his breath.

“Huh?” Ilya teased, pulling away to allow Shane to speak more clearly.

“Hollander-Rosanov,” Shane spoke, as though this was something he had to constantly keep reminding everyone of everyday.

“Of course, my apologies,” Ilya pressed another short kiss, though they were getting lazier and lazier as the two of them just soaked in the warmth and security of their room, scents intermingling. Their bodies pressed tightly together under the sheets.

Shane was nearly asleep when he heard something, a statement that sent a jolt right through him. It was as though he was tipping over the cliff before but instead of falling, someone dropped a bucket of cold water on his head.

“I’ve been thinking lately, about our little family— about what it might be like to have a third baby—” it was barely out of his mouth before Shane was sitting up in bed with one of his own looks.

“Ilya, of all the times, of all the days, of all the moments to suggest baby three, it’s the day after we barely survive the silent treatment of a toddler that might just be the head of the household by the end of the week, a child who we’ve already survived the first days of kindergarten and first grade by the skin of our teeth and with about three tissue boxes combined, when we’re in the middle of a season?” Shane whispered, giving Ilya an incredulous look.

“Mmm, but you did so well with her today, and how sweet she was tonight— and I’ll deal with a million and one first days of school if it means that I get to see how much you care for our children, provide for our home, how much love you have for us all, and I thought we agreed on a whole hockey team, we have to get—”

Shane let out a sound, a shocked laugh erupting from him before he decided to shut Ilya up for just a moment before he really started to get too far into the idea that baby three wouldn't be terrible even just timing wise. So, he of course did what he knew, he jumped on top of Ilya, playfully pinning him to the mattress. "Excuse me, when the hell did we agree to that? Who is the one that has to carry all your babies? And you are so much worse at drop off days on first days, there is absolutely no way that you would survive many more than the ones we've already got coming—"

Ilya's hands shifted to grip Shane's hips with a devilish grin on his face. "But you look so incredible carrying my babies, just think, another little one, your eyes, little blonde curls, the little scrunch, your freckles, your smile, your—"

"Shh," Shane pressed a hand against Ilya's face, trying to get him to shut it before the wheels started turning too much in his head. Ilya Rosanov knew his weak-spots. So what if the silent treatment antics were rubbing off on him in these moments.

Ilya's hands drifted lower, grabbing Shane's ass in his hands with a firm squeeze. "Besides, think of all the fun we'll have in the meantime," the grin not leaving his face, but a newfound gleam in his blue eyes.

"You are an absolute asshole— you act like we never have sex anyway— last I checked—"

It was Ilya's turn to press a hand against his face, trying to shush him. "Careful, kotenok, let's not get something started that we can't stop."

Shane was already wide awake at this point and had nothing to lose. "Who said we have to stop?"

Ilya was quick to switch their positions, kicking off the blankets as he pressed Shane against the bed. "You are a dangerous, dangerous man."

Shane just pulled him into a kiss, stupid grin on his face as their bodies pressed together once again.

Chapter 2: Saddle Up

Chapter Summary

Ilya and Shane find a way to spend their evening together.

Please heed the updated tags & rating!

Chapter Notes

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

Shane knew it was a terrible idea, poorly thought out, driven merely by his hindbrain and Ilya's persuasive words (also known as a lack of willpower on the part of Shane when it came to Ilya's requests). Baby one was explicitly planned out to the last minute, baby two was sort of planned, and yes baby three was inevitable but Shane had been determine to position things so he didn't have to miss out on anything more than he needed to in the season. Everyone had expected him to quit all together, to focus on his family, give up everything just to be the omega parent at home. That was however not Shane's style. Yes he absolutely loved his children, loved being their parent, and absolutely loved to see this side of Ilya — but that didn't mean he needed to give up his career. He could do both, and he had been successfully balancing both despite the pregnancies. That was why he planned things out, he didn't give into his alpha's biting teasing, he certainly didn't let Ilya pin him to the mattress pressing hot kisses against his skin and whispering about how perfect it would be to have another baby. *He always had a plan at least five years out, and this was not in it. Or at least not for a few months so they could have a good chunk of pregnancy offseason.*

Ilya's sucked a mark against Shane's skin, his breath hot against his neck as he whispered filthy words into Shane's pink ears. Shane had intended to climb into bed, reminisce on the exhausting day, and fall asleep in his alpha's arms. Instead he was in a familiar position again, squirming as he felt the slick beginning to build between his thighs. "Such a good omega, slicking up so nicely for his alpha," Ilya bit the lobe of Shane's ear playfully before pulling away. He sat back, hands gripping Shane's pecks with reverence as he leaned in and captured Shane's lips in a searing kiss. Shane couldn't help the breathy gasp that left his lips as Ilya pulled away, Shane chasing his lips unconsciously. Shane's eyes were drawn to Ilya's pinkened lips, wondering what he needed to do to get Ilya's mouth on him.

It didn't take much, Ilya seemingly catching on very quickly as he pressed kisses down the length of Shane's body, sucking marks against his chest, devoting way too much attention to his nipples and turning Shane into a mess as he curled his fingers into Ilya's hair. Ilya didn't stop though, pressing kisses against Shane's soft tummy, murmuring about baby number three nonsense, *you would look even sexier; if that's even possible*, and terms of endearment in English and Russian that felt as though they were being seared into the soft skin of Shane's inner thighs and stomach.

"Fuck, Ilya, hurry up," Shane gritted through his teeth, Ilya taking his sweet time, despite Shane's visible desperation. Ilya let out a teasing laugh as he grabbed onto Shane's thighs, grip tight as he pressed his legs up against Shane's chest. Shane bit his lip as Ilya looked up at him between his thighs, a smirk on his face as he blew air against Shane's throbbing core, his body twitching from lack of stimulation. He was sure he was glistening in the lamp light, but all he could think of was the fact that Ilya's mouth wasn't on him. Ilya had always been unfairly good at oral, movements always sure and precise, teasing, and mind-numbing as he pulled Shane close to the edge, holding him there, or letting him spill over the edge just so he could push him over it again. Ilya loved every second of it, embarrassing sonnets about how good Shane tasted, about how he could spend hours between Shane's legs if given the chance. *Despite teasing Shane endlessly for his oral fixation, Ilya was as much of an offender as he was.*

"Look at you, soaking through the sheets, can't even sit still," Ilya murmured, pressing more wet kisses against Shane's overheated skin. This was followed by his sharp tongue, starting to lick up the slick that glistened against Shane's trembling thighs. "So sweet, omega, always so good for me," Ilya whispered, his accent curling around each and every word and driving Shane insane as he grabbed his own legs, holding himself open unabashedly to Ilya's ravenous gaze. *He looked ready to eat him whole, feral and hungry, eyes hazy and cheeks flushed as he finally dived in.* Shane nearly jolted off the mattress as Ilya's tongue licked hungry at his hole. There was no time given for preparation or acclimation, just pure hunger and devastating pleasure as Ilya ate him out without abandon. Shane's fingers went white with how tightly he gripped his own thighs open, grinding down on Ilya's frantic tongue.

"Baby," Shane gasped, the noises that echoed from Ilya's movements were filthy and loud, but Shane was too lost in pleasure to care too much. Sure there was that burning embarrassment, but it was drowned out by the molten lava seeping through his body with each flick of his alpha's tongue. Ilya's mouth suctioned around his hole, slurping up his slick eagerly as Shane's eyes slammed shut, squirming as the pleasure began to build and build. "Fuck, Ilya," he whimpered. He wanted something more, for Ilya to use some fingers or maybe touch his cock, but he couldn't get it out. He had always found it a little difficult to voice what he needed, and depending on Ilya's mood, he would accommodate for that or make Shane blurt it out after never ending teasing. Shane was hoping that he wouldn't do that today, and it appeared that Shane was in luck. Maybe it was because Ilya was trying to

be persuasive, but Shane didn't care. Ilya's tongue licked from his hole up to his cock, devouring his omega with a frenzied look in his eyes. Ilya's hands moved up to grip his thighs, keeping them open as they trembled in Shane's hands, tip of his tongue flicking across the head of Shane's cock. Shane dropped his hand to Ilya's head, gripping tightly as he pressed down into Ilya's movements.

"Look at me, omega," Ilya spoke, voice a little scratchy. Shane had always found himself distracted with other things, or avoidance of eye contact, especially during moments such as these. But he obeyed, because he was desperate. Because he was afraid of any sort of repercussions if he didn't obey Ilya. Shane bit his lip and tried not to shift in discomfort as he looked down, his stomach clenching as he saw the look in Ilya's eyes. Shane couldn't pinpoint what it was, the devotion, the fire, the love, or just the haze and flush on Ilya's face, but it was so fucking hot.

"Holy shit, Ilya, alpha," Shane cried out, heeding Ilya's warnings as his eyes threatened to close yet again. Ilya winked at him before he took Shane's cock in his mouth, sucking harshly as Shane's hips twitched. A frustration of not being able to move.

"Ilya," Shane knew he was close, but he didn't want to lose Ilya, didn't want this moment to end.

"You will cum again," Ilya's spoke, gravel in his voice as he pulled off just briefly. He took pleasure in this, in watching Shane's face transform as he went down again and again, for as long as it took, until he was satisfied.

"No no, please," Shane cried out, Ilya returning to artful licks against his cock and hole, slick covering his face, but he didn't seem to mind one bit. Ilya shifted back down, paying attention to his hole once again, his tongue pressing against his entrance before it dipped in. Shane couldn't take the heat any more, clenching down on Ilya's tongue as he reached climax, body shaking under Ilya's grip. "Fuck, fuck, fuck, Ilya," he jolted down on Ilya's face, something he might be more worried about if he wasn't lost in throes of pleasure. Ilya didn't show any concern, pulling Shane even closer as he continued to lick and suck up Shane's slick.

"Baby, stop," Shane gasped, tipping into oversensitivity, but Ilya didn't stop. He mumbled something about "clean-up" which Shane was ill-prepared for in this moment. He tried to push Ilya away, but Ilya kept lapping up Shane's release eagerly. His voice was rough as he

mentioned Shane's taste, something about cinnamon roles, vanilla cupcakes, and a warm hug. Ilya continued on for another minute or maybe two, Shane squirming against his movements but laid deeper into the mattress.

"Do you need to tap out, *kotenok*?" Ilya purred, pressing a wet kiss against his sweaty thighs.

Shane, much to his own surprise, shook his head. A blinding grin appeared on Ilya's face, but he dropped back down for just a moment, pressing searing kisses to Shane's hole and cock, more tongue than normal, but enough to draw Shane that much closer to the edge before he sat back entirely. He looked absolutely wrecked, hair sticking up in all sorts of directions, face drenched, cheeks pink, blue completely overtaken by dark pupils.

"I've got other plans for you tonight, sweetheart," Ilya spoke, sitting back and stroking one or two times against his rigid cock. It was a reddish color, the vein at the bottom drawing Shane's attention. Without a conscious thought, his mouth started to salivate. It was like he was Pavloved— *he probably was at this point*— to instantly think only about sucking Ilya's cock when it appeared in his eyeline.

"Ah ah ah, keep your tongue in your mouth, *kotenok*, you can give me a blowjob later *maybe, just maybe*, depends on how good you are," Ilya shifted so he was laying next to Shane, patting his thigh. "I want to see you put in some work, omega, show me how well you take cock,"

Shane clenched his legs at the warmth that shot through him, but he was quick to move, shifting so he was straddling Ilya's hips. Ilya's fingers immediately went to his hole, shoving two fingers in without a word. Shane gripped his shoulder tightly, nails digging into the flesh.

"Just a little more, we wouldn't want to hurt you,"

Shane was having a hard time knowing just how close he was to being speared open on Ilya's unfairly massive cock. Why did an arrogant, loudmouth asshole like Ilya have to have a cock this big? It didn't seem fair. *Though despite it's size Shane wasn't entirely sure Ilya wasn't exaggerating just a bit with the nine inch line, though he had to assume it was close.* Ilya scissored his fingers as he searched for Shane's sweet spot, thrusting against it a few times before adding in another. Shane was a bit looser from the thorough ministrations of Ilya's

tongue, so his body opened up a little quicker. Shane found himself preemptively riding Ilya's digits, pressing them further until he felt that shooting pleasure through his body.

"Alpha," Shane whined, partly because Ilya's fingers were curled inside his hole, continually pressing against his sweet spot, and partly because he was ready to go.

"Alright, alright, I promise you'll get my cock, omega, so impatient," Ilya cooed, pulling Shane down for a heated kiss as he finally removed his fingers. Shane gasped at the brief emptiness. Ilya left him high and dry for a few more moments before Shane heard the sound of the drawer being cracked open, a string of foil hitting against Shane's sticky skin with a quiet *ptink* noise. Ilya held up the string of condoms with a raise of his eyebrow.

Shane nodded his head, if just for the clean-up alone. As much as he loved the feeling of Ilya's bare cock inside of him, they really did need to get the show on the road sooner or later. They had an early morning— and *oh that felt good*, Shane felt like his brain was leaking out of his ears as he felt Ilya's, now condom covered, dick rub up against his eager hole.

"Here you go, kotenok," Ilya once again rubbed the head of his cock against Shane's hole, teasing and treacherous as Shane's mind focused in on one goal. Shane waited only one more second before he too was grabbing for Ilya's cock, lining it up and pressing it into his scorching heat. Both Ilya and Shane visibly reacted, mainly because Shane dropped all the way down Ilya's cock his ass was sitting right on top of Ilya's hips. His hips moved in a circular motion, trying to get some stimulation as his body accommodated for his alpha's large dick. Ilya's hands gripped his hips, curls splayed out on the pillows as Shane started to lift his hips. He started off a little slower, warming up his thighs in his new position, at least for a few thrusts before he was bouncing more rapidly in Ilya's lap. Ilya was muttering curse words in both languages as Shane enthusiastically rode him. There was a pleasant burn in Shane's thighs, but he didn't mind that, grabbing onto the headboard and giving it his all. He absolutely loved to ride Ilya, an experience that let him control the tempo and rhythm for those days that Ilya was teasing him far too much.

Shane's gaze had been trained on the painting above their bed, or at least until he felt that gnawing need to do something with his mouth. A neediness that was enhanced by their bond, by Shane's omega. That prompted Shane to switch to more grinding movements, harsh and low as he ducked down to capture Ilya's lips in his. Ilya hadn't been surprised by the movements, but he held the back of Shane's head and just held them together in that moment. Ilya's tongue brushed against his, a sweet taste that starkly reminded Shane where

Ilya had been just a short while before. Shane didn't care though, too focused on attempting to kiss Ilya as he pressed closer and closer to ecstasy.

Ilya pulled away, giving Shane some time to breathe, his breaths more akin to gasps as he continued to ride Ilya through the mattress. *This was something he prided himself on.*

"You look beautiful, so perfect and sweet for me, kotenok, your beautiful eyes, freckles, strong thighs, fantastic ass," that was accompanied by a harsh squeeze, Ilya's eyes dipping low to see where the two of them were connected. If Shane wasn't so lost in pleasure he might have had something to say about that, but he just ducked his head into Ilya's neck and let him continue to ramble about more parts of his body. Ilya's hands shifted to his hips once again, thumbs stroking against the stretchmarks that were scattered across Shane's hips. The white lines had initially made him self-conscious, appearing when he was younger after years of working out and practicing to become an elite athlete combined with carrying two children. Ilya's hands followed the path though, tracing over the ones on his thighs, hips, and eventually to his stomach where there were just a few on the edges. There was an irreverent look in his eyes.

"Please tell me you're not thinking about baby three still," Shane gritted his teeth as he continued to bounce, knowing that look in Ilya's eyes didn't just mean nothing.

"You always look so beautiful carrying my child, so sexy, so fuck," Ilya couldn't continue on, Shane's movements drawing him just as close to orgasm as Shane himself was.

Shane guided Ilya's hand back to his cock, something that Ilya eagerly complied with. He rubbed against Shane's cock, until Shane found it difficult to concentrate. He held out though, hips dropping one last time before he felt his body give way, his body clenching down harshly against Ilya's rigid cock. Ilya's hips started to thrust up, strong thighs holding him up as he frantically chased his orgasm.

Shane was trying to catch his breath, body shifting with Ilya's movements. He dropped his head to the crux of Ilya's neck, whispering against his ear something that he knew he would regret but felt so perfect in the moment. His brain driven purely by mating and hormones, and Ilya's spicy and comforting scent that was lulling Shane to a peaceful haze. "Maybe, alpha, maybe,"

Ilya's hips jumped one more time as he cried out, "Fuck, Shane," cumming into the condom with another grunt.

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Shane and Ilya were now both laid back on their mattress, sheets cleaned *as per Shane's request*, body's towed off *Shane figured showers could wait just this one time, though he might regret that*. Shane's head was back on Ilya's chest, hand stroking against his warm stomach.

"I'm just messing with you, you know that right?" Ilya whispered, hand rubbing against Shane's bare back.

"I know, but I wasn't,"

Ilya's body went rigid at that.

"You don't mean—" Ilya was pulling away from Shane to sit up straight.

"Maybe, maybe we can talk about it, but talking about it first," Shane reiterated, "we need a plan,"

"You and your plans, Hollander,"

"Hollander-Rosanov, and you wouldn't have it any other way,"

"Ya tebya lyblyu,"

“I love you too,”

Shane dragged Ilya down, pressing a kiss to his lips before resituating him under Shane’s head. What could he say, Ilya’s massive pecs made a nice warm pillow. And if he was going to get a good night sleep it was necessary, though his sleep would probably be interrupted by his analytical brain calculating all the possibilities and necessary plans for baby three. Ilya pulled him closer with a happy sigh.

“Little Rosanov-Hollander, blonde curls, cute little nose, little scrunch, the yawns, the mittens —” Ilya’s whispers continued on for a while longer, the rumble of his chest drawing Shane into a gentle sleep.

So yeah, maybe this was his worst idea in a while, but maybe it was also one of the best.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Cowboy Shane in the flesh (necessary after **that** edit) - if you enjoyed it please feel free to drop a kudos or comment! Potential for more stuff in this universe in the future, so look out for that!

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