

only wanna be with you

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by Anonymous

Summary

Valentine's day was definitely a commercial holiday that much was for certain but with Ilya it was an entire event. That was his specialty loving Shane and to him this was an entire day's worth of loving his husband.

Notes

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

Valentine's day was definitely a commercial holiday that much was for certain but with Ilya it was an entire event. That was his specialty loving Shane and to him this was an *entire* day's worth of loving his husband.

This year looked a little different than the last, the difference being that Shane was a little more...round than he was last year around this time.

Well, that and his body felt a lot lighter and he was able to fit in his jeans without having to do a wiggle, jump, and suck in what he could to get them buttoned— much less over his hips. But this year they were gearing up to add a new little valentine to their usual day long celebration curated by her papa.

The thought alone of Ilya pampering their pup, dressing her in a pink little dress with tiny hearts printed on it and a bow in her curls with sparkly shoes to match had Shane's heart softening toward the thought of celebrating the holiday.

It had been a weird gray area when they first started being not normal about each other and up until they were out and married the holiday was still something that felt like yet another reminder that they weren't able to be themselves, that they couldn't celebrate like other couples by declaring their love for each other out loud— they had to celebrate behind closed doors and it made his chest ache lightly remembering that feeling.

Ilya had since been able to remedy that feeling slowly but surely

It was safe to say there wasn't much that could be done to make him feel sexy because all he could wear was sweatpants and one of Ilya's oversized t-shirts (that weren't so oversized anymore).

Before Shane's feet had even hit the floor that morning, Ilya was already running around downstairs and had been since long before he had even rolled over in bed to check the time—it was only 5 am.

5 am when they should be sleeping, when the rest of the world was asleep except their hockey player brains wouldn't let them. Ilya had plenty of preparation for the day ahead of them, something that Shane insisted he didn't necessarily need this year.

His husband would hear nothing of it. Ilya was determined to pamper him in ways Shane had never even dreamed of.

The pup currently residing in his womb was definitely in sync with her papa as she had other thoughts about her daddy sleeping in.

She was already rolling around, stretching in the cramped environment of Shane's swollen balloon of a belly. There were days like this that he wondered how was he supposed to go on for four more months like this. It had him thinking there had to be some cheat code to speeding this thing along.

The smell of freshly made pancakes wafted up the stairs coaxing Shane down them, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. When he opened them, he had to dodge a stray balloon that almost hit him in the nose.

A sea of red and pink balloons filled the kitchen, leading into the living room and who knows where else.

Rose petals decorated the counter in a tasteful display, the shape of a heart around the plate of pancakes with strawberries topping them.

The alpha was digging some freshly squeezed orange juice out of the refrigerator when he sat down, the chair creaking lightly at the newfound weight in it giving him away.

"Surprise, *lyubmiyy* I was going to bring it upstairs but I know you hate eating in bed." Ilya explained, acting as if eating in bed weren't the terrible thing that it most definitely was. Crumbs would get everywhere, he could spill his drink— order would be lost and chaos would take over.

"Thank you, really. I think Sofia is jealous because she hasn't stopped kicking me all morning. It's like she knows we're having all this fun without her." Shane took a bite of his pancakes, something he normally wouldn't even entertain the idea of eating if it weren't for the extra passenger he had been growing needing all the nutrients she could get.

Well that and the fact that she controlled his appetite, something he had to come to terms with early on in his pregnancy.

Shane's stomach growled just about that time to confirm that he was hungry.

So of course he downed the entire plate naturally as one would, leaving nothing behind. He looked over at Ilya's plate trying his best not to act interested in the pancake he had left.

"You want this one?" Ilya offered the pancake on a fork to his apparently starving omega who gladly accepted it.

"Mm since you're offering yeah I'll take it." Shane shrugged, voice muffled by the pancake that he currently was scarfing down like it was the last one that was ever going to be made.

"So what are the big plans?" He finally decided he would bite, wondering what Ilya had planned for them both. It always made him feel terrible that Ilya took the reigns when it came to Valentine's day but it was something the alpha enjoyed and took great pride in so who was he to take that from him?

"That is for me to know and you to figure out as the day goes on."

Which definitely wasn't ominous at all.

It turned out Ilya had a day full of pampering him which normally under any circumstances Shane would've begged the alpha to pamper himself too but Ilya insisted he be the one to do the pampering.

The first stop was lunch at Shane's favorite little diner, it had become a comfort place his entire pregnancy and they knew the owner well now. It helped that it was an all night diner because they usually stopped by after home games to grab something to eat— also because Shane had the weirdest cravings at ten at night.

"Shane, you look good!" Twyla smiled big, notepad in hand with her pen hovering ready to jot down what the pregnant omega wanted to eat.

"I feel like a beached whale but thank you Twyla." Shane half smiled, shifting around in the creaky booth trying his best to get comfortable. His day had started out with a bad back anyways, having tossed and turned all night long. It felt like he could never truly get comfortable.

The pregnancy pillow did nothing as advertised for him and created a barrier between him and Ilya so he had chunked the thing down the stairs sometime in the wee hours of the morning, settling on a pillow between his legs hoping and praying it would perform the impossible — giving him some relief from the ache in his hips.

"If you are beached whale then you are the cutest one I have ever seen." Ilya leaned in for a kiss met with a grumpy looking Shane in return — the grumpy kitten look as he coined it.

Shane ordered a tuna melt with a side of strawberries and blueberries with a cup of honey. He had been craving honey flavored anything and fresh fruit, Twyla didn't even seem to write anything down for his order since he was having his usual.

"What's next on the agenda?" Shane inquired, wondering what his husband had planned for their day of fun.

"Can't we have a surprise? You will see when we get there." Ilya teased, blowing his straw paper across the table at Shane who was trying his best to look unamused but the look faltered on his face exposing the smile hidden beneath.

Ilya was trying so he would try to have a good time and ignore the aches and pains of pregnancy for him. It was the least he could do.

Apparently the aquarium had been on the agenda.

"Oh boy, look at that line." Shane eyed the line that wrapped around the building practically to get admission into the aquarium. It seemed like a field trip with lots of little kids and Shane was excited for them but not so much having to watch where he was going — sometimes he felt like he should have 'wide load coming through' plastered to his belly.

Ilya grinned big, shaking his head as he held up his phone. "Look, I have tickets on my phone so we can skip line."

It was so thoughtful, his alpha had even considered his aching feet whenever he was planning the day. The thought alone made Shane feel terrible for even trying to get out of going inside.

"Oh! Wow, okay good thinking." Shane and Ilya scanned their tickets at the kiosk and entered the aquarium through a comically large shark mouth. Ilya stopped to take a picture of Shane walking into it for fun.

It wasn't half as bad as Shane expected but they did run into a small girl about six with tears in her eyes clutching a shark stuffed animal.

Ilya was already on the case, finding out her name, 'Trinity' and she went to the gift shop but didn't realize her group had kept walking.

"We must find her group, come on we will definitely find your friends, okay?" Ilya reassured Trinity who nodded with a snuffle.

Ilya was in mission mode, taking the pup's hand to help her find her school group. Shane melted instantly at the way his alpha was always determined to help and just how good he was with kids in general.

He knew he was going to be a good father, Shane rubbed the side of his snout as if he was passing the message along to their own pup nestled inside his bump.

"Your papa can't help himself, helping wherever we go." Shane murmured, smiling softly while waddling along behind Ilya and Trinity until they found her school group who recognized them both and of course asked for a picture with them.

They couldn't refuse, Ilya was a sucker for stuff like this and he signed their shirts for them before they made their way towards the shark tunnel, to which Ilya was *very* excited about.

It was like he was filled with childlike wonder as they entered it.

"A tunnel with sharks! Shane, how did they even get sharks in there?" Ilya exclaimed, pointing at the sharks swimming over head as they moved along on a conveyor belt like rug that moved them along almost like a ride.

Shane was grateful his feet could rest for a few minutes at least.

"They're not really in a tunnel it's like there's a floor above us that has them in like a tank that we can see down here. It makes it look like they're swimming above us." Shane tried to make sense of it as they rode down the little tunnel.

By the time they had finished, Shane's feet ached even worse than they had when they had first got there. His feet were *definitely* swollen at this point but he powered through until they reached the car.

Ilya knew something was up because Shane couldn't get comfortable and he kept reaching down to rub his ankles. "Shane, be honest. Was that too much?"

"Huh? What- oh no, no that was fun! I'm just a little tired. I really enjoyed myself, really." Shane couldn't bare seeing that sad look on Ilya's face but his husband saw right through him.

"*Fine*, okay so you know what my ideal date is?"

"Yes, I have been trying all day to figure out what a fun day for you would be but my husband likes hockey...and my dick so I could give one of those but I wanted to give a little something else." Ilya explained the thought process for the day they had just had and Shane couldn't have been more endeared.

Ilya really had been trying because of course he was.

"If you want to do something *I* want to do I have an idea. How about we just go home and you can run me a warm bath, put some lavender in it and we can soak together." Shane didn't have to suggest it twice, Ilya was already packing him up into the car back in mission mode.

Shane was going to get that relaxing soak in a bath.

As expected, Ilya had already bought candles, essential oils that were pregnancy safe, and of course had a fresh ginger ale waiting for him when Shane walked into the bathroom.

This was after being ushered into their bedroom to rest with his feet elevated on their bed while Ilya drew up the bath water and got everything put together.

Immediately Shane began getting undressed, folding his clothes to put on the counter. Ilya had a fresh fluffy bath towel and a t-shirt laid out for him to get dressed into — his current favorite combo of walking around the house in.

It was really the only thing he could wear comfortably without feeling like he was going to cut off his own circulation.

Shane stepped into the bathtub carefully, holding onto the edge of the tub as he settled down into the warmth of the water. Almost instantly his body felt like jell-o, his muscles began relaxing and he let out a soft sigh of relief when he felt Ilya's firm hands rubbing his shoulders from outside the bathtub.

"Get in." The omega reached for his alpha, motioning him into the warm water, craving the feeling of their bodies practically melting together in the water.

It didn't take asking twice for Shane to get what he wanted, Ilya stripped in record time and had climbed in with him as he made room for his other half.

Ilya settled in behind Shane, circling his arms around the latter's waist resting them on the curve of his belly. He could feel the way their pup moved inside Shane, the gentle nudges against his calloused palm here and there reminding him that this was real, they were going to be parents soon.

"This...this is good." Shane leaned his head back against Ilya's chest.

"I am sorry about earlier." Ilya apologized, intertwining his hand with Shane's, leaning back against the tub. "I don't have a lot to go off of you know. My boring hockey player husband does not make it easy for me to plan day for him." He teased, earning a playful eye roll.

Shane reached up to brush his hand gently against Ilya's cheek. "Hey I had fun don't apologize, really. I just...I like things like this it's simple but good. I like just being with you."

It was true. They could spend all the time in the world together at home and Shane would be as happy as he ever could be. Really and truly it didn't take much to make him happy — he just needed Ilya.

"Remind me of this next time, we will settle for bath and bed for date night. Skip the expensive dinner." Ilya grinned, dodging another attempt at a whack.

"Hey once I have this baby, you gotta give me the whole nine yards again."

"Could just give you whole nine inches instead." Ilya hummed, pulling Shane closer as if it were possible to even slide a piece of paper between them.

"Ilya."

"Shane."

End Notes

✉️ finally finished this one! I had the idea for valentine's day and it just turned into this fluff lmao I hope you enjoy it! ilya rozanov #1 lover of his husband deserves to spoil him silly 💕

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