

meet me in the middle

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by Anonymous

Summary

It was a funny story now when it came to telling the story of how their second child came to be. Shane's first pregnancy was...something. It wasn't terrible but it wasn't exactly a walk in the park and postpartum was rocky so when it boiled down to the question of — will there be another? The answer was always a really really soft no.

Or the story of how Shane and Ilya baby trapped each other with baby number two.

Notes

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

It was a funny story now when it came to telling the story of how their second child came to be. Shane's first pregnancy was...something. It wasn't terrible but it wasn't exactly a walk in the park and postpartum was rocky so when it boiled down to the question of — will there be another? The answer was always a really *really* soft no.

No as in, the answer could be changed if either of them tried to press the issue hard enough.

Having Sofia and seeing how she grew and changed over the years into a vibrant, sassy little toddler with her papa's attitude and his spirit really put things into perspective for Shane.

He could see the baby like features fading, her soft cotton scent changing into a lavender haze — a mixture of their scents forming her own and it was so beautiful yet so bittersweet at the same time because Shane looked forward to seeing all the new things she was learning, all the new things they could do together.

And yet, there was still a part of him that clung to the baby that Sofia once was. The tiny bundle snuggled in his arms, the soft wisps of her curls brushing up against his cheek as he rocked her to sleep at night.

Ilya felt the very same apparently but somehow they both were on the same wavelength but didn't say a word to each other about it hoping that they would somehow read each other's minds — that they would learn telepathy.

"Ilya- fuck, so good. Need it harder." Shane's eyelids fluttered closed as Ilya drilled into him, fingers finding purchase in their wrinkled bedsheets that were sliding off the bed with his entire body as he was getting fucked up the mattress quite literally.

Ilya was for a lack of a better term — lost in the sauce. There was no contacting him on whatever plane of existence being buried inside his omega took him to. There was only one goal and that was to pleasure Shane, to watch him unravel as he knotted him and they were using condoms so they would be fine.

"Please, god please just- I need it just I can take it. *Please*, Ilya. I need you." Shane begged, those big dark eyes shining up at Ilya like he would burst into tears if his alpha didn't give him what he wanted — what he *needed*.

Ilya's inner alpha couldn't deny his omega of what he needed, not that he would ever deny Shane of anything ever. He would give him the moon and the stars if asked.

"*Sweetheart, so good for me. So pretty laid out for me like this, taking me so well.*" Ilya slipped into his mother tongue, the words dripping from his mouth like honey. Shane keened as he leaned back into the pillows, exposing his neck — his mating bite that Ilya had put there when they had first mated.

The alpha leaned down, tracing the thin white scar with this tongue, the memory coming back to him as he continued to thrust upwards into his mate's tight warmth the only word

coming to mind — breed. He had to put another pup in Shane's empty womb, the womb his hand was currently resting on.

"I want it. Please put a baby in me, 'm so empty." Shane could barely form coherent sentences much less human sounds. In the back of Shane's mind, he knew they were covered because of the condom so Ilya could try to knot him all he wanted and it wouldn't take.

"Breed me, *alpha*." Famous last words.

They hadn't realized how close Ilya's rut was what with the cup finals being the main focus for weeks but the minute they had seen it coming — which was that morning after the Centaurs had won.

The main clue that gave it away was when Ilya had been downstairs checking all the windows to make sure they were locked, the back door, basically any point of entry in their house had to be secure.

That was when Shane knew what was happening slowly but surely. He had made some arrangements for Sofia to stay with his mom and dad, a sleepover with her grams and gramps which she was *all* for.

Especially because she was going to get to show them her new book of dragons and teach them about every single one in her book that she had made her daddy read over and over to her until Shane had memorized every one of them.

After they had packed Sofia up and sent her with his parents, Ilya could barely keep his hands off of him, not that he was complaining one bit. Except Shane hadn't had any time to prepare for a rut, the last emergency rut kit had been used up since...well since Ilya's last rut and this one was kind of a surprise that caught that had blindsided them both.

The condoms were really all that was important and they had those, the rest they could make up as they went.

That is until round three...or was it four? Whatever round it was Shane was tidying up what he could without Ilya yanking him back into bed when he found one of the condom wrappers on the floor. It was weird because something caught his eye, the expiration date on the condom— they were from when they weren't even public but they didn't use them often only when Ilya had a rut just in case he somehow wound up pregnant and so they still had that specific box.

Shane could have laughed his ass off, this was hilarious in the worst way possible.

If he wasn't pregnant by the end of Ilya's rut well it would be a miracle.

"Shane, oh god I'm sorry-" Ilya panted, the fog finally dissipating when he felt something warm and wet between them — it definitely wasn't slick.

Shane was too blissed out, floating down from cloud nine content with the feeling of being full, the possibility of being bred — to carry his alpha's pups. Which made his inner omega content, a purr escaping his lips as he pulled Ilya down against them.

It took everything in Ilya to come up for air, stroking Shane's cheek with his thumb. "The condom, it broke." He took Shane's hand, bringing it down to his dripping slit brushing his finger tips against the wetness there to make him understand.

"Oh, *oh*." Shane let out a soft moan as he shifted feeling Ilya's release slipping down his thighs. He didn't seem *too* concerned though. Not like Ilya had thought he would be which was...odd but it was fine because he took birth control.

They had planned on using that to prevent themselves from having more for the time being and in all theory that should have worked but there was the broken expired condom.

And then there was the empty bottle of birth control in the nightstand that hadn't been refilled since...well a month or so ago.

"You don't seem so upset about it." Ilya pointed out as he grabbed a wash cloth to wipe down his husband's thighs.

Normally under any other circumstances Shane would've been freaking out but he was still riding the high of being knotted, a euphoric feeling buzzing beneath his skin making him calm to a fault. "Eh, it's fine. Whatever happens, happens."

Oh yeah he was *feeling* it.

One month later

Shane stared at the pregnancy test laying on the bathroom counter still in the box. He still had *plenty* stocked up from when he had tested four years ago for their little dancing queen who was currently doing just that in the living room with her papa.

They had just come off a cup run and were actually able to enjoy themselves for the rest of the off season.

Sofia was soaking up every minute as was her daddy and papa just happy to be with each other doing everything they always wanted to do but never quite had all the time in the world for.

Shane exited the bathroom, leaving it there to deal with later willing away this nauseating feeling tugging at his gut.

"Princess Sofia, there is a dragon entering our for. Do we slay him or keep him as a pet?" Ilya smirked at the last part, holding up one of Anya's collars they used for their pet dragons that were already in the dragon barn aka her walk in doll house that they decorated for this specific scenario.

"Hmm, I think maybe we keep this one. I like this dragon." Sofia deemed her daddy worthy of becoming their pet dragon well, he would have happily went along with it if he didn't feel the urge to throw up his breakfast and everything else from the night before.

"See? I'm a good dragon." Shane rolled his eyes playfully, putting the glittery headband Sofia reserved for anyone playing as the dragon on his head. He wasn't as good as Ilya when it came to playing pretend with their daughter but he tried. Ilya just had a talent for it.

Suddenly that feeling came at him full force and Shane knew he needed to get to the bathroom and fast.

Tripping over everything in the floor — blankets, toys, poor Anya too — Shane beelined for the bathroom just barely making it.

"Oh no! Daddy is a sick dragon. We gotta put him in the other stable so he can't get other dragons sick." Sofia was barely phased as she pointed to the 'quarantine' stable which was literally just the space under the kitchen table with a blanket over it.

"Yes, probably. He can't get our other dragons sick too. Let me go see if he is okay." Ilya pushed himself up off the floor, following on his omega's heels after making sure Sofia was preoccupied with building another tower with some pillows.

On the counter was the pregnancy test Shane had managed to take *after* he had pulled himself together long enough to pee on a stick.

"The Pikes will have competition if we keep this up." Ilya teased, slipping the box off the counter.

Shane's head whipped up so fast the bathroom started to spin again and he was hunkered over the toilet gripping the bowl before he could even answer.

"What?" Shane croaked, shaking his head as if trying to shake the nausea away.

"You are pregnant, I smelled it and thought I was going crazy. That I wanted another baby so bad that I imagined you being that way but— you are." Ilya took the box in his hands, the test slipping out into his palms — a plus sign.

"Well I hadn't exactly read the results yet but yeah I figured as much." Shane knew his body, he knew when he had started to feel off but he also knew Ilya was quite familiar with it too.

It wasn't like Shane was exactly doing his part to prevent it and well here they were.

"I stopped taking my birth control." Shane admitted and Ilya nodded because of course he knew that too but he didn't exactly say anything about it.

Ilya had noticed when the bottle stayed empty. He wondered almost if he should have said something then but part of him wanted to see what would happen.

A selfish part that wanted to see Shane rounded out again, his belly full of pup.

Shane felt like a shaken can of gingerale, that would really be the best way to describe exactly what he felt at the moment.

"Is it bad that I wanted to see what would happen if I stopped taking them?" Well duh, if he stopped taking his birth control obviously one thing could happen. Shane had prepared himself for the possibility of it without realizing it.

Ilya shook his head, a small fond smile corkscrewing its way into the corner of his mouth as he stared at the positive test in his hand. "No, is not. Is it bad that I wanted it to take when the condom broke?" He admitted, looking down at Shane's still flat stomach already visualizing him rounded out, cradling his bump.

The alpha had missed how his omega had practically glowed with Sofia. It was something they both weren't sure was going to happen again and yet here they were.

"Guess you could say this baby is cup baby too." Ilya pointed out, dodging a roll of toilet paper as it was the closest single Shane could grab.

"Is true! This baby was technically because of winning the cup!"

Shane stood up with some help, seeking Ilya's touch. "Don't even start, this one isn't going in the cup- we won't even get started on what Troy did to the cup last year." He warned, already seeing the gears turning in his alpha's head.

Oh, this baby was definitely going in the cup too.

End Notes

💌 so this is inspired by a tweet i saw that said something along the lines of 'shane forgetting to take his birth control 🤔 ilya using expired condoms' like it made me think okay yeah that's definitely what helped push the agenda of baby number two aka little masha! <3 anyways hope you guys enjoy!

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