

always rises to the top

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by [tellcincinnati](#)

Summary

“It hurts,” Shane mumbles, and Ilya makes a sympathetic tsk. He places the pump on the coffee table in front of them as Shane starts to lift the hem of his top. He’s not wearing anything underneath, and when Ilya sees his tits, everything else in his mind stops. They’re so full, painfully large, and the nipples are dark and hard, protruding. Like an invitation.

Notes

Does what it says and all that, don’t read it if it’s not your thing. This is tagged for mpreg but is after Shane has a baby — he is no longer pregnant in the fic. No omega stuff happening, just a regular man with big, milky boobs. The baby is also mysteriously having a great nap or off with its grandparents throughout this fic, and is not present. It’s really all about the milk. :)

It all starts after Shane has the baby and is overproducing because, of course he is, it's Shane. Nothing about the term surprises Ilya and in fact, only endears him even more, that his husband would still find a way to do too much, even when he's had to take a break from hockey.

Ilya knows it can be painful—Shane has needed to start pumping the extra milk, to prevent mastitis—and so he tries not to be absolutely horrible about it. And Ilya is good, and doting, and all the things he should be, getting Shane whatever he possibly needs. But he has also undeniably become obsessed with his husband's unbelievably full, hard tits.

Between the feedings and the pumping, Ilya can't imagine how there is any milk left, and yet. Shane wanders into the kitchen one morning, a grimace on his face, and opens the freezer door. He sighs at whatever he sees, door closing again with resignation, and turns to Ilya. "We don't need to save any more milk," he says with a frown. "I'm just going to have to dump it."

And Ilya thinks, what a waste that would be. It's not like he's going to just drink a glass of it, of course, but if Shane is going to toss it all, well. After his husband is done pumping, and the swell of his breasts has gone back down, Ilya asks, "Can I try some?"

Shane looks up with a small laugh playing at his lips. "Really?" he asks, like this is all a bit of fun. Which it is, Ilya reminds himself. Just some fun.

"Why not? I'm curious." He gets a spoon from the drawer, scooping up a small amount of the liquid, still slightly warm. Shane has tried it already of course—tests on his tongue when he's reheating—so he just watches Ilya with amusement.

Ilya slurps the spoon and, well, it's fine. It's nice. "Hm, not bad. Kind of sweet," he says, and Shane laughs at him a little.

"Well, yeah, I don't know what you were expecting," Shane says and, before Ilya can interrupt, takes the remainder of the pumped milk and tosses it down the sink. They smile at each other and carry on with their day, full with all the responsibilities of parenthood. Life as usual, except it's not, it can't be. Because afterwards Ilya can't stop thinking of the taste, the texture of Shane's milk, coating his tongue. He wants more.

A week later, Shane is groaning, looking absolutely miserable. He palms at his breasts through his tank top, sighs. Ilya has never seen them so large. He frowns at his husband's pain and goes to grab the pump for him as Shane settles himself onto the end of the sofa, head tilting back with frustration.

“It hurts,” he mumbles, and Ilya makes a sympathetic tsk. He places the pump on the coffee table in front of them as Shane starts to lift the hem of his top. He’s not wearing anything underneath, and when Ilya sees his tits, everything else in his mind stops. They’re so *full*, painfully large, and the nipples are dark and hard, protruding. Like an invitation.

The pump lays forgotten as Ilya moves forward, placing a knee on the sofa next to Shane, hovering over his husband. “Can I—” he asks, before reaching out and dragging his fingertips, gently, over one nipple. It’s a quick graze but Shane moves all the same, sucking in a breath that causes his chest to hitch, tits pushing further out.

There’s an unreadable expression on his face when he asks Ilya, “Can you do what?”

Ilya doesn’t even know. “I just want— I know it hurts. I want to make you feel better.”

Shane is silent for a beat, and then says, “oh-kay,” slowly, suspiciously. Ilya will make him understand.

At first he thinks he can straddle Shane’s hips and lean down, but he can tell the angle won’t be ideal to give him what he wants, which is complete access to every last drop that Shane has. Ilya looks around instead, settling on a large throw cushion at the other end of the sofa. When he grabs it and places it gently on Shane’s lap, Shane looks up at him, eyes wide with understanding. Ilya would be worried, like maybe he should explain, or try to backtrack, except Shane’s pupils have already dilated, and his lips are parted, those little staccato breaths coming out that Ilya has long ago memorized the meaning of.

So Ilya moves to lie on his back, head propped up on the pillow, just like their baby does. And he feels like Shane’s baby, now and always. He just lays there for a moment, looking up, stilted. He can barely see Shane from around the curve of his breasts and Ilya needs permission, because what he wants is so absurd, so much. “Okay?” he asks and his voice is already hoarse.

Shane’s hands come to settle on Ilya, one caressing the top of his head gently, playing in the curls, and the other settling on Ilya’s waist, rolling him sideways a bit, onto his hip. The new angle makes it so he’s no longer directly under Shane’s tits, but more perpendicular to them and Ilya’s breath hitches as he realises that Shane is making it easier for him to latch.

“Do what you need to do,” Shane says and Ilya surges up without a second’s hesitation, tongue lapping out towards one of Shane’s nipples. Ilya just flicks at it at first, before running the flat of his tongue along it repeatedly, a practiced motion for him. He hears Shane suck in a breath above him and it’s a delicious, inviting sound.

Ilya finally takes the nipple into his mouth, so swollen and firm, and gives an experimental suck.

“You need. Tongue, use your tongue,” Shane says, and Ilya pushes up and against the bottom of Shane’s areola, pressing his tongue firmly and repeatedly against the nipple, in time with his suckling, cheeks hollowing out, and then—oh, and then milk is coming into his mouth and Ilya panics because the instinct to swallow had taken over before he could stop

it. He laps again and is relieved when more milk comes steadily, easily. It coats his tongue, his teeth. He's starving for it.

Ilya moans around it, so glad to be relieving Shane, to be a good husband. He swallows every pull of sweet, warm milk and his rewarded each time by another. It's thin, he thinks, but so sticky, and it coats his throat easily. He can't get enough.

Shane moves to squeeze at his tit in rhythm to the suckling and when Ilya notices he pops off with a groan. "Show me," he says, bringing his hands up, and Shane moves Ilya's fingers into position, shows him where to hold and massage, and when Ilya puts his mouth back the next squirt of milk practically shoots in, flooding him. He's been a dying man wandering through the desert, surely, the way he's so famished, needing a drink. Shane's beautiful tits are an oasis, giving him life.

So he lays on Shane's lap like that, suckling at Shane's nipple, drinking and drinking and drinking. The liquid is so hot and familiar; Ilya realises this is just the same as his insatiable hunger for Shane's come. He always needs all of his husband inside of him. This is just more, more of his taste, more of his DNA, filling Ilya up. Maybe his stomach will get so full with a little milk bump that he'll look like Shane did in his first trimester.

Ilya is so fucking hard, and he knows Shane can see where's tenting his shorts like a teenager. When the first one has gone down in size, Shane gently cups Ilya's head and pushes him along, moving him and cradling his neck as Ilya goes to the other breast, beads of white liquid already trickling down it.

Ilya begins feeding again, feeling feral, and moves a hand down into his shorts to jerk off, timing the movement in concert with his suckling mouth. Ilya feels drunk off the taste of it. His other hand continues to massage and squeeze at Shane, this tit still so hard and full. Ilya wonders how much he can drink and then wonders if he can ever actually stop.

A few minutes later, Ilya gasps as he orgasms, popping off of Shane with a wet sound, milk trickling out. He gurgles on it as he moans, hips raising and come shooting all over his thighs and tummy. Trying not to choke, Ilya slumps back down into the cushions and moves to give Shane's nipple one last drag of his tongue. They're still so red but the breasts have gone down in size and Shane looks blissful.

"Better?" Ilya asks, his voice absolutely shot.

Shane bites his bottom lip. "Mmmhmm," is all he replies before he grabs the cushion on his lap, pulling it away. Ilya jolts, almost painfully, but when his head comes back down, without the cushion between them, his face comes to press directly against his husband's hard cock. "Keep sucking," Shane says, and Ilya's jaw is already aching, but not a thing in the world could stop him from getting every final drop.

It becomes an issue for Ilya. Or, it would, except he's doing Shane a much-needed favour, one that Shane seems very grateful for. They don't discuss it but whenever Shane comes into the room, chest overfull and sore, and sighs loudly, Ilya knows he's up.

He sucks and drinks and he gets so hard every time. They both always end up coming, smelling of sweat and semen and milk after. Shane wrinkles his nose in displeasure but Ilya thinks he could bathe in it, could live and die in the stench of all that his husband's body has to offer.

One afternoon they're on the bed, performing their new ritual. Ilya has just drank from Shane's perfect breasts, coming all over himself in the process.

Now he's laying his head along Shane's thighs and sucking his cock like he's starving for it which, of course, he is. It's always the best thing in the world to make Shane feel good, to do this, but this week has changed something for Ilya. It's only been a few minutes and he can feel himself getting hard again, fantasizing about the sweet cream that Shane so generously provides him. Ilya makes a loud sound, between a whine and a growl, milk still seeping from the corners of his lips as he bobs along, mouth overfull. He moves off of Shane's cock with a wet pop, both of them glistening, sticky.

"Do you have more?" Ilya asks, desperately, eyes roving over Shane's tits. "Need more."

Shane dribbles pre-cum at the question, breath picking up. He reaches up, feels himself, chest still firm enough. He just nods, seemingly unable to speak.

Ilya growls then, pushing forward quickly, mouth on Shane's left nipple, tongue exploring, latching. His hand comes up between their bodies to stroke Shane's cock.

"Daddy needs his milk?" Shane asks breathily and Ilya has to resist biting down. He wants to tear at Shane, to suck and eat every last drop of him. Instead, he groans around the nipple, suckling—Shane's Daddy and his baby at once—and pumps his husband's cock until his wrist almost gives out.

Shane comes hard between them, shouting out and arching his back, shoving his chest impossibly further into Ilya's wet mouth.

Ilya lets out a guttural moan, moving up, and up, until he's straddling Shane's chest below, one firm thigh on either side of his husband's waist. His areolas are stretched, puffy and dark, nipples still so hard. Ilya knows more milk will come easily. Shane moves his hands to Ilya's strong thighs, squeezing.

Ilya pushes Shane's tits together, shoving his dick in between. He's dizzy with how hard he is again so quickly. He feels almost sick from the fullness in his stomach, now protruding.

"Squeeze them," he commands, and Shane places a hand on each of his tits, fingers searching out for his nipples. He alternates massaging and squeezing motions, all while Ilya thrusts between his breasts wildly, cock pushing up hot and thick between, so close to Shane's face.

Shane stares at it desperately, mouth opening automatically, and Ilya knows Shane is just as needy as him.

Milk dribbles out continuously from Shane, coating his strong fingers, running down his hands, all over his tits and chest and Ilya's cock. Ilya groans endlessly, panting, desperate. The milk is warm and sticky, coating them both, clinging.

"Feed me," Shane begs and then Ilya is coming again, thick and hot into Shane's open mouth, across his jaw, his chest. He makes a sound like he's sobbing but Shane's still holding his tits painfully together, and so Ilya doesn't stop thrusting, over and over until the milk and come and spit are all mixed into one, shiny and tacky. Shane keeps his mouth open for it all, leaning his head forward as much as his neck will allow, tongue lapping for any last drops.

Ilya eventually stops, panting.

"Everyday," he grunts, "gonna milk you every day until I'm satisfied."

Shane looks up from under him, smirking. "Yes." They both know Ilya will never be satisfied.

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