

think i might take a bite

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think i might take a bite

by [beautifullyblue](#)

Summary

The problem was, Ilya couldn't quite explain it himself. After a few minutes of ruminating, he finally settles on:

Why do I want to eat my husband?

Top result: **Wife found guilty of cannibalising her husband, remains found in basement**

Ilya frowns down at his screen. Well *that* wasn't it. He huffs quietly in frustration, before backspacing and trying again.

Wanting to squish and bite my husband

The search lags, and Ilya taps the tips of his thumbs impatiently against the screen, chewing on his bottom lip. Finally the page refreshes.

Top result: **Why boundaries in relationships are important**

Ilya rolls his eyes, on the verge of giving up.

or

Ilya has a severe case of cuteness aggression when it comes to his heavily pregnant husband, and he doesn't quite know what to do about it.

Notes

this was meant to be a relatively short and sweet one shot, but 14k later here we are. but the heart wants what it wants, and in this case I need more pregnant Shane Hollander on my screen.

thank you for coming to my TED talk.

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

Ilya would consider himself pretty good at English, having spoken it from his teens and being expected to adapt to the language incredibly quickly in order to survive in interviews, especially on his American team right out of the draft. Being bilingual is no easy feat, and Ilya is proud of his skills, his ability to switch between two completely different languages like cutting through butter with a hot knife. There are times, however, when the right English word escapes him for whatever Shane makes him feel.

Like right now, watching his very heavily pregnant husband huffing in frustration, trying to pick up his sneaker but failing, what with the huge bump in the way. Ilya should go and help - was about to - but something makes him pause in the doorway, Shane still not having noticed him. His pregnant mate was busy swearing under his breath, ears red as he angrily whacks the couch cushion beneath him as he now attempts to pick up the shoe with his toes. The rosy shine to the apples of Shane's freckled cheeks fills Ilya with the urge to chomp down on them like an apple. He's never experienced a feeling quite like it, the desire to apparently eat his husband's chubby cheeks. And it's not even a sex thing. Ilya has the mind to be a little worried about that. It's like Shane being pregnant has dialled up all of Ilya's emotional reactions and feelings past the point of normalcy and mitigation, short circuiting his brain to be as dramatic as possible. He felt like a knothead.

It doesn't help that pregnancy undeniably suits Shane. His thighs and hips are softer, places which Ilya's hands hungrily latch onto at any given opportunity. His cheeks are rosy, his freckles stark against the blush, his soft brown eyes constantly shimmering with stars. He's practically glowing, and Ilya can't be blamed if he follows his husband around the house, the same way the earth orbits the sun. Especially now that Shane has taken to unintentionally waddling wherever he goes, hand on his belly for balance. It makes Ilya want to do a number of things, like squish Shane between his biceps, tuck him up in bed, gnaw on his cheeks a little. And his warm vanilla and amber scent has taken a sweeter tone, milkier, which Ilya also cannot get enough of. He practically spends half his time sniffing Shane like a dog, or a wolf. So much so he wants to bottle his husband's scent up and pay someone to make it into a candle purely for Ilya's smelling purposes.

So yes, Ilya has half a mind to keep his beautiful husband like this forever. He also knows his constant hovering and herding Shane about the place, whether that's in private or out in public, is objectively a little annoying. Ilya doesn't personally see the problem, it settles the alpha prowling around inside his mind whenever he has his mate in sight. Shane, however, inevitably has other opinions.

Ilya's also had an overwhelming urge to just *bite* Shane a little. Just a touch. Like the curve of his cheeks, the softness of his thigh, the added roundness of his tits (a development that Ilya was absolutely *delighted* by), the nape of his neck, even the tips of his fingers. Ilya didn't want to *eat* Shane, not really. Well, he liked eating his ass of course (a lot actually, he could spend hours between Shane's legs lapping up his slick like a dog dying of heat stroke) but he wasn't like, serious about it or anything. But whenever he caught sight of his husband, he always had an overwhelming urge to just squish him hard between his hands and nibble at him like a treat. A very pregnant treat that smelt delectable. A treat that was pregnant with Ilya's child, a reminder that Ilya had bred him so well it took. Delicious. Even a Michelin star

chef could not replicate the satisfaction of that particular primal hunger which bleeds through the cracks of Ilya's mind on a daily basis.

The thought of wanting to snack on his husband should be worrying and Ilya has half a mind to look into it, which he will. Later. Right now, he's too busy admiring his husband growling in frustration, socked feet kicking out in anger. Shane rarely gets angry, and even when he does it's always in a measured, stony tone that Ilya would argue is ten times scarier than shouting.

If anyone is going to drop gloves on the ice, it's Ilya. *Has* been Ilya, besides Shane's cute attempt at trying to punch Scott Hunter. Ilya replayed that moment countless times on the highlights just to watch Shane spew profanities, face scrunched up like a kitten. He may or may not have also jerked off to it an ungodly amount of times, not that that is anyone's business.

But pregnancy mood swings have put both Shane and Ilya through the ringer. Not that Ilya minds, in fact he's perfected his ability to sympathise with whatever is making Shane gnash his teeth in anger or burst into tears. Whether that's because they've ran out of peppercorns, or because the washing machine is deliberately going slower because *'it knows I'm waiting for it to finish Ilya, and it's keeping the fluffy socks that I want hostage, do something Ilya.'*

Ilya could not in fact do much in that instance, so he just hugged Shane to his chest and rubbed his back until they heard the beep that signalled the end of the cycle.

Ilya also learnt that his mate is terrifying. Which Ilya already knew, he was no stranger to Shane's fierce streak, having experienced it first hand on the ice. But as it turns out, Shane high on pregnancy hormones evokes a very different kind of rage that would have any sane man or woman scurrying. Not that Ilya has ever been its direct target really, at least not seriously. But there was the occasion they were shopping for groceries, Ilya having left Shane for only a minute to move further down the aisle to buy more breakfast oats, telling Shane to stay with the shopping cart and to not move an inch. Shane had only rolled his eyes with a mutter of, 'alpha's,' but had in fact stayed where he was. And when Ilya had turned around, a bag of rolled oats in hand, he saw an older woman inching near his mate, eyes zeroed in on the round belly that Shane's sweater did nothing to hide (well technically Ilya's sweater, but Shane can have anything he wants, including Ilya's entire closet if it means he'll wear it and smell like Ilya all day). Shane had looked up on her approach and Ilya had hastened over at the sight of his husband's shoulders hunching slightly, hands tightening around the handlebar in front of him.

Ever since Shane had fallen pregnant, people, random strangers, fans, felt it was acceptable to *touch* the soft round curve of Shane's belly without permission. As if Shane was a prize cow and they could just go round *touching* Shane whenever they liked. It had Ilya snarling and chest rumbling like something feral. He had slapped more than a few hands away before he had ushered Shane away, jaws snapping. Because Shane was *his*, and so was their unborn child. And Shane was not for public consumption. Well only on ice, nowhere else. Not to mention that in the latter months of Shane's pregnancy he had become incredibly sensitive to new smells, especially those he didn't know. Recently Shane had even been reluctant to leave the house except to places he was already familiar with, the same going for people. Their

doctor had said it was Shane's omega protective instincts kicking up a notch as he progressed into the later stages of pregnancy, actively seeking to mitigate danger by clinging to familiarity. It was a form of wider nesting that goes beyond the edges of their bed. And Ilya was more than happy to indulge Shane's urges, especially when they matched up with Ilya's desire to keep Shane tucked up into his side at all times. Which is also why they are shopping for groceries at 6am right when it opened, the place empty of people. All except this woman, apparently. A woman, Ilya watches in alarm, who seems to have a death wish.

Ilya had hurried nearer, long strides eating up the distance between him and his mate. The woman was talking, but Ilya couldn't quite make out what she was saying but Ilya took in how Shane was edging back into the rows of cereals, face tight as he muttered a reply. And then the woman had reached out a hand, going to touch Shane's bump with an expectant smile. Ilya was almost upon them, his arm outstretched to push it away but Shane had beat him to it.

Suddenly, a vicious snarl had rung out across the aisle and Ilya realised it was coming from *Shane*. His wonderfully calm, composed, routine loving Shane, whose eyes were glowing Omegan gold as he snatched up the woman's wrist in a tight grip to stop it in its path, sharp canines gnashed as the sound vertebrates from somewhere deep and instinctive from his chest. Shane's jaw snapped menacingly, and the woman had reeled back, desperately trying to pull her hand out of Shane's iron hold. Shane's other hand had come to protectively cradle his bump, twisting slightly to shield it from the woman's eyes.

'Shane, *moya lyubov*, it's okay.' Ilya had hurriedly reassured, slightly out of breath in his haste to get to his mate, hands coming to hover around Shane's shoulders. He was wary to touch him too suddenly, not when Shane's eyes had not yet shed their vibrant gold, his mind clearly in a less than human state. The woman's eyes were bulging out of her head, and Ilya sniffs at the air slightly. An alpha. Ilya almost wants to tear the woman's head off himself. How much of an idiot do you have to be to touch a mated omega's pregnant belly without permission?

Eventually, Shane had slowly released the woman's wrist under the influence of Ilya's soothing timbre and gentle hands, fangs retracting but scent still bitter. Safe to say they did not finish their grocery shopping. Ilya was also yet again reminded to *never* piss Shane off. Which was an obvious thing to not want to do, but it was good to have an occasional reminder.

But anyway, back to the present. The present being Shane struggling to put his shoes on over the curve of his very pregnant belly, who is now angrily cursing under his breath, eyebrows pinched and mouth downturned into a pout. His milky vanilla scent is tinged with frustration and it spikes as his plan of picking up his shoe with his toes inevitably fails as he can't actually see what he's doing. Shane growls loudly, before collapsing back into the cushions to glare at the ceiling, fists thumping onto the sofa. Ilya can't help the fondness that bleeds into his own mint and patchouli scent, the peppermint pulsing out sweeter from the doorway.

Shane's nose twitches and his head whips around to see Ilya leaning in the doorway, arms crossed against his chest, staring at him. Shane's eyes immediately narrow suspiciously at the smile on his husband's face.

‘How long have you been standing there and watching me struggle asshole?’ He snaps, and Ilya shakes his head mutely before coming to stand in front of him, looming above him, forcing Shane to look up at him. He’s still glaring.

‘I wasn’t watching you struggle, you were doing a very good job. Very interesting, very *artistic*.’ Ilya teased as Shane kicks a foot out against Ilya’s shin. He blows out a breath in frustration, the gust of it blowing a strand of hair out of his face.

‘Shut up. I’d like to see you try and put shoes on when you’re incubating a giant.’ He retorts, face scrunching up as he sits up straight, albeit struggling a little for balance which Ilya quickly rights by taking his hands and pulling Shane towards him with a poorly suppressed smile.

‘Do not call our baby a giant. It is a perfect size.’ And Shane rolls his eyes, smacking Ilya’s arms to try and get him to move out the way.

‘Yeah, whatever. It’s the perfect size to be a nuisance.’

Shane stubbornly tries to reach around Ilya, sliding his butt to hang off the couch to try and grab the shoe still lying on the ground. The shoe remains where it is. A growl of anger tears from the back of Shane’s throat. ‘Oh for fucks—like trying to put my fucking shoes on!’

Ilya shushes him soothingly, dropping a kiss to his mate’s slightly sweaty forehead before dropping to his knees in front of him. Ilya’s large palms rub at Shane’s thighs in comfort as Shane grits his teeth in annoyance, scent simmering with frustration.

‘It is okay, I’ll do it, yes? That’s what I’m here for.’ Ilya placates before plucking up the shoe causing so much offense as he cradles Shane’s socked foot in his hand, massaging it lightly before slipping the shoe on.

Shane leans on the back of his hands for support, watching Ilya tie his laces. ‘I’m not a baby.’ Shane grumbles, and Ilya’s lips quirk as he double knots the laces before looking up at his mate who frowns unhappily at his feet cradled in Ilya’s lap.

‘No,’ Ilya agrees easily before leaning forward to peck Shane sweetly, ‘but you are *my* baby.’

Shane exhales heavily, the force of it sending his rosy red cheeks puffing out like a hamster as he blinks at Ilya, clearly unimpressed by the statement. Ilya’s fingers flex with the suppressed urge to reach a hand out and pinch the fat of his flushed cheek between his thumb and forefinger.

To distract himself, Ilya drops a kiss against the bump resting between them. ‘As you are my baby.’ He says softly, and then he turns to pluck up the other shoe. Shane watches him silently, scent mellowing out to something more soft. His face loses some of its previous tension when Ilya looks up.

‘Thanks.’ Shane says quietly. Ilya hums, hands cradling Shane’s jaw as he pulls him in for a kiss. Shane’s belly nudges against Ilya’s abdomen as he leans forward and Ilya has to bite

back the groan of the feel of it. He cannot get a hard on right when they are about to leave to have dinner with Yuna and David. He just got Shane's shoes on.

Ilya pulls back, thumb skimming the warm doughiness of Shane's cheek and the freckles dusted there, admiring the way the dark lashes flutter as Shane looks at him. Shane's scent suddenly pulses out a stronger wave of milky vanilla and amber goodness and Ilya inhales greedily. Shane fidgets a little, pushing forward, eyes widening slightly in that way that Ilya knows is a sign he wants something that he knows Ilya will give him.

Turns out Ilya doesn't need to remove Shane's shoes to suck his cock, but it does mean Shane has to change his underwear, the pair he was wearing sodden with so much slick, that Ilya has half a mind to suck the material into his mouth like he did as a toddler with a wet flannel when he was in the bath. Instead he jerks himself off to come all over Shane's bare belly, t-shirt pushed up to Shane's armpits so Ilya can rub his cum into the swell of it, large palm smoothing over the stretched skin with a possessive rumble of approval.

They are, inevitably, late for dinner.

It's later, when Shane is fast asleep, back pressed against Ilya's chest and arms tucked around one of the pregnancy pillows they bought that Ilya decides to do some research. Because dinner with Shane's parents had Ilya almost chomping at the bit (or fork) to squish his husband's face between his hands like a stress ball. David had made spaghetti, something simple and not too fancy.

Ilya had piled on as much as he could onto Shane's plate, the mountain of spaghetti Everest high before he placed it down in front of his husband, who had understandably gaped up at him in disbelief. Ilya had simply shrugged before sitting down next to his mate, nudging Shane's fork that was dangling in his limp hand in a silent order to eat.

So Ilya liked to make sure his pregnant mate was well fed, sue him. And Ilya liked it when Shane ate things he made or put on his plate, hell it didn't even have to be that complicated. He still got a high even when he passes Shane the salt when he asks. Because Shane was happily accepting what Ilya was providing for him, he was *requesting* it. And Shane being Shane, obviously noticed that Ilya liked it, especially now. It tapped into a primal aspect of Ilya's alpha, providing for his pregnant mate in any way possible. So Shane had gotten into the habit ever since falling pregnant of waiting for Ilya to serve him.

And Ilya *loved* it. If he had a tail, it would be wagging so fast he would turn into a helicopter. Instead, Ilya tucks it into the edges of his smile, the puff of his chest, or lets it tumble out in his scent. But he has to make sure it doesn't come out too strongly to not suffocate anyone else in it. Not that Ilya had a problem with that, an irrational part of his brain wanted everyone in their immediate vicinity to choke on how his scent intensifies and spreads into every corner of the room at the sight of his mate.

Ilya plays with his spaghetti, watching Shane out of the corner of his eye as he waits for him to take his first bite. Ilya's shoulders are tense but he can't seem to shake it off, body on edge as he waits for Shane to start eating. Shane stares at the enormous pile of spaghetti on his

plate for a few more seconds before huffing in defeat, twirling pasta round his fork and bringing it to his mouth. It's only when Ilya sees the bob of Shane's throat to signal he's swallowed does he relax into his seat, letting out a breath he wasn't aware he was holding and finally allowing himself to shovel food into his mouth. He catches eyes with David as he brings his fork to his mouth, who watches him with a soft smile. He nods in approval, the movement almost imperceptible but Ilya catches it. Ilya looks away quickly, eyes focusing on his plate but he can't help the pleased smile that stretches his face that makes it difficult to chew. His scent strengthens slightly and he hastens to contain it as he senses Shane turn to him in question.

Ilya ignores him, but then eventually, like always, Ilya looks at Shane. And it's that moment when Shane's cheeks are stuffed full of food with a drop of tomato sauce on the corner of his mouth as he hums in delight, chewing rapidly. Ilya's grip on his fork tightens painfully and he has to look away to not do something silly right there in front of everyone, like lie on the floor and beat his arms and legs against the wood in fondness, silently screaming. Shane's white knuckled grip on his diet had loosened with the pregnancy, partially because of doctor's orders and Ilya's encouragement. But then Ilya had found Shane didn't really have a problem with it as the months passed and his belly swelled with their child. And it was moments like this that Ilya was reminded of just how far his mate has come in his relationship with food.

But also how deliciously adorable Shane looks with a mouthful of food, eyes brightening as he takes another bite, a hand resting on top of his bump as he chews happily. That's also something Ilya has noticed Shane has been doing since he began showing. He always has a hand cradling the bump without realising, absentmindedly stroking the roundness as he watches TV, eats, talks. It's like Shane's trying to kill him. Or make Ilya bend him over and breed him again. Ilya happily would, he'd drop his pants on command, Shane only has to say the word.

Ilya had to concentrate on chewing to not reach out and just *squeeze* his mate and nom on his cheeks.

Which brings Ilya back to his nighttime research. He slowly inches backwards, arm stretched out behind him and fumbling for his phone. Shane twitches at the increasing distance between them, a sleepy questioning hum being pulled out from his throat, even in slumber. Ilya hushes soothingly, carding his fingers softly through Shane's hair, fingers ghosting over the mating bite near his scent gland, skirting along the cut of his jaw to coat Shane in his scent. It does the trick, Shane settling slowly with a contented sigh, snuggling deeper into the pillow at his cheek, scent mellowing out.

Ilya could ask Shane, but he doesn't really know how to say it without sounding psychotic. And whilst the two share practically everything, there are some things that are best kept to himself. Plus Ilya felt like a creep, and for someone who rarely felt any shame when it came to loving his husband loudly, this just felt different. And he didn't know what to do about it. So he decides that asking someone will be his next option after the internet. The decision was foolproof. Clearly.

Ilya turns the brightness on his phone all the way down as he pulls up Google, looking up to make sure Shane is still fast asleep. He pauses for a moment, trying to think of the best way of describing his predicament. The problem was, Ilya couldn't quite explain it himself. After a few minutes of ruminating, he finally settles on:

Why do I want to eat my husband?

Top result: **Wife found guilty of cannibalising her husband, remains found in basement**

Ilya frowns down at his screen. Well *that* wasn't it. He huffs quietly in frustration, before backspacing and trying again.

Wanting to squish and bite my husband

The search lags, and Ilya taps the tips of his thumbs impatiently against the screen, chewing on his bottom lip. Finally the page refreshes.

Top result: **Why boundaries in relationships are important**

Ilya rolls his eyes, on the verge of giving up. Clearly whoever wrote that article has never experienced the need to eat their husband's ass right after they've finished working out, or evidently, do not have their own Shane. And they did have boundaries, obviously. But whatever Ilya was feeling was not anything to do with that, and he knew it.

After scrolling through the rest of the similarly useless results and coming up even more confused and frustrated than ever, Ilya growls softly to himself and puts his phone back on charge. He moves up closer behind Shane to wrap a hand around his waist, chin hooking on his shoulder, sighing softly. He drags his nose across the line of Shane's shoulder, inhaling the milky scent of his pregnant mate and lets it lull him to sleep.

Everything was fine. Perhaps the urge to nibble on his pregnant mate will go away with time.

The urge did not go away. In fact, it only worsened. If Ilya knew any better he'd think Shane was doing it on purpose. That could be the only reason Shane was currently standing in front of the mirror in their walk-in closet, frowning down at the various t-shirts in his hands. But what was drawing Ilya's eyes (and cock) was the fact that Shane was wearing the Ottawa Centaurs tank top that Shane normally wears in the team's gym sessions. Except the t-shirt was clearly too small for Shane's now enormous belly and the fabric only made it a centimetre above his bellybutton, the material stretched taut across the roundness of his stomach. The Ottawa Centaurs logo was all misshapen from the stretch.

Which meant that Ilya was able to see the majority of his mate's naked pregnant belly, including the stretch marks that lingered around his hips above the waistband of his shorts, edging round his belly like a hug.

Ilya could register a bell ringing distantly in his ears, which he figured was the alarm for his sanity quickly leaving him, the longer he stands staring at his husband. But he can't help it - what is he meant to do? *Ignore* his beautiful, heavily pregnant mate standing there like an

oblivious angel sent from heaven? The suggestion was blasphemous. And the only thing Ilya knew how to do was worship him.

The object of that devotion who is currently pouting unhappily down at the t-shirts in his hands like they've done something egregious. Shane goes to fling them into the drawer before he stops, contemplating, and then delicately folds them. He drops them heavily with an annoyed huff into the drawer and slamming it shut.

'It's too *hot* for any of these, nothing fits properly.' Shane complains without turning around, looking at their closet with his hands on his hips. Ilya watches him in the reflection of the mirror and has to tamp down the dreamy sigh that threatens to spill from his lips.

It was a particularly warm summer, and even with their air conditioning on full blast, Shane's cheeks were still a rosy pink from a pregnancy flush, forehead dewy with sweat.

That paired with the exposed spanse of pregnant belly shimmering with stretchmarks that Ilya loves to lick and kiss, has Ilya's temperature rising too, the blood rushing to his cock with interest. Because Shane looked magnificent, he always did but right now Ilya has an urge to drop on his knees and promise the world. He wishes he had his phone on him so he could take a picture, make it his lockscreen, print it out and stick it around their home, get it tattooed across the inside of his eyelids so he would see it every time he blinks and goes to sleep.

'Ilya?'

Ilya blinks, jerking forward on instinct at the call of his name dropping from the mouth of his husband. Shane's looking at him in the mirror expectantly.

Ilya has to unstick his tongue from the roof of his mouth to answer. 'Yes *malysh*?' It comes out hoarser than he'd like, but Shane doesn't notice. He makes a frustrated sound from the back of his throat, which has Ilya's alpha perking up in alarm. Ilya comes to stand behind Shane, chest to his back, large hands skimming the warm skin of his mate's belly, nose nudging behind his ear comfortingly.

'It's too *hot*. I'm melting. Everything I try on isn't helping. I just feel even worse.' Shane whines unhappily, shoulders dropping as he glares at their open closet. The pregnancy had also intensified Shane's already sensitive sensitivity to certain fabrics on his skin. It's why Shane has taken to wearing their more worn and well washed clothes with stretched necklines. Most of them being Ilya's, which Ilya had absolutely no problem with. It was one of the things he hopes remains after their pup comes.

'Just wear this.' Ilya says casually, trying to not sound too hopeful as his fingers pluck at the hem of the stretched tank top, dropping a kiss to Shane's exposed shoulder.

Shane leans back into his hold, sighing with a frown. 'I can't wear this, it's too small. I'm only wearing it because I found it at the back of our closet, I thought I lost it.'

Ilya hums in sympathy, nipping at Shane's mating mark to hear his breath hitch. Ilya hides his smile in the nape of Shane's neck, nose nudging against his hairline to scent him gently.

Suddenly Shane is wiggling out of his arms, Ilya's hands tightening automatically on his hips.

'Too hot,' Shane complains, and Ilya forces himself to let go, almost mournfully, fingers tingling as they drop from Shane's exposed belly. He shifts slightly to the side so he can see the line of Shane's nose, the pudginess of his rosy, freckled cheek, the puff of his pouting bottom lip. He sucks in air quickly through his teeth to not lean forward and *bite*. Or just squish Shane's head between his hands like a ball of dough. Maybe lick him.

Jesus fucking Christ. Ilya's fists clench in poorly suppressed restraint.

'I think you look nice.' Ilya says, eyes dropping to Shane's belly and the stretchmarks there like he's hypnotised. He drags his gaze up after a minute to see Shane staring at him in the reflection, an eyebrow quirked and a knowing smile on his lips.

'Ilya. Half my belly is out.'

'Yes. It's nice. Sexy. All the hot mommies are wearing t-shirts like this now. Plus, it is hot. Let baby breathe cool air.' Ilya argues, gaze appreciative.

The unexpected sudden pulse of want in Shane's scent has Ilya's eyes snapping to meet Shane's in the mirror. It's practically dragged out of Shane's scent unwillingly, if the scarlet across Shane's cheeks is anything to go by and how he begins to fidget, shifting his weight from foot to foot. *That's new*. He skims a hand down to rest against Shane's belly and hooking his chin on his shoulder, a dark edge to his gaze forming as he stares at his mate.

Ilya had said the word 'mommy' flippantly, not thinking anything about it, rolling off the tongue like honey. It wasn't a word Ilya had said out loud before in relation to Shane, but seeing the way Shane's lashes flutter, his chest expanding rapidly, eyes dropping to the floor has Ilya pausing for thought. To be fair, Shane is pure MILF material.

'I'm—I'm not, don't say that word.' Shane fumbles, his fingers playing at the edge of his shorts. Ilya suppresses the smirk threatening to break free. Shane was always so easy to read, so much so Ilya calls himself the Shane expert. It was like they were born for each other, to understand one another on a level beyond the human. It was a connection of the soul. And right now, Shane's house was made of glass with Ilya rolling a sharp pebble between his fingers. And by God, Ilya hadn't won Rookie of the Year all those years ago for having shit aim. It was perfect, and he was ready to make an Ilya shaped hole in Shane's flimsy defenses.

Ilya hums questioningly, tilting his head down to leave a lingering kiss against Shane's exposed neck, eyes sharp and watching from his spot. His palm spans wide across Shane's belly.

'Not say what? Mommy? But that's what you are, aren't you? *Mommy*.' Ilya trails kisses up Shane's throat with every word to whisper the last word hotly against the shell of his ear. His gaze doesn't drop from their reflection, watching as Shane continues to avoid his gaze with red tipped ears.

The single word muttered against his ear has Shane shivering, a small, helpless little sound from the back of his throat falling free, needy scent magnifying tenfold. The smooth vanilla

fills Ilya's nostrils like a drug, and Ilya pumps out more pheromones in response, their scents tangling together as the temperature in the closet rises.

'Ilya,' Shane whispers, eyes flitting up to his husband's almost longingly, teeth sinking into his lip. Ilya's fingers flex against Shane's belly, growling lowly, inhaling deeply to have Shane's scent sink into his bones. The guttural sound has Shane gasping quietly, responding with a high keen and leaning back into Ilya's chest, head nestling under the crook of his chin.

Ilya takes the opportunity to lathe his tongue across his mating mark, sucking on it harshly to watch as Shane's eyes gloss over, lips parting. Shane lifts a hand to clutch at the one petting his belly, panting heavily.

'Yes, mommy?' Ilya drawls, and Shane moans softly, baring his neck to give Ilya's lips more space. Ilya seizes the submission by sinking his teeth over Shane's mark to make the man nestled against him choke on a strangled moan, jerking forward on instinct. Ilya drags him back into his chest.

'M' really hot.' Shane mutters to himself, eyes fluttering closed. Ilya huffs out a laugh, dragging his lips against Shane's racing pulse as his hands move to finger the hem of the tank top stretched across Shane's bump.

'Then let's take this off, *Da?*' Ilya doesn't wait for Shane's eager nod to curl his fingers beneath the material and begin to drag the tank top up over his head. Every inch reveals more of Shane's smooth, round belly and Ilya can't help the pleased little rumble that vibrates from his chest at the reminder that he bred his mate so good he knocked him up. *Him*. Ilya. No one else.

His pupils bleed through the blue further once he lifts the top above Shane's tits. Another added bonus is how much fuller Shane's chest has become, nipples heightening in sensitivity, always puffy and practically begging to be touched. And Ilya has the grand view in the mirror as he pulls the tank up past his collarbones.

'Up.' Ilya says and Shane lifts his arms immediately, and Ilya tugs it over his head to dump it on the floor by their feet. Shane's hair is askew from the motion, and he already looks ruined when all Ilya's done is call him mommy and kiss his neck a little.

His rosy cheeks glow in the warm light of their walk in closet, freckles shimmering, warm doe eyes half lidded, and plump pink lips parted on a panting breath. Swollen tits and pregnant belly curled with stretchmarks all on display for Ilya to admire, and all for him to have.

Ilya swears under his breath, jaw clicking with restraint. That familiar feeling that Ilya still can't name rears its head once more but instead of trying to figure that out, he focuses on his mate in front of him who is beginning to writhe in his arms.

'Better?' Ilya asks lowly, sucking on Shane's earlobe.

Shane whines, nails digging into Ilya's forearms where they rest on his stomach, cradling him and his belly. 'No, still so hot, *Ilya*.'

Shane's answer tapers into another whine and the reedy drawl has Ilya snarling against his ear loudly. The sound has Shane going limp, slick soaking his already damp underwear so much that Ilya can feel it against his own shorts.

'Then let alpha fix it, hmm? Gonna let me help, mommy?' Ilya asks, eyes locked on Shane's. He hears Shane's breath stutter, the grip on his forearms tightening painfully but he pays it no heed.

Shane nods once, licking his lips as he eyelashes flutter with need, a high keen building up in his throat at the dark promise in Ilya's voice.

Ilya wastes no time in whisking Shane to the bedroom, lying him down gently on the end of their bed and tugging down his shorts. The material is wet with his slick and Ilya presses it to his nose for a moment to greedily inhale the scent, eyes closing at the sweet, musky scent. Jesus, he wants to inject it into his veins.

But an impatient whine of 'Alpha' has Ilya's eyes snapping open, shorts dropping from his fist to set his eyes on the delicacy spread out before him. Shane writhes against the sheets, and Ilya has to lift himself up to see Shane's face over the swell of Shane's belly, pressing kisses against the taut skin as he moves up.

Shane pants into his mouth as they lick into each other's mouths before Ilya sinks between his mate's legs, murmuring sweet nothings against the heated skin as he pins Shane's thighs to the mattress. And then Ilya feasts. He's almost rabid with it, but he can't help it. Slick drips down his chin, it's across his face, his nose, he's pretty sure some is in his hair (Ilya thinks distantly that maybe Shane's slick could make a great hair gel). He slurps it all down like a dying man having his last supper. He fucks his tongue past Shane's rim to hear his husband moan loudly, fingers curling into his curls and tugging on them, pulling Ilya closer. And like a dog on a leash, Ilya happily follows, letting Shane drag him deeper between his thighs to lick up the rivulets of slick dripping from his ass like a faulty tap.

Ilya groans into it, thumb tugging at the rim to spread it wider as his tongue flicks inside as a finger joins alongside it. Shane chokes above him, crying out as the pad of his finger curls to rub against his prostate.

'Ilya—oh fuck, *fuck*,' He babbles and Ilya moans at the heavy taste of Shane on his tongue, clinging to the back of his throat as he slides another finger in down to the last knuckle. Shane's thighs jerk to cradle his head.

Ilya unlatches his mouth from Shane's hole to murmur, 'Yeah? Is mommy gonna come?'

Shane sobs, overwhelmed, hair sticking to his forehead as his cock drips, lying neglected against his hip and pregnant belly.

'Yes, yes gonna come, mommy—mommy's gonna come,' Shane slurs out above him and he sounds so utterly gone that it has Ilya snarling against the sensitive skin of Shane's inner thigh, nipping at the area with his teeth. Ilya's fingers press against the soft place inside of him rhythmically as he sucks loudly at Shane's rim, coaxing more slick to stream out. Call him greedy, but when your husband tastes this good, it's hard to know moderation.

Shane comes with quivering thighs and fingers tight in Ilya's hair, untouched cock spurting cum to paint the underside of his belly, crying out an incoherent string of Ilya's name. And Ilya licks it all up with a satisfied hum, cock heavy with the taste of his mate on his tongue, the feel of his slick drying on his face. Ilya feels claimed. And he crawls up the bed with his instincts singing with the feeling that Shane's scent will cling to him for days after, letting everyone know exactly who Ilya belongs to.

Ilya jerks awake like he's been shot, instincts flaring as he shoots upright, teeth bared, crowding over Shane's body like a feral guard dog. There's a rumbling coming from somewhere, a dark and heavy sound that permeates the room.

It takes a moment for him to realise the sound is coming from *him*, a ferocious continuous growl being beaten from his chest like a drum as the dark room comes into focus. As does his mate, who is looking up at him wide eyed, the hand curled around Ilya's bicep stilling, clearly stopping in shaking his mate awake at the sight of Ilya ready to rip someone's throat out.

It takes a moment for Ilya to come back to himself. He sniffs at the air experimentally, seeking out any unknown threat but his nose only fills with the scent of him and his mate. Shane's retains its usual vanilla sweet and milky smell which reaffirms Ilya's half feral mind that his husband was not in immediate danger, and neither was their baby. The sharpness in Ilya's scent softens slightly, peppermint now a little less burning of the nose.

He can feel his hackles dropping slightly, but he doesn't move from his position over Shane, though he does skirt a hand to hold his husband's hip, fingers smoothing over the stretchmarks there fervently.

Ilya's rapid breathing begins to smooth out, and he looks down, a hand petting the side of Shane's face. He leans down to scent along Shane's jaw and drops a kiss there before speaking in a gruff, sleep-addled timbre.

'Are you okay? Is it the baby?' Ilya murmurs, the hand on Shane's hips sliding over the swell of his belly.

Shane's eyes drop to his chest, fingers fiddling with the ring that hangs on the chain around Ilya's neck.

'Yeah I'm fine, I'm just—,' he hesitates, a little blush blooming across his cheeks as he pauses.

Ilya croons softly, nose digging into his mate's cheek and inhaling deeply, trying to decipher what's wrong with him through scent alone.

'Tell me *malysh*.' Ilya prompts against Shane's ear. Shane clutches at his bare shoulders as he mumbles something that Ilya can't quite catch.

Ilya nudges a finger under his chin to draw his husband out from where he hides in the crook of his neck with a questioning look.

Shane flits his eyes up to Ilya's, a sheepish smile on his face. 'I'm hungry.'

Ilya blinks as Shane peers up at him expectantly, before he falls into action immediately, unquestioning. 'What for? What do you want to eat?'

Ilya's already running through all the food they have in the fridge in his mind, fingers twitching to get up immediately and peruse their kitchen for whatever Shane wants, when Shane speaks softly, shyly.

'A snickers. And those pickles from the gas station near the rink? You know the big ones you can get in those different flavours?'

Ilya knows exactly what Shane's talking about because they are the exact same ones Shane has previously turned his nose up at whenever they see them in supermarkets or gas stations. The gas station near the rink, which Shane was referring to, sold four different variations of them. If Ilya remembers correctly, Shane had called them 'full of god knows what, artificial crap and flavourings.' Safe to say, they were not a staple of his husband's diet. But clearly rules didn't apply here in all of Shane's pregnant glory.

Shane looks up at him hopefully under his lashes, tongue darting out to lick his lip as he clearly begins to fantasise about it. Ilya drops a kiss on his nose, replying with an easy, 'Okay.'

He draws back, whipping the covers off him as he begins to look around for a pair of sweatpants. Ilya snags a hoodie off the vanity and shoves his feet into a pair of battered converse before turning to Shane who's now sitting up against the pillows. He's wearing one of Ilya's t-shirts, which is already oversized on the alpha, and whilst Shane isn't much smaller than him, the collar still gapes enough to show his collarbone. He looks so cosy, soft with sleep, hand resting on his pregnant belly, eyes bright and hopeful. Ilya wants to gnaw on him like a dog with a bone. Nicely, of course.

Ilya smiles, dragging the duvet up higher to rest above his belly but not before dropping a kiss against the bump. Ilya shamelessly tucks his mate in before kissing him, a sweet, lingering one that has Shane humming into it.

'Pickles and snickers, yes?' Ilya checks and Shane nods vigorously.

Ilya pulls back, a hand petting Shane's hair for a moment. 'Okay, won't be long. Do not move.'

Shane huffs out a laugh, as if he has anywhere to go, and Ilya moves to leave the room, pocketing his phone.

'And ice cream!' Comes a shout just as Ilya is about to close the bedroom door. Ilya pokes his head round the door to see Shane playing with his fingers, a very deliberate pout on his face. Ilya wants to laugh that Shane thinks he has to pull out dirty pouting tricks to get what he wants. But Ilya won't tell him that, he likes to see his mate's lip jutted out like that, makes him want to bite it, suck it into his mouth.

‘What flavour?’ He asks easily and Shane’s reply is instant.

‘Chocolate.’

Ilya simply nods, before pressing a kiss to his fingers and flying it through the air as he disappears.

The cashier didn’t even blink when Ilya had shown up at the counter with all four different flavoured large pickles, four snickers (one for each pickle of course), and a monstrous tub of their most expensive chocolate ice cream at two-thirty in the morning. Much like Ilya hadn’t even blinked when Shane had woken him up in the middle of his night to go get him food.

It wasn’t really something Ilya thought about, and he never would. The idea of not making sure his very pretty, very hot, very talented husband and mate who is also pregnant, gets everything he wants was absurd. Which brings him back to the now.

‘Oh my God, fuck this is so good.’ Shane moans and Ilya has to pinch his thigh to divert the attention flooding to his cock at Shane’s breathy cadence, which is hard considering the sound is usually heard when Ilya is using his cock, mouth or fingers to have his mate see stars.

Except this time it's a pickle covered in chocolate ice cream. Ilya has been replaced by a pickle. Figures. At least Ilya’s cock was bigger than the pickle, but Ilya was not going to have a dick measuring contest with a pickle obviously. *Obviously*.

Ilya had hesitated on how to give the food to his husband, so he resorted to piling large scoops of ice cream in a large bowl, slicing two of the pickles into it, and also slicing two of the snickers to place it alongside them. He brought the bowl on a tray, with the other unwrapped pickles and snickers alongside it - just in case. He was also going to bring the tub of ice cream in but thought it might melt. And if Shane wanted more he could always go and get it.

When he had walked into the bedroom Shane had visibly brightened, his smile likening to the sun. His scent had pulsed *happy happy happy*, and Ilya had inhaled it greedily. It made him want to puff out his chest and strut around like one of those idiotic alphas he sees more often than not on the ice. And Ilya was *not* one of those. But if his chest did puff out just a little, smile widening and scent heightening in pleasure at Shane’s reaction, then that was his business alone. Ilya would like to see anyone try and *not* do that when faced with the beautiful sight that is his husband waiting for him to return, hands resting on his pregnant belly, toes clearly wiggling in excitement under the covers.

Ilya sits beside Shane, eyes practically the shape of hearts as Shane digs his spoon into the mountain of ice cream and picks up some pickle too. The combination was unusual, maybe a little weird objectively, but Shane clearly loved it. Ilya didn’t need to know anything else.

Especially not when Shane is currently balancing his bowl of ice cream on his bump as a makeshift table. Ilya was close to losing his mind.

Between each spoonful, Shane eats a piece of snickers. A little drop of chocolate is smeared at the corner of his mouth, and Ilya drags his thumb across it before sucking it into his mouth. Shane glances at him, cheeks full and eyes soft in contentment. His freckles appear warmer in the glow of the bedside lamp. In fact, Shane is practically glowing. Ilya's own little sun. He planned to bask in his warmth forever.

Shane swallows, humming happily and his shoulders do a little wiggle that has Ilya simultaneously wanting to bang his head against the wall and squish Shane to his chest to shower him with kisses, cheeks bunched up from the press of Ilya's fingers. Yeah, that was totally normal. The unsuccessful google search from nights ago still spins around in his brain like a carousel, but Ilya lets it whirl off into the recesses of his mind. Maybe this was something that can't be explained, and Ilya was fine with that possibility. It was better than worrying about being a suppressed cannibal.

'It's good?' Ilya instead asks quietly, and Shane moans in reply around a spoonful of ice cream.

'God yeah.'

So Ilya sits with his cheek resting on a fist, watching his husband devour the food Ilya had gone out and bought him, a fuzzy warmth enveloping his chest. Shane is obviously licking at the spoon (Ilya watching with a tense jaw and dark eyes - again, Shane is trying to *kill* him) when he stops suddenly, looking down at his belly with wide eyes.

'Oh.'

Ilya perks up, gaze dropping to his belly as his hands come to hover above it cautiously, firing off questions. 'What is it? Are you okay? Is the ba—,'

Shane cuts off his rapid questioning by grabbing his wrist, placing his hand against the swell of his belly, just under his belly button. Ilya opens his mouth to ask another question when he feels it.

A strong kick against his hand that has Ilya's breath catching in his throat. His eyes meet Shane's, and Shane's wide eyed stare creases at the corner with his smile. It wasn't the first time they had felt their pup kicking, but every time it felt like it was the first time. Ilya remembers the way he had almost fell over himself to race to Shane after hearing his delighted cry the first time it happened, skidding round the corner to come to a halt at Shane smiling so wide and hands waving him over frantically.

Ilya feels it again and he smiles down at the place where his large palm rests against Shane's bump.

'Baby likes pickles.' He says with an indulgent laugh as he drops a lingering kiss against Shane's belly. Shane laughs along with him, and Ilya moves up to pull Shane into a deep kiss. He can taste the chocolate on Shane's tongue as well as the saltiness from the pickle, and he can't get enough. They swap kisses until their lips are swollen, Ilya catching each sweet sigh that drops from Shane's mouth with his own.

With Shane progressing closer and closer to his due date, mornings that were previously defined by 6am alarm clocks, morning runs and green smoothies (that in Ilya's opinion, tasted like death), were now re-shaped to move at a slower pace. Ilya couldn't be more thankful, because he loves sleeping in and it's even nicer to do so when his mate is doing the same.

Especially when he gets to see Shane all sleep soft, cheeks warm and scent gentle as he quietly snores the morning away. Ilya has him tucked to his chest, Shane having a leg hooked over his pregnancy pillow, belly cradled by it.

Ilya blinks awake slowly, digging his nose into the soft head of hair in front of him, inhaling the smell of Shane's shampoo sleepily. The hand cradling Shane's waist flexes, rubbing at the exposed strip of skin there softly. The sun peeks beneath the curtains, stretching across the hardwood floors. A crack in the curtains has the light spreading out in shards across their sheets, and Ilya feels it glowing against their skin.

He drops a kiss against the warm skin at Shane's nape. Shane shifts slightly, curling backwards instinctively at the touch, still fast asleep. Ilya can't help the lazy smile that tugs at the corners of his lips as his hand drifts to rest against the curve of his mate's belly. The rough palm spans against the skin possessively, not being able to help the rumble that vibrates from his chest. It's an instinctive sound, one of protection, a claiming rumble that not many hear these days. It's primitive, entirely *alpha*. Ilya had never made the sound until he met Shane.

The first time it happened, it was in a hotel in the years when they were still meeting in secret, pretending that it still didn't mean anything. Ilya had Shane's arms pinned above his head as he drove him into the mattress with the snap of his hips, chest to chest and breathing into each other's mouths. And Shane had just been so *good* and pliant, taking everything Ilya was giving him so sweetly. Ilya had dived down to capture Shane's lips into a messy kiss, and then Shane had slurred out a wispy call of 'Alpha', the first time he had ever referred to Ilya as that.

Ilya thinks Shane didn't even know he had said it, for every press against his prostate had him boneless against the sheets, eyes glassy. He was deep in the headspace that he sinks into every time Ilya had him like that. A place Shane only allows himself to go to away from the ice, the judgemental glare of the cameras as one of the few omega players in the NHL.

But the word had unlocked something deep in Ilya's mind that he hadn't ever experienced or felt before. And suddenly the sound was rumbling from his chest and Shane had heard it, responding with a high omegan trill from the back of his throat. The omega had shuddered, coming between them with Ilya's growl filling his mind, his ears and his senses.

Ilya was embarrassed afterwards. It was not the sort of sound you made to a casual hook-up partner and he had tampered it down aggressively whenever he felt it again. But now, married, mated and finally playing for a team that loves and supports them both, Ilya lets it rip freely.

A low whine instinctively comes from the back of Shane's throat, tinged with sleep as he nuzzles his face into the plushness of the pregnancy pillow resting beneath his cheek. Ilya's

palm travels across the roundness of Shane's belly, tracing the swell of Shane's tits before stilling.

Ilya has to bite down on the snarl that threatens to rip from his throat as his fingers register the dampness on the material where Shane's nipples are. Shane was leaking.

Shane's milky vanilla scent sweetens, and Ilya swipes his nose against Shane's mating gland to coax more of it out into the open, nipping at it gently.

He slowly shifts so his fingers ghost over Shane's tits, squeezing one over the T-shirt to hear his mate moan softly in his sleep. He can feel the damp spot spread across the material.

Shane shifts again, slowly waking as Ilya's hands slide underneath the t-shirt to brush against Shane's sensitive, leaking nipples. The touch has Shane gasping, head tilting back to rest beneath Ilya's chin, eyelashes fluttering.

'Good morning.' Ilya mutters gruffly, as his fingertips trace the edge of Shane's puffy areolas. Shane's answer is a reedy moan, a light little sound tinged with slumber, chest arching into the touch.

Shane reaches an arm up behind him to sink his fingers amongst Ilya's soft curls. Ilya sucks at his mating mark to feel Shane shudder beneath him, fingers circling his sensitive nipples with a feather light touch. The teasing has Shane whining, gasping softly on little pants of breath.

'*Alpha.*' He whispers needily and Ilya answers with a possessive growl, fingers finally touching them properly. He tweaks one between his thumb and forefinger, the other he flicks a thumb against softly. The milk continues to leak out, dripping down Ilya's knuckles as he plays with his husband's nipples.

'So sweet, aren't you mommy?' Ilya drawls against Shane's ear to hear Shane's answering moan, 'Such a good omega, making milk for alpha.'

Shane is already panting, nuzzling under Ilya's chin. 'Y-yes, for you.' He responds shyly, kitten licking at the underside of the alpha's jaw.

'Gonna give alpha a taste baby?' And Shane nods frantically, hair tickling Ilya's chin.

With a final harsh twist to Shane's nipples, Ilya draws away and Shane tries to grab him to bring him back with an unhappy mewl but Ilya shushes him soothingly. Ilya scruffs him by the neck briefly to make the omega slump against him. Ilya wastes no time in yanking Shane's t-shirt over his head, flinging it behind them somewhere.

He knows that if someone saw him now, he'd be the poster boy for a feral alpha. He's sure his eyes are a maroon red, pupils bleeding into the colour to look bottomless, hair wild from Shane tugging on it, muscles bulging as he pulls Shane into his chest. His gaze lasers in on the tracks of milk down Shane's chest, the liquid beading at the tip of his puffy, swollen nipples, round with their child. He looked magnificent, and he was all Ilya's. He was Ilya's

mate, his husband, his love, his omega. And Ilya would never grow tired of reminding himself of the fact.

He licks up a trail of milk that has spilled down Shane's tits, moaning at the sweet milky taste on his tongue as he drags his mouth up to suckle on the source directly. Shane chokes on a moan at the contact, pushing into the touch as his fingers pull at Ilya's curls in a conflicting need to hold onto something at the onslaught of sparks erupting from Ilya's tongue flicking across the tip of his nipple.

Ilya uses the other hand to thumb at the other nipple. Ilya hums around the nub in his mouth and Shane's eyes roll back into his head at the tingling it elicits, moaning loudly.

Ilya can't get enough, he's greedy with the need to taste more of Shane's milk. He'd drink Shane's sweet milk forever, wants it burned onto his tongue so he tastes it every time he swallows. He rolls Shane onto his back to move his mouth to the other one, licking across Shane's tits in his path to get there. He sucks love bites into the skin around his nipples before he sucks the bud into his mouth. He coats it in his saliva before he releases it from his lips with a pop, blowing gently against it to feel Shane shudder, fingers twisting almost painfully in his hair as he keens.

'Taste so good, *moya lyubov*.' He murmurs against the puffy nipples, kissing it once before lashing his tongue against the tip of it. The milk leaks onto his tongue like nectar.

A hiccup of pleasure escapes Shane's mouth, hips twitching as his head tilts back to bare his neck. '*Hngh*, fuck alpha, feels so good.' He slurs, gaze unfocused.

'Yeah?' Ilya mutters darkly, digging his nail into the bud of his nipple to hear Shane cry out. The motion has more milk spilling out and Ilya licks it up greedily. 'Leaking for your alpha, aren't you baby?'

Shane's breath shutters, hips rocking continuously as his lips part to sound out a continuous string of needy noises that has Ilya snarling, biting lightly at the nipple in his mouth.

'All for me isn't it?' Ilya asks and Shane moans, overwhelmed.

'An-and for the baby.' Shane argues weakly, brain fuzzy, tongue thick in his mouth as he tries to talk over the onslaught of pleasure wracking his senses.

Ilya hums teasingly, leaving wet, open mouthed kisses against the abused nipples. 'But you'll let me have a taste won't you? Like a good mommy.'

Shane moans brokenly, writhing in Ilya's hold. 'Just-just a little,' he breathes out, 'Have to save some—,' he loses track of his sentence when Ilya sucks a nipple into his mouth, pinching the other harshly between his fingers.

'Save some for the baby.' Shane finishes eventually on a breath that tapers off into an open mouthed moan as Ilya coaxes more milk onto his tongue. Shane doesn't really know what he's saying, his mind's all over the place - Ilya has that effect.

Ilya chuckles darkly against Shane's tits before he drags his mouth upwards, sucking marks into Shane's exposed throat before he mutters against his ear.

'Yeah? I can have a little *malysh*?' He asks teasingly, fingers playing with his mate's nipples, flicking them, twisting and pulling on the sensitive nubs to have Shane writhing against him. Ilya can feel the dampness of Shane's slick through his shorts from where his ass is nestled against Ilya's rock hard cock.

Ilya tilts Shane's to face him, licking into his mouth filthily as his pregnant husband clutches onto him, ass grinding back into Ilya with a moan. Ilya pulls back to hear Shane mumble a reply.

'Yes, alpha can have a little.' He promises sweet as pie, voice soft as a feather, clutching Ilya's face between his palms to kiss him again, seeking Ilya's lips hungrily.

'Don't worry baby, alpha will try and not be too greedy hmm?'

And then Ilya descends like a madman, teeth nipping, tongue sucking a nipple into his mouth as his fingers pull and tease at the other. Ilya moans at the burst of sweet milk on his tongue and Shane collapses into it, his shorts stained with precum and slick as he lets his mate ravage his nipples, making them puffy and sore. They're so sensitive anyway with the pregnancy, but Ilya is incessant in heightening every sensation as he tugs a nipple between his teeth and pulls on it to hear Shane hiss.

His hand drags a path downwards, smoothing over the curve of Shane's heavily pregnant belly to slip under his shorts, grasping his neglected cock in a tight fist. Shane chokes on a moan, hips kicking up into it as Ilya slowly begins to jerk him off, the slide slick with the copious amount of precum leaking from his slit.

And that's how Shane comes, body wracked with the intensity of his orgasm, with Ilya's mouth attached to his nipples and a hand around his cock. Shane lies boneless against the bed, sinking into it with slow blinking eyes as Ilya licks up his release with a pleased hum.

Ilya crawls up the bed to kiss his mate into bliss. And when Shane sucks his thumb into his mouth, fingers digging into the waistband of Ilya's shorts with an impatient whine and half lidded eyes, Ilya has no choice but to follow.

Especially when his mate drops his mouth open and sticks out his tongue, blinking prettily up at him from where Ilya straddles his mate's chest, flushed and leaking cock in hand. Who is Ilya to resist such an offering? And Ilya slides into the wet heat like it's home - one of his many.

It's when Shane's napping on the couch in late afternoon that Ilya decides to pull up Google for the second, and he thinks, last time. Ilya cards his fingers through Shane's hair gently, his mate's head in his lap as he snores softly.

His fingertips hover over the keys as he once again tries to translate his feelings into intelligible English. He ends up typing and retyping so much that in the end, he simply puts:

pregnant husband is so cute I want to eat him. no cannibal.

The first thing that comes up is a Reddit thread. The title reads: **My (27F A) girlfriend (26F B) is so cute I feel like a creep. I can't stop staring at her and wanting to squish her cheeks. Is this normal?**

Ilya's eyes immediately lighten in interest. His gaze falls to the top comment, holding his breath as he reads.

yourmom696969: sounds like you have a case of severe cuteness aggression. That's common when you're disgustingly in love. Can't relate.

Ilya frowns at the unknown phrasing, re-reading it multiple times and muttering it under his breath.

Cuteness aggression.

The two words have considerably opposite meanings, yet with the amount of upvotes the user's received it would suggest other people know what it is too. Ilya comes out of the thread to return to Google, typing in the phrase and pressing search.

Ilya spends about twenty minutes scrolling through articles and websites on the topic, and with every minute his brain sharpens in clarity, his chest lightening with the realisation that he was not in fact, a raging fucking creep. He looks down at the beautiful man he has the privilege of calling his husband and mate in his lap, who shifts a little, head turning slightly with a quiet sigh, nose nuzzling into Ilya's thigh.

Ilya can see a crease imprinted on Shane's cheek from where he's been lying across the rumpled material of Ilya's shorts. He traces it with a feather light touch, watching fondly as Shane's nose twitches at the ticklish feeling. The familiar urge to bite the end of his mate's nose and aggressively squish his cheeks rises in his chest, but this time instead of trying to tamper it down, he lets it sink into his bones, the gentle roar of it warming his heart.

Yes. Ilya has a severe case of cuteness aggression. But who wouldn't when you had a Shane to call yours? Not that anyone would be able to relate to Ilya's specific case, because the only person allowed to feel that way about his husband was Ilya.

Yes, his husband was very cute. And Shane had always evoked feelings in Ilya that he had previously never experienced, and they always manifested like nuclear bombs on Ilya's sense of normalcy and sanity. Ilya has never felt anything resembling moderation when it came to Shane. At first it was terrifying, had Ilya cowering back out of fear of what it could do to him, how it would compromise him in a way he was always taught was 'unmanly' or 'un-alpha' according to his father and brother. Except when Ilya finally gathered the courage to embrace it, to welcome it in with open arms, he realised how fucking *good* it felt. It was like stepping out into the sun after a lifetime of hibernating in a cold, lonely cave, and Ilya was so hungry to feel the warmth on his skin, in his bones, as it wrapped around his heart.

So it was no surprise that this feeling didn't come in a controllable or sensible form either. If anything, Ilya should have expected it.

Shane mumbles something under his breath, groaning softly as he does a cat stretch, curling into Ilya's stomach with a yawn as his eyes squint open. He sits up slightly on an elbow, the other hand rubbing at his eyes sleepily, lips in a pout.

'How long was I asleep?' Shane asks blearily, blinking up at Ilya in question. Ilya swallows harshly, fingertips tracing the curve of his cheek as he pushes a strand of hair behind Shane's ear. He leans down to kiss the cheek he so badly wants to bite.

'Not long, sleep more *malysh*, we have time.' Ilya murmurs softly and at a nudge of Ilya's hand at the back of his neck, Shane goes down willingly, nestling his head against Ilya's stomach with a yawn as he drifts off once more.

It's the next day when Ilya's in the middle of making a pasta salad for lunch (no olives given Shane's latest aversion to them) when Shane comes waddling round the corner barefoot, palm pressed to the middle of his back, the other cradling his heavy belly. He's wearing one of Ilya's t-shirts again but it does nothing to obscure the curve of his stomach, sweatpants resting low on his hips just beneath it.

Ilya freezes for a moment, salad spoon limp in his grip as Shane huffs out a breath so big his rosy cheeks puff up, his hair fluttering with the motion. Ilya swallows harshly, teeth grinding together as the urge to reach out and bite, nuzzle, lick overwhelms him. This, Ilya at least knows now, is a case of cuteness aggression. Or Shane aggression. Or Shane cuteness overload? The way Shane manages to scramble Ilya's brain into mush just with a look, or just by simply existing.

Ilya is shaken from his stupor when Shane groans loudly, coming to rest a hand against the island opposite Ilya.

'Jesus Christ I feel like I'm carrying a giant. My back is never going to be the same, how am I going to be able to play hockey after this?' Shane asks with another groan, hand massaging his lower back as his eyes scrunch shut.

Ilya quickly drops what he's doing to round the counter, coming behind Shane to knock his hands away and replacing them with his own. Ilya begins to massage his lower back, copying what he saw on those Youtube videos that he watched in the first couple months of Shane's pregnancy to prepare for moments such as this.

Shane moans gratefully, head dropping between his shoulders.

Ilya drops a kiss against the nape of his neck. 'It is because our baby will be the greatest hockey player on the planet. After me of course.' He supplies and Shane snorts, glancing back at Ilya with narrowed eyes.

'This is *your* fault anyway. Stupid Russian genes.'

Ilya can't help the bright grin that breaks out on his face, nodding in agreement as his fingers work out a stubborn knot. 'Yes, it is my fault for being such a strong and virile alpha, I will accept this responsibility.'

Shane rolls his eyes but laughs anyway, leaning back into Ilya's chest. 'Yes, this is your responsibility. If our pup is the size of a mountain when he or she comes, I blame you.'

Ilya nods gravely, hands coming to pet Shane's bump out of habit. 'I will love our pup regardless of its size. Even if it is the size of a pea and I have to carry it in my pocket.'

Shane can't help the fond laugh that erupts from his chest, tilting his head back against Ilya's shoulder to look at his mate with a smile. 'You're silly. But I love you.'

Ilya drops a kiss against his lips before he drags his nose against Shane's cheek to scent him. 'I love you too.'

'Besides,' Shane begins, shifting slightly in Ilya's hold with a grunt as he tries and fails to get comfortable, 'This baby is definitely not the size of a pea.'

Ilya hums sympathetically, kissing the shell of his mate's ear. 'You are uncomfortable?'

Shane sighs, resigned, head falling against Ilya's shoulder, titling his head so his cheek rests against his chest. 'Sort of, it's just a lot on my back.' He replies softly, inhaling Ilya's minty scent greedily.

'Ah.' Ilya says in understanding, before his mind clicks with a memory of watching something on his phone a while ago. It was one of those videos that he had skipped past distractedly but then gone back to with a swipe of his thumb.

Slowly, Ilya reaches down to cradle his hands under the swell of Shane's belly, just above where the waistband of his sweatpants rest. He stretches out his hands, fingers splaying widely so they are almost touching in the middle. And then he gently, slowly, lifts Shane's belly so he's carrying the weight of it in his hands.

The reaction is instantaneous.

Shane gasps suddenly, and then moans in delight, collapsing back further and leaning all his weight on Ilya, eyes fluttering closed. Shane's scent pulses with relief, and Ilya can't help the way his own matches it. Ilya hides the smile by nudging his nose into Shane's hair, buzzing with excitement that a simple thing such as this has Shane practically falling into him.

'Wow, that's—that's so nice.' Shane mutters, mostly to himself, exhaling deeply.

'Better?' Ilya prompts, eager to hear again just how useful he's being to his heavily pregnant mate.

Shane moans and Ilya ignores the way heat surges down to his cock at the sound like a Pavlovian dog.

'Fuck yeah, so much better. Wish you could be permanently attached to me doing this until the pup comes.' Shane breathes and Ilya grins, pecking Shane's forehead as a pleasant buzzing settles beneath his skin.

Ilya would be totally up for that if it was possible. Hell, Ilya is practically attached to Shane at all times anyway, something which Shane rolls his eyes at occasionally and scolds Ilya for because he is *not going to disappear if you aren't touching me Ilya. I will still be here.*

But Ilya just likes to make sure, besides he likes touching Shane. Shane is pretty, and soft, and he smells really good. Ilya is a simple man. Plus Shane says all that but he still lets Ilya herd him round their home anyway, letting the alpha nudge him this way and that.

‘We can stay like this for a while then, hmm?’ Ilya offers and Shane nods, humming in agreement as he sighs in content.

They stand like that silently for a few minutes, Shane’s heavy belly cradled in Ilya’s careful hands. Eventually Shane tilts his head against Ilya’s shoulder to glance up at him under his long lashes. The angle gives Ilya a perfect view of the freckles dusting his nose, the roundness of his cheeks thanks to the extra weight of the pregnancy. Little apples that Ilya wants to bite down on. It also gives Ilya the perfect view of Shane’s pregnant belly. It’s like something out of a wet dream. Ilya has the urge to lick him.

‘You’re doing it again.’ Shane says with an amused huff. Ilya blinks, looking at his husband questioningly.

‘Doing what?’

Shane scrunches up his nose in amusement, and Ilya’s grip on his belly tightens at the sight of his cute husband trying not to laugh.

‘That look. You look like you want to eat me.’ He replies, blinking up at him innocently and the corners of his lips twitch into a smile.

Ilya pauses, lips parting to respond but stops. Good to know apparently he wasn’t being subtle, which was kind of embarrassing. Ilya tries to ignore how the tips of his ears are beginning to heat up.

‘I—,’ He begins to argue but at the quirk of his mate’s eyebrow he realises there really is no point in denying it. Instead he shrugs.

‘Maybe I do. You are very tasty.’

Ilya punctuates his last sentence by growling playfully and biting at Shane’s cheeks, just like he’s been wanting to do for months. It has Shane giggling, shoulders curling up to his ears at the lightly ticklish touch. Ilya tapers off his biting to pepper kisses instead.

‘You do it a lot, I’ve noticed.’ Shane murmurs softly. He doesn’t say it accusingly, simply stating an observation, his hands coming to lace with Ilya’s holding his belly. Ilya watches Shane carefully but Shane just looks up at him, warm brown eyes soft and loving.

‘Yes, I have the cuteness disease.’ Ilya responds, face serious.

Shane blinks, before he breaks into surprised laughter. ‘The what?’

He pulls his head off Ilya's shoulder, turning in his hold. Ilya's hands drop slowly from holding Shane's belly to fall to his hips as his mate faces him.

'I did research. I am suffering from cuteness aggression.' Ilya states plainly. Shane's mouth gapes open, hands on Ilya's shoulders.

'Cuteness aggression?' Shane repeats, deadpan.

Ilya nods, hands skimming down to cup Shane's ass, pulling into him so Shane's belly bumps into his abdomen. The weight was a wonderful reminder of what Ilya has done to his beautiful omega husband. What they've created together.

'Yes. Many people suffer from it when their husbands are too cute. It is a very serious condition.' Ilya replies gravely.

Shane's gaze drops to rest on Ilya's chin, fingers tracing the muscle of his shoulders for a moment before he flits his eyes back up. The look is loaded with playful mischief.

'Sounds awful, is there a cure?'

Ilya pretends to think, trying not to let his heart gallop off from out of his chest and a smile to break out as he feigns a serious expression.

'It is, I am suffering greatly, but perhaps there is a solution.' Ilya edges thoughtfully.

Shane smirks, fingers tangling into the curls at the base of Ilya's neck, tugging on them gently. 'Poor alpha,' He drawls, 'do you need omega's help?'

Ilya's breath hitches slightly at the direct address as he nods vigorously, cock already hard. 'Yes, yes I do. Or I think I might die.'

Shane bursts out laughing at Ilya's words, the smirk falling from his face as he shakes his head fondly before pushing at Ilya's chest, nudging his husband backwards.

'Well, we can't have that can we?' He asks and Ilya is practically vibrating with excitement as Shane pushes him towards their bedroom. His metaphorical tail was wagging and he's half a second away from panting with his tongue out like a dog, drooling at the look in his mate's eyes. If Ilya knew he'd get Shane like this, he would have admitted to his urges to want to nibble on him much, *much* earlier.

And as Shane shoves him down on the bed to straddle his lap with Ilya's hands helping him get comfortable, Ilya thinks he's ascending to heaven, can practically taste it on his tongue as Shane kisses him.

'F-fuck, Ilya.' Shane whines out, words punctuated with breathy moans that Ilya practically forces out of him with every thrust of his hips. Ilya kneels above him, eyebrows furrowed as he takes in the sight of his cock shiny with his mate's slick as he withdraws to the tip, admiring the way Shane's hole tries to greedily clamp down on him.

Ilya's necklace swings between his pecs, body glistening with sweat as he snaps his hips forward in a single, deep thrust that has Shane choking on a moan. Ilya passes a rough palm over the swell of Shane's belly, a habit he's picked up ever since they discovered Shane was pregnant.

'So good for me *malysh*,' Ilya croons softly, entranced by the sight of Shane clutching to the sheets beneath him, eyes half lidded as he's jostled up the bed. Shane moans softly at the praise, blinking to try and focus on his mate above him.

Shane reaches his arms up, trying to reach up and drag Ilya down for a kiss but he can't quite manage it, what with the massive belly in the way. It acts as an enormous speed bump, slowing Shane down and preventing him from reaching his mate. And now was not the time for it, not when Shane was already wrung out and sensitive from two orgasms.

Ilya's eyes widen in alarm at the sudden wetness collecting at the corner of Shane's eyes, milky vanilla scent souring slightly as he scrunches his face up unhappily. Ilya shoots forward, cock slipping out as he has to manoeuvre himself carefully above Shane's belly.

'Shane? Baby, what's wrong?' Ilya pets his face in comfort, nose twitching at the distressed scent permeating the room.

Shane's arms immediately curl around his neck, sniffing slightly as he nudges Ilya's nose with his own. 'Want—wanted a kiss. Can't reach you, stupid belly in the way.' He answers grouchily.

Ilya's heart almost combusts at the words, blood roaring at Shane wanting to kiss Ilya so badly he's almost crying. Ilya slants his lips over Shane's, fingers petting his cheek as his tongue traces the plush bottom lip that opens eagerly. They swap soft kisses for a few moments more, Ilya waiting for all the sourness of Shane's scent to depart and to be replaced with its heavy vanilla sweetness and amber that he always gets drunk on in moments like these.

Ilya pulls back slowly but Shane doesn't let him stray far, fingers tightening on his neck, chasing his lips with an unhappy sound.

'Hang on *moya lyubov*, want you comfortable, yes?' Ilya asks gently, scenting him lightly. Shane thinks for a second before nodding slowly, letting Ilya go.

Ilya maneuvers them with careful hands, putting Shane on his side, pillow tucked under his belly. He lies behind him, and places a hand under Shane's knee, tugging it up so he's spread open. Ilya slides back in with a single, sharp thrust that has both moaning, Shane's hole wet and loose with the copious amounts of slick Ilya had coaxed out with his tongue earlier.

Shane loops an arm around Ilya's neck from behind, fingers tight in his hair. Shane's cock slaps against the underside of his belly as Ilya sets a deep, torturous pace. Each thrust nails his prostate dead on, the slide so deliciously wet that the room is filled with the sounds of it as Ilya fucks into his mate.

The angle has Shane twisting his head and Ilya leans down to capture his lips in a kiss. They pant into each other's mouths, Ilya swallowing each moan that falls from Shane's swollen lips.

'So perfect,' He breathes and Shane clenches down on Ilya's cock to have the alpha growling, pace picking up as his hips collide with Shane's ass with a resounding smack.

'Feels so good alpha,' Shane slurs into his mouth and Ilya's fingers tighten in their grip on Shane's thighs.

'Yeah? Does mommy feel good?' Ilya rumbles darkly, mouth trailing to suck at a puffy nipple. Shane cries out on a gasp, hips driving back to chase Ilya's cock.

'Yes, so good, mommy's gonna come, please, want to so bad—,' Shane rambles drunkenly, eyes threatening to roll back. Ilya reaches down to rub a teasing finger across the head of Shane's leaking cock, digging a thumb in the slit.

'Gonna come on my knot baby?' Ilya snarls and Shane nods frantically, gasping and mewling with each brutal shove of Ilya's cock, the telltale feeling of Ilya's knot tugging at his rim.

'*Fuck* yes, yes please, want your knot Ilya,' Shane sobs and Ilya twists his hips to fuck his knot past the tight grip of Shane's hole. Shane's jaw drops open on a silent scream as he comes, cum spurting over Ilya's knuckles where he plays with the head of his cock. The feeling of Shane's hole clenching rhythmically in the wake of his orgasm has Ilya groaning, grinding his hips in filthy circles as he finally fills his mate with his cum, plugging him full.

Ilya sucks at the mating mark displayed on Shane's bared neck, hand tracing aimless shapes on his omega's belly as he pants with the force of his orgasm.

Ilya's ears ring, his toes numb as he continues to fill Shane up with every twitch of his hips. Ilya has the sense to think distantly that if he hadn't already knocked Shane up, he sure would've done tonight with the amount of cum that Shane has fucked out of him.

As he tucks his husband into his arms, both sighing and nuzzling at each other's cheeks, Ilya thinks that having so-called cuteness aggression isn't particularly worrying after all, especially if it means he can have his mate like this.

The lights in their private room are dimmed, and at any other time Ilya would appreciate the soothing colour of the walls.

But right now he's too busy staring down at the pudgy pup swaddled in Shane's arms, entranced. Ilya almost knocked himself out scrambling for the birthing bag at the first sign of Shane's contractions, and now here they were. A family of three.

Their baby sleeps, cheek squished against Shane's naked chest, eyes scrunched shut, clearly exhausted after screaming its lungs out. Ilya's sure he would too if he was dragged from the safety of the womb into the bright lights of the world.

Ilya has to remember to breathe, sucking in air desperately as his eyes well up with tears. It's been hours since their little boy came into the world, but Ilya is still awestruck, counting his fingers and toes over and over again to affirm that this is in fact real. That this is Ilya's life. That he gets *this*.

Shane looks up with a tired smile and sits up slightly with a wince. Ilya's hands hover at the edges automatically and Shane huffs. And then Shane is raising their son, nudging him into Ilya's arms.

And he's so *small*. Well, actually he's not. He came out as a whopping ten pounds, so nowhere near as pea sized as Ilya had jested at weeks ago. Ilya remembers when he first held him in the delivery room, and how his eyes had widened slightly at the weight in his arms, but also how fragile he seemed.

In Ilya's arms, his son is tiny. Little head nestled against his chest, little button nose, pudgy cheek squished against Ilya's heart. Ilya can't help but smile down at his pup, his *son* with a mop of dark hair, a calloused finger coming to delicately trace the bump of his pup's nose. Ilya was ready to give his son the world, the fierce love he felt was almost terrifying.

And then the bundle in his arms is moving, and suddenly there are tiny fingers clutching at Ilya's finger. The size difference is almost comical and Ilya gasps silently, head jerking up to look at Shane wide eyed.

Shane smiles easily, slumped against the pillows, vanilla and amber scent tired but the pulses of sweet happiness are undeniable.

And finally Ilya lets the tears fall, choking on a wet laugh as he feels his son's grip on his finger tighten, nose scrunching as the pup nuzzles deeper into his chest.

Something in Ilya's chest loosens, the door blown wide on its hinges. There were many things Ilya thought he would never get to have in this life, Shane being one of them. Love. And this was another, the bundle in his arm that clung onto him like a lifeline. This was something Ilya and Shane had *made*. *Together*. They had made a family, and it was entirely defined by love. Ilya didn't need to know English or even Russian to understand that. He could feel it in his heart.

End Notes

Ilya is 100% a pillar of the Reddit community

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