

another summer day

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another summer day

by [hollanovflowers](#)

Summary

"Look at yourself, the most beautiful person in the world, my husband, pregnant with our baby. What else am I gonna do other than worship the ground you walk on?" that made Shane huff out a laugh, making Ilya laugh with him. "Don't you ever think that you don't deserve this ever again!"

or when pregnant Shane and husband Ilya are at their cottage for the summer and they are having a day filled with love and some heat

Notes

started writing this at a family function and my sister caught me, thankfully she's fanfic reader herself

this is for all my freaked pregnant shane lovers, love ya ugh (the sound is included in the message)

Edit: This was my first attempt at writing a fic. It might not be the best, but I'm glad to have a place to continue writing and improve myself.

I hope you enjoy!

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

It was a late summer day; Ilya was in the grocery store closest to the cottage getting anything and everything they might need for the week. By now he had Shane's pregnancy cravings down to a T. He filled his cart with fresh strawberries, whip cream, peanut butter, pretzels etc.

He was happy that Shane was eating more food now. He had been very strict about his diet for many years before he found out he was pregnant.

Around mid March Shane started getting tired easily, he couldn't keep down some foods and started vomiting in the mornings. He went to Ottawa Centaurs team doctor who did a blood test for him. That was how they found out he was pregnant. It wasn't planned and it was the middle of the hockey season, but they were really happy.

Ilya remembered the day Shane told him he was pregnant vividly. After his visit to the team doctor, Shane didn't return to the practice. Ilya was concerned about him the whole session. After it ended, he went and looked for Shane, he first looked in the locker room, when he didn't find him there he went and asked Jamie, the team doctor, where Shane might be. He said he didn't know but that Ilya should definitely find him and talk to him.

That made Ilya worried, he then looked for Shane everywhere, eventually finding him alone in the film room. He looked fairly normal, but there was hectic energy in the room. He approached Shane.

"Sweetheart" slowly sitting down next to him and placing a hand gently on the back of his neck "is everything okay? he asked. Shane turned his head and looked Ilya in the eyes. His eyes were a bit watery "I'm pregnant." he said in one breath hanging his head low.

Ilya stared at him in shock. He needed to know how Shane felt about this news before he reacted himself. "How do you feel?" he asked.

Raising his head, placing one hand on Ilya's cheek "I'm happy." he said smiling crookedly. Ilya released a breath in relief. He grabbed Shane, making him sit on his lap sideways and kissed him deeply. Knowing the love of his life was carrying their baby- He didn't have words to describe how he felt.

After they broke apart they looked at each other in the eye, Shane was playing with the curls on the back of Ilya's neck "I know we're in the middle of a season but I'm really happy about this Ilya. I've been playing with Ottawa for six years now, sixteen years total in MLH. Maybe this is a sign I should take a break." he paused giving Ilya a little smirk "You think you can win without me next season?" he said the last part with a smirk.

"You think so highly of yourself Hollander." he said squeezing Shane on his sides, making him squeal. Giggling, Shane pulled him closer and placed his head on Ilya's shoulder and gave a kiss to his neck. They stayed like that holding each other for a while.

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Shane was now five months pregnant, his bump had recently started showing. It made Ilya so happy that Shane was letting Ilya take care of him more and more everyday.

When he arrived home from the grocery store Shane was sitting on the couch watching hockey tapes, classic. When he heard Ilya enter the house he looked up and smiled at him. "Hi."

"Hi sweetheart, how are you feeling?" he asked walking towards the kitchen to place the grocery bags.

"I'm good, though it's too hot, I'm kind of feeling overwhelmed."

Ilya rounded the kitchen island and walked towards Shane. When he reached him "Hi." he said again with a smile and leaned down to kiss his husband. His mouth tasted like strawberries, one of Shane recent cravings.

Ilya sat down next to Shane placing one hand on his neck the other on his baby bump "Would you like to get in the lake today? The water would be good to cool off." he asked.

"Hmm" Shane leaned in to get another kiss from Ilya "Not a bad idea."

"Would you like to eat something first? I can make you tuna melt or I don't know eight burgers?" Ilya teased.

"Asshole." Shane pushed Ilya teasingly and got up from the couch.

"Oh, you love it." said Ilya, getting up from the couch and following Shane.

Ilya loved watching Shane get changed. His body was changing everyday and it felt like an honor being able to witness that. He loved every inch of him and he loved showing Shane how much he loved him.

He helped Shane get into his swimming trunks. The stubborn person that he is, Shane refused to sit down while changing his shorts and Ilya worried that he would lose his balance and fall and that something would happen to him and their baby girl.

After they changed, they went to the deck. Ilya went in first to see how the water was. After deciding it was good, get got out of the water and walked towards Shane who was putting sunscreen on his shoulders.

"Want me to do your back?"

"Yeah, you know you should put some on too, if you want to keep that beautiful skin of yours."

"Ah, so you think I'm beautiful." Ilya said smirking making Shane roll his eyes at him.

Sitting behind Shane on the lounge chair Ilya gave his shoulder a kiss before holding his hand out so that Shane could give him the sunscreen bottle. He put some on his hands before applying it on Shane's back.

He took his time with it, massaging Shane's back in the process, rubbing soothing circles. Shane sighed, turning his face towards the sky. Behind him Ilya smiled giving his neck a kiss, then trailing more kisses down Shane's freckled shoulders.

Shane giggles turning his head towards Ilya, who didn't lose any time capturing Shane's lips with his.

"Ugh, you taste like sunscreen." whined Shane with a frown between his brows.

"You told me to put some on so?"

"Didn't tell you to put it on your lips though."

"You told me to, so i put some on by kissing your back, so what?" Ilya said with an amused smile.

"Asshole." Shane said getting up from the chair to finally get in the water.

They get in the water and swim for while. At some point Shane laid on his back and floated on the water, closing his eyes and soaking in the sun. Ilya looked at him with a big smile, slowly approached him.

He gives Shane's belly, that was visible above the water, a kiss making Shane smile with his eyes still closed.

Ilya grabs Shane by his hips changing his position so that their bodies flush together, as much as they can be with Shane's growing belly between them and Shane's arms and legs wrapped around Ilya, clinging to his husband.

"You feeling better?" asked Ilya giving Shane's lips a peck. Shane chased Ilya's lips when Ilya pulled back to look at Shane's face again. Shane pulled Ilya in one more time for another kiss before giving his answer "Much better, thank you darling." he looked towards the cottage before saying "Feeling a bit hungry though."

"You want to get out of the water? I can make you a snack plate while I make us lunch."

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After lunch they sat on the couch together. Shane laying down scrolling on his phone with his feet on Ilya's lap while Ilya was sitting down looking for something to watch on the TV. After deciding on a sports channel, he put the TV remote down and placed his hand on his lap. He started absentmindedly massaging Shane's feet.

This has become some kind of a routine for them in the last few months. They would wind down from the day exactly in this position, Ilya would start massaging Shane's feet, Shane would relax and breath out a moan. Which then would lead to other things. It's exactly what was happening now.

Ilya digged his thumb into the sole of Shane's feet making him gasp, he then raised Shane's leg giving his ankle a kiss before moving his hands to his calf and kneading the muscles there, making Shane moan leading him to place his phone down and look up at Ilya.

"What are you doing?" he said with in a fake annoyed tone. He knew exactly what he was doing.

"Oh, me?" said Ilya continuing to move his hands further along Shane's body "Not doing anything." he moved his body so that he was between Shane's legs draping his body over his without putting any of his body weight on him.

Ilya grabbed Shane's face with one hand and kissed him, taking his top lip between his and sucking it. When Shane opened his mouth for Ilya, he slipped his tongue in and tasted his husband once again making him moan.

Shane started rolling his hips upwards to grind on Ilya. They only had shorts on, Shane locked his legs around Ilya's waist, pulling him closer. He wanted no barriers between them. He dragged his nails across Ilya's back towards his ass and pushed his shorts down. Grabbing Ilya's ass, he pushed his hips towards his own, making their hard cocks grind against each other. "Da, just like that Hollander." said Ilya against Shane's mouth, moving his hips just like Shane wanted.

Ilya continued kissing Shane moving from his mouth to his neck, he left open mouthed kisses along Shane's torso until he reached his cock. He mouthed Shane's cock, licked him through his shorts' thin fabric. "Ah, please!" Shane moaned diving his hands through Ilya's curls and pushing his hips to his face.

Ilya didn't waste any time taking off Shane's shorts and taking his cock in his mouth, making him let out a moan. Ilya himself moaned around Shane's cock and started to bob his head up and down on him. "Oh fuck, Rozanov." he gasped running his hand in Ilya's hair, fisting it. Ilya moved one of his hands further down towards Shane hole, touching him there lightly.

"We have any lube around here?" Ilya asked popping off Shane's cock for a moment. He looked so obscene with Shane's cock in his hands, and a string of saliva still connected his cock.

Shane didn't even have to move from where he was laying. He reached back towards the table that was next to the arm of the couch and grabbed the bottle.

"Prepared, are we?" said Ilya with an devilish smile.

"Thought this might happen." Shane smirked giving the bottle to Ilya. Ilya grabbed a pillow from behind him and used it to elevate Shane's hips, before putting his mouth back on Shane.

He started working Shane open with one finger, making him squirm under his touch. He flattened his tongue against the base of Shane's cock and started bobbing his head once again. "Ilya, ah-" he moaned "Please hurry. I need-" he cut himself off when Ilya pushed in a second finger.

"What do you need?" he asked popping off Shane's cock.

"You know." Shane sighed.

"Tell me!"

"I need you."

And that was all it took. Ilya gave Shane's inner thigh a kiss before straightening up from where his head was between Shane's legs. He lined himself up with Shane's opening "You okay without condom." he asked. "Yes, get in already!" Shane pleaded.

Shane's back arched off the couch when Ilya finally bottomed out in him. He threw his head back, giving Ilya the perfect advantage to cover his body with his own to kiss his neck.

"Move." Shane started moving his hips on Ilya. Ilya started a brutal rhythm, pushing his cock in and out of Shane. He was mindful of Shane's belly in his quest to make his husband come.

He sucked on Shane's neck, biting him then licking where he bit. Shane loved it, he was breathlessly moaning so close to coming. When Ilya shifted his hips, hitting Shane in the right spot, he came between their stomachs. He clenched around Ilya triggering Ilya's own orgasm.

Shane let out a sigh when Ilya pulled out "You okay sweetheart?" asked Ilya putting both his hand on Shane's hips and looking at his face for any sign of distress. "I'm good, but now the couch is all dirty." he said making Ilya chuckle. "I think we will live." answered Ilya. Shane rolled his eyes at his husband but he was smiling.

"Shower?" asked Ilya

"Yeah." Shane started to get up from the couch, but Ilya stopped him with a hand on his chest.

"Ah, no." he said confusing Shane for a second. With Shane's legs still around his hips he got up, picking up Shane with him.

"Hey, let me down, I can walk you know." he said with a frown but he already had his hands around Ilya's shoulders, playing with the damp curls at the back of his neck.

"No." said Ilya in a firm tone giving Shane a kiss on the lips.

When he reached the bathroom, he deposited Shane on the vanity before he started the shower. He didn't want his pregnant husband to be sprayed with freezing water even if it was a warm summer day. When the water reached just the right temperature, he helped Shane down and led him into the shower with a hand on the small of his back. He got in right after.

After Shane got his hair wet before he could reach for his shampoo Ilya had it in his hand, already putting some on his hand. "Turn around." he said to Shane kissing his collarbone. When Shane did turn round and tilted his head towards Ilya. He started washing Shane's hair, massaging his skull in the meantime, taking his time with it. When he was done with Shane's hair, he retrieved his body wash and lathered it in his hands. Shane normally used a loofah, but Ilya wanted to feel his skin right now, so he used his hands.

He started with Shane's shoulders, moving to his arms, his chest. Shane felt so cherished in that moment. He leaned his back against Ilya's front, leaning his head on Ilya's shoulder. Smiling, Ilya gave Shane a forehead kiss and moved his hands to his growing belly. "I love you, I love you, I love you." he chanted against Shane's skin

"I love you so much." said Shane reveling in Ilya's touch. When Ilya was done, Shane insisted on washing Ilya's hair. Ilya of course couldn't refuse; he loved having his hair played by Shane. He loved everything with Shane.

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They were getting ready for bed, well Ilya was, Shane was already in bed wearing his glasses reading one of his hockey books. "Ilya" he said he said raising his head from his book making Ilya stick his head from the open door of the en suite bathroom with his toothbrush in his mouth.

"Yes sweetheart?" he said with his mouth full of toothpaste, his voice coming out weird making Shane laugh.

"Can you bring me some snacks, I know it's late but-"

"Absolutely." Ilya cut him off, rinsing his mouth as fast as he can and going to his husband's side. "What would you like, moy lyubov?" he asked. After Shane recited what he wanted Ilya immediately made his way to the kitchen making him a plate, but not before getting a kiss from Shane.

When he returned to their bedroom he found Shane with his head down, sniffing. He hurried by his side, putting the plate on his nightstand. "Hey, what's wrong?" he asked caressing Shane's hair. Shane looked up at him with glistening eyes "I feel like I'm asking too much of you" he cried.

"Baby!" Ilya exclaimed "You just asked me for a snack, nothing "too much" about that." "No, it's not that." Shan shook his head "You've been so supportive so far going to every check up with me, asking the doctor questions even I couldn't think of, doing whatever I ask you." he sniffled "I feel like I don't deserve you."

Ilya smiled in relief that there was nothing wrong with their baby or with Shane, it was just his pregnant husband being emotional. "Darling, if there is anyone who doesn't deserve something, it's me." he said as he took Shane's chin lifting it so he could look him in the eyes.

"Look at yourself, the most beautiful person in the world, my husband, pregnant with our baby. What else am I going to do other than worship the ground you walk on?" that made Shane huff out a laugh, making Ilya laugh with him. "Don't you ever think that you don't deserve this ever again, because I am the lucky one in this relationship, getting to have you all to myself."

Ilya got closer to him and started giving him kisses all over his face, making Shane giggle. "Okay, I'm sorry" he said. "Hey no saying sorry." said Ilya giving him one last kiss on the mouth before getting the plate from the nightstand and presenting it to Shane "Is time to eat, yes?" he said with a smile.

## End Notes

english isn't my first language but idgaf i figured out I really like writing. i hope you liked it!  
kudos and comments are appreciated :)

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