

craving chaos

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/82779286) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/82779286>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Mpreg , Male Pregnancy , Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Omega Shane Hollander , pregnancy hormones , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Married Couple , Married Life , Slice of Life , Shane is going through it, just give shane his cheese sticks , Shane Hollander Walks Ilya Rozanov Like A Dog
Language:	English
Series:	Part 34 of hollanov parenthood adventure ✨
Collections:	Anonymous
Stats:	Published: 2026-04-09 Words: 1,908 Chapters: 1/1

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by Anonymous

Summary

Shane liked to think he wasn't difficult. He was actually rather agreeable given his circumstances — those circumstances being that he was as round as a beach ball and that he couldn't exactly help that his shoes wouldn't fit so that he couldn't go with his alpha to pick up their to-go order at their favorite pizzeria down the street.

That was okay...yeah, he didn't really need to get out of the house anyways. He had gotten enough fresh air and sunshine earlier when he was walking Anya down the street. That was when his feet weren't made of literal rising dough. There were no shoes that fit— he had tried.

And if he didn't have a fried stick of cheese in his hand in about five more seconds he was going to either cry or possibly shove his swollen feet in his bright yellow crocs and trudge down the street to retrieve them himself.

The bad part is, it was such a niche craving that they could have really ordered anywhere but the thing was he wanted it now.

Or the one where Shane really craves one thing.

Notes

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

Shane liked to think he wasn't difficult. He was actually rather agreeable given his circumstances — those circumstances being that he was as round as a beach ball and that he couldn't exactly help that his shoes wouldn't fit so that he couldn't go with his alpha to pick up their to-go order at their favorite pizzeria down the street.

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It really didn't even take Ilya that long to go pick up the food, returning shortly home looking like Shane's wet dream carrying in their food in the door — he pounced like a tiger waiting for its prey.

Ilya of course caught Shane, a pleased grin on his lips, "Someone is hungry, yes?"

Hungry didn't even begin to cover how starved he felt. Shane felt like he hadn't eaten in years — he ate an hour ago.

"Here, they said we were last order. My pizza looks good if you want some." The alpha offered up some of his meat lover's pizza but Shane only had eyes for his mozzarella sticks.

"Mm, we've been wanting this all day," Shane grabbed one out of the box despite it feeling like it was going to scorch his fingers he bit down expecting cheesy goodness to fill his taste buds instead he bit right through almost hitting his tongue.

"What the?" Shane furrowed his brows with a now confused look on his face. Maybe he just got a bad stick, he soldiered on in hunt of the cheese feeling like a very chubby mouse.

Except the next stick was a dud too.

"What is wrong?" Ilya asked, though it came out more like 'waf if wfong', he was busy chowing down on his pizza not even paying attention. It had seemed that Shane's pregnancy hunger had spread to him too. That's at least what he told people when they asked why he ate whenever his omega ate— and he heard soft snuffles in response to his question causing him to halt all food consumption.

Shane was standing there with his little fried sticks of cheese ripped apart. He didn't understand what was wrong— maybe he bit down on his tongue? Or maybe they were too hot.

"Are they too hot? Do you want me to kiss it better?"

"They're fucking empty," Shane looked like he could chuck the things out the window, clutching them in his hands.

This wasn't exactly the first occurrence of him acting like this- no actually he had several other...hormonal meltdowns that day that resulted in him being near tears. It kept building and building like water levels rising against a dam that was ready to burst.

Except they were all *really* fucking dumb things that didn't even matter in the grand scheme of anything except to him it felt like his world was ending— it wasn't. Not even close.

"I'm fine, it's fine- really. I didn't want them anyways..." Shane trailed off, vision blurring as the tears threatened to escape his eyes and he wiped at them quickly trying to make them stay put. He reached for his drink because they couldn't possibly mess up ginger ale — except they could. When Shane took a sip of the drink Ilya had brought inside in a drink carrier, all he was met with was the taste of Sprite instead of his gingerale and apparently they had even skipped putting ice in it all together.

"*Lyubimyy*, it's going to be okay we will just get you more cheese filled sticks, is not a problem. I can just go to the store and be back in ten minutes- probably even less than that." Ilya was already toeing on his slides, quickly at this point because Shane looked eerily similar to the time Ilya told him he could just marry Sveta— this was *exactly* that look which meant he had about thirty minutes to go and get back or else.

Ilya made haste hurrying out the door, leaving Shane with empty mozzarella sticks and half a pizza that was getting cold.

"Who even forgets the cheese in these things?" Shane stared at the styrofoam to-go container as if it had personally insulted him. "I mean it's not like they had a micro-mouse nibbling on the cheese from the inside out."

The more Shane stared at them though, the weepier he got because he started thinking about his husband who should be there eating his pizza, enjoying it while it was warm. It was his fault that he had to run back out *again* just because the universe was apparently punishing him for just about anything.

Earlier that day they had been out of his favorite breakfast smoothie at the usual diner they got breakfast at on off days or when Ilya had late practices. Then he had dropped a mug that Ilya had made for him in a pottery class they had taken for one of the WAG's birthday parties, shattering it on the floor.

Next, Anya had chewed up one of the stuffed animals he had made for the baby— now that one was truly his fault for leaving it down on the couch where she could get it except it didn't help the sting of finding a headless stuffed version of Anya which she had probably seen as competition.

He had stepped in a puddle of water when they went on their jog, soaking his entire shoe and had to walk back with one wet sock.

And now his mozzarella sticks something he had been craving *all* day along with his ice cold ginger ale.

The list could go on for days of minor inconveniences that had plagued his existence today.

"Listen, we must be cursed or something," Shane rubbed the side of his swollen belly, a comforting motion now for himself receiving a nudge in return as if their pup was consoling her daddy. It made him feel a smidge better until he realized suddenly what was wrong.

It was like it had hit him over the head, the why he had been *way* more emotional than normal that day. The omega's gaze panned down to his rounded center perched in his lap currently — the culprit of why he was acting like his world was teetering on the edge every time something happened that didn't go his way.

"That...that makes sense actually. Wow, okay *yup* yeah that makes total sense now." Shane nodded to himself, feeling even worse now over his crashout.

"*Moya lyubov*, I have returned with the new cheese sticks!" Ilya looked around hesitantly, the kitchen now dark and all the lights dimmed except for the one in the living room. He decided he would turn the stove on, put the mozzarella sticks in and pour Shane a ginger ale.

Some cooking show was playing softly in the background while Shane laid on the couch, rubbing his hand back and forth across his bump something that he did to soothe himself— it was sweet but a little concerning.

Shane smelt his alpha's warm scent, pushing himself up with an elbow to crane his neck looking up at him. He looked like he had been crying, it made Ilya's chest ache.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have made you go out to get more- I should have just eaten something else instead but the baby *really* wanted them- okay, I guess I shouldn't blame it all on her but it's more or less just my hormones making me like this."

"You can not help it, our pup wants what she wants and right now you are her passenger. It wasn't a problem going back out to get the sticks. I would go to next town over to get what you wanted, you do know this, don't you?" Ilya's soft smile made Shane melt.

Actually Ilya had known from the get go that Shane's hormone fueled crashout had been a ticking time bomb — he had a least one a day now which he was entitled to completely.

He could have a thousand of them and they would be warranted, his omega was sharing a body after all. Ilya knew that had to be a major factor as to why he was falling apart like a woven sweater with a thread slowly being pulled.

"For the record, I did tell them light ice and ginger ale. I am not so sure how they messed it up." Ilya had even brought him an entire pack of ginger ale, prepared it with ice in a straw

cup.

"Here this should be better, you can have the rest of my pizza too. I can't have you both starving because the sticks ran out of cheese." He teased, handing Shane a slice of pizza from the box on the counter but when he went to grab one — it was empty.

Shane stared straight ahead at the TV with a blush creeping onto his cheeks, trying his best to keep his composure upon hearing the pizza box open and slowly close.

"We must have a pizza *and* cheese thief, that is the only explanation why the pizza *and* cheese are missing."

"Oh yeah? That's probably it."

"Mhm we will have to install extra security so they do not come back and steal these cheese sticks, huh?" Ilya grinned, pulling Shane into his lap after plopping down on the couch next to him. He attacked his neck with kisses, cradling his face in his cold hands probably frozen from outside still.

"Gimme kiss, it is your payment for going to store again in the snow. I had to fight little babushka for these, so she will go home without but my pregnant omega will be fed- is small price to pay for happiness I think." Ilya shrugged playfully stealing a kiss from his mate, slipping his hands down his joggers to cup his ass cheeks resting them there — except it made Shane jump from the cold sensation against his skin.

"Your hands are freezing and you're just using my ass to warm them up!" Shane accused, his protests dissolving on his tongue as Ilya's mouth met his own giving his ass a squeeze.

"Like I said, it is my payment for running out in the cold risking frostbite so my pregnant husband can have what he needs, I'm the best alpha, of course."

"Mm maybe, we'll see about that title if you go get those mozzarella sticks from the oven and hand feed them to me." Shane proposed, leaning back so that his t-shirt rode up on his rounded belly sitting just below his aching full chest.

Ilya felt his mouth go dry and all of his blood go rushing south of his belt— what could he say he loved Shane's belly.

"It's a deal."

End Notes

💌 this was inspired by a picture of a guy getting his mozzarella cheese sticks but there wasn't any cheese in any of them LMAO like the poor guy got a bad batch of them and i was like hmm how can i make this about pregnant shane? that's truly my thought process when writing any of these 😂 but yeah i felt like shane would just have a crashout at that point like when you're pregnant and want one thing you better get that one thing or else and shane is that type and ilya will make it happen 💕 hope you guys enjoy!

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