

any time, any place

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/82852576) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/82852576>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Omega Shane Hollander , Intersex Omegas , Vaginal Sex , Vaginal Fingering , Consensual Somnophilia , Pregnancy Kink , Pregnant Shane Hollander , Sexual Overstimulation , Wet & Messy , Outdoor Sex , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Size Kink , Breeding Kink , Knotting , light degradation , just a little bit , and a touch of fluff because they love each other okay , Cockwarming , Multiple Orgasms , Yoga , Sexual Free Use , Author is Open to Hearing about Dead Batteries , Pregnant Sex
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-04-10 Words: 3,000 Chapters: 1/1

any time, any place

by [transshanehollander \(cyrusbreeze\)](#)

Summary

A very pregnant Shane agrees to a day of free use at the cottage during his and Ilya's babymoon. It's better than either of them expected.

Notes

Hi there.

If you subscribe to me for my mpreg and family flangst, this was a pure t fueled PWP idea that got out of hand.

If you know my dog's name, you never read this 😊. (I am so serious.)

Thanks to Runzu for betaing this!!!

Please heed the tags regarding what's in here. Additional note that Shane has a vulva and uses cunt and pussy to describe it.

Suspend some disbelief please cuz this is sex magic.

Shane woke to the thick, familiar stretch of his husband's cock. Ilya was rutting lazily into Shane, his cock bumping against Shane's g spot with each thrust.

"Good morning," Ilya greeted him in Russian. He kisses Shane's shoulder and neck.

Shane simply groaned more and pressed back against Ilya. They'd fallen asleep while spooning the night before. Apparently, Ilya had woken up and decided to take care of his morning wood via his husband and Shane wanted to melt into the feeling. Ilya was so warm, like a fucking furnace, and it felt so good to be this close to him, to be full of him, in more ways than one.

One of the twins, Shane was too tired to figure out which one, gave a sharp kick near Shane's ribs and Shane winced.

Ilya slowed but thankfully didn't stop. Shane loved their free use days, even if they weren't as frequent before his belly swelled up with twins.

"Baby?" Ilya checked in.

"Mmm," Shane whined. "Keep going."

"Are you okay?" Ilya asked. He pressed a kiss to Shane's shoulder and Shane relaxed into his husband. The baby, definitely baby A because she usually woke up right when Shane did, moved to assault a new part of Shane's body and Shane could breathe a little easier.

"I'm fine," Shane responded. "Just one of the babies moving."

Ilya responded with another gentle kiss on Shane's shoulder and pressed a hand on Shane's stomach, right where the baby's foot was.

"You are incredible, Shane," Ilya said in Russian. "I love you."

His husband was such a sap. "I love you too," Shane said, and then he pushed back against Ilya because he was fucking horny and he needed this. Ilya had bred him and turned him into a pregnant, hormonal mess.

"Fuck," Ilya moaned as Shane's slick gushed around his cock.

Ilya started fucking into Shane again, this time rutting into Shane with abandon. Shane relished every thrust and closed his eyes again.

Baby B woke up and joined Baby A in morning stretches. Baby B attempted a barrel roll or something, and Shane could feel his belly rippling as Baby B moved. Ilya pressed a hand against the side of Shane's stomach and kept pounding into Shane.

The feeling was overwhelming. Ilya's cock could feel like a fucking baseball bat at times, especially when he was pounding into Shane like this, hitting every spot and nerve that seemed to set Shane's body on fire. Shane felt so much fuller because of the twins,

especially when they were active and moving like this. The babies kept moving and Shane could feel Ilya's knot starting to catch at his entrance.

"Ilya," Shane huffed after a particularly hard thrust nearly knocked the wind out of him and one of the babies had lodged both feet under Shane's rib cage. "Knot me so I can go back to sleep."

Ilya spoke in Russian: "You are impatient, Зайчик." He kissed Shane's shoulder blade.

"You are slow," Shane whined.

His Alpha picked up the pace, pounding into Shane harder than before. Shane couldn't help it, he came with a sharp cry, clamping down hard around the intrusion inside of him as his orgasm tore through him. Ilya didn't stop. He kept pounding into Shane as Shane was reduced to nothing but pleasure. Nothing but the fat cock splitting him open and the knot catching at Shane's hole. Ilya knotted him with a cry and Shane came again.

"Is that better, Любимый?"

Shane nodded.

Ilya kissed his neck and they lied there together, knotted together, until Shane went back to sleep.

* * *

Shane woke up empty and dripping and fucking hungry. He could hear Ilya shuffling around the kitchen, probably making breakfast. Shane took his time getting ready because it was difficult to even stand up these days and because the twins were awake and moving.

Shane didn't bother getting fully dressed, he just grabbed one of Ilya's oversized sweatshirts and put it over his naked body. Wearing any underwear would be a moot point since it would only hinder Ilya's ability to use him. Shane's pregnancy had made his libido ridiculous. He'd never wanted sex more than he did now. It felt like he was in heat at times, which his doctor said was normal, especially with the hormonal spikes during a twin pregnancy.

Shane waddled into the kitchen, where Ilya was thankfully nearly done making breakfast.

"Good morning," Ilya greeted Shane. "You sleep good?"

Shane had slept perfectly after he'd been knotted. "Yeah, it was good."

"And how are the babies?" Ilya asked.

Shane yawned. "Moving," Shane answered. "I think they're fighting over who can get their foot lodged in my rib cage."

"You two," Ilya said in Russian to Shane's belly. "Be nice to your daddy. He is doing a *very* hard thing carrying you."

Shane smiled even though the babies didn't quite stop moving and went to sit down at the table but Ilya smirked and pointed at his lap.

The horny bastard.

Shane rolled his eyes playfully and waited with a hand on his bump.

Shane waited for Ilya to finish making Shane's plate and then for him to pull down the waist of his pajama pants and tug his dick out. Ilya settled on the chair and then pushed it back from the table so that Shane could sit in his favorite spot.

It took some maneuvering, seeing as Shane could no longer see his cunt anymore. Ilya lifted Shane easily, notched the fat head of his cock against Shane's dripping hole, and pulled him down until he was seated to the root. The sudden fullness punched a grunt out of Shane.

Ilya sighed contently from behind Shane.

Ilya placed both hands around Shane's belly and traced the stretch marks that had expanded on both sides of Shane's belly.

You are so beautiful," Ilya said and then he sank his teeth into Shane's shoulder.

Shane yelped, and Ilya held Shane in place. The babies were still moving inside of Shane, albeit they were no longer fighting much.

"And you're all mine, Mine to love and take care of. Mine to fuck and to breed," Ilya continued. He kissed the place he'd just bitten. "You're carrying my pups." He moved his hand to where one of the babies was kicking Shane's stomach. "Mine."

"Yours," Shane groaned. He felt completely and utterly owned by Ilya when he was like this, sitting on Ilya's dick while Ilya's pups moved inside of him.

"You need to eat your breakfast," Ilya said. "Is good for you."

Shane didn't reach for his plate.

"Eat it or I stop," Ilya threatened.

Shane reached forward for his plate and took a bite of breakfast.

Ilya's hands traveled to the underside of Shane's belly until he found Shane's cock. Ilya stroked it lazily with his forefinger and thumb and Shane gushed around the heat inside of him.

One of the babies kicked against Ilya's hand. "You feel that?" Ilya asked. "That's what I did to you, husband."

He kept jerking Shane off and Shane knew he was going to come embarrassingly quickly.

It was too much, being full of Ilya's cock with Ilya's pups moving inside of him while Ilya crooned in Shane's ear:

Shane's orgasm exploded into him, and his entire body tightened at once, his stomach contracted hard, squeezing Shane's core and prolonging his orgasm.

Ilya didn't stop; he kept going.

"Baby," Shane reached for Ilya's hand. Ilya swatted it away and kept stroking Shane's cock.

There was no build up to the next orgasm, but straight pleasure as the babies tumbled inside of Shane.

"You're such a whore for me, aren't you, Любимый?" Ilya asked. He didn't stop his ministrations and the twins didn't stop moving inside of Shane. "Can't help but come over and over again on the cock that ruined you."

Shane was trembling now. If he wasn't being held steady by Ilya, he might've fallen.

"Ilya, baby," Shane whined but didn't say his safe word so Ilya kept going but he did slow his strokes until they were lazy but kept the direct stimulation.

Ilya kept going as Shane finished his breakfast, although he let up some to make sure Shane actually ate, and rewarded Shane for each component of the meal he finished with another orgasm.

Ilya's lap was soaked by the end of the meal and Shane had orgasmed too many times to count. Ilya roughly jerked Shane and Shane cried out as another orgasm washed over him.

"Too much Ilya," Shane panted. "Too much. Too much."

"Come for me again," Ilya growled. "I know you can."

"I can't, I can't," Shane panted, knowing he absolutely could and he would. He would fall apart in Ilya's arms a hundred times, a thousand times if he could.

Ilya jerked Shane faster and that was all Shane needed. He was all pleasure, all nerve ending, all bliss.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya cried out, and then he pulsed inside of Shane.

And Shane reveled what Ilya had been doing, using Shane as a fleshlight, using every clench of Shane's cunt from Shane's orgasms to pleasure himself like Shane was just a tool for Ilya's masturbation.

"Good boy," Ilya praised Shane. "You did so good. I'm so proud of you."

Shane let Ilya's words wash over him as he caught his breath. He was a good boy. He did so good. And Ilya was very proud of him.

“I love you,” Shane said to his husband.

“I love you too.”

* * *

Shane looked like a dream in the summer sun, an actual fucking dream. His stomach glistened with the coconut oil that Ilya had lovingly rubbed over Shane’s belly, feeling their pups kick as Ilya talked to them and tended to Shane’s stretch marks.

Shane’s skin was tan, because he’d been spending more time in the sun lately, and even though his belly was fat and round, his arms and legs remained firm and muscular. Though Ilya could see the subtle way his Omega’s hips had widened and softened to accommodate growing Ilya’s seed. Shane’s long black hair fanned around him on the chair and he was wearing his reading glasses, which made Ilya want to fucking devour his husband.

Shane was also naked, and Ilya was glad he had purchased the other property on their private lake and had warned David and Yuna they would be doing babymoon activities and not to come unless they wanted to witness that.

Shane was reading an autobiography about a hockey player in the 50s, and he was resting his head on one of Ilya’s favorite workout t-shirts, that still kept his scent even when it was washed.

He just walked over to the lounge chair and stool next to Shane, shaking out his wet hair as he did so.

“Don’t get my book wet!” Shane complained. “Seriously.”

“I’m sorry, Любимый,” Ilya said and then shook his hair even more. It earned Ilya a playful swat from Shane with the autobiography he was reading.

Ilya didn’t ask, he didn’t have to. He just walked to the end of the lounge chair, gripped Shane’s hips, and pulled him closer to the edge of the lounge chair.

Ilya freed his cock from his swim trunks. He pushed Shane’s legs open and looked up. Shane kept reading, seemingly ignoring what Ilya was doing and Ilya took his permission for what it was and lined his cock at the entrance to Shane’s cunt. He took his time pushing into his husband. It was the perfect vantage point for Ilya to watch his cock spear his husband’s cunt open.

Fuck. He loved this.

Shane’s belly rippled and Ilya put a hand over the movement. It never ceased to amaze Ilya that Shane was full of Ilya, that he was fat and round with Ilya’s babies, that Ilya was the one who made Shane like this.

He took his time fucking Shane because the sight was intoxicating and the way his cunt squeezed when his body contracted was exquisite. The fact that Shane kept reading and looked so fucking hot in his glasses was everything.

Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck.

Ilya could've come then and there but instead he slowly pulled out.

Shane made a meek whimper at the loss of contact until Ilya slammed back into him.

Shane grunted but kept reading. *Damn*, whatever autobiography he was reading must've been good. Maybe Ilya could find it on audiobook.

Shane's belly rippled again under Ilya's hand. The babies were active. Ilya often wondered what the internal sensation was like for Shane, how it felt to be stuffed full of Ilya in every way, how it felt to have Ilya's cock inside of his cunt and Ilya's pups moving in his belly.

Ilya was the only person who got to see Shane like this, pregnant and fucked open on Ilya's cock, who got to have Shane like this, whenever he wanted. Ilya was the one who got to watch Shane fall apart on his cock. Ilya was the only person who got to put his hands on Shane's belly and feel the life ripple beneath it, feel the proof that Shane had let Ilya mark him permanently in every way. Ilya was the only person who got to watch Shane create living proof of their love for each other.

"My love," he whispered under his breath.

Shane was so fucking beautiful and he was growing their family and fuck *fuck fuck fuck fuck*.

Ilya was gone all too quickly.

He pulled out breathlessly, tucked himself back inside his shorts, kissed Shane on the head with an: "Enjoy your book, Любимый," and left Shane on the lounge chair with cum dripping from his cunt.

* * *

Shane had actually decided to put on the one pair of pants that still fit: yoga pants, which was fitting since Shane wanted to do some yoga.

Or at least he'd *tried* to do some yoga, before Ilya tried to take advantage of his naked husband doing yoga in their living room. "Keep going, love. Yoga is very important for you."

Tabletop was the perfect pose for this, especially because Shane was still trying to hold together what was left of his pelvic floor by doing kegel and was actively tightening his cunt around Ilya's fingers.

"You're insatiable," Ilya growled.

Shane's brain momentarily short circuited.

"Who taught you that word?" Shane asked.

Ilya curled his fingers, earning a keen from Shane.

“Reddit,” Ilya answered.

Ilya kept fingering Shane casually as Shane did his kegels.

The babies were shifting because yoga usually woke them up given that gravity shifted them upside down sometimes. Today though, they seemed to be fighting over space and were especially restless.

Ilya curled his fingers downward, striking the spot inside of Shane that made Shane see stars and only adding to the cacophony of movement inside of Shane. Shane squeezed Ilya’s fingers. *Fuck fuck fuck*. Shane wanted Ilya to add another, or else to be full of his husband's fat cock.

“So needy,” Ilya crooned. “All mine. Watching you do yoga was too much. I thought: he looks so pretty when he’s full of my babies. He looks even prettier when he’s full of my cock.”

“More,” Shane panted. “Please, Ilya, please.”

Ilya ignored him and kept fingering Shane. “Patience,” he said.

“My beautiful husband,” Ilya hummed. He curled his fingers more and Shane groaned.

“Finish your yoga, is time you change position, yes?” Ilya pulled out his fingers.

Shane huffed dramatically. Fucking asshole.

Shane shifted and took advantage of the break to rest his arms.

Then, Shane moved into Cat. This was so much harder to do with his swaying belly.

Ilya was behind him suddenly. Shane heard him unbuckle his belt and he moaned as he felt the head of Ilya’s cock press against his already swollen cunt.

Ilya pushed inside of Shane and for the fourth time that day, Shane felt like he was being stretched open.

Ilya was not slow this time.

He rutted into Shane.

“Look at you,” Ilya said, pointing to the mirrored wall and Shane looked.

He looked obscene.

His belly was bouncing as Ilya fucked him. His cunt was being speared open on Ilya’s cock. You could *see* the slick dripping from him. He looked so fucking hot. They looked so fucking hot. It was incredible to see that Ilya still stretched Shane’s hole.

“You are so pretty. My beautiful husband.” Ilya muttered something in Russian that Shane was too enchanted by the sight of himself being fucked to translate.

Shane clamped down on Ilya’s cock, causing shockwaves as his cunt squeezed tightly around Ilya.

“All mine,” Ilya's words sounded strangled. He growled when he knotted Shane and Shane came around Ilya’s giant knot. “Fuck, Shane, fuck.”

Shane couldn’t hold himself up anymore.

“You did good,” Ilya said. He squeezed Shane’s hips.

“You knotted me,” Shane complained. “This mat might be comfortable but I am so tired and they finally stopped moving.”

Ilya reached to his side and grabbed the solution that made it a little easier to separate a knot. Ilya applied the gel. At least Ilya had been prepared.

“I will make you dinner and rub your feet, yes?”

Shane nodded.

“You want a bath while I make dinner?” Ilya asked.

That sounded fucking amazing.

“You’re going to have to carry me,” Shane said.

“Always. You were perfect today.”

“Can we do it again tomorrow?” Shane asked as Ilya carefully picked Shane up like he weighed nothing.

“We have been here five days and have done nothing but fuck,” Ilya smirked. “I think your parents will want proof of life.”

“We’ve texted them about Anya,” Shane pointed out.

“Yes, but your dad will want a phone call to make sure you are okay and that you have not been eaten by wolfbirds.”

“Loons only eat fish and insects,” Shane pointed out.

“ты невозможный,” Ilya laughed. “я тебя люблю.”

“I love you too.”

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!