

most important meal of the day

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by Anonymous

Summary

It was early one Saturday morning, Shane felt like Ilya should have a good breakfast before the night's big game. This was a rather important one that would break their losing streak that they were currently on. It happened to teams all the time but this one was also rather important because this would secure them another point in the race for the playoffs.

So, Shane was going to do his part from the sidelines and make his alpha a good breakfast that would stick with him. That and he was just starving, craving blueberry banana pancakes specifically and who else could make them like he wanted?

Notes

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

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Well okay Ilya could but he needed rest. The only other option was himself which went well with the saying 'if you want something done right you gotta do it yourself' or something like that.

The omega was so entranced with stirring the batter he didn't even hear his alpha trudge down the stairs to stare at him.

Ilya had been watching for a few moments, just taking in the view and boy was it *a view*.

"Okay now I need to just pour them in the skillet I guess..." Shane stuck his tongue out of the side of his mouth in careful concentration reciting all the steps to making pancakes having slightly forgotten how to make them due to Ilya always being the first one down the stairs to the kitchen insisting he make him a healthy breakfast because he was 'growing their pup and how could he do that on ginger ale and bland toast diet'.

"You can make them into little shapes, I would enjoy a heart shape pancake," A voice from behind Shane startled him causing him to jump out of his own skin — he knew his husband's voice, knew his familiar scent creeping up on him but it still caught him off guard having been so deep in concentration.

"Careful! Careful!" Ilya hurried over to assist, putting a little distance between Shane's belly and the stove which he was too close to for his own comfort.

"How long were you even standing there?" Shane furrowed his brow, putting one hand on his lower back and the other under the curve of his swell to alleviate some of the pressure he had been feeling from being on his feet for a bit.

Ilya had been half asleep when he entered the kitchen but was now fully alert, staring at Shane with no real answer as to how long he had just been standing there staring at him.

"O-kay so we're just not talking anymore this morning, or?" Shane prompted, unsure if he had made Ilya upset almost having burned his stomach and his hand—he wasn't this easy to distract but he genuinely had thought he could make breakfast as a nice surprise.

What exactly was Ilya even staring at still?

Shane's eyes flicked down to his alpha's gaze, his eyes moving down his own body realizing that he was more or less noticing what he was wearing or lack thereof. "*Oh*, I just threw this on it's not much."

"You're definitely right about that, is not much at all. Wow, just wow. I did not know we cooked half naked now," Ilya licked his lips, now suddenly hungry for something other than pancakes.

Still slightly confused, Shane felt like he looked well...ordinary at the moment. But to Ilya? His omega looked like an entire meal standing there in *his* team issued hoodie with 'ROZANOV 81' across the back, the hem line hovering just above the curve of his perky ass — the stretch marks just noticeable if he shifted ever so slightly.

"I can go put something else on, I just grabbed the closest thing in the nest that I could find." Shane apologized as if he were underdressed for a date, moving towards the stairs to go grab a pair of pants except Ilya was much faster than he was.

"No! I mean- don't put on pants I like this," Ilya's gaze lingered on Shane's bump, the way his hoodie revealed a sliver of smooth skin when he moved slightly parting his legs as if he *meant* to tease him.

Right about the time that Shane turned back around to turn the stove off, Ilya felt all the blood rush to his head to his cock.

Shane *definitely* didn't have any underwear on judging by the way he could see more of his ass when he started up the stairs much to Ilya's groans of disapproval. This was exactly what Ilya dreamed about, having Shane ready to go at any time — his slit on display for him.

"Nooo, do not go upstairs and put pants on. Come back and cook naked for me, I have always dreamed of you making me food like this," Ilya hurried after Shane, it didn't take much to catch up and swoop him up off his feet — a smug smile tugging at the corner of Shane's lips.

Hook, line and sinker.

Breakfast was long forgotten, Ilya's appetite catered towards something much *much* richer, that he could eat day and night never getting tired of it. However, Shane continued as though it were what mattered most because wasn't breakfast the most *important* meal of the day?

How could he just stop what he was doing? He would certainly just have to keep going — Ilya would adapt.

Ilya seized the opportunity while Shane was busy grabbing something from the top cabinet, probably the sugar that wasn't actually sugar it was something 'good for your body' a health food that pretended to be bad for you. The alpha didn't really care what it was right now, his main mission was to get between Shane's thighs and eat something entirely sweeter than what he was cooking.

The alpha nudged his omega's thick thighs open with his face, bullying his way between them as he crouched down and got level on his knees coming face to face with that sweet already dripping pussy of his mate's.

Oh *this* was definitely what he was craving.

"Ilya what are you- are you seriously doing this while I'm cooking? Like actively at a stove using heat?" Shane huffed, furrowing his brow with that angry little kitten look situating itself on his face as if he weren't actively spreading his thighs to help accommodate Ilya's shoulders in between them creating the perfect amount of space for the alpha to access exactly what he needed.

Ilya definitely cared about 'safe cooking practices' or whatever but right now he *needed* to eat. Shane's pussy was so perfect, so pretty and his mouth was watering just *staring* at it.

Shane went to add something to the pancake batter, trying to remain focused on what he was doing but Ilya's breath against his throbbing clit was more than enough to make him lose track of his usual steps for making them. "I can't believe you're doing this right now," He sounded so unconvincingly pissed off, it was laughable the way the slick dribbled down his thighs giving himself away.

The beginnings of a playoff beard rubbed against Shane's sensitive skin leaving a soft pink trail as he kissed up his inner thigh where the stubble had irritated his skin, Ilya was going to shave since they hadn't clinched yet exactly but hadn't gotten around to it yet clearly distracted with...other things.

"You asked for this, *kotik*. You were wearing this," Ilya gave the sweatshirt a tug and a smack to one of his dimpled ass cheeks, relishing in the way Shane's body went weak letting out a shaky meditative breath as if pacing himself.

Ilya pressed his lips to Shane's pretty pink slit, the slick pooling between his folds making his mouth water as he teased him by hovering there with his tongue just barely grazing his hole as he used his fingers to spread his omega open *finally* licking a stripe from his hole to his clit.

Shane braced himself against the counter moving away from the stove to crack a few eggs in a bowl, trying to find things to busy himself with except the poor egg that had been in his hand dropped to the floor and he didn't have the heart to bend down and get it, afraid somehow that Ilya would take his mouth off him and he just *couldn't* have that.

"Careful, *moya lyubov* we don't want to waste food," Ilya teased, humming against his core causing Shane to let out a small moan feeling it reverberate through him. Shane's thighs snapped shut against the sides of Ilya's head whenever he flattened his tongue against his clit and dragged it against his soft folds memorizing the way his omega tasted like the sweetest cake he had ever eaten — it was something he couldn't even bring himself to describe because words wouldn't ever get the taste of it quite right.

"Shut up," Shane muttered half heartedly, his face was flushed a deep red, fingers gripping the edge of the counter with everything he had in him just to stay upright. He wanted to drop down onto Ilya's tongue, to stay fuck the stupid pancakes and eggs and tell his alpha just to eat him instead which— he was already doing but that was besides the point.

The omega went back to what he was doing, taking another egg to crack against the bowl but the alpha seized his opportunity to slip his tongue inside him, causing Shane to break the egg but of course shells were *definitely* in the bowl and now it was a total waste.

"*Ilya*, we're wasting food," Shane complained though it came out more like a breathy gasp, the sensation of Ilya's moving his tongue in and out of him more than enough to make him say damn the eggs — everything was so fucking sensitive down there especially with his pregnancy and he didn't know how much longer he was going to last like this.

Shane's fingers found purchase in Ilya's curls as reached between his legs, silently begging him not to stop as he lowered himself. Ilya felt him giving in and grabbed Shane by the thighs, hoisting him up onto the counter pushing aside the bowl — also making sure to turn the stove off because his omega kept eyeing the stove.

Only Shane would be getting eaten out and still worry about the simplest of things.

"More, *more*," Shane's grip tightened in his hair, nose buried in his pelvis as he continued to work the omega open.

Ilya moaned into Shane's cunt, feeling Shane soak his mouth and chin only encouraging the alpha to keep going as he added a finger crooking it ever so slightly to find that spot inside him that would send him barreling over the edge.

There was no other place for Ilya to go but deeper, Shane's grip concrete in his hair unmoving as he held him against his core.

And then — Shane with a hiccuping sob felt the waves of pleasure crashing to shore as he tumbled over the edge, his orgasm hitting in waves that made him squeeze his thighs around Ilya's head like a vice keeping his alpha in place as he rode it out.

Ilya was right where he wanted to be, crushed between his husband's thighs mouth full of his release.

When Shane finally came down, the omega's eyes widened at Ilya's disheveled appearance looking even more like he just rolled out of bed.

"Best breakfast ever, I say we have that instead every morning," Ilya suggested playfully, helping Shane off the counter making sure he didn't slip off and hurt himself or their pup.

Shane's stomach growled in protest, his cheeks tinting with a soft pink shade. He had nothing to be embarrassed about, the baby made him a lot hungrier than he normally was — it was funny he didn't eat like a bird anymore.

"We can order from diner down the road? They serve breakfast all day," Ilya suggested, grabbing his phone to place the order.

"Please, I want blueberry banana pancakes with strawberry syrup and a side of scrambled eggs please." Shane had wobbled over to the couch, a pair of Ilya's boxers now on his lower half relaxing so that he didn't collapse in the floor.

This was definitely the life of luxury, Shane could get *so* used to this — getting eaten out and being pregnant? Sign him up for life. Except he wouldn't let Ilya know how much he enjoyed the latter part.

End Notes

💌 sooo since my pens were eliminated guess i'll root for the canes bc the flyers /must/ go down, sorry i don't make the rules! LMAO anyways i hope you guys enjoy, i just really wanted ilya to eat pregnant shane out so this is what came of that 😂

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