

That Was Not Your Choice to Make Alone

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Relationship: [Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov](#)

Characters: [Shane Hollander](#), [Ilya Rozanov](#), [Svetlana Vetrova](#), [Alexei Rozanov](#), [Andrei Rozanov](#), [Cliff Marlow](#), [Cliff Marleau](#), [Original Children of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov](#)

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That Was Not Your Choice to Make Alone

by [lilypadquit](#)

Summary

“I want to meet her.” he managed to say through the wave of emotion coursing through him.

“No.” Shane said, as if there was no possibility Ilya would ever get to meet his daughter.

“You don’t get to decide when I see my child.” Ilya said, trying desperately to keep his voice calm, not wanting to give Shane more reason to believe he was still the violent person he left seven years ago

“Yes I do. I am not going to let my child be collateral in the war you’re in with your brother like I was.”

“I am legit now. I promise. After you left I have spent the last seven years cleaning us up. We do nothing criminal. I have no connections to Alexei and Russia anymore. Just let me meet her.”

“No. Not until you prove it to me. I will not let any part of that life affect her.”

“Can you at least tell me her name”

“Her name is Masha. Well it’s Mariya, but we all call her Masha.”

Or Shane Hollander found out he was pregnant with Russian Mafia member Ilya Rozanov's child and ran away. Seven years later Ilya has broken off ties to his brother and found Shane and his daughter. He wants to meet her.

Notes

This kind of came out nowhere for me, so I hope you enjoy, I have the overall story of this outlined and partially written so if I decide to continue it updates shouldn't take too long.

CW: There is a reference to Ilya hitting Shane in the past and throwing a glass across a room.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

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

Ilya

“We’ve found him.” Cliff said, bursting into Ilya’s office.

“Where. Where is he?” Ilya asked, not needing to ask who he’d found. There was only one person Cliff could be talking about.

“Quebec. He used all the money he’d ever saved when he was with you plus what he stole and built himself a crazy cottage outside of Montreal.”

“He was outside of one of the biggest cities in Canada, the city his mother was raised in, and it took you over a year to find him?” Ilya said, despite the nervous excitement building inside him

Cliff ignored his dig and just sat down opposite Ilya, placing a file on his desk, “Listen Roz, there’s something you need to know.” Cliff said, as he slid the folder across Ilya’s desk. “He has a child and, I mean look at her.” Ilya snatched up the file and looked at the pictures. Shane hadn’t changed at all, he was still as beautiful as ever but in every picture Shane was with a little girl who had dark black curls and freckles all over her cheeks. Anyone who looked at the three of them would know she was Shane and Ilya’s child.

“Invite him here. I need to speak with him.” Ilya demanded.

“I did. He’s coming next week. Wednesday 27th. I’ve cleared your calendar.” Marley told him.

The next week was torture. He’d been waiting seven years to see his omega again but these seven days felt longer than all those years combined. Finally the day arrived and as usual he didn’t knock. He just opened the door to Ilya’s office as if no time had passed. Ilya’s head flew to the door and there he was. He looked so good Ilya could barely take it. Tall and built with perfectly sculpted muscle, his days spent in the Canadian sun doing wonders for his freckles that now shone like stars on his cheeks under the light of Ilya’s office. “Hello Shane Hollander.” Ilya said, as he approached his desk and sat down.

“Hello Ilya.” Shane said, carefully controlling his face.

“How have you been?” Ilya said in an attempt to have their daughter naturally come up in conversation.

Shane saw through this and just sighed, shook his head and said “Just say what I know you want to say and then let me go home.”

“Fine.” Careful politeness carrying his words, “Why did you run away from me with my child?” Ilya asked him, already knowing what Shane’s answer was going to be.

“Because I know what your world does to people and I wouldn’t let that happen to our baby.” Shane said, unsurprisingly.

“That was not your choice to make alone.” Ilya said, his voice low and carefully controlled.

“I know. But I did make it alone for the sake of our child.”

Ilya sat back and said, “What hurts the most is that I would have left with you. I would have burnt it all down for you and our baby but you did not trust me.”

“You hit me Ilya.” Shane said, his voice losing the control it had had since he arrived and now carrying seven years worth of emotion, “I came into your office, ready to tell you I was pregnant and you told me you didn’t have time for whatever it was I had to speak about and then when I called you an asshole you fucking hit me. So I left. I took myself and my baby far away from you. Far away from your world that turns good people like you into monsters. I’d been kidnapped by your fucking brother, a few weeks later I find out I’m pregnant with your child and then you throw a fucking glass at the wall and hit me. I wanted to be far away from any Rozanovs so I emptied my account and left.”

Guilt sat deep and hot in Ilya’s gut at Shane’s words, regret and self hatred filling him. “I want to meet her.” he managed to say through the wave of emotion coursing through him.

“No.” Shane said, as if there was no possibility Ilya would ever get to meet his daughter.

“You don’t get to decide when I see my child.” Ilya said, trying desperately to keep his voice calm, not wanting to give Shane more reason to believe he was still the violent person he left seven years ago

“Yes I do. I am not going to let my child be collateral in the war you’re in with your brother like I was.”

“I am legit now. I promise.” Ilya said frantically, desperation creeping into his voice. “Since you left I have spent the last seven years cleaning us up. We do nothing criminal. I have no connections to Alexei and Russia anymore. Just let me meet her.”

“No. Not until you prove it to me. I will not let any part of that life affect her.”

“Can you at least tell me her name?”

Shane didn’t respond for a moment and Ilya thought he wasn’t going to answer but then he sighed and said, “Her name is Masha. Well it’s Mariya, but we all call her Masha.”

“Does she have my last name? Is she Rozanova?” Ilya asked hopefully, trying and failing to hide his joy at her Russian name.

“No. Her full name is Mariya Ilyinichna Hollander.” Shane told him.

“You gave her my middle name?” His heart exploded at the idea that maybe Shane did still hold some fondness for Ilya inside him.

“Yes, she is still yours. I didn’t want to erase you completely.” He said, his voice finally letting go of some of the hostility it had had since he walked in.

“Please let me meet her Shane.” He pleaded his voice desperate.

Shane shook his head and asked, “Is your brother not after you though. How could you just leave?”

“Me and him made a deal. I never go back to Russia, never challenge him, never ask him for anything and he leaves me all of our legitimate North American businesses and he will leave them all alone. We have not spoken in six years and I make sure every six months to check every part of my businesses and my workers to make sure it is all clean. Is like Alexei was never even connected.”

“I don’t know Ilya. I can’t let anything happen to her. She’s the most incredible little girl there is and if something happened because I let you into her life I could never forgive myself.”

“Shanyushka please. You do not need to tell her I am her father or anything. Just once please. I am so sorry. Seven years I have been wanting to see you again and when I find you I see you with a child with my curly hair and hazel eyes and your beautiful freckles. Just once. Please”

“How do you know he isn’t surveilling you?” Shane asked, his eyes flitting around the room as if Alexei was going to jump out right now and take him again.

“Because is all in the contract we signed. You can read it. We are nothing to each other. Brothers in nothing but blood. We do not speak. We do not watch each other. The deal was we give each other what we want and then that is it.”

“I swear to god Ilya if I see or hear one other person anywhere near our home I will never speak to you again. I’ll change her fucking middle name and she’ll never know you exist.”

“Shane I promise-”

“I still have nightmares about what he did to me.” Shane interrupted. “I still wake up screaming and I have to explain to my six year old daughter that no matter how much time passes I will always be scared like that. Sometimes I have to look into my own daughter’s eyes and panic because they’re the same colour as the man who tortured me. I cannot let anything like that happen to her. If your brother finds out you have a child he will use her against you. You can say whatever you want about him leaving you alone but he will always try to hurt you, right now he just doesn’t have a way to.”

“I will give you the contract we signed. You read it. At home. Away from me. Take your time, and if I do not hear from you by my birthday, which is in just over two weeks, I will

assume the answer is no and never contact you again. If you choose that though, can I just ask one thing?"

"What?" Shane said, trying to still seem angry.

"Tell her about me. About the good times we did have together before it all went to shit. And please do not let her think I abandoned her. Tell her I am dead. I cannot have my child thinking I do not want to be with her."

"Ilya-"

"Promise Shane, do not let my child think I do not want her."

"Ok Ilya, fuck, I won't. Can I go home now? After you dragged me to Boston. Masha is at my parents and I don't like leaving her with them too long, it's difficult for them."

"Yes. I will have Svetlana drive you to the airport."

"Who knows about her?"

"Me, Sveta and Cliff."

"Keep it that way." Shane said, firmly before standing up and looking expectantly at Ilya, "Give me the contract then. I've got to read it to make my decision right?"

Ilya scrambled up and walked over to his safe, opening it with the day he and Shane met and pulling out his copy of the thick contract he had signed with Alexei six years ago. Walking back over to Shane, Ilya held it out and said, "Here. This is what we agreed to. Page 17 is particularly important to you, but take your time and read the entire thing." he told Shane, who took it from Ilya before looking up into his eyes.

"Ok then. Goodbye Ilya." he said, turning towards the door.

"Goodbye Shane. I hope I get to see you again." Ilya called out, but Shane had already turned away, walking towards the door and not looking back as he opened it and left.

Chapter End Notes

Please comment if you enjoyed and if you want to read more of this story. They are much appreciated.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

His flight was boring and uneventful but on his way to his parents he realised that being near Ilya again was not good for him. Memories he'd thought he'd moved passed resurfacing. The memories of his alpha's scent. Of how they met, the quiet evenings and slow mornings they had together. The feeling of Ilya's hands on him. In him. The feeling of Ilya draped over his back as he fucked him from behind, nibbling at Shane's scent gland with the promise to mate him one day.

Chapter Notes

This chapter again contains reference to when Ilya hit Shane as well as details of what Alexei did to him. Specifics are in the end notes.

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

Shane

"You know Shane, he hasn't been with a single person since you left." Svetlana told him as she drove to the airport.

Shane sighed and said. "Svetlana I know you love him but please don't try and convince me to let him meet her. If love was enough I wouldn't have left."

"I know. Seven years ago I would have taken my child far away from here too. Don't tell Ilyusha but I think you made the right decision. He was destroyed when he realised you were gone though, and he isn't the same person he was."

"He hit me. I had been kidnapped and tortured by his psychopath brother. weeks later I was pregnant with Ilya's child and when I went to tell him he said he was "Too busy to deal with me right now." I called him an asshole so he threw a glass at the wall, smacked me and told me to get out. I've been in therapy for seven years and still wake up screaming because of what the Rozanovs did to me. So forgive me if I don't really care if he's changed or I'm not exactly desperate to let him meet my child."

"Shane. I promise you I am not trying to convince you of anything. What you choose to do with your child is up to you. Like I said, you did the right thing. He was violent and obsessed with Alexei, a child near him would have been awful. All I am asking is that you at least allow him to show you he has changed."

They didn't speak for a while after that. Svetlana drove and Shane tried not to think about the way Ilya still looked at him like he was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. Shane jumped when Svetlana suddenly asked, "Something I've always wanted to ask you. How did you manage to steal over fifty million dollars?"

"What do you mean steal?" Shane said, confused.

"Ilya told us that you took \$56 million."

Shane scoffed, "He's such an asshole. I didn't steal anything. The account I emptied was mine. Money he set aside for me if I ever wanted to leave. And I don't know how he did it but I never faced any taxes or questions over it. It was just mine to use however I wanted."

"I don't know why he would lie about that. We all knew how in love with you he was."

"Because he's an asshole. Looking the way he wanted to was more important than being the way he wanted. He wanted me to look bad so he didn't have to tell you what he did." They didn't speak again for the rest of the journey. Shane just hurriedly thanked Svetlana, told her it was good to see her again and left.

His flight was boring and uneventful but on his way to his cottage he realised that being near Ilya again was not good for him. Memories he'd thought he'd moved passed resurfacing. The memories of his alpha's scent. Of how they met, the quiet evenings and slow mornings they had together. The feeling of Ilya's hands on him. In him. Or of Ilya draped over his back as he fucked him from behind, nibbling at Shane's scent gland with the promise to mate him one day.

The memory of when he finally found out why Ilya's knuckles were always bruised, when he came home to Ilya bleeding in his apartment. Confessions of his life working for his brother and the whispered promises that that part of his life would never touch Shane. Then the memory of Alexei's voice sneering in his ear that Ilya would never find him, that Shane should just give him up and save himself more pain because either way Shane was going to die. The feeling of hot metal on his skin, sharp blades. The weeks of violent thirst and hunger he was forced to endure.

And then the stress induced heat after he was saved that Ilya held him through, gently comforting Shane as he filled him over and over again, unknowingly conceiving their child. It was after that Ilya had become more and more obsessed with finding Alexei, barely sleeping or eating, never coming home culminating in the sharp sting of Ilya's hand on his cheek when he told him to get out of his office.

Shane didn't even realise he was home until he had to put in the code to his gate. When he got inside he sank down onto his couch and sighed. His parents were bringing Masha home in the morning so he had the rest of the evening to himself.

He decidedly ignored the contract sitting heavy in his bag opting instead for a hot shower followed by dinner and then a few hours later he pulled it out. Shane thought about waiting a

few days but he didn't want Masha seeing him get confused or upset over anything he read so he decided to just get it over and done with.

He flicked through and skimmed a lot of it struggling with a lot given he hadn't had to read cyrillic in years. Most of it pertained to different business stuff that Shane didn't really care about once he'd read: "Alexei Grigoryevich Rozanov agrees to stop all illicit operations within Rozanov Holdings in North America." and "Alexei Grigoryevich Rozanov relinquishes all ownership of any property, company, organisations or anything else under the Rozanov name in North America."

Shane's heart broke slightly when he read, "Ilya Grigoryevich Rozanov forfeits the right to return to Russia. Including the burial site of Grigori Rozanov and Irina Rozanova." and then Ilya's rough initials and what was pretty sure was a tear stain.

He reached page seventeen and read what Ilya must have been talking about "Alexei Grigoryevich Rozanov agrees to never contact, communicate or in any other way connect with Shane Hollander, his friends, his family, his future friends, and future family. This includes Alexei Rozanov's employees, associates, and anyone else who could be hired by Alexei Rozanov. Violation of this clause will null every agreement made by Ilya Rozanov and he will regain full right to carry out anything he has agreed not to as per this contract."

Shane sighed. This was all very well and good but Shane knew who Alexei was. He had the scars on his body and on his mind as a constant reminder. What was a signature on a piece of paper to a man capable of what he did to Shane. Then there was Ilya, it still broke Shane's heart that he didn't get to raise his incredible, beautiful daughter with the man he still thought of as his alpha. Could Shane actually invite Ilya Rozanov back into his life, into his daughter's life, after what happened? It was both everything he wanted and his biggest fear.

He needed to speak to his parents. They were two of the only people who knew everything that had happened, and the two people who cared about Masha almost as much as Shane did. He'd have to speak to them when they dropped Masha off tomorrow, so Shane took himself off to bed and tried to get any sleep before they came in the morning.

When they arrived and Shane saw his daughter running towards him he felt all the tension of the last twenty-four hours leave him. "Mama mama." She shouted as she jumped into his arms.

"Hello my baby. You had fun with Grandma and Grandpa?" Shane said, smiling up widely at her. She nodded as she smiled at her mama.

"Grandpa let me have extra candy but shh don't tell grandma." She said, lowering her voice.

Shane laughed, and kissed her nose, "We'll keep it secret." he said, putting her down, "Go inside and unpack your bag Mashulya. I need to speak with Mom and Dad, for a bit but after that we'll go swimming in the lake." He told her, causing her to shout out in excitement and run off into their cottage. Just then Shane looked up and saw his parents.

"Uh, can you come in? I need to talk to you." He asked, trying to sound casual but his scent clearly gave him away based on the concerned looks on their faces.

“Of course.” His dad said.

They went inside and sat down Shane positioned opposite his parents as he said. “So uh you know that I went to see Ilya.”

“Yes.” Yuna said, disdain already in her voice.

“He knows about Masha. And he wants to meet her.” He said, eyes fixed to the floor to avoid the looks on their faces

It was his mom who spoke first, “You told him no. Right Shane?” When Shane didn’t answer she continued, “Shane. I don’t need to remind you what he did to you. What his brother did to you, you can’t let that around Masha.”

“I didn’t tell him yes exactly. I told him no very firmly at first, but then he said he’s gone completely legit. Everything legal or whatever. Said he’s not allowed to even step foot in Russia because of the deal he made with his brother.”

“And you trust this man who hit you.”

“Mom, I don't know alright. I’m confused.”

“Ok son,” David said, trying to diffuse what would inevitably grow into an argument between his wife and son. “What’s Shane telling you, logically?”

“To never contact him again. Keep myself and my baby far away from anything Rozanov.”

“And your omega?”

“To let my alpha come home to me and our pup. That nothing is more important than the three of us together. That this is all I’ve wanted for the last seven years. Longer than that. I’ve wanted a family with Ilya since I met him when I was eighteen and seventeen years later I’m thirty-five and I still want it.” Shane felt tears in his eyes and quickly he smelt his mothers calming scent and felt better. “I want my alpha.” he whimpered as he felt his dad’s arms wrap around him. Shane began to cry in his dad’s arms.

“I miss him so much.” He sobbed as his mom moved and held him too. “What do I do?” he asked desperately.

“Well I don’t want Ilya anywhere near us-”

“Yuna-”

“No, just wait David. I don’t want him near you, or near Masha but I also want my son to be happy. You’ve grown so much over these last seven years and you’re such an incredible parent. If you decide to trust him around your child I will support your decision. But if he ever raises a hand to you or Masha, even Russia wouldn’t be far enough to stop what I would

do to him.” She finished, her voice filled with all the protectiveness that came from an alpha protecting their pup.

Shane laughed wetly and then smiled wider when he heard Masha walk in, already dressed in her swimsuit, “Can we go swimming now Mama?” She asked, looking impatient already that her mama wasn’t ready.

“Yeah, let's go Mashulya.” Shane said, his parents pulled away and the three of them stood up.

Later that day Masha was fast asleep and Shane was staring at his notepad. He sighed as he picked it up and wrote a letter to Ilya. He addressed the envelope to not Ilya’s Boston penthouse but to the small house just outside the city they had lived in together for years, hoping that Ilya still went there enough to see this before the 15th June.

Ilya

It had been years since Ilya came here. The home he and Shane had bought together years ago, far away from the danger of Ilya’s old life. The memories here hurt too much for Ilya to bear regularly so only really ever came on Shane’s birthday or the anniversary of when they bought the place. But since Shane had left a week ago he’d been here everyday. The memories of their life flooding back to him.

When Ilya arrived today he noticed that there was mail in the box. There hadn’t been any mail sent here for years so he rushed over to see what was there. Ilya felt his heart explode when he saw Shane’s handwriting, he ripped open the envelope and saw an address, with the note, “This weekend. Come entirely by yourself. Not a single other person can know. You can stay for a weekend. I will introduce her to her Papa.” followed by a small slip of paper that said “Gate code: 1410.”

The date they met.

Chapter End Notes

CW: Shane's torture carried out by Alexei including dehydration and starvation, burns and cuts as well as references to scars

I know nothing about the law so the contract "clauses" written in this chapter are just based on what I feel like they'd be.

Hope you enjoyed this second chapter!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Everything in italics is being said in Russian.

CW- Ilya mentions having suicidal thoughts

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

Ilya

Ilya had never felt this nervous in his life. He was about to meet his daughter. His daughter that he'd unknowingly had with the person he was almost certain was the love of his life. The love of his life that he had hit. The love of his love that had run away from him out of fear of what could happen to him and his child if they stayed with Ilya.

When he first pulled up to Shane's cottage he thought he'd been in the wrong place but the gate code he'd been given unlocked the gate and when he'd double checked the address it was where he was. He was taken aback by the sheer size of the home Shane had literally built for himself. He took a deep breath as he approached the door and knocked.

When Shane opened the door he took Ilya's breath away. He was wearing a loose fitting t-shirt that left the top of his chest and his collarbone exposed. Ilya hadn't noticed when Shane was in his office but his hair had grown and right now was down just below his chin in silky black strands that Ilya couldn't help but want to run his fingers through. Shane wasn't wearing a scent patch so when the door opened he was hit with the beautiful freshness he'd been missing for years but with a distinct sweetness that must have developed now Shane was a mother. "Hi Shanyushka." Ilya said with a nervous smile.

"Don't call me that." Shane said, looking irritated, before he said, "Come in." and moved aside. They went inside and Shane led Ilya to the living room. They sat down and were silent for a moment before Shane suddenly stood up.

"I'll go get her, she's in her room." And turned and walked away towards where Ilya assumed Masha's room was. Ilya sat and felt his heart race in his chest as he saw Shane round the corner with their daughter holding his hand.

"Hello Masha. I am-"

"Papa!" Masha shouted and ran towards Ilya climbing in his lap and wrapping her arms around his neck rubbing her nose against his scent gland. "You smell good Papa."

"What?" Ilya said, looking up at Shane, not knowing what else to say.

“She’s always known who you are. I never kept you from her.” Shane told him, and Ilya wrapped his arms around her and held her tight, breathing in the milky scent of his pup. Masha pulled back up and looked down at her Ilya frowning when she saw his tears.

Her two small hands moved to cup his cheeks and she asked, “Why are you crying Papa?”

Ilya let out a wet laugh and said, “Is because I am so happy to see you, *sweet girl*.” and then pressed a small kiss to her nose, causing her to giggle in a way that made Ilya’s heart explode.

“That’s not why you cry Papa. You cry when you are sad.” She told him, in perfect Russian.

Ilya’s eyes snapped up to Shane’s, who was watching them carefully, “You taught her Russian?”

“Well no child of Ilya Rozanov’s was not going to be able to speak Russian.” Shane said, a smile finally appearing on his face. “She also goes to a French school so she’ll be fluent in that. I plan on only speaking French to her at home once she knows enough and I’m certain she’s fluent in English to make sure she learns it.” He told him before saying to Masha, “What’s your favourite language Mashulya?”

“Russian.” She said without thinking.

“And why?”

“Because it’s Papa’s.” She said simply, as if her words weren’t splitting Ilya’s chest open with joy.

“Ah yes of course my child loves Russian.” Ilya said, looking up at her. She was smiling at him and Ilya felt his chest clench. Masha was so beautiful it took his breath away. Her eyes were the same hazel as Ilya’s but they were soft and wide like Shane’s. Her freckles were even darker than Shane’s and she had soft curls that matched Ilya’s but were the same colour as Shane’s dark black hair that fell down Masha’s face as perfectly as Shane’s long hair now fell down his.

“Why don’t you take Papa and show him your room?” Shane said, just before Ilya’s eyes started filling with tears as he took her in.

Like a bullet Masha jumped off him and took his hand, tugging him up off the couch “Come on Papa, quickly.” She demanded as Ilya let himself be dragged off.

“Ok ok Mashenka I am coming.” Ilya chuckled. He heard Shane following behind them also laughing. She carefully took him through her room, showing him her dolls, her clothes, her drawings.

“These are very good Mashenka.” Ilya told her as he crouched down to her little table. He shuffled through them and found himself genuinely impressed by what he was seeing.

“Mama said for my birthday I can get some special pens and pencils.” She told him, taking the picture that was in Ilya’s hand and arranging them all back into a perfectly neat pile.

“Birthday?” Ilya asked, turning to Shane.

“17th September 2019.” Shane told him, and Ilya immediately committed the date to memory before Shane added, “She’ll turn seven.”

Ilya stood up and suddenly noticed the picture frame sitting on her dresser and picked it up. Inside was a picture of him and Shane from when they must have been twenty-two, Ilya was kissing Shane on the cheek and Shane was pretending to look annoyed about it. They were in their cap and gowns and this picture was taken by Shane’s mom after they had graduated.

Ilya felt Shane behind him looking at the picture too, “This is one of my favourite pictures of us so I chose it to put in her room. I think it sums us up very well.”

“Me being annoying and you pretending to be annoyed?” Ilya said with a chuckle.

“Exactly.” Shane said, smiling fondly and trying and failing to hide the tears in his eyes.

The rest of the day was spent by Ilya being dragged around by Masha as she showed him the different parts of the cottage, she dragged him outside to the lake, telling him about how Mama taught her to swim, and that you can only swim where Mama can see you and if you have a life jacket on if not you have to come inside. And how one time she had snuck out early in the morning to swim and when Shane had caught her she lost her colouring pens for the day.

She took him to the home theatre and told him about how her and Shane watch movies every Friday night together and Shane always lets Masha pick and holds her through the scary parts. Ilya just listened as his incredible beautiful daughter told him all the things that were on her mind as she showed her papa her home, and tucked them into his heart.

In the evening Shane set up a fire for them outside and Masha settled herself on Ilya’s lap, eventually falling asleep against him with her face against his scent gland.

“Did you know alphas’ scents change after they have a pup too.” Shane said adding when Ilya shook his head, “Not as much as omegas but enough so they can soothe and calm their child down.” They stayed in silence after that. Letting Masha sleep for a while until Shane said,

“Will you take her inside, put her to bed?”

“I can do it alone?” Ilya said, his heart exploding when Shane nodded. He got up carefully and walked back into the house, slowly to make sure she didn't wake up. He laid her down and tucked her in pressing a soft kiss to her head and whispered in Russian, *“I love you Mashenka. I have known you less than a day and I already love you like I love your Mama.”* Before getting up and going back outside.

He sat back in his seat and stared at the fire, a question burning on his tongue. “Why did you not tell me?” Ilya asked.

“Because I didn’t want to. Because I wanted you to see the look on your face when you met her and realised she’s known who you were all along. Because I still wasn’t sure if I was going to even let you in. When you got here” Shane said, as he also watched the flames.

“What did you tell her? Why was I not with her?”

“I told her the truth. That Papa works very far away and it isn’t possible for him to be with us. She first asked me why when she was four and back then that was the truth. It wasn’t possible.”

“Does this mean we are-” Ilya tried hopefully.

“No.” Shane said quickly, “It means even though I didn’t want you to be in her life I still wanted her to know who you were. So stop looking at me like that.”

“Like what?” Ilya asked.

“Like something is going to happen between us. Because it’s not going to happen.” Shane said firmly, and Ilya just raised his eyebrows and smirked, “No Ilya. You know you still haven’t apologised for hitting me. And now you’ve been welcomed into my home expecting to fuck me. No Ilya. Fuck you.”

Guilt and shame rushed through Ilya, “Shane, I am sorry.” he tried, before Shane said, “I loved you so much, and I was so fucking scared when I found out I was pregnant, but always thought it would be ok because I had you. But I didn’t. So I had to leave.”

Ilya was silent for a while. He thought back to seven years ago and the years that followed, everything he’d done and worked through since then and thought that now was a better time than any to just lay it out there.

“When you first left I thought you’d been taken again.” Ilya said, “I woke up and you were gone and I thought he had you. I flew to Russia and beat him until I believed him. That is when we started negotiating. After that I realised what had happened. What I had done. I had hurt you and you were gone. I had become my father and my brother and taken out my aggression and frustration on the people I love. I negotiated with Alexei. I got rid of every single illegal part of my life and promised to myself to never use violence as a solution again. I also realised that I had become my mother. I had her illness. I did not realise it at the time but when you got kidnapped I got very depressed. If you had died there is no doubt in my mind what I would have done to myself. When I got you back I assumed I was fixed but I wasn’t. I became obsessed with finding him and I took out all the feelings I had on you. After you left I got therapy. I have medication. I have only been looking for you the past year. I would not have been looking if I thought being in your life would put you in danger. I do not expect you to forgive me. I have not earned that yet, but I do hope you will let me be a part of Masha’s life now we have met.”

“I don’t regret keeping her from you.” Shane said. “You and him were destroying everyone and everything around you and I did what I had to do to protect her.” Ilya went to speak but Shane kept going, “That doesn’t mean I don’t wish it was different. I wish we could have had our pup together. Raised her together. Had you with me during her birth. Do you forgive me? Or at least understand?”

“I do understand. I was terrible. Consumed by hatred, I would have ruined you and our pup. I will always be upset that I missed her first six years but thank you for telling her about me, for teaching her Russian and giving her my name.”

“Of course. Part of it was selfish. I wanted an excuse to speak about you to someone who didn’t hate you.”

“Who hates me?”

“Rose. Hayden. My mom especially. Dad doesn’t hate you but he certainly isn’t a fan.”

“Hitting you is unforgivable. I hate me for it.”

“I don’t forgive you for hurting me. At least not yet. But I will let you visit Masha. She will never come to Boston though.”

“Thank you Shane.” Ilya said and they fell back into silence.

“I still love you.” Shane said suddenly. “I love you so much sometimes months will pass and I will just be doing something normal like making Mashulya’s lunch or washing up and how much I still love you hits me so hard it hurts. It’s just that love is not enough. You loved me and you hit me. So I had to leave.”

“Why are you telling me this Shane?”

“Because I don’t want you to think I don’t love you. I could never not love you.”

“I love you too Shane. Never stopped. I could never stop loving you. What do we do now?”

“Like I said, love isn’t enough. You come and visit Masha. Become her Papa. That is what happens. Between us. Nothing.”

“Friends?” Ilya tried.

“Co-parents. If you want you can be added to her birth certificate.”

“And I can give you money.”

“I have money.”

“Well yes but how much did this cottage cost to build?”

“I have about CA\$56 million left, we don't need your money.”

“But I can buy her things. Clothes, toys, things for school.”

“Yeah you can. She'll like that, nothing crazy though I know how you get.” Shane told him, and by the look on his face Ilya could tell they were both thinking about the time Shane wouldn't let Ilya pay his rent so he bought the entire building and made the rent free for everyone.

“So no buildings?” He said with a smile.

“No buildings.” Shane said, returning Ilya's smile slightly.

“Is fine. I own enough so I can just give her one.” Ilya said, causing Shane to let out his beautiful bright laugh that always made Ilya's stomach flip.

“Do you know Mashenka's subgender?” Ilya asked after they'd fallen back into a much more comfortable silence.

“She's an alpha.” Shane said firmly.

“Did you do test when you were pregnant?”

“No but you don't know her that well yet. Spend a day with her and you'll know she's an alpha.”

“Is not very progressive thinking Shane. Can omega not be loud children?”

Shane smiled and shrugged, “You just wait, you'll see what I mean.”

The next day Ilya did see what Shane meant. Masha was behaving exactly how the stories Ilya heard about his early childhood behaviour portrayed him to be. Svetlana had been all too happy to tell Shane about Ilya as a child and that's exactly what he was watching today with Masha. She was loud, she was free spirited, stubborn. To anyone meeting Masha once they'd think she was all Ilya but Ilya saw the Shane in her too. Like in the way she would sit and order Ilya around who would do anything she wanted the second she asked. Or would separate all her food carefully before eating it and the careful methodical way she approached every task.

As Ilya watched her lining up her colouring pens Shane appeared next to him and said, “She's autistic.”

“Is like what you have?”

“Yeah, she was diagnosed last September when she started Elementary School. We aren't exactly the same but we line up a lot on the spectrum. Masha also has ADHD. She really struggled for the first few months of school. Talking too much, unable to sit still. She was both quiet and shy but also like when she did speak to people the other kids always said she

was being mean or too loud or whatever, but after she was diagnosed her teacher has helped her a lot and her school has a specialist who is incredible. She's made some friends now and she really gets on with Hayden's kids."

The rest of the day went a lot like yesterday. Masha as the centre of the universe and Shane and Ilya revolving around her. Shane was acting strange though. There'd be moments where they felt as if in only two days they'd become a family and then he'd close himself off again, would go quiet and just observe him and Masha for a while. Ilya supposed this was Shane pulling himself back when he felt himself getting too comfortable around Ilya and while it did sting every time Ilya still got it, despite their discussion last night it would take more than that for Shane to feel perfectly comfortable around him again.

"When can I come again?" Ilya asked, as he sat down opposite Shane that night. He had to leave early tomorrow before Shane and Masha would be awake. He'd already said goodbye to her and was trying to be too happy that she had almost cried when she found out Ilya was leaving.

"We have to come up with something regular, if not Masha won't like it. How often can you take time off?" Shane said.

"Tell me how often you want me to come and that is how often. I will drop it all for her, everything." Ilya said. Meaning every word.

"You're so dramatic about everything." Shane said, clearly trying not to smile, "Uh ok then for now every other weekend. Masha is very fixated in her routine so that should be a small enough adjustment. I'll give you my phone number though so you can call her. Just message me before you do."

Disappointment filled Ilya but he understood the last thing he was going to do was demand Shane to restructure his life around Ilya, that didn't stop the sting of pain and longing at the thought of two weeks without Shane and Masha. "Da, ok every other weekend and I can call you." hoping he was hiding his disappointment well.

"It's been really good to see you again, Ilyushenka." Shane told him in Russian, hesitating slightly when he said Ilya's name, *"You're amazing with her."* Shane stood up and so did Ilya who was at a loss for words. They stood looking at each for a moment and Ilya noticed the sudden shift in the air. The familiar scent of their lust filling the room and before he knew what was happening, Shane's lips were on his.

Chapter End Notes

The description of Masha's AuDHD is almost exactly how I was as a child so don't come for me if you think I'm describing something wrong or your personal experience is different.

I hope you enjoyed this third chapter I both love it a lot and am also not sure if it's good at all. I also have no idea if this fic is good so please let me know if you are enjoying it. I am having lots of fun writing it

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

CW- Shane discusses his PTSD and outline some other ways Alexei tortured him.

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

Shane

“Tell me why I am currently staring at one of your guys watching me.” Shane said the second Ilya answered.

“I do not know what you are talking about.”

“I’m talking about the fact that I’ve just dropped Mashulya off for the afternoon with her grandparents and have noticed Wyatt Hayes sitting outside their house. What did I tell you?”

“Shane I-”

“No Ilya. I told you to keep Masha between me and you and then Cliff and Svetlana, but because you’re a control freak you couldn’t do it. I have kept myself hidden for seven fucking years I don’t need you to help keep me safe. The further away from you I am the safer we are. Tell him to go away now.”

“He does not know about Masha, only you. I promise.”

“Fuck you, I don’t care. Your businesses and anyone from them do not touch here. I don’t care how legit they are. Call him off.” Shane fumed, staring at Hayes as he pulled out his phone to read whatever text Ilya had sent him and then drove off. “Good. Send me a picture of him when he is in Boston to prove it.” Shane demanded and hung up.

He sighed and threw his head back as he stepped into his car. It had been almost six weeks since Ilya had first come here and met Masha, he’d been back once since and was coming again this weekend. It had also been almost six weeks since he’d made the terrible mistake of kissing Ilya. He’d been so good with Masha all weekend, and he’d just looked and smelled so good that standing there in his dimly lit living room he’d become irresistible and Shane had allowed that to win out.

For the last six weeks Shane had been in a constant push and pull inside about his feelings for Ilya. The love he still felt, the desire for his alpha to be his again warring with the memory and pain of their past together, of the coldness that had grown and resulted in him running away. The issue Shane was facing is that it would be so easy to let Ilya back in, to say the

words, “I want you to be my alpha again.” and Ilya would give it to him, he’d give them anything they asked for.

But then he remembered why he left, and what Ilya being in his life had cost him and the thought of bringing Alexei any closer to his daughter than she already was just by being his niece felt impossible and therefore being any more with Ilya was also impossible. So since then he’d kept as much physical distance as possible. He never let himself be alone with Ilya, rushing off to his own room the second Masha was asleep to avoid any more incidents. Ilya had also not worn a shirt last time he was here, insisting it was too hot and Shane was stuck between wanting to tell Ilya to cover up but also not wanting to make it seem like he couldn’t be around Ilya shirtless without it being an issue. But it was an issue, a huge major issue because Ilya’s body was still as perfect as it had been almost a decade ago and Shane wanted nothing more than to bury his face against his chest or run his tongue across his abs.

It also didn’t help that Ilya was just so good with her. It was as if he hadn’t even been gone. There’d been times over the course of Masha’s life where Shane thought maybe he shouldn’t have told her anything about Ilya, but watching them together proved that he’d made the right choice. Nothing had made Shane as happy as when on Ilya’s second visit Masha had had a meltdown because the book she wanted Ilya and Shane to read to her was at her grandparents and Ilya went through her shelf incorrectly while looking for it, messing things up causing her to shout and cry at him that she hated him. Shane had tensed immediately worried that Ilya would get angry the way Shane had seen so many times when someone was rude to him but instead Ilya had just put the books down and apologised before asking Masha to show him how to do it properly.

What had followed was twenty minutes of Masha explaining to Ilya as if he were a dog how to do it correctly while Ilya listened as if she was explaining the most important thing in the world. Shane had been watching the whole time while holding back tears and the urge to throw himself at his alpha once Masha was asleep.

If Ilya just wasn’t so perfect Shane wouldn’t have a problem.

Shane hadn’t expected it but his Mom stopped round on the Sunday that Ilya was here. She said it was because his dad had made dinner for him and Masha but the fact that there was more than enough pasta sauce for Ilya too meant that Shane knew she had just wanted to see Ilya or more specifically see Ilya with him and Masha. She had been all too excited to introduce her grandma to her papa who was draped over his back as he carried her around when she arrived. They exchanged a polite, “Hello Mrs Hollander.” and “Hello Ilya.” to each other before Shane ushered the four of them outside.

“She loves him, Mom. She has him completely wrapped around her finger.”

“Well it’s easy to parent when you’ve only been doing it for a month.” She said.

“Mom.”

“What? He’s dangerous.” His mom said, as they both looked over to where this “dangerous” man was stomping across the dock with Masha on his feet, pink and purple butterfly clips in his hair, singing down at her in Russian as she giggled and beamed up at him.

Shane tried to suppress his smile and said, “Mom, we aren’t together. He is just getting to know Masha. That’s it. Nothing more.” Desperately hoping she doesn’t see through it, can’t read on his face that they had kissed. “I thought you said you’d respect my decision.”

“Yes, to have him in Masha’s life. Not you being in a relationship with him.” She said, “I see the way you’re looking at him, and the way he’s looking at you. He’d take you back in an instant if you asked him.”

“I’m not going to do that Mom, and listen, I am not the same person I was seven years ago. Is it really too hard to believe Ilya isn’t either.”

“I think he has changed. But I also think he is capable of hurting you.”

“Isn’t any person I could be with capable of that.” Shane said, knowing it wasn’t the same.

“Shane, you know it’s different. Me and your father loved Ilya, you know that, you know when you turned up on our doorstep and told us everything that had happened to you and that you were pregnant your father and I almost couldn’t believe you were talking about the Ilya we knew, who was so soft and gentle and good to you. We couldn’t believe what you were telling us he was, what he had done to you. I worry that maybe I missed some of the signs about what he was, and should have done something sooner. I don’t want to make the same mistake again.” Shane knew all of that except for the last part. He didn’t know his mom thought there was something she could have done to stop it.

“Mom, he was soft and gentle and good to me. But there was darkness in him that we couldn’t do anything about.” Shane said, quickly adding when he saw his mom’s face, “That’s not me excusing him hurting me, that’s me saying that what happened is not your fault. Never your fault. I knew what Ilya was, I knew what he was involved in and I stayed.” before finally lifting his eyes up from the floor and saying, “Do you think you could ever accept us together again?”

Shane watched the conflict on her face as she looked between Shane and then back towards Ilya and her granddaughter, she sighed and then said “I think I could try.”

“That’s what I’m doing too mom, trying to forgive him.”

“It isn’t just you who has missed him Shane. We loved Ilya and understand wanting him back but I have to be the one to make sure we don’t let emotion be the only thing considered.” She said suddenly as they were watching him now pretending to lose races against Masha across the dock “falling in” dramatically.

“Mashulya come and say goodbye to grandma!” Shane shouted smiling when Ilya crouched down and let Masha climb onto his back, sprinting them both over.

“Walk out with him mom, you and him should talk.”

“He’s dripping wet and half naked, is now really the time?” She asked.

“Yes. Talk to him.”

“Hey Ilya, walk my mom out.” Shane ordered, smiling when Ilya immediately said, “Da, ok Shanyushka.” Ilya said quickly, putting Masha down on the ground who quickly ran over to Yuna and gave her a hug.

“Bye bye Baby.” Yuna said as she pressed a kiss to Masha’s head.

“Bye bye Grandma.” Masha said, and then climbed onto Shane’s lap.

Ilya and Yuna walked back into the house in complete silence, all the way to the door until Yuna turned to him and said, “Tell me Ilya, what would you do if Masha’s boyfriend hit her?”

“I’d kill him.” Ilya said before he even thought about it quickly saying, “Uh I mean-”

“Exactly. I don’t know what Shane has told you about when he first left you and how hard it was but it was not easy. Do not hurt him again.”

“I do not want to hurt either of them. I want to give them everything. I love them both so much and I will never stop proving to Shanyushka and you that I have changed. I was unwell but I have gotten a lot of help. I do not do any of the things I was doing seven years ago, have not spoken or heard from my brother in six. I am trying to be good. For Shane and Mashenka”

“Try very very hard Ilya because Shane was broken last time and I don’t know if he could survive getting broken again.” She concluded, before pulling open the door and leaving. Shane went back inside once he heard the door close, Masha stomping in behind him.

“Go and wash up Mashulya, me and Papa will get dinner ready.” Shane told her as he ruffled her curls.

“Yes Mama.” Masha said as she shuffled off towards her room.

Shane walked over to Ilya and looked up at him, pointedly avoiding making eye contact with his still wet body. “What did she say to you?” he asked, and he realised looking at his face wasn’t much better as he was just so devastatingly handsome.

“She said she’d kill me if I ever hurt you again.”

“What!? Really?”

“Well she asked what I would do if someone hit Masha and I said I’d kill them and she said, “Exactly.” so maybe not in so many words but it was obvious. But I am not to ever hurt you again so it doesn’t matter”

“Well she told me that I’m not the only one who has missed you.” Shane told him,

“So she does not hate me?” Ilya said, his face soft and hopeful.

“I wouldn’t say that, you’re just someone who is easy to miss.”

“Uh she also said that you had a very hard time when you first left me. If you want to-”

“Not now. It’s time for dinner and then Mashulya wants to watch a movie with us tonight. She’s been going on about it since you left last time. She wants Mama on one side and Papa on the other.”

“But-”

“Ilya. Not now. I will tell you what you want to know but not now. When Masha’s asleep we can light another fire and come sit outside. Open that vodka you brought. I’ll need it” Shane told him.

Watching Ilya hold Masha through the ending of Toy Story 3 was not doing any good to help Shane resist Ilya, he whispered soft, calming words to her in Russian as she hid in his neck seemingly unaware of the turmoil he was putting Shane through. Watching Ilya be a dad made his omega scream for his alpha, to let him bite down on his gland and mate him, to drag the three of them to his nest and hold his alpha and their pup close.

Shane let Ilya put Masha to bed while he went out and lit a fire for them, pouring them both a drink before slowly sipping his and waiting for Ilya to come back out.

“I know you said you would tell me about time after you left but you do not have to.” Ilya said once he’d settled in his usual place in their garden.

Shane didn’t respond, instead he just sat and thought before eventually saying, “I was scared all the time. I could barely leave the house to go to appointments. Every time someone moved or spoke to me I would flinch. When I was still in Boston I didn’t realise how traumatised I was from your brother. It wasn’t until I was six months pregnant that my mom forced me to see a therapist. She told me that I had to get better because I was going to be a parent and it was not fair to my child to have a parent this unwell.”

“And it helped?”

“Yeah it did. I got diagnosed with PTSD and anxiety, I worked on my trauma and all of it. It’s still hard sometimes but I’ve come a long way from where I was seven years ago,”

“Is PTSD still bad?” Guilt laced through Ilya’s words.

“Yes and no. I still have nightmares. And like sometimes I get anxiety when I am out alone, or a sound can trigger memories. But it’s manageable, and I have anxiety medication for my really bad days as well as sleeping pills for when I need them.”

Ilya was quiet for a while sipping his drink, eventually sighing and saying, “I am so sorry for what he did to you Shane. And for what I did. Do you still have all those scars?”

“Yeah I do. Some have faded but for the most part but on my thighs they’re all still there. But you know those scars don’t cause me to wake up screaming, terrifying my daughter.” He felt himself shiver at the memories, Alexei’s hands on him, the sound of his laugh when Shane would scream, the feeling of his broken bones, or the way Alexei would be nice for days at a time, not hurting him before switching up again.

“Shane?” Ilya said softly, pulling Shane out of his memories. “You are ok?”

“You can’t let him find us. The things he did to me Ilya cannot happen to our daughter. I’d rather she die than get taken by him.” Shane said, shocking himself at what he was saying but also shocked at how much he knew he meant it.

“It will never come to that Shane, he will die before comes near you again, and he will not breathe in the same room as Mariya.” Ilya said firmly. Shane gasped slightly. Ilya has never called Masha by her actual name, only ever Masha or Mashenka.

“You’ve never called her Mariya before.”

“Is because I am being serious. Alexei will not come near you or Mariya ever. He will die before he hurts you.” Ilya said, his scent leaking out in waves. The sheer protectiveness and possessiveness made Shane dizzy. Before even thinking Shane was up and walking towards Ilya, he yanked him up and crashed their lips together.

This time Shane didn’t pull back when he felt Ilya’s tongue pushing into his mouth, he moaned into it and pushed his tongue harder into Ilya’s mouth who groaned and did the same, wrapping his fingers in Shane’s long hair and pulling slightly. Shane pushed his crotch against Ilya’s and felt his hard dick rubbing against his wet pussy.

When they broke apart they were out of breath and Ilya’s eyes were blown wide and full of lust. “Uh-” He started before Shane said, “Ok well I uh, think it’s time for bed. You have an early flight tomorrow. Goodnight.” and without giving Ilya any chance to respond he spun around and all but sprinted into the house and into his room. Where he may or may not have immediately pushed his hands into his pants.

Another six weeks had passed and like last time they hadn’t mentioned the kiss at all and again like last time in the last six weeks Ilya had been making it increasingly more difficult for Shane to resist asking Ilya for what he wanted.

Ilya and Masha were currently watching TV together while Shane prepared things for the morning when he checked the time and saw that it was time for Masha to get ready for bed so he called out, “Come on Masha, it’s time for bed, go and brush your teeth.”

“Coming Mama.” She responded, and Shane heard her and Ilya hugging and kissing, and telling each other goodbye in Russian before she came out and made her way to her room. Ilya followed her in and joined Shane in the kitchen, leaning against the island and watching Shane work.

“Can she not stay up for a bit longer?” He asked suddenly, causing Shane to turn and look at him.

“No. She has school tomorrow and she struggles when she doesn’t get enough sleep.” he told him, not meeting Ilya’s eyes.

“But I won’t get to see her again for two weeks. Can I stay another day?”

“No Ilya. It’s too much disruption.”

“For her or for you?”

“Excuse me?” Shane said.

“I mean, would me staying one day actually mess Masha up or do you not want me here? Because Masha has asked me lots of times to not go. I think is you who does not want me here.”

“Ok well she’s six so maybe I’m a better judge of what is and isn’t going to upset her.” Shane told Ilya, knowing that that wasn’t entirely true.

“Is just not fair. I do not get to see her as much as you. You get this all the time.”

Shane felt himself get angry at that, the implication of what Ilya was saying just not sitting right. “Are fucking serious? You think we sit around colouring and playing games and swimming and watching TV all day? I am the one who is actually parenting her. I am the one who has raised her. The one who deals with her mood swings and meltdowns and energy and helps her with everything she needs.”

“Only because you took her away from me. I want to do all those things. I would have done all those things if you had let me. Hadn’t taken her away.” Ilya said, his voice rising slightly as he clearly got annoyed too.

“Oh right, I’m so sorry I didn’t stay with the man who hit me, whose brother tortured me. Sorry I took my child away from that and didn’t stay and have the risk of you doing the same to her. Or your brother. Sorry I didn’t let myself get stuck with a violent criminal.” Shane said, carefully controlling his voice so he didn’t shout.

“You still could have told me. I would have let you leave-”

“Let me? How fucking generous of you.” Shane scoffed.

“I am not those things anymore. I am not a violent criminal. I want to do it all Shane please. Let me prove it to you. I cannot prove I have changed if you only see me for two days every two weeks.”

Ilya was right. And Shane knew Ilya was right and he hated it. They’d been doing this for almost three months now. Masha loved Ilya, she kept asking if he could come for longer but Shane kept lying, saying that Ilya had to work, and now he was telling Ilya it was because of Masha and calling him a violent criminal. But Shane knew what he wanted, has known what

he's wanted since he was eighteen and that was a family with Ilya Rozanov, how long was he going to make Ilya keep working before he let himself have what he's wanted for almost twenty years.

"Ok fine."

"Fine? I can stay?"

"No. not tonight. But the week after next is Masha's birthday. You can come for the week. Do the school run, get her up in the mornings, calm her down when she gets upset. We can go out on her birthday, you can come to work with me. And maybe we can uh fuck, maybe we can try being more too?"

"What do you mean more? Back to what we were?"

"There is no back to what we were. What we were died when you hit me. but maybe we can try to be something new. With Masha. Like maybe I can stop pulling away whenever we get too close and you can stop acting like you don't still want me."

"We can have sex?" Ilya asked hopefully.

"No." Shane said firmly, "No sex."

"Ugh but Shanyushka you are so pretty it is hard to resist, is torture being so close but not being able to touch you." Ilya groaned, causing Shane to laugh.

"You can touch me. Like right now come here and kiss me. Please Ilyushenka." Shane suddenly pleaded, and Ilya immediately moved round the island, closing the gap between him and Shane and crashing their lips together.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter will probably take a longer than the others because it will probably include their whole week together and I want to make sure it is well written and I am also going through the rest of the story making edits.

Let me know if you enjoyed this chapter as hearing your thoughts is also welcome

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

This chapter was originally supposed to be their whole week together but then it would have been like tens of thousands of words so I've split it up. This is still the longest chapter so far so I hope you enjoy

CW- Ilya thinks about his past suicidal thoughts and alcohol abuse after Shane left as well as the depression he still experiences today.

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

Ilya

When Ilya said meeting Masha for the first time was the most anxious he'd ever felt he'd been lying. This. Spending a week with them. A week with his daughter and Shane who had told him they could try to be more was causing anxiety that he had ever felt. This felt important in a way Ilya couldn't quite describe. Like the success of this week would determine everything for the foreseeable future.

He was trying to focus on just having a good week with Shane and Masha. He was spending his daughter's birthday with her for the first time in her life. He was trying not to focus on the pills he had to bring with him to manage his depression, depression that he still hasn't quite explained to Shane, at least not in the same way he'd explained his PTSD. He hadn't told Shane about the nights alone in his room staring at a bottle of pills while holding a bottle of vodka. Or the fights he went out and got himself in just to feel something. Or that sometimes he still gets days so bad he can't get out of bed. And what that could mean if it happened while he was with Masha.

He was also trying to not focus on that and the horrible gnawing guilt that filled him every time he thought about how much pain being part of Ilya's life had caused him. The three weeks where Shane had been gone would always be the worst of his life and he wasn't even the one being tortured. Three weeks and a life of suffering all because Ilya decided to speak to Shane at a college party seventeen years ago.

Despite all of this Ilya was also more excited than he had been for anything in maybe his entire life. An entire week with the two people he loved more than anyone else. His beautiful omega and his perfect daughter. He knew this week would likely have more hard conversations for him and Shane but for the most part getting to spend a week as a family was more exciting than anything else could be.

When he arrived Shane must have heard or been alerted that the gate opened because he was waiting by the door looking, as usual, beautiful, his long hair flowing down his face which was lit up by a wide smile. He got out of his car and made his way over to Shane, who unexpectedly dragged him down into a deep kiss. Ilya's hands immediately wrapped themselves in Shane's hair and tugged slightly. They pulled apart and grinned at each other before Ilya said,

"Wait wait, I need to get everything out of the car."

"Everything?"

"Da. Mashenka's birthday presents."

"Oh god what did you buy her?"

"Well you see I may have gone overboard because I wanted to make up for lost time."

"You're spoiling her."

"Ok Mr. build my daughter a cottage. What about thousands of dollars of art supplies? Or all those fancy expensive clothes"

"What was the most expensive thing you bought her?"

"A tiara. Was maybe \$90,000."

"Why the fuck did you get her a \$90,000 tiara? She's never going to be able to wear it or she will break it."

"Because she is the most beautiful princess ever to exist. But yes ok maybe is a little extreme. She can wear only for special occasions." Ilya said, too seriously for what he was talking about.

"And what special occasion is a seven year old going too where she will need a tiara?" Shane asked, rolling his eyes.

"I do not know, maybe special princess tea parties like the one we had the other week." Ilya told Shane, like it was obvious, getting another eye roll from him before Ilya continued and said, "I also got her a bracelet and a necklace so we all have one." Nodding to the chain that was around Shane's neck.

The chain Shane was wearing was something Ilya didn't think he'd ever see again. For Shane's twentieth birthday Ilya had bought Shane a locket on a gold chain which contained a picture of them which Ilya had taken after the first time they'd ever had sex when they were just eighteen. Shane had been smiling so beautifully as he laid against Ilya's chest that he had to grab his phone to take a picture of them. He hadn't taken it off his lockscreen for as long as lockscreens have existed, only recently replacing it with a picture of him, Shane and Masha that he had taken of the three of them.

Shane had never once taken off the necklace so when he first saw Shane and he wasn't wearing it anymore and Ilya couldn't help but wonder if maybe he'd gotten rid of it but when he'd pulled up today and spotted the gold around his neck he'd been so happy he wanted to kiss Shane immediately but Shane beat him to it.

Shane's hand moved to fiddle with it, "Whatever just hurry up and take them all to one of the empty bedrooms. We need to go and get Masha from school, I told her you were coming later tonight so it should be a nice surprise. My parents are coming later because they aren't seeing her on her birthday "

"Is good idea for your mom to come. She does not like me."

"It'll be fine, even if we aren't together you are in Masha's life now, it's inevitable you will have to spend time together. It's your daughter's and her granddaughter's birthday and she wants a barbecue with her parents and grandparents. So that is what she is getting."

"See. Spoiled." Ilya said with a smile.

Shane smiled too and said, "Fuck off and take all your shit inside." Ilya stared at Shane before deciding to pull Shane into another deep kiss, this time letting his hands move to cup Shane's ass before pulling back and turning away towards his car to grab all of Masha's presents.

Shane

"What do you do for work?" Ilya asked Shane as they were driving to pick Masha up.

"I run a clinic in town. Lots of the people around here didn't have proper access to healthcare, like there's only one hospital in the entire region, so I opened up a free clinic for everyone. I don't need the money so I just help people. It's not quite surgeries but it's good work and everyone appreciates it." Shane told him

"You are a millionaire, no? Why do you work?"

"Because I dedicated years of my life and thousands of dollars to becoming a doctor so I want it to be worth it. Plus once Masha started pre-school I would have lost my mind alone in my cottage all day so it's good to have something to do."

"I am glad you are still doing doctor stuff. You loved it so much."

"You just liked that I stitched you up whenever you got hurt."

"Well da. Was very sexy." Ilya said and Shane felt himself blush before he asked, "You miss being a surgeon?"

“Sometimes but like after I left I just wanted quiet which is why I built a home in the middle of fucking nowhere Quebec near a town with just over two thousand people. I think after what happened being in an operating theatre would have been too loud. With this, I can work as little or often as I want, spend time with Masha, and also not being a total fucking recluse.”

“And what else do you do? When you are not working at clinic. You have hobbies”

Shane blushed suddenly and looked away, “Well I workout, I look after Masha and uh yeah I do have a hobby, don’t laugh at me.”

“I will not laugh at you.”

“I knit.” Shane told Ilya, shuffling in his seat and gripping the wheel.

“You knit?” Ilya asked in disbelief.

“Yeah fuck you I knit. I needed something to do with my hands plus it allows me to make clothes for Masha with a texture I know she likes.”

“Ok so you have best hobby in the world. Making clothes for our pretty girl, you will make us all matching sweaters so we can wear them during winter.” Ilya said, and Shane felt his stomach clench at Ilya’s unconscious announcement that he would be spending winters in Canada with him and Masha.

“Uh fuck yeah sure, I just need your measurements.”

“Nine inches.” Ilya said, and without even looking Shane knew he had a self satisfied smirk on his face.

“Even bigger during rut.” Shane said almost automatically, kicking himself the second he did. But then Ilya laughed and then so did Shane so he felt himself relax back into his seat.

“I have a tailor.” Ilya told Shane, “I will have him send you my measurements so you can make me a sweater.”

“Was teaching Masha Russian hard?” Ilya asked after a few minutes of silence.

“Yes and no. It was harder because there weren't two parents. If you’d been here you could have spoken to her in Russian and I could have spoken to her in English. I used to just alternate between them like a week of English and a week of Russian. There was a really cute period from when she was like three to four where she would just use both interchangeably so it was basically impossible for anyone but me to speak to her. It’s only really been since she was about five and half where she’s been able to speak both distinctly but then I started introducing French to prepare her for school.”

“Is not too much?”

“Not really, children's brains are incredibly susceptible to languages. Even at six she should pick up French relatively easy, and I’m not gonna have my kid be the only person who grew up in Quebec to not speak French. It would have been easier though. I could have just taught her Russian and then let her schooling teach her English.”

“Fuck English. Is stupid language. Should just teach her French and Russian”

“Well your six year old daughter can speak it. Fluently.”

“Well, my six year old daughter had incredible teacher.” Ilya said, and Shane desperately wanted to turn and look at the huge smile that he knew would be on Ilya’s face but unfortunately he was focused on driving, so he just smiled too and they continued in silence for a while.

“Why are you asking all this stuff?” Shane decided to ask.

“Because I missed teaching my baby Russian, and seven years of your life and I want to know who you are now and what I missed.” Ilya said, with a thinly veiled attempt to hide just how disappointed he was that he wasn’t the one to teach Masha Russian.

“Oh yeah right.” Shane said, “I’m sorry.”

“No is ok,” Ilya tried before Shane interrupted and said, “Ilya I am sorry you missed it. I made the right decision to leave but that doesn’t mean you can’t be sad for missing the first six years of her life, or I can’t feel bad that you did.” Shane glanced over at Ilya and could tell that he didn't agree with him and figured they'd have to speak about this and their guilt but right now they had just arrived at Masha’s school and Shane needed to speak to her teacher.

Shane

“This is Masha’s father, Ilya” Shane told her in French, gesturing behind him towards Ilya, *“he's going to be coming with or picking up Masha on his own sometimes, we can add him to the list so I wanted you to meet him.”* He finished before stepping aside and turning to Ilya who was looking quite out of his depth.

“What did you tell her?” He asked Shane, who couldn’t help but smile at the slightly nervous look on his face

“I told her you are Masha’s dad and will come and pick her up sometimes, you’ll be added to the list, go introduce yourself.”

“I do not speak French.”

“It’s fine she speaks English. Just go say hi and tell her your name.”

“Ah yes hi I am Ilya, Masha’s papa. I only barely know English. I am sorry.”

“No problem,” She said with a soft smile, “I am Masha’s teacher, Ms Turcotte, you have an incredible child.”

“Is all Shane, I can take no responsibility.” Shane heard Ilya confess, before adding, “Yet.”

“I’ve only known Masha a few weeks but she’s very intelligent and amusing.”

“That is all Shane too, the intelligent part, not the amusing part that is all me.” Ilya told Ms Turcotte and Shane scoffed behind him before Masha came bursting out of the classroom. Shane scooped her up and pressed a kiss to her cheek. He turned them both towards Ilya who was looking at them both with such fondness.

“Why is Papa here?” Masha asked as she looked Ilya up and down. Shane tensed as he watched the excitement on Ilya’s face fall.

“He’s spending the week with us, remember.” Shane told her gently.

“He is not supposed to be here yet.” She said, looking confused at this sudden change in what she thought would be happening today

“I thought it would be a nice surprise for your birthday, Papa’s gonna be here for dinner with Grandma and Grandpa.”

“But he shouldn’t be. Papa shouldn’t be here yet.” Masha told Shane and he watched as the discomfort in the change of plans settled deeper into her face and she looked at Ilya as if he was unwanted, which to her right now he was.

“We’ve spoken about this remember. Plans change. Not everything always works out the way we want it but it will be ok right. You love Papa. You don’t want him to go, do you?”

“No, I want Papa to stay, but you said he would be here later tonight.”

“But he’s here now and it’s all ok. I know it doesn’t feel ok but it will be. We’ll go home, we’ll wash up, you can show Papa your after school routine and then Grandma and Grandpa will be here. We’ll eat dinner and then as planned we’ll watch a movie with Papa. Is that ok?”

Shane watched Masha think for a moment before she said, “That’s ok.” and then turned and looked at Ilya.

“Good, now go and say hi to Papa.” Shane said, putting her down and pushing her gently towards Ilya.

“Hi Papa.” She said, her voice giving away that she still wasn’t entirely on board with this change of plans.

“Hi Mashenka. Can Papa have a hug?” He tried. Masha then broke into a wide smile and ran towards her father, jumping into his arms and wrapping hers around his neck.

They drove back to the cottage and about half way through the drive Shane whispered across to Ilya from the driver’s seat “Now that she’s been good offer to give her an early birthday present.”

Ilya looked panicked for a moment before saying, *“I have bought you some birthday presents Mashenka, you can choose one when we get home if you like. After you have done all the things Mama tells you.”*

She gasped loudly and said, *“Really!/? Thank you Papa.”* and from there she didn’t stop speaking for the rest of the ride home, telling Shane and Ilya in Russian all about her day and the argument she had with the girl who said her drawings were better, but how no one’s drawings are as good as hers. She excitedly told Shane all the French she’d learned and Shane felt very happy at the sense of irritation coming off of Ilya as they spoke to each other in French while he couldn’t understand them.

All through the drive home Shane couldn’t help but feel how right this felt. The three of them together as a family, him and Ilya picking their child up from school, going home for dinner. Shane had already accepted he wanted to get back together with Ilya and was beginning to stop fighting it. If it wasn’t for Masha they’d be together already probably but Shane knew that he had to take this seriously and slowly, make sure the three of them could all fit together and things could work. There was still so much Ilya hadn’t seen of both him and Masha and a lot about Ilya that Shane didn’t know from the time they were apart. That’s why he’d been so nervous for this week, he knew one way or another he’d have some sort of answer of whether they could work as a family, and he really hoped the answer was that they could, and as he listened to Masha and Ilya talking and laughing with each other, he couldn’t imagine a world where it wasn’t.

Ilya

When they arrived home Masha told Shane to go and unpack her school bag and delighted Ilya when she grabbed his hand, “Come on Papa.” She ordered him and dragged away with her. She dragged him towards the bathroom and climbed up onto her step in front of the sink. “Wash your hands first. School is dirty.” Masha instructed, and like always when Masha told him to do something, and when Shane did for that matter, he did as she told him, washing his hands thoroughly before she took it again and this time went to her room.

She shrugged off her backpack and settled it onto the floor. She crouched down and pulled out all of the pictures she drew and handed one up to Ilya, “I drew this for you Papa. So you

can see me and Mama when you aren't here." Before going back to sorting through the rest. He looked down at the picture and felt his throat catch. Masha had drawn a picture of her Shane and Ilya. They were in the cottage's home cinema and she was curled up in between them, as she was held by her parents. Ilya almost couldn't believe a six year old had drawn it. He felt his eyes filling with tears before he wiped them away and pulled out his wallet, folding up the picture and placing it inside. "Is very good Mashenka. Thank you *sweet girl*."

Once everything was finished, he left Masha to play in her room and went to find Shane. He was outside getting ready for his parents and looked up with a bright smile when he saw Ilya. "You ok?" he asked when he saw the look on Ilya's face.

"Da. She is just so incredible and beautiful. She drew a picture of us for me so I can see you both when I am not here and is amazing. Fuck I love her so much Shanyushka." Ilya felt himself crying again and then suddenly being pulled into Shane's arms. He buried himself in his neck and breathed in the scent of his omega, immediately feeling himself calming down.

"I know Ilyushenka. We have the best child in the world don't we?" Shane told him in Russian and Ilya relaxed even more.

"I promise you Shane I will never let either of you down again. You are my family. I love you both so much." Ilya told him, and as he said it he realised he didn't just mean romantically. The love he felt for Shane was so beyond just being in love with him. His love for Shane and Masha felt undefineable, just a truth that was always a part of him.

"I love you too, Ilyushenka." Shane whispered back, before pulling back and holding Ilya's face in his hands. He pulled Ilya down and pressed a soft kiss to Ilya's forehead and he felt his heart race in his chest, "You're doing good ok." Shane reassured, before taking another step back and returning to his barbecue. Ilya moved to sit down and watched as Shane worked with practised ease to get everything ready.

"You are very good with her." Ilya eventually said, "You know, like earlier when we picked her up."

Shane chuckled softly and said "Well I have lots of practice. You remember how I get when my plans or routines change?"

"Yes, you would get all huffy and squash faced like an angry kitten."

"What no I didn't look like an angry- Whatever, just imagine that but a six year old who, like all six year olds, has very little control of her emotions plus she also has ADHD, you saw it that second weekend with the book but this could have been much bigger."

"Can I try next time?" Ilya asked Shane.

"If you never call me huffy again." Shane huffed, and Ilya laughed, "You are literally huffy right now. Now give me advice."

"You just have to remind her that the change in plans isn't actually wrong. It's ok that it feels wrong and is stressful but just like with you being here early it's all gonna be ok. Masha is

special because she has both. She can get very very upset about things changing but also move on from them very quickly, you just have to carefully gauge what's going on at the time. She wasn't upset you were here but it was uncomfortable because she already thought she knew what was going on. People misunderstand that it isn't just bad change that can upset someone with autism, even something good, something you want but requires a change for you to have, like you being here feels wrong because it wasn't what was planned."

"And if it doesn't work?"

"Then God help us all." Shane joked, and laughed, which caused Ilya to laugh too. Just then Masha came outside and fixed her bright eyes onto Ilya. "Can I have my present now?"

"Uh uh." Ilya said, "Is not how you ask, is it?" He was trying to be firm like Shane was but the second she pouted he felt himself crumbling. He went to immediately take it back but then she said, "Can I please have my present now Papa?" and his heart just about melted out of his body.

"Of course you can Дочам, I will go and pick you one. Something very special for my special girl." He stood up and walked past Shane who whispered, "Well done." at him before going inside to grab something. *Docha.*

He decided on one of the actual practical gifts he'd gotten her. A dress he'd picked out that he hoped and prayed would be a texture she could handle. He'd done copious amounts of research on forums for parents with autistic children and chosen a soft 100% cotton light yellow dress that he thinks she will love. He also grabbed the bag of candy he'd bought her just so she'd have something she could make use of right now.

He went back outside and handed both carefully wrapped packages to Masha and watched as she unwrapped them both. Ilya held in a breath as she touched the fabric of the dress for the first time but relaxed quickly when she looked up at him and said, "*It's very soft Papa. Thank you.*" With a wide smile that filled Ilya with so much joy.

"*You can wear it on your birthday, Mashenka. When we go out. You will be the prettiest girl in town.*" Ilya responded, watching as she ripped into the bag of candy and put two in her mouth.

"Not too many. It's almost time for dinner." Shane said from where he'd sat down after finishing all his set up.

They stayed outside for the next half an hour, Masha entertaining the two of them before they heard the door open and Ilya braced himself for an evening with Shane's parents. Shane's parents who had once loved him like their own son but who now hated him for the pain being in Shane's life had caused him.

Shane

“So Ilya,” Shane’s mom said suddenly, fixing her intense gaze onto him, “Are you giving any money to help Shane look after your child?” Masha was preoccupied with David so it was currently just him, Ilya and his mom involved in the conversation.

“Mom-” Shane started before Ilya said, “No is ok Shane. I offered but Shane said he did not want my money and he is uh, very stubborn. I do plan on setting up a trust for her but is complicated.”

“You didn’t tell me that.” Shane said, turning to Ilya.

“Well, like I said is complicated. Setting up in Canada means she has better access later and she will not have as many taxes, but my bank and lawyers are all in Boston. Before I go back I plan on going to a bank in Montreal to get advice.”

“Ok a trust, how much?” Yuna asked.

“Uh, maybe \$150,000,000. She would not get it until she is eighteen.”

“Holy shit how rich are you?” Shane exclaimed suddenly, and he watched in irritation as Ilya grinned and said. “Very. My business is very successful.”

“She doesn’t need that much money. She needs to work, not just live off her parents money.” Shane told him,

“Well right now she is seven years old, in eleven years she can decide if she wants it or not. Is just a way to make sure she is always going to be able to do what she wants to do. Remember how you struggled through college. Let’s not let our daughter do that.” Ilya was right. Shane had struggled a lot, even with the help he’d begrudgingly let Ilya give him.

“Fine. But not that much money, don’t make that face Ilya no child needs that much it’s ridiculous, we can discuss later.”

“I agree with him, Shane.” Yuna said, interrupting their bubble. He glared at her and she said, “What? Me and David gave you a better childhood than we had, you should do that for Masha. If you raise her right, having a trust doesn’t mean she’ll never want to work. You have millions of dollars left over from building this cottage and you still work. Ilya still works.”

Shane just looked between them. They’d done this for as long as they’d known each other. Teamed up to break through Shane’s stubbornness and he was not pleased to see that despite not speaking for seven years they still had that ability and based on the smugness on Ilya’s face he recognised it too.

“Uh Shane,” Shane’s dad said suddenly, “Masha’s saying something in Russian.” he told them, Shane and Ilya both whipped around to see what she was saying.

"I want grandma and grandpa to go home now. I want to watch Moana." She said bluntly and Shane laughed before turning to Ilya, *"She knows that saying that to their faces is rude so she's saying it in Russian instead."* he told him before turning to Masha, *"Well done for not being rude Mashulya. Give us five minutes and we can go in."* he said.

Masha opened her mouth to argue but Ilya said, *"No Masha. Mama said five minutes."* and she closed her mouth but pouted.

"Everything ok?" Yuna asked, looking concerned.

"Yeah yeah we're all good. She's getting tired and wants to go in to watch a movie."

"I take it that's our cue to leave?" David asked, coming over to join his wife.

"Yeah kind of." Shane said standing up. "I'm glad you could come and spend time with Ilya."

He watched his moms face change multiple times, clearly grappling with whatever she was feeling and trying to put it the best she could. "I'm glad too." she settled on before adding, "It was a good step."

"Da. Is what the last three months have been. Steps for all of us. Thank you. For taking steps for me. I am trying to believe I deserve it." Ilya told Shane's parents. Shane felt his heartbreak and placed his hand against Shane's back.

"Keep doing what you're doing Ilya." David said, "You're doing good son." Shane heard Ilya swallow thinking before bending over and picking up Masha. They walked his parents to the door and they kissed and hugged Masha and Shane goodbye, and David shook Ilya's hand before they left.

"Can you make a nest Mama?" Masha asked him as they all walked into her room. He saw from the corner of his eye Ilya tense slightly before flicking his eyes to Shane. Masha didn't know what she was asking for. All she was asking for was something they'd done countless times before but for the three of them to nest was a level of intimacy Shane had never considered between him and Ilya again. But then he looked at Ilya properly and the urge to nest with his alpha and his pup overtook any rational thought he had.

"Yeah of course Mashulya. Go and grab some of your clothes, Ilya, and there should be spare nesting blankets in the laundry room for you to scent. Go grab them and then I'll make our nest while the two of you get ready." He said, and Ilya immediately jumped up and went to what had quickly become his room in the cottage. He returned a few minutes later and Shane resisted the urge to not immediately bury his face in the heavily scented fabric and instead just made his way to his own room to grab some nesting blankets and clothes. He got himself changed and went into their home theatre. He hesitated at first before instinct took over and in no time he'd constructed what he thought was his best nest ever. Likely because it was laced with the scent of his alpha and none of his others in the last seven years had been.

When he was done he turned and saw Ilya and Masha standing hand in hand behind him. Masha wasted no time crawling inside and curling up against her mama but Ilya hesitated.

Shane looked up at him and sighed before saying, “Come in alpha. It’s not complete without you in here.” and watched as Ilya relaxed and entered their nest, settling himself next to Masha he stretched out an arm and protectively wrapped it around both Shane and Masha, tugging them close to him.

By the time the movie was over Masha was asleep and Shane felt his eyes drooping too despite it barely being 8pm. *“Sleep Shanyushka. I’ll look after you, my omezhka. My pup.”* He heard Ilya’s deep voice say, just as sleep overtook him.

Chapter End Notes

Shane and Ilya are 35 in this so just to clarify the timeline. It's set in 2026, Shane and Ilya both have their cannon birthdays and met at Boston University in 2009 when they were eighteen. They were together for ten years until Shane left in January of 2019 and gave birth to Masha on the 17th of September 2019 so in this chapter Masha is turning seven and is in Grade 2 of elementary school. Almost exactly three months have passed since the beginning of the story and this chapter starts on Monday 14th September 2026.

And listen I know if Shane is 35 it isn't really possible for him to have been a surgeon because he would have been doing his residency seven years ago before he was kidnapped and left but leave me alone Shane was a surgeon.

Again this chapter is longer than all the others so let me know if you prefer shorter broken up chapters for more frequent updates or longer chapters and less frequent updates. And also if you prefer singular POV chapters or the switching that happened in this one.

Otherwise as always please comment about what you liked and if you enjoyed

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Some soft domestic fluff that I loved to write. As usual everything in italics is being said in Russian. I hope you enjoy

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

Ilya

Ilya had had many moments that he thought were the best in his life. Meeting Masha, kissing Shane for the first time, his daughter falling asleep against his chest. But waking up to both his omega and his pup in his arms might take the top spot for a while.

Masha looked even more like Shane when she slept, the sharpness of her features that she'd inherited from Ilya softening. Part of Ilya wished she only looked like Shane. That she'd inherited none of Ilya's hardness and all of Shane's softness. Ilya looked down at the two most beautiful people in the world and thought "*Mine.*" and he instinctively pulled them both closer to him.

About fifteen minutes later Shane stirred and fumbled around to find the time. "*Is half seven my love. I can go and make us coffee if you want to wake Mashenka up, and then you will take me through your morning routine?*"

"*Yeah ok.*" Shane said, his voice rough, which made Ilya's dick twitch in a way he didn't want while in their nest with his pup so he dragged himself up, pressing a soft kiss to both Masha and Shane's head who whispered, "I love you Ilyushenka."

"I love you too Shanyushka." He told Shane back before getting up and walking off towards the kitchen. Ten minutes later Shane and Masha came out of the home theatre. Ilya chuckled when he saw the state of Masha's hair as she pulled herself up into one of the chairs at the island.

She watched him for a few minutes as he started making his and Shane's breakfast before saying. "You can't make breakfast Papa. Mama does that."

"Of course I can Mashenka. You will have your cheerios and pour your own milk because you are a big girl who can do it on her own, and no one else can do it as well as you, and Shanyushka will have bacon and eggs and will say he wants healthy turkey bacon but will steal mine anyway so I make extra." He told her, self-satisfaction and pride filling him as she adopted a look on her face that he'd seen on Shane's countless times. A look that said "you are right but I don't like that you are." and just sipped her juice instead of responding.

“Fuck you.” Shane said before Masha said, “Fuck you.” Grinning to herself. Shane and Ilya looked at each other trying very hard not to laugh before Shane said, “You can’t say those words Masha. They aren’t kind.”

“You say fuck to Papa all the time.” She said through a mouthful of cereal, “Yeah Shanyushka, maybe is you who needs to saying those words that “aren’t kind.”” Ilya added with a smug grin.

Shane opened his mouth to tell Ilya to fuck off before looking at Masha and closing it again. He sighed and said, “Fine. No more swearing.”

“We need swear jar. But maybe not because you will fill it and then have no more money for our baby.”

“Mama says lots of bad words.” Masha nodded, agreeing with Ilya who beamed at her. He nodded too before adding, “I know sweet girl, your innocent ears have to listen to Mama’s dirty mouth is not right for someone as precious as you.”

“Alright alright I’ll stop swearing. Now hurry up and finish your cereal. We need to get ready.” Shane said, snatching up his coffee and stealing two pieces of bacon from Ilya’s plate.

After breakfast Ilya all but screamed in delight when he got to be the one to brush Masha’s hair while Shane made her lunch and packed her bag. She rambled to him in Russian about her school and Ilya just listened and laughed and let the reality of what his life was right now settle into him. He was combing his daughter’s hair while Shane packed her bag and got himself ready for work. The domesticity of it made his heart clench and he began to think about how he could make this permanent as quickly as possible. About if Luca was ready to take over from him. About how close he could buy a home to the cottage, and about how quickly he could wrap things up in Boston and start his life with his family.

Shane

“Fuck you.” Shane said as soon as they both got in the car after saying bye to Masha for the day.

“Me? What did I do?”

“All that swear jar bullshit I don’t swear that much.” Shane knew he swore a lot, his mom called him out on it all the time but Ilya was just as bad and they both knew it.

“Both sentences you just said had swear words in them.”

“Whatever. Fuck off.” Shane said, before adding, “You swear too.”

“Then we set up two swear jars, one for me and one for you. Whoever fills it the most by the end of the year gives their jar to Masha and then I get my money back.”

“You get your- fine fuck you. I’ll win. And we’re starting now and it only applies when we’re in front of Masha. That one doesn’t count.”

“Of course Shanyushka.” Ilya told him, in a tone that deeply irritated Shane.

They drove in silence for a while before Ilya said, “You are going to work today?” Ilya asked Shane as they drove away from Masha’s school.

“Yeah I am. I have a few appointments but I mostly just take drop-ins so it should be more.”

“And I can come with you?”

“Sure. I’ll show you my office and also take you around town. My last appointment for today is about ten so we’ll stay for a few hours after that and then I’ll show you around properly.”

They arrived soon after that and Shane said, “Hi Joan,” to his secretary when they arrived, and watched as her eyes widened as she noticed the 6ft tall Russian man behind him.

“Hi Shane, and uh...” She paused, looking up and down and smiling at Ilya.

“This is Ilya. He’s Masha’s father, he’s gonna be here today.”

“Is good to meet you.” Ilya said and Shane watched as she took in the glorious figure of Ilya Rozanov. He’d dealt with it for ten years and it still bothered him. He better than anyone understood how incredible Ilya looked but for every single person he meets to get instantly flustered by him did become annoying.

“Yeah it’s good to meet you too.” She said, her eyes raking over him.

Shane knew that Ilya knew it bothered him so it was no surprise when Shane heard Ilya say, “Is every woman around here this beautiful, or is just you?” His Russian accent curling around the words in a way that had been used on Shane too many times

“Ok.” Shane said, rolling his eyes “Let me know if anyone else makes an appointment,” he called out before gripping Ilya’s hand and dragging him out of the office.

“Is something wrong Shanyushka?” Ilya asked as they sat down in Shane’s office.

“Nope.” Shane said as he sat down at his desk in front of his computer, opening the two files of the patients he had today.

“Hmm. It seems like maybe you are slightly jealous.”

“I’m not jealous.” Shane said, not fooling anyone.

“Of course you aren’t because I only have eyes for you. Since we were eighteen I have never looked at someone else.” Ilya declared, and Shane couldn’t help but love it.

“Well they’ve looked at you.” Shane decided to mumble under his breath just as his intercom went off to let him know his first patient arrived. He pushed Ilya outside and welcomed her in, smiling as he huffed at being excluded.

There were few places where Shane felt truly right but his doctor's office was one of them. It wasn't quite the same as working at one of the best hospitals in the world like he had been in Boston but diagnosing patients and helping people was something he loved doing and getting to do it here was special to him, and sharing that with Ilya felt special too.

He explained to him about how he'd come to open it in 2021, that when Masha was two he decided he needed to do something other than spend all his time with a toddler. How he noticed that most people here were having to drive all the way to Montreal to get any sort of healthcare, and that after building the cottage he had more money than he knew what to do with so he decided that opening a clinic, paying for all the medications that some of the older people needed as well as giving everyone free check ups and whatever he could was a good use of his money. He still had plenty for both him and Masha and giving something back to this small town had given him more than they could ever know felt right.

“Most of the first year was just accessing and creating proper medical records. I gave every single person a full check up and recently I’ve been thinking about doing dentistry but I’ve never had the time and I’d have to take in person classes which is hard to do. Our dental system is better than the States but it’s far from perfect and providing that would be great for the people here.” Shane told Ilya a few hours later as they began walking through town once they left his clinic for the day.

“You are incredible, you know that Shane.” Ilya told him and took his hand in Shane’s. Instinctively Shane wanted to pull away and counter what Ilya said but he didn’t. He let Ilya hold his hand and just said. “Thanks” before beginning to point out the different parts of town. He pointed out the market where he did all their grocery shopping. The local restaurant that Masha had a meltdown in once because they had changed their menu to no longer include the only thing she liked. And how now the restaurant owner keeps it available just for her. He showed Ilya the church, the bakery, and all the small little craft shops that people had opened over the years. Ilya insisted on going in them all, introducing himself to people as Masha’s father, forcing Shane to introduce him to all the people who only spoke French.

He ended up with bags of stuff, more birthday presents for Masha, and a couple things he insisted on getting Shane like a soft white fleece with a maple leaf on each sleeve, countless pastries, even dragging Shane into the local bank and opening an account there for some reason.

Shane couldn't figure it out but Ilya had changed, almost as if he'd made a decision about something and had let go of whatever was holding him back before. Shane felt it helping him let go too, he'd almost introduced Ilya as his boyfriend before catching himself. He also found himself reluctant to let go of Ilya's hand at any moment.

As they walked back to his car he couldn't help but wish they could have this all the time, that in five days Ilya wasn't heading back to Boston but instead was staying home with his omega and pup forever.

“One day.” Shane thought, as he drove them back to what had recently become “their home” in his mind.

Chapter End Notes

I love this chapter so much but also feel like it could have been a bit better. I love the three of them being domestic with each other, Ilya beginning to think about how he could move to Canada, introducing himself to all the residents, Shane allowing them to act like a couple.

As always let me know what you thought and I will see you in the next one.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

This chapter finally contains some smut so I hope you enjoy

► Content Warning/Spoilers

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

Shane

The room was so dark and cold. He felt the familiar violent gnawing of hunger as he struggled to sleep on the hard concrete floor, shivering in the corner. The door suddenly opened and he heard the familiar heavy footsteps of Alexei Rozanov enter. Through the darkness Shane made out a small figure standing with him and recognised the form immediately as his daughter.

“Don’t fucking touch her.” Shane rasped, his voice hoarse from days of screaming and thirst.

Alexei kicked Shane in the stomach before taking a step back and gripping Masha’s hair, “So now you have something to say? You are not telling me what I want to know so I think we will try something else.” he sneered before letting go of Masha and smacking her across the face.

“NO!” Shane screamed, watching as his daughter cried out and he yanked her hair again.

“Where the fuck is he!?” Alexei spat at him, “Tell me.” he added, “Or I cut her pretty face.” pulling out a knife. He slowly brought it towards her face. Shane opened his mouth to tell Alexei everything he knew but then-

“Shane! Shane!” his eyes flew open as he screamed and felt Ilya’s hands on him. He sat up and shoved him hard causing Ilya to stumble off the bed.

“Don’t fucking touch me!” Shane shouted.

Ilya took a further step back and held up his hands, “Shane is ok. You are at home. Masha is asleep in her room, I am here. He’s not here Shane, you are safe. He is not here. And you are not there. You are at home. You are safe.”

“He had me Ilya. He had Masha and was hurting her. Told me I have to tell him where you are or he was gonna cut her face.”

“I know Shanyushka. I heard you muttering when I walked past your room to kitchen for drink. You said their names but it is ok Shane, you are not there. Masha is safe. You are safe. He will never touch you again.”

“I gave you up.” He told Ilya, his voice small and filled with guilt.

“Good. I am not worth our baby getting hurt. No one is.”

“Ilya I fuck- go and check on her. She gets scared when I scream, I'll be ok.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah I need to be alone for a minute. And uh, your face is reminding me of him slightly.”
Shane watched a flash of hurt come on Ilya's before he nodded and turned away.

When Ilya left he laid himself down on his bed and stared at the ceiling. It had been months since his last nightmare, not since before the summer had he woken up screaming and fear settled into him that it had to do with Ilya being back in his life. He knew deep down he still didn't believe that Alexei wasn't surveilling Ilya and that if he was that means that he likely knows where Shane and Masha are. But despite all that he still wanted Ilya here. He felt anxiety creep into him the longer Ilya was gone and desperately wanted him back to keep him safe.

He couldn't help but believe Ilya when he made promises that Alexei would never hurt them, that Ilya would protect them. Not when Ilya had spent hours last night in their nest whispering to him in Russian about how he'd protect them when he thought Shane was asleep. Or when he made sure to step into every room before Shane when they were in town today.

He'd noticed the way Ilya was always looking. At Shane, at Masha, at the other people or area around them when they were at Masha's school or in town, constantly looking at the faces of the people around them who could hurt Shane or his pup and he loved it. He knew he felt safe around Ilya the second he felt ok with inviting him here for a week. Ilya came back and pulled Shane out of his thoughts, “Mashenka is ok. She did not wake up.”

“Ok good.” Shane said with relief.

Ilya stood awkwardly for a moment before asking, “What parts of my face?”

“Huh?” Shane responded, confused.

“You said my face reminds you of his. Which parts?”

“I don't know it's nothing specific, you're brothers.”

Ilya groaned, “Oh God don't remind me. Tell me, is there specifics?”

“I don't know, maybe like your eyes. Not always but they're the same colour and sometimes like after my nightmare, I look at them and think of his.”

“You don't like my eyes?” Ilya said, hurt filling his voice and his face.

“No no Ilya I love your eyes. Your eyes are so soft and warm and full of light. His are cold and hard. Lot’s of things can trigger me Ilya. Someone snapped their fingers in the store the other day and for a moment I thought it was Alexei opening the door to the room he kept me in. I have a mental health condition that is going to affect me the rest of my life, just like your depression. We’ll figure it out ok? Can you get me one of my sleeping pills please? They’re in the back of the bathroom cabinet.”

Ilya nodded and walked into Shane’s ensuite, coming back quickly holding a pill. Shane noticed how Ilya turned away when Shane took it, Shane didn’t question it right now instead he said, “Uh Ilya?”

“Da Shanyushka?” Ilya responded still not looking at him again

“Can you stay?”

Ilya turned around and looked down at Shane, “In your bed?” he asked, his voice a mix between caution and excitement.

“Please?” He asked, pulling back his sheet and shifting over to the side. Ilya just nodded and climbed in. They laid facing each other for a while, Shane in quiet disbelief that he was sharing a bed with Ilya Rozanov again.

“Listen, these pills might have some side effects.” He said, breaking the silence “like I might be slower in the morning or slightly confused like I’ve got a hangover so you’ll have to take care of Masha, you’ll have to drive her to school anyway because when I take one of these I don’t drive until twenty-four hours afterwards.”

“Shane, you are asking me to take care of our child. Is not a question. We are not one and one anymore. We are team.” Ilya told him, before reaching out and taking Shane’s hand. Shane squeezed it. “Thank you.” he whispered, before closing his eyes and eventually falling into a dreamless sleep.

Ilya

When Ilya woke up he was pressed against Shane’s back, arms wrapped around him. He noticed quickly that he was hard and wanted to extract himself before Shane noticed. Just as he moved to get up Shane pushed back against him and he froze.

“Fuck.” Shane whispered, still half asleep, “ ‘m wet.” he murmured before pushing back against Ilya again.

“Shane no. I will get out of bed. You do not want this. Is your pill.”

“No. I’ve wanted you like this for almost twenty years. Always want you.”

“You said no sex. Shane we can’t.” Ilya said, desperately wishing he didn’t mean it. Shane spun around in Ilya’s arms and stared at him.

“I know. But let’s just-” He said before he pushed his clothed wet cunt up against Ilya’s crotch. Ilya hissed and pushed his hips forward on reflex.

“Fuck Shane we can’t.” Ilya said but he was already pushing his hard cock against Shane.

“You don’t want me alpha?” Shane whined as his wide, beautiful eyes stared into Ilya’s tears threatening to spill.

“Of course I want you Shanyushka is just-”

“Then stop treating me like I’m made of glass and rut your dick against me.” Shane suddenly snapped before placing a hand on Ilya’s hips and pulling him forward. Ilya’s dick slotted against the wet heat of Shane’s cunt like it belonged there and Shane pushed himself forward. Ilya groaned loudly and pushed himself forward too, the sensation overwhelming him after years of just his own hand and rut toys to get off.

Ilya felt just how wet Shane was getting and groaned, grinding himself harder against Shane causing his dick to press right up against Shane’s clit, making his hips stutter and causing him to let out the most beautiful moan Ilya had ever heard.

Ilya moaned too and pulled Ilya down into a frantic kiss as they continued rutting against each other, “Fuck Shane.” Ilya panted as he already felt himself getting close.

“Ilya fuck you feel so big, I forgot.” Shane whined, hands moving to cup Ilya’s ass to pull him closer, moaning as he rolled his hips against Ilya. “Please Alpha.”

“Yes omega, what do you want?”

“Touch me please, need your fingers.” He whined, grabbing Ilya’s wrist.

“You are sure?” Ilya asked, hips still frothing against Shane.

“Please. Wanna touch you too.” He said, shifting himself back. They moved together and Ilya quickly slipped his hand into Shane’s shorts, immediately finding his clit and rubbing slow circles around it. Shane’s hand wrapped around his dick and began stroking him fast, grip loose and pace sloppy as Shane got closer and closer.

“I’m close Ilya, please make me cum.”

“Da Shane. Together.” They quickened their pace on each other and found each other’s mouth kissing messily, panting into each other’s mouths as they both barreled towards their orgasms. Shane came first, clenching hard and cumming the moment Ilya pushed a finger into him, causing Shane to grip the leaking head of Ilya’s cock hard which pushed Ilya over the edge, exploding all over Shane’s hand cumming more than he has in seven years.

They both breathed heavily into each other's mouths for a moment before they heard shuffling outside and a knock on the door. "Mama?" Masha said from outside before she opened the door. Ilya and Shane quickly detached themselves from each other and sat up, both of them greeting Masha in a far too over the top way as she climbed onto bed. She looked confused when she noticed Ilya also laying in bed but eagerly crawled up and settled herself against him.

"Papa, why are you in Mama's bed? Are you married now like Grandma and Grandpa?"

"No Mashulya. Papa just kept me company after I had a bad dream. Everything's ok." Shane said, and Ilya noticed him grimace as he wiped his hand against his sheets.

"Da Mashenka. Was just looking after Mama." Ilya told her, and flashed a smirk towards him which widened into a smile as he watched Shane blush.

"Right, come on. We need to get you ready for school Mashulya." Shane said, getting up out of bed with his back to them both. "Ilya, take Masha and make us breakfast and coffee. I'm gonna go shower and then I'll get you ready baby while Papa showers."

Ilya sprung into action and scooped Masha out of bed, carrying her towards the kitchen and depositing her on one of the stools. They were out the door half an hour later and as they got back in the car from dropping Masha off Shane said, "We cannot let that happen again fuck."

"Da we have never been able to control ourselves when we are in bed together. Remember all those Christmases with your parents. You just cannot resist me." Ilya said, driving away from Masha's school.

"Those were all your fault. But you're right I couldn't resist you this morning. Whatever, if she'd come in a minute earlier she would have been traumatised."

"I think if seeing her parents fuck is the worst trauma Masha has then we have done a good job. Considering us." Ilya said, instantly worrying that maybe that was insensitive but then Shane chuckled and his fears went away.

"Do you know how awkward I felt being in bed with our kid and your cum on my hand? No, that can't happen again. If we're gonna make that a regular thing we just have to teach her to knock on doors before coming in." Shane said casually, immediately sending Ilya's mind reeling at the causal suggestion of not just sharing a bed together again, but a repeat of what happened this morning. "We'll just talk to her, tell her that it's important to knock when Mama and Papa are sharing a room." Shane added as if he wasn't blowing Ilya's mind at how easily he was talking about them sleeping in the same bed together.

"Da we will talk to her." He said, clenching the wheel and willing his cock not to get hard as thoughts of him in bed with Shane filled his mind. "You uh- You don't regret it do you?"

"What? No. I am the one who asked for it. Masha coming in was awkward as fuck but we dealt with it. You know me Ilya, do I do things I don't want to do?"

"No you are a stubborn brat. Like our daughter. Is where she gets it."

Shane laughed, “Exactly. I am the one who said no sex and then I am the one who initiated today. It was hot as fuck I enjoyed it. Also fuck you.” They got back to Shane’s cottage and Ilya spent the rest of the morning following Shane around and doing chores with him. Being ordered around by Shane was where Ilya was happiest, right next to being ordered around by Masha. He knew they both liked things done in a specific particular way so getting it right and being rewarded with the same bright smile they shared was worth more to Ilya than all the money in his accounts.

Around mid afternoon Shane and Ilya had just finished discussing what they were gonna do for dinner and were now watching the Bears vs Voyageurs game, arguing about which of the two teams were better like they were in their early twenties again on the couch, Shane’s head resting against Ilya’s chest, when Ilya said after a quiet moment, “Can you do me a favour, Shanyushka?”

“Yeah of course.” Shane said, shifting slightly to look up at him.

“Can you move your sleeping pills?”

“Why? You think Masha can find them?”

“No. Is for me. I told you about the thoughts I have had in the past. Knowing where pills like yours are is not something I want access to. ”

“Yeah ok then. Of course I can do that. I can move them. I won’t ask you to grab them for me again.”

“Thank you Shanyushka. I think maybe I should tell you more about my depression. Is something you need to understand so you do not worry but also so you know how it might affect you or Masha.”

“Whatever you want to tell me you can Ilyushenka. Whenever you’re ready.” He told him.

Ilya didn’t say anything for a moment, staring at the TV as the Voyageurs scored before sighing and saying plainly, “I have depression. Is like what my mama had and after you left it got very very bad. I think before that actually, when you were taken but I did not realise. I thought after I got you back it would all be over but it was not. For months after you were gone I would just drink alone in my bedroom or office, often staring at bottle of pills. It was not about you being gone, I hated myself for what I did and who I was. I did not want to be alive as someone who would hurt the person I love like that. A person like my father and brother.”

“You aren’t like them. They don’t care when they hurt someone. You do.” Shane comforted.

“Yes I know that now but I still hurt you and I hated myself for it. Anyway, one night probably a year and a half after you left, Svetlana walked into my office and found me passed out on the floor. She saw the pills so assumed the worst and called 911. After that I went to a therapist. It was not easy. You know what I am like. I do not like to talk about my feelings or accepting help and therapy is those two things. But I managed. Now I have my therapist.

Galina. And I have medication that I take once a day. I have my little pill boxes so I do not forget because you know how I am. I do not have many bad days anymore but they still happen. Sometimes I cannot get out of bed. I just lay all day because is all that feels manageable. I worry that maybe it will happen when I am staying here and Masha won't understand. She will get upset that Papa is ignoring her."

"On those days, when they happen, how can I help you?"

"I think maybe having you and Masha with me will help but with Masha's autism I do not know if she will understand that I cannot do anything. Like it will mess up her routine and plan."

"We'll figure it out ok. Whenever it happens you just tell me what I need to do and I'll do it ok. You'll let me help you?"

"Da. I am not dumb twenty year old anymore. I can accept help. I want you to help me."

"Good. Thank you for telling me. We're in this together."

"For Masha."

"Yes but also for us." Shane added firmly, leaning across to Ilya and pressing a soft kiss on his lips before settling back against the couch, still holding Ilya's hand and refocusing back on the hockey game.

After a few minutes Ilya said, "We talk about something happier now. What are we doing for Mashenka's birthday?"

"There's a play centre in Montreal for neurodivergent children that Masha loves but we don't go to often because I hate being in big cities so we're gonna go there, and then there's also a restaurant there that we've been to and that has three options that Masha likes so the three of us can go. It's quiet, private it should be safe but--"

"But you got kidnapped in a big city so still get anxious when you are in one?"

"Yeah." Shane told him, and Ilya watched shame flash across his face

"We will be ok, Shanyushka, he is in Russia. We are in Canada. We go to play centre, we eat at fancy restaurant, spend day as family, and when you get anxious you just hold my hand and it will all be ok."

"I know I know. I'll feel safer with you there. I'm excited. We've never gone out as a family, it's just been all at home."

"Da. At home." Ilya said, almost to himself, shocked at how easily the cottage had become home in his heart but also shocked at just how right it felt.

"What makes it a centre for neurodivergent children?" Ilya decided to ask.

“Well they make everything very sensitive to all types of sensory issues and then all the staff are equipped to handle the kids, in other places when someone like Masha “misbehaves” she’s just labelled as “naughty” but there they understand, they’ll be a room for her to calm down. Also it’s child led right, like her school can accommodate her as best as possible but there's also twenty other kids to accommodate for, but here she can just do whatever it is her mind is telling her. And also like for Masha, public play areas are just too much, they’re loud and crowded so she gets really overwhelmed, where we’re going will have maybe ten other kids there and then their parents and a few staff.”

“I found book in Russian about autism. It helped me understand better about Masha.”

“That’s good. Knowing about autism and ADHD generally helps so that you can then tailor what you know to the specifics of your child.”

“Da I am learning.”

“You’re doing an amazing job.” Shane told him, shuffling closer to him before he shifted again and climbed onto Ilya’s lap. Ilya looked up at him and swallowed and Shane wrapped his hands in Ilya’s hair. “You’re doing an incredible job Ilyushenka. Thank you.”

“Of course Shanyushka. All I want is to do a good job for you both. Thank you for letting me try.” Ilya breathed out, and then Shane lowered his head down and kissed Ilya deep and slow. No intention for anything more just Shane wanting to be closer to Ilya and Ilya wanting the same thing. Ilya’s fingers found Shane’s hair and they stayed holding each other and making out until the final buzzer on the TV sounded signalling the end of the forgotten hockey game and that it was time to collect Masha.

They chuckled into each other's mouths and picked themselves up off the couch. Leaving hand in hand to pick up their daughter. Together.

Chapter End Notes

Shane has a nightmare in which Alexei hits Masha and threatens to cut her and there is discussion of Shane’s sleeping pills. Ilya asks Shane to hide them from him and then Ilya discusses his depression with reference to alcohol abuse and suicidal thoughts.

This chapter is a bit of a rollercoaster but I like how it turned out. So I hope you enjoyed it, please leave a comment if you did.

Next chapter will be all fluff and fun as they go to Montreal to celebrate Masha's birthday. It will most likely take longer to come out as for all the chapters so far I have already had part of it written but I have nothing for Chapter 8 yet and I want to make sure I get things right

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Like usual everything in italics is in Russian and there's French in the opening that any French speakers can feel free to correct. I hope you enjoy this chapter.

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

Shane

Shane and Ilya did sleep in Shane's bed together again, after Shane very clearly explained to Masha that if she comes out of her room and sees Papa's empty she knocks on Mama's door first and once he was certain she understood he welcomed Ilya back.

Sure enough Masha understood. At six in the morning the sound of tiny fists on the door woke Shane and Ilya up with all the excitement of a girl who had turned seven five seconds ago and had been waiting five seconds too long to open her presents.

Ilya groaned dramatically at being woken up so early as Shane called Masha in and sat himself up. "Joyeux anniversaire, ma belle!" Shane told her excitedly as she climbed into his arms on the bed. *Happy Birthday pretty girl.*

"Merci maman. Où sont mes cadeaux?" *Thank you Mama. Where are my presents?* She demanded, causing Shane to laugh as she looked expectantly between him and Ilya.

"С днём рождения, Машенька!" *Happy Birthday Mashenka.* Ilya said, acting as if he hadn't just let out the world's most dramatic noise at being woken up at six in the morning. She turned and beamed at him. "спасибо, папа." *Thank you Papa.*

The three of them got out of bed and made their way into the living room, Masha on Ilya's back as he insisted the birthday girl doesn't walk before depositing her on the couch and telling her to wait. Shane went into the kitchen, got a drink for Masha and coffee for him and Ilya while he ran off to grab all of her presents that they were keeping in one of the spare bedrooms.

Shane had managed to talk Ilya down from giving her a tiara but the bracelet and the necklace he had let Ilya give her and they truly were beautiful. The locket had a small picture of the three of them in it and she excitedly let him clip it around her neck.

He'd also gotten her a framed photo of the three of them, some colouring pencils, a new pad of high quality paper to draw on, more clothes and just way too many toys for a seven year old to ever need.

Shane had gone smaller. All year Masha had been asking for paints and Shane was saying no. He was not going to have paint on his walls. So for her birthday he had bought her lots of high quality acrylics and water colours as well as an easel, different sized canvas and then a new desk for her room to draw at. He'd also gotten her a set of fancy pens with special tips that she had been leaving pictures of for Shane to find around the cottage all year.

Masha insisted on putting everything away first so with Shane and Ilya's help she organised her room and when they were done Shane left Masha and Ilya to get ready as he went off and got himself ready for the day. When he came out of his room he saw Masha was dressed up in one of the pairs of shorts and a t-shirt that she had just opened from Ilya and smiled at just how similar his pup and alpha look, and how happy he was that she had so much of Ilya's beauty.

Shane was thankful to have Ilya with him as Masha got impatient on long car journeys but with Ilya there she was easily entertained for a while before she fell quiet in the back and got distracted by the book she'd brought with her.

"What time was Masha born?" Ilya asked after a few minutes of silence.

"Uh 5:37 am why?" Shane answered.

"Is bad luck in Russia to give birthday wishes before the actual time of birthday but luckily we did not do that."

"I didn't know that." Shane said, suddenly ashamed that he didn't learn more about Russian culture to teach Masha.

"Da is very important. Is why I asked Yuna what time you were born on the first birthday we spent together. I did not want to curse you."

Shane chuckled and said, "I don't even know that." before adding, "Now that you're in our lives we can do lots more Russian things. You can teach her all about your traditions and stuff. She'll like it a lot. We can celebrate your holidays, you can cook Russian food, it's up to you."

He heard Ilya sniff, "I will like that too. I can never go back to Russia but I can bring the good parts here." he said, before Masha spoke and launched into an explanation of what her book was about.

When they arrived Ilya hopped out and unbuckled Masha. The second Shane stepped out of the car he felt himself tense. His eyes flitted around frantically for anyone who might come and hurt him or his pup, he felt his chest tighten and for a moment he thought he wouldn't be able to do this. But then he felt Ilya on one side and his daughter on the other and they both took his hand and everything was ok.

"You are ok?" Ilya asked, looking down at him with concerned eyes.

"Yeah I'm ok." Shane said, squeezing Ilya's hand.

“Then let’s go.” Ilya said with a smile. Once inside Masha took both her parents' hands and dragged them to the outside play area. This was one of the only play areas Masha enjoyed, one of the only play areas not too loud or crowded or dirty for her to have fun on, so Shane watched as her and Ilya played together, making sure to take lots of pictures of them. Shane noticed Ilya doing the same. Almost every time he could he took a picture of Shane and Masha playing together, also asking the staff to take some of the three of them.

Ilya had pouted and complained in Russian when he was told no adults on the indoor soft play but quickly perked up when Shane took him and Masha into the private art and crafts room he had rented for the three of them.

“You’re so good at drawing Mashenka.”

“I know Papa.” Masha said, concentrating as she worked, tongue sticking out from the corner of her mouth just like Ilya’s did when he concentrated, not that he ever has admitted it. Shane sat on the floor doing drawing of his own. He didn’t realise until he was done that he’d drawn Ilya and Masha as they were now. Laughing and smiling with each other. He loved them both so much it felt almost too much to bear in that moment. His beautiful alpha and their perfect pup together, on her birthday. It’s all he’s wanted since he found out he was pregnant. Since he met Ilya.

Shane suddenly felt Ilya’s hand on his face as he wiped a tear away. “What is wrong Shanyushka?” Ilya asked, his voice filled with concern.

“I can’t believe she’s seven. I can’t believe my baby is seven and you are here and we’re celebrating it together. I love you both so much.” He said, his voice catching as he looked up at Ilya and saw a bright smile on his face.

“I love you too Shanyushka.” Ilya said, shuffling across the floor to press a soft kiss to Shane’s forehead.

They left after Masha complained about being hungry and they headed off towards the restaurant. Shane noticed as they were walking that Ilya was behaving slightly off. He seemed to tense up as soon as they were outside and kept his hands firmly grasped to Shane and Masha’s. His eyes seemingly never relaxed, always darting around and when they got to the restaurant he walked forward and made sure they were both behind him as they entered. He relaxed as soon as they were inside and he saw how empty and private the place was and quickly became loud and joyous again.

After lunch they walked around Montreal for a while and Ilya was much more relaxed and they had a very good time walking through Montreal’s shopping district, even stumbling across a Russian bakery that Ilya rushed into, purchasing way too many sweet things, excitedly talking to the the owners in Russian and Shane heard him introduce him and Masha as, “his family.” and as Shane watched Ilya and Masha laughing through the streets of Montreal Shane realised that a family is exactly what they have become.

Ilya

They'd just gotten back from the best time in Ilya's life and their day wasn't even over yet. Masha was in the bath and Ilya was watching Shane shuffle around the kitchen sorting out all the food Ilya had bought. When he was done he walked towards Ilya and wrapped his arms around him, burying his face in Ilya's neck.

Ilya tried to turn his side away but it was too late. "Uh Ilya what the fuck is this?" Shane asked him as he felt the hard object against Ilya's side. Shane pulled back and reached his hand into Ilya's jacket before tugging out the gun that was strapped to Ilya's side.

"You bought a fucking gun out in Montreal for your daughter's birthday?" he asked, tone not giving away how he felt about it.

"Yes." Ilya said simply, not wanting to say anymore until he could gauge Shane's reaction.

"And you thought it was necessary?"

"Not necessary but it made me feel safer."

"But I thought we were safe. You said your brother and none of his people would ever be here so either you don't actually believe that or you have an actual reason to believe we aren't safe."

"No I do believe it but after everything in my life it is hard for me to be in public like that without a way to protect myself. In town around here is fine. There are a few thousand people but in a city with millions of people I felt unsafe without it." Ilya told him, and watched as Shane thought through what Ilya was saying. Ilya expected Shane to get angry but instead he turned and walked towards his bedroom and into his closet where Ilya followed him and saw a large safe. He opened it and placed the gun inside before turning to Ilya.

"The code is 101517, you only go in there, only go in there, if you really really need that gun ok? What the fuck were you thinking bringing a gun into a house with a seven year old? It's a fucking crime Ilya. If you'd been caught you would be in fucking prison are you serious?"

"I thought about just in case--"

"No Ilya. If you're telling me we're safe then there is no "just in case" because just in case means he could come here and hurt us and you promised that won't happen. So are we safe or do you need a gun to keep us safe?"

"We are safe Shane."

"The only reasons you really really need it are because someone who isn't your brother could break in."

“Yes Shane.”

“You promised me Ilya. Promised that we are safe from him. Do you really believe that or were you just saying that so you could meet Masha.”

“Shane, we are safe from Alexei. I promise you. I swear it on Mariya’s life that he will not harm you or her ever.” Ilya said, voice fighting to stay calm as he willed Shane to trust him. He watched Shane think before his shoulders dropped back and he relaxed slightly.

“Ok.” he said, “ok fuck Ilya, I’m sorry. I just panicked. I trust you ok? We’re good.”

“Da yes we are good. And I am sorry I did not tell you about the gun, I should have. I am very very paranoid about safety in public because of what happened to you but I should have spoken about it with you and not brought a gun with us.”

“Yes you should have but we’re ok now. Can you hug me now?”

“Always Shanyushka.” Ilya said and pulled Shane into his arms, “Have I ruined the day?”

“No. I understand being paranoid, you should have told me but you didn’t and now we’ve spoken about it. Let’s go, we have a birthday girl to watch a movie with and all those sweets to eat.”

They both got changed and headed out to find Masha in the kitchen with a mouthful of Medovik in her mouth as she smiled at her parents when she saw them approach. “Did you eat this on your birthday Papa?”

“Yes Mashenka. My mama used to make it for me.”

“Where is your Mama? Can I meet her?” Masha asked, not knowing that the question split his chest open with sadness that his mother would never be able to meet his daughter.

“I am sorry sweet girl but my mama is not here anymore. She would have loved to meet you though.”

“Why? Is she in Russia?” She asked, stabbing her fork into the cake again. Ilya felt his eyes getting wet and thankfully Shane spoke, *“No baby she isn’t. She died a long time ago. Before you were born. You remember Auntie Rose’s cat and how she isn’t here anymore? That’s what happened to Ilya’s mama.”*

Masha looked sad for a moment before turning to Ilya, *“I’m sorry Papa.”*

“It’s ok Mashenka, you have her same pretty eyes.” Ilya said, poking her on the nose and smiling at her causing her to giggle. *“We are going to Mama’s nest now, yes? What was it you wanted to watch while filling yourself up on sweets?”*

“Wreck-it-Ralph.” She told her parents. Ilya was thrilled to watch yet another kids movie he hadn’t seen. Why Masha had chosen this movie to watch on her birthday Ilya didn’t know but the second he saw the racing cars he was invested, especially with both his pup and his

omega curled up into his side. Shane periodically turned and rubbed himself against Ilya's scent gland and rubbed his own against Ilya's body to scent him and Ilya loved it. Shane had always been obsessed with having each other all over them so seeing that part of Shane again made his head explode.

By the time the movie was over Masha was dozing off so Ilya kissed her goodnight and let Shane carry her off to bed. "*Happy Birthday Mashenka I look forward to spending the rest of them with you.*" He said with a kiss to her forehead. Ilya pulled out his phone and looked at the emails he'd gotten from his realtor about properties in the area, he scrolled through the listings, none of them really catching his eye with anything except their proximity to the cottage which he supposed was enough.

When Shane came back he was carrying a large box that when he put it down as he climbed into their nest and Ilya saw was filled with about fifteen photo albums.

"I wanted to show you these earlier but I decided to wait until her birthday. I'm slightly obsessive with photos, especially when she was younger. I took lots of you both today so I'll get them developed and we can add them to the album plus all the ones you took of me and her."

"How many is in here?"

"Uh about thirteen I think. Most of them were taken by me but then there's pictures taken of us both from my Mom and Hayden and Rose whenever she's in town. I wanted to document her entire life. Part of me thinks that maybe I was doing it for you. So that if you ever met her you could see what you missed."

Ilya reached into the box and picked up the first album. He flicked it open and the first picture was a very pregnant Shane sitting on the couch of his parents house looking frustrated. The writing next to it said "*three days overdue.*" Shane shuffled up next to him and chuckled at the picture. "I was so irritated, I'd started therapy three months before this and had finally reached a point where I was able to be excited about having a baby. I'd already started planning the cottage, but she was in no hurry at all. I was pregnant for another week after this was taken. She was due on the 7th."

The next photo was of Shane in the hospital presumably just after giving birth, a tiny bundle of blankets against his chest. He had a wide tired smile and looked so happy and beautiful it took Ilya's breath away. "My mom said she'd never seen me smile wider than the first time I held her."

The next picture was of a tiny baby Masha in a bassinet next to Shane's hospital with the writing next to it. "*Mariya Ilyinichna Hollander. Born 17th September 2019 5:37am weighing 3.7kg.*" Ilya felt his eyes getting wet at seeing his name there. He knew she had his middle name but seeing it there felt like proof that he was still a part of her even when he had no idea she existed.

As Shane looked over the pictures, he said, "I've been thinking, Ilya, that maybe we change Masha's name."

“What? Why? I like Mariya.”

“No, not her first name, her last name. To Hollander-Rozanova.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. I want to add you to her birth certificate anyway so I thought why not make all the changes at once. Put you on there and change her name.”

“You really want that?”

“Yeah I do. I went back and forth a lot when naming her about giving her your last name but now I want to. It’s not simple, you’ll have to legally acknowledge paternity and we’ll have to change her name separately and then we can request a change in her birth certificate. We’ll start with you proving your her father which is easy, you claim her, I say your her dad, my parents will and I mean they just need to look at the three of us and then they’ll know she’s both of ours. Or you can have a document notarized saying you are her father. I, uh, already requested the forms a few weeks ago, I have them.”

Ilya was once again taken aback by how casual Shane was about everything. As if changing his daughter's name and legally becoming her father was not the best thing to happen to him since they came into his life. “I want to. We do it now?”

“Later, before you leave so I can then send them off in town on Monday, let’s look through these photos now.”

“Ah you are cruel Shanyushka, teasing me with these things but yes ok photos.”

They spent hours going through the photos of Masha’s life, Ilya going from crying one minute to laughing the next as Shane told him the stories that went along with the photos. He saw the pictures from all of Masha’s previous birthdays, the stills from the video of Masha taking her first steps. He saw her first day of school. Pictures of baby Masha smiling up at her Mama or her Grandparents or Hayden, or Rose. All people that weren’t Ilya and he couldn’t help the guilt that struck through him at the reminder that he wasn’t there. But he was here now and he wasn’t going anywhere.

He thought they were done until Shane went and grabbed another box filled with photos of him and Shane, and the ten years they’d spent together. Shane had compiled all the pictures taken by himself, his parents and his college friends to document their decade together, his neat handwriting providing notes on what they were. Like the picture of them at graduation that is also in Masha’s room. Or the picture Ilya had taken of Shane while he was passed out drunk after getting his doctorate. The picture of them outside the house they bought together, or when they’d taken a trip to France during one summer, and all the pictures they’d taken of each other.

By the time they’d finished all their reminiscing it was well into the middle of the night and Ilya could tell how tired Shane was getting. Similar to what Shane had done for Masha he scooped Shane up and carried him into his room, turning to leave before Shane said, “Stay.” and moved to make space for Ilya in bed.

Ilya shrugged off his shirt and climbed into bed facing Shane. They laid in silence for a while before Shane said, “Ilya?”

“Da Shanyushka.” he responded.

“I forgive you.” Was all Shane said, before rolling over and pressing his back to Ilya, purring as Ilya’s arms wrapped around him and held him tight.

Chapter End Notes

Fun fact whenever I am picking a film for them to watch I look at my shelf of hundreds of DVDs and pick one of those so today is Wreck-it-Ralph.

Also yes Ilya taking a gun into the city with him is absolutely unhinged but I think it's important for both Shane and Ilya to still regularly address their paranoia and mental health issues. Like these boys have issues and they need to keep having conversations. Also that gun may be a plot point later on maybe.

I hope you enjoyed. Please comment and let me know what you thought. Chapter 9 is mostly written so expect it in a day or two

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

This chapter is mostly smut so if you want to skip it just skip all of Ilya's POV for this chapter and you're good. For those who don't skip it I hope you enjoy.

► Content Warning/Spoilers

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

Shane

The next two days passed as successfully as the rest of the week but now it was Sunday and there was a cloud over the cottage that Shane could feel and he didn't like. Ilya had barely said anything to Shane all day and he wouldn't allow himself to be away from Masha for more than a minute.

Shane knew what it was, Ilya was leaving tomorrow and he desperately didn't want to, and Shane didn't want him to either. Part of him wanted to just ask Ilya to stay but he knew it wasn't that simple. Ilya had a job, a job that required his personal presence and voice to do well, even if he only left for a few days Ilya needed to go back to Boston.

Masha had just gone to bed and Shane and Ilya were sitting outside. They weren't speaking but every now and then Shane heard a stifled sob come from Ilya and he just held his hand. Shane doesn't know how long they were out there before Ilya said. "I think I am going to retire."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I am going to retire. Move up here to Canada."

"But what about your businesses? Don't you want to keep them?"

"I will remain shareholder and board member but Luca will take over as CEO with Lana continuing as COO. He has grown a lot since you left and he will have Lana and Cliff to help him. He is older than I was and he is very intelligent. Is just after this week I cannot go back to every other weekend, or even every other week. I need to be with you both. With my omega and our pup. My family."

"What would you do?"

"Well I was thinking of buying the bakery and working there. Charlotte told me that they are struggling to make any profit so with my money that won't be an issue, we can just bake and

provide for the people and not worry about making money. Or I still have my mechanical engineering degree so I could open up a garage. I love cars. I'm always working on mine."

"Well there won't be any fancy supercars here."

"Exactly, there will be boring cars and boring people and no meetings or demands, just me and my family living in boring middle of nowhere Canada. I have never wanted anything more. I'm a billionaire. I have more money than Masha's kids kids could spend. Fuck even her kids kids kids. My point is that I have spent my entire life trying to be free and this week with you and Masha is the freest I have been in my entire life. I do not want to go back to having that only sometimes."

"You'd really move here? What about your home?"

"I think from the second I met Masha Boston stopped being my home. Home is wherever you two are. So I move here. I live here, I do school runs, I look after Masha when you are working, we do dinner together."

Shane wondered if he should invite Ilya to live with them. He did want it but maybe that was only because there was time between seeing Ilya so he wanted as much time as possible. Inviting Ilya permanently into his space might be too much when they were seeing each other every day. Despite the fact he was more in love with Ilya now than he had ever been before, they still needed to take things slow, for the sake of not risking things going wrong and hurting Masha. "I do want to live with you Ilya but like, not yet ok. This is still my safe place. Living here with you is a big step. For both of us."

"Da is big for me too. We are getting closer, yes. I have slept in your bed, you cannot stop kissing me-

"As if you're complaining." Shane said with a scoff and an eye roll.

"Of course, will never say no to a kiss from my Shanyushka, but anyway. We are doing good, maybe is good to be closer, see each other more, learn how to be parents together full time and go from there. Date again. Is like you said, what we were is gone so let's take the time to become something better. We have already done a lot of this, yes but we cannot do more if I am in another country."

Shane felt himself smirk so he said, "Are you asking me out, Rozanov?"

"Yeah I am Hollander, you wanna go on a date with me."

"Hmm," Shane said pretending to think about it, "I'll have to check my schedule, you see I'm very busy raising the best kid ever and I run this clinic so maybe I can fit you in." he told him smirking.

Ilya stood up and took a step towards Shane, also grinning at him, his eyes following Shane as he stood up and also stepped closer, "Ah yes of course, Mr busy business man. I will contact your secretary."

“She is very qualified, speaks two languages, learning a third.” Shane told him taking another step closer, eyes flicking between Ilya’s and Ilya felt his restraint snap. He stepped the final two paces between them and kissed Shane hard, licking along the seam of Shane’s lips and immediately being welcomed in.

“Are we still doing no sex?” Ilya asked against his lips, “because uh.” he added, gesturing to his crotch where he was very obviously hard.

“I think that went out the window when we humped each other.”

“Da is true but I want more. Fuck Shanyushka.” Ilya panted as he kissed Shane hard again.

“Fuck ok yeah, what do you want.”

“Whatever you will give.”

“Wanna suck your dick please. Been so fucking long.”

“Must have been difficult, you have always loved something in your mouth, remember when you spent entire weekend keeping me warm in your throat? Was senior year.”

“Yeah I remember so take me inside so I can get you in my throat again.” Shane said, before looking up at Ilya with a pout, “Please alpha. I’ve missed it so much.”

“You and Masha are dangerous. I cannot say no to you.” Ilya said, before placing his hands behind Shane’s thighs and picking him up.

Ilya

Ilya sat himself down on Shane’s bed with the omega still in his arms. He laid them back as they continued to kiss, grinding against each other before Shane pulled back and started moving down his body, sucking and nibbling on his scent gland causing Ilya to groan and tilt his neck to give Shane better access.

Shane started tugging on Ilya’s shirt before leaning back completely and looking at Ilya expectantly until Ilya got the hint and pulled it off. “Fuck your body is so perfect. How are you so hot?”

“Is Russian thing. Is why our baby is so pretty. All comes from her Russian side.” Ilya said, teasing not meaning a single word of it as Shane stood in front of him and pulled off his own shirt revealing his beautiful sculpted body that made Ilya get impossibly harder in his sweats. Shane came back down and began kissing across Ilya’s body, sucking on his nipples before moving down and licking across his abs.

He settled between Ilya's thighs and hooked his thumbs into Ilya's pants mouth already at the bulge. Ilya's cock flopped out and thudded heavily against his body and Shane took it into his hand, slowly stroking it up and down and bringing his mouth to the tip.

Shane swirled his tongue around the tip before pulling back and frowning for a moment, brow furrowing as if he had something to say "What is wrong?" Ilya asked, causing Shane to suddenly blush, "We do not have to, we can stop."

"No I want to, it's just- Well Svetlana told me something and I just-" he stammered out.

"What did she tell you, omezhka, what is worrying you?"

"She told me that you haven't been with anyone since I left. Is that true?" Shane asked, clearly trying not to show how desperately he wanted it to be true.

"Da. Is true Shanyushka. From the moment I met you I didn't want anyone else, that didn't change after you left. You are the only one I will ever want. "

"So you haven't had sex in seven years?" Shane asked hopefully.

"No. How could I have sex with someone who was not you? No one ever has or could come close to you Shanyushka. You are so perfect, how could I ever go back to something worse than perfect."

Shane preened and purred at Ilya's words, "I haven't either. It's only ever been you. My first and only." he said, his voice soft as he spoke. Finally, without giving the chance to say anything else Shane wrapped his lips around the tip of Ilya's cock and moaned at the taste, the vibrations running up Ilya's body causing his hips to buck up into Shane's mouth.

Shane slowly sank himself down, stopping when he reached the base and holding himself there for a few seconds before coming back up and sucking against Ilya's tip. "Fuck I am not going to last long. Has been so long since I have had your perfect mouth on my cock. Forgot how good it was."

Shane smiled to himself before taking Ilya back into his mouth and bobbing his head up down stroking Ilya's cock at the base where his knot would form. Shane continued to fuck himself on Ilya's cock, making wet, needy noises that brought Ilya closer and closer to the edge.

After a few minutes Shane pulled off and began stroking across the wet length of Ilya's cock. "Please cum alpha. Wanna taste you." He said with a pout before sucking the leaking tip back into his mouth and continued stroking the rest of him.

Ilya felt his gut clench as he let out a low growl before exploding into Shane's mouth. Shane sank himself all the way down, throat milking every last drop of cum from Ilya's cock. When Shane pulled up Ilya leaned forward and dragged Shane up towards him, kissing him as soon as he could and groaning at the taste of himself still in Shane's mouth.

They laid making out for a while until Shane became whiny and needy, pressing his still clothed cunt against Ilya's spent cock. "Something you want omezhka?" Ilya asked with a teasing smirk.

"Yes. Fuck you. Wanna cum." Shane said between pants, still grinding himself against Ilya.

"Yeah? Want alpha's mouth on your cunt?"

"Please Ilyushenka. Need it." he whined, causing Ilya to growl and wrap his arms around Shane to flip them over, positioning Shane under him. He gasped and Ilya immediately started kissing down Shane's body, sucking on his nipples before licking down across his abs and settling himself between his legs.

He hooked his thumbs into the waistband of Shane's pants but he suddenly tensed and said, "Wait wait Ilya." and Ilya immediately took his hands off of Shane.

"You are ok?" he asked, voice laced with concern.

"Yeah it's just. I'm- my legs are still very scarred, and you might think they're disgusting. It's ok if you do. We can do something else, or nothing, it's fine." Shane said and his voice was so small and shy it broke Ilya's heart. He wanted to murder his brother for making this perfect, beautiful human ever hate a part of his body but just refocused on Shane laid out for him.

He pressed a soft kiss to his clothed thigh and whispered, "No part of you can ever be disgusting Shanyushka. You are the most perfect person in the world, let me show you baby."

He heard Shane let out a muffled sob and nodded, "Please alpha. I need you." He pleaded. Ilya kissed his leg again and hooked his fingers back into Shane's pants and, slowly while watching Shane's face, tugged them down. He pulled them all the way off before focusing his eyes on Shane again.

Shane's thighs were just thick as they were seven years ago but they'd softened slightly since the last time Ilya had seen them. Across either of them were the marks and scars of what his brother had done. Knife cuts and burn scars littered Shane's legs and Ilya wasted no time before kissing across them, laving them in attention to show Shane that he did not think they were disgusting at all.

"You are so strong omega. So fucking strong. That is what these are Shanyushka. Proof of how strong you are." He whispered again, reverently, as he kissed up across Shane's thighs, "You are so beautiful." He licked the length of a razor thin scar and found himself face to face with Shane's pussy. It was pink and flushed, wet with slick as Ilya looked at it. "Perfect." Ilya whispered before licking across the entirety of Shane's cunt.

Shane whined and buried his hands in Ilya's hair, tugging slightly causing Ilya to groan around Shane's clit. The taste of slick burst into his mouth as Ilya began to suck at Shane's cunt, basically making out with it as his thumb found Shane's clit.

Shane wrapped his legs around Ilya's head and pushed himself up into Ilya's mouth. Ilya just groaned and let himself be used as Shane humped his face. He stick his tongue out and let Shane fuck it into his hole as Ilya kept up the pace on Shane's clit.

"Alpha fuck your tongue is so good fuck." Shane said as Ilya pulled back as much as Shane would allow and pushed two fingers into Shane's wet waiting hole. He began fucking them in and out of Shane, keeping a finger on his clit and opening his mouth and flattening out his tongue for Shane to rub himself against.

Shane began to whine and moan louder and Ilya felt his legs tighten around his head and his hole clench around his fingers just before the familiar taste that Ilya had been missing for so long burst into his mouth as Shane came hard. Ilya just held his mouth open and drank all of Shane up, prepared to have his head crushed while drowning in the taste of Shane if it meant he didn't have to stop.

Eventually Shane's thighs did loosen and Ilya pulled back, panting slightly. He moved himself to lay next to Shane and pulled him into his arms. Ilya held him for a while, he knew he'd need to take them to the shower and change the sheets because there was no way Shane could sleep like this but for now he was content to just hold his omega as close as possible, not wanting to burst the moment of finally having each other like this again. Not wanting to face the reality that in less than eight hours he had to be on a flight taking him away from his family.

Chapter End Notes

CW- There is a brief description of the scars on Shane's thighs left by Alexei.

There has been very minimal proof reading of this chapter so expect a few edits in the next few days.

I hope you enjoyed this chapter, please comment and let me know if you did. The wait for the next one depends on whether I decide to split it into two or not.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Most of this chapter involves Ilya in a depressive episode and Shane and Masha looking after him. If that's triggering to anyone skip all of Ilya's POV and then read Shane's parts at the beginning and end of this chapter, other than that I hope you enjoy.

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

Shane

Ilya has been living in Canada for three months. He bought a property only twenty minutes away from Shane and Masha and spent half the week there and the other half sleeping at the cottage. Sometimes in Shane's bed, sometimes in his own room that he had there.

He still had to go to Boston every few weeks just to continue to oversee the transition but for the most part he had fully embraced his life as Masha's father and Shane's he wasn't so sure. They'd gone on one date a week since Ilya had moved here and they'd all been incredible. Getting to spend this much time with Ilya again was so great.

As each day passed Shane found the urge to come off his suppressants and go through his cycle with Ilya increased. But not just to go through their cycles together but to come out mated, Ilya's bite fresh on his neck.

However today when Shane had woken up he knew immediately something was wrong. Everyday that they'd woken up in the same bed Ilya had woken first and then proceeded to kiss Shane awake or they'd both been woken up by Masha but this morning Ilya was still asleep.

It was only half nine and it was a Saturday so they didn't need to wake up early for anything but still Shane found it odd. Ilya, for as long as he'd been living in Canada, had been waking up early so he could be there in the mornings with Masha, either after he'd slept over or waking up early and driving over.

Shane decided for now to just leave Ilya be. He quietly got himself out of bed and when he left his room he heard Masha shuffling around in her room and by the time he made it to the island the sound of her little feet pattering their way towards him. She hauled herself into one of the stools, "good morning Mama." she said, before reaching forward and picking up the cup of juice Shane had just poured her.

"Good morning Mashulya." Shane said, leaning across the islands as he smiled at her. He thought for a moment and said, "There's something I want to ask you baby. How would you feel if Papa lived here all the time?"

“Papa does live here already Mama.” Masha said simply and when he looked confused she rolled her eyes and said, “He only leaves at night and comes back really early. He is always here.”

Shane just looked at her and then smiled, “I guess you’re right, so if Papa didn’t leave and just stayed here you would be fine with that?”

“Yes Mama.”

“Ok, good, I’m gonna ask him soon. Also don’t roll your eyes at me, you’re seven not seventeen. You’re still my baby.”

“No, not your baby. I’m seven.”

“I know. You’re my big girl and you’re so smart and pretty and I can’t believe how lucky I am to be your Mama.” Shane said, causing Masha to roll her eyes again, “Hey.” he said, before they both laughed.

“Sorry Mama.” she said before saying, “Where is Papa?”

“He’s still sleeping Mashulya. I’ll go check on him actually hold on.” He walked around the island ruffling Masha’s hair as he passed and went into his bedroom, Ilya was still laying down with his back to the door, Shane was immediately struck by something off in his scent as he approached slowly.

“Ilyushenka? Are you ok?”

“No.” Was all Ilya said and Shane felt his stomach sink before quickly switching into doctor mode.

“Ok Ilyushenka I need you to tell me what’s wrong.”

“My head.”

“And what’s wrong with your head, does it hurt?”

“It’s loud Shanyushka. So loud.” Ilya said and Shane’s mind flashed back to the conversation they had during Ilya’s first week here for Masha’s birthday, about how sometimes his depression made it so he couldn’t get out of bed and realised that must be exactly what’s happening now.

He moved to the bed and sat down, *“What do you need from us today? You want to be left alone? Checked on? Tell me and I’ll help you.”*

“Stay Shanyushka, don’t leave me.”

“Never again Ilyushenka. Never. Let me go and speak to Mashulya and then I’ll come back.” Shane said, and pressed a soft kiss to Ilya’s forehead. He got up and left the room, walking back to Masha who was now eating cereal and humming to herself/

“Papa is sad today, ok baby.” he said, as he climbed onto the stool next to her.

“Why is Papa sad?” She asked through a mouthful of cereal.

“You know how Mama sometimes gets scared because of the things in my head.” Shane asked and she nodded up at him, “Well sometimes Papa gets sad because of the things in his head.”

“Because of me?” She asked, her eyes wide and full of concern.

“No no Mashulya, never because of you, and we’re going to try and help him today, but you need to remember that sometimes nothing can help Papa and it isn’t our fault ok?”

“Don’t worry Mama, I understand.” She said firmly and before Shane could react Masha slid off her seat, abandoning her cereal, and marched off to his room and walked in.

Ilya

When Ilya heard the door open he expected it to be Shane, but instead he heard Masha’s small foot “Papa, do not worry. I will take the best ever care of you so when you are ready you can be happy again.” she told him, climbing up onto the bed. “First I will give you a big hug like Mama does when I am sad.” She said before wrapping her arms around Ilya’s neck. He chuckled softly and wrapped his arms around her.

“Is all I need Mashenka. My baby in my arms.” He said as he pulled her in tighter.

“Why are you sad Papa?”

“I have some not nice things in my head Mashenka.” Ilya told her, and she took his head in her hands. “I can get rid of them Papa.” She said, before she started kissing all over his face, giggling to herself. She finished with a firm kiss to Ilya’s forehead before pulling back and smiling wide.

“Is that better Papa?” She asked as she looked at him.

“Yes my *sweet girl*. Is better.” Ilya told her, “is always better after a kiss from my baby.” he added just as Shane joined them, walking over and taking Ilya’s hand in his as sat down on the bed, smiling at him and their daughter as he did.

“You wanna stay in bed or I can make us a nest and we can cuddle all day?” he asked, squeezing Ilya’s hand.

“*Nest. but only your scent.*” Ilya said as he finally managed to sit himself up.

“Ok Ilyushenka. You stay with Papa Mashulya and I will go and make our nest.” Shane said, kissing them both and giving a soft squeeze to Ilya’s hand. Once he was gone Masha began speaking to him, telling him anything and everything on her mind and Ilya just listened as his beautiful daughter did an incredible job at distracting him from the voice in his head telling him he didn’t deserve this, that he wasn’t good enough for these two amazing people whose life he’d been allowed into. Because if Masha could look at him like he was worth it, maybe he was.

When Shane came back Ilya didn’t even realise he’d been gone for half an hour. He smiled at them both and said, “come on.” and took one of their hands in either of his. Ilya dutifully followed Shane into their home theatre which had become their unofficial nesting room. However there was more in here than usual. There was a small fridge in the room that wasn’t usually there as well as different books, a few board games and a collection of Masha’s toys “I thought if I brought food in here, stuff to drink, games and books or whatever we wouldn’t have to leave. We can just stay together all day.” Shane told him, blushing slightly as he waited for Ilya’s reaction.

“Is perfect Shanyushka. We can go in?” Ilya asked even though Masha had already crawled into the nest and had opened a pad of paper and pulled open a pack of pencils to begin drawing.

“Of course Ilyushenka.” Shane said, tugging Ilya down as he got into his newly constructed nest.

They spent most of their day there, Ilya mostly laid against Shane’s chest, listening to Masha and Shane speak and laugh with each other as Masha read and drew and watched whatever movie she’d decided to put on. At some point he must have fallen asleep because when he woke up Masha wasn’t in the nest and he was laying on his back with Shane next to him.

“Where is Mashenka?” Ilya asked, his voice rough as he couldn’t find the English words.

“She’s eating dinner, she said, “dinner isn’t for the nest” so I left her at the island, how are you feeling?”

“Am still tired, but is not as loud. Thank you for helping me.”

“Always Ilyushenka.” he said, leaning down to meet Ilya’s lips with a kiss as he sat up, “You don’t have to tell me if there was but was there a reason behind today?” he asked, eyes looking up at him filled with so much love it made Ilya want to cry.

“I think so, yes. Last night before I went to bed I thought about how I do not know what I did to deserve this and then it spiralled into me not believing I deserve this and that I am bad for you and Mashenka.” he admitted, and after how both of them had looked after him today he felt a bit of shame at how ridiculous that idea was.

“You are not bad Ilyushenka. You are incredible.”

“I have done a lot of bad things in my life, but if Masha can look at me like I am worth loving and you can after what I did to you then maybe I am.”

“You are baby, you are so worth it. We love you so much. You're my best friend. The father of my child. My alpha. The fucking love my life and I will tell you everyday for the rest of our lives that I love you. So much that still after eighteen years I don't know what to do with it all.” Shane said, and tugged Ilya so he was laying against his chest again.

“I worry that it will affect Masha like it did me with my Mama. Galina says I felt like I had to look after my mama and held myself responsible when she was sad like it was my fault for not making her happy and I do not want Masha to feel like that. I was Masha's age when I noticed how sad Mama was.” Ilya told, as he felt tears fill his eyes.

“That won't happen Ilya because we both understand what's happening. I told her this morning before she came in that sometimes no matter what you are sad and there's nothing we can do, and you can speak to her yourself and tell her whatever you both need. We'll protect her in ways your Mama couldn't and your father wouldn't. She's really grown up. Sometimes it surprises me. We'll figure it out ok?”

“Ok.” Ilya said, sighing softly as Shane's nails scratched his scalp.

The rest of the week passed and Ilya's mood slowly improved. He had an emergency phone therapy session with Galina who had given him lots of advice on how to explain to Masha exactly what had happened and how to make sure she understood it wasn't her job to make Ilya happy or her fault if he wasn't so now he and Shane had agreed to talk to Masha to make sure she understood.

“Mashulya, can you come here? We wanna talk to you.” Shane shouted from the couch to Masha in her room.

“Coming Mama.” she said, and Ilya listened as she tidied up whatever it was she was doing and came out to see them.

“So listen Mashulya you remember when Papa was sad the other day?” Shane asked when she sat down.

“Yes Mama and we looked after him.”

“Right exactly, well we just wanted to know if you have any questions for either of us, if there's anything you're worried or confused about.”

Masha thought for a moment before turning to Ilya and asking, “Will you always be sad Papa?”

He shook his head and said, “I have an illness that I will always have but no I will not always be sad like I was last week, I have a special doctor and medicine that will help me and I am very happy with my life.”

“It wasn't because I got upset last week and cried and threw things.”

“No Mashenka. Is never your fault. Is no ones fault, and you do not need to feel like it is ever or like you need to make me happy again.”

“But I want to help you.” She pouted.

“And you can help, of course you can,” Shane said, “You can give Papa hugs, and help make him dinner and watch movies and you can always draw for him but it’s adults jobs to help your job is to just show Papa that you care.”

“I love you Papa.” is what she responded with, before getting up and hugging her papa. Ilya wrapped his arms around her and said, “I love you too Mashenka.”

When they pulled apart she climbed up into Ilya’s lap and Shane said, “So you understand?”

“I understand Mama. We help Papa as best we can and the adults will help him too.”

“Exactly.” Shane smiled, before standing up, “let’s go get dinner ready then.” adding when Ilya groaned dramatically, “all three of us Ilyyshenka, don’t be a baby.” and all three of them laughed, chuckling even hard as Ilya groaned as he dragged himself up and into the kitchen.

Shane

“So uh, it’s been nine months since you met Masha, you’ve been living here for three months now

and like we love each other right? You want to be with me?” Shane said as he and Ilya sat down after having just said goodnight to Masha. He’d wanted to have this conversation with Ilya for a few weeks and had finally gathered the courage to do it.

“Da yes I love you Shanyushka, I want to be with you.”

“Well I was wondering if maybe you wanted to uh fuck ok.” Shane took a deep breath and said, “Maybe we come off our suppressants, go through a cycle together and we mate each other.”

“You-” Ilya started before his voice broke, “You want to be my mate?”

“Yes. I always have. Ever since we met. I love you Ilya. So much. I forgive you for what happened seven years ago. There is no one else I want. I want to be your mate.”

“I want to be your mate too Shane. Is just are you sure?”

“Yes. I have thought about everything. First I love you and you love me. Second, We both love Masha and want to be the best parents possible to her. Third there’s not a single other

person in the world I'd ever want as much as I want you and finally. I forgive you. I forgive you and I love you and I want my alpha back."

"Yes fuck Shane I want my omega too. We can come off them today, and we need to plan, call your parents, get lots of food and drink, buy condoms or are you on birth control?"

"Well I was kind of thinking maybe we just leave it up to fate." Shane admitted looking away from Ilya's eyes.

"Shane I will be knotting and filling you over and over for likely more than a week. Is almost impossible for you not to get pregnant." Ilya watched a shiver run through Shane and he realised that that's exactly what Shane wanted. To be pregnant again. "Shane?"

"Yes ok fuck. I want to be pregnant. I want another baby, I want to have another pup with my alpha. I want to give Masha a sibling. I'm almost thirty-six. I don't want to be doing babies again when I'm forty. We can wait this time but I'm ready to start our life together. Our family."

Ilya saw Shane getting upset and closed the distance between them. He held Shane's face and pressed a soft kiss to his lips. "Shane." he said firmly, "I want to have more children with you. I want as many children with you as you are willing to have. But we are already a family. Me and you and Masha is enough family. You do not want more children just because you think I want to raise a child from birth?"

"No no that's not it at all. I've always wanted a big family with you. I was an only child and your brother was well. We know what he is."

"A disgusting sociopathic cunt?" Ilya offered and Shane laughed.

"Exactly. I am tired of waiting for what I want. We've waited almost twenty years to mate each other, Ilya. To have that big family. Why keep waiting?"

"You are sure?" Ilya asked one more time.

Shane nodded firmly in Ilya's hold, "Yes. The only thing I've ever been certain about in my life is how much I want a family with you."

Shane watched as Ilya broke into a wide smile. "Then let's do it. Let's have another baby."

Chapter End Notes

I was kind of nervous to post this chapter so let me know if you like it. Overall I think it came out ok but as always comment any thoughts you had.

The next chapter is going to be almost entirely smut as Shane and Ilya go through their cycles together so look forward to that.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

This chapter is pure smut so feel free to skip all the way to the last little section if that's not your thing. Also Shane and Ilya call each other Mommy and Daddy so again feel free to skip if you don't like that.

For those who read all of it I hope you enjoy!

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

Shane

Shane was deep in pre-heat and based on Ilya's behaviour he was in pre-rut too. Masha was with her grandparents and would be there until they got the all clear to bring her home. Shane had been a wreck at the idea of being away from his pup for that long but from the reassurance of Ilya and his mom and dad he'd accepted that she would be ok.

Right now Shane was making sure their nest was perfect while Ilya was outside piss marking the outside of the cottage. Shane had told Ilya that he was wasting his time seeing as the nearest home to theirs was Ilya's which was obviously empty right now but when Ilya had pointed out that Shane rebuilding their nest over and over was also pointless they'd agreed to just let each other do what their instincts were telling them to until they told them both to crawl into their nest and fuck each other senseless.

Shane had just finished their nest as Ilya walked back into their room, completely naked and looking glorious. Shane felt himself getting wet and immediately reached his hand out to Ilya to get him to climb in. Ilya grinned and Shane watched as his cock twitched while he got into their nest.

Ilya tugged Shane against his chest and began nibbling at his scent gland, "Soon my omega." he whispered against Shane's skin.

"I was thinking." Shane said, trying not to get too distracted, "I want to get married. Maybe in the summer before our pups are born and after Masha's finished school, if you want you can invite some people from Boston to come, Svetlana, Cliff, whoever. We'll have it here, my parents will come, Rose. Hayden and his family."

Shane heard Ilya's breath stutter for a moment before he cleared his throat and said, "You would let Boston people come here?"

"Well yeah. You want your friends to meet your kids right? To be at your wedding?"

“Da I do but is big deal no? Bringing that part of my life here.”

“So is being mated and getting married. I don’t want to spend my entire life scared, I have to push myself, and I want to do that. I still don’t think I can ever take Masha to Boston or even go there myself but it’s not fair for me to expect you to never see those people again, people you’ve known as long if not longer than me.”

“Ok yes we will invite them. We will have a small wedding in the summer.” Ilya said before flipping Shane around in his arms and smiling up at him, “Now can I please fuck you. Has been too long since I’ve had my dick in your cunt.”

“No.” Shane said, smiling as Ilya groaned dramatically, “We need to sleep first, and I can feel my heat getting closer it will come in the morning and so will your rut, we’ll fuck then and mate each other, and go through the rest mated. Don’t you want the first time we do this again after eight years to be when you are claiming me? Don’t you want to fuck your knot into me for the first time in eight years just as you bite my neck and claim your omega, alpha?” Shane added, watching as Ilya’s fangs dropped out and he groaned, warring with the desire to fuck Shane now and have their mating be more special.

He groaned in frustration before taking Shane’s face in his hands and pulling him down into a kiss, his sharp teeth nipping Shane’s lip as they crashed their lips together. Shane let Ilya roll him over so they were both on their sides and they laid there making out.

Ilya

Time melted around them and they fell asleep in each other's arms. Ilya didn’t know how much time passed before he felt his shoulder being shaken. He heard Shane whining and opened his eyes quickly. “Ilya.” Shane whimpered as Ilya sat up to look at him. He was wet with slick and the second the smell of it hit Ilya’s nose he felt his rut take over him and the urge to sink himself into Shane’s soft wet heat consumed him.

“What Shane? What do you need?” he gritted out, taking his own cock in his hand that was impossibly hard and leaking

“Heat.” Shane said, moving to rub his pussy against Ilya, “need you to fill me up Daddy.” he moaned as he continued to grind himself against his leg. Ilya groaned and shifted them so Shane was on his back.

Ilya didn’t know if they’d still do this now they were actual parents, wondered if Shane would think it was weird but clearly he didn’t and Ilya certainly didn’t either. “Yes Mommy I will. Daddy will fill you up, fuck omega I need you so bad I can’t-.” He choked out as he sank two fingers easily into Shane scissoring them apart, stretching him open.

“ ‘m open alpha. Please, fill me. Want your pups. Need it Daddy please.” Shane begged, his eyes filling with tears as he tried to push himself further onto Ilya’s fingers. Ilya just ignored him and sunk a third in, even through the haze and intensity of his rut he knew he needed to prep Shane, not only was Ilya big but it had been eight years since he’d been fucked and he desperately did not want to hurt him.

He fucked his fingers into him a few more times before his patience ran out and he needed to get inside Shane and sink his teeth into his neck and based on the way Shane was sobbing and letting out whimpers of “please alpha.” and “Daddy.” Shane needed it too.

Finally Ilya lined himself up, stroking himself with his wet, slick covered hand. His knot was already forming at the base of his cock and he knew he wasn’t going to last long once he finally got back inside his omega. Slowly he sank into Shane and he felt him going boneless under him immediately. Despite it being how long it had been since he took his dick he welcomed in the thick hard length as if he’d never stopped.

“Fuck, Daddy will put a pup in you. Daddy will fuck you pregnant Mommy.” Ilya said, as the velvety warmth of Shane’s cunt swallowed, opening up perfectly for him as he bottomed out and the top of Ilya’s dick sat deep in Shane’s cervix

“Daddy please. Breed me. Wanna be full.” He said, his voice needy and desperate.

“I know Mommy, I left you empty for too long.” Ilya soothed, leaning down to kiss his omega’s tear stained face before claiming his lips just as he slowly began to move his hips back, his cock sliding out of Shane inch by inch, causing him to moan into Ilya’s mouth and arch his back trying to chase Ilya’s cock and the fullness he needed.

“You are ready omega?” Ilya asked, control sitting on a razors edge with only his tip still inside Shane, “am going to fuck you hard, fill you up and knot you, sink my teeth into your neck. You are ready?”

“Please.” he whined, “Daddy please. Claim me alpha.” the end turning into a scream as Ilya thrust forward back in hard, his back arching into it. Ilya pulled himself up and gripped Shane’s ankles, holding his legs open and beginning to pound into Shane.

He thrust in and out of Shane over and over, his slick leaking out and making the slide easier and easier as Ilya split him open. His mind was filled with nothing but “mate” “breed” and “Shane” as he fucked him, his knot having nearly fully formed already and catching on Shane’s entrance with each thrust.

He let go of one of Shane’s ankles and draped it over his shoulder, moving his now free hand to place two fingers on Shane’s clit, causing him to clench and whine at the sudden feeling. He leaned back down, his mouth next to Shane’s ear, “come on Mommy, cum for Daddy and I will mate you, stuff my knot into your cunt.”

Shane just moaned louder, a moan which quickly became a scream as Ilya’s teeth grazed his scent gland which caused him to cum immediately, clenching like a vice and squirting all over Ilya’s cock just as Ilya fucked in hard once more and pushed his knot in, locking them together.

Almost immediately after Ilya pulled back slightly before leaning back down and sinking his teeth into Shane, causing the omega to cry out and cum again as his alpha claimed him. Blood filled his mouth and Ilya came too, exploding into Shane as rope after rope of cum burst from Ilya's cock.

Ilya pulled back, blood dripping down his chin as he moved to kiss Shane, who did nothing more but lay there and let Ilya swirl his bloody tongue in his mouth. When he pulled back he looked down at Shane and then tilted his neck, offering up his scent gland for Shane to bite.

Ilya watched as through his post orgasm haze Shane leaned up and sucked on Ilya's gland for a moment before biting down on it hard and claiming his alpha. Ilya came again, another obscenely large load of cum filling Shane up as he sealed their bond, making them each others forever.

"Finally." Ilya thought.

Shane

"Look what you've done alpha." Shane said as he buried two fingers in his cunt, Ilya's excess cum spilling out around them mixed with his slick, "filled me so good." Ilya moved forward, cock in hand as he tried to get back into Shane but Ilya put a foot on his chest and pushed him back, "uh uh Daddy, just look, look at how good you've been."

"Mommy please, is leaking out, need to keep you full." Ilya whined as he gripped Shane's ankle and brought his foot up to his mouth, moaning around Shane's toe.

"Fuck alpha 'm so full. I'm pregnant, I can feel it already, you're pups are in me alpha, you bred your mate."

"Is not enough, need more, I have more to give you Mommy please." He moaned again, watching intently as Shane pulled his fingers out of himself, bringing them to his mouth and moaning at the taste.

Four days had passed and Shane had quickly learnt that their cycles now were different to all their others that they'd shared. When they were young everything had been rough and frantic, hours and hours of hard fucking until they either too tired or too hungry to keep going, sleeping and eating just to go again. But this had been different. They're been plenty of rough and hard but there was also the times where Ilya held him and just slowly filled him over and over from behind, holding Shane in his arms as he waited for his knot to go down before taking him nice and slow again, a finger on Shane's clit as he made him cum countless times.

If they were in their twenties Shane never would have had this control over Ilya. When they were younger during their cycles they were both the epitome of their subgenders. Ilya was all

dominance and Shane was all whiny submission but outside of the first time of their cycles that hadn't been the case this time.

Ilya's knot had just come down but he was still peaking in his rut and was already ready to go again, Shane's peak had settled after this last round and he couldn't help teasing the alpha. "Tell me what you want Daddy." he said, pushing his fingers back into himself.

"Need to keep you full. Need to fuck you, make sure I have bred you." he said, eyes fixed on where his cum was leaking out of Shane, who couldn't help but chuckle at that. Over the last four days Ilya had cum in him so much that if he wasn't bred then something was wrong with one of them. But he also understood how it felt, just yesterday Ilya had come back from the bathroom to find Shane sobbing because Ilya's cum was leaking out of him so he decided to finally take mercy.

"Come on then alpha. Fill me up." he told the alpha, who barely let Shane finish before his cock was sinking back into him. Ilya fucked him hard and fast, desperate to replace everything that had just leaked out. Quickly Ilya came again, knotting Shane and then carefully shifting them so his arms were wrapped around Shane and both his hands were resting on his stomach.

"There. Is all full." Ilya said, his voice tired as he sighed against Shane, who also felt sleep taking him as he purred while Ilya rubbed his belly and the feeling of Ilya's knot inside him reminded him of the fact that Ilya was finally his mate, after eighteen years of wanting this man he finally had him.

Ilya

A month had passed since they'd mated and Ilya had never been happier. He'd moved permanently into the cottage and living with his pup and his mate was everything he'd ever wanted. Right now he was in the kitchen with Masha while she ate her lunch and told him about her painting. He smiled and listened and nodded along as he began to prepare his and Shane's lunch when he heard him shout, "Ilya, can you come here?" from his bathroom.

Ilya stood up and left Masha to herself and went to find Shane. When he found him he was standing there in the mirror topless with one hand on his stomach and another holding something Ilya couldn't see properly. Shane held out the plastic to Ilya and he took it.

Looking down he saw he was holding a pregnancy test, he felt his stomach flip as he focused on the screen and saw the word there.

Pregnant.

I've been writing these chapters without a lot of proofreading so I want to go back over chapters 5-11 and do that so expect slightly longer between this chapter and the next.

As always let me know what you thought and I will see you in the next onw

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

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

Shane

Being five months pregnant with twins was nothing like being pregnant with Masha. He was showing much more than he was with Masha, sporting a bump that Ilya was obsessed with. He was already getting more tired and his hormones were worse than they had been the first time. Maybe this time felt different because he wasn't dealing with deep intense trauma and stress but either way he was enjoying it and sharing this one with Ilya made it all the more special

"So the babies are in there?" Masha asked, looking apprehensively at her mama's belly as Shane laid on the couch one summer afternoon.

"Yeah baby, your brother and sister are in here."

"Is that where I came from?"

"Yeah it is."

"That's gross, I don't want to be inside you Mama." Masha said, making a face that caused Shane and Ilya to laugh, but quickly stopped when she turned to Ilya and said, "And you put them in there Papa."

They both looked quickly at each other before Ilya said, "Da Mashenka I did." before bracing for the next question which was, of course, "How?"

"Well you see Mashulya, when an alpha and an omega spend their cycles together, sometimes the alpha can put a baby in the omega." Shane tried, hoping to God she didn't ask for another how and sighing in relief when she didn't, getting distracted by something in her mind and accepting that answer, giving Ilya and Shane more time to figure out how to explain how all this stuff works.

Masha strolled away to her room and Ilya slumped himself down against Shane, placing a hand on his swollen belly. "I am thinking, Shanyushka, for our baby boy we call him Mikhail."

"No." Shane said, "We can't call him Mikhail because then we'll have a Misha and a Masha and that sounds silly, I was thinking for the boy either Aleksandr or Ivan."

"So Sasha and Masha is fine but Misha and Masha is not."

"He wouldn't have to go by Sasha though, he could go by Alex, but fine, what about Vanya and Masha? I like those. Any thoughts for our daughter?"

“Da. Am thinking maybe something pretty like Natalya, it means Christmas Day and babies are due on the 21st of December so it works, and then we call her Natasha most of the time. So Mariya, Ivan and Natalya or Masha, Vanya and Natasha. But I also like the name Mikhail so maybe we call our son Mikhail.” Ilya tried again.

“I wondered if you wanted to name our daughter Irina, after your mother.” Shane said, ignoring the mention of Mikhail.

“I did think about it but I think I want Mama’s name to be Mama’s name. It’s also um, I inherited her sadness and I do not want our children to, is superstitious maybe but giving them her name feels like tempting fate. I love Mama of course. I always will but that sadness isn’t something I want to attach to our pups.”

Shane smiled softly up at Ilya and patted his hand that laid against his bump, “Of course Ilyushenka, so Natalya is an option, what about Anastasia? I also like Tatiana.”

“Tatiana is same problem as Misha and Masha. Would be Tanya and Vanya. I do like Anastasia though we could have Masha, Vanya, and Nastya or Natasha. I am happy with either girl names. But what about Mikhail?” Ilya tried one more time.

“No Ilya. Ivan is the compromise because I prefer Aleksandr and you prefer Mikhail so we pick Ivan.” Shane said as if that solved it and when Ilya went to open his mouth again Shane said, “When you carry them you can have the final say on their names. Now help me up.”

This is something they’d also argued about a lot, Ilya had tried to make Shane do nothing and let Ilya do it all for him but Shane wasn’t having any of that, he still went to his clinic, and drove Masha to school, picked her up, worked out and did his yoga but still Ilya tried to convince Shane to just take it easy. Shane always responded with “Until the doctor says take it easy I will not.”

“What do you need? I can get it.” Ilya said, once again trying to have Shane take it easy.

“No. I want to make us lunch. Let's go.” Shane demanded and Ilya’s jaw clenched but he offered his hand to Shane nonetheless, helping tug him off the couch.

“Thank you Ilyushenka.” Shane said, proud of himself for getting his way.

“Shanyushka, I can help you. Can make lunch.” Ilya told him as they walked into the kitchen.

“I know but like I’ve said before Ilyushenka I’ve done this before. I’ve done this before when I was dealing with severe psychological stress and trauma, yes it’s twins but I’ve got this ok?” Shane responded as Ilya helped him over to the island.

Ilya stepped back with a kiss to Shane’s cheek and said, “I know Shanyushka, you are strongest person I know but I was not here first time and I just want to help how I can. Let me help you, please Shanyushka.”

“Whatever. Just grab me all the stuff for sandwiches and I’ll stand here and make them.” Shane compromised, and smiled when Ilya still grumbled at how Shane should let Ilya just

do it all but shuffled off to grab what Shane needed anyway.

Just as Shane began preparing their food the front door opened and the voices of his parents drifted before them. They turned the corner and his mom shook his head when she saw him up, “You shouldn’t be on your feet Shane.” She said.

“Oh my god, alphas are so annoying. You’re just as bad as Ilya. tell them Dad, I can fucking walk around and make lunch.” Shane said, rolling his eyes.

“He’s right Yuna, Ilya, pregnancy is tough but we aren’t made of glass. Let him be.”

“Thank you Dad. Now do either of you want a sandwich?” Shane asked them just as Masha came running out of her room, meeting David as he crouched down and hugged his granddaughter.

“Did you know Papa put the babies in Mama? And that’s where I came from. It’s so gross.” David just laughed as he stood up.

“I did know. Your mama came from me.” David told her and she grimaced and pretended to throw up.

“That’s disgusting Grandpa.”

“Yes.” David agreed, “It is disgusting.”

“How did Mama come from you?”

“Ok ok that’s enough questions for today Masha.” Shane interrupted, making everyone laugh as Masha looked at the four of them very confused.

Yuna then decided to turn to Ilya and Shane felt himself brace despite the fact that Ilya and his mom had gotten a lot closer in the eight months that Ilya had lived in Canada. “So how are you feeling Ilya? A boy and a girl. Are you excited?”

“Da yes very excited,” Ilya told Yuna with a smile, “But Shane is refusing all my name suggestions.” He finished with a pout and Shane just scoffed, rolling his eyes as he continued making lunch.

Yuna laughed and said, “David was the same. Almost every name I suggested got shot down until one day he suggested Shane and from then on I couldn’t get him to even consider something else.”

Shane laughed making eye contact with his dad who rolled his eyes this time mouth “alphas” before going back to his conversation with Masha. Shane then found himself smiling for an entirely different reason.

He had his entire family, including the two still inside him, under one roof and they were all getting on, most importantly Ilya and his mom who were getting closer and closer every time they saw each other and it just made his heart explode at the fact that everything he wanted

was finally becoming his.

Ilya

A few nights later Ilya woke with a start to the sound of the front door opening. He heard Shane stir next to him so he knew it wasn't Shane coming in from somewhere. Ilya quickly got out of bed and tugged on his shirt. He moved into their closet and opened up their safe retrieving the gun Shane had put in there eight months ago. "Stay here." Ilya said, and he left, hearing Shane say, "like fuck" and then his footsteps echoing behind him as he followed Ilya out of their bedroom.

Ilya turned the corner into the living room, eyes scanning the darkness quickly and nausea filling him when he saw who was standing there. "Hello Ilyusha." Alexei Rozanov said.

Every part of Ilya wanted to pull the trigger, to kill his brother right now and put his horrible life to an end but Shane gasped behind him and the idea of killing someone just a matter of feet from where his daughter was sleeping or in the same room where his mate was carrying their pups stopped him, instead he said, "What are you doing here?" his voice cold and hard in ways he hadn't needed it to be in years.

"I just wanted to meet my niece." Alexei said, his voice dripping with faux sincerity.

"Alexei, you signed the contract. We do not communicate." Ilya said, not lowering his gun even an inch.

Alexei just scoffed and said, "We are struggling. I need your help."

Ilya shook his head, "No. We had deal. I am out. You get fucking nothing from me."

"You are a fucking billionaire. You can afford to help your struggling brother."

"We are not brothers. We have not been brothers since Mama died. Just leave me and my family alone."

Alexei's face hardened immediately, all the fake nicety of his voice disappearing as he said, "Fine if you do not want to be polite I won't be either. You have ten days to give me \$250,000,000. If you do not, I will come back and murder your pup and then in another ten days I'll come here and take him and what looks like another pup you fucked into him. Even better, I have missed my favourite plaything. Don't fucking test me Ilya."

"How can you need that much money? Is like billions of rubles you cannot be in that much debt. Is not my fault or responsibility to help you."

"Then watch your family die." Alexei said simply, the conviction in his voice making Ilya shiver.

“Mama?” Masha’s soft voice came suddenly.

“No Mariya, stay where you are do not come out.” Ilya barked, before turning back to Alexei, “I cannot just conjure up that much money, it takes time. Will have to sell some things. Get out now.”

Alexei let out a cruel laugh, “Ten days Ilya. Do not make me come back.” he said, and for the first time his eyes flicked to Shane and Ilya heard his omega whimper behind him, and with that Alexei turned and left.

Chapter End Notes

I know there was a cliffhanger but the next chapter should be here within the next two days.

I hope you enjoyed this chapter, please leave a comment letting me know what you think of this chapter and of this story as a whole.

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

I'm not sure how I feel about this chapter but I wanted to get it out before I go on holiday tomorrow so I didn't leave the cliff hanger too long. I hope you enjoy it.

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

Ilya

“Get out.” Shane said immediately after Alexei left. Already turning away from Ilya.

“No Shane please-”

“No Ilya. Get out. You promised me we’d be safe but he was just in my home which means he’s found out about us since I let you back in. He’d have been here sooner otherwise. Get out!”

“Shane, he is not going to hurt us. I am going to deal with him, how I should have seven years ago. I promise you.”

“No Ilya, that's what he wants. He wants to draw you back in, for you to prove to him you’re still violent and can be provoked by him. Figure something else out but figure it out far away from here and don’t come back until you do.” Shane shoved Ilya’s chest and he stumbled back. Tears filled Shane’s eyes and Ilya closed the distance between them and wrapped his arms around Shane. Shane struggled, punching his fists against Ilya’s chest trying to push him away but Ilya just held him until Shane stopped struggling and sobbed into Ilya’s neck.

“I swear to god Ilya if he hurts my pup. My babies.” he cried.

“He won’t Shanyushka. I will deal with him.”

“Don’t kill him Ilya. I don’t want more violence please. I don’t want you to be violent, Ilya. Not anymore. Not here.”

“He threatened you Shane. He threatened my mate. He threatened Mariya and our little babies. He needs to die. I need to kill him. I cannot pay him because then he will ask for more, but not paying him puts us all in danger. He needs to die.”

“And he wants you to prove that the violence is still in you. Don’t let him win Ilya. You aren’t the twenty three year old he threatened into working for him anymore. Your options aren’t to listen or kill him. Figure something out.”

“Mama? Papa?” Masha’s soft voice came from her room.

“Is ok Mashenka. You can come out now.” Ilya said, holding open his arms.

“Why are you shouting?” She asked Ilya as he picked her up.

“We had an argument Mashenka but we’re ok now.” Looking at Shane he looked like he was about to start crying again as he looked at Ilya and Masha. “You wanna come and sleep in Mama’s nest tonight baby. Papa will be there too.” he asked her and she nodded against her papa. It was clear the scent of fear was in the air and Ilya was desperate to not let it worry Masha more than it already was so he began moving to the home theatre where their nest was set up.

Ilya climbed into the nest with Masha and waited for Shane to get in too before he wrapped his arms. Masha fell back to sleep quickly but Ilya could tell Shane was still awake. Ilya was too, his thoughts filled with all the things he’d do to his brother if he even looks at either members of his family again.

Shane

“How much money do you have?” he asked first thing after breakfast as Masha went off into her room to do some painting.

“Uh well in my account which I use daily is millions of dollars. I always keep it at that level. And then my shares are worth about 4.5 billion, so I could sell a handful and give the money to him. And then my investments are worth billions too, plus the property I own. Last time I checked my net worth was about twenty-four billion dollars.”

“So you could give him money.”

“Yes I could but is never just one with him. I will give him his millions and then he will ask for more and then he’ll have a job for me, someone to bribe or intimidate. And then he’ll ask me to kill someone. If you won’t let me kill him then we have to do something else. He knows that as long as you are threatened I will do what he wants so he will not suspect me to do something.”

“Ok” Shane said, “Come with me.” Shane took Ilya’s hand and dragged him into his closet towards his safe. He unlocked it before taking out a USB. He took it over to his desk and plugged it in.

“After I was kidnapped I documented all of this. It’s pages and pages of evidence against your brother. Emails, letters, phone transcripts, locations of his warehouses, shipments of drugs and guns and other things he’s signed off on to smuggle into the States and just a whole bunch of other shit that is irrefutable. Invite your brother to Boston, meet with him and we’ll give this all to the FBI so they can arrest him. Without him his Russian organisation will collapse and no one will be able to come after us. You said violence isn’t a solution for you

anymore so don't let it be." Shane finished telling him and shifted the screen over so Ilya could look at it.

Shane couldn't help but feel proud of himself for this. Through sheer determination after being saved from Alexei he'd managed to make use of all the secrets he'd learnt during the hours and hours alone with him. Alexei had been very talkative about himself and all the things he had done and does do, likely assuming Shane would never live to tell anyone and clearly enjoying the fact that he had someone to talk to.

"Won't this implicate me? I was working for him during a lot of this." Ilya asked, snapping Shane out of his thoughts

"Well maybe but think about it. I was thinking about this all night. You are very very rich, you're a philanthropist and you are also giving the FBI the head of the Rozanov crime family, someone they've wanted since the fucking 90s when it was still your dad. Bribe them, make deals, anything to keep Alexei in and you out."

Shane watched Ilya think it over "How the fuck did you do this?"

"Svetlana helped me. I told her not to tell you because you'd get all protective. He was very loose lipped when we were together. I think he'd never had anyone to talk to so he would just spend hours and hours talking to me about anything and everything so I knew places to look where no one else did. He obviously assumed I would die before I could tell anyone what he told me."

Ilya frowned and said, "So you have been able to take down my brother for almost a decade and did not say anything?"

"Well I was going to but by the time I had it all ready I went into heat and then well you know, Svetlana didn't have the information. I just asked her for the numbers of your contacts in Russia and then went based on the information he told me when he had me. I thought about leaving it for you but I was angry and thought fuck you and took it with me, it was my insurance in case he ever found me. I thought that if he ever found me I could exchange that information for Masha's life at least. Thinking now I don't know if it really would have worked but it still helped me feel less scared in the beginning."

"Why did you not give me this information when we reconnected? We could have gotten rid of him for good before all of this.

"Because I wanted to trust and believe you when you said we were safe. I did trust and believe in you. I also didn't want to drag him into our lives or myself back into something I'd spent seven years carefully keeping myself out of. It was not a weapon, it was a way of keeping myself safe and that's what we're doing. You've had information that could hurt him right but you've never used it. It doesn't count as moving on if you go and purposely put yourself back in it." he said.

"Fuck Shane I cannot believe you have this. You are incredible. Only you could have enough information to take down a crime family just sitting around."

“I know.” Shane told him with a smile.

Ilya smiled slightly too, “So you have this information. I bribe and suck up to American police and government to save myself, turn in Alexei and get him arrested, call his associates, get them arrested too. Maybe pay off all the rich Russians in Alexei’s pockets too so they do not get mad, give them more than they will ever need. Ok this might work. I will leave for Boston tonight” He said as he pulled out his phone.

“We’re coming with you.” Shane interrupted as he watched Ilya begin to look for a flight

“No.” Ilya said without looking up, “You are not bringing yourself or Masha anywhere near him.”

“Yes I am. I am tired of being scared of him, if he is going to finally be gone for good, then I am going to be there.”

“No.” Ilya said, meeting Shane’s eyes.

“Yes.” Shane scowled.

“No. I will not send my entire family to see the man who wants to kill all of us. You are staying here.”

“Make me.” Shane said.

“Excuse me?”

“If you are saying that I am not coming then stop me.”

“Shane-”

“No Ilya, I can’t be away from you, maybe if I wasn’t pregnant then sure but I can’t and I can’t be away from Masha not with this happening so either we all go or all stay here.”

“Is not safe Shane.”

“Of course it’s not but what if while you’re gone he sends someone, you think someone five months pregnant with twins and a seven year old are safe then. That could be his plan for all we know, take you away from us before he takes us. If we’re in Boston with you we’ll be better protected than here. You’ll have Cliff and Troy protect us when you can’t and we’ll be in your insanely protected penthouse.” Shane told him.

“I will send Cliff here.” Ilya said, and Shane could tell that Ilya was wavering. That he knew that once Ilya left there was nothing stopping Alexei from sending whoever he wanted here to hurt and take Shane and Masha.

“Ilya I know better than anyone what he can do. Do you really think I would suggest taking Masha anywhere near him if I didn’t think it was the safest way?”

“How are you being so calm? You do not seem scared.” Ilya asked him.

“I’m fucking terrified Ilya. If something happens to you or to Masha I don’t know what will happen to me but we have to deal with this and you dealing with it alone, again, is unthinkable. I just need it to be over now. I need it to be over so we can focus on our family again.”

“Ok Shanyushka. We will do this. I promise you he will not hurt you or our pups.”

“I know Ilyushenka. I trust you. And I love you.”

“I love you too.” Ilya told Shane back, before stepping forward and pulling him into his arms.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked this one please leave a comment letting me know what you thought if you did. The next one will either be out tomorrow or will be longer as I probably won't write much over the next week.

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Didn't expect to have this out so soon but either way I hope you enjoy.

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

Shane

Shane had just pulled up outside Ilya's building. It's been three days since Ilya left and Shane and Masha had just finished the six and a half hour drive from Lanaudiere to Boston. "Ok Masha" Shane said as he stopped, "You're going to meet someone very close to Papa, and I know you don't like speaking to new people so you don't have to until you feel comfortable ok. But I think you'll like Svetlana, she is very nice."

"Are you sure? What if she thinks I am rude Mama." Masha asked, looking nervous as Shane looked at her in the rearview mirror.

"She won't baby. She will think you're shy just like I was when I first met her. And Papa will be there and he's sorted you out a nice room so if things get too much we can go in there ok? If you're too shy to talk in front of Svetlana just speak to me in French it's ok."

"Ok Mama." She nodded and Shane parked and got out, walking around to unbuckle her before handing his keys to Ilya's valet. Him and Masha went in and weren't met with any resistance as they walked over to the elevator and took it all the way to the first of the three floors Ilya owned of this building.

The second he entered Ilya was on him, kissing Shane on the forehead gently before leaning down to the floor to hug Masha. "*Hello sweet girl. I have missed you Mashenka.*" he said as he squeezed her tight. He then stood up and tugged Shane into his arms.

"You are ok? The pups?" Ilya asked him as they hugged.

"Yeah we're good Ilyshenka. Me and the pups. Tired though, can we sit down?" he asked and Ilya pulled back immediately and took his hand.

"Of course yes sit." he said, moving the three of them over to the couch. It was then Shane noticed Svetlana sitting on the couch, looking at the three of them as if they were the best thing she'd ever seen and Shane couldn't help but smile at her.

"Ah yes." Ilya said, "This Mashenka, is your Auntie Svetlana."

"*Hello Mariya, you are very pretty, just like your Mama.*" Svetlana said,

“Say hello baby.” Shane said gently. Masha shook her head and hugged closer to Shane’s leg. “She doesn’t do well with new places or people.”

“Neither do you if I remember correctly.” Svetlana teased and Shane broke into a large smile. He took Masha’s hand and handed it to Ilya before closing the distance between him and Svetlana, who pulled him into a hug.

“Hello Shane. It’s good to see you again. I’ve missed you.”

“Hi Lana. I’m sorry for how I was last time.”

“Like I told you. You made the right choice. I just missed you.” She said and held him tighter. Behind them Ilya made a noise that made them pull apart. They both looked up and scowled at him before Svetlana looked down at Shane and saw his bump.

“Fuck Ilyusha already?” Svetlana said, placing her hands on Shane’s bump.

“Da.” Ilya said, looking very pleased with himself.

Shane rolled his eyes and said, “Yeah I’m pregnant. Twins, a boy and a girl.”

“Da is little Natalya and Mikhail.”

“No, not Mikhail, Ivan.” Shane said, and the look he gave Ilya made Svetlana laugh.

“*Can I see my new room?*” Masha suddenly asked Shane in French.

“*Of course baby.*” Shane said, before turning to Ilya, “Take Masha to her room and show her around.” He ordered him and Ilya said, “Yes Shanyushka” and shuffled off. They watched them go and Svetlana chuckled to herself as they both sat down.

“He’s still as whipped as ever.” She said and Shane laughed and just nodded in agreement.

“How’s he been? Really?” Shane asked her once his laughter stopped

“He’s anxious, terrified of you getting hurt but he’s calm. Focused. Taking his medication and last night I heard him on the phone with his therapist.”

“So he’s not neglecting himself?”

“No he isn’t.” Svetlana confirmed and Shane felt relief flood through him. For as long as he’s known Ilya he would always put work or other people, specifically Shane, ahead of looking after himself and Shane had spent the last three days worried sick that Ilya would ignore his own needs for the sake of getting this done quicker.

“And the other stuff, how’s that all going?” Shane asked.

“As well as it can I think. I am meeting with the two FBI agents handling things today to go over it all, give them locations in Russia and provide any translations they need. Ilya’s sending me because well...” She said before gesturing up and down at herself and Shane

laughed, “I am also supposed to be not so subtly telling them to make sure Ilyusha stays out of everything which will likely include large bribes. He’s meeting with some district court judges and then the head of the Boston FBI. Again more bribes. But the issue isn’t getting Alexei in prison, American courts are easy to control, it’s calming the angry Russians who will be pissed at what we did but we’ll handle it Shanya, we’ll keep you and Mariya safe. And the new ones too.”

“Fuck Lana thank you.” Shane said, feeling his eyes getting wet.

“Of course Shanya. You’re like my brother, I love you.” She told him and just before the tears began to spill Ilya and Masha walked back in. She was smiling brightly and speaking to him excitedly in Russian as they got closer. Masha let go of Ilya’s hand and walked up to Shane climbing on the couch next to him, taking his hand instead. “Hi.” she said, not making eye contact with Svetlana but facing her direction, her voice soft and quiet.

“Hello Mariya.” Svetlana tried again.

“My name is Masha. I only get called Mariya when Mama and Papa are angry.” She said, and the three of them chuckled.

“Ok Masha then you can call me Lana like your mama or Sveta like your papa. It’s your choice.”

“Sveta.” Masha said mostly to herself before looking up and smiling. Suddenly she placed her hands on her Mama’s pregnant belly. “Mama has my brother and sister in his tummy, Sveta. It’s where I came from too.” She told Svetlana who looked shocked at the direction the conversation just went in and said,

“Oh uh yeah, are you excited to be a big sister?”

“Yes.” she said simply before adding, “And I’m going to be the flower girl at Mama and Papa’s wedding.”

Svetlana smiled and then turned to look at Shane and Ilya with a raised eyebrow, “Wedding?” she asked.

Shane watched as Ilya smiled wide at her, “Da, we are getting married. We’d like you to come.”

“Is uh Rose going to be there?” She asked, clearly trying to hide how much she wanted her to be.

“Ah yes Sveta has obsession with Rose Landry, she watches all of her movies and then berates me for making it so she is not in our life anymore.” Ilya told Shane and Svetlana scowled at him.

“Oh my god Ilyusha I do not.”

“It’s ok she told me you slept together in college a few times. And yes Rose is going to come.

She visited us a few months ago and said she'd clear her schedule for us." Shane said, and he heard Ilya gasp and his eyes snapped between him and Svetlana.

"You what?" He asked, "You did not tell me this."

"Well yeah you already hated her because she was an alpha around Shane and now your omega friend, that you were extremely protective of, is sleeping with her you'd have lost it. It was only a few times in senior year."

"She's right Ilyushenka, you hated Rose and Hayden simply because they're alphas even though Hayden was married and mated before you even met him and I only like male alphas." Shane said, grinning as Ilya continued to look between them with irritation.

"See." Svetlana said, smiling and nodding towards Shane, who was also smiling at Ilya's irritation at the pair of them.

"Whatever, we have things to be doing. There is no time for you to team up against me. You have people to go and meet and Cliff is coming here to meet Masha before I have meeting too and he is staying here with Shane." he said.

"Yeah I know. I need to go now. It was good to see you again Shanya." Svetlana said, and as she stood up Shane did too, walking over and hugging her again before she kissed him on the cheek and turned away, reaching the door just before Cliff Marlow walked in.

Chapter End Notes

Please comment if you like this, the next chapter should be here by the end of the week

Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

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

Ilya

Ilya was sitting in his office, hands shaking as he waited for Alexei to arrive. The last nine days of work had all led to this and he just needed to remain calm enough to not let on that his brother was about to be arrested or that Ilya had done everything in his power to make sure Alexei and his associates would end up in prison for the rest of their lives.

Much to his disapproval Shane was seated next to him. The argument that had ended with them both being here was the worst he'd ever had with Shane. Ilya didn't want him in the same room with Alexei ever again especially with him almost six months pregnant but Shane insisted that if this was happening then he needed to be there. Needed to see Alexei be taken away after he'd be shown all the contingencies and plans Ilya had made to keep him away.

Ilya had finally acquiesced when Shane began to cry and pushed himself into Ilya's arms, saying that if he didn't see it his mind would never believe it, that the only way he could ever accept he was gone is if he watched it happen. He cried in Ilya's arms so Ilya had let Shane come if he promised to let Ilya do all the talking. After they'd made up Ilya took Shane to bed and fucked him deep and slow, telling Shane how he'd always keep his family safe.

Masha was with Cliff, who had quickly become uncle Cliff and the two were now best friends. Masha found him fun and silly and Cliff fell in love with her like everyone did once they got to know her.

They were sitting in silence, hand in hand with Shane's other gently rubbing his bump when there was a knock on the door just before Alexei strolled in. He smirked at them before walking over and sitting on the armchair opposite them. He looked between and continued to smirk. "Hello Shane. How have those wounds healed? Still scarred?" Alexei sneered, a sadistic grin appearing on his face. Ilya growled and Alexei held his hands up in mock surrender, "Sorry little brother." he said, still grinning, "So where is my money."

"Will come, Svetlana will bring it in when is time. But listen Alexei, this is it. If you come back I will kill you, and then I will fly to Russia and kill everyone who works for you."

"My god Ilyusha you are still such a whiny brat. Just give me my fucking money yes, then I will leave you and your bitch alone."

"Patience brother." Ilya said with satisfaction as he watched Alexei's jaw clench with irritation.

"Do you have no remorse? No shame about disgracing our father's legacy?"

“Is you who has disgraced it no? Over a billion rubles in debt, meanwhile I have a family, billions of dollars and you are the one begging me for help. Was it the gambling or coke that got you into this mess?” Ilya said, and for the first time Alexei’s facade broke and Ilya just smiled, “Struck a nerve?”

Alexei scowled at him, “You’re just lucky I decided to play nice Ilyusha. I could have broken in and killed your little brat without even giving you the chance to give me what I want. You should be thanking me.”

“No is you who will thank me.” Ilya said, not rising to it but instead to it and instead just pressing the intercom which summoned the two FBI agents into the room. “This him.” One of them said and when Ilya nodded they each put a hand under one of his arms and pulled him up.

“Alexei Rozanov, we need you to come with us.” And before Ilya could react they were tugging his hands behind his back. As they were reading him his rights he was shouting at Ilya, threats to kill him and Shane and Masha. Shouting that they’d never send him to prison, that Ilya will pay.

Ilya didn’t say anything. Mentioned nothing about Alexei’s five closest associates were already on the way to have the exact same thing happen to them or the large amounts of money passed to people to not only keep Ilya out of prison but to keep Alexei in.

Suddenly Shane stepped forward and rounded the desk, “Wait wait.” He called and the two agents turned around, turning Alexei with them. Ilya watched as Shane closed the distance between him and Alexei. He stood in front of him for a moment before pulling back his fist and punching him hard in the jaw. Ilya was pretty certain he heard it crack. *“That was for threatening my children. Have fun rotting in prison Alexei.”* Shane told Alexei in Russian before spitting in his face and turning around to stand back next to Ilya.

Shane

For the rest of the time there Shane had no other interaction with the business Ilya was conducting. He spent time in Ilya’s penthouse telling Masha stories about his early life with her papa, spent time with Svetlana when she was available. Cliff was there a lot and Shane got reintroduced to Troy and Harris. He also saw Luca a few times and every time it shocked him that the nervous kid that followed Ilya around like a puppy eight years ago was now a grown man running a multi-billion dollar company.

Ilya was around as much as he could be but Shane understood how delicate everything had to be to make sure no one else decided to come after them.

Today before Ilya left he was more stressed than Shane had seen him in years. He was meeting with the other Bratva heads to discuss what would happen now Alexei was gone.

Ilya had told him last night that the worst case scenario is that they want to punish Ilya which would put the five of them in danger. Shane had done his best to reassure Ilya, letting his alpha breath in his scent in an attempt to help calm him.

He was preparing dinner for him and Masha when Ilya burst through the door, his pleased and joyful scent flooding the apartment. He heard him greet Masha, his voice cheerful as it reached Shane's ears and Ilya looked up just in time to see Ilya walking in the kitchen, smiling wide.

"Ah there is my beautiful omega. Look at you. You are perfect, you look so soft pregnant with our pups моя любовь." He said and Shane let himself be spun around and pulled into a kiss. He melted into it and let his hands tug slightly on Ilya's hair. They pulled apart and Shane just let himself be held by Ilya who was smiling beautifully down at him.

"Everything went well? I take it?" Shane asked, and Ilya nodded.

"It went perfectly. After I officially left seven years ago things got very bad for Alexei and they all lent him a lot of money. I am reimbursing them each half of what he owes them and then they are going to move forward, they are almost as happy as we are that he is gone. He came to me for money because he knew they wanted him dead and were going to kill him. We do not need to worry about them trying to retaliate."

"Don't need to worry like we didn't have to worry about your brother or actually do not need to worry."

"Actually do not. The first thing they told me on call was thank you. We did them a favour and if anything they want to reward us. I said the only thing I want is to never be contacted again and they all agreed. Swore to it. I also asked them to send me a large shipment of the vodka I like. Have not had any for eight years."

Shane felt relief flood through him, and he rolled his eyes at Ilya who of course had asked for vodka, "you're a fucking idiot Ilyushenka I love you so much." he said and threw his arms around his alpha's neck.

"I love you too Shanyushka." Ilya said, wrapping his arms around Shane and holding him tight.

"So we can go home now?" Shane asked against Ilya's chest.

"Da Shanyushka. Home."

Chapter End Notes

Fun fact this is the first time Shane has said Alexei's name in the entire story.

I hope you enjoyed this chapter, as the chapter count says there is only two left, the next one is the final one and then there's gonna be an epilogue. Let me know what you thought of this chapter.

Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

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

Shane

It was the beginning of August and Alexei had been arrested just over a month ago. Shane was now six months pregnant and finally it was his wedding day. He was currently sitting on his bed behind Masha combing her hair so that he could put it into two braids. He was dressed in a flowy white shirt and a pair of sweatpants, any other trousers were too tight over his bump that was not almost the size it was when he was full term with Masha.

“You know Mashulya, I've been waiting a very long time to marry Papa.” he told her as she continued to look at herself in the mirror as she had her hair brushed. Svetlana had brought her a custom lilac dress especially for the wedding that Masha had been desperate to wear since she arrived two days ago.

“Why did it take so long Mama?” She asked.

“Well you see me and Papa haven't always been what we are now. Before you were born we had a big fight. I didn't see him for a long time.”

“Like when Papa tried to buy that car.” She asked and Shane laughed. Remembering the time during the period in which Ilya was living in Canada but not the cottage, when Ilya had turned up to the cottage in a brand new Ferrari 812 superfast claiming it was “just to look at.” and Shane had been mad making Ilya drive all the way back to Montreal to return it before letting him come in.

“Yeah but even worse. But now I am not angry and me and Papa are getting married and we have the prettiest girl ever with us.” he said and began the first braid. When he was done he and Masha left and made their way outside.

He'd considered having his mom walk him down the aisle but Shane was Masha's she'd had his heart since the day he found out he was pregnant with her so walking towards Ilya hand in hand with her was the only person he wanted to do this with.

When they reached the door to their garden Shane's eyes immediately fixed onto Ilya, who looked breathtakingly handsome in his tuxedo. He was talking to David but when Shane and Masha stepped outside Shane saw his nose twitch and his attention automatically switch to Shane and Masha, breaking out in his dazzlingly beautiful smile that still after so long made Shane's stomach flutter.

Him and Masha made their way over to Ilya who just kept grinning at them as they made their way over. Once they reached the end of the aisle Shane gave Masha over to Sveta who took her seat in between her and his mom.

He sat down on the chair that had been set up for him, hands immediately coming to hold his bump before looking up at Ilya. "You are the most beautiful person who has ever lived. Look at you Shanyushka. *Perfect.*" Ilya said and Shane felt himself blush.

Shane didn't even realise his dad had gotten through the first part until Ilya suddenly started speaking Russian as he launched into his vows "*Shane Hollander. Getting to marry you is something I have wanted for almost twenty years. I have done lots of difficult things in my life but writing these vows was one of the hardest because expressing how I feel about you feels impossible but it is also very simple because marrying you is the easiest thing I could do. It is simple because you are the only person I could be doing this with. You are the most beautiful and smart and brave person I have ever met. It was almost too easy to fall in love with you. How could I not when you are you and I am just a man. A man who was put in front of the most perfect omega there is. I was born to love you Shanyushka and that is what I will spend the rest of my life doing. Loving you are our children.*" Ilya finished and when he looked up from the paper he was holding and smiled at Shane who realised he was crying the first time he noticed the tears streaming down Ilya's face. Shane smiled back and saw out of the corner of his eye his Mom crying as Svetlana finished translating what Ilya had said.

Ilya turned to everyone sitting to say, "Am sorry for everyone who cannot speak Russian but to translate. I love Shane a lot and will spend the rest of my life loving him and our pups." and they all chuckled before David signalled that it was Shane's turn.

Shane took a deep breath before "Ilyushenka. You know I'm not very good with words, or saying how I feel outside of I love yous but I am gonna try. When you approached me at that frat party in our first year at BU I knew you would be the father of my children. You were smug and arrogant, you assumed we would sleep together that night, and could barely speak English but I knew you were my alpha from the second you smiled at me." and Shane paused for a moment and watched as Ilya smiled that beautiful crooked smile down at him and Shane smiled back, "Yeah that one. I guess what I'm trying to say Ilya is that this is always where I wanted to be. With you and our children. Even if it took us eighteen years to get here I knew it was going to happen. I love you so much Ilyushenka and I am so happy I gave you a second chance. Thank you for proving to me everyday that I made the right choice."

"Fuck Shanyushka I want to kiss you." Ilya said through his tears when Shane was finished.

"No. We have to wait."

"You are already pregnant and we have another child, I do not think it matters."

"It does. We can't-"

"Uh boys." Shane's mom suddenly said, "Maybe save the married couple arguments for after you're married."

"Yes Shanyushka. Stop arguing." Ilya said and turned back to David, "Sorry, he is very rude."

"Fuck off." Shane said.

“Swearing in front of all the children. Is five dollars for each one.”

“You know I don’t want to marry you anymore.”

“Boys!” Yuna said, much firmer this time, giving David a pointed look to continue with the ceremony. David continued and Masha very excitedly brought over Shane and Ilya’s rings, insisting that she be the one to put them on their fingers instead of Shane and Ilya doing it for each other.

When it was time to kiss Ilya moved immediately, paying no mind to their guests as he crashed his lips against Shane’s, twisting his hand in Shane’s hair that he had left down today because he knew Ilya loved it so much. It wasn’t until, once again, Yuna interrupted them that Ilya finally pulled back, both of them out of breath as they smiled at each other, basking in the fact that they were finally, after going through so much, married.

Ilya

Ilya had never seen his home this full. The fullest it had been the times Hayden had come with all his kids but now they were here, as well as Shane’s parents, Rose and Svetlana, Cliff, Luca, Bood, Wyatt, Troy and Harris. All out in his garden talking and conversing. All of them here to see Shane and Ilya get married.

Shane was currently speaking to Hayden, Rose and Jackie beaming at them as he listened to whatever story Rose was telling. Ilya still couldn’t believe that the girl he knew as Shane’s annoying theatre friend, and the alpha he didn’t like around Shane was now an award winning actress but he was slowly getting used to it.

Masha was on Cliff’s back, ordering him around the garden and giggling as he did what she said. Ilya was standing in the door way when he felt a hand suddenly on his shoulder and turned to see Yuna looking up at him.

“I’ve never seen him this happy. Even before when it was just you and him. Not on the day Masha was born. This is the happiest he’s ever been.”

“He is so beautiful.” Ilya said, “I cannot believe it is my mating bite on him. That I am who this person chose.”

“You deserve it. Both of you. You’ve both grown so much since you first got together.” Yuna said, patting him gently.

“I wanted to thank you. I did something unforgivable to your son but you have forgiven me. Accepted me into your family and I will never be able to express how much that means to me.” Ilya told her.

She smiled up at him and lifted her hand to his face, “It wasn’t easy I will say. I more than anyone hated you for what you and your brother did to my baby. I’m sure that now you’re a parent you understand. But when Shane first came back from visiting you last year on mine and David’s way home we spoke about how there was almost no way you and Shane wouldn’t get back together. We’d watched for seven years as he waited for you but we didn’t realise we’d been waiting too. Waiting to have our son back. ”

“I am happy to have my mom back. I am happy one of my mom’s could be here today.” Ilya said, feeling the tears fill his eyes and begin to fall down his cheeks.

“She would be so proud of you Ilya. Just like we are.” she said, wiping his tears away. It was then he realised Shane was approaching and Yuna smiled at her son, and then again at Ilya before walking outside towards David.

“You ok baby?” Shane asked when he reached Ilya, noticing the tear marks on his face.

“Da. I was just speaking to Yuna and we spoke about my mama.”

“I wish I could have met her.” Shane said, taking Ilya’s hand in his.

“Me to Shanyushka. You and Masha. She would have been the best babushka.” and Ilya felt himself tearing up again.

“Alright. No more tears. Come on.” Shane said, pulling Ilya down to kiss him. When they pulled apart Shane just beamed up at him before dragging him outside.

The rest of the day was perfect. Ilya didn’t leave Shane’s side again and they spent the afternoon eating and drinking and dancing with their friends and family. Ilya had never been happier and when it was time for people to leave Ilya felt himself becoming overwhelmed with the excitement and desire to fuck Shane for the first time as a married couple so when everyone was finally gone he went to find Shane who was already beginning to clean up from the day.

“Everyone gone?” Shane asked.

“Da Masha is with your parents, Sveta is gone, she left suspiciously close to the same time Rose left and all the other guests have gone too so we have house to ourselves. Is time to consummate marriage.” Ilya said, his cock already getting hard.

Shane smirked up at him and waddled over. “Yeah? You gonna fuck your wife alpha?”

“Da. Will lay you on your back, put my mouth on your cunt till you are sobbing and begging for my knot and then I will fill you over and over all night. Want to drown you in my scent. Wanna drown in your slick and your cum. Fuck I love you so much. Mine forever Shanyushka. Mine.”

“Fuck Ilyushenka I’m yours. Please fuck me. Need you so bad.” and with that Ilya surged forward and scooped Shane up, wasting no time in carrying them to their bedroom.

For the rest of the night Ilya fucked Shane. Over and over until Shane's legs couldn't stop shaking and Ilya physically could not get hard anymore. It's the most they had ever gone outside of their cycles and Ilya had made sure every moment of it was perfect for Shane

"I love you Shanyushka." Ilya whispered as Shane slept, Ilya's body curled around his back rubbing his bump possessively. He still couldn't believe it, everything he had wanted was finally his and this time it was his forever.

Chapter End Notes

I can't believe I have finished this. I've never written something this long and I've loved doing it and I am so happy that lot's of people have liked it too. Yes this is the last chapter outside of the epilogue but I plan on making this a series with mainly just fluff/smut one shots and I also have a prequel planned. The epilogue will come but it might be a while because I want to make sure it's right.

As always please comment if you like this chapter and just the story as a whole, I'd love to hear all yoour thoughts.

Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

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

Ilya

Two years later

Ilya was sitting on the dock his son and daughter toddling around him with Hayden and Jackie Pike's youngest Amber who was only two months older than Ivan and Natalya. He was keeping a very close eye on them because the last thing Ilya wanted was to be responsible for a baby falling into the lake. So when he spotted Amber slightly too close to the edge he surged forward and scooped her up moving him closer in.

He turned his head for a moment to look over at Masha who was sitting with Pike's eldest kids on the grass, playing with Anya and talking about whatever it was girls their age spoke about. He couldn't believe she was only three months away from turning ten. She had grown so much over the last two years and was such an incredible big sister that Ilya still after a year and a half of the twins lives he felt like crying every time they interacted, which was a lot.

He looked back over to the babies to see them now all sitting down and fiddling with the collection of toys that had been laid out for them. He watched for a moment because Natasha had a habit of wanting to play with whatever Vanya chose so he made sure no fights were about to break out before turning away again, this time looking over to his mate.

Shane was holding a ginger ale and talking to Hayden about what Ilya guessed was probably hockey and Ilya was glad he had chosen to sit with the babies instead of Shane as he'd been subjected to enough Hollander-Pike conversations about hockey for a lifetime.

He also noticed how Shane's hand awkwardly floated around his stomach as he tried not to cradle the baby they had just had the first scan for yesterday. No one else knew Shane was pregnant yet besides Masha and despite the fact that they were both over the moon, Shane had ordered Ilya to get a vasectomy, saying that four kids was more than enough especially when they were gonna have three under three.

Suddenly Vanya pushed his way in between Ilya's legs and placed his two small hands on Ilya's cheeks. "Baba." He said and Ilya smiled at him.

"*Well done Vanya. I am Papa. What do you want?*" Ilya asked in Russian. Shane and Ilya had agreed that Ilya would only speak Russian to the twins and Shane would speak English so they could learn both before they started school and began learning French.

"*Mama.*" Vanya said, his hands coming up to Ilya's face.

"*You want Mama Synochka, so do I but he is too busy speaking hockey with Pike to spend time with his beautiful husband and son.*"

“You're so dramatic.” Ilya heard Shane suddenly say, and looked up to see his beautiful omega crouching down and scooping Vanya up. “Hi beautiful boy. You keeping Papa company?”

“Mama!” he said excitedly as Shane kissed over his face.

“I was speaking to Hayden for what five minutes? And it wasn't about hockey actually, he was reassuring me that his and Jackie's sex life didn't change after his vasectomy”

“Gross, don't talk to Pike about my dick.” Ilya said, pulling a face of disgust, *“Did you tell him about the baby?”* He asked.

“No no, we said we'd tell everyone together. I just wanted to ask him about him and Jackie. But apparently they're having even more because they aren't scared of getting pregnant.” Shane told Ilya, eyes still focused on Vanya.

“Ah so you are saying you will become even bigger slut for my cock now?”

Shane laughed, “That's two for the jar now. Also you're losing a baby.” he said as he nodded to behind Ilya who whipped around to see Natasha toddling off towards the end of the dock. He leaped up, picking up Amber before sprinting after his child and picking her up in his other arm, causing her to giggle.

Shane laughed as Ilya walked over carrying the two babies. *“Yes, very funny. Stick me with pups and you speak to the adults. This is my birthday party no?”*

“No it's not a birthday party because you didn't want one. It's just a summer barbecue with all our friends and family. Stop being a baby.” Shane said with a roll of his eyes. Ilya hadn't wanted a birthday party. He didn't think turning thirty-seven was a big deal so Shane had proposed this as a celebration of lots of different things, the beginning of summer, Ilya's birthday, the twins being eighteen months, the two year anniversary of their mating and the wedding that came a few months after that.

“Yes, whatever. Is a celebration.” Ilya said, also rolling his eyes as he shifted himself to more comfortably hold Amber and Natasha.

“Just wrangle the other children. Food is ready. And we have an announcement to make.” Shane said, before standing up on his toes to kiss Ilya and then walking away with Vanya in his arms.

“Take your child Pike. You have t-” Ilya started to say that he had too many before realising he wouldn't be able to tease him for it any more as Shane was now pregnant with their fourth.

“You alright there Rozanov?”

“Whatever, take Amber please. And tell adults food is ready, Shanyushka worked very hard.” Ilya said kind of awkwardly, before thrusting Amber towards Hayden and walking off in frustration. Ilya then moved over to where Masha, Jade and Ruby were sitting on the grass with Anya.

“Girls food is ready. Go quickly before all the greedy adults get their turn.” Ilya told them.

“You’re the greediest adult here Papa.” Masha said, causing Jade and Ruby to laugh as the three of them trotted off towards the grill. Ilya just rolled his eyes before following them and going to join Shane where he was standing with Natasha by their barbeque.

“We’ll wait till everyone has their food and we’ll make our announcement.” he told him, but before Ilya could respond they heard,

“You’re pregnant?” and turned to see Hayden looking at them as his voice rang around the garden, Jade walking away from him towards her twin sister. Shane and Ilya’s eyes snapped to Masha who looked not at all sorry as she avoided their eyes and focused on her plate, knowing she should not have told Jade and Ruby about the pregnancy.

Everyone suddenly swarmed around Shane, congratulating him, asking him all the standard questions and Ilya just watched in joy and smiled at the idea of their family growing even bigger.

Shane

“You had a good time?” Shane asked as they finished packing away, Masha entertaining the twins. She was making faces and noises at them and laughing whenever she managed to make them laugh

“Da Shanyushka. You did a good job, was very good day, even when Pike ruined our announcement.”

“Technically it was Mashulya.” Shane told Ilya, chuckling when Ilya looked horrified at the idea of Masha doing something wrong.

“No. Is his fault of course, could he not guess we wanted to announce?”

“It’s fine, he apologised, and it will be a fun story to tell her when she’s older.” Shane said, walking over to Ilya and accepting a soft kiss from him.

“I think you mean him. Little Sasha.” Ilya said and placed his hands against Shane’s belly. Shane rolled his eyes but smiled. When Shane had been pregnant with the twins he’d insisted on finding out their genders, saying that if they were having a boy he wanted to make sure he did all the right research and prep Ilya had wanted it to be a surprise but as always Shane won with the “I’m the one carrying them” card so they had found out. But this time they were keeping it a surprise. Shane was convinced they’d be a girl and Ilya was convinced for a boy and the names they had decided on either way were Anastasia and Aleksandr which they had both taken to calling the new baby whenever they were being discussed. Ilya however did not want Aleksandr; he wanted to call the baby Mikhail just like he had with Vanya and he made

sure to bring it up as often as possible, so he quickly added “I do not want either of these names, I want Mikhail.”

“I’ve already said no. We will not have a Misha and a Masha. It sounds ridiculous, but Masha, Vanya, Natasha and Nastya or Sasha all sound perfect. Now stop bitching about Mikhail we’ve already had this argument the answer is no. When you carry a child you can have the final say.” Shane told him firmly.

“But Shane listen. Mikhail is just such a strong classic Russian name. Think Mariya, Natalya, Ivan and Mikhail. Perfect four names for perfect children. Aleksandr is not perfect because it is not Mikhail. What can I give you to let us call our baby Mikhail.”

“You already give me everything I want.” Shane told him with a grin.

“I will wake up every time the babies cry for the duration of your pregnancy and then look after Mikhail too except for when you breast feed.”

“You’d do that if I asked anyway.”

“We’ll call the next one Mikhail.”

“I have had a vasectomy.”

“Oh right. Shame. If you drop it when Nastya is one we can get another dog.”

“That I can call Mikhail?”

“You can call it whatever the fuck you want. Now let's go sit down. I’m growing our little grape.” Shane said, ending the conversation and taking Ilya’s hand and dragging him towards the couch, where Masha was sitting with her brother and sister sleeping against her side while she watched the TV.

“She’s so good with them.” Shane said as they sat down and he tucked himself against Ilya’s side, letting himself be held tight.

“Da. She is almost ten and she is clever and kind and of course is an excellent big sister.” Ilya said, placing his hand over Shane’s where it rest on his stomach. They sat in silence for a while, watching the show Masha had put on before Ilya said,

“There is another occasion this year that I did not mention.”

“Yeah what’s that?” Shane asked, moving himself so he could look up at his alpha.

“This year is twenty-five since Mama died.” He said, his voice careful as if he was trying not to get too emotional.

“Fuck Ilya I’m sorry, I knew she died when you were twelve but I didn’t even think.”

“She would have turned sixty this year, is the age my Papa was when she died.”

Shane did the math quickly in his head and felt sick, “Fuck Ilya he was sixty and she was thirty-five? So what he was 48 and she was twenty three when she had you?”

“Da, nineteen when she had Alexei.”

“That’s disgusting.”

“Da I know. But marrying a nineteen year old is hardly the worst crime my father committed.” he said, his voice tense

“Do you want to do anything for it?” Shane asked and watched as the tension left Ilya’s face and he smiled.

“Well now that Alexei is not a problem I want to visit Russia. Not now because our pups are too young but when they are older, we can buy a property there, or build one. But for this year maybe I can speak to Masha about her Babushka. I never have because it hurt too much that she was never here to meet her grandchild but is twenty-five years now and her sixtieth birthday, she deserves to be spoken about. Before I left Russia for the last time I had Sveta take all of Mama’s stuff to Boston but I have never looked at it. I do not even know where it all is, so maybe the three of us can go through it and I can talk to you both about her.”

Shane smiled and suddenly felt very excited. “Fuck Ilya yeah that’s a great idea. And then in five years for the thirtieth once the pups are older we can go. I definitely want to build something, I’m still friends with the architect and some of the people who built this, and I know someone really good at finding pieces of land. How many rooms will we need? Masha needs her own of course, if we’re going for the thirty year anniversary she’ll be fifteen, we need one together and a separate one for you, the twins will still be sharing at five but of course as they get older they’ll need their own and then one for the pup on the way, so what's that? Six? Plus two spare rooms, maybe three, what about bath-”

“Shanyushka, you are rambling, we are not building a house in Russia tomorrow, we have at least two years to plan, yes. Calm down and let's get our children to bed. Is late and they have had long busy day.” Ilya said, and Shane laughed.

They went through their entire routine. Letting Masha bath herself before cleaning the twins and getting them to bed. They read to Masha and then showered themselves where Ilya picked Shane up and fucked him against wall, filling him up and knotting him before they got out and got in their own bed.

As Ilya held him and he drifted into sleep Shane’s mind wandered to how less than three years ago he believed he’d never see Ilya again, and how now finally his life had become what he’d visioned it to be when he first met Ilya, twenty years ago.

I really hope you enjoyed this epilogue and this story overall, it's my first ever long story and I loved writing so I hope you loved reading it. As I mentioned in the last chapter this is not the end, I have a planned prequel as well as lots of ideas for one shots in this universe.

Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

I didn't expect to add another chapter but I re-read the entire thing and wanted to right another epilogue, so enjoy some domestic fluff six years after the previous epilogue. Shane and Ilya are forty-three, Masha is fifteen almost sixteen, Natasha and Vanya are seven and a half, and Sasha is five. I hope you enjoy!

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

“Vanya! Nastash! Come here” Ilya shouted at his children as they shouted at each other in their room. He heard them shuffle out and into the kitchen where Ilya was standing, preparing for dinner.

“Why are you banging on Mashenka’s door?”

“We want to see her but she won’t let us in. She said she doesn’t want to play.” Natasha explained,

“Masha? Is me, unlock your door.”

“They aren’t with you are they?” She said from the other side.

"No, they are not. So unlock your door so we can speak." Ilya told her and waited for the sound of it unlocking before entering. He walked in and sat down next to her on her bed, observing his daughter for a moment before saying,

“Masha, your brother and sister just want to see how you are.” Ilya said and Masha rolled her eyes.

“I know papa but they always want to see how I am, why can’t they bother you or Sasha.”

“Because you are their big sister and they want to impress you, I remember following my brother around desperate for his attention.” Ilya told her, something unsaid in the air as they both recalled who Ilya’s brother was. The decision to tell Masha about Alexei came after a long discussion triggered by Masha asking why Ilya hadn’t been there during the first half of her life.

She hadn’t meant anything malicious by it but Shane and Ilya both realised that it was time to answer that question properly. Shane had done most of the talking, he had left out the gory details and Ilya carefully watched her expression as she learnt about his family history. When Shane left out that Ilya had hit him, which prompted Shane to run away, instead telling her that he didn’t want Masha to grow up near that sort of life, Ilya squeezed his hand and held back his tears.

Ilya had asked why and all Shane had said was, “She doesn’t need to know that part.” and Ilya had cried while thanking Shane for the thousandth time for taking him back, for letting him have this life.

“But they’re so annoying dad. They want to be in my room with all their stuff, see what I’m doing on my phone, and I just want to be alone. Why do *I* have to entertain them and they don’t have to stop bothering me?” She asked. It was a good point. Natasha and Vanya weren’t the three year olds that toddled endlessly after their sister anymore. They were seven, they

“Ok ok we need boundaries. Listen Mashenka. Me and Mama have told you about your uncle, we do not want you and your siblings to end up like me and my brother. So how about once a day you spend two hours with them, doing whatever stupid thing they want and then for another two hours I will make sure you are not bothered at all.”

“But Dad-” She started.

“No buts Mashenka, is back to school soon so we can work it out. You can maybe spend a few hours after dinner, they are in bed by eight.” Ilya offered and watched her think it over for a moment.

She rolled her eyes but said, “Fine Dad.” and Ilya beamed at her before she said, “If you take me into the city whenever I ask.”

“Whenever you ask? No. Is two hours to Montreal. You get five for free. I will even take you in the Porsche, yes? And when we go to Russia in the summer me and you can go into the city together as well. Just us.” Just as Masha nodded her head they heard the door open and the sounds of a four year old babbling away and Shane coming in.

He left Masha's room with a kiss to the top of her head before leaving to go and greet them.

“Hayden says hi.” Shane told him, accepting a kiss on the cheek and accepting a quick scenting before they moved inside after Sasha. Climbing on the couch beside him.

“How was Pike?” Ilya asked, holding his hand out for Sasha to trace circles on.

“He’s good, Jackie was out with Ruby, Jade and Arthur, so it was just me, him and Amber and Sashulya. It was nice, just me and him, you know, it doesn’t happen a lot.” Shane explained and Ilya did know. He loved spending time with his family, but one on one time with just one of his children was always special in a way he didn’t really know how to explain. It’s why he’d offered Masha the trips to Montreal.

“How were things here?” Shane asked.

“Eh. Twins argued over Masha. Banged on her door because she was ignoring them. So I had to go and talk to her. We agreed that she will try to spend time with them. Even if just in the room while they are playing.”

“What did you offer her to get her to agree?”

“You think I cannot parent my children without bribery?” Ilya said and Shane just raised an eyebrow up at him, “Ugh fine. I told her she gets five free trips into the city in the Porsche and just me and her can go into the city when we go to Russia.”

“Oh ok so you didn’t give her what was it? \$30000 like you did when you wanted her at Sasha’s party instead of in her room with her friends?” Shane said and Ilya just rolled his eyes.

“No I did not. Is a simple car ride into Montreal with my perfect baby. It will be-” Ilya said before being interrupted by two overly energetic seven year olds excited to see their Mama. Suddenly the twins burst from their room, throwing themselves at their Mama. “Hey babies. Have you had a good day with Papa?”

“Yes Mama. We went swimming and Papa made us pelmeni for lunch. I got to help wrap them but Vanya kept squishing them so he had to watch.” Natasha explained to Shane, who watched and listened to them both talk back and forth about their day with a smile. A few minutes later Masha walked in and sat down in one of the arm chairs, holding her hands out to Sasha who immediately ran over and squeezed himself onto the chair with her.

“Hey Mashulya. Alright? Had a good day?” Shane asked, shifting his attention from the twins for a moment.

“Yeah it was good Mama.” Ilya felt jealousy run through him. Masha only sometimes calling him Papa now, using Dad and Papa interchangeably. But Shane was always Mama. It made Ilya feel old.

Ilya watched the scene of his family talking, listening to the various conversations, and when Natasha moved from Shane to Masha he watched her and grinned in delight as she pulled out her phone to show her sister whatever it was she was showing her. She looked up to Ilya for a moment and rolled her eyes at his no doubt stupid grin before refocusing on Natasha.

Shane

“I want to get you pregnant.” Ilya said, his hand on Shane’s stomach, feeling the bulge of his cock inside him. Shane chuckled, before it turned into a moan as Ilya pushed down slightly.

“You can’t, not possible.” Shane groaned through Ilya fucking into him, his cock knocking into his cervix.

“Maybe one little sperm will get through, and get you pregnant.”

“Don’t say the word sperm when you’re inside of me. Just fuck me.” Shane whined, and Ilya grinned and leaned down to Shane’s ear.

“So you don’t want to be filled with my sperm? Fuck and bred on my knot like a good omega? Don’t want Daddy to fill you?” he purred, and despite himself his pussy clenched around Ilya’s cock at the words, causing Ilya to growl in his ear. “See. you want it baby. Beg for it, beg Daddy to cum inside you.”

“Fuck Daddy please. Fill me. Breed me Alpha.” Shane cried and Ilya immediately pulled back, before slamming back in hard, pounding deep into him with slow rolls of his hip, his knot catching quickly and cum filling him up. They panted into each other’s mouths and kissed until Ilya’s now deflated and he carried Shane to their en-suite shower.

“I am getting old. I could only go twice.” Ilya pouted as they climbed back into bed, Shane laughed and pulled Ilya against himself. It did sometimes shock Shane that he and Ilya still had as much sex as they did, but when your alpha looked like Ilya Rozanov, how could you not.

“I know. Me and Hayden spent forty-five minutes talking about arm chairs. Arm chairs Ilya. We spent ten minutes on lumbar support alone.” Shane told him.

“You learn anything interesting?” Ilya asked him, and Shane launched into retelling Ilya everything he’d discussed, about chairs, before they shifted into something else. Shane thought about the fact that they felt old, but he watched the alpha he’d loved for over twenty-five years talk about potential additions to their home in Russia, he thinks he liked being old. Especially being old with Ilya.

Chapter End Notes

This is definitely the last chapter. Maybe.

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