

Strange combinations

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Strange combinations

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Summary

"You want—*wait*. What?" Ilya blinks at his husband, confused.

Shane huffs. "Pickles and ice cream."

"...together?"

"Obviously."

(Or, alternatively, pregnant omega Shane and his wild ride with cravings told from Ilya's POV)

Notes

Hello! This was super fun to write cause I love a doting Ilya haha, I hope you enjoy it dear giftee! ❤️

"You want—*wait*. What?" Ilya blinks at his husband, confused.

Shane huffs. "Pickles and ice cream."

"...together?"

"Obviously."

Ilya balks. He knew, in theory, that Shane would have some strange cravings. But this one was *weird* weird. He decides not to question it, considering Shane is carrying his child. Instead, he nods and stands to head to the kitchen. "Okay. What flavour?"

Shane hums quietly and when Ilya glances over at him, he's still scrolling his phone. "Uh, Rocky Road?"

"We don't have any." He double checks just to make sure, but ice cream wasn't one of Shane's diet safe foods so unless Ilya specifically wanted it, they wouldn't have it. "We have vanilla —"

"No!" Shane makes a grumbling noise. "I want Rocky Road and dill pickles."

"Ah," nodding, he shuts the fridge and goes to find his phone. "I have to put in an order then. Would you like anything else?" He figures it safer to ask before he even begins.

Shane glares at him. He looks so adorable with his slight glow from the pregnancy, and his tummy has just finally started showing now that they've gotten to the 10th week. Ilya is so excited to see Shane get even more pregnant, if only because he loves to pamper his husband.

Partly because he's always incredibly horny for Shane, and now that Shane has pregnancy hormones, he's near *insatiable*. Ilya is in heaven.

"No. You go get it. The deliveries always take forever and they never get the right things."

"Okay, moya lyubov."

The store trip is quick, so Ilya is gone and back within the hour, two cartons of Rocky Road and the biggest jar of dill pickles he could find. He'd texted Yuna to double check if he should get more than normal, since it was a craving, and Yuna, *bless her*, answered all his questions.

And then he watches in equal parts horror and fascination as Shane all but rips the lid off the jar, sticks his bare fingers into the juice and fishes out a pickle and then proceed to *dip it into the ice cream*, straight out of the carton. Like the pickle is a spoon.

And then he *eats it*.

Ilya swallows, eyes wide.

Shane moans, obscene and *loud*. The sound goes straight to Ilya's dick, and he almost stumbles with how quickly blood rushes south.

Holy shit.

"Do you, uh. Do you like it?" He asks, throat suddenly dry.

Shane nods, eyes closed and the most blissful look on his face. He dips the pickle into the rocky road again, getting a hefty amount of ice cream on it before bringing it to his mouth. His lips stretch almost lewdly around the girth of the vegetable, so *very* reminiscent of sucking co—

Fuck, think of something else.

"Shanya, babe. Would you like a spoon? Or a napkin?" He's sweating bullets at the erotic scene in front of him, pants straining. This isn't good. Why is he getting so hot over his husband devouring such a disgusting, disturbing combination of foods?

Cheeks full, Shane blinks at him owlshly. He looks so painstakingly innocent and unaware of the effect he's having on him. *Lord have mercy.* "Wuh? Why?"

"No reason." Ilya waves him off, praying his voice doesn't crack. "Nevermind." He swallows, clears his throat and then asks, tentative. "Is it good?"

Shane beams. His cheeks are a little puffy, lips glossy from the ice cream, a little bit of chocolate is stuck to the corner of his mouth. Ilya is so in love with him. "Yeah!" Then he extends a new pickle with a large glob of rocky road on the end out to him. "Wanna try?"

Eyeing the abomination, Ilya grimaces. "No, thank you love."

The omega shrugs before digging back in with fervor. If Ilya didn't love him so dearly he'd be so turned off now. But alas, this is life now. Unusual boners at the sight of his mate eating strange food combinations in obscene ways.

Shane is not allowed to play this season because of the pregnancy. He hates it. Whenever Ilya is at practice or a game he spends 90% of the time texting increasingly more annoyed texts. Sometimes he'll leave horny voicemails for Ilya while he's playing a game and then act innocent when Ilya asks why must he torture him.

Ilya in turn goes above and beyond to help Shane with anything he may need when he is home. Sometimes when he's not, too, when he's on the road and instead enlists the help of Yuna and David.

Which is why he's currently scouring the seventh store trying to find the correct brand of fucking *salt & vinegar chips*. Who knew there was so many brands? Ilya sure didn't. Canada really enjoys their chips, apparently.

He ends up finding a bag of Miss Vickie's Salt & Vinegar chips at the gas station of all places, which shouldn't surprise him since 7/11's have like *everything*. He grabs a slurpee while he's there because why the hell not.

"Honey, I'm *homeeee!*" Ilya shouts as he gets home.

"Living room!" Shane calls back so Ilya heads in that direction.

Shane is sprawled on the couch, feet up on the arm and what looks like every single pillow stacked around him. It looks incredibly comfortable, and Ilya's alpha preens at the sight of his omega so soft and snuggly.

Brandishing the conquest, he hands over the things he was sent out for. "Your snacks, moya kartofel'."

Shane wrinkles his nose. "Potato? Really?" He gestures to his exposed tummy, swollen more now and really starting to show off the baby growing within.

Ilya smirks. "What is it that Hazy says? *Potatoes are beautiful*. You, my husband, are beautiful."

Glaring for another second, Shane heaves a sigh then sticks out his hands in a grabby motion. "Gimme my snacks, you asshole."

Ilya hands over the bag and plops down on the ground beside Shane's makeshift nest, slurping his icy drinking. He tries not to shudder when he watches Shane greedily pop open the bag of chips, pick one huge chip out and then switch his focus to the jar of nutella. Then he ducks the chip into the chocolate hazelnut spread, and shoves the entire thing in his mouth.

The happy noise he makes offsets the nausea Ilya feels at the display.

"How is it?" He can't help but ask. Sue him, he's usually adventurous but this? This might be a bit too weird. Granted, that's what he thought about the pickles and ice cream Shane had demanded weeks ago and it turned out to be pretty good.

Shane nods. "It's good! Try." And then he shoves the half eaten chip and chocolate towards him.

Ilya gulps, eyeing the monstrosity with trepidation. "No, babe. It's okay."

Frowning, Shane glances down at the bag in his lap and then at Ilya. "Is it gross?"

Ilya shakes his head. Shane is many things, but gross is not one of them. Even if he has very interesting cravings. Reaching over, he captures Shane's hands in his own and presses a few tender kisses to his knuckles. "No, lyubov. It is...*strange*, da. But not gross."

He gets off the floor and onto the couch beside Shane, arm thrown over his husband's shoulder while the other moves to rest gently over his swollen belly. "If you or malysh want chips and chocolate, or pickles and ice cream, then that's okay. I will get you whatever you want."

Shane melts against his side, smelling content and happy. "Love you."

Then he shoves another handful of chips and chocolate into his mouth.

Ilya shakes his head but can't help the smile. If his Shane wants strange cravings then he will get whatever he wants. "Love you too."

"Shane!"

"What?"

"Holy fuck!" He whips around, hand on his heart. "I thought you were outside!"

Shane shrugs. He's got one hand on his belly, a lot more prominent now, and the other he's using to lean on the counter. "I had to pee."

"You always have to pee."

Huffing, Shane glares at him. "Did you want something? Or were you just calling me over to be a dick?"

Ilya winks at him. "Feisty. I was about to make dinner. Any requests?"

Shane is now 6 months along, and his cravings have only gotten weirder. He'd woken up at 3am and demanded Ilya go get Timbits and a slurpee and then dunked the doughnuts into the syrupy ice with the fervor of a starving man. Which was quite something, considering it was pure sugar and deep fried stuff. But whatever, Ilya is smart enough to pick his battles.

Shane's brows furrow. He's rubbing his tummy and Ilya is mesmerized. "Pasta?" He sounds unsure, like there's something he wants but he isn't sure what it is yet.

Ilya wanders closer, pressing his hands to Shane's hips, thumbs rubbing soothingly over the bottom of his bump. "Pasta and something else, yes?" Shane nods, lip between his teeth. Ilya wants to kiss him but needs to figure this out first. "Sauce?" Head shake. *No*. "But you want *something* on the noodles, correct?" A nod. "Okay. Let's check the fridge."

He interlocks their fingers and they go to the fridge. Shane says no to the more standard stuff like butter, cheese and olive oil, but pauses when Ilya brandishes some hot sauce and the small bottle of Heinz. "Ketchup and hot sauce?"

Shane frowns. "That's ... weird though, right?"

Ilya hums, circling Shane and hooking his chin on Shane's shoulder, hands reaching to curl under his bump, lifting it ever so slightly. Shane sags against him, back to his chest. "It might be. But is what you both want, and if you want it, then you must need something from it, no?"

Shane rests his head back against Ilya, muscles lax. "Yeah, you're probably right."

"Yes, I usually am."

Snorting, Shane turns to kiss to cheek. "Asshole."

"Mm, also yes."

They stand there for a few extra minutes, relishing in the comfort of one another. Ilya is back to regular season games and practices now so they don't get as much time to just *be* with one another, so he takes whatever he can.

Shane's stomach grumbles, loud and echoy.

Ilya chortles, tapping on Shane's ass (which has gotten ever so slightly bigger, *thank the lord*) before stepping back and away. His wandering hands were already trying to shift to lower to see if Shane was hard or not. But food first. "Go sit. I will make your pasta."

He boils the pasta and then carts the plate and condiments over to where Shane is at the table, letting him handle however much of either he would like to add. Then he watches in horror as, once more, Shane makes an abomination of a combination platter, tipping the ketchup bottle over the noodles and squeezing out a generous amount onto it, before switching to the hot sauce and putting *even more than the ketchup*.

Shane then just—digs in. He gets ketchup on his chin and his lips swell and turn bright red from the spice, and Ilya wants to dip under the table and suck him off so bad. It's a problem.

"Is good?" He asks instead.

Shane nods gingerly, thumbing the extra ketchup off his chin and shoving the digit past his lips.

Ilya is going to die. Clearing his throat, he jerks a thumb over his shoulder. "Okay, I will be in the shower. Want me to run a bath for you after?"

"No, it's okay. I'll just join you when I'm done."

Well, when life gives you lemons. "Okay."

Ilya comes home to find Shane naked, sprawled on the sofa eating flaming hot cheetos and sour cream, and couldn't help but drop to his knees right then and there.

Who knew pregnancy cravings were going to be such an aphrodisiac for him? He sure didn't.

Another time he's home late from a road trip and finds Shane in the kitchen, a platter of ritz crackers, slathered with cheez whiz, and dipping in ranch, and fucked him right there on the countertop.

He's not been this insatiable when it came to Shane since they were sneaking around and hiding. Now he can't seem to get away from the horny thoughts and thirst.

Shane is 9 months pregnant and the cravings *should* be gone, but Ilya is certain some of them are still as consistent.

The Cens were knocked out the second round of the playoffs cause Bood was out with an injury and since they were already down Shane, it wasn't surprising that they couldn't go all the way. So they'd head out to the cottage earlier than usual and Ilya gets to spend two full, uninterrupted weeks pampering the living daylights out of his husband.

He is a water boy, and a pack mule, he gets to carry Shane to the bathroom after running him a soothing bath and then gets to sit beside him and listen to Shane talk for over an hour. He comes up behind Shane when he's standing at the stove, cooking something strange, and holding up his bump and giving Shane a bit of reprieve from the extra weight.

Shane is hungry all the time, eating what looks like droves of fruit and salt, maple syrup slathered all over chicken wings or a steak. Ilya had learned to accept if Shane wanted to share with him, and finds that most of the combos, though very weird, are actually quite tasty.

(His favourite was the sour cream & cheddar ruffles and chocolate pudding. Don't ask, he knows it's weird.)

Shane's appointment is right at 39 weeks, and as the days tick closer, he gets more and more irritable. Ilya spends most of that time hand feeding him snacks and rubbing his feet, massaging his legs and either sitting with him while he has a bath, or sits in with him in the bath.

Shane's last craving before the big day was...almost normal, in comparison to everything else.

"You want—wait. Chocolate covered bacon?" Ilya isn't sure why *this* one makes him almost do a double take.

Shane shrugs, relaxing on the recliner with a cup of ice chips in his hand. "Yeah. It's like canadian bacon but better."

"That's not—" pausing, he snorts. "Nevermind. Whatever you want, moya porosenok."

Shane throws an ice chip at his head.

Ilya loves him. And he can't wait to get Shane pregnant again to go through another round of wild cravings.

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