

white lies

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by Anonymous

Summary

Where Ilya somehow manages to walk Anya, get on Shane's nerves, give him space, get his forgiveness, sate his craving, get a big scare, get on his nerves some more, give him many kisses and find his glasses in like, an hour.

Notes

hi! i wrote this thing based on a tweet i made of pregnant shane with pregnancy brain not finding his glasses and a couple of people added ideas for what ilya would do so i wrote this:~)

i also wanted to try a little coding so there's messages with the grey and blue bubbles. i hope you like it!

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

Anya's little winter shoes muffle the usual pitter patter of her paws as she trots beside Ilya. Her tail wags, her tongue is lolled out, and yet, she keeps throwing looks back at him, as if expecting any minute for him to guide them both back home. Back to Shane and the baby.

Truth is, things have been a *little* tense lately. Shane's due date is around the corner, and all three of them, Anya included, are high strung about it. Shane had to practically order Ilya out of the house to stop him from hovering anymore.

"I'm nervous enough without you acting like a mother hen!"

After a bit of back and forth from both, Anya tried to lie her head on top of Shane's pregnant bump and Shane had to cover his face in frustration. Ilya had been ready for him to yell at her or at least rise his voice, his patience reaching its breaking point. But Shane just took a deep breath and asked Ilya, in a clipped voice, if he could take her on a walk, *please*.

So here they are, on a walk. Ilya calmed down long ago, about two minutes after getting out of the house, he's just hoping Shane's bad mood had slipped away too, but he knows better than to go back home on his own. He better wait for a text, lest Shane sends him on another walk right away -in the best case- or straight to hell, in the slightly not ideal case.

He pulls his phone at record speed at the ping of a notification. Anya halts in anticipation too, tail pausing as she looks up at him.

The thing's just a reminder to collect his chickens' eggs from Hay Day. Ilya sighs and is about to sweep the notification away when another appears, this time from Shane.

Shane: I calmed down

Shane: I'm sorry :(

Ilya: It's okay my love, I'm sorry too

Shane: Come back, we miss you two

Ilya: We miss you too, we'll be there soon

Shane: (Two Hearts)

Ilya pockets his phone, ready to go back, now with Anya excitedly wagging her tail and already leading the way, pulling at her leash for Ilya to hurry up. Another ping makes him check his phone again.

Shane: Actually can you go to the store on your way back

Shane: I want ice cream

Shane: Choco mint

Ilya pulls a face at the flavor. *Gross*. But a constant craving the last month, even with how cold it's gotten. All three would cuddle together on the couch, Anya's head nestled against Shane's big bump, Ilya sipping at hot tea or hot chocolate or whatever the hell wasn't straight out of the freezer, and Shane would be eating big spoonfuls of ice cream directly from the tub.

So, logically, Ilya makes sure that they're stocked on it, in case his heavily pregnant husband craves some.

Ilya: We have some in the freezer my love

For a few seconds he's left on read, and he assumes Shane's getting himself up from the couch to go for it, but there's a message a second later.

Shane: We don't have any

Ilya: Did you check already?

Shane: Yes

Ilya: That's weird I'm sure I bought some

Shane: Okay fine

Shane: I already ate it

Ilya: Shane

Ilya: ALL of it?

Ilya: It was a whole tub

Shane: Yes?

Shane: Got a problem?

Ilya: Nonono

Ilya: Oh my Shane(Grinning Face With Smiling Eyes)

Ilya: My love(Smiling Face With Heart-Shaped Eyes)

Ilya: My beautiful(Face Throwing A Kiss)

Ilya: My bottomless pit(Pregnant Person)

Shane: Ilya

Ilya: Okay okay I'll buy more

Shane: Thank you.

Shane: Buy some cookies too

Ilya: Yes anything for my very beautiful very pregnant husband

Shane: Shut up asshole

Shane: (Pink Heart)

Ilya looks back up and pockets his phone, smiling as he shakes his head. God, he loves him so much.

•••

He's already walking back with a groceries paper bag swinging from his fingers when he gets another message from Shane. His immediate smile quickly fades as he reads the messages.

Shane: Ilya

Shane: Please hurry

Shane: I need your help just hurry

Shane is typing...

Ilya doesn't wait for the next message, he's already speeding, Anya following happily. When he all but runs up the stairs to their door, he lets go of Anya's leash and works the keys in to open. He gets in and it takes him two seconds too long to find Shane sitting on his butt on the living room's rug. When he looks up at Ilya his brown eyes are shining and his flushed cheeks tainted with tear streaks, he looks absolutely heartbroken.

Ilya immediately kneels beside him, cupping his wet cheeks, trying to gauge the reason Shane's crying on the floor, checking everywhere on his body.

"Shane, what happened? Are you okay, is the baby okay? Are you having contractions? Did you fall?!"

"No, no! Ilya, baby, calm down, I'm okay!" Shane says, voice trembling and not sounding very okay at all, but still taken aback by Ilya's urgency. "The baby's okay!"

"Are you sure?" His hands patted down Shane's body, as if he could assess any pain that way.

Shane nods choppily, lower lip trembling. So, he's not hurt, but he's clearly upset anyway. Ilya leans to place a few chaste kisses against Shane's temple, arms wrapping around his shoulders as Shane sobs. Ilya carefully avoids Shane's glasses -perched on his hair- to lean his chin on the top of Shane's head.

"Why are you so upset, my love?"

Shane snuffles and struggles to get his words out, "It's— it's stupid."

"It can't be stupid if you're so sad, my sun," Ilya mutters, hand rubbing Shane's arm.

Shane doesn't say anything for a while, body shaking with his irregular breathing. "I can't find my glasses."

Ilya's hand pauses, and he throws a look at the glasses right beside his nose, there on Shane's dark hair. His hand resumes and he just lets out a small, "Oh?"

"I- I really want to read but I can't find them anywhere! I can't remember where I left them and I already searched the whole house!"

Oh, he realizes.

So, Ilya has two options, and no chance of choosing wrong: tell Shane they're right there perched on his hair and possibly embarrass his husband out of his mind for his pregnancy-induced forgetfulness, or play dumb and pretend to look for them and somehow manage to get away with it.

Again, no chance of choosing wrong. Though Shane may send him straight to hell if Ilya messes it up and he finds out Ilya lied about something supposedly so stupid just to spare his feelings. Though Shane has had a rough enough week regarding pregnancy brain and pregnancy in general. This is not the first time in the week he's crying because of it... a little white lie can't hurt in this situation. Or can it? Fuck, overthinking is Shane's job.

"My love, I'll help find them, stop being sad," he says finally, putting distance between them to wipe Shane's face, thumb tracing some of his freckles on its way to rid of the tears.

Shane nods, sniffling again. The glasses on his head don't move an inch, safely tucked in his messy hair.

Now, onto the half-crafter plan. Ilya gets up and offers his hands to Shane, who pouts a little as he accepts them. Together they get him up, one of Ilya's hands supports the weight of his husband's back when Shane finally is on his feet, then he guides him to the couch.

"Sit, I'll find them," he promises, helping Shane settle on the couch among their several cushions.

"Thank you, Ilya..." Shane says, voice so sad and grateful that Ilya can't believe telling him about the glasses was even an option to begin with.

He goes to pick the forgotten groceries bag, just then remembering about his first baby, who's still dressed for the walk.

"Sorry, I'll get to you soon," he promises Anya, who's obediently not going past the hallway in her little boots.

"I'll take care of her," Shane says, patting the top of his thigh. "Come here, Anya baby."

Anya hesitates just a split second before she happily trots to Shane, putting her front paws on his lap. While Shane's taking her leash off, Ilya toes off his boots, leaves them in the hallway, and goes to the kitchen to get a spoon, pulling the ice cream and cookies out of the bag. He uncaps the ice cream, stabs some cookies into it. Then some more. He returns to Shane, who has removed Anya's shoes and leash and is now stroking her behind the ears as she rests her head on his belly.

"Here," Ilya says happily, offering the spoon in a hand and the whole tub of ice cream in the other. Before Shane can grab them, Ilya moves them a little out of reach. When Shane extends his hands a little more, Ilya moves further away.

Shane's eyes glisten again, "Ilya-" he whines.

"No no no, I'm sorry," he says, leaning in to press a kiss to Shane's forehead. "I just want a kiss first... I went all the way to the store."

Shane snuffles, "Asshole, I'm not a mind reader, how was I supposed to know..."

While he complained, Ilya keeps kissing around his ruddy face, placing about one kiss per five freckles, otherwise they'd be there the whole afternoon. With his lips close to Shane's mouth, he felt sneaky hands trying to grab the ice-cream. He immediately pulls them up high, out of reach.

"Hey, hey, my kiss! I want a kiss!"

Shane rolls his eyes, "You already gave me like," Ilya presses a kiss to the corner of his mouth, and Shane instinctively chases after it. "Twenty kisses."

"No, I want a kiss *from* you. Gimme kiss. One kiss."

At this point there's a big smile that Shane isn't putting any effort against, and Ilya knows his own face sports a goofy, besotted smile. As he gets his kiss, the hand that holds the spoon

swiftly knocks off Shane's glasses. Maybe a little too close to Shane's head.

"Oh-! Ilya?!" his husband asks, rightfully confused, while rubbing at his head. "What the fuck?"

"I thought I saw a spider, sorry, I love you." He quickly places another kiss on Shane's pout before handing the ice-cream for real this time. "Here, I'll look for the glasses now."

"They *should* be here in the living room..."

Ilya makes a bit of a show of turning cushions, getting on his knees to look under furniture, lifting his ass more than necessary to please the pervert currently watching him. He lifts Shane's legs, rolls Anya. Then rolls her again for fun. Then goes behind the couch and...

"Here they are!"

He makes some more show of dusting them off as Shane smiles up at him, extending a hand. Ilya pulls them out of reach, "Ah, ah, let me." He places them carefully over Shane's pretty, freckled nose bridge. Then forcefully pushes them with his finger, making Shane grimace.

"Fucker."

"You're welcome."

Ilya smiles delightedly as he sits down next to Shane, resting his head on his shoulder and his hand on Anya's head, petting behind her ears.

End Notes

i have drawings of hollanov having babies at twitter user medrawawi if you want to see one thousand (pregnant) shanes and ilyas with babies!

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