

Moon Me, Baby

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Moon Me, Baby

by [Addinavi](#)

Summary

Shane is 37 weeks along with their fraternal twins. He's uncomfortable, exhausted, moody, and ready to be fucking done with being pregnant. This is, however, their last week alone as a couple, and Ilya is fully intending to try and lift his spirits by bringing him on a babymoon at the cottage.

What he didn't intend to do was cut their babymoon short by accidentally fucking his husband into labor, but things didn't typically go as planned for them, did they?

Notes

Hi! So, this work was originally supposed to be posted as one part for day 4 of "Pregnant Shane Week" on twitter (AKA babymoon/the cottage), then another part on day 7 (AKA labor & delivery). It kind of spiraled and got way, way longer than I intended, so it's a day late, but let's just pretend it's not ;) thank you.

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

Chapter 1: Part 1

Chapter Summary

The babymoon.



Moon Me, Baby

By Addinavi

• • • • •

Day 1

“No, no. Don’t even think about it, *solnyshko*. I will get all of the bags,” Ilya promised as Shane waddled around to the back of their silver SUV, looking more like a penguin than a person. A really, really cute penguin, no matter how uncomfortable said penguin was. He was wearing a pair of black biker shorts that he’d struggled to pull up over his round ass, the waistband settling beneath his globe of a belly that he didn’t even *try* to dress appropriately anymore. Not only was the summer heat unbearable for him (god, Ilya felt awful that he was so pregnant in August), but even if the weather was a little kinder to him, *nothing* fit it properly. All of his t-shirts (and subsequently Ilya’s t-shirts) had been stretched out beyond repair. Right now, he was wearing one of Ilya’s old Boston Raiders t-shirts that only covered about half of his stretched belly. That was how Ilya *knew* Shane was fucking uncomfortable. He didn’t even care that he was wearing Raiders merch.

“Ilya, I can help. I’m just pregnant, not disabled.” Shane, of course, was being stubborn. He always was, but it was worse nowadays. It was like he was always trying to prove something. He paused after opening the back door of the SUV, squinting up at the sun with his hand shielding his eyes. “Oh my god, it’s so hot...”

“I *know* it’s hot, baby. That is why I am telling you to go inside. You are not supposed to be lifting anything, anyway.” Ilya rounded the vehicle to take hold of Shane’s arm, beginning to guide him towards the cottage.

“But the bags, I—”

“No. I said not to worry about it. What is with you and the worrying? This is babymoon. I am going to take the bags in as soon as I get you settled inside. You let me do the worrying for right now.” Ilya guided Shane up the walkway, making sure to tighten his grip on him once they got to the front steps. “Careful, malysh.” Shane shot him a look. Ilya wished he’d just concentrate on watching his feet while he walked, but...well, it wasn’t like Shane could see his feet anyway.

Inside, Ilya helped Shane take his shoes off his swollen feet and then watched him make a break for the bathroom despite the fact they’d stopped for several pee breaks on the two hour drive. He was out of the bathroom by the time he returned with their bags; though, it probably wouldn’t be long before he had to go again. “I can make lunch,” Shane offered, already starting to unpack some of the groceries they’d picked up along the way. Ilya slid behind him, snaking his hands beneath Shane’s heavy belly to lift it up, and almost immediately, Shane stopped what he was doing. It was like a kitten having the nape of its neck grabbed, the way he just...couldn’t find it in him to be stubborn anymore. He immediately sighed in relief as the weight was lifted off his back, his body sinking back against Ilya’s chest automatically. “Fuck...” he mumbled.

“Feel better?” Ilya asked, and Shane’s simple hum in return was enough to tell him that he was enjoying the temporary relief from the weight on his back. When Ilya let up on holding up the weight just a little, Shane put him right back in his place. He slapped his hands over his, holding them forcibly in place until Ilya picked up his belly again. Ilya grinned, burying his face against the back of Shane’s neck and pressing a few small kisses along the bumps of his spine. “Why don’t you let me take care of lunch?” He whispered.

“‘Cus s’y your babymoon, too. Y’shouldn’t have to do all the work...” Shane’s words were slurred; drunken, almost, as he unconsciously started to sway them from side to side, and Ilya followed his lead.

“So? I am trying to spoil you. That’s what I want to do with my portion of the babymoon,” Ilya insisted. He had been the one to convince Shane to come out here, eager to do anything he could to just try and make this last week a little more comfortable. He knew Shane hadn’t enjoyed being pregnant, especially these last two months, but if there was anything Ilya could do to at least make it a little less miserable? He’d do it.

“You really don’t have to—” Shane cut off when one of their babies actively rolled beneath Ilya’s hand, somehow forcing the already impossibly stretched skin to give even further. He let out a whimper of pain, grasping at Ilya’s wrists as he tried his best to rub at the stretchmark-clad skin to ease the discomfort. Shane sucked in a sharp breath, his head lolling back and forth against Ilya’s shoulder. In all honesty...Ilya didn’t know how Shane had managed to go on like this. He was equal parts impressed and horrified at how every time he was absolutely *sure* there was no room in there, his belly somehow managed to grow bigger. “Can you...you don’t mind making sandwiches?” Shane finally asked breathlessly. Ilya bit back another chuckle and shook his head, nose brushing along the back of Shane’s neck.

“I don’t mind.”

“With pickles?”

“Of course.”

“Extra...extra pickles on mine?”

“All the pickles I can fit,” Ilya promised. He pressed a quick kiss to his husband’s cheek before he slowly and carefully set down his heavy belly as gently as he possibly could, watching as Shane practically sank under the weight of it. No matter how gentle Ilya was, it didn’t stop Shane from groaning in pain.

“Thanks. I need to go sit before my legs give out,” Shane mumbled, and as he started to waddle away, Ilya couldn’t help but reach out to slap his ass and watch it jiggle.

He hated how much pain Shane was in while pregnant, but his body? God, it was the most perfect thing Ilya had ever seen.

It didn’t take Ilya long to deliver two turkey and cheese sandwiches— one layered with pickles— along with a Coke and a ginger ale to the living room. Shane reached out and took the plate, immediately setting it down on his belly with a smile on his face that dropped almost as soon as he saw the sandwich.

“...What is it?” Ilya sighed, having sensed ahead of time that he wouldn’t be able to satisfy Shane’s craving on the first try.

“Nothing, nothing, it’s...it looks good.”

“Shane.” Ilya set his own plate down on the coffee table and raised an eyebrow. “I did something wrong?”

“No! No, of course not. It’s just...” Shane opened up his sandwich, quietly counting with his finger before looking up at him once more. “There are only eight pickle slices on here.”

“*Only* eight?” Ilya chuckled. Shane’s cheeks turned that adorable shade of pink they always did when he asked for his pregnancy cravings to be fulfilled, as if there was any reason at all for him to be embarrassed. For fuck’s sake, Ilya would probably let him gnaw on his arm if he asked him to. “Hang on. I will fix.” He took the plate back and went to the kitchen, layering another eight pickle slices on the sandwich to bring the number up to sixteen. He almost left the kitchen before he thought better of it and went back for the jar, adding another handful of pickles on the side of the plate.

This time, when he brought it back, Shane’s face lit up and he blew out a breath of relief at seeing he had successfully made his husband happy this time around. “Better?”

“Much.” Shane immediately went for the pickle slices on the side of the plate once he handed it back to him, popping a few of them into his mouth so quickly, Ilya wondered if he even should’ve bothered with making a sandwich, or if perhaps bringing a jar of pickles in to him would have sufficed.

Ilya sat back down next to him, surprised when Shane immediately leaned over and planted a firm kiss on his lips. “You taste like pickles.” Ilya smacked his lips together before he grinned. “What was that for?”

“Nothing. Just...to say thank you for putting up with me for being difficult. I know I haven’t been the easiest to deal with lately,” Shane admitted, and Ilya’s face fell. Even if it was semi-true, he’d never actually want Shane thinking it.

“*Malysh*, believe me...I will get you as many pickles as you want, and I will do it *whenever* you want if it keeps you and our little *lapochkas* happy.” He reached out, caressing either side of Shane’s rounded belly. “You are growing two whole babies in your belly. Getting you pickles is the least I can do, I think.”

Shane laughed, putting a hand on top of Ilya’s. “Thank you,” he hummed, his eyes dreamy as he leaned over to give Ilya another slightly vinegary kiss. “So...does that mean you’ll also be making dessert after this, or...?”

“Do you even have to ask? Of course I will. What kind of husband do you take me for?” Ilya huffed before he leaned in, tickling Shane’s neck with kisses in a way that almost made him drop his precious plate of pickles.

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Day 2

“You are going to cook my babies,” Ilya said matter-of-factly as he stared at the overly red globe of a belly sticking up like a mountain from Shane’s torso as he lounged in a beach chair by the lake.

Shane lifted his sunglasses, squinting up at him. “I am not cooking them.”

“Yes you are. You look like you have a Christmas ham on you,” Ilya said, gesturing to the angry, red skin of Shane’s massive belly. “It must be one billion degrees in there.”

“In *where*?”

“Inside you! Where do you think I mean; in the Louvre?” Ilya scoffed, unscrewing the bottle of sunscreen he’d brought out with him and squirting a healthy dollop on Shane’s belly.

“Hey! Don’t do that,” Shane protested, halfheartedly trying to shove him away as he began rubbing it in. “That’s not fair! You know I can’t get away.”

“Exactly. I am taking advantage of your slowness while I can. What do you want to cook my poor babies for, anyway? They are not baked enough in there?” Ilya asked, soothingly rubbing in the cooling sunblock that he knew must’ve been a relief on Shane’s irritated skin.

“The bump looks good with a tan. Helps to hide the stretch marks.”

“Since when do you care about trying to hide your beautiful stretch marks?” Ilya asked with a pout. “You know how much I like them.”

“That’s because you’re a pervert.” Shane’s voice was soft, and there was a small smile on his lips. “But okay, you caught me. I wasn’t trying to tan the bump. I just couldn’t get up again once I sat down.”

“Ah-hah. Thought so. *Moya malen'kaya cherepashka*,” Ilya hummed affectionately, watching the gentle kicks and rolls of their babies beneath his hand as he rubbed.

“My little...turtle?” Shane guessed, reaching up to absently play with the curls at the nape of Ilya’s neck.

“Mmh. However did you guess that?” Ilya grinned at the way he knew Shane was rolling his eyes even when they were hidden by his sunglasses.

“Shut up. You’re an ass.” There was no real bite to Shane’s words, just exhaustion and contentment as Ilya continued his rubbing long after the lotion had soaked into his stretched skin. “That feels really nice.”

“Does it? I am glad to hear it.” Ilya leaned in, pressing a soft kiss to Shane’s forehead, which he leaned into needily. Oftentimes, as of late...Shane had been much like a pendulum, swinging back and forth between desperately needing affection like his life depended on it, and not wanting Ilya within a foot of him. Ilya was glad they were going with the first option today– at least for now. “How are my little hams doing besides being absolutely cooked?”

“Mmh. Good. Your son is kicking me in the ribs lots today. Your daughter is sleepy. They both take after you in different ways.” Shane twirled a few strands of Ilya’s hair around his fingers.

“Good. Of course they do, I’m their papa.” Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane’s temple, then his cheek, then began to trail kisses down his jawline. “And how’s my mama ham?”

“Don’t call me that,” Shane laughed, squirming a little as Ilya began to tickle his neck with kisses. “I’m okay. Tired. Can’t breathe. The usual.” Ilya pulled back, and Shane sighed. “They’re just so heavy, Ilya.”

“Ah, I know, *moya lyubov*. Is my fault, yes? Big, Russian babies. I will only put one in next time. I promise you.” Ilya rubbed his hand over a bruised spot just beneath Shane’s belly button. It seemed to be both of their babies’ favorite place to kick.

“Next time? Oh, no you don’t. We’re having one of each right now— one boy, one girl, then we’re done. You’re getting a vasectomy after that. I mean it,” Shane insisted, but when Ilya resumed trailing kisses down his neck, then his chest, then his belly, his hands rubbing up and down Shane’s plump thighs...he had a feeling he just might be able to convince him to change his mind.

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Day 3

Ilya was jerked awake from his peaceful nap on the dock by the sound of *sobbing*, which was just about the most terrifying sound someone with a pregnant husband could hear. He shot upright, glancing around in sheer panic. He expected to see Shane in the water below, hurt in some awful way, but he wasn’t. No, he was looming over Ilya while he slept, his big belly practically blocking out the sun from the way it was positioned over him. If Ilya wasn’t so concerned, he would’ve laughed at how ridiculous it looked.

“*Malysh*, what is wrong?” Ilya asked, scrambling to his feet. Shane had been awfully moody and overly emotional these days, but this...the way he was sobbing sounded so genuinely distressed, it raised the hackles on the back of Ilya’s neck. It told him something was actually *wrong* this time. “Are you hurt? Is it the babies? Talk to me, please, before I have a fucking stroke.” Ilya reached for Shane, his hands hovering over his body as he searched for any sign that anything was wrong. Well, anything more than what was usually wrong.

His chest was swollen, his brownish nipples perky and red around the edges from his milk coming in. Nothing unusual there. His belly, painfully stretched and taut, was even redder because of the sunburn he’d gotten yesterday. To be expected, considering he hadn’t heeded Ilya’s warnings. His legs? Beautiful. Aside from the bruises from bumping into anything and everything since he couldn’t see past his belly when he walked, and his feet and ankles? Well...Ilya could barely remember what they used to look like without being so swollen that they actually put the Pillsbury Doughboy’s ankles to shame.

“I-I c-can’t g-get in,” Shane sobbed.

Ilya reached to cup his cheeks. “What? Get in what? The house? Baby, door is unlocked, what...”

“No!” Shane wailed, and Ilya was immediately taken aback by it. “I-I can’t get on the— the thing! The thing. Whatever i-it’s c-called...so that I can f-float,” Shane sobbed out, letting out an open-mouthed cough like a toddler that was crying himself sick. He pointed back toward the shore at the alligator floaty Ilya had dragged out of the shed for him earlier. “I-I’m h-hot, and t-tired, and I just want to float in the w-water, but I c-can’t because I just keep rolling off,” Shane explained through his tears, and only now did Ilya realize he was sopping wet— including his hair, which he never got wet voluntarily.

He felt awful that Shane was so upset, but the only thing he could do was let out a sigh of relief that his instincts had been wrong and Shane wasn’t hurt. It was just...another pregnancy problem. Not

that Ilya didn't think those were important, of course. "You...are crying because you want to float on the alligator?" Ilya tried to confirm, which he promptly realized was a mistake when it made Shane sob harder. He was actually worried he was going to make himself puke if he kept crying like this.

"No! I-I'm fucking crying b-because I'm too fucking fat and h-heavy to float. I can't do anything because I'm f-fucking huge and m-miserable," he sobbed out shakily, gasping for air. Ilya knew he needed to do damage control, and he needed to do it *now*.

"No, no, no...baby, *malysh*, everything is okay. Everything is..." No, this wasn't right for him to say, was it? Because clearly everything wasn't okay. Not in Shane's world. His very, very pregnant world. "Look, look, that is not your fault that you fall off. Is not because you are fat and heavy, or something like that. No, that floatie is stupid. Something's wrong with it. I fall off all the time," Ilya decided to insist, even if it wasn't 100% true. He'd rather die a liar than die as a man whose last words were telling his husband that he was, in fact, *way* too pregnant to try and be balancing on an unstable floatie in the middle of a lake.

"You're lying," Shane sobbed.

Ilya winced. Was he really that bad at lying? "No! I...I mean it. That thing is awful. We should get rid of it. Terrible. Look, *malysh*, let's...we can fix this. Let me fix this, okay? Deep breath. Are you hurt?" Ilya asked, pushing Shane's wet hair out of his face.

Shane shook his head. "N-no, but I almost d-drowned. I'm so fucking heavy, if I go back in the water I'm gonna d-drown. I'm gonna sink and drown," he sobbed, sounding exhausted.

Ilya was torn between feeling awful for him...and almost cracking a smile at how dramatic that was. If Shane's biggest problem while he was pregnant was not being able to balance on a floatie on vacation...then that meant Ilya was doing a good job spoiling him. He'd much rather Shane be crying about the little, ridiculous things that he could *actually* fix than something truly awful.

"You're not gonna drown. I am not going to let you drown," Ilya promised, making sure to sound completely serious even if the corner of his lip was twitching. "Believe me, I would jump in heroically and pull you right out. No drowning on my watch." He gently turned Shane around, guiding him to start waddling off the dock with a hand on his lower back. Every day, Ilya was amazed that he could even walk at all with his belly putting so much pressure on his hips. If Ilya were the pregnant one? He'd be rolling everywhere like a basketball, and...in all honesty, he'd probably be crying even more than Shane did now.

"You wouldn't be able to p-pull me out. I'm too heavy," Shane sniffled breathlessly as he waddled, one hand sliding beneath his belly to try and support the weight.

"You are filled with babies, *kotik*, not rocks. I think I could manage it. Now, come on. I think I have an idea, but you need to calm down for a second, yes?" He dragged one of the beach chairs over to the nearest shaded area beneath a tree before he helped Shane gingerly sit down, nearly wincing himself at how uncomfortable it looked for him to get his body that low. He made sure the chair was as leaned back as it could be without Shane lying so flat that he couldn't breathe from the weight of his belly, pressing a quick kiss to his head once he was settled.

Even though he was sitting down in the shade, which would hopefully help his sour mood from being overheated, he was still crying. Ilya decided to retrieve a crisp, cool ginger ale from the drink

cooler they kept by the dock, opening it up and handing it to him. “You sit here, calm down for our little baby hams, and drink. Okay? I will do my brilliant idea, and then everyone will be happy.”

“Promise?” Shane sniffled, taking a shaky sip of his ginger ale before lowering it down onto his belly, which made a pretty good makeshift table nowadays.

“Promise.” Ilya leaned down and pressed a kiss to his husband’s forehead, and then, he got to work.

He dug out the neon green inner tube from the shed, pumping it up by hand while Shane watched and sipped his ginger ale. His crying had mostly stopped by now, aside from the occasional sniffle, but Ilya was going to ensure that there was no more crying *at all*. At least, until Shane got upset by something else.

“Okay. Come on.” Once the inner tube was all blown up, he led Shane back to the shoreline, wading into the water with him just far enough that he could set the tube down. “Okay, now get in. Face down.”

“What?” Shane was looking at him like he was stupid, his eyes still red-rimmed from crying. “What do you mean, face down? I haven’t been able to lie face down for...well, for like seven fucking months.”

“Exactly. But you’re going to today. Belly. In here. Now,” Ilya instructed, pointing to the open middle of the inner tube before he held it steady so that Shane could get in. “Trust me. This will work.”

It took a bit of his help, but eventually, Shane was able to get into the inner tube facedown, his belly nestled into the opening of the tube and hanging down into the cool water, where it could be supported. Shane crossed his arms over the edge of the tube, pressing his cheek against his forearm as he finally settled, and...it looked like it hit him all at once just how nice it felt. Immediately, Ilya knew his genius idea really *had* been genius.

Thank fucking god.

“O-oh my god,” Shane mumbled. “Ilya, this is...holy fuck, this feels good. This is the first time my back hasn’t felt like it was going to break in weeks,” he admitted, groaning as Ilya waded out further, pushing Shane along with him. “How did you even think of this?”

“Stroke of genius. Daddy instincts. Whatever you want to call it. Just want to do anything to make you comfortable,” Ilya insisted, beginning to rub at the small of Shane’s back. Okay...*maybe* he had sort of seen somebody else do this on Facebook. And, yes, it had resulted in him joining several “*tips and tricks for expecting mommies*” pages. Sue him. He wanted his Shane to be as comfortable as possible right now.

“Well...m’lucky my husband is so smart all of a sudden,” Shane hummed, finally sounding *relaxed*. Later, Ilya would totally be patting himself on the back for being able to resolve the crisis so smoothly. Admittedly...he’d gotten pretty good at it over the last nine months.

“And *I* am lucky that my husband is so beautiful and sexy while he’s pregnant.” Ilya leaned down, pressing a kiss to Shane’s tanned neck before trailing the kisses down his back. “Could not think of a luckier man than me. Great team, beautiful cottage, gorgeous husband, babies on the way...what

more could I—" Ilya paused. Had he just heard a snore? "Shane?" He slowly turned the inner tube around to find that, within the span of a few seconds, Shane had completely knocked out.

His cheek was squished against his arm, a considerable amount of drool escaping him as he snored (something he'd been doing ever since he was around five or six months along, even if he denied it). The corners of his lips twitched up into a smile. "So cute. And so tired." He pressed a quick kiss to the top of Shane's head, guiding the floatie to gently sway back and forth in the water as he slept. He decided that, for as long as he was sure the sun wasn't too hot, it wouldn't hurt to let him nap for a while. Especially when he so clearly needed it.

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Day 4

On the fourth day of their babymoon, Ilya woke up to a cold, empty space next to him in bed. He huffed and pouted, rolling over to reach for his phone on the nightstand to find out why his husband had so cruelly abandoned him.

9:17



Moya Lyubov >

Where r u

Outside

Without me? :(

lol I'm just on a quick walk

Oh really? What r u wearing...

You're ridiculous



Happy?

You can't hear me from there
but I am barking like a feral dog

Are you even wearing bottoms?

Why don't you come out here
and find out for yourself?



Ilya had never jumped out of bed so quickly before in his life, scrambling through the house and out the back door in nothing but his underwear. Shane was already waddling up the path leading back to the house, and much to Ilya's dismay...he *was* wearing bottoms.

"Why are you wearing shorts?" Ilya crossed his arms. "I was promised ass."

"Uh. You were promised no such thing." Shane waddled closer and Ilya took a few steps forward to close the distance between them, leaning around his bump so that they could have their first kiss of the day. It gave Ilya more energy than coffee did in the morning, and this time was no different—even if Shane did pull away prematurely with a scowl on his face. "You haven't brushed your teeth yet, have you?"

"No. I'm sorry, but you did not give me time to do much of anything. I ran out here the second I was promised good look at the view, but...ah. I was mislead." Ilya reached for the waistband of the linen shorts Shane was wearing, snapping it against his skin. "But these are easy to take off, no?"

"Pervert. I'm not taking anything off until you brush your teeth," Shane mumbled, but he had that look in his eye, the one that told Ilya that he was seriously considering whipping his shorts off right here, right now. "Go on."

"Yes sir," Ilya practically growled. It wasn't an angry growl— but a *lustful* one. He already had a half chub, but that didn't stop him from bolting back inside and into their en-suite bathroom to

brush his teeth so hard and so quickly, he was pretty sure his gums were bleeding. But that was a totally, *totally* normal reaction for anyone whose husband looked as good as Shane did while pregnant.

He speed-walked out of the bathroom, expecting to find Shane right where he'd left him, but he stopped in his tracks. Shane had followed him inside, right to their bed where he'd positioned himself on his side, his linen shirt open to expose his belly, which he was tracing gentle circles on with his finger seductively.

"Fuck," Ilya mumbled, stalking over to the bed like he was a full blown predator, his eyes immediately darkening. "You drive me crazy when you do that."

"Do what?" Shane asked, batting his eyelashes at him innocently.

"Anything."

Ilya crawled into the bed, climbing over his husband and putting as much weight on top of him as he dared before he started to nip and suck at his neck hungrily. His half-hard cock was rubbing against Shane's hip, prompting it to become fully hard in a matter of seconds. When he reached down, he could feel Shane was already getting hard, too.

He noticed something else, though. He noticed Shane's breathing was heavier than usual, his skin slightly sticky from sweat. It gave him pause that he normally wouldn't have had when he was this worked up. "Are you alright? You're breathing heavy," Ilya mumbled against Shane's neck, where he could feel his pulse racing.

"M'fine. The Braxton Hicks contractions are bad today. Had one while you were brushing," Shane hummed breathily, and Ilya reached down to rub his hand over his belly, which felt firmer than usual...like the contraction wasn't completely gone.

"You want me to stop?" He whispered, nosing at his jawline.

"God, no. I want you to distract me," Shane breathed out, tilting his head back to bare the smooth column of his throat that was just *begging* for Ilya's attention. If Shane said he was fine, and that this was what he wanted...who was Ilya to question him? His only job right now was to give Shane anything and everything he asked for.

"I think I can manage that," he breathed out, leaning in again to nip playfully at Shane's neck and make him gasp, his hands coming up to rub at Ilya's chest. He gently pushed them away, only long enough so that he could roll him over and hoist him up a bit so that he was propped up against the pillows comfortably, his legs spread and his erection on full display where it was making a tent out of his thin linen shorts. "God, you're so fucking hot..."

"Only you'd think that when I look like this," Shane breathed out as Ilya went back to work kissing his neck, his hands fumbling to undo the one button that was still buttoned on his shirt.

"Are you kidding me? That's actually part of the reason I bring you here, yes? Tired of fighting tooth and nail to keep other men off you." Ilya was joking...but he wasn't joking about the fact that people did, in fact, find his pregnant husband incredibly sexy right now. Sexy enough that, when they were in public, Ilya had to keep his eyes peeled for any thirsty fucks who might try and shoot their shot. As though they had any chance when Shane was full with *his* babies.

Fucking idiots.

He pulled open Shane's shirt, trailing his kisses down to his chest when, suddenly, Shane hissed in discomfort. Ilya immediately pulled back and looked down, his eyes practically bugging out of his head. "Jesus, Shane," he breathed out as he looked down at his husband's swollen chest. It was more swollen than usual, his breasts looking painfully round, his nipples perky, and puffy, and... *leaking*. They were leaking a yellowish, milky substance he immediately clocked as colostrum. "Y-you're leaking..."

"Oh. Uhm— yeah. It's... I mean I usually do after I take a shower. Guess they got too full to wait," Shane whispered casually, as if this... wasn't the most wonderful thing Ilya had ever seen.

"Full..." Ilya repeated, his tongue feeling numb in his mouth. Shane's breasts always looked *full* nowadays, but not... not like this.

"Ilya, are you... are you drooling?" Shane grinned as Ilya reached up, feeling the saliva that he hadn't realized had gathered on his bottom lip. Now, Ilya knew he must've been blushing.

"Ah..." Ilya quickly wiped it away, but more kept coming. His mouth was wet, his cheeks felt hot, and he just couldn't stop staring at Shane's chest. "I— sorry, I just... it... are you... does it hurt?" He stammered out like an idiot, and Shane's eyebrow shot up in question.

"... Yes."

"Suppose if someone... like... your husband were to..." Ilya waved his hand, searching for the word. "Relieve the pressure..."

"Are you asking to suck the milk out of my tits?" Shane asked. Ilya swallowed, and all he could manage was a nod.

"Can I?" He croaked. He had sucked basically every other part of Shane, but was this too far?

"Please." Shane nodded his head vigorously, letting his head fall back against the pillows with a sigh of relief like he had just been *waiting* for Ilya to ask it, and Ilya... Ilya thanked fucking god that they were on the same page because he didn't think he could hold back another second. He leaned down, kissing down Shane's chest and over one plump breast before he got to his nipple. He stuck out his tongue, swirling it around the pert little nub and licking up the sweet, sweet liquid gold from his sensitive chest, and *oh*, god... it was the best thing he'd ever tasted.

He couldn't help himself. He clamped down on Shane's nipple and immediately *sucked*, forcing a gasp out of his husband, as well as a few more drops of colostrum. Ilya couldn't decide which one was more delicious.

"O-oh, Ilya," Shane whimpered, squirming beneath him. Ilya released his nipple with a *pop*, looking up at him expectantly.

"Is okay? Not hurting you?" Ilya whispered.

"No. Feels good," Shane whispered, and that was all the motivation Ilya needed to clamp down again and suck once more. This time, he didn't hesitate to reach down, sliding his fingers beneath the waistband of Shane's shorts and underwear and over his erect cock on the way to his hole.

“You’re wet,” Ilya growled without releasing Shane’s nipple from his lips, his fingers rubbing over the taut, wet hole between Shane’s legs.

“Cuz m’pregnant,” Shane whimpered breathily, squirming and spreading his legs wider in a way that just drove Ilya crazier. When he pressed the tip of one finger into Shane’s wet hole, it greedily sucked it up like it was starving for it. He nearly gasped at just how slick it was inside, how easy it was to slide his finger the rest of the way into the hole despite how tight it was. Despite the fact they were on their babymoon, they hadn’t had sex since before they’d left. The first night, Shane was too tired from traveling. The second night, he was too sore. The third night, he fell asleep almost as soon as they got things going. Ilya would never admit it out loud, but...he was a little more than pent up. He could tell Shane was, too.

“I know, *malysh*. I know. Just another good thing about you having my babies,” Ilya gasped over his nipple before he slid his hand beneath Shane’s back, hiking him up a little further before he switched over to his other nipple. He sucked on it hard enough to make Shane yelp, and just as he did, he slid in his second finger just as easily as the first. “I don’t even think—I don’t think we will even need lube,” Ilya murmured around his mouthful of nipple, drops of colostrum still hitting his tongue. “So wet for me. So fucking *perfect*.”

It didn’t take long for Ilya to get Shane worked open, clumsily pulling off his shorts and boxers with his free hand while he sucked at his chest like his life depended on it. Shane was so wet, so open for him, and practically shaking with want by the time Ilya felt like he was loose enough. “Condom?” Ilya asked just as he lined his tip with Shane’s entrance, his briefs long since thrown on the floor next to Shane’s boxers.

“No. No condom,” Shane huffed impatiently, reaching to pull his legs up as far as he could manage and settling them on either side of his rounded belly. Ilya didn’t need to be told twice. He pushed in slowly, carefully, stretching Shane open smoothly and easily and letting out a groan of relief as he finally entered his husband after a full week of lusting after him.

“Oh— oh, fuck—” Shane whimpered as Ilya pushed all the way inside, his cock being hugged snugly by the tight walls of Shane’s asshole. “M’so full, Ilya so full.”

“God, Sh-Shane. Do you know how fucking crazy it makes me to hear that?” Ilya growled out, knowing that Shane was full of his cock, full of his babies, full of milk for his babies. Shane was so full of him in every way, and the thought drove him so crazy, he had to put a hand on Shane’s rounded belly to ground himself, to remind himself that he couldn’t go crazy and jackhammer into Shane the way he wanted to right now. He had to be gentle with him. “You okay for me to start moving?” He whispered, rubbing a gentle hand up and down Shane’s belly.

“Please. Please move,” Shane whispered, rolling his hips in a way that almost broke all of his resolve. He groaned, hands darting out to grasp Shane’s hips and hold them still.

“*Kotik*, please. You are going to kill me doing that,” Ilya gasped. “I am trying to be gentle.”

“What for?” Shane asked, and Ilya already knew he had just gotten himself into trouble. “Why be gentle when you could f-fuck me as hard as you did when you put these babies in me?” Shane blinked up at him with those half-lidded, falsely innocent doe eyes that hid just how dirty he really was. Only Ilya really knew that, and *fuck*, did it drive him fucking crazy.

Shane rolled his hips again, easily fighting against him trying to hold him steady because, *fuck*, of course he had strong hips. He was Shane fucking Hollander, and Ilya had no chance of resisting

him. Anything Shane wanted...Ilya would give it to him.

“Fuck, *solnyshko*,” Ilya groaned out, digging his fingers harder into Shane’s hips, probably hard enough to bruise him— but it was no longer to hold him still. It was so that he could have a good, decent grip on him while he fucked the shit out of him until he was screaming his name so loudly that all of the stupid loons would fly from the trees. He pulled back before thrusting in roughly, afraid for a moment that he was already being too harsh, but the moan that left Shane’s wobbling lips told him otherwise.

He didn’t hold back any longer. He started to thrust his hips, watching Shane’s sweaty body shake with each thrust up inside him. Shane’s hands came down to hold his belly to try and keep their babies from shaking too much, and that just drove Ilya even wilder. He had half a mind to put a hand over Shane’s on his full belly, his other hand grasping at his thigh and pushing it back even further as he pounded into him over, and over, and over again. Each time he changed his angle, trying to get it just right until suddenly Shane *screamed* in pleasure, and Ilya knew he had just pounded into his prostate.

And, he was going to keep pounding into it.

“Holy fuck! Nnh— god, fuck! Ilya!” Shane cried out, and Ilya vaguely had it in him to give some kind of vague grunt back in between his moans. Ilya didn’t think there was anything that could bring him out of this as he stared at his beautiful husband beneath him, red faced and panting, moaning and holding his belly until, suddenly, his noises changed. They got breathier, higher pitched, more like whimpers. His belly felt tense beneath Ilya’s hand.

“Fuck— Shane, you okay?” Ilya asked, even in the animal of it all, knowing that his husband came first. He slowed his thrusts, but Shane reached up to grab his shoulder.

“Fuck, keep going!” He demanded, digging his fingers digging into Ilya’s shoulder as his face twisted up and his face went redder. He felt...tighter, too.

“Sh-Shane, are you sure—“

“Fuck, I’m sure! Please! Fuck. Fuck, I’m so close. I’m so fucking f-full, a-and I— please, please —“ Shane was practically sobbing now, jerking his hips demandingly, pulling Ilya back in despite every instinct telling him that maybe they should stop.

But how could he, when Shane was begging him to keep going? And how could he...when Shane felt so, so fucking good.

“Fuck.” Ilya awkwardly leaned around Shane’s tense belly to plant a firm kiss on his lips, tongue slipping into his mouth as he struggled to keep thrusting in this position. He had to sit up again so that he could grasp both of Shane’s legs, forcing them up by his head so that he could thrust into him as hard and deep as he possibly could.

He was thrusting so hard, the headboard was smacking against the wall repeatedly, little bits of paint and drywall flaking off as the wall literally began to crack. “F-fuck, Shane, I-I’m cracking the fucking wall—“ Ilya growled, but he didn’t let up. He didn’t stop as Shane mewled in pleasure beneath him and screamed his name.

“W-who cares? I-I’m s-so fucking— close—“ Shane gasped out shakily, looking like his eyes wanted to roll into the back of his head from overstimulation as drywall flaked into his hair. His

leaking cock was rock hard against the underside of his tense belly, and even though something in Ilya still told him they were going too hard...another part of him reminded him how beautiful Shane looked like this, on the verge of orgasm and begging him to get him off when he clearly so desperately needed it. Ilya was his husband, and it was his duty to make him feel good. He took his duties very, very seriously.

“I-Ilya, I-I’m gonna, I’m gonna—“ Shane cried out. “T-tell me I can!” He begged, gasping in between moans, writhing as Ilya pounded into him.

“You want to fucking cum?” Ilya breathed out, the tops of his thighs slapping against Shane’s ass and forcing a string of whimpers out of him. “Then c-cum for me, baby. Be a good boy and cum for me, my pregnant slut. Now,” Ilya commanded, and just like that...that was all Shane needed to be sent over the edge.

He cried out, his eyes rolling back into his head before they slipped shut, his perfectly pink lips parting as his breath caught in his throat and his body began to shake with orgasm. His back arched up off the bed, pushing his beautifully swollen, leaking chest up like he was just begging Ilya to suck it dry. His toes curled, and his hands scrambled for purchase before they finally settled on fisting into the sheets, and his cock...oh, his perfect, brown-tipped little cock, swollen, and angry, and currently squirting pearly white cum onto the underside of his massive belly. God, he was perfect. Beautiful. His. He was *his*.

“Fuck, Hollander—“ Ilya moaned out, fucking Shane through his orgasm despite how difficult it was as the walls of his husband’s ass squeezed at his cock, pulsating around it as he fucked harder, and *harder*, hitting what he thought was Shane’s prostate over and over again.

It never occurred to him that it could have been anything else until he felt strange, sudden *pop*, and then a *gush*. Warm liquid rushed out over his cock and onto the bed, and he just barely pulled out in time to complete his orgasm and cum on the roundness of Shane’s belly instead of inside him as he realized in his orgasm-stricken mind that he definitely *should not* cum in him after that.

Whatever the fuck that had been.

“O-oh fuck— fuck, fuck, fuck—“ Ilya hissed, shaking as he held his cock, trying to will it to stop because he was pretty sure something was wrong as liquid continued to rush out from in between Shane’s legs, soaking his thighs, and the bed, and Ilya’s knees. By the time he finished cumming, he was kneeling in a literal puddle on the duvet.

He gasped, wiping his sweaty hair from his eyes as he tried to clear his vision. His heart was beating out of control, but he didn’t know if it was from how hard he’d just orgasmed, or because of what just happened. “W-what the fuck was that?” He choked out, leaking back and looking down at the mess. The liquid seemed clear— had a strange, sterile smell to it. It was definitely something that had never come out of his husband before.

“Uhm...” Shane panted, pushing his own sweaty hair back out of his face. He didn’t seem to be in any pain, he just...looked as shocked as Ilya did. “I think you just broke my water.”

Chapter 2: Part 2

Chapter Summary

The birth.

Chapter Notes

Well...here's the final part! You've been warned in the tags.

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

“What?” Ilya asked in shock, his ears ringing. He had heard what Shane had said, but surely it couldn’t be true, right?

Right?

“I think you just broke my water,” Shane repeated, far too casually for his liking. “With your penis.”

“With my— what? No! I would not— I would not do that!” Ilya shouted, shifting on the bed. When he did, more liquid spilled out of Shane like he was a human water feature, and Ilya’s mouth gaped. Oh, *god*. He had just broken his husband’s water. With his dick. “*BLYAT!*” He held his head, shaking it in dismay. “Fuck, fuck, I—“

“Ilya, it’s *fine*.”

“Fine? No, no, is not— fuck, are you okay? Did I hurt you?”

“No,” Shane said, but his voice was a little strained, one hand moving to his now strangely teardrop shaped belly that was clearly tense with another contraction. “D-didn’t hurt me.” He gritted his teeth, his face twisting up, and Ilya wanted to start banging his head against the wall to punish himself for what he’d just done.

“Oh, fuck. Fuck, I hurt you. I just hurt you while you are pregnant, and now you are fucking lying about it to try and make me feel better.” Ilya scrambled to his feet, the liquid (which he now knew was amniotic fluid) dripping off his legs all the while as he rushed to help prop Shane up more, one hand moving to rub his belly in a way that he hoped was soothing to him while the other offered him his hand to squeeze.

“I’m not l-lying—“ Shane hissed between gritted teeth, accepting his hand and squeezing it tightly.

“Shh, don’t try to talk through it.”

“I’m r-really not l-lying. It d-didn’t hurt when it h-happened,” Shane huffed through the pain before his belly slowly, but surely untensed, and he sucked in a gasp of relief. “J-just...the contraction part afterwards hurt.” He looked sheepish as he looked up at him, his face red with exertion from both the orgasm and the contraction. “I was having a great time up until then.”

“Fuck...fuck, I’m so...I am so sorry, *solnyshko*, believe me, I...I did not realize...I was going too hard, and..”

“Wasn’t too hard for me.”

“We broke the fucking wall,” Ilya huffed, brushing the bits of drywall off Shane’s head. “Fuck...”

“Okay, I...I guess maybe we went a little overboard with how pregnant I am. But that’s mostly my fault,” Shane insisted. Obviously...Ilya couldn’t argue with that. Shane had been the ring master of all of this, but still, Ilya should have known better. He should have put his foot down, but his husband was so hot, and he was so horny, and *fuck*, he was so fucking stupid.

“It doesn’t matter, we just need to...fuck, we need...hospital. We need to go to the hospital. *Now*.” Shane was in labor. Shane was in labor, and Ilya needed to get him to the hospital. He could beat himself up for fucking him into labor as soon as he got him to the hospital, where he and their babies would be safe under the watch of the doctors. He pressed a hasty kiss to Shane’s head before he was scrambling to grab his clothes so that he could get him dressed again, and when he returned to his side...Shane looked less than impressed with him.

“Uh...don’t you think I ought to, like...clean up first?” Shane asked. Ilya blinked in confusion. “A towel, Ilya. I need a towel.”

“Oh.” Ilya looked down at the mess— at Shane’s cum covered belly and their soaked sheets, and...god, Shane was definitely *still* leaking. How much fucking amniotic fluid was in there? He booked it to the ensuite and back with an armful of towels, using one to wipe Shane clean before handing it to him to hold between his legs as he stood up, but the towel didn’t do anything to keep amniotic fluid from soaking through it and splattering onto the floor. “Fuck. How much more is in there?”

“I don’t know!” Shane scoffed, holding onto Ilya’s arm as he eventually just squatted down to try and limit the splashing. “Look, I’m just gonna...drain here, you pack the bags.”

“*Drain*? You do not have time to *drain*, *malysh*. We have to go to the hospital right now,” Ilya said, leaning down next to him to put a hand on his back.

“I am not going to be walking through the house leaking like an over easy egg. Can’t you just throw some of our stuff in a bag while I drip dry? Please? You know we’re going to need stuff at the hospital,” Shane reminded.

“But it is two hours away, and—“

“So? These are our first babies. We should have plenty of time. And, that’s exactly why we need to bring our stuff with us. We aren’t going to want to drive two hours back here to get our shit. Just...just get the stuff we need. Phone chargers, laptops, toiletries. Don’t forget your pills.” Shane sounded like he wasn’t squatting on the floor leaking baby juice right now, and Ilya was almost embarrassed at how calm he was. Wasn’t he supposed to be the one calming Shane right now?

He could be calm. He just...had to do what Shane said. As long as he followed Shane's lead, as long as he did what he asked of him, he'd be doing his job as his husband. Everything would be fine.

"Okay, yes. Stay here." Ilya hopped up and grabbed a duffel bag out of the closet.

"Not going anywhere, babe."

It didn't take long for him to throw their necessities into a bag, then help Shane into his shorts with a towel threaded between his legs. Shane even made him wipe up the amniotic fluid off the floor and throw their sheets into the washer so that at least they wouldn't be leaving a recipe for mold and mildew. Of course, only Shane would worry about something like that at a time like this. And, of course, he didn't seem concerned that he had two more contractions in the ten minutes it took them to get out the front door.

"You are okay, yes? Everything feels okay?" Ilya asked shakily as he pulled out of the driveway, glancing down at the two towels Shane was sitting on as though he expected a baby to just...plop out onto it.

"Everything is okay. I feel fine, I feel...lighter, really," Shane admitted, placing a hand on his belly. "I can't believe we're about to have our babies. All because you broke my water when we were—"

"Shhh— shh. Stop that. Don't say that, they'll hear you." Ilya reached over, placing his hand on Shane's stomach, which really did feel smaller now. "Papa is so, so sorry, babies. It was accident. I did not know...did not know that would happen."

"It's okay," Shane promised him, and he sounded so sure, Ilya had no choice but to believe him. "Everything's going to be okay."

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Everything was *not* okay. For the first thirty minutes or so, it was...fine. Normal contractions, normal enough that they called Yuna and David to let them know what was going on, called the hospital and their midwife to let them know they were coming, but after that? After that, Ilya did not know what happened. It was like it had gone from zero to a hundred.

Shane's contractions, which he was timing on his phone, had gone from five minutes apart to three minutes within those thirty minutes, and then in the thirty minutes after that...everything had gone really, really downhill. Ilya knew that Shane had a high pain tolerance, but an hour into driving, he could tell that he was in pain. *A lot* of pain, and that...that was terrifying.

Shane had unbuckled his seatbelt at some point, getting on his knees in the passenger seat and leaning over the back of it as he moaned and groaned, swaying his hips from side to side all the while.

"How are we doing, *malysh*?" Ilya asked, trying to sound as calm as possible as he sped through the winding forest roads leading them back to Ottawa. Okay, maybe taking a babymoon two hours away from the hospital had been a stupid idea in hindsight. But it was too fucking late for him to do anything about that.

“Bad!” Shane cried out in the midst of his contraction.

“Okay. Okay. Right. Yes, of course bad. That is my mistake.”

“Shut up.”

“Sorry. Also my mistake.” Ilya reached for his phone, glancing anxiously between the road and his contacts until he found the one for their midwife, Barbara.

“Hey there. How’s the drive going?” She asked as soon as she picked up.

“Uhm—“ Ilya was cut off by Shane letting out a primal, grunting cry that made him grimace.

“Oh, dear. Is that him?” Barbara asked, her voice sympathetic.

“Yeah...” Ilya resisted the urge to ask *‘who the fuck else would it be, Barbara?’*

“How far apart are his contractions?”

“Uh. Three minutes? Maybe little less? I don’t—“ another guttural cry that made Ilya uneasy. “Is hard to time and drive, but he’s...I mean he’s...in a lot of pain. The noises he is making, they are not normal.” Ilya couldn’t stop his voice from shaking now. “We are still over an hour away. What do I do?”

“I know it’s scary, but it’s important you stay calm right now. Those noises are normal, okay? This means he’s probably in the transition stage. He got there...a lot more quickly than most people do, but that’s alright. That’s the stage before pushing, but I don’t want you to panic,” Barbara advised, but it was too late. Ilya was already fucking panicking. “That stage can last well over an hour. You still have time to get here, so I just need you to keep driving as quickly and as *safely* as you can. Driving here will be faster than trying to get an ambulance out there, so just keep going. Just keep talking to him, and keep driving. That’s all you can do.”

“O-okay,” Ilya agreed, but honestly, that seemed like a bullshit answer. He didn’t know what he expected her to do to help him, but he wanted it to be *something*.

When they hung up, Shane’s contraction was over. He was gasping as he shakily sat back down properly in the seat, drenched in sweat as he hiked his shirt up over his globe of a belly that was red from how overheated he was.

“I’m fucking hot,” he sobbed, and Ilya fumbled to put the AC on full blast, turning all the vents towards him.

“I’m sorry, baby. We are getting close to being there,” Ilya fibbed as he reached over to rub slow, gentle circles on Shane’s heavy belly where it sat between his spread legs.

“How long?” Shane croaked, his head lolling back and forth.

“...An hour.”

“An hour?” Shane’s head snapped up in disbelief. “Are you serious?”

The gentle pitter-patter of rain began against the windshield, dark clouds looming on the horizon in front of them. “...Give or take a few minutes for weather delays,” Ilya mumbled, continuing to rub

at Shane's belly. He continued even as it tensed again beneath his hand not even a full three minutes later, the muscles contracting so hard that Ilya could feel sympathy pains in his own stomach. "It's okay. It is alright. Breathe, just breathe," Ilya told Shane as he tossed his head back and let out a pained wail, shifting uncomfortably back and forth through the pain, spreading his hips wider in a way that made Ilya very, *very* nervous.

"I-I am breathing!" Shane sobbed out, but he wasn't breathing in the way Lamaze class told them to. He was panting erratically in between his moans of pain, but Ilya was too scared to tell him otherwise. Shane seemed like a distressed, cornered animal right now, and Ilya did *not* want to risk being bitten.

"I am right here. Everything is okay," Ilya decided to say instead because that was all he could say as he continued to rub Shane's tense belly, looking back and forth between him and the road. "We will get there."

He kept telling Shane that, and he kept telling himself that despite the fact that, as time went on, he was becoming less and less sure of it. It didn't help that the rain was battering down on their car so harshly that he could barely see the road anymore, causing him to have to slow significantly. Fuck. Fucking *fuck*. Shane was screaming next to him. It wasn't those guttural groaning sounds he'd been making before to cope with the pain— no, he was fucking screaming, the veins on his forehead popping out as he rocked back and forth with one hand clutching the door handle, and the other hand clutching Ilya's forearm so hard he thought he was going to break it.

Ilya was completely and utterly terrified.

"O-Oh my god—" Shane sobbed as the contraction ended only two minutes from the last, cutting off only so that he could gasp for air like he had experienced a near drowning moments before. With this rain, maybe they *would* be drowning soon enough. "I-Ilya—!"

"I know, *malys*h, I know. Just hang on," Ilya told him, but how much longer could Shane hang on if he was in this much pain, crying for him and struggling to get in a single breath. Was he supposed to be in this much pain? Was something wrong?

"My back. M-my back is— fuck, it hurts so fucking bad," Shane choked out, shakily wiping sweat away from his face before he tossed his head back and whimpered again. Ilya reached up to slide a hand onto the back of his neck, massaging gently.

"I know it does. Maybe we can...maybe you— why don't you try getting on your knees again, yes? Maybe will help with the pain?" He suggested.

"No," Shane mumbled, clumsily shaking his head back and forth. "No. I can't do that."

"...Why?" Ilya asked, but something about the tone of Shane's voice already had him feeling uneasy.

"Because if I move right now, I'm pretty sure our daughter's going to come out of me." Shane sounded so calm, and yet...so sure. So sure of something so fucking terrifying.

"O-okay..." Ilya glanced at him uneasily before he anxiously brushed Shane's sweaty hair away from his forehead. "Okay. Then please...please don't move," Ilya begged softly.

“Wasn’t fucking planning on it,” Shane growled back before the next contraction hit, and suddenly he was gone again, reduced to a screaming, writhing mess. All Ilya could do was watch, and drive, and let Shane grab him, and crush his hand, and scratch him wherever he pleased. It felt like the least he could do in this situation.

He kept glancing down, eying the way Shane was pressing his hips downwards like he was trying to keep something from coming out, and that was enough for Ilya to realize that Shane really hadn’t been exaggerating. Their baby was dangerously close to coming, and Ilya couldn’t go more than half the speed limit with the way the rain was pelting them. He had known this was bad, but he hadn’t realized just how bad. It was finally starting to sink in.

“Shane...do you feel like you have to push?” Ilya asked nervously, although he already knew the answer.

“Yes,” Shane gritted out in between contractions. “So f-fucking bad, but I am n-not...I am not having my babies in the fucking car,” he gasped out. A wet sob left his lips and Ilya reached over, squeezing his thigh. “The pressure is so fucking bad!” He wailed and Ilya felt him lift his hips slightly, heard the strange, strangled noise that left his lips. When he looked down...Shane’s hand was between his legs.

Like he was grasping something.

“Shane...what the fuck are you holding?” Ilya asked, saliva gathering in his mouth that he swallowed back repeatedly as he resisted the urge to throw up at the thought.

“A Head.”

A Head?

“Do you mean—”

“Yes.”

“How...how much of it?” Was that a stupid question to ask? Did it matter *how much* of their first baby’s head was out of him when, in reality, none of her fucking head should have been out of him?

“H-half?” Shane offered, sounding unsure.

“*Half?*” Surely Shane didn’t mean—

He was screaming again, this time louder, and more desperate, and completely panicked. It was a scream of agony, like his arm was being ripped off as he continued to press his hand down against an unmistakable bulge in his shorts, and *oh, fuck*. He really did mean half.

“*Blyat!*” Ilya didn’t think. He just did. He did what his instincts told him to, jerking the wheel to pull off to the shoulder of the road that he could barely even fucking see in the rain because this baby was coming, and it was coming *now*. If he didn’t do something, Shane was going to try and keep holding her in, and he couldn’t do that. Not when her head was literally halfway out of him.

“She’s coming out! Sh-she’s coming out of me!” Shane choked before screaming again, his belly tense as his body clearly just...pushed on his behalf. At least, that’s what Ilya could assume it was

doing from the way his stomach was tensing and animalistic grunts were leaving him. No matter how hard Shane's body was fighting to push, though...Shane was fighting back against it even harder, pushing his hand up against the head bulging in his shorts as though he could just plug himself up like a bottle of wine.

"Shane, don't! Jesus—" Ilya gasped. "You have to let go!" He unbuckled his seatbelt, leaning over the center console to try and start pulling Shane's shorts down, but he wouldn't let them budge.

"No! No!" Shane wailed, and Ilya couldn't believe his eyes. Only his fucking husband would be stubborn enough to think he could win against nature just because he didn't want to fucking give birth in the car.

"Fucking fuck." Ilya threw open his door, stumbling through the downpour as it immediately drenched through his clothes. He tore Shane's door open and reached for the lever on his seat, leaning him back. Okay. Okay. He could do this. He could be strong for Shane. It was his turn to be strong and lead him through this. He kind of didn't have a fucking choice, really, because Shane had clearly lost any ounce of sanity he had left. He had to manhandle Shane's hand out from in between his legs so he could tear his shorts down just far enough to see what was going on. He hadn't even gotten them around Shane's knees when he saw it.

A head.

There it was, clear as day...about half of their first baby's head sticking out of him.

"Shit," Ilya whispered. "Shane, lean back."

"N-no, I c-can't, I—" Shane let out another shriek of pain as his belly tensed with the contraction, and Ilya just...knew he had to do whatever he could to get this baby out. He could beg Shane to forgive him later. He pushed him back, lying him down enough that he could yank his shorts off the rest of the way and throw them aside. It seemed, at least, that Shane didn't have it in him to fight anymore. Instead, he reached up to grab a fistful of Ilya's hair, bracing one foot against the dashboard while he braced the other against Ilya's thigh, and he just...pushed.

The rain was drenching them both at this point. Ilya regretted not trying to park further under the cover of the trees, but he hadn't exactly been thinking about it as he pulled over. He wasn't even really thinking about it now, either. All he could think about was reaching down, gently placing his hand on top of their baby's head as Shane pushed again and his body jerked, their baby's head turning and popping out with a gush of blood and fluid that made Ilya feel woozy.

"She's coming out!" Shane screamed, yanking on Ilya's hair. He barely felt it.

"Yes. Yes, she is. Just...just push, okay? Push, Shane. Push," Ilya demanded, trying to wipe rainwater away from his eyes with the back of his hand before he went back to guiding their baby's head, doing his best to block as much of the water as he could with his body to keep her and Shane from getting wet.

Her.

It was their little girl, he was fairly certain. At least, Shane had said it was her, and their doctor had predicted she would be born first since she sat lower. He could see dark hair on the head despite the blood, and he tried to caress it as gently as humanly possible as Shane pushed, screaming and

panting through the shoulders, Ilya trying his best to help him as much as he could without pulling before suddenly...

She was here.

She had just plopped out into his waiting hands like nothing had even been holding her back in the first place. Ilya didn't have to rub her back, or lift her up, or anything before she coughed and let out a loud, strong wail.

"O-oh my god," Shane whispered. His hands came down over Ilya's, and he realized he was trying to lift the slippery baby to his chest. Ilya, stupidly, was just standing there holding her between Shane's legs like he didn't know what to do with her. Like he was afraid if he moved, she suddenly wouldn't be real anymore.

He guided her to Shane's chest. He reached for one of the towels they'd brought and placed it over her as Shane immediately went to work rubbing her back and trying to calm her. It seemed like everything they were doing was instinctual, robotic, and mechanical— like neither one of their brains could catch up to their bodies, and then...then, they just stared at each other.

"I-I just had a baby in the car," Shane croaked over the sound of the pounding rain.

"Yes," Ilya responded, having to talk even louder over the crack of thunder that sounded above them.

"A-and I'm going to have to have another one."

"Yes."

Ilya looked down at his bloody hands. Holy fuck, he had just delivered their fucking baby in the car, and now she was pink and screaming on Shane's chest. They'd just had a *baby*. A real, actual fucking baby with no medical help.

"Ilya..."

"What?"

"We're getting soaked."

"O-oh." Right. The rain. He was soaked to the skin, but that was just about the last thing on his mind right now. He did, however, notice that Shane was soaked, too, and using the towel and his hand to try and keep their baby from getting wet. "Sorry."

He stepped back and closed the door, jogging back around to the passenger's side and sliding in. He was almost surprised to see that Shane did, in fact, still have a baby in his arms when he got back in the vehicle...which meant he hadn't just been delusional and imagined all of this.

"A-are you okay?" He finally had the mind to ask.

"I...think so?" Shane whispered. He didn't sound too sure. "I-I don't know."

"Okay. That's okay." Ilya leaned over the center console, not thinking twice as he gently pulled Shane into his arms and listened to his heavy breathing as he tried to come down from his adrenaline rush. He was shaking as he buried his nose against Ilya's neck, and Ilya wised he could

make everything better right now. Shane deserved more than to give birth to twins in their car while he was shaking and soaking wet in the middle of nowhere. “You’re okay, *solnyshko*. I’ve got you.”

“Okay,” Shane whispered. “I-I don’t want to do it again.”

“I know you don’t,” Ilya admitted as their baby’s cries quieted somewhat, and he finally pulled back so that they could properly look at her. She was covered in blood, and some kind of cottage cheese-like substance, and she was all wrinkly, but god...she was beautiful. Even beneath it all, he could tell she looked just like Shane. “But you can do it, yes? And I will be here to help you.”

It was ten more minutes of contractions before he could see their second baby’s head, pushing in and out with every panting breath Shane took. The rain was so bad, Ilya didn’t even try to drive again. “Push, *malysh*. That’s it. Again.” Ilya cupped the head as Shane bore down, still holding their first baby, who had somehow found her way to start suckling on his nipple in a way that showed she was completely unbothered as her mama went through hell to bring her sibling into the world.

“He’s out to the ears, *malysh*. Keep going,” Ilya coaxed through Shane’s panting cries.

“C-can’t. I’m so t-tired,” Shane sobbed out, but his body wouldn’t give him a break. He was pounded with one contraction after another, barely giving him any time to get a breath in in between agonized pushes. He was losing energy, and he was losing it fast.

“I know, but you have to. Please. Just a few more. I know you can, Shane. You are Shane fucking Hollander. You can do it,” Ilya reminded him as Shane lifted his bottom to try again, wailing miserably as the rest of their baby’s head came out of him. It had been clear he was trying not to yell too loud, not wanting to startle their already earthside baby, but it was also clear he had absolutely no say in the matter as he screamed in pain.

He was unnaturally pale aside from the red blotches on his face, soaked in sweat and rain, struggling to hold their first baby as the shoulders of their second pup tore through him until, finally, he slid out into Ilya’s waiting hands just as his sister had. Shane hardly seemed to realize he was out, moaning and crying in pain as Ilya lifted him up. “Shane. Shane, *malysh*. Is okay, he is out. Look,” Ilya reassured him.

Shane’s hazy brown eyes fluttering open in confusion as his crying stopped. “He is?”

“Yes.” Unlike his sister, though, he wasn’t crying right away. Ilya turned his slippery little body over in his hands, rubbing his back until that first cry ripped through the air. Ilya had hardly realized he was holding his breath until that moment, gasping for air alongside their baby’s frantic cries as he moved to put him on Shane’s chest right next to his sister.

“O-oh. Oh my god. We had two babies in the car,” Shane whispered, clumsily stroking his hand over their son’s head. He had dark black hair just like his sister. And, of course, just like his mama. “H-hi. Hi babies. It’s okay. Don’t cry, I know that was scary, but I’ve got you,” Shane whispered, and Ilya let out a breath of relief that everyone seemed...at least somewhat okay. For now.

“Yeah. We did.” He let out a shaky laugh that was clearly on the verge of tears, helping Shane cover their son with the towel so that he wouldn’t get cold. “You did it, *solnyshko*. I knew you could do it. I’m so proud of you,” Ilya said, leaning over the console again to press a kiss to Shane’s lips.

“I love you,” Shane said back, his voice sounding floaty like he wasn’t quite completely back to himself yet. It was a reminder that Ilya had to get them to the hospital as quickly as possible. As he started the car and pulled back onto the road again, the rain had completely stopped, the sun peeking through the clouds at them.

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“I know,” Shane whispered. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. Is my fault. I am the one who should be sorry.”

“Ilya—“

“No, wait. Let me say it. I should not have been so rough, I should have...I am your husband. I should have realized it was too much, and I could have seriously hurt you and the babies by putting you into labor with sex like that,” Ilya admitted, gently stroking over Emiliya’s head.

“You didn’t.”

“I didn’t what?”

“You didn’t...put me into labor,” Shane whispered.

“What are you talking about? I broke your water.” Ilya sat up a little straighter, noticing the guilty look on Shane’s face.

“Yeah. You did, but...only because I was already in labor. My contractions started early this morning. That’s why I was on a walk, trying to speed things up, and then I thought...what would speed things up better than getting railed?” Shane shrugged his shoulders. “I didn’t know it would work as well as it did.”

“You *what*?” Ilya jumped to his feet. “Shane, are you— oh my god, are you fucking insane? Why did you not fucking tell me?”

“Well...would you have agreed to have sex with me if you knew I was in labor?” Shane asked, and Ilya paused, putting his hands on his hips.

“Well...no. Obviously fucking not.”

“Exactly.” Shane leaned down, pressing a kiss on each of their babies’ precious little heads. “That’s why I didn’t say anything.”

Ilya rubbed his hands over his face, trying to process the information he’d been given. Shane had been in labor. He’d known he’d been in labor. Had been wandering around outside in labor without telling him, then came in only to have Ilya fuck him so hard they cracked the plaster behind the headboard. He couldn’t believe it.

“Are you...mad at me?” Shane asked sheepishly, looking up at him so innocently, Ilya almost thought it was impossible that he could do such an insane thing.

“No,” Ilya finally sighed.

“You’re not?” Shane cocked his head in surprise.

“No. Honestly, I...I’m just relieved that it wasn’t my fault,” Ilya admitted, rubbing the back of his neck. The weight that had settled on his shoulders felt...significantly lighter now. Shane looked at him, and started laughing. Ilya shouldn’t have laughed, but he couldn’t hold it back, the two of them cracking up so loudly he was sure the nurses could hear them down the hall.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed! Sorry I didn't finish it in time for pregnant Shane week :(

End Notes

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