

i'd like some desperate measures, please

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by [fizzyren](#)

Summary

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“I punched Peterson because he slammed *you*.”

It should have been satisfying watching the way shock immediately blushed over Ilya’s face, but all Shane could feel was embarrassment for even admitting it.

“He was... I mean... He was all over you. And it— I don’t know, I was just so angry that he was *touching* you that I— I don’t know. I just saw red and, I don’t even remember all of it.”

Shane felt like he was losing himself. He knew he was more emotional these past few weeks, a swirling mess of feelings and breaking his diet and lazying around more, but he had chalked most of it up to Ilya’s influence.

or, Shane Hollander is pregnant, and doesn't know it yet, and is increasingly confused why he's feeling so crazy lately. Acting so strange. Crying so much. So horny.

Notes

title is desperate measures from marianas trench

walking into the fandom nervously, hands shaking as i hold this fic out to you, h,, hello,, heated rivalry lovelies, i have an offering; i have not ready ANY of the books, and this takes place in a vague hand-wiggly point in time after the heated rivalry finale. hollanov are in a relationship and keeping it secret still, but they **are** in love. i also an painfully inexperienced in anything about hockey, lets just close our eyes together to any inaccuracies in this fic if you are a true hockey fan okay

hudson williams compelled me to make this, he told me to, personally, and I quote the quinn interview "You gung ho, you go get it, get fictional me pregnant, knock him up." and yknow what, say less my darling boy, i am fucking *on it* (—^—

a few things i gotta air out here though: i love mpreg, but i do not like the end result of mpreg. this is your only warning here but shane will NOT be keeping the baby, if this is upsetting for you, DO NOT READ!! this is a story to explore the emotions and sexuality of

BEING pregnant and all the cravings, libido, and craziness that comes with pregnancy. there will be no child at the end of this.

this is also important and does NOT get explained much, but men in this universe can get pregnant. this is *not* omegaverse. all human beings have the capacity for getting pregnant regardless of their gender. and while it IS very rare (to the extent that most assume cancer before they assume pregnancy), cis men can and do get pregnant. it is handled with the same amount of acceptance that gay marriage is, in a sense.

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

Ladies and Gents I am still in shock trying to figure out what just happened out there! And listen to that crowd they are still roaring!!

I have to agree, even though fights aren't uncommon in hockey, it's rare to have something like this break out at an All Star game of all games.

That's right, these games aren't for play so much as getting to see these guys skills really shine on the ice. These boys are some of the best in the league and it sure is a treat to get them all on the same ice at once. Usually they have enough respect for each other.

You know, just putting this out there, but I think this was over Ilya Rozanov.

I can't say I agree, there was a lot happening there during that board battle, lots of shoving, elbows, sticks, and suddenly there's gloves flying? Something more than just one guy.

But you gotta remember that it was Shane Hollander who threw that first punch.

I know, I know, it's almost unheard of! Maybe one of the best players right now and he never gets into any fights, you know aside from that altercation with Hunter way back when. But even then, we didn't get any punches!

They broke them up before anything could happen. This was blows on blows here boys. Hollander sure was going for it.

Maybe Johansson said something to Hollander, I don't know. But Hollander isn't the type to throw down just over nothing.

And boy did he throw down. I gotta say I'm impressed. I didn't think that guy could land punches like that, I mean he was almost wild.

Haha, I'm more surprised that it was Rozanov that got between them and not the refs.

It looked like he and Hollander had some words exchanged before Hollander was sent off the ice. I'm more curious about what they said, you know those two have been rivals for years and always facing off but never got into any fights themselves.

You just never know. Rozanov and Hollander have played in All Star games before on the same team, this wasn't the first time by any means.

And if— Oh. Hey, and here we go boys, back at it. Now we have Team Daniels against Team Nikitin. At center ice is—

“What the fuck is your problem?” Ilya *sounded* mad, but Shane knew it was worry. *Logically*, he understood that Ilya was worried about him, he felt it in the way soft hands pressed at his back, eyes wide and trying to look him in the face.

Shane didn’t want anything to do with him or his comfort right now. Feeling his blood sizzling under his skin, face hot, gear too tight.

“I don’t have a problem,” he clipped, struggling with his shoulder pads. Tight. Everything felt so wound tight and too hot and—

“*Fuck*,” he snarled, when he couldn’t get his sweaty compression shirt off his arms in one easy pass, tangled in it until Ilya came behind him and eased it off entirely.

Shane felt his nerves prickling and he flinched away from Ilya with a hiss, a low, dangerous “Don’t touch me.”

He wasn’t prepared for the hurt on Ilya’s face when he turned around and actually looked at him. All that infuriating Russian stoicism bled off into something twisted and painful. Shane immediately felt his chest tighten. Felt like an asshole.

“I’m sorry,” Ilya started, talking to him like he was some scared animal, and that just made Shane feel *worse*.

Shane had felt sore all day. His own fault. Last night after the last day of the skills event, Shane had practically begged Ilya to come over and fuck him. God, he had felt...

He had *needed* it.

And with a few choice begging and pleas and glittering wet eyes, Ilya folded so easily. Pounded him through the hotel mattress so good Shane had a limp well into the morning. Felt satiated, satisfied. Had even slept in to cuddle and enjoy the slow lazy way Ilya’s lips had mapped over his bare skin as the sun came up.

The sloppy, half-asleep blowjob, the taste of his own cum on his breath when he came up to kiss him. The husky voiced compliments in Russian that Shane didn’t understand, but Ilya’s voice was so electrifying it had him squirming and blushing over them anyway.

It had been good. He had been so *sensitive*. So so good and Shane had wanted it. Yet somewhere halfway into the day, that satisfying soreness in his hips and back turned into an irritation. Something that made him grumpy, too overwhelmed with the number of people in his face, voices upon voices in his ears, cameras, clothes on his skin that felt scratchy and wrong and the fucking twinge in his ass.

Shane had let Ilya kiss him here, now, with the roar of the crowd outside the locker rooms. Ilya pulled back, concern burning in his eyes as he cupped Shane’s face with both hands, thumbing away the tears dripping down his cheeks.

“What is—? I did not mean to—”

“Nono, no I’m—” Shane choked, confused suddenly at why he was crying so *hard*. Fuck he felt like he was on a rollercoaster, from being so angry he wanted *blood* to crashing down ice cold and griefstruck in his chest.

“I shouldn’t have— *I’m* sorry. I don’t know what’s gotten into me,” he confessed against Ilya’s fussing, the fingers brushing away the endless tears, kissing over the apples of his cheeks. He couldn’t help but curve into it, deflated from his previous rage into something softer now.

“It is okay,” Ilya whispered, before he pulled them apart so he could look at Shane’s face, eyes serious all of a sudden as he pushed both hands against Shane’s cheeks, “You are still very hot.”

“Oh, fuck *off*,” Shane scoffed, batting a hand into Ilya’s chest weakly. He could have shoved him harder, but he didn’t have the heart. Feeling a little stupid that Ilya wasn’t as torn up over this tantrum like Shane was.

“No no, is okay. Yell at me more, this I am an expert in handling. Angry Shane Hollander.” Ilya’s mouth curved into a pout, and he thumbed another fat drop from those pretty freckles he ached to kiss again.

“I’m not...*angry*,” after a beat of silence, and Ilya’s pointed look, he confesses, “anymore.”

Ilya had continued to watch, staring, analyzing.

Shane swallows, taking a deep breath, finds it easier to do when Ilya is holding him, and—

They both flinch away from one another as the locker room door slams open with a crunch. Shane whirls around to mess with the gear in his cubby, sniffing, trying to get his eyes to *stop*. He didn’t know what Ilya was doing behind him.

The loud voices of the rest of the players from their team piled in and broke the bubble of the locker room. Shane took their ribbing and questions with cut off replies, downturned eyes and sniffs to keep himself somewhat composed.



“Ah, look at you, *kotik*,” Ilya has cooed at him before he was even fully inside Shane’s hotel room. He flushed, urging the other man inside before he slammed the door shut, pointedly making sure each lock was done. Face down to look focused on the handle lock, bolt lock, the heavy privacy latch.

“Tsksks, no, no, look at me.” Ilya clicked at him, fingers grabbing him at the jaw, facing him better in the light.

Shane already knew what he meant. The growing bruise on his left cheek, the almost glowing red scabbed line of his lip split. Red rimmed eyes.

“I have never seen you like this before,” Ilya breathed, awestruck. He continued.

“Your teeth are okay?” as he thumbed Shane’s bottom lip down, inspecting Shane’s gumline before he shoved the digit into his mouth entirely, hooked behind his bottom front teeth, ready to peek in at all of his molars, checking for any chips or loose teeth.

“Fuck off,” Shane withered, no heat behind it even as he shrunk back away from Ilya’s grabbing, probing hands.

“Mmnnh, no, come back. This is big deal. First time Shane Hollander has *ever* thrown punches. First time Shane Hollander has *been* punched. Everyone is talking about it.”

“This is so embarrassing.”

“I liked it,” Ilya admitted, but with that air of a shrug and smug, charged energy. Shane felt butterflies in his stomach, something heated, *prideful*. Ilya liked being fought for.

Swallowing, nervous, tongue thick, Shane waits until Ilya has him fixed with a smirk and pretty hazel eyes.

“I punched Peterson because he slammed you.”

It should have been satisfying watching the way shock immediately blushed over Ilya’s face, but all Shane could feel was embarrassment for even admitting it.

“He was... I mean... He was *all over you*. And it— I don’t know, I was just so *angry* that he was touching *you* that I— I don’t know. I just saw red and, I don’t even remember all of it.”

Shane felt like he was losing himself. He knew he was more emotional these past few weeks, a swirling mess of feelings and breaking his diet and lazying around more, but he had chalked most of it up to Ilya’s influence.

A lazy start of a season, a lazy boyfriend, a lazy and easy relationship that went through ups and downs just like all of them. Shane hadn’t really thought to be too introspective of it all *as it was happening*.

But now he can’t help but look back and wonder what the fuck has been happening to him.

Suddenly, Ilya begins to laugh, a sharp burst that catches him off guard until the blonde pulls back and fucking folds over into laughter.

“*What?*” he demanded, feeling affronted, a little thrown off because what could Ilya possibly be laughing about.

“You got into a fight because of *me*?”

“Wh— Yes. I *just* said that, why is that funny?”

“I don’t know. I didn’t think that you would fight over *anything*. But *me*?” Ilya’s voice shifted, heated, lower, and his hands found Shane’s hips, pulling him closer despite the

freckled man's grumpy shoving.

"Your form was *awful*. Terrible." Ilya smiled, kissing a line up Shane's neck, kissed the hissing *fuck off* right off of Shane's tongue.

He drew them back, a soft dance of feet on the hotel carpet until he could toss Shane back onto the hotel bed. Nice mattress, fluffy duvet, all white, pretty framing Shane as he leaned back into the softness with a flush to his skin that made him look like he was *glowing*.

Ilya knelt over him, taking his right hand and kissing it, the scabs on his knuckles, the flushed skin of his fingers, all pink red and starting to bruise from where Shane had been punching and punching and punching.

Against the hard ice-worn jersey, rough shoulder pads, a cold helmet that Ilya very vividly remembers Shane punching off of Peterson's head entirely before he socked him clean across the nose. Ilya later learned that despite Shane's sloppy right hook, he had broken the other man's nose. Of course the other Canadian had punched Shane right back.

Gods, the sound of the crowd in that arena had been *deafening*, and Ilya could have easily imagined in that moment he had won the Stanley Cup with the roar of the people cheering and screaming instead of just some big league players throwing hands.

"Too pretty to be getting hurt like this," he commented, and smiled against the rough broken skin of Shane's hand when the man under him blushed darker under the constellation of gorgeous freckles.

Too tempting.

Ilya bent in, kissing him again, twice, three times as Shane moaned into his mouth and frantically began to pull on his shirt.

"Need you," he whined, bambi brown eyes wet, wet on his lashes, and *fuck*, Ilya *needed* him to stop crying.

Their clothes came off fast, frantic, and Ilya dragged Shane back to the foot of the bed with his arms hooked under his thighs, opened him easy, a good height for Ilya to kneel on the hotel carpet and still be able to get Shane into his mouth.

Just enough to get him hard and wet, salty precum on his tongue, shaking thighs on his shoulders, whines and moans growing louder the more he reached over his own head to claw and paw at the sheets in an effort to not pull Ilya's hair.

Which, of course he wouldn't mind.

He knew how to get him to.

Ilya dropped his mouth, sucking one of Shane's balls into his mouth, kissing it wet and filthy before nosing under further, tongue curling against Shane's hole. Shane had shivered, mouth dropping open wider all while Ilya pressed his tongue *in*, deep, *deep*—

“Ah, please, plea—nhgh!!!”

Ilya nuzzles in between Shane’s legs and watched with hazy eyes as Shane came all over his own stomach with a desperate pitch in his voice. So pretty. Perfect. *Ангел.*

He drew back to catch his breath, breathing heavy and peppering idle open mouthed kisses along the inside of Shane’s thighs since he was there, reaching down to palm over himself, the way he was so hard it was starting to hurt.

Shane’s hand dug into his hair now, tangling against curls before he pulled, starting off soft, petting like one would a shaggy dog, before the pulling got *needy*.

“More,” he breathed, staring down his own dirty abs to meet Ilya, “*More.*”

He pressed himself up, left Shane’s thighs on his shoulders as he stood, and hummed as it naturally left Shane folded up for him, at the perfect height for him to get a knee on the bed, one hand between them to help as he pressed his cock against Shane’s hole and—

“*Hard,*” Shane suddenly whined, out of breath, fingers digging into Ilya’s skin like claws. He was begging, but Ilya knew what a command sounded like when it was hiding under something submissive and soft. Sneaky, dangerous.

Hard it is.

Hard he would give.

Fucking Shane *hard*, every thrust knocking them back, knocking cries out of Shane’s pretty fucking throat and stealing the air from him. Ilya grunted, feeling sweat gathering at his shoulders as he clung to Shane’s legs and pulled him into each slamming thrust. It was tiring, heavy, too hot but he wouldn’t stop until Shane was cumming on his cock hands free.

The bed started to rock and despite the soft padding of the cloth covered headboard, it began to knock on the hotel wall with a resounding *bang bang bang*. Shane’s curses and panting punctuated each loud bang, ringing in Ilya’s ears until Shane’s hips were squirming, trying to get away.

His voice broke on a *fuck*, and Ilya held tight to his hips, keeping him on his cock, making sure he rutted into Shane as deep as he could, watched the small bump of his stomach under his bellybutton before Shane came again, a heavy pulse of his cock and a weak squirt of cum.

Fuck everything he was so hot Ilya was going to—

He felt weak at his knees, crumbled into Shane’s chest, cheek pressed against a hard shoulder as he emptied himself into Shane as deep as he could. It took him a second to stop feeling like he was floating, the breath fast in his lungs as he clung on to Shane. The arms around his shoulders were warm, roaming over his spine, up the back of his neck, into his curls until Shane was pulling him into an awkward kiss.

He hummed, rolling, laying them both on their sides so he could fix the angle, get a proper kiss, which Shane appreciatively moaned into.

“I think you should punch more people for me, if this is how you’re going to be after,” Ilya grinned, sharp and wicked.

Shane huffed, still breathing heavily himself, and didn’t even grace the other man with an answer other than to bite his bottom lip hard until he tasted blood.



The weight on his ribs was getting... *more*.

Concerning, considering that he was still pretty strict on his diet and calories these past few weeks. His gym routine and meals hadn’t changed, but he kept inching up on the scale.

A few pounds here and there could be chalked to water weight, but in the back of his mind, he knew that wasn’t it.

It was only when the weight began to *show*, that one morning Shane went to zip up his favorite pair of jeans and he couldn’t even get the button done, that the panic began to set in.

Glancing at himself in the mirror, from the front, he didn’t see any difference. Hard line of muscle and abs. But when he twisted, turned to look at himself from the side, he could see the bump of his stomach, a curve of his bellybutton, a slight bulge out like he had spent a whole week just binging on burgers and pasta.

Which wasn’t right.

This wasn’t right.

Shane spent an ungodly amount of time in the mirror before he picked a loose pair of sweats, a baggy shirt and cardigan that hid his frame more, and set out for practice.

It was the team medic that pointed it out at first.

“Are you feeling well, Hollander?” He had asked kindly but with an air of uncertainty.

It creeped him out, because what was *he* seeing? And if he was seeing it could his team also...

“I’m— Yeah? Why wouldn’t I? I’ve been playing pretty well, or I thought...”

“No, yeah. You *are*. I just mean, you seem like you’re... hm... tired? No that’s... uh... I mean. I don’t know. Something is *different*, but it isn’t bad, yknow? It’s just like, this *air* about you.”

Yeah. Shane had the same idea. But it wasn't like he could figure it out or ask anyone here about it.

Which is how he found himself at some outskirt clinic in the darkest oversized hoodie he owned, a ballcap and sunglasses on. Stiff as he dragged one foot in front of the other and clattered open the glass doors of the clinic with the chime of the little gold bell hanging from the top of it.

He was grateful that the waiting room lobby was entirely empty. No one to chance recognizing him as he made his way to the front desk, where the woman sitting behind the computer glanced up at him with disinterest before sliding him a clipboard full of papers and a pen.

"Welcome in. Fill these out and bring them back, please," she said monotonously. Shane felt like he was seriously bothering her for just existing, "I'll take your ID and insurance and get them started while you're going through those. If you have any questions don't hesitate to ask."

Like she was just reading off a script.

Clumsy, Shane fumbled with his wallet, handing her his driver's license and insurance card before taking the clipboard and finding an empty corner to tuck into. It was plenty of standard questions, if he was sick, had any medical conditions, took any medications, travelled outside the country in the past thirty days, yada, yada, yada.

He went through the endless papers, filling in information, circling the yeses and nos that applied, until his pen hovered over a page in the middle.

[Are you currently sexually active?] Y/N

[Are you currently using contraceptives? (Birth control, IUD, Condoms, ect)] Y/N

[Are you currently pregnant or breastfeeding?] Y/N

[When was your last menstrual cycle?] _____

Taking a deep breath, Shane went through them honestly, continued to flip through the pages until he got to the end, a small space for an emergency contact.

Swallowing, he stared at it and thought...

Normally, he always put his mom or dad down for these. Instead, this time, a squirming sort of nervousness like bile in his stomach, he scribbled in Ilya's name and number. If there was something going on, his parents were the last people he wanted to find out first, out of his control.

Fuck, he could be here about to find out he had some sort of rare cancer. It wouldn't be far-fetched. And the leading of questions from the third page were ones he recognized as leading

to cancer screening. And damn it all, he had answered too many yeses in that section than he was comfortable with.

The woman at the desk traded his full clipboard for his ID and insurance card. And told him to sit and wait until the nurse called him back.

All alone in the empty, sterile waiting room, Shane Hollander sat with his thoughts and the weight in his stomach that felt like it was getting heavier and colder the more he listened to the droning of the large analog clock underneath the muted TV on the far wall of the room.

“Hollander?” a voice came softly, breaking his thoughts. Shit, it could have been a minute or thirty, he didn’t know. He stood up quickly, gathering his wallet and making his way to the small woman holding a door open to the back for him.

If she recognized him, she did a good job of not letting it show.

She was professional through the entire thing, taking his weight, his height, his blood pressure, his temperature, the rest of his vitals. Finally she handed him a small blue-topped plastic cup and stood in front of a bathroom door.

“Pee in this and bring it back out to me in one of the plastic bags provided inside. Please do not flush and wash your hands before and after handling the cup.” She smiled. Shane hesitated, nerves in his throat.

“That’s okay if you don’t want to, we do preliminary screenings for the doctor that are not shared with anyone but the physician that will be seeing you today, but I can give you a form to sign if you would like to opt out of—”

“I’ll— I’ll just be a second,” Shane rushed, hurrying into the bathroom. She was just doing her job and Shane wanted to know what the hell was going on with himself. He was familiar enough with a damn pee test, drug screening and ketones and things. His sports doctors ran them frequently enough. Though for hockey, most of the purpose was for doping screenings, and he certainly wasn’t allowed to do them alone.

It was a quick process anyway, Shane peed into the stupid blue cup, secured the lid, washed his hands, and dropped it into a little red bag which he handed off to the nurse still standing outside the bathroom.

She guided him into an exam room at the end of the hall, giving him a gentle smile, “the doctor will be in in just a moment to speak with you. If you need anything there is a button on the wall there by your right you can press.”

And then the door was closed and Shane was once more left alone with his swirling thoughts and growing anxiety.

Fuck.

What was he even doing, anyway?

Some nameless, nowhere clinic instead of his own trusted doctors. But if there *was* something wrong, something that was found, he wouldn't be able to play hockey at the worst. His coaches would find out, his parents would find out. There was privacy between his doctor and himself, but as an athlete, it was also between himself and the small circle that guided his career.

Shane fidgeted with his own fingers, looking around the room at all the sterile tools that meant nothing to him. That is, until the door cracked open again, startling him out of his silence.

"Good evening, Mr. Hollander. My name is Dr. Elisa. How are you feeling today?"

"Uh, alright. Kind of."

"Not *bad*? I'll take it. Tell me a little about what brought you in?"

"Uh, well," he watched the woman come around to the little rolling stool, sitting on it and giving him her full attention. Sitting just slightly lower than his eye level.

"I've been. Off. Um. Like not myself. It's mostly a problem because I'm uh, gaining weight but I haven't done anything different in what I'm eating or how I'm exercising."

"Okay. When you say you've been *feeling off*, can you explain that a little more for me?"

"Emotional? That sounds, stupid, I know, but I'm been so all over the place. One moment I'm happy and the next second I'm crying over the smallest of things. Stuff that I don't ever cry about. I feel like I'm going *crazy*. I eat and I eat and I'm never full. I could eat a whole grocery store clean and then some days just smelling oil in a pan makes me want to throw up. I don't understand what's going on, I've never been like this."

The doctor smiles at him, something small and soft, and she nods in understanding, or maybe it's just showing him that she's listening. She's quiet after Shane finishes, like she's wanting him to keep going. But he doesn't know what else he could say, after saying it all out loud he genuinely thinks this is so stupid, that he's freaking out over nothing.

"Well. I'm sorry that you're feeling that way. I can only imagine that it is very stressful for you. If you're okay with it, we can get some blood work and run a few tests? Much of what I would test for will only take fifteen minutes at most, as you could see we aren't very busy today and we have a lab in-house, and I could go over your results with you to paint a better picture."

Shane swallows, nodding.

"I've already received results back from your urine, but I'll go over them with you after your blood work comes back, is that okay?"

"Already? Doesn't the doping tests take like..."

"Ah. Yes, drug panels take a little longer. I wasn't talking about those."

What else could they be testing his pee for? Whatever. He just nodded again and watched her stand up and walk out in the same time the nurse from before stepped in, digging through a drawer, pulling out tubes and needles and such.

Shane sat easily for his blood being drawn, nodded along to whatever soft, reassuring small talk that was spoken to him.

Lots of waiting, wanting more and more to just get up and run out of here.

The doctor enters again, papers in her hands.

Shane sits up a little straighter from where he had begun to slouch on the crinkling paper of the cushioned exam table.

“Well, I have some news for you. But I do have some questions first before that. On your admission paperwork you said you were sexually active. Do you remember the last time?”

“Uh. What?”

“The last time you were sexually active, Mr. Hollander. With a man.”

“What– Why is *that* important?”

Dr. Elise sits again and looks at him seriously.

“Well. You’re pregnant, Mr. Hollander.”

In that moment Shane can’t stop the bile in his throat and immediately bends to his side to throw up in the small plastic lined trashcan.

After profusely apologizing over the mess, Shane is able to sort of calm back down. It’s a little rush of nurses, an emesis bag now in his hands, a clean trashcan in the room to keep the smell controlled, a cup of water offered to him.

His panic was still icy hot in his chest, in his veins, making him feel numb at his fingertips, but he forced himself to be present, to *listen*.

“Typically, when we receive a positive pregnancy from a male urine test we are concerned about testicular cancer. However, your blood hCG levels came back a little more than 90,000. Which is *very* high. But, at levels that elevated, if there is a chance of you having cancer, you would likely have other negative symptoms, but you are *gaining* weight, rather than losing it, so I have my own theories but can only confirm them with more tests. With your permission I would like to do an ultrasound to take a look.”

Pregnant. She had said. Pregnant or *cancer*. Fuck, were they not the same fucking thing?

“Mr. Hollander?”

Breathe, he reminded himself, shaking, swallowing the thick sour mouthful behind his teeth.

The ultrasound machine was already in the room, and stiffly, Shane had laid himself on his back, pulled his hoodie up and sweats down enough for the doctor to slather him with cold gel and press around on him with the most uncomfortable plastic wand *ever*. He needed to scream until his throat was raw and bloody.

After the most deafening of silence, slick sliding around his lower stomach, Dr. Elise had hummed.

“It’s not exactly uncommon anymore, you know. Still rare, but, yes, you *are* pregnant, Mr. Hollander. 16 weeks, to be exact.”

16 weeks.

Sixteen weeks.

Pregnant.

Shane swallowed again, chewing the inside of his lip until he could taste iron.

“I can’t be,” he whispered. Ilya and him used condoms... most of the time. 90 percent of the time...

Or, maybe now that was closer to half of the time. Fuck. *Fuck.*

“If you’d like to take a look...” she hedged gently, and angled the machine’s screen.

Shane didn’t want to, but he couldn’t fucking stop himself from turning his head. The black and white all over the machine is like patchwork, a giant blob of pitch black in the middle, round, and inside of it the undeniable outline of a *baby*. A head, a face, nose, lips, *hands*.

Shane’s stomach twisted again, and he closed his eyes hard.

“I’m sorry. You do not seem like this was expected.”

“No.”

“You do not seem happy about this either. If you would like to discuss abortion options you are still within—”

“*Please.*” *Stop.* He urged. Hands shaking. *Fuck.* This was too much. Too much to take in, to think about, to now have *options* presented to him. He pressed the heels of his hands into his eyes.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Hollander. I understand this is overwhelming news to learn suddenly if you were not expecting it. But I do have an obligation to inform you of your options. We only want what is best for you and *your* health.”

“I can’t be pregnant.”

“You *are*. But as I said, there are procedures that we can discuss that can take care of this. Surgical abortion is not allowed after 24 weeks. You have seven weeks to make a decision. I need you to understand that you must not delay in making a choice. And you *do* have a choice. Many different ones. We will send you home with some pamphlets and information. It does not need to happen today, this is a big choice to decide on, so you can discuss this with your partner or...”

Shane felt himself zoning out of the woman’s professional monotone. She was trying to be compassionate with him, he understood, but all of a sudden all he could think about was Ilya.

The rest of his appointment went by in a blur, more words, a damn near book of various papers and pamphlets given to him before they let him go on his way. Of which he had hurriedly rushed back to his apartment, slammed his door shut, locked tight, leaving the pile of colorful sheets to scatter on his floor as he broke down into tears.

Fuck.

What was he going to tell Ilya?



What he tells Ilya is that he needs a two week silent retreat again. Just them. The cottage.

Ilya bluntly tells him they are in the middle of the season and two weeks is hard to come by.

Shane tells him he doesn’t fucking care.

Shane is texting him through his tears, feeling ridiculous at how much he just wants Ilya with him. Here, in his fucking house, on his fucking couch, holding him, hands through his hair and soft lips and his voice talking to him about anything and nothing.

Instead all Shane has is a ridiculous amount of fancy throw pillows that aren't even soft and a blanket that isn’t heavy enough.

He stares at the pamphlet in his hands.

[YOUR OPTIONS: MALE ABORTION. An informed decision is the best decision!]

Inside of it are a bunch of elementary level paragraphs about male pregnancies. Simple statistics, numbers, weeks, all blending into a nauseating mass of gibberish. Side effects. Risks. *Up to and possibly including death.*

Heaving a sigh, Shane drops the pamphlet and rolls over to grab his phone. It rings for only a single dial tone before it picks up and Ilya’s face appears.

He's shirtless, one side of him brighter, likely from a hotel lamp, warm light that just makes his golden curls and hazel eyes glowy and handsome. Ilya's handsome perfect face suddenly scowls a little.

"You have been crying."

Shane snuffles, rubbing his eyes with his free hand.

"No," He says pathetically. And it even sounds like a weak lie to his own ears.

"Are you hurting?"

Shane doesn't say anything. Because all he could offer is that he's aching due to Ilya's absence, but that's just cheesy. Ilya parts into his silence.

"Ugh, I miss you," he sighs, pouting into the camera. Shane rubs his cheek against a stupid scratchy throw pillow and fights to not sob about it.

"I miss you too," he breathes, voice giving him away with how badly it wobbles.

"*Dorogoy*, it is nothing to cry over. I am sorry. I will see you this weekend, hm? Saturday. Three more days. Not bad."

"I know. I still miss you." Shane is *not* crying. He can feel the tears hot at the corners of his eyes, but he doesn't let them fall. He is *not* crying.

Being alone has felt ridiculously massive lately. Too much, especially with the knowledge that he's got a baby in his stomach. God. He can't think about that for longer than a few seconds.

It's Ilya's. There's not even a chance for him to try and question it.

Ilya fucking knocked him up at some point sixteen...seventeen weeks ago? Shane can't even wrack his brains to remember where they were. If they were sharing a hotel playing against each other, or if it was Ilya close enough to Montreal that he could swing by and...

"I can hear that," Ilya says, pointing at his own forehead, and at Shane's confused look he continues, "click click click. You. Thinking. How do you call it, gears turning. What is wrong?"

"Nothing. I just miss you."

"Liar. You are very bad liar. Always bad liar."

"Well, I don't want to talk about it."

"Hm. Talk about something else, then. What are you wearing?" Ilya leers at the camera, gaze heated.

"Seriously?"

“Mm,” he takes a sip from a glass from the side and Shane doesn’t know if it’s water or vodka.

He blinks, looking over himself and feels *gross*. An oversized t-shirt Ilya had left one night and ratty sweatpants that he dug out of the very back of his closet that have moth holes in them. He should’ve thrown them out but they are so *soft*.

There’s absolutely no way he’d show Ilya this, he looks *gross*. Like a slob.

“Shane.”

“It’s just a shirt and sweats. Nothing fancy. The shirt is yours.”

“I want to see.”

“Don’t you have a roommate?”

“No. Show me. My shirt? Which one?”

Shane catches the movement of Ilya’s arm, the way he sets down the glass and obviously starts to touch himself. Shane swallows, mouth feeling too empty all of a sudden. Despite the discomfort, he rolls onto his back and tries to angle the front camera to better show himself. The blanket is resting across his lower belly and Shane can only see it. See the slight pudge of where he normally would be flat.

“Looks good on you. Pretty. Wish I could rip it off you.”

“Pervert,” Shane whispers, but he’s half hard just from the idea.

“Touch yourself for me.” Ilya carries on. Obviously unphased by a halfhearted insult that Shane doesn’t even *mean*.

Phone sex is certainly not foreign to them and Ilya has such an easy way about making Shane not feel silly about the whole thing, so easy the way he carries him through it, dominates.

The camera angle shifts, and Shane’s mouth waters as the view of Ilya’s cock hard and flushed and slick in his hand fills the entire screen. He whispers a quiet, urgent curse, and scrambles to reach down into his sweats and match Ilya’s lazy stroking pace.

“Make sure it’s wet,” Ilya purrs, and Shane doesn’t even blush as the camera catches the way he spits into his own hand and brings it back into his pants. He bites at his lip, muscles relaxing at the wet slick glide. Hot.

It gets him out of his own head, relaxed, and Ilya talks him through the whole thing until he’s squirming and curling his toes against the couch wishing he was full of Ilya’s dick and not just cumming into his own hand while the man watches and does the same.

As their panting crosses the speakers, Shane leaves his hands in his pants, allows himself to be conscious of the way his belly presses against his forearm, and the thoughts of it growing

larger don't make him as panicked. Especially when Ilya's lips smooch over the speakers as he wishes Shane goodnight.

"Love you. See you Saturday."

"Love you, too. Have a good game tomorrow."



Shane picks Ilya up from the airport on Saturday. He just couldn't wait any longer.

He wanted to eat everything in his fridge and after spending the morning driving around to keep himself distracted until Ilya's plane got in, he had contemplated if he could squeeze a trip to the gym in.

He doesn't. But it was a close thing.

Ilya holds his hand all the way back on the drive to his place.

He kisses him in the stairwell and chases after Shane when he backs away, not letting him pull their fronts together. Too nervous that Ilya would feel the bump.

He doesn't manage to fend him off when they get inside however, Ilya effortlessly lifts him with one arm as he drops his duffel bag at the door. Shane gasps, holds on more fear of falling backwards, even though the blonde has a tight grip on him.

Ilya growls, face in Shane's chest as he shuffles into the apartment, towards Shane's bedroom.

"You smell so *good*. Missed you. Fuck, you're so pretty, it's like you're glowing, your freckles are—" Shane ducks in, feeling dangerous but uncaring when he cups Ilya's face and kisses him while he carries him.

Ilya doesn't miss a step, doesn't bump into any corners or walls, and his tongue is in Shane's mouth before he throws him back onto the bed.

Frantic, like a fire has suddenly blown out under his skin, Shane kicks his pants off, goes for his shirt and gets stuck with his arms over his head when Ilya gets his mouth on his chest.

A whine works out of his throat when Ilya's tongue circles one of his nipples, it feels electric, a tingle all the way down to his dick so light and intense he bucks. Ilya's hands immediately ground his hips, and his teeth *drag*—

"Oh, *fuck*, Ilya," he can't hold still, god what is fucking wrong with him it's—

The blonde hums, and the vibrations go right against the sensitive flesh of his chest, the way he starts suckling, rolling his tongue and easily fitting a hand around Shane's cock and stroking him. Pulling up every time he sucks— and disastrously it's like he's sucking his chest and his dick at the *same time*.

“Fuck,” Shane whines, practically sobs as he arches uselessly against the bed, bucking into Ilya's tight grip, “fuckfuckfuck—! I'm—!”

Ilya doesn't stop, hums again like he's encouraging him, tightens his fingers on each stroke *up*, and Shane's eyes roll back, vision whiting out at the phantom sensation of Ilya's throat swallowing around the tip of him, the bite against his nipple sending him hurtling.

Shane doesn't know what kind of noise he makes when he cums, if any. Everything blacks out for a moment, wet and hot and an overwhelming vacuum of Ilya Rozanov.

When he blinks open after a fair amount of time, he gets the embarrassing view of his cum dripping off the bottom of Ilya's goddamn chin, what the *fuck*.

“Someone's sensitive,” Ilya preens, using the back of his fingers to swipe off the cum, lapping it with his tongue, and then pressing those two fingers into Shane without a hitch.

He doesn't even get the time to be embarrassed or think about why that is. No rationality, no logic, no clinical finger pointing when Ilya's fingers are pulling him open, pressing, twisting, so deep it's making him *stupid*.

“Please,” he hiccups, lava in his veins and the space between his hips so wide and empty and aching, “*please, Ilya, please.*”

“Shh, shh, I know,” Ilya kisses him messily, a sharp quick press of lips, and then the center of his throat, his other nipple, down to his stomach—

Nervous, Shane feels something like butterflies, and horridly realizes that it's not his nerves fluttering around when Ilya's lips press against the curve under his belly button, it's the baby *kicking*.

Shane almost fucking kicks Ilya in the head to make him get away from his stomach, but the way Ilya's fingers twist, turning into *four*, the way his whole body clenches in want, it's proving to be very hard to struggle right now. He obviously doesn't notice the flutter under Shane's abs against his mouth.

Muttered Russian comes in a heated mess of open lips and a silken tongue over the underside of his cock, one of his hips, the inside of his thigh before Ilya *bites*.

His breath hitches, legs flinching apart, wider for the blonde to now get in between and take his fingers out, replacing them with his cock. In, in, *in*, until Shane can't breathe.

“Oh fuck,” he whimpers, head falling back, lashes fluttering at the melting hot pleasure filling him, numbing his spine. Ilya groans in agreement, his own pleasure, and Shane can

acutely feel the way his cock throbs inside of him, bare and hot and getting him wet further with the leak of precum.

It's actually insane how good it feels, Shane can't take it, clawing at the sheets, feels like he's seconds away from another orgasm and maybe he'll actually die if he does. He wants it so badly, but it's starting to scare him, how achingly he wants Ilya to fold him up and *break him*.

More, more, more, his body screams, brain melting, eyes rolling again.

Ilya *fucks* him.

God fuck it's so good, Shane can't help it when he starts to sob, quiet at first, just a few drips of wetness on his cheeks, tossing his head on the sheets until Ilya shoves a hand against his chest, slips against the sweat on his skin and has his hand on the base of Shane's throat, uses it as a hold to keep him on the bed and pummel into him.

He cums with a sob this time, and it's nothing but a dry twitch of his cock, pulse after overwhelming pulse with nothing to show for it. Shane *screams*, a hand at Ilya's wrist, and the other clawing him at the hips, urging him as deep as he can go, needs the man's cock to fucking bruise the back of his stomach and—

“*Fuuuck, Shane,*” Ilya moans, thrusts stuttering to a stop as he releases inside. A few heavy breaths before his hips buck, and Shane gasps as it jolts pleasure right into the goop between his ears.

He needs more. Needs *more* and he can't stand it.

Ilya acts like he's about to pull out, hands on the bed and obviously ready to flop over and cuddle to catch his breath, but Shane needs more than that, can't wait, can't stop.

He takes the momentum and is quite proud of himself when Ilya's cock stays deeply rooted inside of him when he gets the blonde on his back now.

He straightens his back, revels in the way Ilya's hands slide down his chest, over his ribs, and there's practically stars in Ilya's post-orgasm eyes, all dark and glittering and his mouth parted. Shane feels *powerful* like this, can't help but smile when Ilya's eyebrows pinch, and his eyes roll closed and back when Shane rolls his hips and starts riding him.

“Stay hard,” he pants, urging, slicks himself up halfway and drops down with a moan, “god, Ilya, *please*. Fuck, I *need* it.”

The hands on his hips turn bruising, and he knows he's flipped Ilya's switch. Knows just how his begging can catch the man like a hook under the skin. Shane still feels the painful sting of too much too close to a climax, but it's also one of those *good* burns. A pleasure pain that he can't stop chasing.

Shane balances himself with his hands on Ilya's thighs, arms behind him so he can spread his knees wider on the bed and bounce. Eventually, his head rolls back on his shoulders,

watching the dark ceiling before his eyes slip closed, enjoying the pressure in his fucking guts, the way Ilya's cock is bumping every good spot inside of him that makes him light up.

He probably won't be able to cum again, Jesus he doesn't think it's in him, but this pleasure is something that's slow like burning embers, steady, low, easy to ride out forever. If he could just keep Ilya under him and hard *forever*.

"*Chto v tebya vselilos?*" Ilya fucking *whines*. Shane has never heard him moan like that before, a stuttered series of curses all in Russian falling off his tongue as he holds onto Shane's hips, overtaken by the rolling and thrusts and—

Shane shivers when he feels Ilya cumming again. He doesn't know if he's actually releasing anything or if it's dry like he had earlier. But fuck it feels good inside of him either way. He circles his hips, thighs burning, and he's trying to think of how to get from his knees to his feet so he can drag himself all the way to the tip and fuck himself back down on the length entirely—

"*Fuck*, Shane, stopstopstop— I can't—"

Nails bite in his skin, red welts on his skin down to the tops of his thighs. Ilya is shaking too, and Shane feels a little bit of clarity at the urgency in his tone enough that when he sits down again, he stops there.

Ilya's chest is heaving, a mirror of Shane's, both trying to catch their breaths. Shane still feels like he's burning though, but it's starting to simmer down into something less frantic.

"You are in *heat* or something? *Fuck*, come down," Ilya hisses.

Shane's brain does some sort of unhappy, unreasonable sort of twinge, and he almost feels tears welling up in his eyes when he pulls all the way off.

Ilya snatches at him, pulls him to his side so they can cuddle facing each other. Shane feels the treacherous wet bat of his own lashes, the dripdrip on the sheets.

"What?" Ilya cups at his cheek, digging in when Shane tries to turn away and hide. Fuck this is stupid. He's being stupid.

"I hurt you?" Ilya presses, and Shane feels like he'd been struck. How could he think that after what just happened?

"I'm *pregnant*," he blurts out instead.

"...what."

Shane hiccups. Feeling the last burn of lust in his chest immediately turn to ash.

"I'm pregnant. T-The— I'm— Sixteen weeks. Seventeen, tomorrow. Weeks."

Ilya doesn't say anything and that somehow is *worse*.

Shane can't help but sob again, a horrible gut-wrenching jolt of his stomach, and when he rolls over to get away from Ilya there's no resistance. *Fuck* that aches too. He's going to fucking *die* at how bad that—

Arms are strong around him, as they both sit up, Ilya a warm, hot line of skin on his back. Shane sobs into his hands again, fighting against the hand that grabs one of his wrists. He can't bear being seen like this. Now that Ilya knows.

He's going to think he's disgusting. Won't want anything to do with him. Out of all the shit they've done, and been through, this is what will break them. Shane is so certain. He wasn't supposed to tell him like *this*. God why did he say that? Why did he blurt it out like that? Ruining the moment and—

“Shane. *Look at me.*”

Fine. He has to get this over with.

He opens his eyes and tries to find something in himself other than grief and fear. Tries to pull anger, tries to pull indifference, tries to find *numb*. And all he gets is Ilya, warm and worried and *love*.

“It is *okay*. You are okay. I am here.” He doesn't look upset, no shame or disgust or hatred. Shane feels his lips wobbling, threatening to break around another sob from his chest. The tears fall over Ilya's fingers in streams.

“I don't want—” Shane tries, and his voice cracks before a sob breaks free out of his control. He squeezes his eyes shut, ducking into Ilya's hands on his face.

There's lips on his eyebrows, pressing and pressing and against his eyelids, thumbs rubbing back and forth on his cheeks.

“I mean I *can't*—”

“Okay. It's okay, Shane. I'm sorry. Is my fault I—”

“*No*. Please I just—”

“No, no. It—”

“I didn't even *think* about this when we stopped using condoms, I wasn't—” another sob breaks him. And fuck, it's starting to make him *angry*. If he could just stop fucking crying so he could talk about this like a reasonable adult.

“*Dorogoy*. It will be okay. Whatever you want. I am here, it is okay.”

“I can't play hockey and be *pregnant*.” Shane warbles.

He can feel Ilya nod, as he kisses him on the forehead. Shane clings to him like a lifeline. It's... okay, he's feeling a little better. It still feels like the world is crushing him, everything

swallowing him whole in a numb void of freefalling, scary, but Ilya is here. Ilya is holding him, tight, firm, so sure.

And maybe, since he found out about all of this, Shane thinks it *will* be okay. If Ilya says it will be.



They pass out together in bed after Shane works himself exhausted through another series of sobs and apologies. Ilya shushes him through it, holds him tight, tucking him into his chest, and somewhere between his sobbing and clinging and voicing all of his scared thoughts, Shane falls asleep.

He didn't even think he could with how much his mind had been racing, but maybe that was the crazy fucking orgasms he had right before sobbing his whole heart out.

Shane wakes up and his apartment is still dark, the city line outside glittering with light. His eyes feel puffy and his mouth is all dry. Scratchy. He tries to sit up, needs to pee, needs to down a gallon of water and gets stuck.

Ilya's arms tighten around him.

He glances up, finds hazel eyes watching him softly.

The rock in Shane's throat suddenly jumps, choking him as it doubles in size.

"You need something? I get it for you."

"Gotta pee," Shane whispers, like a challenge. Ilya narrows his eyes at him like he doesn't believe that. Like it's an excuse even though Shane seriously is about to goddamn piss the bed if he doesn't go now.

Reluctantly, he lets go, and allows Shane to roll off the bed and slump over to the ensuite.

He wasn't expecting Ilya to *come with*, however, and he literally pisses himself in surprise when Ilya's hands circle him from behind. Luckily he'd already gotten himself aimed into the toilet.

"What the fuck?"

There's a kiss on the back of his shoulder, Ilya's hands smoothing over to his belly, framing

Shane swallows, and he can't fucking finish peeing like this, his bladder aches, and he shoves and elbow back into Ilya's gut.

“Get out,” his voice cracks.

“I want to be close to you. I’m sorry.” He sounds like some kicked puppy, and in the dark, Shane knows he’s pouting. Confirmed when those lips press against his shoulder again, the back of his neck.

Taking a deep breath, Shane relents. He doesn’t really care that Ilya is in here, or that he can hear him pissing, or anything.

He finishes, trying to step back when he’s all done, and Ilya doesn’t budge.

Those hands are still petting over his belly, and Shane wants to curl over the toilet and vomit. He grabs Ilya’s hands, pulls them off like they’re burning him.

“Don’t.”

“I’m sorry,” is offered again, another kiss, and another, the back of his neck.

“I don’t blame you,” is all Shane says.

“Does not change that I am sorry. You are upset. I will do whatever, just do not send me away. Please.”

A long pause, Shane thinks, thinks about *nothing*.

Ilya feels safe, against his back, strong and a constant solid presence. And maybe he *will* be okay.

“What If I want to get rid of it?”

“Okay.” Ilya says. No hesitation.

“What if I want to keep it?” he whispers, sour in his mouth.

“Okay.” Again. The same tone. Same quick response. This one with a kiss to his neck again.

Tears bead up in his eyes again, and god is he fucking sick of crying so much.

“I don’t– I *don’t* want to. Keep it, I mean.”

“Okay.”

Shane sighs, turning himself around in Ilya’s arms. It’s too dark in the bathroom to see his face, aside from a shade of his figure.

“Can you say something other than *okay*?”

“Something. Else.”

Shane finally smiles, snorts, batting a hand against Ilya’s chest. Not funny. He laughed, but it wasn’t funny. He wasn’t laughing because it was funny.

“Serious. I do not care what decision you make. I will support you. I love you, Shane Hollander. Nothing can change that.”

“Ugh. If you make me cry one more time I’m going to scream.”

“Mmm, no screaming. Only in bed while I’m—”

“*Okay.*”



Ilya comes with him to the clinic. Shane didn’t even realize the urgent care he had gone to before was right next to a pregnancy center.

Shane makes him dress discreetly, glasses, hat. The whole getup. Ilya teases him that they look like secret agents, tries to lighten the mood, and okay maybe Shane cracks a smile when Ilya pretends to hide a hand gun in his pants.

The doctor that meets with them is nice, clinical, talks to Shane slowly, like he’s some animal ready to bolt. Not like he can run away, not with Ilya’s hand an iron bar holding onto his knee. He’s chained here, even if he needs to be. Shane wants to be here doing this.

She coaches him about the risks of the abortion, all dry talk about the procedure, the preparation for the next two days. Lots of *are you certain this is what you want* talks. She also does an ultrasound to confirm the pregnancy and the weeks along Shane is. He lets Ilya stay, needs to hold his hand through it all so he can turn off his brain and not freak the fuck out.

Ilya takes in every word from the doctor, and when she offers Shane *and* Ilya to see the baby on the screen, Ilya is the one that speaks up first.

“I do not.” Short, simple.

Shane agrees.

He could almost cry, with how much support Ilya is giving him. He wasn’t really expecting it. He wasn’t expecting *anything* really, but he didn’t realize how much that Ilya being solid and there for him would be such a crippling sense of relief.

He cleans up, signs some paperwork, discusses what will happen again with the doctor, and then she sends them back home.

Ilya frets over him, because Shane has a game tonight. If he misses it, breaks any more of his normalcy in his life because of this pregnancy, Shane will actually *break*.

At first, Shane thinks Ilya is worried about his body, the baby, but then he realizes that he's worried about how Shane will *act* on the ice.

"I'm not going to get into another *fight*."

"I do not know that. You have been so, you know, *feisty*."

"Where did you learn that word?"

"Do not punch anyone tonight." Ilya says instead with a pointed look.

"I could punch you, instead."

"You could not take me."

And that's enough to at least spur him on to *try*. Fuck this guy. He's the fucking reason he's pregnant in the first place, with his goddamn perfect dick and—

Ilya laughs right in his face when he dodges the punch.

The way he catches Shane by the arm and twists him around, kisses him even if it means that he gets bit, makes Shane feel all smitten and angry at the same time.

"Careful, Hollander," Ilya growls, when Shane draws blood from his bite, "I have to make sure you do not go to the game limping."

Shane crowds him onto the couch, hot all over at the threat, and kisses Ilya until his lungs burn. And all the man gives him is a hurried jerk of their cocks together, wet with spit and breathing into each other's mouths while Shane fights to not beg for Ilya inside of him.



Knowing exactly why he's been so emotionally labile, still doesn't change the fact that he gets the ups and downs throughout the day. It doesn't stop the cravings for a tuna melt when he's surrounded by the smell of burgers and popcorn and hot dogs and poutine and pretzels.

It just gives an explanation.

Hayden breaks him out of his staring spell at his phone in the locker room.

"You doing alright?"

"What? Yeah, man. I'm good."

"Just checking. You've been all spacey lately. You can talk to me about anything if you got something bothering you, yknow."

“Thanks, Hayd. I’m good, really.”

Their shoulder pads bump, and Hayden smirks, “I’ll back you up if you need to fight someone tonight, too.”

“Oh fuck *off*,” he laughs, shoving a giggling Hayden away from him so he can tug on the rest of his gear.

He’ll be good. Just has to finish this game, get back to Ilya and... Fuck. Hopefully two weeks from now he’s not this weepy or clingy still when his hormones regulate and stabilize or whatever the doctor had said.



The game is *fine*.

Shane fucking kills it. They win 5 to 3, cause an uproar.

Ilya is there waiting for him at his apartment with a fresh tuna melt like some goddamn psychic and Shane can’t help the way he absolutely sobs when he scarfs it down.

He makes sure Ilya cries just as hard when he sucks him off afterwards, not even out of the kitchen yet.



TWO MONTHS LATER

“I’m so serious, how could you *not* tell me! Dude, I’m like the fucking pregnancy expert!” Hayden wobbles at him, drunk on Shane’s couch. Five children and Shane doesn’t think the man would slow down.

“I mean. It was kind of a stressful thing for me to even be dealing with, much less talk about. I haven’t even told my parents.” He takes a long drink from his beer. And he won’t ever bring it up to them.

“Fuck, man. I’m sorry you went through all that alone. Really.”

“It’s fine now, Hayd. Water under the bridge.”

“Whatever you say man. I’m going to make you pee on a stick every time you come back from seeing your *Lily*.”

Shane practically chokes, feels the burn of beer in the back of his nose.

“*What?*”

“Oh like I don’t know? Fine, I can play pretend.”

“I’m not– It’s not– We’re not like that. It’s not like that.”

“Suuuure, bud.” Hayden takes a long drink from his own beer, eyes Shane over the bottle, and then shrugs.

“Anyway, shut up, the game is back on and I need to watch Rozanov lose this fucking thing.” Just like that. Like it’s nothing. No more digging questions like Shane didn’t just drop the biggest bomb on his best friend. The knot in his stomach eases, relief, and he drains his beer entirely, standing to go into the kitchen for another while the cheers on the TV get louder.

Shane turns to the screen, watches the cluster of Boston against Edmonton and finds his eyes focused on following the ROZANOV 81 more than he would the puck. The way Ilya winks into the camera after they win just has Hayden cussing and Shane smiling.



Shane meets at Ilya’s hotel room exactly at 9 pm sharp.

He’s practically pulled inside rather than stepping in himself.

Ilya crowds him against the door, tongue in his mouth and hands in his shirt, water dripping off his curls and cold on Shane’s skin. Fresh from the shower, he’s only wearing a towel, and Shane easily tugs it off, drops to his knees and swallows him down, jaw aching and throat sore and eyes stinging.

He tastes clean, smells like hotel soap and musk and Shane makes a desperate sort of noise when he tries to get further on his cock, wants his nose in those dark curls, Ilya’s hand in his hair holding him there as he uses his throat.

Fuck, Ilya yanks him off, and Shane fucking *whines* about the loss while Ilya’s cockhead rests on his open and waiting tongue.

“Want to be inside you when I finish,” Ilya pants, and drags him to his feet to kiss him and kiss him and kiss him, bullying Shane further into the hotel room, bullies him onto the bed with a soft bounce and when he goes for his pants, Shane shoves a foot into his gut. Stops him with a pointed look.

“What? Shane, *come on*.”

“Condom first.”

Hazel eyes roll, and he should look ridiculous stomping over to his suitcase on the other side of the room with his huge cock hard and bobbing along the way, but Shane can’t help but feel hot all over. Want and need and ache.

It’s worth it, watching Ilya’s face do a surprised twitch when he turns around with the condom already halfway rolled onto his cock to find Shane naked and over on all fours. He comes at him like a *beast*, and Shane feels the nervous, giddy flip of his stomach.

His grin is squashed into the sheets where Ilya shoves his face into them, trying to not giggle when Ilya roughly fingers him open, barely enough time before stuffing him with his cock. Shane clings to the hotel sheets, tries to keep his voice down, an ache in his stomach, cock jumping between his legs.

“Were so fucking *sensitive* when you were pregnant,” Ilya hisses, his next thrust sending Shane trying to crawl up the mattress. Away from Ilya. He’s going to be *eaten* if he doesn’t.

Shane manages a small distance, until Ilya’s hands drag him back, and Shane cries into the sheets, fumbling with getting a hand between his own legs to relieve the overwhelming pleasure.

He gets lost in himself, in Ilya’s moans, the rock of the bed, the pleasure fucking into him so *deep*, oh god, oh fuck oh *fuck*—

Shane cums hands free, as Ilya’s dick slams in balls deep, bulges the skin under his belly. Ilya groans, cumming, and Shane almost purrs when he feels the wave of satisfaction at causing that. He smiles, Ilya bending over his back, kissing up his spine to his cheek.

He pulls out for a second ready to switch to a new condom, steps back from the bed and then suddenly his voice is serious.

“Oh shit.”

What?

What?

Shane flips over, worried, and feels his stomach drop when he sees the wet mess of Ilya’s cock covered in his own cum. And the goddamn broken condom, shredded and open and rolled halfway down his length.

Shane feels himself gasp, as the first rush of cum leaks out of him onto the bed.

“Oh you *motherfucker*—”

End Notes

oh no... shane, go get a plan B and some better condoms lol ur boyfriend dick too big, ur body too fertile, he will impregnate u again!!!! (≥⤵≤)^

i hope you guys liked this one hdjhjghjgfhf, sorry i got very into some of the medical scenes (i was an ER nurse for two years lol)

kudos and comments are very loved and welcome!! any criticism is NOT WANTED thank u, lav u, mwah

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