

Baby fever

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Baby fever

by [Doralice](#)

Summary

At this point Ilya is utterly besotted. His deranged boyfriend saw him being good at babysitting, and immediately proceeded to overthink it until he developed a pregnancy wish. God, Ilya knew he was securing himself a real weirdo, but this is a whole other level of insane. And fuck how much he loves this man for it.

“I wish I could get pregnant.”

The sentence hangs there, in the soft dim light of their bedroom, for a long moment. Ilya was close to falling asleep, he needs time to register the words and translate them. And then some more time to process their meaning.

It's not unusual for Shane to do this. Waking him up at some ungodly hour to tell him what crazy, beautiful idea his unhinged brain had just concocted. It's endearing – one among the many reasons Ilya loves him so much.

Except this time ‘endearing’ is not the first term that crosses Ilya's mind. To be fair, right now there's very little going on in his mind. His cock has taken that sentence very seriously, though.

He rolls over to face Shane – yes, he was being the little spoon, he likes to be held, okay?

“Hollander, if you want me so bad to fill you up you just have to ask.” he teases him, a smirk pulling at his lips.

Shane huffs at him, a cute blush spreading over his cheeks.

“I mean it.”

“Mh-mh.” Ilya nods, crawling over him and caging him in his arms, “You sure do. Tell me more.”

“Ilya...” Shane scolds him, weakly shoving at his shoulders.

He's annoyed – not enough to actually stop him though. Ilya grinds his hips to Shane's, slotting their half-hard cocks together.

“Shane?” he murmurs over his neck, sucking and nipping at the skin.

“I–” an amused sigh, “It's not like... a kink or something...”

“Okay.”

Ilya doesn't really give a fuck about what it is. It's hot as hell and he wants to make the most of it.

“Ilya...” Shane sighs again, leaning more on exasperated this time, “I *mean* it.”

Later, Ilya will mentally congratulate himself for being strong enough and stop to actually listen to him. Because right now he just wants to bury himself into Shane. But no, of course his anxiety fueled boyfriend wants to *talk* about it. Ilya thinks it would be way more fun to put the whole thing in action, but okay. He guesses he has to be patient and wait.

He rolls again, pulling at him so they can lay on their side and look at each other.

“You mean it.” he repeats, more to himself than to him, “You want to get pregnant.”

Shane scoffs, as if Ilya just said something dumb, and not merely rephrased his own words.

“I wish I could have your baby.” he points out, all serious.

Ilya searches his face for a moment, looking for any clue to help him through this, but he finds none. Now he’s damn confused.

See, Ilya is a down-to-earth man, and sex is no exception. He doesn’t really get kinks, but he enjoys the fucking only if his lover is enjoying it in the first place, so he always goes with whatever they want for the other’s sake. That’s why he’s good at it. He might as well admit that *that’s* his peculiar kink: please his partner.

But apparently, now his boyfriend is not talking kinky. He said he means it – twice – and Ilya doesn’t understand. They are two men, it can’t happen. Ilya can’t make it happen. He can fake it, if that’s Shane’s fantasy, acting it out as best as he can. But he can’t *actually* knock Shane up.

Ilya can’t fulfill his wish, and this whole talk is only puzzling and frustrating for him.

He must wear his confusion all over his face, because now Shane is leaning over to kiss him gently.

“Hey... it’s okay. I’m just a bit sad that we can’t have what everyone can.”

Ilya’s eyebrows shoot up – that’s a *huge* generalization. And that more than anything else puts everything Shane is saying into the right spotlight. He usually talks with his brain, but now he’s talking with his heart – which is so rare. Yes, Ilya already had the chance to witness his boyfriend truly going vulnerable like this, but not so often. They are sincere with each other now, the time for walls between them is gone, but Shane still has a hard time putting his emotions into words. Not because he doesn’t want to, but rather because he’s still figuring out how. You can bet whenever it happens it’s just priceless.

So now Ilya forces himself to put aside his confusion – and put down his cock – to give his boyfriend his complete attention.

“It’s just... this isn’t fair.” Shane shrugs, a little crease between his eyebrows.

Ilya reaches there with a hand, the thumb massaging away the crease.

“There are other ways.”

Shane closes his eyes, relaxing under his touch.

“Mmh... I know.” he grumbles, “Just wished we could do it the easy way.”

“Easy? Pregnant you would be a pain in the ass.” he jokes, hoping to lighten up the mood a bit.

It works! Shane chuckles, freckles scrunched up in that cute way that always makes Ilya fall in love all over again.

“Yeah. But you'd be so good to me.” he says, all loopy.

“Da.” Ilya nods, not at all proud of himself, no sir, “Don't know if it would be worth it, though.”

“It would.” Shane looks fondly at him, “If nothing else, to make you a dad.”

“Ah. That is it?” he wiggles his eyebrows, “You know, you don't need to get pregnant to call me ‘daddy’.”

“*Ilya-*”

Ilya rolls his eyes.

“Okay. I get it.”

“No you don't.” Shane huffs.

He tries to sneak away from him, but Ilya catches him midway and hauls him back.

“Then tell me.” he pleads, swinging back and forth with Shane trapped in his arm.

“I'm trying!” Shane grits out, “But you're not taking me seriously!”

Ilya takes a deep breath.

“Shane.” he starts, voice grave, “You just woke me up in the middle of the fucking night, and told me you wish I could knock you up. You should be grateful you got a *very patient* boyfriend, because I was about to bend you over and do my best to fulfill your wish.”

Shane snorts a laugh.

“Nothing to laugh about! Is a big case of blue balls!”

“Oh, poor poor you!” Shane mocks him.

“So now you are going to tell me everything. I promise I will be good and listen.” he swears, putting a hand over his heart, “But after that, *please*, let me fuck you.”

“How romantic.” Shane deadpans.

Ilya grins at him: “I can be very charming.”

Shane snorts again. Then he kind of melts into his hug, burying his face in the crook of his neck. Ilya rubs his back, hands spread to cover as much as he can.

“You ever thought about starting a family?”

Ilya thinks about it for a moment. No, he never really thought about it. Besides, he *has* a family.

“I already have a family.” he shrugs.

Shane pulls up to look at him puzzled.

“You. Your parents.” Ilya just says, “You’re my family now.”

“Oh, my God...” Shane sniffles, eyes filling with tears.

Ilya stares down at him: “Are you crying on me?!”

“You can’t say things like that and then expect me not to cry!” he whines.

Fighting a laugh, Ilya holds him tight and pats his back.

“There there.” he says in an over condescending tone, “I know, I’m too perfect.”

“Yes you are, asshole!”

Shane pokes at his side. Ilya jerks away, laughing.

“Ilya Rozanov, winner of Best Boyfriend of the Year Award. Fuck you!” Shane grumbles, “Can you be at least a little wrong sometimes?”

“I can’t help it. Is genetic. Got it from Mama.”

Shane rests his head on a hand, looking intently at him.

“So, your mom was good with kids too?”

Ilya smiles. It’s so wide it hurts his cheeks.

“She was great!” he recalls, “Kind and funny. She loved kids, and kids loved her back.”

Shane nods pensively, eyes darting all over his face.

“Kids love you too.”

Ilya shrugs: “They are easy.”

It's not that he particularly likes them. Sure, he’s always been more than okay around them, but that’s because they are simple creatures, easy to understand. Their needs are basic, and unlike adults they communicate pretty openly what they want. They don’t pretend nor fake. So, you just have to listen and not be a jerk. Easy.

“No.” Shane shakes his head, a half-smirk pulling at his lips, “You’re *great* with them. I saw you with Hayden’s kids.”

Ilya frowns. The Pikes' kids? Oh, sure. They babysat them... when? Three months ago or something? It was Hayden and Jackie's anniversary, and they offered to come to their house and look after the children overnight, so the couple could have some time alone. It has been crazy: *four* children at once. But it has been nice – even fun! Shane was a bundle of anxiety, but Ilya nailed it pretty well.

“I didn’t even know how to pick one up, and you...” Shane points an accusatory finger at him, “You were there, dealing with them like it was oh-so-easy... carrying Artie while cooking pasta for six, playing pretend with the twins while feeding Amber a bottle. Jesus Christ... were you a matriarch or something in another life?!”

Ilya can’t believe this whole pregnancy thing is because of *that*. He vaguely remembers how Shane was acting weirder than usual, but he blamed it on the objectively unfamiliar situation. But thinking about it now... yes, there have been moments where he caught Shane looking at him a bit too much *intently*. Like that one when Amber woke up in the middle of the night, and Ilya got out of bed to put her back to sleep. Shane followed him after a while and stood on the doorstep of the room, watching silently as Ilya was rocking her.

“Shane Hollander...” Ilya bites down at his lip to stifle a laugh, “You got baby fever because of that?”

Shane side-eyes him with his most deadly stare.

“You were singing a russian lullaby to Amber.” he hisses, “If I had ovaries, I’d have ovulated.”

Ovulated?

Ilya barks out a laugh: “Was Mama’s lullaby. She sang it to me when—”

“Shut up!” Shane covers his face with his hands and rolls away from him, “You’ll give me a hysterical pregnancy!”

At this point Ilya is utterly besotted. His deranged boyfriend saw him being good at babysitting, and immediately proceeded to overthink it until he developed a pregnancy wish. God, Ilya knew he was securing himself a real weirdo, but this is a whole other level of *insane*. And fuck how much he loves this man for it.

He hauls Shane back in his arms and sits on the bed with him on his lap, back laying on the headboard.

“You’d really do that?” he asks, half serious half joking, “You’d grow my baby inside you?”

“*Our* baby.” Shane corrects him.

There’s a fierceness in his eyes that Ilya got to see only on the rink.

“And *yes*.” he nods, “Of course, I’d do it.”

Well, this is weird, because now Ilya feels this sudden urge to bury himself inside him. Not sexually, no. He wants to make himself small enough so he could fit himself into Shane's ribcage, right next to his heart, and be lulled by his heartbeat. Stay there forever. Live and die next to it.

He didn't have a family before he met him. Didn't have an actual home. Fourteen years – half of his fucking life – without a safe place. His mother died, bringing with her those things. Truth is, after that Ilya never even dared to hope about having them again. It's not like he was coming from a good place, isn't he? His formative years fucked up him so much he didn't dime himself good boyfriend material – let alone good *family man* material, let's be serious.

But *shit* how much he was craving it! To be again part of something that was *his*, something that belonged to him as much as he belonged to it.

Then this freak of a man took a look at him and said 'alright I want him'. They had to wait almost a decade to figure out they love each other and how to make it work, but they did it. And now that same man is saying he'd carry a baby – *their baby* – if he only could?

Fuck, Ilya never actually thought about having kids – fucked up, remember? Better not even touch the idea with a ten-foot pole, or he would get badly hurt – but he might be thinking about it now. Because, you see, Ilya is not sure he would be a good father, but his boyfriend doesn't think so. In fact, he seems pretty convinced Ilya would be an amazing father. And who is Ilya to contradict Shane Hollander?

On top of it, Shane is damn right: maybe it's a generalization, but it fucking feels like everyone else around them is doing it. They are building their families in broad daylight, as it should be. While they? Well, they are stuck there, in this still hidden domestic life, hoping their long term plan works its way to free them.

And it fucking hurts. It hurts so much Ilya almost can't breathe anymore.

"Hey... what– now *you* are crying on me?" Shane cups his face, thumbs sweeping away the tears Ilya can't hold anymore, "Not fair!"

"Maybe *I* am having a hysterical pregnancy." he rebuts, voice tight, "You didn't thought about it?"

Shane chuckles, and then peppers his face with little kisses. Ilya sighs and closes his eyes, letting himself be comforted. Until he stops crying and searches for his lips, to kiss him back. A deep, insatiable kiss that leaves both breathless in the best way.

Shane presses their foreheads together: "I promise, we will have it."

He's whispering like it's a secret to hold between them.

"One day we'll retire and will marry and will have our family."

Ilya nods, speechless. It sounds like a dream, but that's Shane Hollander talking – promising. If there's someone that can realize it, that's him.

“You’ll be a dad and I’ll swoon over your competence with kids every moment of my life.” he adds, cracking a teasing smile.

Ilya can’t help but smile back: “Sounds hard.”

Shane rolls his hips to grind their cocks together.

“Yeah? You know what else is hard?”

Despite the bad pun, Ilya can only groan helplessly at the feeling.

“You behaved so well.” Shane murmurs, nipping at his lips, “You can fuck me now.”

Ilya gazes up at him, completely bewitched.

“No fucking.” he says.

But he’s grabbing at his waist nonetheless to lift him up and guiding his cock at his entrance.

“Want to make a baby with you.”

“Ilya–” Shane tries to scold him again.

He still hasn’t got what Ilya actually means. How serious he is.

“I know...” he cuts him off, voice wavering as he sinks into him.

Still loose and lubed up from the fuck before, Shane welcomes him so well it draws a moan from both.

“*I know...*” Ilya repeats, rubbing their noses together, “I just want...”

He grips hard at Shane’s hips, fingers digging in his flesh. There aren’t real words to describe what he wants, not in English nor in Russian. Ilya just hopes Shane could understand. He bows his head to rest it on Shane’s shoulder.

“Moya lyubov', pozhaluysta...” he pleads, words barely audible.

“God, Ilya...” he feels Shane’s fingers trailing through his locks, his lips moving on his temple, “I love you so much... yes. *Yes*. Make a baby with me.”

It’s like playing pretend, and it should feel ridiculous, stupid, but the yearning it’s authentic and it’s crushing them. It turns everything so painfully raw and real, that Ilya almost comes after the first shallow thrusts. Is that how het couples feel while trying for a baby? Ilya doesn’t know and doesn’t care. Shane is holding him close, riding him slow and tender, his little moans breathed between them like he can’t believe they are actually doing it.

It’s not the act – it’s the idea. Somewhere, Ilya read something about how a child is born not when they comes out from the womb, but way before. It happens when their parents imagine them. When the very wish for that child forms itself into their mind and makes space for

itself into their hearts, taking their shared love and multiplying it. That's the moment the child starts living.

That's what they are doing right now.

Wishing...

Ilya's hand slides down Shane's chest and lands on his belly, pressing gently. Shane pulls out to look down in awe, his hands covering Ilya's.

Making space...

Feeling his orgasm building up, Ilya grabs at Shane's face to kiss him, uncoordinated and a bit desperate. He holds him as Shane spasms around him, a hoarse whine as the orgasm skids through him, muscles quivering.

Loving...

Emptying himself into Shane never felt like this before. He's gazing down at him with his best post-climax look – hooded eyes, hair askew, red bitted lips parted – moaning small encouragements at him as Ilya keeps writhing under him.

They slump down on each other right after, panting and sweated and covered in Shane's cum. Ilya is stupidly happy. So fucking tender he feels all sore inside, heart in the verge of exploding.

"If it's a boy I want to call him Jasper. Pearl if it's a girl." he jokes to save himself from another embarrassing mopping session.

Shane snorts. They both know that those are the names Hayden and Jackie had sorted out for a potential fifth baby. Yes, Ilya *is* that petty.

"You'd pull such a jerk move to Jackie?"

Ilya rolls his eyes. Well, he has a point: he does like Jackie. Her only flaw is being married to Hayden, which it's a sentence horrific enough. No need to also have her choosen baby names stolen by her friends.

"Alright, I guess we need to find something else."

"What about... Irina?" Shane says, oh so casually.

As if he's not tricking him into giving in and crying like a pussy – *again*.

"Fuck you, Hollander." he snuffles.

Shane cups his face and kisses him so fucking gently.

"I love you too." he says, looking fondly at him.

Shit. If their children will inherit Shane's attitude, Ilya is screwed. In the best way, but completely, *utterly screwed*.

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