You did this to me

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by teamoonster

Summary

Shane is very pregnant. Ilya is obsessed with his pregnant husband. They have very hot sex.

Pregnant Hollanov smut. Don't like, don't read.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

During Shane's pregnancy, his sexual drive had been a roller coaster. Moments of fire were followed by periods of *no funny business* rules, and even occasions in which he himself didn't know what he wanted. Those times, the frustration would leave him cry and Ilya confused—but always, *always,* at his husband's service.

Now, days away from his due date, Shane's dick had won the battle against the insecurities about his body, and Ilya had done exactly nothing to stop him. Not so secretly, he *loved* his pregnant husband. The way his body had changed, from athletic and swift to growing curves and waddling, was a constant reminder: *Ilya had done this to him.*

And now here they were, at the edge of their bed, Ilya sitting up with Shane's back against his chest, as his husband rode him in a slow, less and less steady rhythm. It wasn't the most comfortable position, but it was deep, surprisingly intimate, and a testimony to all of Ilya's thoughts on his huge, pregnant partner.

Every thrust of Shane's hips down to meet Ilya's resulted in a wet, slow *plop* sound that drew low groans from Ilya, and pained moans from Shane. Ilya couldn't tell if the sounds were just pleasure or if fatigue was getting to his husband—his movements were growing slower, heavier. That's how Shane was: *heavy.* And it was making Ilya hornier than he'd ever been.

Because Shane was pregnant with *his child,* and it was Ilya who'd reduced the fastest player in the league to a full, moaning mess.

Shane was maybe too lost in his chase to pleasure to be aware of the discomfort he was in. *Too desperate for Ilya's dick.* The thought alone sent a shock down Ilya's body, and he met Shane with a particularly enthusiastic thrust that made both their breathings hitch.

"*Fuck, Shane,"* Ilya sighed, moving his hands from the other man's hips, where they'd been to guide him. Instead, he stretched his forearms forward, to give Shane two armrests to use as leverage—which Shane used immediately, making his biceps tense with the weight. But it was okay; Ilya worked out for moments like these. The hockey, sure. But he liked to keep the sex machine his body was oiled and ready for his man.

In the new position, his arms brushed against Shane's belly, and the horny levels skyrocketed. He'd never hid his fascination for his husband's growing stomach, but in the last few weeks he'd struggled to think about anything else; he loved his pregnant Shane. He bit his shoulder.

"*Ilya,"* Shane breathed, letting a pathetic cry out—*frustration,* Ilya realized. Shane had been pushing to have sex like they'd always had it, in denial that pregnancy hadn't just changed his body's appearance, but its agility, too. He wanted a hard fuck, but he wasn't able to ride Ilya into the mattress as he usually did.

They'd change position soon, Ilya decided. Shane deserved to be comfortable as Ilya fucked the light of out him. But he wanted some more fun first.

"Look at you, *moy lyubovnik*," he gritted close to Shane's ear. "So heavy with my child you can't even do what you do best."

Shane whined, head lulling to a side. He didn't break his rhythm.

"Too full to ride me," Ilya continued, one hand moving to the low of Shane's belly, feeling the stretched skin pearly with sweat. "Too pregnant to be the good flashlight you usually are."

If Shane was too lost to reply with a *fuck you, Rozanov,* it was serious. Besides, by the way he moaned, he seemed to agree.

Ilya wanted more, more.

"Tell me, *dragotsenny.* Who made you like that? Who turned hockey champion into breeding whore?"

Shane whined again, and Ilya felt his thighs tremble in exhaustion against his. He'd take over soon; he just needed this small victory.

"Who was is, my love. You need to tell me it you want to come."

"*Ilya,"* he cried, plopping down and—and staying still. He didn't get up.

"Oh fuck *moy lyubovnik*, you're stuck," Ilya smiled in delight. "Too fucking heavy to keep this up. Too pregnant to ride, too knocked up to finish by yourself and come."

Shane, to his credit, really tried to raise himself, but his legs were jelly. Ilya felt him try to catch his breath, difficult with the baby taking so much space in his body. Then he wiggled his hips, trying to find the spot again, and making Ilya curse with the sensation. No, he knew better: it was not him who called the shots.

To remind him, Ilya's hand left his belly and reached his cock, hard and sticky with precum against his stomach. A single stroke was enough to make Shane moan.

"You have to answer me, Hollander. Who turned you into a heavy, full breeding whore?" He kept the stroking light, calibrated, so that Shane wouldn't come until what came next.

"Nghh…fuck you, Rozanov…*you did."*

Ilya stopped his hand. "Did what? I can sit here all day."

Shane sobbed, leaning against Ilya's chest. "It was *you,* you turned me into a fucking breeding whore, you did this to me." He brought Ilya's other hand to the dome of his belly. "You made me so heavy I can't even sit up anymore, and *you* made me so horny I can't think straight." He suddenly tightened his hole, making Ilya's eyes squeeze open. "You did this to me, so now *you* will finish what you started."

Ilya grinned. “Finally. Was it hard?”

Now that the matter was settled, Ilya could carry on with his plan. Shane was still seated on top of him and *around him,* so he was careful when he slowly lifted himself and Shane with him.

Shane moaned tiredly, already exhausted and overspent by the crusade that the riding had been. Ilya kept an arm around him as they stood, before positioning Shane on the bed again.

“You should not do heavy lifting, *moy lyubovnik*. Like lifting your huge butt.”

Shane made a small sound of protest as he looked up at him in a mix of hunger and exasperation. He was cradling his belly with one hand, using the other to keep balance. He winced as he massaged his big stomach, probably trying to tame the baby’s kicking. Shane looked like a fertility god. He was full, sweaty, tired and horny.

If Ilya’s cock had softened, it was now back in its erect glory.

He gently pushed his husband down so that he was laying on his side, accompanying him with a series of kisses from his shoulder to his jaw.

“So fucking pretty, Shane. So full and nothing you can do about it.”

He raised Shane’s leg—swollen, he would give a good massage later—on his chest, hugging it so that he could move as close as possible to his open, gaping hole.

He pushed in slowly, glad he’d added more lube for this second round. He drank all the obscene sounds Shane let out at the newfound closeness, and Ilya invoked saints he didn’t know he remembered. It was perfect: Shane could rest and take the pounding he deserved, all while Ilya got to look at him and fuck him as he’d been dying to all day.

“Ngh, Ilya, *fuck,”* Shane whined, arching his back as a hand found his belly again. As he was holding it, its roundness became even more pronounced, and Ilya simply *had* to reach and place his hand on it as well.

“Zhizn moya,” Ilya groaned, pushing out all the way before thrusting in with more decision.

The sound that came out of Shane was one of his favourites: a small, high pitched sob that, Ilya knew, would echo each one of his thrusts, if well delivered.

Using one hand to hold Shane’s leg and the other on his heavy stomach, Ilya set a deep rhythm with a growing speed that didn’t leave Shane time to think or brace himself. Which was exactly what he wanted—Ilya knew his husband, thank you very much. Wet sounds filled the bedroom as Shane let his head back and a series of *ah, ah, ah* let Ilya know he was doing it right.

“Yes, *moy lyubovnik,* take it,” Ilya groaned, circling his hips and drinking in the cry Shane let out.

“Ilya, *ah,* fuck Ilya…”

“You take it all so well, so good for me, sweetheart.”

Shane’s face was scrunched in a mournful thing, too preoccupied by the sensations around him to try to cooperate or even keep his eyes open. His mouth—*that stayed open,* in a perfect little ‘o’ just like his ass, Ilya thought. He changed pace a few times just for the pleasure of hearing Shane’s moans follow his thrusts, until he saw his husband’s eyes shot open.

“*Ilya!* There, baby, please,” he screamed. A single tear fell from his check to the mattress.

Ilya adjusted his grip on him to find that spot again, biting on Shane’s leg to muffle some of his own obscene noises. The reaction was immediate: Ilya watched his mouth open and close in a silent prayer, back arching impossibly more.

“Oh fuck, Ilya, I’m, please, I’m—”

With a loud, deep groan, Shane trembled under him, spilling on the mattress and—*fuck, and on his belly.* Ilya’s breath trembled, his hand reaching the white stripe and spreading it –he’d get a scold later—but how could he not? It was just too perfect, too round, too his, too Shane —

“Ilya,” Shane called, breathless, from behind his lids. “Fuck Ilya, look at me. Look what you did to me, baby, look how yours I am.”

Ilya shook his head, biting and sucking harder into Shane’s calf. His warning to him.

“I’m so fucking pregnant, and it’s all yours, baby.” Their hands met on his belly, and he massaged his sperm on the upper part of his belly, on his engorged chest.

The fucking devil, Ilya thought. His grip on the stomach tightened, his fingers digging into his leg as he could feel himself grow sore, big, on the edge of collapse, on the edge of—

“You’re gonna put another one in me, huh? Keep me full and stuffed with you?”

“Shane,” he called, vision going white, “Shane, fuck, fuck, *fuck!”*

Ilya pushed in one last time, legs trembling from the orgasm, and he stayed there. Buried deep into his husband, blurry eyes and raspy breaths. Shane moaned, oversensitive to the feeling of Ilya’s sperm filling him and leaking from his hole.

“Fuck, Ilya,” he breathed.

He was such a mess.

Ilya’s dick made one last, painful effort to deliver, making them both hiss.

Slowly, Ilya felt coming back to his body and his vision clearing. “Zhizn moya,” he mumbled, “okay?”

Shane nodded, smiling in blissful afterglow.

Iliya would get him comfortable. He'd pull out and kiss him all the way up to his forehead as he recovered and adjusted from the lost contact. He'd shower him in praise, telling him how good he looked and how amazing he'd felt.

Later, he'd grab a warm towel and clean him as a worshipper cares for his temple, taking his time with every stretch mark, every freckle and taut skin. And he'd drink every request, complaint and slurred out observation coming out of those wonderful lips. They would lay together, cuddling, and he'd massage every sore spot and caress their baby with tired softness.

But for now, for a short, blissful moment, Ilya could just look at his husband and die a little death.

Admiring his work.

Smiling at all the things he did to him.

End Notes

Moy lyubovnik=my lover
Zhizn moya=my life
Dragotsenny= my treasure

whew! first hollanov fic, ever. hope you enjoyed <3

(hello people who know me from other fandoms. apparently, I can write kinky smut!)

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