

When you called me, I became your flower

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When you called me, I became your flower

by [Pauppy_Paulettesucr](#)

Summary

Ilya said something absolutely preposterous while fucking Shane. And now it's been a week and Shane still doesn't know how to feel about it. He is confused, but also terribly curious to explore this more...

Notes

Hi Hollanov lovers!!! This is my first Hollanov fic and I feel so silly that my first fic will be about breeding kink when I have a long fic I've been working on for two months that is still not close to finish 😭

I hope you appreciate this, I wanted to post this before we reach 500 fics, what a milestone to be a part of!!!

And big thank you to [Nico](#) and [anna](#) from the Heated Loons discord for your beta, comments and help with this fic! 🍷

I also wanted to warn that there are some AFAB terms, there are two specific moments; one where Ilya mentions "pussy" and then one for "uterus" but Shane doesn't react to them because this wasn't what I wanted to focus on for this fic but I still thought it was funny to include them. If you want to skip them, you can stop reading the line of dialogue after;

"Fucking hurry," Shane complained when it felt like it's been hours and Ilya still only had one finger inside of him.

and then you can just read; 'After a minute, Ilya said "Need to stay like this for a bit longer.' and not read the rest of Ilya's line.

Also the title comes from 'Serendipity' by BTS (we are so back 💜!!!)

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

"Fuck, you want it, Hollander. Gonna fucking breed you with how much you're gonna make me come."

Shane couldn't stop replaying those words in his mind.

It was over a week ago. They were just making out in bed at their Ottawa home after waking up. Of course it had escalated. Of course Shane had found himself splayed on his back, taking Ilya's dick. He couldn't dream of a better way to start a day with the season over and the whole summer opening its arms to them.

Ilya was kneeling in front of Shane, thrusting inside of him while holding one of his leg up towards his torso. Shane could feel him reach so deep inside of him, brushing his prostate from time to time and just looking down at him in a mixture of adoration and filth. Shane had never known how he could both express in his eyes how precious Shane was to him, and how he wanted to devour him whole and use him for his own pleasure. It didn't make sense but he loved it.

"Are you close?" Ilya asked.

Shane felt like he could burst at any moment but also could go on for another hour. He never wanted it to stop.

He brought his hand to his dick and maybe an hour was way too hopeful.

"Yeah, come for me, Hollander. Let me see how much you like it."

"Fuck." Shane wanted to say that he didn't like it. He loved it. He felt like he would die if destiny were to ever separate him from this man and never have their bodies unite like this again. But a tremble went through him as he felt his orgasm approach.

"Taking me so well. Like the little slut you are."

Shane simply nodded. There was no point denying it, especially when he saw how it turned on Ilya too.

And that's when Ilya had said it.

Fuck, you want it, Hollander. Gonna fucking breed you with how much you're gonna make me come.

Shane's half-closed eyes had opened wide upon hearing the words and warmth spread from his crotch to his whole body. His hand sped up on his cock and he suddenly came all over himself, the words echoing through his post-orgasm mind.

Ilya sped up and froze, then came inside of him, but Shane barely registered it.

After a few breaths to recover, Ilya flopped next to Shane, on his back and simply looked at the ceiling.

They were both silent, mainly because Shane didn't know what to say.

Breed.

Then a scrape and a bark came from behind their bedroom door.

"Ah, Anya! Yes, Papa is coming!" Ilya responded and got up. He put on boxers and some shorts before opening the door to Anya, who was simply sitting in the middle of the hallway, tail wagging.

She was used to them preventing her from entering the bedroom from time to time, though she spent almost all her nights with them, on her own very fluffy and expensive bed that Ilya had spent hours researching about.

"Gonna take her outside," Ilya simply said before walking away, Anya on his heels.

And Shane was left alone to uncover what he had just stumbled upon.

And now it had been a week and he was still confused. Well, maybe slightly less confused.

Ilya didn't bring it up again and didn't say anything remotely similar during their fucking since then.

He probably figured out what Shane had felt and wanted to let him come to it on his own terms. He always seemed to understand Shane better and faster than he could himself.

But now it had been a week and Shane didn't know how to approach the subject. Thankfully for him, he didn't have the chance.

"Are you still thinking about what I said?" Ilya simply asked, one afternoon as they were lounging on the dock.

It was the first week of July and they just arrived at the cottage for two weeks alone, before being joined by Hayden and his family for the rest of the month.

The first year since their coming out, wedding and joining of the same team had been eventful. Finally being able to be out without fear, playing and living together and winning the Stanley Cup together had made it one of the happiest times in Shane's life. He would always remember his 30th year as one of freedom, passion and love, everything that he thought would never be his all came together and he had finally found happiness. Though they were still some down sides; the press focusing way too much on their personal lives, some remarks from fans that they ignored and mostly, Shane thought, Ilya flustering and teasing him 24/7.

"What you said? You say a lot of stuff, you know," Shane responded but even he knew he wasn't fooling anyone.

Ilya, laying next to him on one of the new chaises lounge that they had gotten this year, turned his head towards his husband and looked right at him.

"When I said I was gonna breed you."

And there was absolutely no chance that Shane wasn't blushing upon hearing that.

"Well, that... hmm, that was..."

And then he didn't finish his sentence. He didn't even know how to qualify it. Preposterous? Stupid? So fucking hot it was making his insides melt?

"Shane."

Ilya sat up and faced him. He took Shane's hands in his own and soothed the knuckles with his thumbs.

"I can apologise if you didn't like it and we can both put it in the past. But I do not think that is what the problem is," Ilya calmly explained.

Thankfully he wasn't grinning at Shane, his features were soft and open, waiting for Shane to tell him what he needed. And maybe that's what made the words tumble out.

"Don't apologise. It was hot. And confusing. I don't understand what is so hot about it and why it worked, but it did."

And that's when Ilya's goddamn smirk appeared.

"Yes, that is what I thought."

Shane pushed him, maybe not so lightly, on the shoulder.

"Shut up, you liked it too, otherwise you wouldn't have said it."

"I did. I do," Ilya said and then his eyes fell on Shane's lap.

And of course he had already a semi that was not concealed at all by his swimsuit.

"It's been a week. I think we should try again. For better chances, yes?"

Shane laughed. His husband was truly stupid.

"In this scenario, I think one week would be already too late."

Ilya huffed as he got up, his hand extended to Shane to help him get up.

"And what do you know about pregnancy? Do you have hidden children somewhere, Hollander?"

He laughed harder because, truly, wouldn't that be the worst combination to the poor women who had the misfortune to have had sex with him? A mediocre lay and getting pregnant from it.

But then he thought of having a child, and especially a child from Ilya, looking just like him, made his heart melt.

And God, he knew it was impossible on the biological sense – though he had seen some arts of very creative people online that didn't think this was so out of reach – but in this moment, a child with Ilya was the one thing he wanted the most in the whole world.

"Shut up and come fuck me."

Then Shane raced to the cottage. He felt like an immature brat, wanting for Ilya to chase him, catch him, push him to their bed and take what was his.

He heard stomps following him closely, and he only had time to climb the stairs leading to the patio before Ilya caught up to him and grabbed Shane's biceps and brought him towards him.

Ilya kissed him, hands cupping the back of Shane's head, bringing their bodies closer.

Then, his hands slowly made their way down Shane's body, passing his shoulders, then his pecs and nipples, his abs, his belly button and then to his swimsuit. He started pushing it off and Shane panicked.

"We're still outside."

"Did not stop you last time we went canoeing," Ilya laughed.

And yeah, it wasn't like anyone passed around here but this wasn't what Shane wanted at the moment.

"No. *Our* bed."

And Ilya understood instantly. He swooped up Shane in his arms and carried him inside, bridal style. Then climbed the stairs to their bedroom. And Shane didn't even find the energy in him to complain. He wanted his husband inside of him this instant.

Ilya placed him carefully down on the mattress before he quickly took off his swimsuit and Shane took the opportunity to get rid of his too. Then Ilya came onto the bed, his knees and the palms of his hands planted around Shane's body, engulfing all of him.

"Are you even real?" Ilya asked, lowering his face, his breath tickling Shane's cheek.

He couldn't even respond as Ilya dove right back to his mouth.

Shane wanted to tell him that he was real, all of this was real. They really made this impossible situation work and they were now married, in love and out to the world.

And fuck, Shane wanted Ilya's cock inside of him, like yesterday.

Ilya, his telepathic powers never ceasing to impress Shane, had magically already grabbed the lube and was applying some on his fingers. He warmed it quickly and then put them right at

Shane's entrance, circling the ring of muscle.

"Fucking hurry," Shane complained when it felt like it had been hours and Ilya still only had one finger inside of him.

"Would be so much easier if you had a pussy."

"Well I don't, but you can still go faster."

"Would not want to hurt you. Pleasure is very important to be sure the seed stays inside, you know?" Ilya said, kissing Shane's neck.

Oh God, his husband was being a little shit about it, just like Shane had feared.

"Shut up or you will fuck your own hand," Shane threatened, meaning it, but also knowing he would never have the strength or drive to leave when the opportunity to fuck with Ilya was on the table.

Ilya's head lifted to meet his gaze and a very unimpressed eyebrow rose to reach the middle of his forehead, also not believing Shane's empty threat.

Still, Ilya added a second finger and watched intently Shane's face as he took it. Shane opened his mouth and his head dropped backward. Ilya was holding him so closely through it; with his free arm, he was holding him by the middle, their chests against one another. And still, Shane wanted to be closer.

After a third finger and Ilya's ministrations on his prostate and on his nipples with his tongue, Shane started to squirm.

"Fuck, I'm ready."

"I don't think you are actually." And Ilya punctuated that with a harder thrust, brushing just above Shane's prostate and making the bed creak by the force of it. He also caught Shane's nipple between his teeth and lightly bit it. Shane closed his eyes and bit his bottom lip as a big wave rode his body. Thankfully he didn't come.

Ilya continued for a bit and Shane wanted to protest but he saw the determination in Ilya's eyes and in his controlled movements. He had a clear goal, make this as pleasurable for Shane as possible and nothing will deter him from that.

Shane moaned louder than he normally did, trying to coax Ilya into a reaction and to show he was fucking dying.

Ilya finally pressed a final kiss to one of Shane's nipple and drew back his fingers.

Shane sighed loudly, both bemoaning the loss of the fullness inside of him but knowing that what was coming was so much better.

"Ilya."

"I got you, sweetheart."

Shane loved that pet name, especially because Ilya didn't use it often so when he did, the effects on Shane were instant; mostly warmth but also in this instant, ardor.

Ilya stood back up and gave a couple of strokes to his cock that was already hard and dripping. He only looked at Shane while doing it, eyes and lips half open. Shane watched, transfixed, the movements of Ilya's hand on his dick.

"You want this, Hollander?" Ilya asked rhetorically. As if Shane could want anything else in this moment.

Shane didn't answer but Ilya kept stroking himself and was still NOT fucking him.

"Yes."

"This?" Ilya then slapped the tip of dick lightly against Shane's ass, and circled around his rim before he took it back to stroke himself some more. "Then you better say it. Just to be sure that I understand."

Oh, Shane hated him. The fire in his belly burned harder.

"I want your dick. Inside me, fucking me. Want to feel you deep inside of me! Fuck, Ilya, come on. I'm dying here." The last words were punched out of his lungs in one ragged breath. He did feel like he would die without Ilya's cock inside of him in the next second.

Ilya grinned at him, like a predator knowing his prey was all his.

"Ah, all you had to do was ask."

Shane glared at him but his features quickly smoothed when he felt Ilya's tip enter his rim. And then Ilya pushed forward.

"All those times I used a condom... when all you want is to be stuffed full of my cum," he said, going slowly inside of Shane, claiming him at a considerate pace and Shane felt his annoyance slip out of him, flowing into the sheets the farther Ilya was reaching.

When Ilya bottomed out, they both let out long breaths that turned into moans. Shane's eyes were crunched and his face fell on the side, next to his hand that was clutching the bed sheet.

He felt so full, with a slight burn coming with the stretch but not to an uncomfortable degree. If anything, he liked feeling it, having the reminder that Ilya was so big but that Shane was still able to accommodate him.

"Tell me when I can move."

Shane nodded. Truly he wanted to scream 'now' but he wanted to stay like this a tiny bit longer, getting used to the feeling so that it would be so much better after.

He opened his eyes again and turned his head towards Ilya, who was already looking back at him, hands planted on each side of his head.

And Shane didn't have any qualm to stay like this a bit longer. Just basking in the feeling of being loved, cared for, known, perceived and cherished by this big Russian man that had left and sacrificed so much for them to become a "we" with a bright future.

In this moment of adoration, he started to imagine a small Ilya, with untameable curls, running around their house, calling them 'papa', hugging them and coming to them to play, for bedtime stories and telling them that they loved them.

The pure thought about their future quickly dissolved when Ilya stood back up, changing the angle a bit, which made Shane moan.

"Sorry," Ilya said even though he didn't sound sorry at all.

"It's okay. You can move now."

Ilya grabbed Shane's hips, his grip strong and Shane felt his dick twitch at the sensation.

Ilya started slowly, fucking into Shane shallowly, simply moving his hips and not thrusting. It was still intense.

But soon, Shane wanted more.

"Harder," Shane let out as loud as he could, which was barely above a whisper.

Ilya scoffed. "Such a whore for it, Hollander." And then Ilya actually started thrusting into Shane. And it was the best feeling ever.

Just hearing the familiar and delightful sound of Ilya's skin slapping the back of his thighs and ass was beyond erotic, Ilya letting out groans every so often and Shane moaning out loud every time it brushed his prostate.

Ilya leaned forward and his body was engulfing all of Shane, the reminder making him shudder and his hole clench. Ilya grunted above Shane at the squeeze around his dick and then kissed Shane, his tongue lapping at the inside of his mouth.

"Perfect, my perfect Shane," he murmured in between kisses.

Shane crossed his forearms behind Ilya's neck and wrapped his legs around his waist. He never wanted to let him go. He wanted to tell him that he was perfect too but he couldn't utter any words. He was so close.

He wanted to stroke his dick but that meant letting go of his husband, and he didn't think he could do that. He hoped Ilya would understand though.

But suddenly, Ilya's eyes widened and he stopped his thrusting.

"I have an idea."

"What?" Shane said, voice half broken.

Ilya got back up and then stepped out of the bed to stand just at the foot of it. Shane looked at him completely speechless until Ilya grabbed Shane's ankles and pulled him closer to the end of the bed. Ilya then positioned both of his legs around his neck, knees on his shoulders and brought his ass back towards his crotch. Shane only had the top of his back, his shoulders and his head on the bed, the rest of his body supported solely by Ilya's strength.

Shane's mind provided him with flashbacks to that time Ilya took him like this, back in his Montreal condo.

"Is best position to do it. So the seed can stay inside and not fall, you know?" Ilya said with a smirk, which made it ten times sexier.

Shane nodded, all he wanted was for Ilya to pound into him again.

And Ilya knew because he drove right back in again and picked up his previous pace.

The angle was absolutely explosive. He could feel Ilya so deep within him, Shane thought that maybe the tip of Ilya's dick could be seen through his stomach, a swell just at his V-line. He knew it was impossible but just the idea made him drool and his cock produce more precum.

He threw his head on the side, the pleasure coursing through his body making him tremble.

He was so fucking close. Again.

"God, you are perfect. Panting under me while I give you what you want. This is what you need, Hollander, /hanging off/ my cock so I can breed you whenever I wish," Ilya grunted above him as he planted a foot on the bed to fuck him even harder.

Shane wailed. The rational part of his brain had stopped functioning a long time ago and Ilya's words were making him float so far away from his usual anxious mind. He couldn't remember why it took him a week to ask for Ilya to do this again. Nothing mattered at the moment except Ilya coming inside of him, except them making love.

Shane wished it could last longer but he knew that as soon as he touched his dick, it would be over way too soon.

"Come on, come for me," Ilya said, thrusting in a punishing pace. "Then I'll follow you and give you what you want. You want to feel me coming inside you. Gonna fucking breed you so well, you will feel it for days."

Shane wasn't proud of the cry he let out at those words. But what was pride when it was just him and his husband?

Shane grabbed his rigid cock and started stroking it, he didn't want Ilya's hands leaving his hips, branding his skin with the force of his grip for him to admire later.

Thankfully and sadly, Shane came all over himself in a broken cry of pleasure, his ass squeezing Ilya's dick as spurts of cum landed on his stomach, torso and even his chin and cheeks.

"Fuck Shane, gonna give you all of it. Gonna fill you up so nice," Ilya said, his pace becoming erratic. Shane loved it when his orgasm was the reason for Ilya to lose it.

A moment later, Ilya finally came inside of him, and Shane concentrated and settled on the warm feeling of being filled up.

Neither of them had a normal breathing to speak just yet.

After a minute, Ilya said "Need to stay like this for a bit longer. So it flows to the uterus."

And Shane huffed a breathy laugh. He was smiling, until he remembered he had cum over his face.

But before he could grimace about it, Ilya brought his hand over his face and wiped him clean. Then he looked intently at Shane as his hand was in front of his mouth and he licked his fingers. Shane was transfixed but he didn't know if he found it hot or disgusting just yet.

"Not gonna let you go. We didn't make all of this for nothing."

Shane laughed again. God, Ilya was really insufferable. His reputation as a dick wasn't too far off.

And Ilya wasn't joking when he said he wasn't gonna let Shane go. They stayed like this for a time, Ilya caressing Shane's ankle, his shin, kissing the skin there and just looking down at him adoringly.

After Shane's back started to protest he finally said, "Okay, put me down. I think that's enough."

Shane saw on Ilya's face that he wanted to retort something very stupid but he thankfully stopped himself and obeyed. He let Shane go and left for the bathroom.

He came back with two cloths and washed Shane's face with one and Shane's body with the other. Ilya then came back from the bathroom after a quick clean-up, dumped the cloths in the hamper and he flopped on his side, right next to Shane.

"You loved it."

That wasn't a question. So Shane didn't answer.

He turned towards Ilya so that they were facing each other.

Ilya brushed his hands in Shane's hair and released a breath, like he was in heaven and couldn't quite believe it.

"Now I can't stop thinking about a small, cute baby with your face and your freckles."

Shane smiled so widely and then couldn't control his giggle. Yes, a giggle.

"What?" Ilya asked, confused, but still looking softly at his husband.

"I was thinking the exact same thing too."

"A baby that looks like you? You are very self-centered, Shane."

Shane groaned. "No! A child that looks like you, I mean! With your curls and your smile. I can't stop imagining them here, at home."

"Maybe soon, you won't have to imagine." Ilya had with a dreamy gaze while he placed his hand on Shane's chest, near his heart.

"I thought we stopped the play now."

"No," Ilya corrected, looking a bit amused that Shane thought it was still for the sake of their act. "I mean for real. If we find a way to have a... natural child? Through someone else?"

"Surrogacy, you mean? Yeah maybe there's a way there."

So they had both been thinking of the same thing. They had mentioned kids often in the past year, especially after coming back from a day with Hayden's children but no serious conversation had come out of it. Shane couldn't believe that a kink exploration was what started it now.

"Or something else," Ilya continued. "There are other ways, we will see what is best for us."

Ilya looked determined. Shane knew that Ilya wasn't the robust and care-free man he had thought he was at first, he felt everything so deeply and had to take his medication to keep the darkest parts of him out of touch. But in the year they had just spent together, Shane had seen Ilya bloom, not just turning back into the cocky bastard that riled up all of his rivals (though he still was), nor the hungry boyfriend that would set Shane's on fire with a few words, but a man Shane was so proud to call his husband. The attentive friend that would tell Shane to go back home without him because Troy had a bad day and wanted to talk to someone. The captain that knew when his team needed him the most and would provide words of encouragement fit to each player and their quirks. The soft soul that saw the new social media manager replacing Harris, Ellie, struggle to get her footing and had volunteered to make an impromptu video about his favourite highlight reels of the Centaurs and invited her for drinks with the team. The Ilya that listened with rapt attention whenever Hayden's shy son, Arthur, felt like talking about his favourite dinosaurs for a whole hour. The man that took care of himself and had become the NHL spokesperson for mental health awareness, always sharing articles and urgent numbers and posts fighting misconceptions about different disorders.

Ilya was blooming into the man he was always meant to be, all this time, but that his family, his country, the league and ultimately Shane's blindness, had set back. This Ilya was what Shane had already been able to perceive through the soft touches and attentive comments and

his devotion, but now, the whole world was able to see him, this version of Ilya that Shane had fallen in love with.

The Ilya he wanted to start a family with.

"Our child," Shane said in the space between them.

"Our child," Ilya repeated, smiling sheepishly, before leaning forward, capturing Shane's lips in his.

FIN

End Notes

If you've reached this far... THANK YOU SO MUCH! Would love to have your thoughts in the comments below or if you can just drop a kudos, that would mean the world to me!

I'm so happy to have joined the Game Changers/Heated Rivalry/Hollanov fandom and I have many more ideas that I hope I will have time to write and post!

So see you soon ✨

PS: if you are wondering who Ellie is, that's actually my bff that made me promise to always include her in all of my fics (yes, even the pwp ones), so here you are, main bitch ✌️

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