

knock him up

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knock him up

by [oliviagirce](#)

Summary

It was almost dawn by the time Shane and Ilya got home from the Centaurs' post-win party.

Notes

[Hudson Williams said](#), "knock up my characters," and I went into a fugue state and this happened. Thanks, Hudson. This is book fic insofar as it's the Stanley Cup and show fic insofar as they are played by Hudson and Connor. I have also ignored the existence of playoff beards. Thanks to mistresscurvy, helcinda, ziusik, and loverave!

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

It was almost dawn by the time Shane and Ilya got home from the Centaurs' post-win party. Shane was sticky and sweaty and disgusting, still damp from the champagne Dykstra and Chouinard had sprayed everywhere, but he was also wide awake, completely sober, and so horny that his skin felt like it was on fire. Ilya had his arm wrapped around Shane's waist and his hand under his shirt, and he was leaning heavily against him, his breath hot on Shane's neck. He'd had a few more drinks than Shane, but not many—his unsteadiness had more to do with the way he'd fucked up his ankle in the Conference Final and then kept playing on it for seven more games.

Shane got them inside and up the stairs, stripping clothes off as they went. Shoes and jackets in the front hall, his shirt and then Ilya's on the landing—for once, that could be a problem for tomorrow Shane; tonight Shane was a four-time Stanley Cup champion who'd just won his first Cup with his *husband*. He was wild and free and didn't give a shit about the laundry—and he pulled his socks off and dropped them triumphantly on their bedroom floor to prove it, which made Ilya laugh and then suck a hungry kiss into the hollow of his throat while he undid Shane's pants.

By the time they hit the bathroom, they were both down to their underwear. Shane backed Ilya up against the vanity and started to move past him to turn on the shower, but Ilya grabbed the waistband of his briefs and dragged him back in, kissing him slow and hot and possessive. He slid his hands into Shane's underwear and palmed his ass, and then he pulled his mouth from Shane's and glanced down, eyebrows raised.

"These are mine," Ilya said, twisting the fabric of the briefs around his fingers and pulling them taut against Shane's straining dick.

Shane made a noise that could only really be called a whimper. "Yeah?"

"You wore my underwear to the Stanley Cup Final." Ilya's voice was low and smoky, and it wasn't a question.

"Well," Shane said, rubbing himself shamelessly against Ilya's hand, "it gets mixed up. You know, in the laundry."

"Shane," Ilya said dangerously.

Shane grinned and pressed a kiss to the corner of Ilya's beautiful mouth. "I don't know, it seemed like it might be good luck."

Ilya snorted and shoved the underwear down Shane's thighs, finally letting his dick spring free. He gave him a proprietary stroke and Shane groaned and tilted into him. "So now you'll wear my underwear to every game?" He circled his thumb over the crown of Shane's dick and said, mock-mournfully, "Will I even have any of my own, anymore? Or is it all yours?"

"All mine," Shane said, and then they were smiling helplessly at each other with big, stupid grins. Shane's face hurt from how wide he was smiling, and Ilya's eyes were crinkled. He

smacked a giddy kiss to Shane's cheek, like he had on the ice after Shane scored the opening goal on the power play, and Shane put his arms around him and hugged him close.

"Shower?" Ilya asked when he pulled back.

Shane nodded and made himself step away to turn on the water. He kicked the underwear off onto the bathroom floor, and then flushed with ridiculous delight when he turned back around and saw that Ilya had taken off his own briefs, picked up Shane's—Ilya's—and dropped both pairs indiscriminately into the laundry bin. He caught Shane watching him and rolled his eyes, but he was still smiling.

"Come *here*," Shane demanded, holding out his hands. Ilya took them and walked him backwards into their enormous rainfall shower, pressing him against the cool tile wall as the hot water poured down over them.

Ilya's body was achingly familiar—the broad span of his shoulders, the bruises on his ribs from getting cross-checked by Anderson in Game 4, the perfect weight of him holding Shane against the wall. His skin was slick and warm from the water, and Shane slid his hands down to his ass and then back up to squeeze his biceps. "Ilya," he sighed, and kissed him.

Ilya kissed him back for a dizzying moment, and then he moved his mouth down Shane's neck to suck on his Adam's apple. "Wash your hair, Shane," he murmured, licking water droplets from Shane's collarbone.

"Fuck you," Shane said, reaching blindly for the shampoo, but he washed his hair, and then Ilya's, as Ilya went to town on his neck. They weren't that careful about marks, these days, but it had been a busy couple of months; a lot of the sex they'd had during their Cup run had been rushed and frantic—not the kind where you spent five minutes leaving the biggest hickey in the world on your husband's throat.

He was trembling when Ilya finally lifted his head, red-mouthed and dark-eyed and looking very pleased with himself. "Jesus," Shane said, and then moaned involuntarily when Ilya pressed his thumb into the bruise. "Staking a claim?"

"No," Ilya said, licking his lips. "I don't really need to, do I?"

Shane tangled his fingers in the chain around Ilya's neck, where his wedding ring was hanging alongside his mother's crucifix. "You already did."

"Yes," Ilya agreed. He smiled, squeezed Shane's pec, and went to his knees. "I just like the way you taste."

"Oh, fuck," Shane groaned, his head falling back against the tile. Ilya laughed and pressed his tongue into Shane's slit; he was wet and leaking, and Ilya made a pleased noise and sucked lightly on the head of his dick. "Ilya—"

Ilya patted Shane's abs, firm and condescending, and then kissed his way down Shane's shaft with agonizing slowness—he knew exactly how to drive Shane crazy without getting him anywhere near an orgasm. Shane fisted his hands in Ilya's wet curls and pulled, but Ilya

ignored him and kept moving down, sucking on Shane's balls and then wrapping his hand around the back of Shane's thigh to pull his leg over his shoulder.

"Okay," Shane said breathlessly, as Ilya got his mouth on his hole. Ilya's tongue was hungry and possessive as he licked into him. He was still going slow, taking his time as he fucked Shane open with his tongue, getting him loose and desperate while the water ran over both of them. Shane could hear himself moaning, echoing in the steam-filled bathroom; he was going to start begging any second.

Then Ilya released him and stood back up, wobbling on his injured ankle. Shane caught him by the hips; his own legs were shaking. "Fuck," he said, laughing a little. "Irresponsible."

"Season's over," Ilya said, reaching past him to turn off the water. "It's summer, so we can do whatever we want." One corner of his mouth quirked up, promising. "Also, we are Stanley Cup champions."

"Yeah," Shane breathed, and kissed him. "Well, this Stanley Cup champion would like you to take him to bed, please."

"So polite, Hollander." Ilya kissed him again and stepped out of the shower, handing Shane a towel. Shane dried off quickly, but Ilya was faster; by the time he'd toweled his hair dry and followed him into the bedroom, Ilya was stretched out on his back on the bed with his hands behind his head.

Shane raised an eyebrow at him. "Waiting for someone?"

"Yes, my husband." Ilya gave him a slow smirk. "Have you seen him? He says he has more Cup wins than me, but three of them were with a very bad team, so they don't count."

"Oh, don't they?" Shane said, stalking toward him. "Do we need to go down to the trophy room again?" He got onto the bed and then onto Ilya, straddling his thighs. Ilya's hands went immediately to his waist, fingertips pressing into his bare skin.

"Hmm," Ilya said, widening his eyes innocently at Shane. "No need. Your biggest trophy is right here." Ilya tilted his chin pointedly at his dick.

"Oh my god," Shane said, choking on a laugh. He was pretty sure he was bright red, flushed from the shower and torn between embarrassment and stupid delight at how much Ilya turned him on. It wasn't fair—except it was, because Shane had married him. "Give me the lube, asshole," he demanded.

Ilya passed him the lube and Shane slicked up his dick, which was hard and red and silky-smooth under his hands, gorgeous; it did sometimes feel like the best trophy Shane had ever won. He tossed the lube onto the bed and knelt up over Ilya, moving forward on his knees until he was in position. Ilya made a low noise in his throat and helped him, hands tight on Shane's hips as he got the head of Ilya's dick into him. Shane exhaled shakily as he started to sink down. He had to take it slow—he was still open from Ilya's mouth, but without any additional prep, Ilya's dick felt huge and impossible inside him.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya whispered, as Shane sank down another inch; it hurt a little, but it was the best kind of pain, blurring into pleasure like Ilya pressing on a bruise. "Careful."

"Yeah," Shane said mindlessly. It was hard to concentrate on anything except the slow drag of Ilya's dick. "You feel so fucking good."

Ilya swore under his breath and then said, voice raw, "Better than the Cup?"

Shane snorted, and then moaned when Ilya slid deeper. "Better than the first three wins," he said, which was true. "Maybe not better than winning with you. I'm not sure anything could be better than that." He still had adrenaline buzzing under his skin, lightning-bright as he thought about each moment of the perfect night: Troy scoring the game-winning goal; hoisting the Cup side-by-side with Ilya; kissing him on the ice, surrounded by their cheering teammates, their families, their fans. Ottawa's first ever Cup win, their second year of playing together. The rainbow banners and Canadian flags.

"Hard to beat," Ilya said. He lifted Shane's hand from where it was pressed against his chest—Shane bracing himself as he slid down on Ilya's dick—and kissed his knuckles. "We'll have to try, next year."

Shane nodded. "Next year—" He pushed down and Ilya groaned and thrust up, and then he was all the way in, balls hot against Shane's ass. "Next year we should have a baby. To put in the Cup." Boob and Cassie's six-month-old daughter had looked adorably confused when Boob had sat her down in the Cup, Cassie and two-year-old Milo laughing as they looked on.

"I'll put a baby in *you*," Ilya said.

Shane froze. Under him, Ilya's eyes went wide and shocked. Shane's dick, untouched, jerked and spurted pre-come against his abs. "Um—" he said, his voice high and shaky.

Ilya was staring up at him, mouth open, and his chest was flushed a beautiful dark red that Shane rarely saw, unless they'd been fucking for hours. "Shane."

"I—" Shane lifted himself up and sank back down again, fucking himself on Ilya's perfect cock. "That might not be—anatomically possible," he said after a moment, eyes fluttering closed. He made himself open them again so he could look at Ilya. "But I think you should try."

"*Fuck*," Ilya groaned. He squeezed Shane's hand and closed his own eyes for a second before meeting Shane's gaze; his eyes were almost all pupil, his face slack with awe. "You want that?"

Shane wanted it; at that moment, he couldn't think of anything he'd ever wanted more. "Yes," he said. "Ilya, please. Fuck a baby into me. Fucking—knock me up."

Ilya swore in Russian, heartfelt, and then he grabbed Shane by the waist and lifted him off his dick, tumbling him onto his back on the bed.

Shane's breath all went out of him in a rush, and he was still trying to drag a full breath into his lungs when Ilya got between his legs and pushed his knees up. Ilya's hands were trembling on Shane's thighs and ass, and he shoved his dick back into him with no finesse at all, one long stroke that left Shane panting and clinging to his shoulders.

"I will," Ilya said, his accent thick in the way it only got when he was overwhelmed. "Sweetheart. I'll give you what you want."

"Please," Shane moaned. Ilya was fucking him with hard, short, near-frantic thrusts, deep in him; he wasn't going to risk coming anywhere but all the way inside. Shane gripped the back of Ilya's neck and pulled his head down. It was maybe a little awkward while he was bent in half, but he didn't care—he needed Ilya's lips on his, his tongue in his mouth.

Ilya licked into his mouth, not so much kissing him as trying to eat him alive. Shane sucked on his tongue and kissed him back, hot and messy and uncoordinated. "Give it to me," he whispered against Ilya's mouth when he had to stop kissing him to breathe. "Come on, Ilyusha, put your back into it—" Ilya bit down on Shane's lip, and Shane pressed his forehead against Ilya's and raked his nails down his back. "Give me a *baby*," he said, and then he was just hanging on as Ilya did put his back into it, fucking him wildly for another handful of thrusts before he came in him, crying Shane's name.

"Holy shit," Shane gasped, as Ilya shuddered in his arms. He was still moving in Shane, like he was trying to fuck him deeper even while he was coming. Shane's whole body felt hot and liquid. He was still hard, but it barely seemed to matter.

Or at least, it didn't matter until Ilya raised his head from Shane's shoulder and said, "You think it worked?"

"Uh." Shane squirmed, which made his ass feel even hotter and his dick rub wetly against Ilya's stomach. "Maybe—" He felt insane, like something in him had turned completely inside out. There was literally no way Shane could get pregnant, no matter how hard Ilya fucked him. But there were a lot of things Shane was never supposed to have been able to do: play hockey; fall in love with his rival; come out before he retired. Win a Cup with his husband. Maybe if he really worked at it—

Ilya made a thoughtful noise and pushed himself back onto his heels, his dick slipping out of Shane's ass. Shane whimpered at the sudden emptiness, and Ilya immediately shoved three fingers back into him. "Better make sure," Ilya murmured, industriously fucking his come deeper into Shane.

"Please," Shane said deliriously. "Ilya, please, touch me—"

Ilya smiled crookedly. He was still red and wild-eyed, but now there was a focused look on his face, the same one he had when he was taking a face-off against Shane at practice, or determined to drive him out of his mind with sexual torture. "Do you need to come too, to make a baby?"

"I—" Shane reached for him, but Ilya caught his wrists with the hand that wasn't in his ass and pinned them above his head. Shane arched his back, desperate, and then Ilya pushed his

fourth finger into him and dropped his mouth onto Shane's dick, swallowing around him.

Shane came in about five seconds, thrusting into Ilya's mouth as Ilya's fingers pressed unerringly against his prostate. Ilya kept sucking him through it, until Shane was a shivery, whimpering mess, and even then he didn't move his hand. "Wow," Shane rasped, when he could breathe again. He was still shaking with aftershocks.

Ilya kissed his knee, and then his stomach, which made Shane twitch and Ilya laugh softly against his sweaty skin. Then he finally slid his fingers out of Shane and crawled up the bed to collapse beside him. The sheets were a mess, damp and tangled where Shane had clawed at them. Ilya kissed Shane's shoulder and slung one of his long legs over Shane's. "So," he said into Shane's ear, his voice warm and a little hoarse, "do you feel pregnant?"

Shane started to laugh, sheepish but still pretty turned on. "That got weird, huh?"

Ilya hummed. "Hot, I think." He tapped his fingers against Shane's hipbone. "I liked it." He lifted one shoulder, and Shane turned onto his side to face him and stroked his hand down Ilya's arm to take his hand. "More than I thought I would, since I'm not—particularly attached to my genetics."

They *had* talked about it; they'd both agreed that they wanted to adopt. There were a lot of logistics, but nothing insurmountable, and Shane had talked to Farah and his parents and Hayden and Jackie and Svetlana. He'd made a plan, and he'd been planning on bringing it up with Ilya as soon as the playoffs were over. Asking Ilya to fuck a baby into him the night of their Cup win had not been anywhere in the plan.

"Is it weird that I wish you *could* knock me up?" Shane asked, a little wistfully.

Ilya squeezed his hand. "No, moya sladkaya. I wish I could, too." He kissed the corner of Shane's mouth. "You know I want to give you everything."

"You *have* given me everything," Shane said. He cupped Ilya's cheek and stroked his thumb along the bow of his lips. Ilya's eyelashes fluttered as he kissed Shane's thumb. His eyes were shiny, and Shane kissed his eyelids before any tears could fall. Then he tilted Ilya's face into his and kissed his mouth again, sweet and lingering.

"Still," Ilya murmured, running his hand down Shane's back, and then trailing his fingers down the cleft of his ass to circle around his hole, wet and open. "We could—keep trying."

"Oh," Shane said breathlessly. His body couldn't seem to decide whether to press back into Ilya's hand or forward into the warmth of his body. His cock was already stirring, trying heroically to get hard again. "If—if you want—"

"I want," Ilya said firmly, and kissed him again. "We won a Cup together, Shane. We can do anything."

"Yes," Shane said, "yes. We can."

End Notes

Ilya's endearment means "my sweetie" or "my sweet one" but is in the feminine form, of course! Thanks again to ziusik for being my wonderful Russian consultant.

In a just world, Shane and Ilya wake up to a Stanley Cup wish baby on their front doorstep. (But someone else will have to write that story.)

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