

adore me, hold me and explore me

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adore me, hold me and explore me

by [femininomena](#)

Summary

Ilya blinks at him. Once, twice, three times. And then he bursts out laughing.

“This- this is not funny, stop laughing at me, you asshole,” but Ilya’s reasonable response to Shane’s freak out had somewhat broken Shane out of his paranoia, and he finds himself smiling.

“Sweetheart, sweetheart,” Ilya sits up in bed and leans down so he can take Shane’s face in his hands, shoulders still shaking from laughter. “You are crying because you want my cock so bad. I love you so much.”

Notes

I have no excuses for this one tbh

Title from Juno. Because of course.

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

Shane is trying very, *very* hard to pretend this position is not deeply uncomfortable and he knows he's failing miserably.

The problem is that it is the fourth one they've tried this night alone and none of them seem to be working. Either Ilya can't thrust deep enough or he keeps slipping or Shane grows tired too fast, before he can get anywhere near enjoying it. It's like their bodies no longer know how to accommodate each other in the sanctity of their five-years into their marriage bed. Perhaps every ill-guided advice he had gotten from his - *way* too straight - friends about marriage messing with the sex drive was finally coming into fruition.

Could be something about Shane's eighth month pregnancy belly, though.

"Ilya, Ilya," Shane calls out, not in pleasure but in almost exhaustion. "This is not working."

Shane is lying on his back, legs spread wide with Ilya between them, kneeling under Shane's thighs. Shane is big on missionary usually, as it lets him catch glimpses of Ilya's face every now and then, when his eyes are not pressed solidly shut, but right now the heavy weight of his belly is pressing down on his stomach and making him breathless. And not in the fun, Ilya's hand around his throat way, but in the way that makes Shane genuinely believe he'll pass doing what he loves – except very poorly.

Ilya grunts when he slips out, and defeatedly rolls to the side so their shoulders are pressed together. Shane blinks up at the ceiling and tries to remember when was the last time sex between them failed this miserably.

God, probably when they were freshmen and learning everything about heats and ruts with each other. Shane shudders at the memory of him considerably more baby cheeked and with the worst haircut known to mankind, and Ilya with that frown that seemed permanently etched to his face when he first moved to Canada from Russia.

They were young and relatively inexperienced then - Shane more than Ilya - and they had still managed to work it out. So why is it so hard now?

"Your belly is too big," Ilya voices what neither of them had wanted to acknowledge out loud since the doctor had told them their baby was in the bigger size for babies this age. "Alina wasn't this big."

Shane groans, shifting so he's lying on his side facing Ilya.

"Alina was a tiny baby," and she no longer is as tiny. In fact, she is considerably tall for a four year old, which tracks considering her parents are on the edge of 6ft. "This is a huge baby. Big baby. Are you sure you're not a descendant of Russian giants or something?"

"Only on dick size."

Shane should've seen that one coming.

“Shut up,” he rolls his eyes, slapping Ilya’s chest when he winks at him. “It’s not that big anyway.”

Ilya raises his eyebrows at Shane, lips curled down in mock displeasure. “Is that a complaint?”

Shane’s sigh is forced, his mouth stretching into a teasing smirk.

“Well, I guess if it’s all I get, it’s *fin-*,”

It’s interrupted by Ilya’s lips on his, a tongue pushing fervently into his mouth, which Shane accepts gladly and happily.

Shane kisses Ilya back with enthusiasm, letting his thoughts get lost on the slick slide of their mouths, the careful way Ilya holds onto his hip with one hand and his face with the other.

Since the day they found out about the pregnancy, Ilya has treated Shane like something precious, borderline fragile. Shane is insistent he won’t break that easily, neither will their kid, and outside of the bedroom Ilya gives Shane space to do whatever he wants within the physical limitations of pregnancy, but inside - Well, Shane can’t say he hates it entirely.

He gets more and more into the kiss. Just as he feels his body’s interest peaking again and Shane considers crawling into Ilya’s lap to attempt to ride him, Shane feels a sharp pain on his stomach, their child making themselves known with a solid kick.

“*Fuck*,” he curses, breaking the kiss and bringing a hand to the spot where he can still feel the baby’s foot. “Knock it off.”

Ilya, whose expression had quickly shifted into worry at Shane’s words, softens a little when he realises it’s the baby cockblocking them. He crawls down the bed until his face is at level with Shane’s stomach, hand on top of Shane’s, and presses a kiss to the skin.

“Solnyshko, you need to let me fuck your dad so he won’t be grumpy.”

“*Ilya*,” Shane pulls at Ilya’s hair in reprimand, and gets a laugh in response.

“What? The kid must know I care for you from the womb.”

“Don’t tell our baby you’re going to fuck me, Ilya, for fuck’s sakes.”

Ilya drops one last kiss to his belly before moving up the bed so he can kiss Shane’s lips instead.

“I think they already know what we’re doing, sweetheart.”

There’s no way Shane is going to get into how babies don’t understand the concept of sex, especially when they aren’t even born. He refuses to indulge Ilya in this, especially when Shane can feel his cheeks burning and knows Ilya is going to jump at the opportunity to tease him for his embarrassment.

“Shut up,” it comes out more weak than he wanted it to, but he’s too busy rubbing his belly in an attempt to quieten the kicks to care as much as he perhaps should.

It’s another few minutes before the baby does indeed settle, during which Ilya keeps pressing soft kisses to Shane’s forehead and running his hand through Shane’s hair. During which, also, Shane gets lost in the dramatic thought that maybe this is it for their sex life until he pushes the baby out. It doesn’t matter that he wakes up every single day with a horniness he only usually experiences during heat, or that Ilya, being his mated alpha, responds to it by getting equally as horny.

There’s only so many times Shane can wake up with slick running down his thighs after a night spent covered by his alpha’s scent and the way it reflects the desire in Shane’s own scent.

“Shane,” Ilya’s voice breaks him out of those thoughts and Shane finds himself looking at him through blurriness. “Why are you crying? Are you in pain?”

Shane brings a hand to his eyes to hold the tears back. He didn’t even realise he had started crying - this *has* to be a new low for him. Crying because—

“No,” he shakes his head, considers lying to Ilya, or at least redirecting him somewhere else, but the urge for honesty ends up speaking higher. “It’s just— I wanted us to fuck *so* bad, but nothing is working. So we’re going to have to wait until the baby is out and then maybe our sex life is going to die just like straight people after they are married for too long.”

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“This- this is *not* funny, stop laughing at me, you asshole,” but Ilya’s reasonable response to Shane’s freak out had somewhat broken Shane out of his paranoia, and he finds himself smiling.

“Sweetheart, sweetheart,” Ilya sits up in bed and leans down so he can take Shane’s face in his hands, shoulders still shaking from laughter. “You are crying because you want my cock so bad. I love you so much.”

When Ilya kisses him, Shane is laughing as well, which makes the task at hand harder but way funnier to go through.

Ilya draws back, drops a peck to Shane’s lips and then lets go of Shane to rub his hands together.

“Come on, we can figure out a way for me to fuck you so you stop crying.”

“Fuck you.”

Shane watches as Ilya studies their bed for a moment, eyes lingering on the pile of pillows Shane never really got rid of after his mother’s offer to decorate his first apartment’s bedroom. He picks one of the fuller ones, which he grabs and fluffs up, then turns to Shane expectantly.

“Lie on your side for me.”

Shane is quick to obey, or as quick as he can be with a bowling ball on his stomach. When he's settled, Ilya nudges the pillow under his belly for support, a position not too different from how Shane has taken to sleeping. It's not a particular position he's considered for fucking though, but he indulges Ilya as he calculates the best way to go about it.

He's still confused when Ilya pushes Shane's bent legs up, as close to the belly as they can go, and wedges another, thinner, pillow under Shane's hip.

It only dawns on him what Ilya is going for when he kneels on the bed, one knee resting behind Shane's bent legs, the other by Shane's ass.

“Oh, fuck,” Shane breathes out and Ilya smiles down at him.

“Good?”

“Yeah,” Shane nods, already feeling himself growing wet. “Fuck me, please.”

Ilya brushes the tip of two fingers around his hole first, feeling the puffiness and gathering the slick before pushing them inside. It's not quite what Shane needs, but it's enough to have his eyes fluttering, a soft breath escaping his lips. With his other hand braced on the side of Shane's ass, Ilya fucks him with his fingers, gaze locked on Shane's face, keenly watching for every spark of pleasure showing on his face.

There's no need for Ilya to keep opening him up, not when he had already been inside of Shane that night. Shane is gushing, hole clenching to be filled, but Ilya still works up to three, then four fingers, that have Shane's eyes rolling to the back of his skull.

Ilya cuts off abruptly, pulling his fingers out and using Shane's wetness to slick his dick up. Shane watches entranced, head propped up by his hand, as Ilya rubs the head of his cock on Shane's hole and looks up at him for confirmation.

Shane nods and immediately his head falls back as Ilya thrusts in mercilessly, not taking any time to let Shane get used to him again. He fucks into Shane with fervor, gripping tightly to Shane's hip and his thigh, foregoing any of the caution he had presented earlier.

If Shane had been desperate for Ilya, it's only fair to point out that Ilya had been just as desperate for Shane.

The angle is something entirely new, something Shane didn't expect would feel as *delicious* as it does, but with every drag of Ilya's cock inside of him, he feels the tension in his body loosening, letting itself be consumed by the pleasure. Shane *knew* pregnant sex this close to the end of it felt different, knew he had experienced it when he was pregnant with Alina, but it's like his brain has forgotten how good it actually is with his body so keyed up and extra sensitive due to all the hormones.

Ilya gets somehow deeper by bringing one foot up to the mattress and Shane's whimper in response comes out louder than he expected it to. Shane reaches out with one hand to grab

Ilya's wrist and dig his nails into his skin, watching Ilya through hooded eyes. Ilya hisses but chuckles, picking up the pace.

"Ilya, *fuck*, please."

There's no cohesion to his words anymore, as Shane slurs out whatever comes to him more easily. He trusts Ilya to understand, to go harder and faster, and so it happens. The hand slapping against the headboard startles Shane momentarily, but then Ilya is leaning down and kissing him, licking into his mouth just as Shane feels his knot expanding, and Shane orgasms with a moan muffled by Ilya's lips.

Ilya is not far behind, coming with a cry of Shane's name and his knot at its full width, locking the two of them together for as long as it takes to spurt every last bit of Ilya's cum. Shane feels behind him for where they are attached, prompting a tiny hiss from Ilya when his fingers brush against the base of his knot.

"Fuck, that was good," Shane praises, falling back on the pillows and letting his eyes fall shut. "Too bad you can't knock me up when I'm already pregnant."

"*Shane*," Ilya's tone is not too dissimilar from the way Shane sounds when he's reprimanding Ilya, but Shane feels the way Ilya's spent cock twitches inside of him at the words and he finds himself smirking. "You are menace."

Shane's only response is to pucker his lips at Ilya the way Ilya often does when he wants a kiss and Ilya indulges him, pressing their lips together in a quick peck.

It's a couple minutes before Ilya's knot comes down enough for him to slip out, and Shane has finally reached a point where he no longer winces when he feels the cum dripping out of him. It's helped some by Ilya, who rolls down to lie behind Shane, spooning him, and pushes three fingers into him, just the way Shane likes after a good fuck. Shane sighs happily, content, relaxing further when Ilya starts mouthing at the mating bite on the crook of his neck.

The only way this could get better is if Shane could press his own mouth to Ilya's matching bite mark.

"We found a position that works," Ilya whispers, dropping a kiss behind Shane's ear that has Shane almost purring. "And now my husband does not need to cry for cock anymore."

"*Ilya*."

End Notes

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