

the eviction notice

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by Anonymous

Summary

There had to be a light at the end of this tunnel for Shane. If there wasn't he was going to carve one out with his bare hands.

This whole being pregnant thing had gone on far past the point of being fun— though like it wasn't exactly fun when their daughter had decided to start lodging her tiny feet in his ribs and wanted to make his bladder her personal launch pad.

All that to say, Shane was done. He was going to get this baby out one way or another and Ilya was going to get promoted to his newest elite employee in the process of it all.

Notes

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

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It had been far too long to share a body with his little passenger and now Shane was done.

Nine months was far too long to be sharing a space with another being. And that wasn't to say that he didn't think growing his own pup wasn't a miracle in itself it was just that he didn't particularly care for all the side effects that it brought with it.

Mainly the weight gain, swollen ankles, fatigue, and the inexplicable urge to jump Ilya whenever he walked in in a room— okay, so maybe that last part wasn't the worst thing in the world but the rest he could live without.

Shane love the thought of being bred, being full of his alpha it was just the aftermath he wasn't too fond of. Having to go nine months without playing the sport he loved so much with his other half it just sucked plain and simple. If there was any way he could just fast forward through all of *this* he would in a heartbeat.

That didn't mean that he wasn't excited to meet his baby— she was half him and half Ilya and he wouldn't trade her for the world. Words couldn't even describe how much Shane had already loved their pup. The way he would daydream late at night about holding her in his arms. About what she would look like, smell like, who she would take after more.

At his last appointment Dr. Park had mentioned since he was thirty eight weeks to the day, they could start discussing options of either having him induced or helping the process along...naturally.

The only way they really would consider having an induction would be if he had preeclampsia which he and Ilya both had to google as soon as they got to the car to make sure he didn't have it even with the confirmation from Dr. Park that he was in the clear. His blood pressure was fine and only elevated when he was in the office which she had dubbed 'white coat syndrome' not that it was a joy to be in the doctor's office as often as he was.

So that left him with the option of naturally inducing himself by means of sex. That wouldn't be hard at all — no pun intended.

The idea wasn't the most outlandish thing Shane had ever suggested to Ilya in fact in any other circumstance it would be the most tame thing except he had been holding off on sex, feeling like he was too big for it.

Refraining from sex was like depriving himself of water in a hot desert. Just his alpha's musk alone was driving him stark raving mad to the point of wanting to bury his head in Ilya's armpit just to get his scent embedded in his nose— weird yes, but not the weirdest thing he had done this entire pregnancy.

Ilya on the other hand was ready to pounce every time Shane so much as breathed in his direction. He had been using every sheer force of willpower to keep his hands to himself respecting his husband's decision to abstain from sex, the reason still a little unclear to him.

The alpha had been getting mixed signals ever since their last appointment confused as to why Shane was dodging every advance he made.

Finally having had enough, Ilya wanted to get to the bottom of it or rather to Shane's bottom because that man was starved.

"You know what Dr. Park said other day might actually help the situation." Ilya casually threw out into the open hoping it would pique his omega's interest enough to take his bait.

"Mhm yeah I uh, was thinking about that and what if we waited one more week? I'd be thirty nine weeks and honestly she seems pretty content in there." Shane lied, his tone as transparent as the glass windows of their cottage.

There was no way Shane wanted their pup to stay in there any longer than she had to.

The omega had practically served her with an eviction notice just the other day when she kicked him in the bladder while he was in a tickle fight with Arthur, accidentally making him pee himself. They had been babysitting the younger Pikes for Hayden and Jackie while they took the other two on a special day 'retreat' for their birthday and Shane insisted he would be okay to babysit despite all his wonderful side effects that came from pregnancy.

It was safe to say, Shane had been embarrassed and Arthur suggested a pull up for uncle Shane which had Ilya excusing himself to the bathroom to hide he was laughing so hard and didn't want his head ripped off.

Shane had held out for this long, his reason remaining his number one setback. A reason that Ilya just couldn't figure out.

Normally it just took one glance and they were falling into bed together whereas now Shane was like a marble statue stiff and unmoving the second Ilya even so much as tried to spread his legs which wasn't like him *at all* — detective Ilya was on the case.

So, Ilya tried again. This time by running a warm bubble bath for Shane and cooking the craving of the week tuna fettuccine alfredo. It was a strange combination but Ilya would make whatever would help his other half relax enough to let him in.

After everything was in the dishwasher and all the leftovers were put away from dinner, Ilya decided it was time to make his move.

Shane was content on the couch, watching some boring history documentary on the titanic that he had more than likely seen about half a thousand times slowly nodding off with a hand draped over his rounded midsection when he smelled Ilya even before he opened his eyes pretending to have not dozed off.

"Mm- awake mhm, yup just uh watching this riveting documentary on the titanic." Shane mumbled, sleep still evident in his voice.

Ilya plopped down on the couch at Shane's feet, pulling them up into his lap to massage them slowly making sure to put pressure where he needed it most.

Immediately Shane knew his husband was up to something. He had to be. Dinner *and* a foot rub? Okay so these were things Ilya would do regardless but there something off about it all.

"So I was thinking-"

"Okay fine, fine yes I want her out and yes I know one of the ways but I'm-" Shane's words came tumbling out like word vomit and Ilya didn't really even have to try.

Ilya sat there with a slightly amused expression, arching a brow at his omega. "You are what? Shane, you know you can tell me."

Shane knew. He knew he could tell him anything except this felt stupid to say out loud.

"I'm afraid i'll smother you." Shane mumbled it so quickly that Ilya might have missed it if he hadn't already began pulling the other male into his lap to hold him.

"You will- wait smother me? How will you do that?" Ilya was genuinely confused now because Shane didn't have a pillow in his hands. Which speaking of hands his own were on a mission to hold Shane by his hips, resting them there while he attempted to use his newfound detective skills to crack the code that was Shane Hollander (except pregnant which was undoubtedly a lot more difficult to decipher).

"Fuck Ilya- my stomach if you haven't noticed I'm a walking blimp with my own area code practically. I'll end up smothering you with my stomach especially if I ride you." Shane's face was now as red as the apples on their counter, his freckles standing out beautifully against the color. "But I can't do it anymore- I have to get her *out*." He whined, like an actual whine as he leaned forward resting his forehead into the crook of Ilya's neck perfectly slotting between his legs as they got situated on the couch.

Ilya knew Shane liked to hide, didn't like making eye contact when the emotions were high but they *needed* to talk about this. They had to do something about it.

"*Moya lyubov*, you will not smother me and if you do? I will accept my fate like a warrior in battle." Ilya grinned crookedly against Shane's silky locks pulling him further into his lap keeping one hand firm on his ass cheek while the other dipped a little lower to grasp him through his shorts. Shane's entire body lurched forward as he thrust his hips into his alpha's hand— one simple touch and he was already putty in his hands.

It had definitely been *too* long.

In one practiced movement, Ilya grabbed Shane by the hips and hoisted him up to carry him to the bedroom where he could lay him out like a feast ready to be devoured.

Ilya all but kicked the door open with his foot, carrying him to the bed where Shane's nest was ready, waiting for them.

"I wanna try it." Shane finally spoke up, panting as he pushed shorts down his thickened thighs- pregnancy had really done a number on them but for whatever reason Ilya squeezed them every chance he got.

Shane desperately needed to let go. The end goal was to feel like himself again and ideally 'soften his cervix' or whatever Dr. Park had mentioned earlier at their appointment a few days ago.

"Then we will give it a try, yes?" Ilya murmured as he laid back on the bed allowing himself a full view of Shane, helping him with his shorts and then his own until they were completely naked. And boy what a view he had from where he was laying with his omega straddling his hips.

This was what he needed, his eyes were wide and face flushed, hair mussed from Ilya's attempts to get his attention— he wanted Shane to look at him because he was beautiful like this. Shane didn't think pregnancy looked good on him, this was no secret but Ilya was jealous. Jealous of the way Shane could do *anything* and make it look good.

Shane could learn languages, cook, play hockey, bend his body in positions that would put a professional gymnast to shame and he made pregnancy look ethereal. He practically glowed, there were sponsorships knocking down their door for omega positive companies begging for Shane to do advertisements for their clothes, their supplements and Ilya could see exactly why every time he looked at his husband.

Widening his legs as much as he could, Shane watched Ilya grab the bottle of lube and made room for him as best as he could so that Ilya could spread him open with his fingers but something was still off.

"You're not putting your weight on me."

"Wha- what do you mean? I am, see?" Shane let himself down a little more, burying Ilya's fingers inside him another inch and it took everything in him not to drop down fully because god he needed to be utterly and completely full of Ilya's fingers and more importantly his cock.

"*Hollander*, you can let go- I've got you. Like I said if it kills me I'm going to gladly accept my fate." Ilya insisted, grabbing Shane's thigh with his free hand pushing at the delicate skin of his inner thigh to make him drop lower onto his fingers drawing a moan from his omega as he finally let himself straddle his alpha in full.

And much to his surprise, Ilya was still breathing. He *did* have him. Ilya wasn't smothered and fuck, he was looking up at him like he was a deity.

The look in Ilya's eyes could be rivaled with that of a predator that had its prey on lock and Shane didn't want to run anymore, he wanted to be devoured.

Ilya stuck a finger in Shane's mouth to distract him from the stretch of his fingers as he continued to open him up, leaning up to take his omega's mouth into his own swallowing his moans greedily.

The way Shane's tits looked bouncing with every damn breath he took and the way his stomach followed in suit, resting against his own stomach- a reminder of what was a result of the very act they were doing, it combined with Shane whimpering for him to just get him already had Ilya giving him just what he needed.

With a push, Ilya slipped inside Shane causing his mouth to drop open without a sound because fuck, this was what he needed oh god they had went too fucking long without this.

"See? I am still breathing." Ilya reminded Shane with each thrust.

"You asshole, yes I didn't- fuck- I didn't crush you with my ginormous stomach." Shane laughed breathlessly, smacking Ilya's chest playfully causing his alpha to grab a handful of his in return because he played dirty like that. Shane's eyes dropped closed with little punched out sounds escaping his lips, head lolling to the side craving Ilya's mouth on his full chest.

Shane's untouched cock bounced with every movement against his bump smearing precum between them. Damn it he was *so* close and he was running out of steam.

Ilya could tell already that Shane's movements were slowing, that he was close, so close that he wanted to have him coming on his cock untouched — he knew Shane had it in him. He decided to flip them both in a split second. It would be more comfortable this way for Shane.

Though it caused the omega to let out a low growl that was nothing but for show, a pout forming on those swollen lips.

"Ilya- fuck I wanted to ride you the entire time- ah!" Shane's words dissolved into thin air as Ilya lined back up and slid inside, mouth on his chest sucking at what little milk that had came in now slipping down his alpha's throat— a thought the he was providing for his husband entered his omega hindbrain and caused him to let out contented purr.

Shane's cock was so painfully hard between them it felt like he might explode if Ilya didn't touch him. "Touch me, *please alpha*." Was really all it took for Ilya to speed his thrusts up, grabbing Shane's leg hitching it a little higher to drill into him. Now, he was still mindful of his stomach making sure he didn't go *too* hard but Shane was going to get the release he needed.

"Ahh- I'm close- come with me please." Shane begged, eyes barely open his mind functioning at half capacity.

"Come, *Moya lyubov*." Ilya's command had his omega coming undone with a moan, releasing between them as his eyes rolled back.

Ilya wasn't far behind with a few more thrusts, too busy marveling at the way Shane looked like this — cock drunk and rounded out with *his* pup nestled in his belly.

It didn't exactly work right away. Shane had a feeling it wouldn't.

It took about a day for it to really swing into full effect and by then Shane blamed it on his body naturally sending him into labor.

Ilya claimed otherwise.

"See? We gave eviction notice and now we're on the way to the hospital." Ilya had the bags in hand and Shane kinda wanted to trip him but he just smiled.

"Yeah, now if only you could help me get her out completely now that would be great." Shane ignored the contractions that were rolling inside of him and took a deep steadying breath.

"Happy eviction day, *malyshka*." Ilya crouched down to press a kiss to Shane's swollen belly making Shane remember why exactly he was doing this all in the first place.

"Happy eviction day, Tatiana."

End Notes

really needed to write shane trying to induce labor and dragging ilya into it because they got into this now they're gonna find their way out 😂 but really though i just needed pregnant shane riding ilya and this came out of that so here ya go! hope you enjoy <3

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