

Baby fever

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Baby fever

by [ilovelesbianism](#)

Summary

After offering to babysit Hayden's young daughter, Shane starts to fantasize about being a dad. But does Ilya want the same thing? Sweet conversation incoming.

Notes

Hi!! I haven't posted a fic in over a year so apologies if it's not the greatest 😭

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

It had been weeks since Hayden last called him. It was so unlike him that Shane was beginning to seriously worry. That is, he would if Jackie hadn't just popped out a new baby. So when he hears his phone ringing from across the room, he pauses the hockey re-run he's watching and starts to walk towards the kitchen.

He hears the comforting sound of Ilya whistling and heavy footsteps making their way around the corner.

Fuck he's beautiful... his curly hair, which he'd recently been growing out, is slightly wet as he walks in. There's a towel around his waist, and as soon as he spots Shane he grins mischievously and makes his way towards him.

Shane leans against the kitchen counter and mentally prepares to rip the towel off and drag Ilya onto the couch.

Shit.

He gets so distracted by the beauty of his husband, that he almost completely forgets his phone ringing where he'd set it down earlier by the fridge.

Sighing, he begrudgingly swerves Ilya's kiss and speed walks toward the other side of the kitchen.

As he picks it up he spots the incredulous look on Ilya's face.

"What?" He mouths, jokingly feigning offense and opening the fridge, eventually minding his business. A rare occurrence, as far as Shane is concerned.

After the third ring he quickly presses the call button and says hello.

It's Hayden.

"Hey man what's up? Everything okay?" He questions, looking at Ilya who is now loading left overs onto a plate and rolling his eyes at him.

He knows what that look means. Put him on speaker...

Fine. He mouths and returns back to his phone call.

Sighing on the other line, Hayden responds.

"Yeah but listen... you doing anything today?" He sounds completely exhausted, and Shane can hear a baby crying in the background.

"Jackie!" He hears him shout, muffled in a way that Shane can barely make it out.

Fuck he must be tired...

"Uh no dude nothing much. Why?"

“Give me a second, I have to put Amber in her crib.” Hayden says with a groan.

“Take your time man.”

Shane looks at Ilya, who has an amused grin on his face.

“It’s not funny.” He mouths for the second time, focusing his attention back on the call.

“Sorry dude I’m back. I was just going to ask you... and it’s cool if you can’t, but I’m going insane here.” He says, sounding completely miserable.

“Would you mind coming by and babysitting the kids for a few hours? Me and Jackie have to go out and I can’t find anyone on such short notice.”

Shane thinks it over for a second. Looking at Ilya who has an incredulous look on his face that screams “Absolutely not!”.

“Yeah of course dude, anything you need. What time do you want me over?” He replies, as enthusiastically as possible. Hayden deserves a break, and no matter how much he wants to rip his husband’s clothes off right now, he really doesn’t have anything important to do today.

Looking up from his phone he hears Ilya groan in between mouthfuls of pizza.

“Shut up!” He hisses, covering the phone speaker with his hand.

Clearly he’s not the only one who’s sexually frustrated, but at least he can control himself unlike the wild animal sitting across from him...

Just to spite him, Shane takes Hayden off speaker and retreats to his bedroom, shutting the door.

Hayden tells him to come by in an hour, which Shane happily agrees to, getting dressed as soon as he hangs up the phone.

The door creaks open.

“So this is how you treat your husband?” Ilya pouts, holding an empty paper plate in his hand. The towel covering his lower half has begun to slip downwards slightly, and Shane would be an idiot to think it was an accident.

Rolling his eyes, he throws on a shirt and a pair of black joggers.

“I’ll be back soon. You can live without me for a couple hours.” He laughs, amazed at how clingy Ilya has gotten since they moved in together.

“Fine, fine. Be that way.” He says, crossing his arms and leaning against the wall.

Gathering his things, he throws Ilya a fond look before opening the door and stepping out.

“You’re a baby.”

Welcomed in by a frazzled Hayden, Shane begins to take his shoes off as well as his coat.

“You can leave them on man it’s cool.” He insists, before handing the baby off to him with almost no warning.

He feels unprepared as hell, but Hayden needs this, so he grasps onto her firmly and watches as his best friend and his wife make their way out the door. He wonders where they’re rushing off to in such a hurry.

He focuses his attention back on the baby. She has bright blue eyes, and while it’s clear she had been crying for quite a bit, there’s something precious about her face.

Fuck... he won’t have to change any diapers will he?

Shaking away his worries, he gently places the two year old onto the couch and settles down next to her, taking his shoes off anyways.

Amber looks up at him with a sweet expression that can only be described as endearing. He watches her stack blocks and gives her some iPad time while he prepares her a snack Jackie had stored away in the fridge for him before they’d left. God, he’s grateful for at least some type of guidance on what to do while he’s babysitting.

He’s never taken care of small children before. Of course being friends with Hayden he’s been exposed to the reality of parenthood quite a bit, but never to the personal level he is now.

And he has to admit... the longer he takes care of her, the more he feels a little soft spot forming in his heart. She hasn’t cried since he’d come over, almost like she’s known him for years. Maybe he’s not so bad at this...

After feeding her and changing her diaper... which actually wasn’t that difficult, he begins to cradle her in his arms and rock her back and forth. On his way to her bedroom, he glances at the clock and sees 9:30 illuminating the dark living room space. Shit... it’s been that long? It definitely hasn’t felt like that long...

Hayden said they’d be home by 10:00, but after he puts Amber down in her crib and starts to absentmindedly scroll on his phone... he begins to feel sad as the hour approaches.

Is this what they call baby fever? He thinks, smiling softly at the view in front of him.

Just then, he hears the front door open in the other room. Aw man...

Standing up from his comfortable spot on the carpet, he sees a text from Ilya pop up in his notifications.

“Get home Hollander I want to suck your dick.”

He feels his cheeks turn red. Not the time.

Putting it back in his pocket, he carefully cracks open the bedroom door and shut it quietly behind him.

“How was she?” Jackie whispers, taking her coat off and setting her purse onto the counter.

Shane smiles to himself.

“Great.”

When he gets home, it’s already dark outside, which is to be expected during Canadian winter.

Sticking his key in the door handle, he wonders if Ilya’s asleep already. Then he remembers and chuckles to himself.

“I want to suck your dick.”

Shane would be surprised if he isn’t standing by the door like a lonely puppy awaiting his owner’s return from work.

But honestly, what Shane did today could barely count as work... he genuinely had a good time. He’s discovered something about himself, he may just love babies. Granted, Amber hadn’t cried or anything while in his care, so that probably added to the appeal. But either way, Shane thinks he could handle it no problem, wondering if Hayden will ask him for help again sometime soon.

Opening the door, he sees Ilya sprawled across the couch playing what could only be described as a bootleg version of Call of duty.

He rolls his eyes, removing his shoes.

“Oh come on that was ridiculous! муда! (Asshole!)”

“Missed me?” Shane asks, grinning and flopping onto the couch right next to him.

“Yes, yes hold on Hollander.” He barks, biting his tongue and focusing all of his attention on the game in front of him.

“Excuse me! Were you not the one who wanted to suck my dick earlier?” Shane gasps, feigning offense.

“БЛЯТЬ! (Fuck!)” Ilya exclaims and throws the controller onto the couch.

“Yes моя любовь (my love) you may suck my dick now.” He says finally, leaning in to kiss Shane while turning the tv off simultaneously.

Shane rolls his eyes.

“What happened to it being my turn.” He laughs, kicking Ilya lightly in the shin and feeling a sudden surge of fondness for his husband. God he’s such an asshole. A funny, witty asshole.

“Hey, you know my leg hurt from last game!” He groans, theatrically gasping and cradling his calf.

They both giggle and settle into a comfortable silence.

“Da you’re right you’re right. I will make you feel good soon Hollander.” He mumbles into his neck, playing with his hair.

Shane hums in response, thinking about how domestic everything has been feeling since they moved in together. God he loves it so much, he wouldn’t trade their current dynamic for the world. Except... today he’s been thinking about how much he enjoyed himself taking care of Hayden’s baby. Maybe he wants that too? He gets excited for a moment imagining it. He bets Ilya would be a great dad, they’d be great together.

Caught up in his day dream, he doesn’t register what Ilya says to him for a second.

“Hellooo, you in there Hollander?” He says, snapping his finger gently in front of his nose, now positioned comfortably between the corner of the couch and Shane’s thigh.

The sound gets him out of his trance.

“Yes sorry.” He straightens up immediately, in a way that’s probably a bit unnatural.

What was he thinking? Fantasizing about having a child together. He chastises himself internally, thinking of how Ilya would laugh the idea off in a heart beat.

“What are you thinking about?” His husband says, a more serious tone this time around.

Shane sighs. He can never get away with hiding his discomfort in front of Ilya, he knows him too well after so many years.

“Have you ever... thought about having children?” He blurts out, regretting it almost immediately.

Shit. They’ve only been married for a few months... and this is what he pulls on him just as things were getting good?

He looks at Ilya’s face feeling terrified, dreading what he’ll see.

He looks taken aback, sending Shane into panic mode.

“Not with me, obviously. Just in general you know.” He adds quickly, doing his best to save face. He tries to come off as nonchalant as possible, waving the idea away with his hand.

They sit in silence for a minute, before Ilya finally breaks the ice.

“Well who else would I have child with Shane?” He asks, sounding almost exasperated, like it’s the most obvious thing in the world.

Shane feels his eyebrows furrow, and he turns his face around to look at him. “Really?” He questions, voice quiet from the shock.

“Well I mean... yes.” Ilya responds in a casual tone.

They say nothing, Shane merely smiling slightly, doing his best to hide it.

“You want baby?” Ilya says finally, sounding a bit more stunned now.

Shane blushes.

“Shut up that’s not what I meant” he argues, with little bite in his voice.

“Yeah, what else could that question possibly mean?”

Silence.

Is he mad? Shane wonders, getting anxious again.

Taking a deep breath, he gulps and manages to look Ilya in the eyes.

“Would that be so bad?”

The question comes out much less sure of himself than he wished for. If anything it’s practically a squeak, his voice wavering a bit as he asks it.

He waits for Ilya’s response in anticipation. This is it.

But then, a smile spreads across Ilya’s face. “No I guess not. Would have cute little freckles like yours.”

Shane makes eye-contact and feels tears welling up in his eyes.

“Really?”

Ilya examines said freckles and responds...

“Really.”

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed it at least a little! I was worried it might be a bit boring but I it would be cool if someone liked it! I love love love comments gimme gimme PLEASE

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