p.s. i love you

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by nixellas

Summary

shane is feeling less than confident at six months pregnant. ilya shows him who he is.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Look at you.

Shane stared intensely at himself in the mirror with a hand resting on the curve of his stomach. He studied the swell underneath his t-shirt, scrutinizing its appearance. At six months, there was no denying it. His once toned and flat abdomen had become rounded, making room for the newest addition to the Rozanov-Hollander household.

He was happy. No, he was overjoyed to know he would be holding his daughter in only a few short months.

Shane could still recall the exact moment he found out he was pregnant. He had been feeling odd for the past two weeks. He had blamed it on the stress of constant traveling mixed with the long hours that came with the season. No matter how much he slept, he still felt overly exhausted the next day. At one point, Troy caught him dozing off during drills, which was unlike him. Then, certain foods suddenly made his stomach turn in protest, while others made his mouth water as he obsessively thought about them. Shane knew he had a problem when the smell of Ilya's coffee sent him running to the bathroom more than once.

While pregnancy wasn't impossible, it wasn't a consideration for Shane because he and Ilya were usually safe, besides the occasional slip-ups when Shane begged Ilya to finish inside him. And annoyingly (and thankfully), his husband always obliged.

It wasn't until Rose jokingly asked him if he was planning to take a pregnancy test after he had complained to her for the third time that week. Even though the comment was meant as a joke, Shane hadn't laughed. Instead, he paced frantically around the house, unable to shake the possibility from his mind. By the time Ilya had gotten home that evening, there were three tests lined up on the kitchen island. All of them displaying the same thing: Positive.

Shane could only stare in disbelief. He wasn't angry. Hell, he was far from that. Always a planner, he had made sure this was a conversation he had with Ilya before, and they both agreed that they wanted children. So, he had imagined this moment countless times, except those daydreams didn't involve any tears or an uproar of anxiety tearing at his skin.

The front door opened. “Shane,” Ilya called out as the door shut behind him. Not long after, he made his way into the kitchen, stopping in his tracks at the scene before him.

A moment of silence, and then, “Oh, shit.”

All Shane could do at that moment was laugh at the situation, and Ilya joined in a few seconds later. Then, he was being pulled into Ilya’s arms.

“Moy lyubimyy,” Ilya repeatedly whispered in between the kisses he pressed onto Shane’s head.

Now, here Shane was… being his own worst critic over something that was supposed to be beautiful, natural. However, all he could see were the changes occurring throughout his body. He was developing more stretch marks along his hips, and new ones were sprouting on his waist. The muscles that he had spent so long building for his career were now replaced by softness. His bump wasn’t even that big, or at least, that’s what everyone told him. But, for some reason, Shane just felt different. Get over yourself, he thought.

The sound of footsteps in the hallway pulled him from his thoughts. Before he could step away from the mirror, Ilya appeared in the doorway. His husband took one look at him and frowned.

“What are you doing?”

“Nothing.”

“You are staring at yourself.”

Shane rolled his eyes. “No shit, Sherlock.” He knew he was being unfair right now, but he was feeling embarrassed. He could feel himself becoming flustered, the heat climbing up his neck and undoubtedly his cheeks turning a shade of pink.

“It’s nothing,” he added as he closed his eyes, hoping it would cause him to disappear magically.

Instead, Shane suddenly felt arms wrapped around him as Ilya pressed against him behind. He let his head fall back onto his husband’s shoulder and held onto him. The pair started to sway back and forth. Neither of them spoke, instead allowing the only sound to be the rustling of leaves outside their bedroom window. Ilya’s hand lay protectively over his stomach, his thumb absentmindedly tracing circles against Shane’s shirt.

“You were staring at yourself for a while,” Ilya stated.

“I wasn’t staring,” Shane murmured.

“Mhm.”

Shane opened his eyes. “I wasn’t.”

Ilya chuckled, a rumble coming from his chest. “You only get this defensive when you are caught, pomidor.”

“You called me a tomato, asshole.”

“Well, you are my tomato,” Ilya whispered in Shane’s ear.

Before he could catch himself, Shane felt the corner of his mouth twitch.

“There he is.”

Shane only rolled his eyes. “Yeah, here I am.”

Ilya was quiet for a moment before pressing a kiss against the side of his head.

“You know,” he said softly, “I think you’re the only person in this entire city who doesn’t realize how beautiful you are.”

“Don’t.”

“Hollander, I am serious.”

“Ilya.”

“You are carrying our daughter.”

Shane swallowed. “That’s not what I see.”

The admission hung heavily between them for a moment until Ilya tightened his arms around Shane’s waist and rested his chin on his shoulder.

“What do you see?”

Shane stared at their reflection, not wanting to respond because the answer felt too revealing. But with Ilya holding him like this, it felt impossible to lie.

“I don’t look like myself anymore,” he replied. His voice came out quieter than he intended. “I don’t recognize my body.”

Ilya's eyes met Shane's in the mirror, then he loosened his hold and turned him until they were face to face. His large hands moved to cup Shane's face, his thumbs tenderly stroking his jawline. Shane leaned into the touch before he could stop himself.

"You are beautiful. When I look at you, I see the man that I fell in love with," Ilya said with a soft tone. "I see my husband. I see the future father of my child. I look at you and think about how lucky I am that I get to have all of you."

Shane looked down, feeling shy. "You don't have to say all that."

"I do. I want you to know how much I love you," he murmured as one of his hands moved down until it fell to Shane's backside. "How much I love *all* of you."

His hand lingered where it had settled, gently kneading the area. The touch was unhurried, unlike the way they sometimes came together after long road trips or before early-morning flights. This was a way of worship, and it made Shane's body tingle.

"You are so sexy, do you know that?" Ilya pressed closer against Shane, letting him feel exactly how much he meant it. The hard line of him insistent against the small of Shane's thigh. "I cannot stop touching you. All day, I think about this. About you."

Shane laughed. "Even when I'm looking for yogurt to eat with pickles in the middle of the night?'

"Especially then."

Ilya's other hand then slipped under Shane's shirt, fingertips touching his bare stomach. He rested his palm over Shane's bump, feeling its shape. "Do you realize what it does to me? Knowing my child is inside you, growing because of me."

"Fuck," Shane whispered. He could feel himself getting hard already, his body responding to Ilya's words.

Ilya made a low, approving sound and rolled his hips forward, slowly grinding against Shane.

"You still want me?" Shane asked. He hated how small he sounded. He couldn't stand how he needed the reassurance even as his body begged for more contact. "Even like this? With the stretch marks and…"

Ilya cut him off with teeth at the junction of his neck and shoulder, almost causing Shane's knees to go weak. "If anything, I want you more," he growled against sensitive skin. "Every day, more."

He gave Shane's ass another firm squeeze. "You think this is not the best thing I have ever felt? You think I do not get hard watching you sleep, watching you eat, watching you walk around our home in my shirts?"

Shane groaned. "You're insane."

"For you? Always." Ilya's hand drifted lower, slipping beneath the waistband of Shane's sweatpants. "Tell me what you need. Tell me, or I will spend all night figuring it out myself."

"Slow," Shane managed, sounding wrecked already. "Just slow. I feel like I'm going to crawl out of my skin."

"Okay, I have you," Ilya promised as he grabbed Shane's hand, walking them to the bed.

As Ilya eased him down with care, Shane couldn't help but feel somewhat self-conscious. With his center of gravity now having been shifted, every movement felt like a negotiation with physics. He was acutely aware of how he moved now; the way his hips rolled differently, the heaviness that preceded him. But Ilya somehow drew him forward with a confidence Shane couldn't quite muster for himself.

As Shane lay back, he watched as Ilya knelt between his thighs. The position felt exposing with his legs spread like this. His sweatpants did nothing to hide the tent of his arousal, his t-

shirt rucked up to expose the stretched skin of his stomach. He wanted to pull the fabric down and cross his arms over the evidence of his changing body, but Ilya's hands were already there, sliding up his legs in a way that made Shane's toes curl.

He could feel his pulse quicken from anticipation. His body already felt sensitive, but this was sending him into overdrive as he felt Ilya's palm slide higher and drag over his thigh. He was embarrassingly, achingly hard. He could feel himself leaking, a damp spot forming on the cotton of his sweatpants.

"You're killing me," Shane breathed. "Ilya, I need you."

"I know, sweetheart. Let me give it to you."

And Shane did, allowing his head to fall back and his legs fall open wider. When Ilya's hands finally moved to the waistband of his pants, Shane lifted his hips to help. He refocused his attention back onto Ilya as he peeled down the fabric, his flushed cock springing free from its restraints. Goosebumps formed as the cool air hit his overheated skin. He watched Ilya lean in and press his mouth to the inside of his thigh, licking the area.

"Beautiful," Ilya whispered.

Shane reached down, his fingers finding their way into Ilya's curls. He pulled him closer, saying without words what he craved.

Ilya didn't rush, ensuring to give Shane the care that he desperately needed. He pressed his mouth to the inside of Shane's thigh again, higher this time. Shane's hip hitched upwards, seeking friction, so Ilya steadied him by splaying his hand across him to hold him in place. His mouth then moved further, his tongue tracing the crease between the thigh and hip.

"Ilya, fuck," Shane let out, his hand tightening in Ilya's hair as he felt his husband's tongue reach the base of his cock.

Then Ilya lowered his mouth and took Shane in. At first, it was just the head as he allowed his tongue to swirl around the slit, gathering the precome there. Then, he took him down deeper, hollowing his cheeks and rhythmically bobbing until Shane could feel himself hit the back of his throat.

“Oh god,” Shane gasped, his eyes squeezing shut.

Ilya pulled off, his lips darkened and wet. He wrapped his hand around the base of Shane’s cock, stroking slowly as he licked his lips. “You taste different. Sweeter. Is that...?” He looked up at Shane, questioning, and Shane felt his face flush as he realized what Ilya was asking.

“Yeah,” Shane managed, embarrassed and aroused all at once. “Hormones, I guess. Everything’s... more.”

“Good,” Ilya said. He leaned in again, his tongue tracing the length of Shane’s cock from base to tip before looking back up. “You are going to let me take my time, yes?”

Shane nodded frantically, letting Ilya work him earnestly. His mouth slid down, his hand caressing what he couldn’t fit. Wet sounds filled the room along with Shane’s broken breathing. It was too much and not enough all at once. He could feel the sensation building in his abdomen, coiling tight and heavy. Every touch felt magnified, as each flick of Ilya’s tongue sent sparks up his spine. He could feel his orgasm building already, faster than what would have been usual in the past. His hips rocked into Ilya’s mouth, chasing the high.

His voice cracked as he gave out a warning. “Ilya, if you don’t stop…”

Before he could finish, Ilya pulled off. His lips were swollen, and his chin was glistening from a mixture of precome and saliva. He looked completely wrecked. “Not yet. Turn over, moy lyubimyy. I want to feel you when you come.”

Shane rolled over onto his left side, slightly tucking his knees. This was how they did things now, with Ilya thinking three steps ahead to keep him comfortable. It made Shane feel more cherished, more wanted. The mattress dipped as Ilya moved to the nightstand, shifting

through its contents to grab the lube. Shane could hear the cap snap open, waiting eagerly as Ilya slicked his fingers.

The first touch made Shane gasp, feeling Ilya's finger circling and pressing his hole until Shane couldn't help but push backward. Then, one finger made its way inside, being worked slowly and thoroughly through the tight muscle. Ilya moved inward and outward, taking his time to stretch him out. Not long after, a second finger slid in alongside the first. Shane gripped the sheets, licking his lips in pleasure as he felt Ilya scissor his fingers.

Every brush of Ilya's knuckles against his prostate sent sparks up his spine, and Shane found himself babbling. "Please, Ilya. More, please."

"So tight," Ilya groaned against his shoulder.

A third finger was added to make sure Shane was prepared. Ilya paused, letting Shane adjust. The fullness was almost overwhelming, causing Shane's muscles to flutter around the intrusion. Shane exhaled shakily, his chest trembling, then he pushed back experimentally. Ilya took the invitation, curling his fingers in a motion that dragged across Shane's prostate. Shane cried out, his back arching, his hand flying back to grip Ilya's wrist.

"Again, just like that," Shane pleaded.

And Ilya listened, doing it again and again; watching Shane fall apart with every stroke. Ilya took in the way his mouth fell open, his eyes pressed shut, his cock leaked onto his thigh.

"Doing so well," Ilya praised. "Taking three fingers. Look at how you open up for me."

He pressed a kiss onto Shane's shoulder as he twisted his wrist. Shane was seeing stars, and all he could do was pant as he felt himself falling apart.

"I need you now."

Ilya stopped and withdrew his fingers unhurriedly, making Shane whimper at the loss. He then gripped his cock, lining himself up. He lifted Shane's top leg, hooking it over his own hip. Shane felt the head of Ilya's thick cock press against him. Ilya guided himself into Shane's entrance, pressing forward. Shane felt the initial burn before it gave way to a desired fullness as Ilya filled him, inch by inch, until he was fully seated.

"Okay?" Ilya asked, his forehead pressed against Shane's shoulder.

"Perfect," Shane replied, reaching back to grip Ilya's hair to hold him closer. "Move, please."

Ilya started to move, slowly at first, allowing each push to drag against that sweet spot. Shane moaned, his cock throbbing untouched against himself. Ilya's hand slid down to wrap around his cock, stroking him in time with his thrusts.

"Look at how beautiful you are. Carrying our child." Ilya groaned, his thrusts growing faster. He adjusted his angle, tilting Shane's hip back as he drove into him.

The room was filled with the sounds of this moment. Ilya surrounded Shane: his warmth, his scent, his voice whispering Russian endearments against his sweat-dampened skin. The dual sensation of being filled and touched was building rapidly toward the edge. The pace was relentless, each thrust striking the bundle of nerves with unfailing accuracy.

"God, you feel so good," Shane stuttered. The pregnancy had amplified everything; every touch felt more intense than he remembered. "Yes, yes, right there. Don't stop."

Shane forced his eyes open, needing a visual of the obscene setting. In the mirror across the room, he could see their reflection. Ilya's broad shoulders bracketing his frame, and himself, wrecked. He should have looked ridiculous. He should have felt awkward. But instead, he felt good. He felt claimed and loved.

"Touch yourself," Ilya commanded. "I want to see you touch yourself while I fuck you."

Shane obeyed, his hand moving to join Ilya's on his cock, their fingers intertwining. His head fell back, and his mouth opened on a silent cry. He could feel his body begin to tremble. Ilya only quickened his pace as his control began to falter. He was close too; Shane could feel it in the way his thighs tensed.

"I'm going to come," Shane said before his orgasm hit him like a wave.

It started deep in his core and radiating outward in pulses that had him crying out Ilya's name. His body seized and clenched around the cock inside him. He came hard, spilling over their joined hands, over his own stomach and onto the bed. Ilya followed after, letting out a groan. He thrust deep one final time, burying himself to the hilt. Shane felt the hot, sudden rush of Ilya's release rush into him.

They stayed frozen in place, locked together as their breathing leveled out. Ilya's face fell into the curve of Shane's neck, his hand still loosely wrapped around Shane's spent cock. Shane could feel Ilya's heartbeat pounding against his back, slowly starting to settle.

After a few minutes, Ilya withdrew carefully. Still, Shane hissed at the sudden absence. He then climbed out of bed and walked into the ensuite to retrieve a warm washcloth. He returned, cleaning them both with careful attention, wiping away the mess on Shane. Then he climbed back into bed, spooning Shane from behind with his hand resting over the swell of the bump.

Shane covered Ilya's hand with his own, interlacing their fingers. "The bed's dirty now," Shane muttered.

He could hear a smile coming from Ilya, who chuckled. "I will change the sheets, but I am not moving again yet."

"Good," Shane whispered, turning his head to catch Ilya's mouth in a kiss. "Don't move."

They remained silent for a while as the evening light dimmed to violet outside the window. Shane gently traced patterns over Ilya's hand resting on his stomach, feeling his own breath rise and fall, along with the occasional flutter of movement beneath their clasped hands.

"She is awake again."

"Meaning, she's going to be active tonight," Shane said, a smile tugging at his lips. He turned in Ilya's arms, shifting carefully to face him. The movement made him wince slightly. His body ached in places that hadn't ached before.

Ilya noticed immediately, his brow furrowing with concern. "Sore?"

"A little," Shane admitted. "Worth it."

Ilya's hands shifted to his lower back, carefully massaging the knots. "Will you let me know if I was too rough?"

"You were perfect," Shane assured him, meaning it. "You always are."

Ilya moved in closer. "I meant what I said about you, about this." His eyes dropped to Shane's stomach, then lifted back to his face. "You are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen, Shane."

Shane's throat clenched as emotion surged unexpectedly. "I love you," he said, because Ilya needed to hear it, even if words seemed too small to express the depth of his feelings.

"I love you too," Ilya replied. "In every form."

They settled back together, Shane resting his head on Ilya's chest and listening to his heartbeat.

The bed was messy, the room smelling of sex and sweat. Shane's body felt simultaneously transformed, strange, and wonderful. As Ilya's hand continued its gentle, protective circles over his bump, Shane realized he no longer saw a stranger in the mirror.

He saw a family; he saw home.

End Notes

☆⋆｡◎°･★ i hope you enjoyed ☆⋆｡◎°･★

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