

can you stay up all night?

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by [huacheesecake](#)

Summary

“I want a baby” Shane confessed, voice trembling,

Ilya’s eyebrows scrunched together, and Shane’s omega, so sensitive from being bared open, completely raw, took that as rejection. Shane started to sob, uncontrollable tears flooding his vision as he was engulfed in Ilya’s scent, burning softly like cedarwood. Ilya pulled back, stroking Shane’s teary freckles,

“Of course, we can my love” he said, “We can look at the options. There is surrogacy; however, is not very ethical. There is adoption-”

“No” Shane whispered, “I want *your* baby. I wanna have *your* pups.”

Or

Shane really wants to have Ilya's baby. He's also really horny.

Notes

hi this is hua! hudson is endorsing shane hollander mpreg so HERE WE ARE!!

- for all intents and purposes jackie is pregnant again (sorry jackie)
- afab terms for shane (tits, cunt, clit, pussy etc)
- a bit of wetting when shane gets knotted but not enough to warrant the piss play tag
- set after tgl

BRING BACK OMEGAS PURRING YOU GUYS!!!

all the titles in this series is from arianna grande 34+35!

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

Their house was loud. Too loud.

Shane was standing in the kitchen, watching his husband entertain their guests on the deck near the pool. When they had bought their house in Ottawa, Shane had gone through a meticulous design process, making sure each element of the house was exactly how they wanted it. An at-home gym on the ground level of the house, overlooking their backyard, a pool, hot tub and sauna, as well as an extensive deck and barbecue area for hosting. Now, the pool area was decorated with an array of twinkling fairy lights, the Ottawa Centaurs and their families milling around, nursing beers and eating beef and vegetable skewers. Ilya was swimming with his teammate's kids in the pool, picking them up one by one and hoisting them over his shoulders. He looked incredible these days. A constant grin etched in his features, his gold crucifix pressed up against his left clavicle.

"Can you get me a glass of water?"

Shane jolted out of his reverie at the sound of Jackie's voice, hastily walking over to the fridge,

"Still or sparkling?" he asked, frantically pushing past the cans and cans of beer that Bood had insisted on bringing. Jackie chuckled,

"Just tap water's fine."

Shane relaxed a little as he grabbed a glass from the shelf and filled it up, handing it across the kitchen counter to where Jackie was standing. She was seven months pregnant and absolutely glowing. She was wearing a light yellow summer dress with a pattern of pink flowers that Shane was pretty sure Hayden had picked out for her. He was getting into fashion lately, probably trying to compete with the ever-growing list of things that Ilya Rozanov teased him about. Shane rested his elbows on the counter awkwardly, gesturing toward Jackie's bump,

"How's the baby?"

Jackie smiled and lovingly rubbed a hand over her bump,

"She's going great", she said earnestly, "but I think she's gonna be our last."

Shane wasn't sure what to say,

"Time for Hayden to get a vasectomy", Jackie joked, smiling at Shane's awkward expression. Shane nodded unsurely,

"Is it hard, being pregnant?"

He regretted it the moment the words left his mouth. Of course, it was *hard being pregnant*. There was nothing *easy* about being pregnant. All of the doctor's visits, the hospital stays, the body changes, adjusting to a new routine, a new body, a new schedule. But Jackie didn't seem phased. She took a sip of her water, nodding slowly,

“It is, sometimes. But I wouldn’t trade it for the world,” she replied, looking over at Ruby and Jade, who were clinging onto Ilya as he pulled them out of the pool, giggling and squawking. She rested both hands over her bump, smiling at her children,

“There’s something so special about carrying Hayden’s babies” she said, “the babies that we made together.” Shane let out a little ‘oh’ sound, trying to disguise the guilt on his face as Hayden rounded the corner and placed a hand on Jackie’s shoulder,

“Think we might head off soon, Holly,” he said, “Ilya’s tired out the girls. They’re gonna sleep so fucking well tonight.”

Jackie frowned,

“Swear jar, one dollar.”

Hayden groaned and tapped Shane on the back, promising to find time for a family dinner next week as he led Jackie out of the room. Shane watched them go and thought about the other design choice that he and Ilya had made when they were buying the house. A nursery. It was down the hall from their bedroom, away from their study and trophy room. When they had bought the house, they had vaguely discussed wanting kids. Shane had just started playing for Ottawa, and they were craving stability above anything else. But now, a few seasons later, Shane was starting to think about it more and more.

Carrying Ilya’s baby.

His cheeks felt warm. Maybe his heat was coming soon. He looked over to the plastic pill box that they had left out on the kitchen counter. Next to Ilya’s rut suppressants and anti-depressants, Shane’s heat-inducers were sitting there. Despite his best efforts to regulate his heat cycle after weaning off suppressants, they were still fairly irregular, which often caused Shane to panic. After years of hiding, the idea of being sent into involuntary heat in the middle of the ice in an alpha-dominated sport terrified him. He didn’t want to spiral like this. He wanted to keep playing hockey for as long as he could. He wanted to win more Stanley Cups with his husband. He wanted to keep doing his favourite thing in the world. If he was going to have Ilya’s baby, he would have to stop playing hockey. He would have to take time off the ice. Ilya would have to take paternal leave. Shane looked out to where Ilya had an arm around a very drunk Luca Haas, holding up a bottle of shitty American vodka that Hayden had gifted him as a joke. Ilya’s wedding band glinted against the fairy lights as he gestured wildly, smiling at his teammates.

Shane’s stomach clenched with a sick sort of happiness. He went up to their ensuite bathroom, standing in the floor-length mirror adjacent to the shower and bathtub. He stood sideways, cupping his hands around his stomach. He thought about how he might look. His abs would definitely be gone, and his hips would probably get wider to accommodate the baby’s growing form. His chest tissue would grow, and his nipples would get swollen and sensitive. Shane felt a sudden slickness building between his thighs, and he whimpered, looking over at the clock. It was just past 10. Guests probably wouldn’t leave for another hour. *Fuck*. He really wanted Ilya’s knot. He wanted him *now*. Shane whimpered as he tugged down his sweats and already damp panties, sitting on the toilet, hissing when his thighs touched the cold porcelain. He whined needily as he sat back, sliding a shaking finger

between his slick folds. His head swam with need as he imagined Ilya filling him up over and over until he was purring and preening and swollen with his mate's seed. He felt stringy slick drip from his hole into the toilet bowl as he rubbed the pad of his thumb over his pert clit, his hips jerking forward desperately. Shane rucked up his hoodie, *Ilya's hoodie*, his fever-addled brain reminded him, in favour of roughing his fingers over his swollen nipples. Goosebumps spread across the sensitive skin of his stomach as his body trembled, toes curling as he slid a finger inside his desperate cunt. It had been a while since he'd felt like this outside of his heat. He stroked his clit faster, urgently thrusting his fingers and twisting his nipples, eyes glazing over at the thought of being fucked raw and stuffed full, full of Ilya's pups. Shane felt pathetic as drool slipped out from his bottom lip and wet his chin, eyelids fluttering as he clenched around his fingers, thighs quivering and *a low, wet purr building in his throat-*

The bathroom door slammed open, and Shane yelped, yanking his fingers from his soaking cunt in shock, desperately trying to stop his orgasm as his clit twitched urgently, body tensing up, and he *fucking squirted*, spraying clear liquid on the rim of the toilet seat. Ilya was standing at the threshold of the door, eyes wide, his usually level cedar and pine scent spiking at the sight of his husband spread out on the toilet seat. Shane whimpered at the look on his alpha's face, scent swimming with a mixture of creamy post-orgasm bliss and the sour, unsatisfied scent of coming without his alpha. Shane blinked as Ilya stepped into the bathroom, mechanically closing the door, breathing rapidly as if he'd just run a marathon. Ilya watched questioningly as Shane stood up, panting a little and hobbling toward his pile of clothes that he hadn't even bothered to fold.

He always folded his clothes.

What the fuck had gotten into Shane Hollander?

Shane Hollander, who hated being wet and messy, even during his heats. Shane, who had folded his clothes in a neat pile, socks tied together in a luxury-brand level knot in that Vegas penthouse all those years ago. Shane pulled on his underwear and sweats, babbling nervously,

"I'm so sorry, Ilya" he whimpered, a dry sob clawing its way out of his throat, "M' sorry, just wanted it so bad and I couldn't wait. Was just gonna touch myself for a bit but I just-"

Shane was full-on sobbing, tears wetting his cheeks and snot sliding down, shining on his wobbling upper lip. Ilya hastily collected himself, grabbing a wad of toilet paper to wipe his mate's face,

"Shane- hey, hey, hey" he said, rubbing a smooth hand over the small of Shane's neck, "Is okay, deep breaths, yes?"

Shane hiccuped and blew his nose into the toilet paper that Ilya held to his nose, dropping his forehead into Ilya's chest, inhaling his scent. He felt awful. He'd been going on autopilot all night, overwhelmed by the different scents invading (not invading, visiting, his brain supplied) their house. He was standing in the middle of the ensuite bathroom in a pair of soggy panties. He hadn't shaved in a while, so every drop of slick had caught in his pubic hair, slicking them into curling strands over his mound and around his hole. Shane let out a shaky breath. He needed a shower and maybe some food. He definitely needed something in his mouth and maybe a small dildo. Something to keep him plugged so his cunt would stop

clenching around nothing. His hiccuping babbles soothed into a slow purr as Ilya released calming pheromones, wrapping his arms firmly around Shane's waist,

"What made you like this, hm?" he asked, pressing his nose into Shane's sweaty hair. The soft creaminess in his scent was gone, replaced with the scent of a distressed omega. A scent that made Ilya worry, he hadn't smelt it on Shane in a while. Shane shook his head and whimpered, hiding in Ilya's chest,

"I don't wanna say it" he whispered, "It'll sound stupid."

Ilya frowned,

"*Moy lyubimyy*-"

But Shane shook his head determinedly,

"Not now, please", he murmured, "Jus' need you."

Ilya thought about the guests downstairs. Hayden and Jackie had gone home, but most of his team was still there. The rookies, wide-eyed and pinching themselves at the thought of being in the Hollander-Rozanov's house, were definitely still there. He had left Troy to look after the barbecue when he had gone to look for Shane. But Shane was in no condition to return to the party. His face was blotchy and streaked with tears, his scent was completely haywire despite him not being in heat, and his legs wouldn't stop trembling. Ilya easily lifted Shane up, carrying him into their bedroom as Shane fisted the front of Ilya's sweater. Gently setting his mate down on the bed, Ilya turned down the lights till it was almost dark, pulling back the covers and pulling Shane's weighted blanket out of their blanket chest. Even though it was the middle of summer, the nights still got a little cold. And when Shane needed comfort, he wanted something weighing down on him; whether that was Ilya's body after mindblowing sex or his weighted blanket after a panic attack. Ilya gently helped Shane out of his sweaty and slick-stained clothes, scrabbling around in their nightstand for the small, app-controlled dual vibrator that they sometimes used. Ilya held it out in front of Shane, searching his eyes for consent. Shane nodded and shakily parted his thighs, tensing a little as Ilya rubbed some lube on the tip and slid it in, making sure the suctioned head was nestled over Shane's quivering clit. He pulled up the app on his phone and set it on low, watching as Shane's hiccups evened out. Ilya sat next to his husband, kissing his forehead,

"Would you like me to scruff you?" he asked, hand hovering over the nape of Shane's neck. Shane didn't usually like to be scruffed unless he was having a panic attack and needed instant relief. But Shane, eyes closed and rolled on his side, nodded easily, and Ilya watched as the tension bled out of his mate's muscles, watching him go sweet and pliant under Ilya's grasp. He kissed the tip of Shane's nose and tucked the weighted blanket over his shoulders, heading out the door,

"I am going to kick everyone out, *moy lyubimyy*", he said, not waiting for a reply as he closed the door with a soft click. Ilya put his captain voice on as he descended the stairs and went out onto the deck,

"All right! Party is over," he declared, "Everybody out, see you next week at Hayden's, yes?"

A chorus of booes rang out, quickly silenced by Ilya's glare. One by one, his teammates filed out, heading toward the door. Zane Boodram, Troy and Harris were the last to leave, rounding up the rookies and pushing everyone toward the front door. As he left, beer in hand, Bood leaned over to talk to Ilya,

"Hey- is Hollzy okay?" he asked, "Last time I saw him, he was talking to Jackie downstairs. He looked kinda sad."

Ilya pursed his lips and forced a smile,

"Yes, Shane is fine. He is not feeling well. He is upstairs, resting."

Bood gave him a look that said 'yeah sure I believe you', but he didn't force it,

"Yeah, alright, Cap. Thanks for the party."

Ilya nodded and waved him out, picking up a few stray cans of beer that didn't make it to the bin. He slowly walked up the stairs, opened the door just a crack to see if Shane was asleep. Soft moans were coming out from the darkened space, high and breathy and needy.

Okay.

Definitely not asleep.

Shane had taken a pillow from Ilya's side of the bed, and pressed it between his thighs. He had taken the vibrator out, and the weighted blanket was abandoned, hanging over the side of the bed. Ilya watched, barely breathing as strings of slick connected Shane's glistening cunt to the fabric of the pillow, thighs quaking as he desperately humped the cushioned fabric, face buried in the mattress. Shane was fucking drooling. There was a damp spot next to his lips, and he was letting out little strangled moans,

"I-Ilya- Ilya- fuck- wannacumsobadwantitinside."

Ilya twisted his hands together as he struggled to control his scent, and Shane, oblivious to Ilya's internally conflicted horniness, sat up on the pillow, grinding down in earnest. He whimpered as he reached for the vibrator with shaking hands, pressing the suctioned head directly over his clit. He thrashed as his orgasm hit him, chest pink and heaving as he ground down on the pillow, flopping onto the mattress with a groan. The pillowcase was fucking soaked. Shane's body had always produced a lot of slick. But he wasn't even in heat and it looked like he'd fucking pissed himself. Maybe he had. Ilya gritted his teeth, remembering Bood's words.

He looked kinda sad.

Ilya thought his husband looked *kinda horny*.

But that said- Shane had often been sad and horny. Ilya had often been sad and horny. They were a common combination. Shane had been crying in the bathroom when Ilya caught him, two fingers deep and squirting all over the seat. Earlier, Ilya had assumed that Shane was overwhelmed. He got sensitive easily, cried often during sex and got clingy afterwards. But

this seemed a little different. Ilya dropped to a crouch next to the bed and gently brushed Shane's sweaty hair out of his eyes, watching as Shane's blissed-out expression slid toward him with unabashed love,

"Ilya" he breathed, sounding a little embarrassed, "M' sorry, I got your pillow all dirty."

Ilya shook his head and pressed a kiss to Shane's forehead,

"Is okay. Get in the shower *moy lyubimyy* and I will clean the sheets," he said firmly, nodding toward the bathroom. "Then I want to talk to you, yes?"

Shane nodded, sliding off the bed on shaking limbs.

.

Ilya headed down to the living room after dumping the sheets in the washing machine and replacing them with clean ones. Shane was curled up on the couch, nursing a can of ginger ale. He looked up when Ilya walked in, face flushed. He looked blotchy from crying and a little overwhelmed already, freckles standing out against his pink cheeks. Ilya sat down next to him, pulling his mate's legs onto his lap. He massaged Shane's socked feet, pulling the sock down a little to press a kiss to the inside of Shane's ankle. Shane sighed, and his scent mellowed, anxiety easing. Ilya let his scent settle a little,

"Shane?"

"Mhm?"

"Boodram said you were talking to Jackie earlier. He said you looked sad," Ilya started, unsure how to continue when Shane tensed under him, "You know I love you, yes?"

Shane nodded, looking down at his lap. Ilya pressed further,

"Is okay that you are feeling, how you say? Upset, overwhelmed. I just want to know why."

Shane nodded again, blinking back tears that were threatening to fall. It could be so easy. All he had to say to Ilya was 'I want a baby' or 'I want your baby' or 'I want you to fuck me full of your seed till it takes', but no words came. He thought of Yuna, an alpha, who had undergone surgery just so she could have Shane. David was a beta, which meant that they had required special technology to make sure that Shane would be born healthy. It had also meant that Yuna and David Hollander could only have one baby. He had been told, ever since he was a child, that having children wasn't a decision to be taken lightly. Everything that his parents had worked for, the time and money that they had put into his career. Getting him to world-class summer camps in Switzerland and America, private training sessions, jumping through loopholes to hide his designation from the NHL. And Shane wanted to throw it all away just because he wanted Ilya Rozanov's baby. Shane looked up at Ilya's concerned expression,

"I want a baby" he confessed, voice trembling,

Ilya's eyebrows scrunched together, and Shane's omega, so so sensitive from being bared open, completely raw, took that as rejection. Shane started to sob, uncontrollable tears flooding his vision as he was engulfed in Ilya's scent, burning softly like cedarwood.

Savory.

Reassuring.

Comforting.

Ilya pulled back, stroking Shane's teary freckles,

"Of course, we can my love" he cooed, "We can look at the options. There is surrogacy; however, is not very ethical. There is adoption--"

"No" Shane whispered, "I wanna *your* baby. I wanna have *your* pups."

Ilya blinked and sat back,

"Oh. But *moy lyubimyy*, what about hockey?"

Shane twisted his hands together,

"I want to keep playing hockey" he whispered, "But I- I don't want to adopt. I want your baby."

Ilya sighed softly and cupped Shane's cheek, watching as Shane flinched away from his touch with a pained expression. He looked horribly guilty,

"Do you think that makes me selfish?" Shane asked in a hushed tone, dreading the answer. Ilya shook his head and pulled Shane against him as Shane sobbed, shoulders shaking as he inhaled Ilya's soft, comforting scent. Shane shakes his head. Ilya wouldn't think he was selfish over something like this. Ilya loved him. Shane looked down at the space between them. He let go of Ilya, splaying his hands over his stomach,

"Want you to put one right in here" he whispered, smoothing his palm over the soft, worn material of his (Ilya's) hoodie. Ilya grunted softly,

"You would look so pretty pregnant with my pups" he said, clasping his hand over Shane's, leaning down to press a kiss over their intertwined hands. Shane closed his eyes and let himself imagine it, just for a moment. Pregnant with Ilya's pups, wanting nothing but ginger ale through a straw and constant foot rubs. Falling asleep every night with Ilya curled protectively around his stomach. Breastfeeding. Holding a tiny baby to his chest with Ilya's soft golden curls and freckles. The thought of buying tiny skates. Of buying tiny socks. Of seeing Ilya become a father. Shane rested his head in the crook of Ilya's neck, sighing into his husband's scent. He really wanted this. Even if he was scared. Even if it meant putting a pause on hockey. He had always wanted to be a dad. Always. He couldn't think of anyone else better to do this with. Ilya smiled down at him, catching him in a gentle kiss, licking into his mouth,

“Is okay if we start tonight?” Ilya asks, voice raspy with arousal, “I want to make it good for you, yes?”

Shane nodded, rubbing his thighs together as he felt a sudden stab of wanting. He could feel himself start to slick up again at the thought of Ilya fucking him raw. He looked up at Ilya, blinking slowly in the dim light,

“Take me to bed?”

.

Shane watched from the bed, stripped down to just his panties, as Ilya threw the box of condoms they kept in the nightstand into the bathroom bin. It landed with a satisfying thunk, hitting the metal bottom of the bin. Shane settled back onto the pillows, squirming a little at the sight of Ilya undressing. He suddenly felt eighteen again, barely breathing as Ilya pressed him against the dingy wall of his hotel room. He whimpered at the sight of Ilya’s cock, thick and uncut, bobbing against the dark line of hair along his torso. He wanted it in his mouth. He wanted it *now*. Shane’s thighs twitched open as Ilya crawled onto the bed, leaning forward to press slow, languid kisses into Shane’s open mouth. Shane sighed as Ilya groped his chest, brushing his thumb over Shane’s left nipple, Ilya grunted, wrapping his lips over the hard nub and sucking hard, as if he wanted to draw milk out it,

“These are going to be feeding our pup, yes?” Ilya groaned, “They are going to be swollen I will have to milk them every day.” Shane whined as he felt slick gush around his hole, dampening his already sopping panties. The thought of his chest, puffy and flushed and full of milk, made him preen. He looked down at Ilya’s rigid cock, mouth watering,

“Wanna suck you, please” Shane gasped out, hand reaching for Ilya’s cock. Ilya murmured something in Russian against Shane’s ear, stroking his inner thigh,

“I want to eat you out. Get you wet and sloppy so you can take my cock.”

Shane nodded, letting Ilya manoeuvre them until Ilya’s back was against the headboard and Shane’s ass was in his face. Shane flushed when he realised what they were going to do. This was so fucking embarrassing. Shane moaned wantonly as Ilya pulled his panties down, feeling cool air on his exposed cunt. He scrabbled for purchase on Ilya’s thighs, surging up to suck the head of Ilya’s cock. Shane groaned as he felt his throat spasm around its girth, chest fluttering as he fondled one of Ilya’s tight balls. Ilya slips two fingers between his wet lips, revealing Shane’s twitching hole. Ilya groaned,

“Fuck, Hollander. So fucking wet.”

Shane clenched around nothing, clit twitching at the mention of his name. The name that Ilya used when they were young and stupid. Ilya pulled his hips up, eating Shane out in earnest, thrusting his tongue into Shane’s quivering hole. Ilya let out a content rumble as his chin started to get wet with Shane’s snick, reaching around to feel for Shane’s clit. Shane thrust back into Ilya’s touch, begging for more as he slobbered around Ilya’s cock. Shane shuddered as he felt Ilya slide two fingers in, scissoring them and crooking them, finding Shane’s g-spot with practised ease. Shane felt the usual building pressure of his orgasm, eyes widening at the

realisation that if Ilya didn't stop, he was gonna cum. Fuck, he might even squirt again. He swallowed Ilya down, moaning around his cock he clenched down on Ilya's fingers, desperate for it as he felt Ilya's thumb blur over his swollen clit. He needed it *bad*. He shuddered through his orgasm, giving up on sucking cock as he fell forward on the bed, twitching through the aftershocks. Ilya soothed him with a gentle hand on his back, murmuring endearments in Russian as Shane moved up onto all fours with shaking limbs. He flopped onto his back, pulling Ilya with him. Shane eagerly spread his thighs, pointing a finger at his cunt,

"Fuck me here" he begged, tears gathering on his waterline, "C-cum inside like you promised."

Who was Ilya to refuse?

He hauled Shane's legs up onto his shoulders, bullying the tip of his cock over Shane's oversensitive clit. Shane threw his head back, voice high and reedy as he started to beg,

"Please Ilya, I've been so good. Wanna have your pups so bad" he whined, "Want you to knock me up so bad I can barely walk. Wanna be stuffed so full of it. Please."

Ilya groaned as he thrust in in one smooth motion, full seated inside Shane's tight cunt. Shane's wet walls clenched desperately around him as Ilya started to move, snapping his hips as Shane ground down on his cock, meeting every thrust. Ilya groaned at the thought of Shane, knocked up so pretty, swollen and pink and puffy everywhere, leaking milk and slick onto every surface of their house. He thought about how some omegas got desperate for cock when they were pregnant, nesting in all areas of the house, wanting constant scenting and kissing and fucking.

Alpha. Alpha. Alpha.

Ilya shuddered. He was going to come embarrassingly fast. He usually had incredible stamina, but he hadn't for years, not with Shane. Shane, who was lying before him, eyes closed and tweaking his own nipples, the heel of his hand pressed against his clit. He was whining softly, brows drawn together as he clenched around Ilya's cock with a vice-like grip. Ilya groaned, cumming inside Shane in thick, hot splurts. Shane keened, both palms rubbing over his womb in sex-crazed wonder. Ilya gritted his teeth as he felt his knot start to inflate, pulling Shane onto his lap as he lay back against the headboard. Shane looked dazed until he realised what was happening, gasping and whining and touching his entrance as he felt himself being stretched. He fell into Ilya's arms, pressing his nose against Ilya's scent gland. He put one hand over his womb, fingers trembling,

"You came inside" he murmured, "I'm gonna have your baby."

Ilya grunted, too fucked out to respond. Shane whimpered, sweaty and snotty and utterly overwhelmed. He could feel a little bit of pressure building in his gut,

"I-Ilya" he warned, "Might squirt."

Ilya nodded easily, pulling Shane into a kiss as Shane gushed all over them, liquid pooling in both of their laps. Shane let out an embarrassed whine. This usually didn't happen outside his heat, but Ilya's knot felt so good, so secure and so right, nestled deep enough to push Ilya seed until it took. Shane sighed contentedly against his mate, chest heaving into short little breaths.

They're gonna have a baby.

.

8 months later

Shane didn't like it.

He was standing in the bathroom, rubbing oil over his bump, miffed and overheated from his shower. Showers were meant to make him feel better. It had been two minutes and he already felt disgusting. Anything that wasn't Ilya's scent smelled horrible, and all he wanted to eat was baby spinach, ginger ale and plain udon noodles in soy broth. Admittedly, it wasn't a terrible combination. Because of his family history with pregnancy, doctors had told him that he couldn't spend time on the ice more than three months in, so he had taken up yoga with a personal trainer in an attempt to make himself feel better about not exercising. Shane felt ridiculous as he pulled on a pair of Ilya's baggy sweat pants, not even bothering with a shirt. He had been leaking milk almost constantly and his body was so sensitive that even the softest cotton T-shirts felt like sandpaper. Ilya had been out to dinner with management, discussing his paternal leave and sorting out his contract. Shane had watched him get ready, wearing a cashmere grey turtle neck, tucked into stylish black pants that made Ilya's legs look extra long. Shane wanted to climb him.

Shane looked over at the clock on the nightstand.

9:30 PM

Ilya should be home soon. Shane tugged a light pink cotton bralette over his head, scooping his tits up until they were sitting nicely. He was still getting used to having a cleavage. Shane waddled down the stairs into the living room, collapsing into his semi-permanent nest that he'd built around the second trimester when he'd finally stopped throwing up. One of Ilya's practice jerseys was sitting in the top left corner of the nest, and Ilya made sure to scent it every day before he left the house. Shane hugged his pregnancy pillow, rolling his hips into the soft fabric. Being home alone felt lonesome at times. He didn't leave the house during the week unless he was at his parents', seeing his personal trainer or going to doctor's appointments with Ilya. Weekends were different. Ilya would take them out on lunch dates and shopping, insisting on going to all the overpriced baby boutiques in Ottawa. Which, admittedly, wasn't many. Shane jolted out of his thoughts as his phone rang,

"Hey Ilya" Shane purred, happy to hear his mate's voice.

Ilya's voice was a low, soft rumble as he replied,

"I am coming home now *moy lyubimyy*."

Shane sighed contentedly as he parted his thighs, grinding into the pregnancy pillow. He gasped softly at the sound of Ilya's voice. He whimpered as he heard the engine of the Jeep pick up, Ilya's voice coming smoothly through the speaker,

"You are touching yourself, yes?"

Shane flushed at being caught out. Lately, all he had been able to do was touch himself. Everything felt sensitive. He was constantly dripping milk and slick. Everything that Ilya said and did was hot. Shane whimpered, the soft fabric of the pregnancy pillow really wasn't enough,

"Tell me what to do," he gasped out, "Can't cum without you."

Ilya hummed appreciatively, the sound of the indicator of the Jeep clicking as Ilya stopped at some lights,

"Grab the vibrator that's in the drawer in the coffee table" he instructed, a cadence of calming alpha sliding into his voice, "Do it over your sweats. You're wearing my thin ones, yes?"

Shane obeyed immediately, gasping wetly as he pressed the vibrating head against his clit over his clothes. Definitely better than the pillow. He whimpered as Ilya told him to change the setting to the pulse, knowing that it would put Shane on the edge, but not enough to make him cum. Shane felt tears prickle at his waterline as he dug the vibrator into his twitching clit, toes curling as he chased the pulsing vibrations. As frustrating as it was, he knew that Ilya wanted to make him cum. The vibrator was just a helpful little tool. At the sound of Shane's whimpers, Ilya cooed softly,

"I am almost home *moy lyubimyy*."

Shane squeezed his eyes shut as he heard the phone click off and the garage door open. He smelt Ilya before he saw him. Night air, pine and cedarwood. Soft yet grounding. Shane's hips jerked, and his cheeks burned with humiliation when he felt his nipples twitch, the front of his bralette dampening with milk. He whined, trying to sit up with his back against the couch as Ilya approached, dropping a kiss against Shane's swollen scent glands. Ilya grunted as he looked down at the wet spot on the front of Shane's sweatpants, eyes catching on where his nipples were leaking milk. Ilya swore softly as he crouched between Shane's legs, rubbing his hands lovingly over Shane's rounded stomach. Shane's breath hitched, his thighs trembling as Ilya clutched his waistband, tugging it down to reveal Shane's soaked underwear. Shane looked away, feeling pathetic,

"Jus' want you to touch me" he whispered as Ilya pressed a kiss to his stomach, quick fingers reaching behind to unclasp Shane's bralette. Shane sighed as Ilya's lips wrapped around his right nipple, drawing milk out as he gently suckled, grazing his teeth lightly in the way he knew would make Shane leak. Shane whined as Ilya groped his other tit, thumbing the nipple until it was leaking steadily. Shane sighed and moaned, sweaty hair sticking to the back of his

neck and his forehead as he blindly reached for the vibrator. He pulled his wet panties to the side, desperate to get some friction on his clit. Ilya immediately abandoned Shane's chest when he heard the vibrator click on, dropping down onto his knees to mouth at Shane's dripping cunt. He looked up, chin wet at Shane's debauched expression,

"Play with your tits, yes?" he growled, "I will make you cum."

Shane whined as he pinched his nipples, scratching his nails lightly over the sensitive skin. He could feel Ilya urgently lapping at his cunt, alternating between fingering his hole and sucking at his clit. Shane let out a needy whimper as he ground his lips into Ilya's face, chasing his orgasm, and he groped his own chest. He felt pathetic. He felt hot. He felt gorgeous. He was carrying Ilya fucking Rozanov's baby. He was about to cum all over Ilya Rozanov's face. His whole body wracked with aftershocks as Ilya held him through his orgasm, pressing gentle kisses to Shane's sensitive inner thighs. He let out a final, satisfied sigh as Ilya surged up to kiss Shane, his scent content and grounding. Shane breathed it in, pressing his face into Ilya's neck.

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Ilya pressed a warm mug of raspberry leaf tea into Shane's awaiting hands, kissing his husband on the forehead. It had been a long day. Shane had really missed Ilya. Ilya pulled a pink paper bag out of his equipment bag, handing it to Shane,

"Jackie gave me something after practice today," he said, "She said you'd be needing it."

Shane frowned. The Pikes had been the first people they'd told apart from Shane's parents when they had found out they were pregnant. Jackie had been at Shane's side since, recommending brands for maternity wear and explaining the difference between each type of baby monitor. Shane carefully unravelled the pink tissue paper and immediately blushed. It was a light purple bralette, one with detachable straps for nursing. Ilya raised a coy eyebrow at the look on Shane's face,

"Round 2?"

End Notes

thank you for reading!

i think shane would have a lot more thoughts and feelings about pregnancy but i wanted to make this fun and horny while still being soft and comforting. it's hard to find the balance sometimes...

i hope you guys liked it! puppy shane + pillow humping is on the way hehe

tysm for all the comments and kudos!

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