

don't wanna keep you up

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by [huacheesecake](#)

Summary

Shane was craving control, craving submission.

There was a multitude of things that he couldn't change, things that he had to step away from. And it had been worth it, worth it to have Ilya in his bed every morning with their little bear sleeping in his crib. To be able to curl up in their nest to breastfeed, watching hockey highlights on their flat-screen television that Ilya had insisted on getting. Shane swallowed, lifting his chin as he pushed Ilya down, strong thighs bracketing his torso,

“Hold onto something, Rozanov.”

Ilya was on him a second, grabbing Shane around the hips, flipping him over until he was facing Ilya's feet, bare ass in Ilya's face. Shane gasped out, the sound collapsing into a whimper as Ilya slipped a finger between his slick folds, rubbing at the entrance of his cunt,

“Looks like mommy is getting a little cocky, yes?” he murmured, “I think you will be the one who is holding on.”

Or

Post-partum Shane finally gets what he wants (cock!)

Notes

FINALLY HERE TO UPDATE THIS SERIES!!! tysm for waiting 💖

hi it's hua! back with part 3

just some notes

- afab terms for shane (pussy, cunt, clit, tits etc.)
- a lot of breast milk/mention of lactation
- mommy shaneeee
- masturbation + sex toys!
- sixty-nine!

also, the extra part features a bit of pee!

english is not my first language but pls enjoy!

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

It comes out of the blue when Shane is standing at the stove, nipples aching and back throbbing, slowly stirring a pot of prepared formula. Their pup, their adorable little bear, is asleep in his crib next to their nest, near the couch. Ilya had been cleaning outside all day, doing yard work in nothing but a loose pair of black basketball shorts and chunky brown boots, sweat sliding down his toned back in the summer heat. They were about six months into Shane's league-approved maternity leave, and they were spending most of the time at the cottage, far away from city air and city germs, basking in the sunshine and the wonderfully mundane tasks of formula, diapers, tears and cuddles. Shane swallowed as he looked over at Ilya, who was hauling around a bucket of mulch on his shoulders, dirt smeared over his garden gloves and curls sweaty and stuck to the nape of his neck.

The cross on his chain was sticking to his sternum with sweat.

It was barely midday.

Shane had already cum once that morning, alone in their nest while Ilya had fed their baby, but an orgasm nonetheless.

They hadn't really had time to fuck properly, apart from a few little touches in the shower, and even the most intimate movements were made up of Ilya rubbing body oil on Shane's stomach, fingers scraping adoringly over his stretch marks, lips brushing over the mating mark on his neck. Ilya was still coaching the local children's teams, doing the majority of the social media and PR work for the Irina Foundation with Yuna. David was often over, forcing Shane to take a nap or have a few hours of yoga to himself while David put their pup down for a nap. Shane continued to stir to the formula, barely noticing when Ilya came in through the floor-to-ceiling sliding doors, coming up behind Shane and wrapping an arm around his husband's waist, calloused fingers brushing up against the sensitive skin just above the waistline of Shane's sweatpants,

"Looking good, *mommy*, yes?"

Shane felt a sudden warmth rise to his cheeks, slapping Ilya's sweaty chest,

"*Stop*," he complained, freckles flaring with embarrassment, "Stop that, Ilya."

Shane motioned to their pup, who was asleep, rolling over in his crib. Ilya shrugged,

"He is asleep, *malysh*," he reasoned, "He cannot hear-"

Shane huffed, eyes catching on the hem of Ilya's pants, on the scruff of dirt across his knuckles. He could feel saliva pooling under his tongue, desperate for his husband's touch. Ilya leaned back against the fridge, crossing his arms across his broad chest, a light smirk playing on his lips. He knew he was winning by a mile as Shane grunted in defeat, turning off the stove and crossing the lounge room to set up the baby monitor. The desire to be a 'responsible parent' was being heavily outweighed by the visceral want to be taken apart on his husband's cock. Shane fiddled with the monitor, turning to look at Ilya,

“What are you doing?” he snapped, “Go and shower. *Hurry up.*”

Ilya raised his eyebrows, clearly amused,

“Very bossy today, yes?”

Shane gave him a warning look, and Ilya raised both hands, backing away toward their ensuite bathroom,

“Yes, *mommy.*”

Shane sat back on their bed as he waited for Ilya to finish showering, trying not to look too intently at his body. He had come to terms with the fact that he wasn't going to look like he had before pregnancy straight away. He knew that it would take more than a few months to get back on the ice, and even longer to play like he was before. He couldn't help but notice a couple of soiled nursing bras that he'd left on the floor that morning, missing the load of laundry that Ilya had run. There was a collection of snotty tissues on the bedside table, and two of his vibrators charging beside a hockey biography that he hadn't touched in months. Shane looked around for some clean clothes, taking off his T-shirt and plain cotton shorts, reaching for a plain grey nursing bra and matching boyshorts. They fit snugly around his hips, thighs straining in the thin fabric. Shane heard the shower turn on and wondered what Ilya had been doing for a whole fifteen minutes in the bathroom.

Huffing at his husband's antics, Shane sat back against the headboard, spreading his thighs. If he was going to wait for Ilya, he was going to have to take the edge off first. He had been wet since Ilya had walked inside from yard work, looking stupidly hot, covered in dirt and sweat. Shane sometimes wondered if there was anything that Ilya could do to possibly turn him off. Lately, especially, Shane felt like every move that Ilya made, every innocent touch, was sexually charged, making him want to abandon whatever he was doing in favour of getting thoroughly fucked. Shane rolled over until he was face-down in their nest, grabbing Ilya's pillow and slotting it between his thighs. He rolled his hips forward slowly, whimpering at the feeling of his swollen clit perking up with stimulation. Shane hiccuped as he unclipped one of the straps of his nursing bra, squeezing his chest as he panted, toes curling at the sensation.

It had been a few hours since he had pumped, and the heavy, warm feeling of arousal was getting to him, nipples spurting milky liquid as he rubbed his chest. Shane wanted to cry as he awkwardly thrust forward into the plush pillow, gritting his teeth at the feeling of his cunt slicking up. He'd been drinking a lot of water lately, doing his best to stay hydrated. His tummy felt heavy, and he wanted to squirt so badly that he wasn't sure how much longer he could wait for Ilya. Shane sat back, sliding a hand into the front of his panties, mewling at the mess of slick on the crotch. His pubic hair had been slicked into tight little whorls, fingers catching on the rim of his pussy as he tugged at his swollen clit, trying to jerk it between his knuckles, pistoning his hips forward. Needing the extra help, Shane reached over to the nightstand, fumbling around for the light yellow clit-sucker that Ilya had recently ordered online. Shane pushed the boyshorts down his thighs, parting his thick, hairy pussy lips with

his fingers, whimpering as he pressed the silicone over his clit, thighs quaking as he turned it on.

Even at the lowest setting, the sensation was intense, making him double over, cunt clenching around nothing. His scent was spiralling, the warm scent of his own arousal filling his nostrils as he heard the shower shut off in the distance, and the thought of Ilya finding him like this in their nest was enough to almost push him over the edge. Shane sobbed as he thrust his hips forward into the clit sucker, turning the settings up, rubbing over his sensitive nipples as he let out a muffled moan,

“Gonna cum,” he panted, tits jiggling as he frantically thrust forward, “*Gonna cum-*”

Shane whimpered as he plunged two fingers into his cunt, pressing his head back into the pillows as his cunt clenched, clit twitching urgently,

“Gonna *squirt-*”

Shane groaned as near-clear liquid splurged messily from his urethra, soaking into the bedsheets as he gushed around his fingers, body shuddering from the intensity of his orgasm. Sweat was beading on his forehead as he rolled over, panting, coming face-to-face with Ilya, who was exiting the bathroom with a towel over his shoulder and boxers falling loosely around his waist. His hair was washed, wet, blonde curls falling onto his forehead as he took in his husband, a coy smile touching his lips,

“You could not wait?”

Shane grunted, pussy clenching as Ilya dropped the towel on the floor, crawling forward onto the bed,

“Did *mommy* have a little bit of fun by herself?” he asked, pressing a kiss to Shane’s flushed cheek, “She felt good, yes?”

Shane nodded breathlessly, helpless to deny it.

“Yeah,” he breathed, but it came out syrupy. Ilya grinned, pressing another kiss to Shane’s parted lips. They kissed for a while, soft and open-mouthed as Ilya gently maneuvered Shane onto his lap, pulling his husband close and rearranging the straps on his nursing bra. Ilya smiled appreciatively as he cupped Shane’s full tits, stroking the pad of his thumb over his husband’s nipples. Shane exhaled shakily at the sensation, cunt already slicking up again as he tried to rock forward on Ilya’s lap, grinding against his husband’s half-hard cock. It wasn’t enough to provide him with much stimulation, making him irritable with the barrier of clothing. Shane sighed against Ilya’s cheek, brushing his lips against the shell of Ilya’s left ear,

“Wanna ride you,” he murmured, bracing his hands on Ilya’s shoulders, “We haven’t- not for *ages.*”

Ilya blinked, staring up at his husband,

“Are you sure, *moy lyubimyy*?” he asked, hands firm around Shane’s hips, “The doctor said-”

Shane huffed, pressing a hand firmly to Ilya’s chest, pressing him down against the pile of pillows,

“This was *your* idea, Ilya,” he snapped, “And now you don’t wanna fuck me?”

Ilya shook his head frantically,

“No, *malysh*, of course I will fuck you,” he retorted. “I am just worried. I do not want to push you too far, I do not want to hurt you.”

Shane frowned. In their earlier years, especially after brutal games, it wasn’t unusual for either of them to come home covered in bruises, bright purple, yellow and blue spread across ribcages and hips. Shane remembered the press of Ilya’s fingers into his sides, thick digits leaving their own dents in his skin. He remembered pressing down on a bruise on Ilya’s thigh as he blew him, the way Ilya had cum straight away with a spike of pain. But now, they were utterly domesticated. Ilya was a little more careful with his game. Shane hadn’t played properly in almost a year.

It was starting to get under his skin.

He was craving *control*.

There was a multitude of things that he couldn’t change, things that he had to step away from. And it had been worth it, worth it to have Ilya in his bed every morning with their little bear sleeping in his crib. To be able to curl up in their nest to breastfeed, watching hockey highlights on their flat-screen television that Ilya had insisted on getting. Shane swallowed, lifting his chin as he pushed Ilya down, strong thighs bracketing his torso,

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“Looks like *mommy* is getting a little cocky, yes?” he murmured, “I think you will be the one who is holding on.”

Shane groaned, rubbing his face against the fabric of Ilya’s tented boxers. His scent was warm with arousal as Shane tugged at the elastic, gasping wetly as Ilya’s cock slipped out, slapping his flushed cheek, leaving a trail of precum. Behind him, he could feel Ilya parting his asscheeks, examining his hole. Shane’s stomach jumped with heat as Ilya reached forward, stroking his sensitive clit between his knuckles. His cunt was still twitching from his orgasm, gaping and desperate for more. Ilya cooed at the mess, sliding two fingers into the collection of slick around Shane’s hole, finally rubbing against the gummy velvet of Shane’s g-spot, rotating his fingers in slow circles. Shane gritted his teeth, moaning against the base of Ilya’s cock as he thrust his hips back on Ilya’s fingers, toes curling at the sensation. His tits

were heavy, nipples aching with the need for release. His Apple watch was vibrating on the nightstand, an alarm he had set for pumping. Shane whimpered as he kneaded his chest, trying to relieve the pressure around the soft tissue. Milky liquid squirted from his nipples, dripping onto Ilya's torso. Ilya grunted at the feeling, pulling Shane's pussy onto his face, flattening his tongue across his thick labia, the taste of Shane's slick spreading through his mouth.

It was intoxicating.

Shane whimpered, wriggling his ass back against Ilya's face, mewling softly as he closed his mouth around the tip of Ilya's cock, tonguing the slick. Ilya hissed, reaching forward to tug at Shane's clit, lapping over Shane's leaking hole over and over until he was sopping wet, pubic hair curling into dark whorls. Shane sank down on Ilya's cock, shuddering as the tip kissed the back of his throat. He could feel Ilya groping his thighs, touching the soft skin of his stomach, grabbing his ass. Shane moaned needily as Ilya slid two fingers in, scissoring them apart,

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya said, inhaling the scent of Shane's slick, "So fucking wet."

Shane keened, almost falling face-first into Ilya's crotch, cock-sucking momentarily abandoned,

"Ilya," he slurred, "*M' gonna cum-*"

"Already, *malysh*?" Ilya asked, "Haven't finished your job with your mouth, yes?"

Shane whined, chewing his lip as he gathered saliva in his mouth, tongue following a vein up the length of Ilya's cock. His chest was still weeping, the sweet, milky scent filling their nest as Ilya reached over to the nightstand, grabbing one of Shane's vibrating dildos. He pressed the blunt tip up against Shane's desperate pussy, rubbing the silicone against his sopping lips until it was messy with slick. He teased it into Shane's hole, letting it slip in half-way until Shane was moaning around his cock, fat tears falling down his splotchy cheeks. He gagged on Ilya's cock, pulling off to catch his breath as Ilya turned the dildo onto the lowest setting, thrusting it into Shane's clenching hole,

"How is that, *maylsh*?" Ilya cooed, grabbing a fistful of Shane's thigh, "Feeling good?"

Shane huffed, panting as he reached between his legs to touch his clit, practically humping his own hand. He pressed his face to Ilya's bare thigh, drooling onto the coarse blonde hairs. He was dazed with arousal, his alpha's thick scent wrapping around him like a weighted blanket. Ilya reached down to rub his lower back with one hand, murmuring endearments in Russian as Shane hiccuped, toes curling as he stroked his clit, wet fingers fumbling between his fat pussy lips. It was a little bit of an awkward position, but Shane felt strangely comfortable. He didn't want to move. Not when Ilya was making him purr, thrusting the dildo at the perfect angle, stretching his cunt deliciously around the toy. Shane sniffled as he felt himself getting close, managing a nasal moan as he tried to sit up,

"On my clit," he whined, "S' not enough, need it, need more--"

“You are touching your clit, *malysh*,” Ilya reminded him, taking in Shane’s cock-drunk expression, “Is that not enough?”

Shane shook his head against Ilya’s thigh, sweaty bangs sticking to his forehead. He let out a few frustrated tears, unable to put together what he wanted to say. His fingers were slipping against his skin, swollen clit twitching underneath his fingers. He needed Ilya’s touch, needed Ilya’s scent. Not being able to see his mate’s face was jarring. Shane sobbed, suddenly overwhelmed. He looked down at his chest and stomach, barely able to make out Ilya’s body under his own skin. Ilya seemed to notice the change in Shane’s scent, turning off the dildo and carefully removing it, replacing it with his own fingers. He cooed as Shane slumped down, unable to hold himself up,

“Come here, *malysh*,” Ilya said, “Was a bit too much, yes?”

Shane nodded tearily, slowly rearranging himself on Ilya’s torso. One of Ilya’s gentle hands caught at his ankle, rolling him over so he could crawl up the bed. Ilya slipped his fingers out of Shane’s cunt, wrapping both arms around his mate. He kissed Shane’s sweaty head, rubbing his fingers against the burning scent glands at the crook of his neck, releasing what he hoped were calming pheromones. Since pregnancy, Shane had come to deal with a lot of new sensations. Hot flushes, sweat and discomfort forced their way into his life, and Shane, helpless to stop it, would try and deal with it alone, hiding away in their nest until Ilya found him upset and brooding. Shane let out a slow sigh, hiding his face in Ilya’s chest,

“M’ sorry,” he murmured, lips trembling, “I want to- I just. It got too much.”

Ilya smiled into Shane’s hair, pressing a wet kiss to his temple,

“It’s okay, *malysh*,” he murmured. “We will take it slow.”

Shane nodded, rubbing his cheek against Ilya’s body. Distantly, he heard a reedy wail. Maternal instincts spiking, Shane reached for the baby monitor, panic flaring as he fumbled with the settings. Ilya sat up too, smiling,

“Ahh, he must have woken up,” he mused, reaching for his boxers, “I will go and feed him.”

Shane looked guilty as he adjusted the monitor, rubbing a hand across his face.

“Sorry, Ilya,” he mumbled, embarrassed as Ilya stood up, pulling on his boxers and pressing a kiss to Shane’s half-open mouth,

“Is okay,” he reassured, starting down the hallway. “Papa is coming, baby bear.”

Shane sat up in their nest as he heard Ilya open the freezer, grabbing a bag from Shane’s supply of breast milk. Shane sighed, reaching for his breast pumps. He slid up the straps of the nursing bra, carefully attaching the cups to his nipples. He sniffled, blowing his nose as he sat back in their nest, groaning softly at the sensation of milk finally giving way, filling up the plastic cups. He watched Ilya come into frame on the monitor, smiling tiredly at the sight of their pup giggling, gummy smile at the sight of his Papa. He was getting more and more expressive the older he got, all wide-eyed and giggly, especially with Ilya. Shane shuddered

to think what it would be like when their pup started to walk. Shane looked over to their walk-in closet, eyes trained on the basket of lingerie that was spilling out into their bedroom. He hadn't worn anything that wasn't a milk-stained shirt or a nursing bra in what felt like ages. Sometimes Yuna and David would take their baby bear for the night, but by the time Shane had packed the diaper bag and triple-checked the milk supply, he was too tired to do anything but lie in Ilya's arms, watching a hockey documentary through droopy eyelids. He could hear their pup babbling in Ilya's arms, and Ilya's dopey baby voice curling around Russian words. Most of them were entirely random, making Shane smile,

How is my perfect tomato? He is very cute!

Isn't my strawberry just perfect?

Shane pressed the palms of his hands into his eyes, stifling a sob as Ilya came back into the room, shirtless with a dish towel over his shoulder. Ilya gestured over his shoulder,

"Put him down for a nap," he explained, holding two clean baby bottles. "You will need these?"

Shane nodded, shuffling over to make room for Ilya. They sat together in silence as Shane pumped, Ilya rubbing his back as Shane's brow furrowed, cupping his left breast. It had been a little sore lately. Ilya cooed, kissing Shane's cheek,

"Doing so well, mommy," he breathed, "Your tits are very full, yes? *Poor mama.*"

Shane whimpered in protest as Ilya unclipped the nursing bra, carefully detaching the left pump, placing it carefully on the nightstand before wrapping his lips around Shane's sensitive nipple, moaning as a burst of milky liquid filled his mouth. It tasted sweet, almost like Shane's scent. Shane mewled, gasping out as Ilya swirled his tongue around his nipple, eagerly lapping up the milk that was spilling down the curve of his chest. He could feel Ilya's hard length straining against his leg, strong and pulsing through the thin fabric of his boxers. Shane pulled Ilya up into a kiss,

"I meant what I said earlier," he said, swiping his thumb across a droplet of milk that had escaped his husband's lips, "Wanna ride you."

"Yes?" Ilya asked, "How do you want me?"

.

Shane sat back on Ilya's lap, two hands braced on Ilya's chest. He was almost naked, bare pussy pressed up against the ridges of Ilya's abs. He was well aware that he was leaking slick all over his husband's body, but he couldn't bring himself to care. Not well Ilya was looking up at him with a fucked out expression, eyes glazed over, his hands firmly planted on Shane's pudgy hips. Shane swallowed, shakily leaning back, wriggling his ass against Ilya's hard cock as he made room to finger himself. Ilya watched the way Shane's fat clit twitched as Shane slid two fingers in, scissoring them apart as he chewed his lip, thighs quaking as he gushed around his fingers. Shane mewled wetly as he clenched around his fingers, panting

when the angle got a little too intense. Ilya groaned at the sight, fingers scrambling to help his husband,

“Please, Shane,” he panted, “Let me-”

Shane shook his head, whimpering as his nipples continued to leak, milk and sweat trailing down the length of his torso. He wanted this. He wanted to do this. He rose up a little, shuffling back until he was aligned with Ilya’s cock, pressing the bulbous, slick head against the entrance of his pussy, thighs trembling as he sank down, biting back a drawn-out moan. Ilya grunted underneath him, hips fighting to stay on the bed, desperately trying to give Shane time to adjust to the intrusion. Shane hiccuped, fat tears wetting his blotchy cheeks, snot dribbling down onto his top lip as he closed his eyes, squatting over Ilya’s cock until his ass was flush with his husband’s hips. Shane sat down shakily, rubbing a hand over his lower tummy. He could feel Ilya inside, pressing against his walls, stimulating his g-spot. Shane’s lips trembled as he reached forward to grip the headboard, lifting himself up slowly as he sank down again, gasping out as Ilya’s fingers parted his fat pussy lips, thumbing at his swollen clit. Shane let out a needy whimper at the sensation, tingly warmth spreading through his cunt with Ilya’s touch.

“Ilya,” Shane sobbed, “Feels *so full*-”

Ilya groaned, easing Shane back down onto his cock as he rubbed his clit, watching as milk splurged from his nipples, joining the mess of liquid between their bodies. Ilya tensed up, willing himself not to cum as Shane arched his back, tits jiggling as he rode Ilya with tandem, thick thighs trembling, toes curling into the sheets and blankets. His whole body was flushed the prettiest pink, soft brown nipples all pearly with milk. Shane started to pant above him, knees almost knocking together where he was squatting over Ilya’s cock, telltale signs that he was getting close. Ilya reached blindly for the clit sucker that Shane had been using earlier, fumbling around on the nightstand until his hand connected with smooth silicone. He looked up at Shane, catching his husband’s eyes,

“Does mommy want this one?”

Shane nodded frantically, tears brimming at the sight of the toy, sobbing as he spread his thighs wider, cunt gushing sticky slick and clenching around the length of Ilya’s cock.

“*Pleasepleaseplease*-” he whined, “Wanna cum from my clit-”

Ilya groaned, raising his knees up, hitting Shane’s g-spot dead on as he fiddled with the buttons, finally pressing it over his husband’s swollen clit. Shane instantly clenched around Ilya’s cock, slick pouring from his hole as he let out a wanton moan, brow furrowed with arousal as he ground down on Ilya’s cock, cunt fluttering, desperate for a knot. Ilya could feel his orgasm building, turning up the setting on the clit sucker as Shane gasped out, nosing his husband’s scent gland,

“M’ gonna cum,” Shane panted, snot smearing on his lip as he pressed down, “*Gonna cum*-”

Ilya caught Shane’s lips, groaning into his husband’s mouth,

“Come on, *mommy*,” he gritted, “That’s it, *malysh- you look so fucking good-*”

Shane hiccuped, thrusting forward against the toy, pelvis rocking back and forth on Ilya’s lap,

“Gonna squirt, m’ gonna squirt,” he confessed, voice strangled, “Gotta cum *so bad-*”

“*Cummingcummingcumming-*”

Ilya watched through half-lidded eyes as Shane tensed up on his lap, cunt squeezing his cock as he came, clear liquid squirting messily from his hole, clit twitching urgently under Ilya’s ministrations. Shane moaned at the bordering overstimulation as Ilya grunted, knot starting to swell, catching on Shane’s pussy, pulling them together. Shane gasped out in relief as he collapsed forward onto his husband’s chest, mouthing at Ilya’s collarbone. Ilya shuddered as he came in thick splurts onto Shane’s velvety walls, cupping Shane’s freckled cheek with a shaky hand. Shane slid a hand into Ilya’s curls, post-sex exhaustion pulling him under. He pressed his lips to Ilya’s neck, voice muffled,

“Felt so good,” he mumbled, “Filling me so well-”

Ilya’s body shook with silent laughter as he pulled Shane into a sweaty kiss,

“My Shane,” he breathed, “My *mommy*.”

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Extra: Milk Fed

Ilya Rozanov was a little bit obsessed with his husband's tits.

Ever since Shane had given birth, his chest was constantly heavy with creamy breast milk, always in nursing bras as he pumped, pearly liquid soaking into his thin cotton shirts. His chest was broad, his nipples perky and swollen, heavy. Looking at them for too long, even thinking about them, made Ilya dizzy. The sight of Shane feeding their pup in the morning sent him into a mixture of arousal and gratitude. Other parts of him had gotten a little thicker, too. Shane’s thighs were practically bursting from his boyshorts, his soft tummy pressing against the waistband in a way that made Ilya want to bite him. But Ilya would stand at the island kitchen like a good alpha, sanitising their baby bottles and chopping vegetables for Shane’s breakfast smoothies.

He kept most of his horny thoughts regarding his husband’s chest to himself.

Ilya watched as Shane placed their pup into his crib, pressing a kiss to his little forehead. Shane stretched his arms above his head, bare tits on full display as he sat back on the couch, massaging the tender flesh. Ilya perked up, carrying a cup of peppermint to his husband,

“Are you okay, *malysh*?”

Shane nodded, taking a grateful sip of the tea,

“Mhm, just a bit sore. He’s not taking as much as he usually does. I think m’ a bit full. ”

Ilya nodded,

“Okay, *malysh*.”

Can I touch them? Can I massage them? Can I make them better? Can I please suck them? Please let me suck them, I really want to, please? Please, please, please-

Shane’s eyebrows drew together,

“I can hear your thoughts, Ilya,” he huffed, a little reprimanding, “I meant to keep my milk for our pup, not feed it to *you*.”

Ilya’s shoulders slumped a little, nodding in understanding. Of course Shane wanted to keep his supply for their pup. Ilya could understand. It wasn’t like they had a whole freezer full of frozen breast milk, not to mention the cartons of formula that Yuna had recently dropped off. Shane sighed at his husband’s expression,

“Really, Ilya?” he asked, “What’s so special about it anyway?”

Ilya shrugged,

“Is your milk. Is very sexy that you can feed our pup.”

Shane wrinkled his nose,

“It’s just a physiological process, I don’t understand why-”

Ilya sat down beside Shane, pulling him into his lap. He cupped Shane’s full tits from the back, feeling smug as Shane’s voice cut off into a relieved moan, the heaviness of milk-filled tits settling into his palms. Ilya was almost high on the scent, nuzzling into Shane’s neck as he massaged his breasts in careful circles, trying his best to stimulate milk production. Shane moaned, cunt starting to slick up at the hot press of Ilya’s cock against his cotton panties, the thick, bulbous head prodding the entrance to his cunt. Shane huffed, reaching down to rub his clit over his boxers, eyes flicking to the baby monitor. They probably had ten minutes at most until their little bear would wake up.

They would make the most of it.

Shane chewed his lip, trying to ignore the heaviness in his bladder as Ilya squeezed his sensitive nipples. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d gotten up to pee. Shane squirmed on the spot, cupping his cunt through his panties, turning to look at Ilya,

“Ilya,” he panted, “*Gotta pee-*”

Ilya shrugged,

“You will cum first, yes?”

Shane whimpered, gasping as a little splurt of pee wet the crotch of his panties, soaking into the fabric and mixing with the warm mess of slick. Ilya reached forward with one hand,

gently rubbed his palm over Shane's clothed cunt, helping him hold. Shane rubbed his thick thighs together, clit twitching at the mild stimulation,

"H-haven't peed since last night," he whined, "Have to go *so bad*-"

Ilya pressed a kiss just underneath Shane's ear, adjusting his hand so his thumb was pressing directly onto Shane's hard clit,

"Do you think you will cum like this, *malysh*?"

Shane nodded, head bobbing as Ilya slipped a hand past the waistband of his panties, finding Shane's clit with ease, gathering slick from his desperate cunt, rubbing the nub between two fingers. Shane moaned, feeling his orgasm cresting. It was softer than the previous two from the night before, but pleasurable nonetheless. Shane gritted his teeth, thighs quaking, cunt clenching as he sobbed, hiding his face in Ilya's neck,

"M' gonna cum," he gasped, "Have to pee so bad-"

Shane shuddered as he squirted into his panties, legs trembling as he stumbled out of Ilya's lap, hurrying toward the double doors leading out into the backyard of their cottage. Ilya followed him out, shaking his head in amusement. He often wondered why Shane preferred to go outside in comparison to just using the toilet. Shane awkwardly walked into the yard, clutching his cunt through his wet panties, hiccuping as a wave of desperation hit him, bladder roiling as he finally made it onto the grass, a hot splurt of pee soaking his panties as he dropped into a squat, sniffing as he rubbed a hand across his face.

"Gotta pee- *m' gonna pee, have to go so bad*-" he whined, fumbling with his panties, desperately pulling the crotch to the side, fat, hairy pussy lips clenching as a warm splurt of light yellow pee gushed from his urethra, soaking into the grass. Shane moaned with relief, shoulders sagging as he peed onto the grass, nipples twitching and releasing milk with catharsis.

His chest was utterly soaked.

Shane turned around to find Ilya holding a towel and a fresh pair of panties, reaching down to stroke Shane's hair,

"Feeling better?" he asked, nodding at Shane's milky chest.

Shane flushed, taking the towel from his husband. Ilya cooed, pulling Shane into a gentle hug, strong arms holding them together. He pressed a kiss to Shane's teary cheek.

"Such a good mommy, yes?"

Yes.

End Notes

tysm for reading!!

i hope you guys enjoyed 🍼 i kind of envisioned post-partum shane from [medrawawi's](#) art!

also, i recently made a strawpage! send your fic reqs, thoughts and ideas there 💖🤔

here is my [twi](#)

here is my [tumblr](#)

here is my [straw.page](#)

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