

cravings

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cravings

by Anonymous

Summary

Shane's cravings were very...interesting to say in the least. They were a delicate matter that only Ilya got to lay witness to in the confines of their home.

Or the one where Shane has a taste testing of all his cravings and Luca is the semi-willing participant (victim)

Notes

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

Shane's cravings were very...interesting to say in the least. They were a delicate matter that only Ilya got to lay witness to in the confines of their home.

He felt like they were too embarrassing, too much of an oddity to see the light of day. That was until one night Luca was staying the night (which had often begun doing) with Shane and Ilya one night when he was invited over for dinner having all but been adopted by the couple.

Shane had been *really* craving a variety of food in general but the thing he craved most was a bottle of Frank's red hot smothering anything — preferably pickles dipped in it. Mhm, yeah that was what he wanted.

So Ilya dutifully trudged out to the store without Luca because Shane had already tucked him away in the living room makeshift nest because it was 'practice' for when Sofia was born.

'Moya lyubov, he is not a pup.'

'But I can pretend like he is! Besides he needs to help me put together some baby gear and organize her seasonal clothes'

Which was a decent argument given that Shane had went through the process of washing every single article of clothing they had received from their baby shower and was now sorting them by something he called the three s system — sort, size, stack away — he was working on the last one but that was his system and he prided himself in it.

"Okay so we sort them by color, by size, and then we stack them in piles which I will then put in the closet behind their designated marked—" Shane was in the middle of his long winded speech about how there needed to be order to control the chaos that was the aftermath of a baby shower but thankfully — much to Luca's gratitude — Ilya walked in the front door carrying a load of groceries something of every kind possibly from every single aisle of the grocery store.

Shane's face lit up with pure delight as he managed to lever himself up off the couch and over to the kitchen island where Ilya was unloading them all.

"Okay I get everything on the list, they did not have favorite brand of pickles but I they had store kind. Check out lady said they are just as good." Ilya braced himself for a mild Shane breakdown but much to his surprise his husband was too busy breaking into the bag of jumbo marshmallows.

Luca found his way into the kitchen behind Shane, jaw dropping at the sheer amount of groceries that lay in front of him. "Woah...I have like a bag of doritos and maybe a box of pop tarts at home." It wasn't because of money either more or less lack of the ability to meal plan combined with the fact that Shane and Ilya fed him pretty much every night.

That and they had team meetings with plenty of snacks that he pocketed or Shane would send him with a goodie basket full of stuff — bottom line was that he never wanted for anything.

So seeing the sheer amount of groceries splayed out on the counter was definitely jaw dropping to say in the least to him. "Are we trying *all* of those?"

"Harris said it was part of our 'homework' so, I mean you don't *have* to try them but if you don't want him coming over here and filming us trying them himself then yeah we have to." Shane grabbed some plates out of the cabinet, putting them out to display the snacks in a more appealing way. He felt like he was going to pass out if he didn't eat something — it had been an hour since he last ate.

Luca didn't think it would be *that* bad. It sounded like fun even when Harris pitched the idea to them just before they had left practice that afternoon.

They were going to 'try some of Shane's cravings and rate them' which seemed simple enough. It actually sounded like more of a treat than anything. Free food *and* he got to spend time with Shane and Ilya? That sounded like a win.

Well...in theory it did.

That was until Luca realized just how *weird* Shane's cravings were and that this baby would probably come out with super powers or addicted to hot sauce maybe even both.

Craving number one: Sugar covered grapes

They were starting off on a sweet note, something semi-healthy. It was promising and it didn't seem like it would make him throw up so that was a plus.

Ilya had washed the grapes off, divided them up and put them on the counter in a big bowl already knowing where this craving was headed he grabbed their sugar container.

"Why do you have an entire bowl of sugar— oh, oh okay." Luca's question was quickly answered by Shane pouring sugar all over the grapes. "That's a lot of sugar, I mean not that I'm complaining or anything." He most definitely wasn't questioning Shane's decision to completely make an entire bowl of sugared grapes — no, never he wouldn't make that mistake...again.

Shane dished out a bowl to Luca, leaving the rest for himself.

"Okay out of ten what do you rate this one?" Shane asked in between bites, ignoring that Ilya was filming for Harris' video. He couldn't be bothered, this was on *his* top craving list and he hadn't had it in a hot minute.

"Um...I think this one would have to be a nine for me? Like it's not terrible and I would probably make it again." Luca didn't hate it actually, this wasn't half bad. If all of Shane's cravings were like this he wasn't sure what Ilya was even talking about.

Shane had his bowl polished off in under ten minutes, grabbing himself seconds even.

"You haven't seen the rest of them yet, just wait." Ilya warned, setting up the next tasting station after filming both their reactions for Harris. "There are just some things you should

not be doing to food, let us just say this."

Again, how bad could it even be? Luca had seen some nasty combinations just from Wyatt alone — his spaghetti with pasta alfredo, meat sauce, chicken, raw onions, hot sauce, ketchup, and a large side of regular ranch dressing.

Now *that* was gross.

Craving number two: Chocolate covered marshmallows dipped in honey

"Ilya, c'mon I'm starting to think you're just messing with me." Luca furrowed his brows, still unsure of what his captain was even complaining about. All of these were relatively normal cravings, they sounded like something he wouldn't mind sitting down and having as a snack.

Ilya had purposely started off with some of Shane's milder cravings to lure Luca in, making sure he had his guard down before he tossed some of the worst ones at him.

The older alpha simply smiled, placing toothpicks in the jumbo marshmallows so Luca and Shane could dip them in the melted bowl of chocolate and the honey — he just didn't mention that it was the spicy kind.

Luca grabbed one of the marshmallows, dipped it in the bowl of chocolate sauce and then in the honey before giving it a taste. At first it wasn't half bad, he chewed and chewed giving Ilya and Shane both a thumbs up. "Not half bad, I mean it's not my favorite but I don't hate it." He shrugged, grabbing another to dip in chocolate.

"See? They're really not bad. They could be worse!" Shane reminded in between his own bites of one of his favorite cravings so far. He didn't see what the problem was, at least he wasn't eating dirt or grass like he had read some people craved.

But then again crushed ice was pretty damn good especially a cup full of it after a jog paired with a freshly squeezed lemon.

"Just wait, Shanya isn't done yet." Ilya had been subject to these cravings, he had forced himself to try them the very first time that Shane had been hit with the need to try these new things. Shane had claimed that it was what their baby girl wanted and if she didn't get it she would be very mad at her papa.

"If she comes out wanting a chocolate covered marshmallow dipped in spicy honey I think you guys might have a legend on your hands— or like a really hungry baby." Luca shrugged grabbing a handful of plain marshmallows to dip in the chocolate only to have his hand smacked.

"Oww, there's like an entire bag—"

Ilya shook his head and handed Luca a bag of chips. "Just let him eat the rest, he might turn on us if we don't let him just do his thing in his natural habitat."

Craving number three: Hot cheetos dipped in strawberry yogurt

Shane wasn't completely sure where this one came from or why but for whatever reason he craved spicy foods non stop and had been for the past month and a half. But he also craved strawberries one night and Ilya happened to be eating some greek yogurt and one thing led to another and Shane was dipping his hot cheetos in his husband's yogurt. That is until his alpha just let him have cup of yogurt and decided to get another — he was *not* fighting Shane on that one. Food was not worth losing a hand over.

From then on out, Shane had been having it as a snack in between his other snacks.

"I present to you greek yogurt and hot cheetos, I bought family size but it is for Shane. You can have this bag." Ilya opened each bag and handed them over with a cup of 'dipping' yogurt. He had to shudder inwardly at this one, it was definitely an acquired taste.

Luca was pretty excited to try this one, it didn't seem *that* insane. He had dipped hot cheetos in ranch before just because he wanted to see what it would taste like.

Dipping a cheeto into the yogurt, Luca wasn't expecting much but he was met one of the best combinations he had tasted so far.

"This one has to be a 10/10, I think you're onto something with this one," Luca started dipping a few more hot cheetos in the yogurt earning a look of disgust from his captain.

"You both can have your yogurt cheetos. Two words that do not need to exist in the sentence."

Craving number four: Pickles dipped in peanut butter

"Okay this one isn't *as* bad as the last one." Ilya took the jar of peanut butter and two large pickles to dip in it handing one to Shane and one to Luca.

"Why aren't you having any?" Luca asked with a raised a brow, leaning against the counter still munching on his hot cheetos, his fingers now stained bright red. All that red 40 definitely couldn't be great for the young alpha but hey, Shane and Ilya weren't exactly experts at being parents yet. They were just using Luca as their trial run.

"Right? I mean they're not as good as the other pickles I usually get but they're pretty good." Shane pulled the jar of peanut butter closer to him, dipping it before taking another bite. He patted the side of his belly when he felt a kick of approval. "It's her favorite too she shares my sentiments about the pickles though."

"Like I said they were out of the regular ones, this was next best thing. I do not think our pup is very picky about them unlike *someone*." Ilya grabbed one of the plain pickles, taking a bite to prove his point. Except it wasn't as good and it was a little saltier than the other ones.

"Fine, you are right. Name brand only next time."

Craving number five: Pasta with meat sauce, chicken, raw onions, hot sauce, ketchup, and a large side of regular ranch dressing aka the Wyatt special.

Luca had high hopes for the final craving but those were squished when he saw Ilya pull out two takeout containers with what looked like 'the Wyatt special'.

"No— no, please say Wyatt didn't make that." Luca shook his head, war flashbacks filling his head from the time he watched their goalie eat and entire serving of it before a game — only to throw up halfway through the third period.

"How? *How*, can you even eat that?" The younger alpha squeaked, rubbing his sweaty palms on his jeans.

"It's called this baby enjoys spicy food, Wyatt had some leftover and I was starving during practice so he gave me the rest of it." Shane shrugged, putting a huge forkful in his mouth.

Luca had avoided this stuff like the plague but he had to finish this challenge or Harris might come for him with a pitchfork. Plus, he wasn't a quitter so...he had to do it for the principle and whatnot.

"Fine, yeah okay I'll uh take a few bites." Luca put a hesitant fork into his serving, lifting it to his mouth. It practically singed his nose hair, it was *that* strong. "Here uh, here goes nothing." He gulped, chewing and then swallowing immediately wanting to spit it back out.

"Sorry Shane that has to be a 3 out of 10. I give it a three for creativity and um— okay I got nothing it really isn't great." Luca tried to be nice about it but it was definitely the worst of them all.

Shane happily ate Luca's portion while Luca finished off the hot cheetos and yogurt. Ilya ate the rest of the marshmallows and finished up the video before sending it to Harris. "You are a brave little soldier, Haasy."

"Gee thanks, remind me to never do that again." Luca whispered watching Shane in half awe and half disgust eat everything they had been trying until there was nothing left.

Harris posted the video a week later and it was a big hit. "Anyone else wanna try any of Shane's cravings?" He offered as he made his way into the locker room one evening.

"Uh, how much is in it for me?" Troy spoke up.

"My love and affection. Also I'll pay for dinner and you'll get 'dessert'." Harris smiled innocently but the things coming out of his mouth were anything but.

Luca wanted to yell 'don't do it' but Troy had spilled coffee on his sketchbook on the plane earlier that week so he decided he could suffer.

Ilya simply smirked and clapped Troy on the back as he passed by him. "Good luck you will need it. You can think of this as practice for Harris' cravings."

Harris' cheeks flushed bright red as he turned on his heel and walked out of the room with a smile on his face — that day would come sooner than they thought.

End Notes

💌 heyyyy this one has been sitting in my wips so i figured i would finish it up and post it
😏 luca really is their adopted child lmao he's being subjected to the horrors of shane's
cravings LMAO which one of them is a real thing that a player actually eats 😭 *looks over
at erik karlsson* don't believe me just look it up LMAO anyways hope you enjoy! ❤️

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