what's yours is mine

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what's yours is mine

by Anonymous

Summary

It started off slow, one shirt here, one shirt there, a sweatshirt, even a few pairs of underwear just to wear his alpha's scent on him.

Or Shane steals Ilya's shirts and Ilya feels some sort of way.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It started off slow, one shirt here, one shirt there, a sweatshirt, even a few pairs of underwear just to wear his alpha's scent on him.

Shane had always worn Ilya's shirts and vice versa but he found more comfort in them now more than ever. It made perfect sense seeing as he was pregnant and most omegas took comfort in wearing their alpha's clothes.

Ilya enjoyed this a lot more than one typically would. He didn't really notice though that he was down to about one shirt left hanging on the hanger in their closet. Shane's shirts remained untouched but all of his were either stashed in his husband's nest or were currently being worn.

"Do you want me to walk around naked?" Ilya's voice called from the top of the stairs, a towel wrapped around his neck as he used one end to dry his curls that were still damp from his late afternoon shower.

They had been working out together, Shane insisted that he still stay in shape while pregnant even if every step felt like he was going to roll right off the treadmill with the belt. He stayed vigilant, reminding himself that he needed to keep up some sort of workout regime so it didn't feel like he was murdering his body when it came time to actually get back into shape.

"You will murder me if you keep wearing my shirt and nothing else," Ilya groaned, his eyes zeroed in on the way Shane's hips moved from side to side in his barely there shorts with each step on the treadmill. He was certain the beads of sweat dripping down his face were from his husband and not the exercising he had been doing for the past thirty or so minutes.

"I have no clue what you're talking about," Shane decided he would play dumb, ignoring the way his husband's amber musk tickled his nose.

He pretended he was busy as he clicked the button to the machine off, slowing his walking down to a complete stop, over exaggerating the movement of his hips the entire time.

Shane then started rolling his yoga mat out onto the hard wood floor continuing with his routine not paying attention to the way Ilya was shirtless currently looming over him.

The omega felt his alpha's watchful gaze trained on his back.

"I have no more clothes, *kotik*." Ilya repeated, almost as if clothes would magically manifest out of thin air for him. Or his husband would be so kind to show him where exactly the rest of his shirts were stowed away.

But neither of these things were going to happen for the alpha.

Instead, Shane only hiked his shorts up that much higher as he crouched down as best as his body would allow — his belly hanging low as he started with a few simple stretches at first, legs spread allowing enough room for him to do a little bounce with his arms in front of him.

Ilya did not think he was going to survive this. Shane was going to kill him with his beautiful pregnant body and there was nothing he could (or would) do about it.

"Anya, papa will take you out just one second," Ilya heard Anya ringing her bell that signaled she needed to go out but right now he was a *little* distracted.

Barely looking up from his mat, Shane nodded towards the door.

"You might want to take her, last time you told her to wait a second she peed in your shoe." He reminded his husband of the consequences of his own actions when he got caught up eating him out on the counter one evening after a big win. Ilya had only waited a second, just long enough for Shane to release in his mouth when they both heard the bell going off and not even a minute later she was peeing in his adidas slides. At least they were waterproof but he was sure he didn't want to re-learn that lesson.

"Fine, I will take her but don't move any muscles or do anything remotely sexy before I get back," Ilya scooped Anya up and away they went running down the hallway to the backdoor. Shane rolled his eyes and shook his head continuing on with his workout, breathing in and out as he stretched his sore limbs.

Pregnancy had definitely done a number on his joints and muscles, the relaxin that Dr. Park had mentioned at his last few checkups was the culprit — a hormone that was released to help prepare for childbirth. It was supposed to help his pelvis widen and the ligaments around it soften aka the reason for all his aches and pains.

Not that finding a reason for it helped the pain, it just eased his mind a bit making him understand that his body was indeed not falling apart. Shane would be able to come back from this and he would be able to get back on the ice.

The telltale jingle of Anya's collar made Shane slide into a different position, getting onto all fours propped by his knees and elbows most importantly his ass was in the air. The click-clack of Anya's groomed nails was the first sound that entered the room behind him followed by the familiar footfalls of his husband letting him know he was coming up behind him.

All Ilya could see was 'ROZANOV' on the back of Shane's shirt that was slowly riding up his torso revealing a sliver of curved skin, his belly coming into view as it continued to ride up.

Ilya's cock started hardening in his shorts, enjoying his view he decided to get a closer more personal look as he moved behind Shane placing both hands on his hips pressing his length between his omega's plump ass cheeks letting him *feel* just how hard he made him.

"This is what stealing my shirts does to me, it is also partially the mommy yoga's fault too," Ilya's spoke finally his voice thick with lust.

"It's *maternity yoga,* Ilya. Plus, I just stole one shirt this can't be doing that much to you," Shane dismissed it casually, his body responding to Ilya's naturally by moving backwards against his alpha's length slick beginning to dampen the thin fabric of the workout shorts.

"Mm more than that, I would say entire closet if we want to count how many shirts are missing." Ilya palmed Shane's ass through the fabric, realizing that he had no underwear on this entire time as his hand slid lower resting between the crease where his cheek met his thigh.

Oh two could play at this game.

"What the- we are not counting your shirts, that's dumb. You have like five t-shirts, give or take." Shane huffed out a laugh pretending like he was going to switch positions only to continue rubbing his ass against Ilya's erection — wishing it were nestled deep inside him.

"Yes you take them! So you admit you take them, da?" Ilya's voice rumbled in his ear, a deep chuckle vibrating against his earlobe feeling his alpha's firm, broad chest up against his back. His arm circling his waist, holding his swollen belly up taking the pressure off his aching hips.

A moan escaped Shane's lips, the rest of his body beginning to betray him with the relief that Ilya was bringing him. "Oh my god, don't let go." He whined softly, wanting to relish in the feeling of having his hips feel like they weren't carrying a 99th percentile baby on them.

"You like this, don't you? Wearing my name, stealing my clothes, carrying my pup," Ilya let his hand slip between Shane's thick thighs, his fingertip brushing against his omega's swollen clit. He was so wet already and Ilya hadn't even done anything yet.

"Not even wearing underwear, just waiting on me to notice."

"I have no clue what you're talking about…I just forgot this morning." Shane lied casually, acting like he hadn't been doing all of this with the knowledge that Ilya wanted to fuck him silly in his t-shirt right here and now.

Ilya gave a light scoff, a grin pulling at the edge of his mouth as he continued rubbing his clothed cock against Shane's damp shorts, each rub of the fabric against his bare sensitive bundle of nerves making his resolve dissipate.

"Oh, so you just 'forget' your underwear and walk around ready to go like a little slut?" The smirk slipped through as Ilya kept his grip firm on Shane's hips, the slow drag of his fingers through his barely clothed folds had the omega ready to pull his shorts to the side himself.

"*Ilya*, please." The thought that he might actually combust if Ilya kept teasing him had crossed Shane's mind, multiple times. Especially when he felt his husband's calloused fingers trail down to play around his hole — clenching around nothing with each swipe. It was agonizing, cruel and unusual.

Oh he would make Ilya pay sometime or another for this.

Suddenly Shane felt his shorts give way, something thicker than Ilya's fingers nudging against his entrance. It took him halfway by surprise, his center of gravity was definitely off nowadays to the point that it frustrated him that even the slightest wrong move and he was tipping over like a freaking cow.

"Easy, easy *moya lyubov* just relax," Ilya would handle this, he would take care of him after all he did do this to him. It was only fair that he took all of his clothes to nest with, he had earned the right to them.

Shane wanted so badly to reach up and touch his slit himself but that would mean face planting on the mat so he had to leave it up to his alpha who wasn't moving nearly fast enough.

"Hurry up you're taking forev—" Shane began to complain, a punched out gasp leaving his lips when Ilya slide his cock between his pussy lips teasing him gathering all the slick that he had been leaking steadily to use for lube on his shaft.

"What was that again? I'm taking forever? Let me fix this." Ilya said matter of fact, as he slid home slowly centimeter by centimeter into Shane's tight little hole his omega's arms trembling as he tried to stay upright.

Ilya noticed he was having a difficult time staying upright so he decided he would lend a helping hand wrapping it under Shane's swollen chest, keeping him from falling forward as he fucked up into his tight warmth drawing out every moan like he was wringing out a wet towel.

"I-Ilya fuck I need— faster—" Shane whined between moans, ready to get on his hands and knees again. Ilya sped his thrusts up, his other hand — that wasn't busy keeping his omega from falling over — cradled Shane's swollen midsection a reminder of what he had done to his mate. That *he* had made him round with pup, that he had claimed him in one of the most intimate ways an alpha could.

Shane felt his orgasm building, waves of pleasure one tumbling over the other until he came on Ilya's cock, his pussy clenching vice tight around his alpha — drawing his release closer until he came inside him still thrusting up with each roll of Shane's hips backwards onto him until he had slowed down.

"You see what you do to me, Rozanov?" Ilya smirked, wiping the sweat from his brow after licking his hand clean some of Shane's milk that had leaked through having soaked the hand that was keeping him from collapsing.

"And I'll do it again." Shane mirrored his husband's smirk, pressing their lips together — a promise that he would follow through on that.

End Notes

💌 hiya!!!!! boy the playoffs are...interesting LMAO avs please just do what you need to do okay ANYWAYS this fic has been sitting in my wips and i was like y'know what ilya has go to do something about shane stealing his shirts 😉i just love the thought of ilya getting all hot and bothered over seeing shane wearing his name on him well that plus him being pregnant <3

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