

you showed me where your whole heart stayed

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/68531861) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/68531861>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry_(TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , Anya Ilya Rozanov's Dog
Additional Tags:	Omega Verse , Parenthood , Fluff , Domestic Fluff , New Parents , Body Dysphoria , Mild Hurt/Comfort , Alpha/Omega , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Omega Shane Hollander , Past Mpreg Male Pregnancy
Language:	English
Series:	Part 7 of Hollanov Omegaverse AU
Stats:	Published: 2025-08-01 Words: 3,859 Chapters: 1/1

you showed me where your whole heart stayed

by [quantumoddiy](#).

Summary

Ilya Rozanov's life looks very different compared to a year ago. He's a lot more tired, for one.

But he wouldn't change it for the world.

Notes

Just fancied writing some domestic, parenthood focused fluff for my hollanov omega verse au!

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

There was always a strange kind of relief to being exhausted, at least for Ilya Rozanov.

The burn in his legs and his lungs after hockey practice meant he'd pushed himself as far as he could go, past all the others into a class of his own. The washed out feeling after the adrenaline of a game swept out of his system was a sign he was still on top. The rasp in his throat and the throbbing of his temples, matching the beat of whatever club he was in last reminded him that he was free, that his decisions, good or bad, were entirely his own.

But more than anything, being exhausted meant it was easy for Ilya to just close his eyes and let sleep claim him. Being exhausted meant he was less likely to dream, less likely to be dragged along the grasping currents of bad memories. Being exhausted meant numbness and numbness meant peace.

If he was lucky. Which he often wasn't, but it was something to tell himself, something to cling to so he could believe there was a way to win even with the shitty hand he'd been dealt.

Now, looking at his reflection in the mirror above the sink, Ilya could safely say he'd never been more tired in his entire life. And, this time, it made him feel like the luckiest guy in the whole damn world.

He did look like shit though. The lighting in their little en suite was doing him no favours, making his skin look ashy, his cheeks hollow and emphasising the dark circles under his eyes that made him look as though he'd been punched in the face. Ilya dragged his palms down his cheeks, watching in a fascinated kind of horror as he realised that really was his own face looking back at him, not a vision of what he'd look like after he'd been dead for a month.

"Those dark circles don't come off, no matter how much you rub them. Believe me, I've tried."

Ilya's reflection still found the energy to smile, breaking through the clouds on his face as Shane joined him in the mirror. He slumped on his husband's shoulder, head lolling into the curve of his neck where it had always fitted so perfectly in a way that had always given Ilya hope that things would work out, back when they'd seemed impossible. Because if he wasn't meant to have Shane, why were their bodies shaped to fit each other? Why had it always felt so right when they leaned on each other like this?

"No fair," he grumbled, turning so he could press his lips to Shane's forehead, "Why do they look hot on you?"

Shane gave a snort of disbelief, "Karma, I guess. The kid came out of me so I get to wear the exhaustion better."

Ilya knew he was supposed to snap back with something but his throat tightened at those words. Even said so casually, it still stuck him as nothing short of a fucking miracle, that this was the life he got to live, that this was his mate.

“Deeply unfair,” Ilya finally croaked, kissing him because he knew he’d never find the right words to thank Shane properly, “I’ll be filing a complaint.”

Shane laughed, tucking against his neck again, inhaling deeply even though Ilya was sure his scent was buried under not having time for laundry in a while and the number of times he’d been spit up on that day. Shane, by contrast, smelled incredible, his usual woody scent softened by milk and something warm and cozy. Still, he rumbled happily against Ilya’s skin, clearly having no complaints about his mate’s scent.

“Did Alexi go down okay?”

Ilya loved saying his son’s name. He loved how he could lean into it and thicken his accent, like it had been made for his mouth. It was a piece of home, the name Ilya’s mother had always said she would have given him, if the choice had been hers and not her husband’s. It was a promise that things would be better this time.

“Surprisingly easy,” Shane hummed, finally making himself pull away from his mate and elbowing him aside so he could start brushing his teeth, “I think you and Anya finally tired him out.”

Ilya walked into their bedroom, stripping off his shirt and tossing it into the overflowing laundry basket as he went, “Nice. Feels like we’re getting the hang of this, yes? Like he’s finally settling down.”

“Don’t say that!” Shane admonished him through a mouthful of toothpaste, “He’ll hear you!”

Ilya cackled at that, going to check that the baby monitor by their bed was working. He supposed they had no right to be surprised when their son was born with more energy than his tiny body could possibly contain, when he struggled to get into any kind of sleep pattern, when he screamed at the idea of being apart from his dads for any length of time. They hadn’t given the poor kid a chance, not with the genetics they’d passed on to him.

Knowing that hadn’t made it any less exhausting, though. Those first few weeks had been tough, their nerves shredded by the sound of his crying, the lack of sleep eating holes in their ability to cope with it and see sense. Shane had felt wretched and useless after the birth had gone so terribly wrong, Ilya had been frantically trying to do everything himself and ease the guilt weighing him down. It hadn’t been a good combination.

But they’d gotten through it, with help from Shane’s parents, from the Centaurs who were already parents and, yes alright, from Hayden too. Now things were exhausting and wonderful, rather than exhausting and terrifying. Well, things were still terrifying but in a top-of-a-rollercoaster kind of way, a way that held as much excitement as it did panic.

Shane was right though. There was no sense in tempting fate.

A part of Ilya wanted to just collapse into bed, close his eyes and probably be out like a light before Shane even made it out the bathroom. He knew that was the sensible choice. But sleep wasn’t the only thing they’d been missing in the seven months since their son was born and, right now, a much larger part of his brain was focused on just how good Shane looked.

Not that Ilya had ever thought otherwise. Between their relationship becoming public and his alpha hormones running wild, Ilya felt like he had just fallen more and more in love with his mate by the day. It was maddening sometimes, being in the same team meetings, the same stadium gym, the same promo shoots, knowing there was no big secret keeping him from kissing Shane in front of whoever was lucky enough to see. A few times, Shane had to nip at him, reminding him that he wanted to make a good impression on his new team and them walking in on him being groped probably wouldn't help.

And after Alexi was born and all the terror that had come directly after, sometimes Ilya needed to make Shane's heart beat faster, just so he could be sure it still could. So he could drown out the memory of those few moments when it stopped.

But it was just the two of them here now and even with Shane in his oldest, rattiest pair of shorts and his unbrushed hair and tired eyes, Ilya wanted him just as badly. And this time, there was no reason to hold back.

"Come here, *moy lyubimyy* ..."

He made his voice a crooked finger, one that snagged Shane's attention instantly. Ilya sat up on his elbows, getting an excellent view as his mate's cheeks went pink and his dark eyes snapped to his own like they were coming to heel. There was none of his usual brattiness in that gaze, the one Ilya usually thrilled in, there was just a raw need that mirrored his mate's.

He closed the gap between them with an almost frantic little whimper, crashing his lips against Ilya's so hard he knocked him onto his back. Ilya had no complaints, arms immediately coming around to clasp his omega and press them as closely together as two people could possibly be. He gladly drowned himself in Shane's scent, licking and kissing at the bond mark on his collar, new enough to still taste faintly of blood.

Shane trembled in his arms, voice raspy with more than a lack of sleep, "Missed this..."

Ilya purred loudly for him, stroking a hand down his spine, feeling the goosebumps he'd raised on his skin, "Me too, *vtoraya polovinka*, I have been dying to get my hands on you for weeks."

He rolled them then, straddling Shane so he could start pulling his shorts down, tired of having clothes between their skin. Shane's soft, keening whimpers urged him on until Ilya drew back and let his eyes roam hungrily over his mate. That was when Shane seemed to realise he was naked, that all of him was splayed out, bracketed between his mate's strong arms and unable to hide.

Ilya knew the sudden stiffness that tightened Shane's body, like he'd just been plunged into too cold water. They'd been fighting it together for the last year, since they'd realised that losing control over his body, surrendering it to pregnancy, childbirth and a major surgery, had been hell for Shane's particular brand of anxiety. His weirdness around eating had come back with a roaring vengeance not two weeks in, the many conflicting lists of pregnancy dos and don'ts had become a kind of self torture device for him.

It had been like their occasional language barrier magnified into something impassible, Ilya unable to convince Shane that he wasn't doing anything wrong, that he wasn't failing their pup or himself, that he'd never been more beautiful. It had been the worst kind of familiar, Ilya watching as something so like his own depression spread through Shane like a poison.

Fortunately, Ilya had known exactly what to do. Because Shane had shown him how.

He just did everything his mate had done for him, after he'd finally shown him just how much he struggled. As Shane mirrored Ilya's pain, Ilya mirrored his patience, his understanding, his empathy. He listened, he found professionals who could help Shane and waited for him in the car outside, ready to catch him when he stumbled out in pieces. He reminded Shane who he was and what he meant to him, reciting the fundamental truths of their love like they were the laws of physics, whenever the poison in Shane's mind tried to make him forget them.

It had been heartbreaking. It had been exhausting. It had been so, so hard. But Shane had come through the other side, just like Ilya knew he would, and they weren't about to fall apart over these little snags, these currents that tried to tug at Shane's ankle and pull him back under.

Ilya bent, trailing kisses down Shane's body, pressing them against his collarbone, his chest, his stomach, not thinking about where they landed because every inch of him was worth it. He skated his lips over the new stretch marks that arched up his stomach, the looser, softer skin between his hips. Ilya silently adored everything that was new, everything that had changed, everything that was slowly coming back to the way it had been before. Words could be taken back, words could be twisted, but he hoped his actions could show Shane exactly what he saw when he looked at him, when he looked at these imprints left behind by the miracle his body had performed.

Shane was beyond words too, whimpering and keening under Ilya's mouth, his scent flooding the bedroom so thickly it almost had its own colour. The colour of fresh, cold lake water and crisp snow, calming Ilya and letting him focus on his mate, on the fact that he was here in his arms and nothing could take him away.

Shane moaned as Ilya's teeth scraped one swollen nipple, "Please...I need you, I want this..."

Ilya felt the thrill of those words surge through him like electricity. This beautiful man, his mate, needed something from him, something he could give. He knew his fangs were drawn as he grinned down at Shane, happy to sink into those instincts now doubt and fear didn't dog their heels.

"You've got me, *moy lyubimyy muzh*, I'm right here," he growled, making it a promise as he moved Shane's legs apart.

A promise he wouldn't get to keep. Because Ilya's life, if nothing else, had a strong sense of comedic timing.

The baby monitor lit up with a cry that threatened to rattle it right off the side table. Shane and Ilya both jumped with it, practically hearing the crash as the romantic mood shattered around them and suddenly they were just two men sprawled across each other, trying not to burst out laughing.

“Can I take a rain check on that?” Ilya smiled hopefully, settling for a soft kiss to Shane’s forehead.

“Sure,” Shane’s eyes crinkled in the corners as he smiled, “I told you he’d hear you...”

He moved to get up with Ilya but his mate put a firm hand against his chest, “Ah, ah. It is my turn. You stay and get some sleep.”

Shane looked like he wanted to protest but Ilya raised an eyebrow and, for once, his omega decided to listen. Whether it was the exhaustion or the careful rules they stuck to, making sure the scales didn’t tip too far one way or the other, Shane slumped back against the pillows.

“Okay...but you’ll call if you need a hand?”

Ilya threw his mate a wink before his eyes closed and his head fell back, “It’ll be fine. I’ll be back to ravage you before you know it.”

He heard the rustle of Shane pulling the blankets up over himself, curling down into lingering warmth, “Sure. Don’t feel any pressure to wake me up for that.”

It was hard to pull his clothes back on and leave him there but Ilya followed those cries like they were a rope tied around his heart, pulling him forward. He supposed he was lucky to have two places he desperately wanted to be, even if choosing was hard.

He heard the clatter of nails on the hardwood floor and the soft jangle of a collar as Anya heaved herself out of bed to trot after him. He and Shane might take turns but she never seemed to consider herself off duty, dashing ahead of him as soon as he opened the nursery door. It made Ilya smile, seeing how she paced anxiously in front of the crib, whimpering as though Ilya could hear Alexi crying.

“*Solnyshkuh*, it’s okay, papa’s here...” Ilya murmured, reaching down into the crib.

Alexi was adorable even when he was screaming at the top of his lungs, even with his cheeks flushed and his fists balled up over his eyes. Ilya murmured soft Russian nonsense, stroking his face with one finger until he opened his eyes. He knew he was supposed to see if Alexi would settle, he was supposed to coax him back into sleep but, seeing him there, all wide, wet eyes and his little trembling pout, all he could do was gather him into his arms.

“I’ve got you,” Ilya promised gently, holding his pup against his chest, letting Alexi burrow against him until his cries turned to soft little hiccups and his hands grasped at his shirt.

It was such a small thing. Just a tiny little *click* that only resounded in Ilya’s mind. And yet, Ilya had spent the last year agonising over that moment, waiting to feel it, terrified by

thoughts that he wouldn't, wondering who he'd be if he did. Other alphas with bonds and pups of their own had talked about it but their words hit Ilya's ear like fairytales, something that didn't actually happen in real life. Certainly not to people like him.

But then he'd first felt Alexi's impossibly tiny hands reaching out to him from under Shane's skin. And everything had just *clicked*.

He still felt it, every time he picked up Alexi and felt him rest against his shoulder, the way his little body fit so snugly in his arms, how those hands still reached for Ilya when he needed comfort. That sense of rightness, a kind of certainty Ilya wasn't used to feeling off the ice. Something not even he could doubt.

Alexi still grizzled, whimpering unhappily and squirming against his papa's shoulder. He was so warm, Ilya could feel the flush of his skin through the thin cotton onesie, hot enough that he frowned.

"My poor little *Solnyshkuh*," Ilya murmured, a soothing purr rumbling through his voice like thunder behind clouds, "You're not built for summer, huh? Me neither..."

Of course Ilya had made frequent jokes about hoping their pup inherited his own good looks, always prompting Shane to smirk and reply that, as long as they got Hollander hockey skills, he was fine with that. But Ilya had been beyond thrilled to see Alexi's head of silky black hair and his dark eyes, just as Shane had been delighted with his long, slightly oversized nose and his wide smile. He was the perfect blend of both of them, a blurring of his two fathers.

Though Ilya had to admit there was something distinctly Shane-like in Alexi's current expression, as he scowled and whined in frustration, only getting himself more flushed in the process. Fortunately, Ilya could read his son's face as easily as his mate's, he knew what he needed.

"Hey, I know what will fix this," he kissed the side of Alexi's head, "You wanna go see the loons, *Solnyshkuh*?"

The moment they stepped outside, Alexi's cries stopped, sudden as a candle being blown out. Ilya couldn't blame him, it really was beautiful outside, enough to make anyone wonder why they'd ever been sad in their life. It had felt right, coming up to the cottage to spend the first few months of their pup's life, coming to the place where they'd always found peace and safety.

And it had worked wonders. Alexi loved the lake, he loved the sound of the wind in the leaves, he loved feeling the grass under his chubby little starfish hands, he shrieked in delight at the ducks and the loons out on the water and reached to grab them whenever he saw them in the sky. Ilya thought the best day of his son's life so far was probably when a squirrel had come right up on the porch and peered at him with fearless, ink drop eyes. He was made for this place, the same way Shane was.

By the time Ilya carried him to the end of the little jetty and Anya was rushing up and down the shore, Alexi was cooing and burbling happily, already stretching an arm out to the loons like he was trying to say hello. Or maybe reaching for the sun, wanting to grasp it before the

last orange segment of it slipped under the horizon. He couldn't blame his pup, Ilya understood wanting to reach out and stop the world from turning, to keep this moment exactly where it was.

He gasped as the loons began their godawful howling and honking, nudging Alexi, "Look, *Solnyshkuh*, they're saying hello!"

Alexi squirmed in delight, hooting right back and, naturally, kicking off a fresh round of the most terrifying noises the Canadian wilderness had to offer, at least as far as Ilya was concerned. But now those sounds only made him smile as he took a seat on the very end of the jetty, letting his feet dangle so they barely skimmed the cool water, Alexi sitting between his legs and copying him as much as his stubby little legs would allow. Ilya's broad arms wrapped around him, safe as any seatbelt, and gave him something to gnaw toothlessly on while they watched the sun set. Eventually, Anya had sniffed every pebble on the shoreline and came to sit with them, her muzzle hanging over the edge of the jetty, watching the water.

Ilya couldn't have said exactly how long they sat out there before he heard light footsteps on the boards behind him. Not long enough for him to believe that Shane made any real effort to stay in bed, that he hadn't been thinking about following him since he'd left their bedroom.

"Before you say anything, I know it's your turn," Shane sat beside him and immediately slumped against his mate's shoulder, "I'm not here to be useful in any way."

Ilya grinned, deciding he wouldn't point out that Shane had already failed at that. Just having him there, the warm press of his skin on his own, the sweet scent of him, the reassuring rhythm of his breathing, did more for Ilya in that moment than years of shitty coping mechanisms.

Alexi seemed to agree. The moment he heard his daddy's voice he was squeaking, squirming, unable to settle until Shane reached across and stroked his hair and added his purr to Ilya's deeper one. As soon as he did, Alexi cooed happily, reaching up and wrapping his hand around Shane's fingers like he was making sure both his daddy and his papa were close by.

It was enough to make Ilya's breath catch in his throat, the small reminder that their son needed both of them, that they were better together than they could ever be alone.

The three of them sat together, pressing close as the sun finally slipped under the horizon and the chiller night air gathered around them. It wasn't cold enough to chase them back inside just yet, they wanted to hang on to this rare moment of peace for as long as they could. Peace, not quiet, not with the loons still howling creepily and the insects flitting over the surface of the lake, creaking and chittering. And not with Alexi talking back to it all, imitating the noises in his own baby babble, conversing with the place he belonged so completely. The home his parents had made for him.

Ilya felt his heart squeeze. Peace was better than quiet, he thought.

Shane must have felt him tense, tilting his head up to study his face, pressing just that little bit closer, "Everything okay?"

Ilya answered first by catching Shane's lips against his own in a long, unhurried kiss. Another kiss that tried to fit everything he didn't know how to say, that tried to show some of what surged in his heart.

"Just tired," he finally murmured, Shane's forehead resting on his own.

His mate's gorgeous, dark eyes crinkled at the corners and his mouth lifted in a smile, "You seem pretty happy about that."

Ilya had to laugh, how easily Shane could see through him.

"Yeah. I really, really am."

End Notes

Please consider leaving a comment if you enjoyed this! I'm also on Tumblr, @mollymauk-teafleak! <33

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!