

Is It Everything You Dreamed Of?

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/74830751) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/74830751>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	Mpreg , Male Pregnancy , Fluff , Light Angst
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-11-27 Completed: 2025-11-30 Words: 6,604 Chapters: 2/2

Is It Everything You Dreamed Of?

by [Ameel19](#)

Summary

When Shane gets sick, Ilya briefly fears the worst but turns out that best things in life happen at the most unexpected times

Notes

Hi guys ❤️

This is my first work in this fandom. I know that people tend to go the angstier way about it but I've always preferred fluff over drama.

So please, please 🙏❤️ Let me know what you think down in the comments

See you next time with chapter 2

Amélie 💜

Chapter 1: Chapter 1

August

Ilya wakes up to an elbow in the face, causing him to groan loudly in pain, his hands immediately coming up to cradle his nose. Before he can do anything else though, the bedsheet is thrown back over him and despite the ringing in his ears, he can still hear his husband's running footsteps as he makes a beeline for the bathroom.

Abrupt awakenings like this one, save for Shane's elbow nearly breaking his nose, have become a common occurrence this past week.

At first, they thought it was food poisoning but since it didn't get any better after 48 hours they started thinking it might be a stomach bug of some sort.

Ilya is pretty sure he heard Pike telling Shane over the phone the twins had gastroenteritis and since they all hung out together not long before, that surely was it.

It's been a full week now though and his husband is showing no sign of improvement yet...

Fuck this!

Shane will see a doctor today even if Ilya has to tie him to the passenger seat and forcibly drive him there!

But this can all wait for a few more hours though.

Right now, he has to take care of his husband so he shakes himself awake, pushing the pain in his nose to the back of his mind, and rolls out of bed. He then makes his way to the bathroom where he finds Shane kneeling by the toilet, clutching at the ceramic bowl as he empties into it the content of his stomach.

Ilya quickly kneels beside him and rubs his back comfortingly as he waits for it to be over, whispering sweet nothings in Russian.

Not much else to do instead.

Eventually, after what feels like forever, Shane sags back against Ilya's chest and sighs with relief, his eyes drifting shut as his breath begins evening out.

Ilya immediately wraps his arms around his husband, gently holding him as he buries his face in Shane's neck and presses a series of feather light kisses on the sensitive skin there.

He hates seeing him in pain and not being able to do anything about it. It reminds him of that game when he got hurt after being slammed into the boards by Marlow...

"Sorry about your face," Shane whispers after a moment, his chest still slightly heaving.

“Knew you had an ulterior motive for marrying me,” Ilya can't help but tease him, hoping to lighten up the mood. “It's your revenge for all those times Boston beat Montreal, yes?”

He feels more than he hears his husband's chuckle before Shane rests his head against his.

“Yeah, I was just waiting for the perfect opportunity to break your nose,” he sighs tiredly, blindly reaching him to tangle his fingers through Ilya's curls.

A moment passes. Then another. And-

“You're going to force me to see a doctor, are you?” Shane guesses and it doesn't sound that much like a question but Ilya nods nonetheless.

“It's been a week now, *lyubov moya*,” he points out, instinctively tightening his arms around him. “You should have started feeling better already.”

He expects his husband to put up a fight, to tell him there's nothing to worry about and that he just needs a day or two.

What he doesn't expect is for Shane to immediately nod an agreement.

“Drop me there on your way to practice,” he tells him, leaning back against Ilya's chest.

“Someone needs to get those new rookies into shape if we want to get another cup this year and since I can't do it today, then you have to!”

Marriage is all about compromises so even though Ilya wants nothing more than to go to the doctor with his husband, if going to fucking practice means he won't have to drag him there by force, then he'll just go fucking practice.

Small victory.

“Fine,” he agrees, although a bit reluctantly, before pressing one more kiss to Shane's jaw.

“Let's wash your teeth now cause I haven't had my morning kiss yet!”

His husband mumbles something that sounds a lot like “Idiot” but he's smiling now so Ilya can't help but smile as well despite how worried he's beginning to feel.

He hopes that it's just a very persistent stomach bug and not something worse...



As he had agreed to, Ilya drops Shane off at the clinic before driving over to the training center although he spends the whole drive there considering turning around.

His husband is sick, Ilya should be with him, sitting beside him in the waiting room, holding his hand and trying to distract him, to comfort him.

The temptation gets even worse when practice begins and the others avoid him like the plague. It's not malicious though, Ilya is aware of it.

The whole team knows that every time either he or Shane gets sick, it's only a matter of days before the other catches it as well.

That doesn't ease his nerves at all.

If it was just a damn bug, shouldn't he be sick as well already? Seven days of being around and taking care of his husband should be plenty of time for him to start showing symptoms as well.

Fuck!

Thankfully, Coach Weibe seems to understand what's going through Ilya's mind as he lets him out of practice early, telling him to go take care of Shane and reminding him he's right there if they need anything.

So Ilya heads out to the locker room and takes a quick shower before texting his husband.

To Shane: Coach just let me out, any news?

His husband answers within a matter of seconds.

From Shane: Already home, got a Uber

But this text only makes Ilya frown as he hurriedly types out a response.

To Shane: Already saw the doctor? What did they say???

From Shane: Come home

Ilya's hands begin to shake around his phone.

To Shane: What's going on? Is it bad? What did the doctor say?

His husband begins writing in return, then stops for nearly a minute before writing again. He does this a couple of times but his answer has yet to come and Ilya is now properly freaking out.

It has to be bad for Shane to be like this.

Very bad.

To Shane: You're scaring me now! What's wrong?

Shane stops typing altogether, time seems to slow down as Ilya keeps staring at his phone, waiting.

Then, finally, comes an answer although nothing could have prepared him for the words that appear on the screen.

From Shane: I'm pregnant

Ilya's knees nearly give out underneath him so he sits down on the wooden bench and lets out the breath he had been holding.

Pregnant.

Shane, *his* Shane, is pregnant.

He's pregnant with his baby!

Oh my God!

He has never pressed the call button this quickly except maybe that night what feels like another lifetime ago when Scott Hunter kissed his boyfriend live on TV and Ilya called Shane to let him know he was coming to the cottage.

That night changed both of their lives.

Just like this call could!

If only Shane could fucking answer him!

It keeps ringing until it goes to the voicemail so Ilya tries again and again. He's just about to make a fourth attempt when he receives a text from Shane.

From Shane: Come home

Ilya doesn't think twice before running out of the training center, only realizing once he's on the highway that he left his bag in the locker room.

Not that it matters anymore.

Shane is waiting for him.



The drive home is pure torture for Ilya. A thousand questions running through his mind at the same time.

How far along is Shane? Is it a boy or a girl? Is it even a single baby or are there more than one?

But most of his questions are a lot heavier.

Are Shane and the baby both healthy? Can Ilya even be a good father since he never had one himself? What will people say? What will Cromwell say?

Does...

Does Shane want this?

They have mentioned kids many times since they officially started dating but they never had any concrete plans about that. It was always something they would talk about more in the future, when the right time would come.

They haven't even been trying!

Shane takes his birth control pills religiously every day. Ilya has no idea as to when it could have happened!

Fuck!

Shane must be freaking out, Ilya surely is!

Shane, who always worries too much about what people think of him.

Shane, who has been meticulously planning the upcoming season just like he plans everything in his life.

Shane, who definitely hasn't been planning to get pregnant like this just after winning a cup with the Centaurs.

Shane, who must be imagining the worst possible scenarios right now.

What if he thinks Ilya is going to leave?

There's nothing in this world that could make him walk away from his husband!

No matter how scared they are, they can be scared together and no matter what Shane decides to do, Ilya will support him through it and keep loving him the same way he has loved him since he was 18!

He's still way too far from home so if he presses down on the accelerator, going well over the speed limit, that's between him and the cops who pull him over and who he bribes with autographed jerseys...



That's probably his worst parking job ever but the car is fully in the driveway and he hasn't run over the neighbors' obnoxious gnome statue so that will have to do for now.

He nearly hits himself in the face with his seatbelt buckle, his hands are shaking so bad it takes him no less than three attempts to open his door and his knees are buckling underneath him as he exits the car but none of that matters.

Only Shane does.

So Ilya walks over to the front door which Shane must have left unlocked for him; he's thankful because he doesn't trust himself to not drop his keys several times. He then takes a deep breath, bracing himself for whatever awaits him, and steps inside.

“*lyubov moya?*” he calls out, his voice shaking as well, as he closes the door behind him and locks it. “I’m here!”

Shane is sitting at the bottom of the stairs with tears running down his cheeks and Ilya's heart shatters.

“Shane,” he sighs, instinctively crossing the distance between them.

His husband jumps up to his feet, meets him halfway and they fall into each other's arms.

Ilya hugs him as tightly as possible while muttering reassurances in Russian.

I love you.

I love you so much.

It's okay.

I'm here.

It's okay.

I love you.

He has no idea how long he holds his husband for or how many times he repeats the same sentences over and over again but after a moment, Shane sighs in a way that sounds almost... happy and pulls away.

And no matter what Ilya was expecting at that moment, he clearly wasn't expecting the wide grin on his husband's lips or how his eyes don't look heartbroken but rather joyful.

“Y-you're happy?” he stutters, not quite understanding what's happening.

Shane's face falls.

“You're not?” he whispers almost inaudibly, terror and heartbreak flashing across his features and the sight is enough to shake Ilya out of his stupor.

Ever since he found out, his first and only priority had been Shane.

He hadn't taken the time to wonder if...

He hadn't dared to hope...

Does he want a baby with Shane?

Yes!

It's not even a question.

There's no doubt in his mind.

He wants this baby.

He wants a whole fucking hockey team worth of kids with Shane!

So if Shane is happy to be pregnant...

“Yes!” he breathes out, a grin stretching onto his lips as he nods vividly. “I’m so fucking happy, *lyubov moya!*”

His husband sighs with relief and he quickly crushes his mouth against Ilya's and what is Ilya supposed to do but to eagerly kiss him back.

They're having a baby!

A baby!

A baby that's half him, half Shane!

With their combined genes, there's no way this baby will grow up to be anything but a hockey legend!

The greatest hockey player in the league's history!

He can perfectly picture a jersey with Hollander-Rozanov on the back.

Or Rozanov-Hollander.

They've got time to figure that part out.

“Thank you,” he whispers in between kisses. “Thank you so much for this, *lyubov moya!* This is the best gift you could have ever given me!”

Shane chuckles and bumps their foreheads together, rubbing their noses against each other's.

“You scared me there for a second though,” he points out, shaking his head. “I thought you weren't happy, that you didn't want-”

“Sorry,” Ilya apologizes, wrapping his arms tightly around his husband's waist. “I wasn't sure if you were going to be happy either. I thought I would walk in and you would be freaking out.

“I did freak out,” Shane admits, shaking his head. “And I probably will do it again a few more times before the baby gets here but I *am* happy. It's a surprise and it wasn't planned at all but-”

He stops and looks down to his flat stomach in between them.

“-it's our baby, Ilya. And we both know that sometimes the greatest things in life come at the most unexpected times.”

Ilya's grin widens and he follows his husband's eyes to his belly.

It doesn't show, not yet of course, far too early, but soon, in a few weeks or months, everybody will look at Shane and they will be able to tell that Ilya did this to him, that it's Ilya's baby growing inside him.

He can't wait!

“How far along?” he wonders, his fingers reaching for Shane's abdomen but not quite daring to touch it.

Thankfully, his gorgeous, amazing, perfect husband seems to understand so he grabs his hand and presses it to his stomach underneath his shirt.

“The doctor said I was ten weeks along,” Shane explains as he presses his own hand next to Ilya's. “And everything looks perfect and-”

“You have pictures?” Ilya excitedly interrupts him, looking up to meet his husband's eyes.

Shane chuckles and nods before reaching for his phone in his pocket, one of his hands staying beside Ilya's on his abdomen.

After a second, he passes the phone to him and a feeling he had ever felt only once before washes over Ilya.

The only time he had felt this was over a decade ago when a certain Canadian hockey prospect had come to him to introduce himself.

He falls in love.

It's their baby.

Theirs!

They're small, obviously, and he can't quite make any details out of the little blob but they have tiny arms and legs and a big head and they're the most beautiful thing he's ever seen.

“Beautiful,” he whispers in Russian, unable to look away from the phone

He keeps staring at the screen until it goes back and then he slowly looks back up to Shane who's already gazing at him fondly.

“So we really are doing this?” his husband asks, as if he was not quite believing it himself yet.”

“We are!” Ilya confirms with a nod, still grinning widely as he shoves Shane's phone in his own pocket so he can cup the other's cheek. “I love you, Shane Hollander. I love you so much, you and our little-”

He briefly stops, searching for the perfect nickname to give their unborn child but it's as if his brain had forgotten nearly every word in English he knows.

All except for one.

“-prospect!” he concludes, his grin turning into a smirk.

“Prospect?” Shane repeats after him in a teasing tone. “Is it how we're calling them?”

“For now, yes!” Ilya clarifies, shaking his head. “I'll find them something better later!”

His husband chuckles, looking at him so lovingly Ilya feels his own heart swelling with just how much he loves this man.

And how much he already loves their baby.

“What would you prefer to have?” Shane wonders after a moment. “A boy or a girl?”

“I want them healthy,” Ilya immediately answers.

His husband shakes his head and fondly rolls his eyes at him.

“That's like the most cliché answer,” he points out, his smile not faltering for even a second. “What do you think they are then? What's your guess?”

Ilya takes a second to consider it before his smirk widens.

“A boy and he's going to be the best hockey player of all time! A legend!”

Shane snorts and Ilya stares at him, feigning offence.

“You don't think they will play hockey?”

“I didn't say that,” his husband points out, amused. “I'm sure that with our genes, it's a given so that's why I think our daughter will become the greatest player in the PWHL's history!”

Ilya feels his heart skip a beat at the idea.

“Our daughter?” he repeats after him. “You think we're having a little girl?”

Shane shrugs but still looks quite smug.

“Call it a feeling. It's way too early to tell anyway.”

And just like that, an idea flashes through Ilya's mind and he smirks as he gently pushes his husband against the nearest wall.

“Let's make this even more interesting,” he suggests, bumping their foreheads together. “We agree to not find out the gender, we keep it a surprise, and whoever guessed right can pick the baby's name and the other has no say in the matter.”

And if there's one thing that hasn't changed in their relationship over the years, it's the competitiveness so it takes less than a second for Shane to nod, smirking back at him.

“You're so going to regret this when our daughter is born!”

“You mean our son,” Ilya corrects him, shaking his head.

It's all just a game anyway.

If Ilya turns out to be wrong, which he's never, he knows their daughter will have him wrap around her finger the second he will see her.

Just like Shane will absolutely adore their son and spoil him rotten.

“We got a deal?” he wonders and Shane nods so they seal the thing with a kiss before Ilya drops to his knees without any hesitation, causing his husband to gasp.

“Ilya!”

“Shhh,” Ilya shushes him, shaking his head. “I'll take you to our bedroom so we can celebrate soon but now I wanna talk to our son.”

“Our daughter,” Shane argues just for the sake of arguing.

Then, he leans back against the wall, making himself comfortable, and begins gently running his fingers through Ilya's curls.

The latter smiles and goes to work. He slips down his husband's sweatpants so they're hanging low on his hips and pushes up Shane's loose t-shirt before gently nuzzling at the revealed skin.

Their baby is in there, growing slowly but strongly.

It feels surreal that just a few hours ago, he was scared of what the doctor might diagnose Shane with and now?

Now...

Now they're having a baby!

They're going to become parents!

They're going to have their own little family!

This is...

It doesn't feel real, not yet at least.

If someone had told him years ago that this would be his life today he wouldn't have believed them.

Not totally.

Because it might have taken way too long for his brain to acknowledge and accept he was in love with Shane, his heart knew from the start that Shane wasn't just another hookup, another thrill Ilya was chasing.

No.

It's always been more.

And now that they're finally openly together, that they're married and playing on the same team and that they won a cup together, just when he thought that things couldn't get any better...

Now, they're having a baby.

Ilya rarely cries, he hates showing vulnerability, but right now, as he feels the tears welling up in his eyes, he doesn't even consider whipping them away.

"Hi," he whispers, his lips brushing against Shane's abdomen as he greets this tiny life they created together.

And no matter how much his English has improved in the past couple of years, he cannot think of a single word right now so instead, he starts speaking Russian, kissing Shane's belly in between each sentence.

I've only just found out about you but I already love you so much.

I will do anything for you.

I'll try my best to be the father you deserve.

I will mess up sometimes but I want you to never forget how much I love you.

I love you so much it feels like my heart is about to explode.

I wish my mother could have been here to meet you.

You're the dream I never allowed myself to have.

I love you.

I love you so much!

"Please be a boy so I can give you a cool name and beat you dad once more," he tries to joke, in English this time, but his voice cracks halfway through, betraying the many emotions washing over him.

"Ilya," Shane sighs above him and he's not surprised to find his husband crying as well but with a blinding smile on his lips.

"I love you, both of you, so fucking much Shane Hollander!"

And somehow, Shane's smile widens even more before he answers.

“We love you too.”

Ilya is pretty sure this is already his new favorite word.

We.

As in Shane and their baby.

The loves of his life.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

There it is guys ❤️ thank you so much for the kudos and the comments and the bookmarks ❤️

So please let me know if you liked this one ❤️

I got a few ideas to expand this little universe if you guys are into it

Enjoy ❤️

March

Shane goes into labor on a Friday, exactly eight days past his predicted due date.

They're in the living room, watching the team play against Los Angeles when it happens.

Shane is half sitting, half lying down, a dozen pillows supporting his back while absently playing with Ilya's hair. The latter isn't paying attention to the game though.

No.

He has *much* better things to do instead.

His head is resting on top of his husband's round stomach, his shirt long rolled up above his bump, and he can't stop peppering kisses all over the distended skin while whispering the same sentences over and over again to their unborn child alternating between English and Russian.

I love you.

I can't wait to meet you.

I hope you look like your dad.

Please come out soon so I can finally hold you.

I love you.

I love you.

I love you.

“I get you though,” he says in English this time. “If I could I would never get out of your father either.”

“Ilya!” Shane tries to scold him but the fondness in his eyes and the way the corners of his lips twitch up betray his true feelings.

“What? It's important they know I love you.”

His husband's features soften but right as he opens his mouth to reply, something like surprise flashes across his face and he gasps nearly inaudibly. Before Ilya can ask him what's wrong though, he feels something warm and wet soaking through Shane's sweatpants.

“Did you just piss yourself?”

But then his husband's surprised expression turns into a pained one and he winces, causing Ilya to understand what's happening.

“Now?” he asks, just wanting to make sure and Shane groans as he nods.

“Now!”

Once the pain of the contraction has passed, he sighs with relief and meets Ilya's eyes.

“I've been having contractions since the game started,” he explains before quickly adding when Ilya frowns at him. “I thought they were more Braxton Hicks!”

“Well they're not,” Ilya points out as a grin stretches onto his lips before standing up and offering his hands for his husband to take. “Let's go meet our baby!”

Thankfully, the contractions seem to still be pretty far apart so they take their time for Shane to change into a fresh pair of boxers and sweatpants.

Then, Ilya goes to put the hospital bag they've been leaving by the front door on the backseat of the car before coming back inside to find his husband in the middle of another contraction.

He tries to help him through it, breathing along with him while rubbing his back as they wait for it to be over.

“You're doing so good,” he praises him. “You're amazing, *Iyubov moya*. You're perfect.”

After a moment, Shane sighs with relief and opens his eyes, meeting Ilya's.

“Let's go meet our daughter,” he declares with a smile and for what might be the last time, Ilya corrects him.

“Our son.”

The drive to the hospital is a blur. All Ilya remembers is driving the slowest he ever drove in his entire life and holding Shane's hand whenever a contraction hit, whispering sweet reassurances to his husband.

Next thing he knows though, they're settled in a private room with Shane lying down in bed with a fetal monitor tied around his abdomen so they can keep an eye on the baby's vitals.

According to the doctor, everything is looking good and labor is progressing as it should, which means they still have a few hours ahead of them and that Shane should rest as much as he can in the meantime.

The doctor then assures them she will be back later to check on Shane's progress and walks out of the room, leaving the two of them alone.

"Can't believe it's happening," Ilya whispers as he takes a seat next to the bed, immediately pulling the chair as close as he can so he can hold his husband.

"Me neither," Shane chuckles a little nervously. "I can't believe I'm about to push a baby out of me."

Ilya sighs and takes the other's hand into his, bringing it up to his lips so he can kiss his knuckles.

"I know you want to do this naturally but it scares you so much you could have a c-section?" he tries to suggest but the words have barely left his mouth that his husband is furiously shaking his head so Ilya decides to change the subject. "I'm going to call your parents to let them know it started."

However, something immediately flashes across Shane's face and he shakes his head nearly imperceptibly.

"Don't," he whispers, leaning towards Ilya so Ilya meets him halfway, bumping their foreheads together.

"Are you sure?" he asks, wanting to be absolutely, completely sure that this is what Shane wants.

And this time, Shane nods.

"We spend our life surrounded by people and having their eyes on us. I love my parents but tonight, I want it to be just you and me. And our baby."

His answer makes something flutter in Ilya's chest and he can't help the way his lips stretch into a smile, rubbing his and Shane's noses together.

If this is what Shane wants, this is what Shane will get.

"Just you and me," he repeats after him, sighing happily.

“Besides,” Shane adds in a teasing tone, “I wouldn't want them to see you when you realize you were wrong and our little girl will be born.”

Ilya scoffs, barely concealing his growing smirk.

“The nurse must have given you good stuff for you to even think I'm wrong about our son.”

He then leans over and rests his head on top of his husband's bump, careful of the monitor.

“You heard that?” he tells their baby, his free hand coming to affectionately caress Shane's rounded abdomen. “Your dad is being silly again!”

And whatever Shane was planning to answer is completely forgotten as another contraction hits, clearly looking more painful and lasting longer than the first ones he had back home.

Ilya breathes with him through it, still rubbing his bump and running his other hand through his husband's hair.

“I think they're fed up with us arguing about that,” Shane sighs, smiling tiredly.

Ilya nods in agreement. No more of that then. All he wants is the labor to go by quickly and painlessly for Shane and for them to finally meet their baby.



Shane manages to fall asleep half an hour later while Ilya stays in the cheap, plastic chair next to the bed. It's by far the worst seat he ever sat on despite the days, weeks worth of time he has spent in airports' waiting areas through his career so far but nothing in the world could make him move from there.

There's nowhere he'd rather be than by Shane's side.

He does make a mental note that if there's a next time, if they end up having another baby two, five or ten years down the road, then he's going to bring his own fucking chair.

Not that he would complain out loud about it though.

Sighing, he pushes those thoughts into the back of his mind, tries to make himself comfortable and instead focuses on his beautiful, gorgeous, sleeping husband.

He can't help but smile as he gently runs his fingers through Shane's hair, massaging his scalp.

He's been doing so amazingly those last months. He grew their child inside him! From a tiny bunch of cells, smaller than a green pea, to the baby now swelling up his belly who they will finally get to hold in a few hours.

Ilya still can't fully wrap his head around it.

Soon, he and Shane will become fathers!

And he cannot wait!

Everything is ready.

The nursery has been painted, the crib has been built, they have more toys and clothes than the baby could ever need, including a newborn sized Centaurs onesie with Hollander-Rozanov on the back which they brought with them in the hospital bag.

And that's missing is the baby but that's only a matter of hours now.

"I love you so much," Ilya whispers in Russian even though Shane is still sleeping. "I love you and I'm so proud of you for everything."

He reaches for his husband's bump and lovingly rub it.

"There's no one I'd rather be here with than you, *Iyubov moya*. You gave me everything I could have ever dreamed of and more! I love you."

"I love you too," Shane answers, startling him.

His eyes flutter open and Ilya grins before pressing a gentle kiss to his husband's lips.

"Hi," he greets him, brushing their noses together. "Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you up."

Shane shakes his head.

"You didn't but your kid did," he clarifies before wincing, his whole body tensing as another contraction hits him.

This one seems to go on forever to the point Ilya is about to press the call button to have a nurse come into the room but then it finally ends and Shane sags back onto the mattress, breathing heavily.

"You okay?" Ilya worries, cupping his husband's cheeks, delicately stroking them.

Shane nods but he doesn't look fully convinced.

"They're starting to really hurt," he groans, throwing his arms above his head on top of the mountain of pillows.

"Are you sure you don't want an epidural?" Ilya suggests and much to his surprise, rather than to vividly shake his head, Shane seems to consider it.

"Not now," he replies after a moment, meeting Ilya's eyes. "They're still bearable but by the time I have to start pushing, yes! Definitely!"

Ilya smiles and nods before pressing another kiss to his husband's lips.

"I can't wait," Shane says, smiling back at him. "I can't wait to finally see them and hold them."

“Me too,” Ilya replies, sighing happily.

Soon.



Around two in the morning, Ilya decides to check the final score of the game. Considering the team's groupchat has been awfully quiet all night, he has an idea of what to expect but it ends up being worse.

Seven to one for Los Angeles.

That's...

Pretty fucking disastrous, especially this late during the season when their spot in the playoff is not guaranteed yet.

But for only the second time in his entire life, he couldn't give a fuck about hockey. He knows he did the right thing by taking the second half of the season off, even if his absence might have heavily contributed to the team's recent shitty performances.

There will always be another game, another season but getting to be by Shane's side the entire time as he grew their baby inside him? This is priceless and he would do it all over again if he had to, no matter what some frustrated assholes are saying online about him abandoning the team.

Fuck them!

He's never going to regret choosing his family.

If only his 18 years old self could see him today...



The sun is starting to rise on Ottawa's horizon when the doctor finally declares Shane ready to push and it's about fucking time!

Two hours earlier, the pain had become too much for him to bear and he asked for an epidural.

Ilya is pretty much he felt even more relieved than his husband when he got it because he couldn't stand to watch Shane suffer and not being able to do anything about it.

It brings back awful memories of Marlow slamming him against the boards...

One of the worst moments of his life.

But now is not the time for that; their baby is coming!

He doesn't move from Shane's side the entire time, pushing the sweat soaked hair out of his face, squeezing his hand and whispering words of reassurance in both English and Russian.

“You're doing so good, *Iyubov moya!*”

“You're perfect!”

“I love you!”

“Almost there!” the doctor says. “The head is right there so give me one last push, Shane!”

Shane nods, hissing between his teeth and does as he's being told. It seems to last forever until-

A cry.

A loud one.

A perfect one.

Ilya stops breathing while his heart threatens to burst out his ribcage.

Right there, in the doctor's arms...

A baby.

Their baby.

Swinging their tiny fists and feet around like they were looking for a fight.

Definitely his.

“It's a girl!” the doctor announces and Ilya's knees nearly give out underneath him.

A girl.

A daughter.

They have a daughter!

“You were fucking right!” he chuckles as tears of joy begin running down his face.

Shane lets out a sound that can only be described as a giggle and what is Ilya supposed to do but kiss his husband.

“We have a daughter!” he shouts with excitement as he pulls away. “A daughter!”

And Shane just grins back tiredly at him before the doctor steps forward with their baby.

“You want to hold her?”

What kind of stupid question is that but his husband simply nods vividly and the doctor carefully places their daughter into Shane's arms.

And Ilya is immediately and completely gone for her.

She's beautiful.

She's perfect.

Absolutely and truly perfect.

The most beautiful girl in the entire universe.

She has his nose and his lips, a full head of curls as dark as Shane's hair, her eyes are closed so he cannot tell what color they are but the best part?

Despite the gross stuff covering her, he can still make out underneath it freckles splattered all over her beautiful, tiny face.

“Hi!” Shane greets her, now fully crying as well as he gently caresses her cheek with his finger. “There you are, my little princess!”

“We've been waiting a long time for you!” Ilya adds as he gives her his own finger to grip.

She stops crying, turns her head in his direction, as if recognizing his voice, and wraps her little fist around his finger, and if Ilya wasn't already madly in love, now he would be.

The medical team gives them a moment with her before they have to take her away to clean her and run some tests and although he knows those are important, Ilya nearly growls when they take her from Shane's arms.

“Do you want to cut the cord?” one of the nurses ask him, handing him a pair of scissors and he immediately nods.

His vision is so blurry because of the tears he can barely see what he's doing so he follows the nurse's lead and he must have done an okay job as she congratulates him afterwards and pats his back.

The doctor and the other nurses are still working on their baby girl in a corner of the room so Ilya doesn't hesitate before walking back to Shane's side and kissing him again.

“Thank you,” he cries in between kisses. “Thank you so much! She's perfect and it's because of you! You made her!”

“We did!” Shane corrects him with a blissful but exhausted expression on his face. “She wouldn't be here without you either.”

Ilya isn't so sure he played any part into creating something as perfect as her but before he can say so, one of the nurses walks back to them.

Their daughter is now clean and wrapped in a blanket and is somehow looking even more beautiful than before.

“Perfect score on her APGAR test!” the nurse proudly tells them, carefully handing their baby back to Shane.

“An overachiever!” Ilya teases, his heart feeling too big for his ribcage. “Just like her dad.”

He doesn't miss the brief exasperated but fond look Shane gives him before focusing entirely on their daughter as he cradles her against his chest.

Ilya delicately traces his thumb over her perfect little features and he knows there's nothing in the whole world he wouldn't do for her.

“Have you picked a name yet?” the doctor wonders and Ilya looks up from their daughter to meet his husband's eyes.

They had a deal.

Shane was right so he gets to name her.

“Lily!” Shane announces as he looks back to their baby. “Lily Hollander-Rozanov!”

And Ilya is beginning to worry he might end up having a heart attack because-

“Lily?” he repeats Shane, so quietly he's not sure his husband even heard him before he answers.

“Lily,” Shane confirms with a blinding grin, resting his forehead against Ilya's. “After you, in a way.”

Lily.

That's a name they haven't had to use in a long time...

“You want to name her after me?”

“I do,” his husband assures him, nodding slowly. “Now, you want to hold her?”

This time, Ilya doesn't have it in it to think about how fucking stupid the question is as he's already nodding vividly and Shane sighs happily as he passes Lily into Ilya's awaiting arms.

“This is Papa,” he whispers as he does so, pressing a delicate kiss to her forehead.

As soon as Lily is safely cradled into his arms, a new wave of tears begin rolling down Ilya's cheeks.

She's here!

She's finally here!

Their baby!

Their little girl!

Their daughter.

And just like that, all the doubts and the fears he had about becoming a father or even worse, turning like his own, they all fade away because as he looks down at Lily, he knows he could never, ever, do anything but absolutely love and cherish her.

No matter what, even if she grows up to be even more of a troublemaker than he was, *even* if she grows up to hate hockey, he loves her and he always will!

“Not too disappointed that you didn't get the son you kept talking about?” Shane wonders in a teasing tone, leaning back against the pillows.

“Are you kidding?” Ilya replies, never taking his eyes off Lily as she peacefully makes herself comfortable against his chest. “That's everything I dreamed of!”

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