

our love multiplied

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by [4hollanov](#)

Summary

Shane stares down at the three positive tests on their bathroom counter in shock. This was not what they had planned. It was too soon. They had only been married for a little more than a year and the press had just barely stopped writing think pieces about their relationship once a week. This would put them right back in the spotlight.

or, Shane and Ilya are expecting

Notes

Hiii! First of all I want to start with saying that English is not my first language and I have not written anything in over 10 years. Hollanov currently has me in a chokehold so I wanted to try to slowly start writing a little again. That's why I'm starting with this short one. I have read the books (!!) but I'm not confident in writing these characters because of the language barrier. However, I hope this could still be something at least one of you would enjoy reading.

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

Shane swallows thickly, taking deep breaths through his nose to try and get his nausea under control as he skates down the ice to where the rest of his team were already waiting. It was the end of practice and he had made it through, although barely. Ilya sent him a concerned look when he finally came to a stop next to his husband and Shane sent him a small smile that he hoped was convincing enough that he was fine. Judging by the raised eyebrow he got back in return, it wasn't.

Shane zones out completely as coach Wiebe goes through the practice session and what they still need to improve for the upcoming season that is only a few weeks away by now. He's feeling nauseous again but this time it's worse than it's been the entire day, goosebumps raise on his arms as he's hit with a sudden bad stomach cramp and he has just enough time to skate off the ice before he's bending over and emptying his stomach onto the floor. His ears are ringing as he continues to dry heave violently and he's at a risk of losing his balance and falling into his own vomit when he feels a pair of hands steadying him from behind.

"Hey, hey, you ok?" Ilya asks him quietly, sounding worried.

Shane groans as he straightens up, feeling weak but not like he's going to throw up again. "This is so fucking embarrassing."

"Is ok." Ilya says, gently guiding Shane to take a seat on the bench that was luckily free from any vomit. "You feeling better?"

"Y-yeah. Just tired." Shane sighs, covering his face with his hands. He's telling the truth. The nausea he's been dealing with all day seems to finally have gone away, leaving him with a bone deep exhaustion. "Must have eaten something bad." He mumbles and drop his hands into his lap, finally looking up and locking eyes with his worried husband.

Ilya smiles sweetly at him as he reaches out to pluck the helmet from Shane's head and putting it down on the bench next to him. "You don't have fever." He concludes with the back of his hand pressed against Shane's forehead. "Just sweaty. Gross."

"Fuck you." Shane chuckles in response, swatting his husband's hand away. Just then he sees a bottle of water come flying through the air towards him and he barely has time to catch it

before it hits him in the face. “Thank you!” He calls after Hayes who is already skating away again.

“Don’t get anyone else sick!” Is all he gets back in response and then coach Weibe is walking up to join him and Ilya, carefully avoiding the puddle of vomit Shane has left on the floor.

“How are you feeling, Hollander?”

“All good.” He replies sheepishly. “I must’ve eaten something bad. Probably just need to sleep it off now.”

“Well, practice is over. Go home and get some rest and we’ll see if you’re feeling up to coming in tomorrow morning.” Weibe claps both him and Ilya on the shoulder before walking off and Shane spares a quick look around the rink, finding it empty besides the two of them. He’s never going to live this down, is he?

“Home?” Ilya asks, holding out a hand and Shane lets himself be pulled up from the bench.



Shane is not feeling up to practice the next morning. He wakes up around 4:30 AM to a sudden, sharp stomach cramp not unlike the one he’d had at practice yesterday and stumbles out of bed into the en-suite. He drops to his knees in front of the toilet and has just enough time to lift the lid before he’s bending over, gripping the seat tightly as he vomits for what feels like forever.

Hands find his back, stroking softly up and down in a soothing motion as he continues dry heaving for another few minutes. When he finally feels like he has nothing left in his body, he flushes the toilet and leans back against Ilya’s chest, letting his husband wrap his arms around his stomach, swaying them gently back and forth.

“You better?” Ilya asks after a few minutes of silence, using one of his hands to run his fingers softly through Shane’s now sweaty hair.

“Mmm, tired.” Shane mumbles in response, closing his eyes. Ilya shakes him slightly until he opens his eyes again. “What?”

“No sleeping on floor. Is cold.” Ilya stands first and then gently pulls Shane up from his spot on the floor. “Wash mouth and then sleep.”

Shane follows his husband’s instructions on autopilot, rinsing his mouth with water before brushing his teeth. When he’s done he makes his way back into their bedroom and crawls into the bed beside Ilya who’s already half asleep. “No practice for you today.”

And for probably the first time in his hockey career, Shane agrees. He snuggles into Ilya’s chest and drifts off in a matter of seconds.

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When he wakes up again the bed is empty and the sheets next to him are cold. He’s not feeling nauseous anymore but his body is aching slightly as he reaches for his phone on the nightstand. *11:14*. Wow, he hasn’t woken up that late in years.

He stretches his body as he scrolls through messages from his teammates either teasing him about being sick or, a few of them, telling him to feel better soon. Ilya has sent him a message asking him to call when he wakes up and Shane is about to do just that when he sees that Hayden has sent him a picture of him holding his newborn nephew.

Shane freezes as he starts thinking back to how long he’s actually been feeling nauseous and achy now. It’s been a few weeks, at least, and getting worse the past few days. Three days ago he’d gotten the weirdest craving for pickles and he wasn’t able to fall asleep until he’d had some. He didn’t even like pickles! Actually, pickles sounded really good right now. He was pretty sure they had some vanilla ice cream left that he could dip them in. No, wait, he was getting distracted. This was all starting to make sense now. But he couldn’t be, right?

He rolled out of bed and got dressed quickly, putting on a cap and a pair of shades for some resemblance of privacy. There was a small store in their neighborhood that was within walking distance. He could go there, get what he needed and be back home in 15 minutes.

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Shane stares down at the three positive tests on their bathroom counter in shock. This was not what they had planned. It was too soon. They had only been married for a little more than a year and the press had just barely stopped writing think pieces about their relationship once a week. This would put them right back in the spotlight.

And what about hockey? He couldn't play in this condition and the first game of the season was only weeks away. This would put him out of commission for the entire season. Maybe the next one too. What the fuck were they supposed to do? They both wanted this, dreamt about it. Had talked about it enough times to know it was going to happen sooner or later. Shane had just thought it would be later, maybe another few years of being married and playing on the same team together.

He must've been staring at the tests with his thoughts spiraling for far longer than he was aware because suddenly a pair of arms were wrapping around his waist and he jumps in shock, not having heard Ilya come back home.

"You didn't call me." His husband whines into the column of his neck where he has buried his face and is currently pressing a string of kisses. Shane turns around in Ilya's arms so he can kiss him properly and then promptly bursts into tears. "No, no, what is wrong? I am not mad. Is okay you didn't call."

Shane buries his face in Ilya's chest as he continues to cry, unable to stop as he thinks about the positive tests his husband has yet to notice. "Sweetheart, what is wrong? I don't like you sad."

Shane lifts his head to lock eyes with his husband's. "I won't be able to play this season."

“What? Who told you? Of course you play!” Ilya sounds enraged at just the thought of playing without Shane. “We will win the cup together!”

“Ilya, I’m...” Shane trails off and takes a step to the side, gesturing to the three tests on the counter. Ilya stares in confusion for a few seconds before his eyes widen and then he’s looking at Shane’s still flat stomach, back to the tests and then finally into Shane’s eyes. His eyes are already glistening with tears.

“Is true? You are..” He reaches out a hand and places it on Shane’s stomach. Shane nods, biting his lip to stop himself from crying again as he places his own hand on top of Ilya’s.

“Yes. I need a doctor’s appointment but...it seems I’m pregnant.”

Ilya is looking at him with wonder in his eyes and Shane can’t resist anymore. He pulls his husband close and kisses him. Ilya breaks it up, pressing his forehead against Shane’s. “I am so happy.” He says. “Are you?”

“Terrified but..so happy.” Shane exhales shakily. “We’re gonna have a baby.”



OTTAWA CENTAURS SHANE HOLLANDER TO SIT OUT THE ENTIRE UPCOMING SEASON DUE TO HEALTH REASONS

- Read the entire official statement below

Comments: 467

Ottawa Centaurs recent announcement has caused a stir online with fans speculating a possible divorce between married teammates Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov.

Comments: 638

Uh-oh, trouble in paradise? Ottawa Centaurs captain Ilya Rozanov was seen entering a baby store with husband Shane Hollander's old flame Rose Landry amidst divorce rumors.

Comments: 356

"They think we're getting a divorce. Or that you knocked Rose up." Shane snorts in amusement as reads the articles that's been steadily increasing ever since it was announced he wouldn't be playing this season. The longer he and Ilya is staying quiet, the crazier they seem to get.

"I would never. Only crazy person would leave you." Ilya says from his spot in Shane's lap where he's been talking to Shane's stomach in Russian for the past half an hour. At three months pregnant he's barely got a bump going but Ilya is obsessed with touching or talking to it at any chance he gets. He's going to be the best dad.

"I wonder what they'll be writing when they find out *I'm* the one pregnant." Shane wonders out loud as he scrolls through the comments on the more ridiculous articles. The comments are even worse.

"Maybe..." Ilya starts. He looks nervous. "Maybe we will tell them soon?"

Shane inhales sharply and puts his phone down. They haven't breached the subject about announcing the pregnancy to the world before. They've told Shane's family and the team, but no one else knows. Well, except Hayden and Jackie of course. But the thought of everyone else knowing and what they might think terrifies him. It shouldn't, because who fucking cares? They're having a baby together and the they couldn't be more excited.

"Maybe...yes?" Shane finally replies. "I'm just..nervous."

“Is okay. I will protect you.” Ilya winks at him and picks up his phone, opening the Instagram app. Shane stares at him incredulously.

“Wait, right *now*?”

“Yes. No time better.” He already has a picture picked out and Shane’s heart starts racing with nerves. Ilya notices his hesitation immediately. “We can wait.”

“No, no, I’m...it’s okay.” Shane swallows thickly. “Let’s do it. Let’s tell the world.”



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Ottawa, Canada



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shanehollanderhockeyplayer ❤️ 🥰

2 days ago

BABY ON BOARD!

Hockey star husbands Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov announces they're expecting. This will be the couple's first child together. Congratulations!

Comments: 1,589

End Notes

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