

When Two Becomes Three (?)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75302256) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75302256>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry_(TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Omega Shane Hollander , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Mpreg , Male Pregnancy , Established Relationship , Eating Disorder Not Otherwise Specified , Blow Jobs , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , mentions of a potential miscarriage , Blood , Fluff and Angst , Vomiting , Morning Sickness
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-06 Completed: 2026-01-01 Words: 26,216 Chapters: 10/10

When Two Becomes Three (?)

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander has spent his entire life running from his designation and hoping that people wouldn't find out that he was an omega. Until Ilya Rozanov came along and showed him that it was okay to be an omega in the league. After all, he did win three cups as an omega captain of the Montreal Voyageurs. Now he is the Alternate Captain of the Ottawa Centaurs and has just completed a three-peat alongside his husband and their close friends, and is living as an omega who (thankfully) doesn't have to hide behind scent blockers anymore. He has everything a man could ever want. A loving spouse, a cute dog, two amazing parents, friends who would support you through anything, and a community of supportive allies. He has everything...except for a child.

Will he be able to carry a child, or will the toll that hockey has taken on his body catch up to the thirty-four-year-old and prevent him from ever giving Ilya a mini-Hollonov to run around their house?

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

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

When Shane was officially designated as an omega at the age of 12, his coach told his parents to put him on suppressants immediately; otherwise, he would never be able to become a professional hockey player. Not with the stigma surrounding omegas in professional sports at the time. By the time he was drafted by the Voyaguers, he was on industrial-grade suppressants that masked his true designation from NHL players looking to target an omega.

Being an omega in hockey was practically unheard of. No one in the league is an omega--at least no one that Shane can think of--, and if it were up to Cromwell, it would stay that way. However, he isn't legally allowed to discriminate against omegas, which is why Shane is in the league. As long as he doesn't tell anyone about it, then he will be fine.

Most of the knot-headed alphas in the league thought that Shane was a beta. Then again, not many of them were sniffing around his neck and genitals to catch a whiff of his rich scent. That was until Ilya Rosanov came into his life.

From the moment Ilya Rosanov laid eyes on Shane Hollander outside the arena before they were even drafted to the league, he knew that he had to know more about the Canadian.

It took three years of messy blowjobs and handjobs to reach the goal Ilya had set out to achieve since they began their affair.

The night that the Boston Bears played Shane and the Voyaguers in Montreal ended with Ilya losing on the ice but winning in the sheets. Shane was spread out like a buffet, and Ilya wanted to devour him. First, he had to confirm that his suspicions were correct.

Ilya spread Shane's legs and, with calloused hands, shoved his knees to his chest, and folded Shane like a pretzel. He dove in before Shane could even react and shoved his nose against the pink hole that he had waited years for, and started eating him out like a man possessed.

There were signs that Shane was an omega, if people cared enough to look for them, and Ilya cared. He knew Shane was a little smaller than most of the players on NHL teams, who were over 200 pounds and at least 6'0" tall, but that never took away from the utter dominance that Shane had on the ice. Most alphas smelled like the woods or musky scents, betas smelled faintly like freshly mowed grass, while omegas smelled like fruits or flowers. While Shane didn't really have a scent thanks to the blockers he wore (and because he was pretending to be a beta), Ilya could smell traces of bergamot, amber, rose, and vanilla when they were in the hotel gym together.

As soon as Ilya took a whiff from the source, it was confirmed that Shane was, in fact, an omega, and the most gorgeous one that Ilya had ever had the pleasure to share a bed with.

Then Ilya had to screw everything up by not admitting his feelings and leading Shane directly into the awaiting arms of Rose Landry.

He couldn't even be mad at Rose Landry. She was a beautiful alpha woman who was dominating Hollywood and loved hockey hockey (especially Shane), and thought that Shane Hollander was attractive, which is something the two had in common. Ilya thought that Shane was the most gorgeous being he had ever laid eyes on from the moment they met outside the arena in Saskatchewan.

Thankfully, their relationship didn't last for too long. Otherwise, Ilya was going to fight everyone in the league, and probably one of his own teammates, with how angry he was getting whenever he saw the two on social media or heard other players gossiping about their budding relationship...which happened a lot more than Ilya wished it did.

Thankfully, Shane and Rose ended their relationship just as soon as it began. He never got any answers out of Shane about the fizzling of their relationship, but Rose alluded to the fact that she could tell he had a preference for men over women, regardless of them being an alpha or not.

When Ilya found out that Shane had not only been with Rose during their time apart, but he had, in fact, been with several men during that time, Ilya had to run a mile so he wouldn't start crying or yelling at Shane. The idea of some other alpha getting to smell Shane's heavenly scent made him want to throw something. He had no one to blame but himself and his inability to communicate his feelings with the freckled man. Thankfully, Shane reassured Ilya that no one was able to get close enough to him to realize that he was an omega, and the most he did with anyone else was trade blowjobs or makeout for a while before Shane left.

Then Scott Hunter kissed Kip in front of the entire world after he won the cup, which led to Ilya showing up at the cottage and confessing his love for Shane.

Ten years later, and the two are married, playing for the same team, living in Ottawa near Shane's (and Ilya's) parents, have the world's cutest dog, and have just finished winning their fourth cup in four years. Shane is on top of the world. He has everything that a man could ever want. Except for one thing. And it is something that he has been thinking about for the last year or so.

He wants a baby, and he will do anything to have one, even if that means he stops his meal plan (which an OBGYN says is hindering his hormones because it is restricting essential carbs) as well as the suppressants that has left his true identity at bay for the last 15 years; and starts treating his body like it was made for an omega, and not for the ridiculous standards that the Montreal Voyageurs had placed on him when he was fresh into the league.

After months of therapy sessions and discussing a new meal plan with team nutritionists, Shane settled on a meal plan that would give him the proper nutrients that his body needed to produce a healthy baby, while it also gave Shane a little bit of control over what he ate.

All he had to do was bring it up to Ilya.

Ilya wanted to be a father so badly. However, he was nervous that they would inherit his depression, which would give them a hard time growing up.

After a few sessions with his therapist and talking with Shane, they both made it clear that their child would have received so much love, affection, and attention from their parents and grandparents that it would be easier for them than it was for Ilya.

The next morning, Shane stopped taking his birth control pill, and the two began trying for a mini Hollander-Rozanov to fill their life with so much happiness



Negative

Shane sits on the guest bathroom floor with several pregnancy tests spread out in front of him, and all of them say negative. Ilya is sitting on the edge of their bathtub, watching as his husband throws the tests in their trash can harshly.

They've been trying to have a baby religiously for the last three months, and every time Shane gets his hopes up, he is let down by his stupid body.

Ilya has been at his side through every pregnancy test, and Shane isn't sure that he can handle the comfort of his husband when they watch the test turn negative for the nth time.

"Why can't I do this one thing when I have everything else that a person would ever need?" He sobs into Ilya's arms after the taller man pulls him in for a hug. He does have everything that a person could ever dream of. A loving spouse, great friends, two amazing parents, a best friend whom he can visit whenever he wants (as well as four little kids whom he fawns over whenever Ilya and he visit the Pike's), six cups in his career (which is practically unheard of, given how many teams play in the league now), several Conn Smythe awards, three MVPs, and six Hart trophies. He has two parents who would die for him and a dog who has grown on him immensely since Ilya brought her home six years ago. All he wants now is a baby to fill their house with laughter and even tantrums. It'll be the last piece of the perfect life he's lived so far.

"Baby, it's okay," Ilya reassures him when he continues to cry into Ilya's chest. "We will keep trying, and if we need to resort to other methods, like IVF or adoption, then we can."

"Call me selfish, but I want a baby who shares our DNA. I want a baby with your curls and smile. I want a mix of both of us."

"I want that too," Ilya says as he presses a kiss to Shane's forehead. "We can always have a surrogate carry our child, too, as much as I want to see you round with our baby."

That earned him a punch to the shoulder from his mate.

"Just imagine how beautiful you will be growing our child," Ilya coos when Shane rests his head on Ilya's shoulder. "Imagining having a mini-Hollanov with your cute little freckles and eyes."

“I want a baby who looks like you,” Shane replies, feeling happier by the second.

“I guess we will just have to have more than one then,” Ilya says, pressing a kiss to Shane’s soft lips.

“Will you secretly hate me if I can’t have a child?”

“Moya Lyubov, I would NEVER hate you,” Ilya reassures him, stroking his hair in comfort. Shane would never admit it, but he loves when Ilya strokes his hair because that's what Yuna used to do when Shane was sad. “If it’s only ever Anya and us, I would be more than happy because I get you in my life.”

Shane starts sobbing into Ilya’s chest, and Ilya, the ever attentive spouse, slowly maneuvers them so Shane is sitting in his lap, so that he can engulf Shane with his body, knowing that it is the best way to comfort him when he gets sad.

“Now let’s go downstairs, and I will make you some blueberry pancakes for breakfast.”

One of the first things that Shane started eating when he stopped the restrictive diet that he was on for over 15 years was blueberry pancakes. They went out to a pancake house with a few teammates and Harris, and when Shane tried a bite of Ilya’s stack of blueberry pancakes, he begged his husband to switch. Ilya--who can never say no to his husband--reluctantly passed him the stack of pancakes and ate Shane’s plain waffles.

What he wouldn’t do for his omega.

“You’re the best alpha,” Shane admits when they walk down the stairs into the kitchen. “You take such good care of me. You will take such good care of our child.”

Needless to say, Ilya doesn’t get around to making Shane pancakes for a couple more hours.

Chapter End Notes

Please go easy on me since this is my first fic that I have ever published for the public to read. However, I would love some feedback (constructive) on what I could do to improve my writing :) Also, if someone is bored, you can count the number of commas that I use in this chapter, lol. It probably has to be around 100 (I control+F and it was 98).

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Shane and Ilya spend Shane's heat together and deal with the issues that arise from that, as well as trying for a baby while Ilya tries not to die at how cute and needy his omega is.

Chapter Notes

It didn't take me too long to write a spicy chapter, and I had to change the rating of this fic, haha. So, minors, please DNI. Hopefully you enjoy this chapter, and please see more notes at the end :)

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

Shane wakes up to a dry mouth and a pounding headache.

That usually means that his heat is coming...soon. Ilya, the ever attentive alpha that he is, already set a glass of water and two pills on the nightstand next to Shane's head. He must have known that Shane was off, which usually signals that he is about to go into heat.

Shane has spent so long hiding that he is an omega that he hasn't experienced heats until he was traded from the Montreal Voyaguers. Ilya, who has spent time with a few omegas in heat, knows what to look for. Shane is particular when he is getting close to his. He organizes their clothes, blankets, bedding, and even their pantry in the most random ways (Shane swears it has meaning); he gets super cuddly; he craves anything sweet, but his favorite thing has to be Snickers bars, which he will never indulge in unless he is close to heat; and he gets very jealous whenever any of their teammates try stealing Ilya's attention.

It got so bad that Ilya sends out texts to a group chat that has every player and coach save for Shane, and warns everyone when it's getting close.

Fuck.

That means that he is going to spend another heat without getting pregnant.

It's been nine months now, and Shane and Ilya have gone through two heats and a rut without anything to show for it. Except for copious amounts of hickeys littering Shane's body and scratch marks down Ilya's back, both of which earned them a chirping from their teammates when they came back from their short hiatus.

Shane hears the shower in their en-suite bathroom turn off, and a minute later, Ilya walks out with a towel wrapped low around his hips. Shane isn't sure why Ilya even wears a towel around him after he is done showering, but Ilya claims it's something he is used to doing after spending the past 20 or so years of his life in locker rooms.

"How are you feeling, Moya Lyubov?"

Ilya takes a seat next to Shane in their bed and rests his hand on Shane's forehead to feel for a fever. Thankfully, there isn't a fever yet, because that usually signals that his heat is hours away, and Ilya still has a lot of preparing to do.

Ilya grabs out his phone and searches for Instacart so he can order groceries for the next week.

Shane hates it when Ilya leaves him when he is nearing full-blown heat, so Ilya just orders groceries for delivery. Shane protests sometimes because even after 15 years and over \$100,000,000 in contracts and nearly another \$20,000,000 in endorsements, Shane still takes the frugal route. He hates when Ilya wants to DoorDash after a long practice or a game, and only agrees when Ilya promises that they will order something healthy. Ilya truly loves him.

"What do you want me to order for groceries this week?" Ilya asks Shane, who is pretending that he is not peeking at Ilya's phone.

"Snickers," Shane says immediately. "Oh, and add some Ben and Jerry's Rocky Road to the list as well as rainbow sherbet. We need more protein waffles, fruit, and we are almost out of Almond milk. Maybe add some Butterfingers to the list, too. I want you to make some tuna melts too, so get some ingredients for that. Can you make crack chicken, too? I remember dying because it smelled so good the last time you made it."

Neither of them is going to address the fact that Shane didn't eat it because it was full of dairy. But his omega brain is fuzzy right now, and he doesn't care that it is "unhealthy"; he wants it, and his brain will continue wanting it until his heat is over.

Once Ilya compiles a list of way too much junk food as well as some healthier options like vegetables, fruits, protein, and a lot of Gatorade, he places the order and leaves a nice tip for the shopper.

"What do you want for breakfast?"

Shane furrows his brows as his mind racks through several options. He could ask for ice cream for breakfast; however, his nutritionist would probably have an aneurysm. He could ask Ilya to make him some pancakes, but the batter gets everywhere, and he doesn't feel like cleaning. A breakfast burrito from their local Mexican restaurant sounds good right now. "I want a breakfast burrito from Guilberto's."

Suffice to say that Ilya is a little caught off guard by that.

"DoorDash it though, I don't want you to leave," Shane whines and pouts at his mate.

Oh, Shane is almost there, Ilya thinks, because his usually disciplined, frugal mate is begging for a breakfast burrito DoorDash'd from Guilberto's. Ilya needs to text Hayden because Shane must've been taken by a body snatcher.

"Okay," Ilya chuckles and pulls up the app that he doesn't use often anymore. It has been so long that it has been used that it is prompting him to sign back in. When he finally finds Guilberto's profile, he scrolls through the menu until he finds the breakfast burrito option. "Do you want bacon or sausage?"

"Bacon with extra eggs, cheese, and peppers. Add hot sauce. Also, I want some churro bites, please."

Ilya smiles to himself while he orders the meal because a Shane who is almost in heat is a crabby Shane, who would definitely call him out for smiling at his demands.

"Okay, Moya Lyubov, it will be here in 30 minutes."

"That's too long," Shane whines and takes a peek at Ilya's phone. "Did you order it to be rushed?"

"Yes," Ilya replies, pressing a kiss to his omega's forehead. "If I were to order it without rushing it, it would be 45 minutes to an hour."

Shane whines, but he doesn't complain further, knowing it's not actually his alpha's fault that the food can't be made and delivered in five seconds.

While they wait for breakfast, Shane is scrolling through TikToks while Ilya is keeping up on his captain duties and replying to the team group chat. Ilya sees his TikTok notifications blow up with TikToks sent from Shane when they are sitting right next to each other. Shane could literally just turn his phone so Ilya could watch them. If Shane wasn't nearing full-blown heat, Ilya would say that, but he would probably trigger Shane to start crying or getting mad at him, which is counterintuitive if he wants to sleep in their bed tonight.

When the food is delivered, and the app notifies Ilya, Shane jumps out of bed and sprints to their front door.

Ilya makes it downstairs just as Shane is unwrapping his burrito and pouring a large line of hot sauce on the tortilla. "Baby, take a seat," Ilya admonishes. "I don't want to have to vacuum up bits of egg and bacon later."

That's a lie. Anya would definitely eat the crumbs before Ilya could even think of grabbing the vacuum. Speaking of Anya, Ilya calls her from where she is sleeping in the living room, and puts on her harness, walking boots, and a Centaur's leash that Yuna and David gifted her for Christmas. "I'm taking Anya for a walk, and I will be right back."

Later in the day, Ilya has to drop Anya off at a doggie hotel for the week so that they can handle Shane's heat without having to worry about their dog.

While Ilya is taking Anya for a walk, Shane scarfs down his burrito and moves onto the churro bites that Guilberto's makes fresh every morning. He sends a text to Hayden about their plan to meet up sometime soon and checks some emails. Usually, Shane's agent and his mom stay on top of his brand deals, but Shane has to be the one to sign off on them. So anything that Yuna or his agent negotiates is forwarded to him to agree to.

Currently, his mom is negotiating another deal with Rolex to be a brand ambassador for another year. He enjoys working for Rolex and the free watches that he is sent, so he says yes, even though they refused to budge on their monetary offer, which was less than the previous year.

When Ilya and Anya come back from their walk, Shane is sitting on the couch, wrapped in a blanket and wearing one of Ilya's hoodies, which is one size too big for him.

"Are you cold?" Ilya asks after he unclips Anya's leash, who runs to Shane and begs to be picked up. Traitor, he thinks, but snaps a photo of the two anyway. It's 4°C outside, so Ilya can understand why Shane would be cold. Before he can approach the thermostat, Shane shrieks no and practically runs up to Ilya.

"I'm not cold, I just wanted to smell you when you were gone," Shane admits bashfully, blush appearing on his cheeks.

Ilya pulls Shane in for a kiss, which deepens pretty quickly.

Shane is the one to advance their kiss into something more. He gets off the couch and sinks to his knees in front of Ilya. Ilya feels himself start to heat up as soon as Shane runs his hands up and down Ilya's abs. Shane works his fingers into the band of his alpha's sweatpants and tugs his pants down to his ankles. Before Ilya can say anything, Shane starts to work on getting Ilya's half-hard dick to stand at full mast.

Shane's blowjob skills are better than anyone Ilya has been with, because Shane is a perfectionist who refuses to live with the knowledge that Ilya has better partners than him. Of course, Ilya would say that Shane is the best partner he's ever had, but Shane wants him to know that without a shadow of a doubt.

Ilya fingers find their way into Shane's hair, which has been growing out for the past few months. He lets out a curse in Russian when Shane wraps his beautiful lips around his hard member and takes it in his mouth. Rather than taking it all in his mouth at once, Shane decides that he is going to tease his mate for a little while. Whenever he can act dominant, even for a few minutes, Shane pounces on the opportunity. When Ilya tries to guide Shane's mouth to take Ilya's entire cock into his mouth by trying to guide his head, Shane sends a warning signal by using a little teeth. Ilya curses and releases his grip on Shane's hair.

"Malyshok," Ilya whines after a minute of Shane teasing him by pressing little kisses to his shaft. "Please."

Shane pulls off instantly and looks up at Ilya's blissful face. "Please, what?"

"Please suck my dick," Ilya begs, looking into Shane's brown eyes.

“That’s what I have been doing,” Shane replies as his hand wraps itself around the spit-covered member. “Is my impending heat making you stupid?”

Ilya stares at his husband with an expression that Shane only sees when he has worked Ilya up.

Ilya grabs Shane by his hair and maneuvers him so he is level with Ilya’s dick. “You are going to blow me, omega, and don’t even think of using your teeth,” Ilya demands in his alpha tone that works Shane up so much. Shane anticipated this would happen, and it is causing him to get hard in his sweatpants.

“Make me,” Shane says, just to egg Ilya on and hopefully push him over the edge.

Ilya shoves his cock into Shane’s mouth as he is trying to finish his sentence, which turns his words into a muffled mess. “You are not in control here, okay?”

Shane nods stupidly as Ilya thrusts his hips so that he is fully engulfed in his omega’s mouth.

“You’re such a good slut for me,” Ilya says meanly. Shane loves it when Ilya gets a little mean with him. Not that he would ever admit to, but Ilya connected those dots a long time ago. “I’m going to come down your throat, then maybe if you’re good, I will bend you over and fuck you. Yes?”

Shane just looks up at Ilya with tears in his eyes and tries to nod.

Soon enough, Shane is bobbing his head and sucking Ilya’s dick like a pro. Ilya has always loved the passion that Shane has whenever he is doing this. It makes Ilya giddy inside whenever he thinks about it. Which is a lot.

A few minutes later, Ilya feels his body starting to tense up, which means he is nearing his release. He grips Shane’s hair in warning, which causes the omega to speed up his already fast movements.

Soon enough, Ilya is shooting a load down Shane’s throat as he feels his body relax. “Fuck that was good, baby. You are the best omega.”

Any and all praise works up Shane, and Ilya can tell when he looks down to see that Shane is practically humping the ground. His omega is so cute.

“Let’s go to bed, okay?”

Shane nods stupidly and gets off the floor to follow his alpha upstairs to their bedroom. Since they have gotten older and their bodies have gone through the wringer every practice and game, Shane and Ilya have started to prefer their bed for sex. They used to fuck anywhere that they could. They fucked in the locker room (without anyone in there), their cars, on the couch, kitchen table, pool table downstairs, countertops, the shower and tub, floor, trophy room, bed, etc. Pretty much everywhere that has a somewhat flat surface. The only place that Ilya could never convince Shane to let him fuck him on was the windows at his old apartment in Boston, no matter how much he begged.

“Okay,” Shane says, and grips Ilya’s hand in his own.

When they get upstairs, Ilya can smell that Shane is getting sweeter by the minute. Maybe he will need to ask Yuna or David to swing by and pick up Anya so he can attend to his needy omega. They do have a baby to make, after all.

“Lie on the bed,” Ilya demands, to which Shane complies immediately.

“I’m going to take you apart, and then I am going to put a baby in you. How does that sound?”

Shane whines to convey how he is feeling at the moment, and Ilya knows him well enough to know exactly what he is saying without using words.

Ilya begins undressing his omega, who is wearing a pair of Centaur sweatpants and his alpha’s hoodie. He looks so cute that Ilya feels his heart fluttering in his chest.

God, he loves him so much.

Once they are both undressed, Ilya leads Shane to their bed. It’s a California King-sized bed, which Ilya insisted that they needed. Shane was against the idea at first, but he warmed up to it when he thought of the space that he would have for his nest.

He’s started to build his nest for his heat, but so far, the bed is covered in a light layer of Ilya’s hoodies and some blankets. He’ll probably spend the afternoon making it a full-blown nest that it usually is when his heats start.

Ilya presses kisses to Shane’s neck, not wanting to leave marks yet. As much as Shane whines about them after the fact, he loves it when people know that Ilya is his. He loves it when people know that he is claimed by the best alpha in the world.

Ilya, who has little patience when it comes to his husband, starts to work his way down Shane’s body. He reaches Shane’s penis that is harder than a rock by the time Ilya comes fact-to-face with it. He presses gentle kisses to the small cock before he reaches his ultimate target. Ilya grabs hold of Shane’s upper thighs and wrenches them towards Shane’s chest. The omega, who has always focused on flexibility, through yoga and other stretches, is bendier than a pretzel...at least that’s what Ilya always says. So it’s not difficult for Ilya to keep Shane’s legs spread without hurting him.

He’s a buffet that Ilya wants to devour.

A few minutes later, Shane is showing tell-tale signs of coming, so Ilya pulls his tongue out and reaches down to shove two of his fingers in Shane’s wet hole. “You’re so wet, baby.”

“Alpha,” Shane whines pathetically when Ilya starts to move his fingers inside Shane. Ilya knows that Shane doesn’t really need prepping, but he loves watching Shane fall apart. Ilya makes sure to tease Shane by touching his prostate a few times before he pulls his fingers out and slowly lines his dick up to Shane’s ass.

“Are you ready?”

Shane nods and whines “yes,” and Ilya feels mercy on him, so he shoves himself into Shane’s body.

Shane moans loudly, and Ilya’s alpha feels so happy right now. He waits a second for Shane’s body to adjust before he starts moving relentlessly into his husband’s body.

After ten minutes, Ilya feels Shane’s body start clenching, and Ilya knows that he is close to releasing his load. “Are you close?”

Shane nods his head and whimpers when Ilya picks up his thrusting. A minute later, both of them are spilling their load; Ilya inside Shane and Shane all over their bed. Ilya knows that Shane is going to whine about the sheets being messy, but Ilya doesn’t care at the moment. He doesn’t care about anything except for the feeling that he finally knocked up his omega.

They won’t know for a month at least, but Shane doesn’t want to get his hopes up and get let down again, as he has for the last six months.

“What do you want to eat for lunch?” Ilya asks after they lie in bed for a few minutes in silence.

“Let’s have some pasta salad that you made yesterday.”

“Okay, I’ll bring you some. You just relax.”

Shane smiles and says “you’re the best alpha,” which does stuff to Ilya that he should not be feeling right now, considering he came like a minute ago.

“Baby, you cannot say that when I am about to make you food,” Ilya chastises the smaller man. “I need to save my energy for when you are fully in heat, and you beg me to fuck you every second of the day.”

Shane pouts at him, but lets Ilya go get them lunch since he is feeling too lazy to get out of bed right now, and probably will for the next several days.

Shane hopes that this will finally be the heat that gets him pregnant. He isn’t sure that he can handle another negative test.

Chapter End Notes

Dez tries not to use parentheses in this chapter=failed. Anyway, I hope you enjoyed this chapter. I tried making it longer because I myself am a huge fan of longer chapters, although I feel that too much information in a chapter gets boring. Please leave feedback on what you think, and kudos as well :) This is my first time publishing smut to an audience, so PLEASE give me feedback on it. I want to write something that the reader enjoys and doesn't skip through. Again, feel free to count the number of commas that I use in this chapter. I should honestly just have a comma counter at the end of each

chapter because I use way too many rather than just breaking up sentences. So, sorry if that annoys you.

Yes, I did write this chapter rather than doing some grading and my finals that are due Wednesday because these two have consumed my life since last Friday. How mad do you think my advisor will be if he ever found out that I was writing this at 1 am instead of grading assignments due by the 19th?

There are 188 commas in case anyone is wondering.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

What we've all been waiting for.

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

It's been a month since Shane and Ilya spent five days dealing with Shane's heat. They fucked a copious amount of times, which ended with Shane taking another two days off to recuperate after his heat.

He hasn't taken a pregnancy test yet, since it's better to wait a month for an accurate positive or negative.

He is waiting for a small break from the season so he can handle the negative test if that's what it comes to. Ilya has been amazing through everything. He reassures Shane that he won't ever resent him if they never have kids naturally, but Shane wants to be a good omega for his alpha and give Ilya a child.

Shane doesn't feel pregnant.

He doesn't feel any different.

Which bothers him more than he will admit.

He feels that everyone in his life is expecting him to have a child. Hayden wants his youngest child to grow up with Shane's, while his parents want to be grandparents so badly, even though they would never admit it openly to their son, knowing his struggles getting pregnant. Yuna and David know what it's like--not being able to have kids--so they support their son as best as they can without being overbearing. Not to mention that Ilya wants to fill their house with laughter, tantrums, and a child who looks like them. They have a bedroom cleared out and ready for a baby, but they haven't had any luck filling it with a baby.

Everyone assures him that they are not expecting him to have a baby yet, but he is thirty-four and is still childless when everyone he knows already has at least one child, and he isn't getting any younger.

He's been a little nauseous lately, but it's only happened twice, and it's been spaced out between three weeks, so he doubts it has anything to do with a pregnancy. He's probably just nauseous from his heat because it takes a massive toll on his body.

Ilya said that he smells a little sweeter than normal, but Ilya's scent has always been a little skewed since they are going against alphas and betas, who all smell, which messes with a person's scent glands.

Whatever.

Maybe he will take a test anyway just to prove Ilya wrong.



Shane paces the floor of their large bathroom as he counts down the minutes until he can read the pregnancy test that is currently lying on their counter. He cringes at it because it's a stick of pee sitting on their bathroom counter, but he will clean it up afterwards...or get Ilya to clean it.

Ilya is sitting on the edge of their bathtub, watching his mate pace back and forth. He tries to reassure Shane that everything will be fine, but Shane doesn't want to hear it. He doesn't want to disappoint Ilya, who has waited so long for a baby.

When they mated several years ago, Ilya expressed his desire to become a parent. Shane, on the other hand, was terrified to have a baby. He loves Ilya with everything in him, and he wants to give his alpha a baby, but the thought terrified him. What if he never played hockey again? What if people think he's being selfish and destroying the team because he won't play for a year or longer?

Everyone reassures him that no one who matters will be disappointed in him, but he has spent his entire life working towards being the best hockey player in the world. Six Cups later and as many awards, he knows that it is time to have a baby. Especially if they want more than one, which Ilya wants desperately. Shane never minded being the only child, but that is also because his parents were so attentive to him, and he's afraid that their hockey schedules will not allow them to have the same abilities.

"Ready?" Ilya asks, walking towards the pregnancy test, but not looking until Shane is ready.

Shane nods his head weakly and grabs Ilya's hand, who squeezes his in reassurance.

Positive.

It's positive.

"OH MY GOD, it's positive," Shane yells and jumps into Ilya's arms, who catches him with no difficulty.

"Baby," Ilya says, pressing a kiss to Shane's forehead. "I can't believe it! We're having a baby. You're amazing."

Shane cries into Ilya's arms, who just holds him while he lets his emotions from the last year release.

"We're having a baby," Shane says with a sigh. It's been so long, but they're finally going to have a mini Ilya running around their house. Ilya swears their baby is going to look like Shane because of dominant traits and all that, but Shane has a feeling that they will have a mini-Ilya. That's been a small argument of theirs for the last few months. "I can't believe it finally happened!"

“I’m so happy,” Ilya yells, which causes Anya to come into the bathroom to see what all the commotion is about. Ilya lets Shane go so he can pick up Anya and spin her around. “You’re going to be an older sister.”

Shane laughs and wishes he had his phone on him at the moment so he could take a picture of the two.

Anya barks happily and licks Ilya’s face.

“That means you have to stop playing hockey immediately,” Ilya says, and Shane knows better than to argue with him. Especially over something like this. “I don’t want you or our baby getting hurt. I couldn’t live with myself if that happens.”

“Of course, I will quit hockey for the season,” Shane reassures his alpha. “I don’t want anything to happen to our baby. I couldn’t live with myself if it did.”

Ilya drops to his knees and lifts Shane’s shirt so he can talk to them in Russian.

Shane knows Russian, but he isn’t fluent yet but he catches most of what Ilya is saying.

“My baby, I can’t believe you are in there. Your dad will do such a good job housing you for the next nine months. Please be good to him,” then he says something that Shane doesn’t quite catch. He thinks it has to do with hockey, but he isn’t positive.

Shane and Ilya talked about teaching their baby Russian and French, but they live in Quebec, so they will most likely learn French in school anyway.

Shane would do anything for their child and for Ilya, and he wants their baby to know Russian so Ilya can speak to them in his native tongue.

“We’re going to be parents,” Shane says before he bursts into tears. They’ve been trying for a year, and it’s finally paid off.

Shane tries not to worry about what could happen, focusing instead on what will. They will give birth to a healthy baby who is a part of each of them, who they will love more than anything in the world. To be honest, they might love their baby more than they love each other, which is a lot.

Shane and Ilya know that they cannot tell anyone yet because it’s so soon, but Shane would love for his parents to know so they can support him in case anything happens.

“I want to tell mom and dad,” Shane says after a minute of basking in the glory. “I want them to be able to support us if anything happens.”

“Moya Lyubov, nothing bad is going to happen.”

Shane looks at Ilya with tears in his eyes and says, “But if it does, I want someone to be there for us.”

“Okay, let’s tell them. Do you want to go over tonight?”

“Yes,” Shane says, burying his face into Ilya’s chest. “Can you text them and ask them if we can come over tonight. Maybe mom can make chicken parm?”

“I’ll ask, baby.”

Yuna replies a minute later with a thumbs up and an “Of course you guys can come over. I will buy the ingredients for chicken parm right away.”



Shane and Ilya sit in the car for a minute when they arrive at Yuna and David’s house.

“Are you ready to go inside?” Ilya asks when Shane grabs his hand and squeezes it.

“Yes,” Shane says, and he reaches for the door handle to get out. “Let’s tell them before I change my mind or chicken out.”

“Okay,” Ilya responds with a smile and a kiss to Shane’s lips. “They’re going to be so happy for us.”

“I hope they don’t think that I am ruining my career.”

“Coach already reassured us that nothing will happen,” Ilya says to appease Shane’s anxiety to the best of his ability. “If you want to continue playing after you give birth, then that is okay with me.”

“What if I don’t want to?” Shane asks, looking Ilya in his beautiful blue eyes.

“Then that’s okay too.”

“Are you sure the team won’t be disappointed in me if I don’t come back?”

“Baby, we’ve already won three cups in three years, and a large part was because of you. I don’t think anyone will get mad if you decide to retire.”

Shane presses another kiss to Ilya’s lips before letting out a breath and saying, “Okay, let’s go in.”

They get out of Shane’s Lexus and make their way to the Hollander’s house.

They don’t even knock when the door opens, and Yuna stands at the door. “Hi sweetie,” She says when she pulls Shane in for a big hug. Ilya stands aside while Shane and Yuna hug until she lets go of Shane and gestures for Ilya to hug her. “Thanks for coming. We missed you both.”

David is in the dining room, setting the table for their dinner.

The chicken parm smells so good that Shane’s mouth waters. “It smells so good in here.”

Shane and Ilya take their shoes off in the doorway and walk towards the dining room. David is pouring four glasses of wine for them. Ilya and Shane share a look between themselves because Shane can't drink but also can't tell them yet.

"Come sit down," Yuna says after they remove their shoes. Shane sees their cat, Eleanor, sitting on the couch, and he goes to pet her and coo over how cute she is. Ilya isn't the biggest fan of cats, but even he has to admit that Eleanor is the cutest cat he's ever seen. She's so cuddly and, for some reason, prefers Ilya over anyone else, much to Shane's chagrin.

Shane pets Eleanor for a minute before he grabs Ilya's hand and they walk to the table. Ilya, ever the gentleman, pulls out Shane's share for him.

"You're so sweet," David coos as he sits down next to Yuna. "I'm so glad Shane has you in his life. I'm so glad we all have you in our lives."

Ilya fights away tears and sends a smile to David before he says, "I'm glad you all are in my life too."

"I love you," Shane says, pressing a kiss to Ilya's lips before he turns his head. He has always been embarrassed for his parents to witness them kiss, even though they have been married for years.

David and Yuna smile at the couple before they all dig into their food.

Everyone at the table, save for Shane, starts drinking their wine.

Yuna looks at her son, questioning why he is not drinking, before a smile grows on her face. "Oh my god, you're pregnant, aren't you?"

Shane chokes on his chicken before he looks at his mom.

"Yes, we found out this morning."

"How far along are you?"

"A month or so. We wanted to tell you that in case something happens, you can be there for us."

"Oh, I'm so happy," David cries, the chicken parm long forgotten. "We're going to be grandparents."

"You're going to be the best grandparents," Ilya says, which causes Yuna to start crying along with her husband.

"I love you guys so much," Yuna says when she stands up from her chair to hug her son. She squeezes Shane hard and whispers, "I'm so proud of you."

Shane starts crying, which causes Ilya to cry.

When they all finish crying, they go back to eating their food, which had gotten a little cold by the time they finished it.

Shane is so happy.

He can't wait for Ilya to become a dad. He's going to take such good care of them.

Chapter End Notes

I had to include my cat, Eleanor, in this chapter because she is my baby and deserves a cameo. Also, Ilya and Shane's parents are the best people and are so supportive of Shane. Please leave a comment down below and send kudos if you enjoyed this chapter. I appreciate everyone who has read this and bookmarked it. I will try to update once a day, but this is finals week, and I have quite a bit to do.

Comma count: 117

Also: Dez tries not to use parentheses challenge = pass!

Do I write angst for the next chapter?

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Something happens that causes Shane and Ilya to feel uncertain about the future.

Chapter Notes

PLEASE DO NOT KILL ME FOR THIS CHAPTER. Also, this chapter has not been edited yet, so please bear with me if there are any mistakes or plot holes.

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

Shane wakes up to the worst cramp of his life.

When he stopped taking his suppressants and birth control, his body suffered through debilitating cramps, but this is worse.

Way worse.

Shane grabs his phone from his nightstand and turns on the flashlight. When he looks down, there is a pool of blood that makes him panic.

“Fuck” he whispers to himself. Then he starts crying. His brain immediately goes to thinking of the worst-case scenario. After a year of trying to have a baby, he might be losing it right now. Ilya would be so disappointed in him.

Speaking of Ilya, he wakes up with a startle. Something is off with Shane, and his nose picks it up immediately. Shane smells sour, like he has been crying and panicking over something. He’s only ever smelt like that when something is seriously wrong.

“Ilya,” Shane whispers, knowing if he says it any louder, he will start choking on his tears. “We need to go to the hospital.”

Ilya turns on the light next to their bed and looks at Shane.

Before he can ask why, Ilya sees a pool of blood on the sheets. It’s a lot of blood, too.

“I’m calling ambulance,” Ilya says as he rips his phone off the charger. He can worry about the potential damage later. Right now, he needs to be there for his mate. “Lie down so you don’t get dizzy.”

“No, don’t call an ambulance,” Shane begs. He knows that if Ilya calls an ambulance, then the paparazzi who camp outside their house will know something is wrong. TMZ will pay a lot for that photo.

“Shane, you need ambulance. You lost a lot of blood.”

“I feel fine,” Well as fine as he can feel in the moment. “Drive me, please? We aren’t too far away from the hospital.”

Ilya looks at his mate with worry in his eyes. Shane is begging him, and Ilya can feel the sadness and anxiety coursing through him. “Okay,” Ilya relents. “But I carry you.”

“Of course,” Shane says with a sheepish smile. Ilya wraps his arms around Shane’s body and gently pulls him out of bed. “Can you stand to get dressed?”

Shane is wearing a pair of boxers that he put on after they fucked last night. He hates going to bed naked in case something like this were to happen. Ilya throws on some sweatpants and a centaur's sweatshirt before he runs into their closet to get Shane something to wear. Ilya grabs a pair of his sweatpants and an old Montreal hoodie, along with some fuzzy socks that Shane loves to wear when it gets cold.

“Really,” Shane asks when Ilya tosses the socks at him.

“Yes.”

“Okay then,” Shane huffs and starts getting dressed quickly. The longer they take, the more likely it is that something could happen. Unless it already happened and they’re just delaying the inevitable. “Let’s go.”

Ilya grabs Shane and carries him bridal style down the stairs. When they reach the doorway, Ilya presses a warm kiss to Shane’s forehead, which makes him cry again. “I love you, Moya Lyubov. No matter what happens.”

Neither of them says anything after that. Usually, Shane turns music on when they are in the car while they talk about anything and everything. But they sit in silence today.

Thankfully, the hospital is only 15 minutes away from their house, and Ilya shaves off five minutes with how fast he is driving. When they arrive at the emergency room, Ilya pulls their car up to the front and grabs his husband. They run into the hospital, and Ilya says, “My husband needs help. He might be miscarrying.”

That gets the attention of the nurses.

Two nurses run to the couple and tell Ilya that they are getting a wheelchair to bring Shane into a hospital room. “You cannot come into the room with him until we find out what is wrong.”

“He’s my husband!” Ilya shouts. He knows that the nurses are just doing their jobs, but he feels so helpless right now.

“Baby, it’s okay,” Shane says weakly. “Let them do their job.”

Ilya nods at his mate.

Shane grabs Ilya’s hand and gives it a squeeze. “You’re the best alpha. I am so lucky to have you in my life.”

It took them a while to get to this moment, but Ilya wouldn’t trade it for the world. If they hadn’t met at the arena in Saskatchewan and Ilya hadn’t jerked himself off in the shower with Shane watching, then they wouldn’t be here right now. Who knew that a horny Ilya who thought Shane’s freckles were the cutest things ever would bless him with the best mate ever?

“I love you, Moya Lyubov.”

“I love you more, mon amour.”

Shane never talks to Ilya in French. He wants Ilya to feel comfortable with the language, so he only talks to his mom and J.J. in French most of the time. So when he does, Ilya feels special.

Ilya kisses Shane once before the nurses ask him to let them take care of his omega.

“We will take good care of him,” A beta nurse named Sydney says with a warm smile. “We will let you see him as soon as possible.”

Ilya nods. “Okay.”

Once Shane is brought into the emergency area, Ilya pulls out his phone and texts Yuna.

“Are you awake?”

It’s two am, so he doubts that Yuna is awake. But she needs to know. In case they need someone to get them through this.

He gets no answer, but Ilya knows that she would want to know what is happening. He pulls up her contact information and presses the call button. It takes four rings before Yuna answers and says “hello” in a sleep-filled voice.

“You need to come to hospital. Shane is in the emergency room. He started bleeding.”

“We’re on our way,” She says before she wakes up David, who is snoring next to her. “We will be there in thirty minutes.”

Ilya paces the waiting room. He doesn’t believe in God, but he needs to in this moment. If there is a God, Ilya begs that he keep Shane and their baby alive. He will do anything to keep his baby and husband alive.

After what feels like an eternity, another nurse comes into the waiting room and calls his name.

“Ilya, we have an update on your husband,” She begins to say. Ilya needs to pay attention to what she is saying, no matter how devastated he is right now. “He’s okay. We gave him a blood transfusion, and he is seeing the doctor right now. I am not sure about your baby; it’s too early to tell without an ultrasound, but Shane is okay.”

“Thank you, God,” Ilya says. He says thank you to the nurse and lets her go back to take care of his mate. “Thank you for making sure my husband is okay.”

He will be devastated if they lose their child. But he can’t live if he loses Shane.

Shane is the best thing that has ever happened to Ilya. They met sixteen years ago, and Ilya tried to convince himself that he didn’t love the omega for eight years. He tried convincing himself that it was just sex. Until Scott Hunter kissed Kip in front of the world after he won the cup. Then Ilya knew that he and Shane would be fine no matter what the world threw at them. When Russia told him that he was no longer associated with the country, he was fine, because Shane was by his side, holding him. After they came out and so many “fans” were sending them hate, Shane was by his side. Shane has been by Ilya’s side for years now, and his life is so ingrained with Ilya’s that he isn’t sure what he would do without his mate.

Yuna and David walk into the waiting room a minute after the nurse tells him what is happening.

“Shane is okay, but nurses do not know if baby is okay.”

Yuna hugs Ilya and whispers, “It’ll be okay. Shane is okay, and your baby is going to be okay.”

David, who is usually the cryer between the two, wraps both of them in a hug and says, “It’s going to be fine.” As he sobs into Yuna’s neck. They couldn’t handle it if they lost their only child. Nothing else in the world matters except for him...and Ilya, of course, who is their son in all intents and purposes. They can’t think of anyone better to take care of and love their son.

They sit and wait for the news, and there could be a sound of a pin dropping, and they would all hear it.

Yuna and David know how long Shane and Ilya have been trying for a baby. For them to finally get one and then lose it would kill them all.



Thirty minutes later, a doctor walks into the waiting room and approaches the family.

“Shane is okay. We had to give him a blood transfusion and do a small surgery to remove a clot, but he is okay.”

“How is the baby?” Yuna asks as Ilya reaches out to grab her hand and squeezes it gently to calm himself down. He wants to know that there is someone there for him and Shane, and making sure that Yuna and David are there is helping him relieve his anxiety a lot.

“We took an ultrasound, and it turns out that Shane was experiencing a blood clot and not a miscarriage. The babies are okay, and so is Shane.”

Ilya thinks he heard the doctor say babies, but he has to ask to make sure that his brain isn't playing tricks on him.

“Babies?”

“Yes. Congratulations, you are having twins.”

Ilya feels himself grow lightheaded. They're having twins. Two babies. Two. Two babies who are safe in his omega's body.

“Twins,” Ilya says a minute later after he gathers his thoughts. “Like two babies?”

“Yes, Ilya, two babies.”

“I need to sit down,” Ilya says. He takes a seat on the chair that he was just sitting in and puts his head down to ease his anxiety. “I cannot believe Shane is carrying two babies.”

“Doctor, is Shane going to be okay carrying two children?”

Male omegas have a harder time during the pregnancy and the birthing process. Since they do not have the same anatomy as female omegas, they usually end up having a cesarean section. Ilya would be okay with that; he just wants to make sure that Shane won't get hurt during his pregnancy.

“We cannot say for sure, but most male omegas that I have seen did just fine. However, they gave birth to one, so I cannot tell you a definitive answer. Being a male omega who carries a child is rare, so I cannot base anything on what studies say because there isn't a lot of information on them. Your husband is going to have to spend the night, but he should be able to go home in the morning. He is in a private room if you want to go see him.”

Ilya nods his head so fast that he is afraid that he will give himself a brain rush. He needs to see his husband now.

“Okay, thank you,” Yuna says. She gives the doctor a warm smile before he gestures to the family to follow him.

They take an elevator up four floors and walk into a light brown hallway with LED lights shining bright. It's a little overstimulating to Ilya right now but he doesn't care because he wants to make sure that his mate is okay. That's the most important thing right now.

Shane is lying on a hospital bed with a tube in his arm, but he looks content.

“Hi, baby,” Ilya says when he makes his way to the side of Shane's bed. “Are you feeling okay?”

“Yes. I am okay, and so are our babies.”

Our babies.

Those words make Ilya so happy that he is grinning from ear to ear.

“I was so scared,” Ilya says. He tries wiping away a tear before Shane sees it, but he isn’t successful based on the look that his mate is giving him. “

“Baby, don’t cry.”

“I’m sorry. I was just so scared that something would happen to you. I was afraid that I would lose you.”

Shane grabs a hold of Ilya’s hand and presses a kiss to it. “I am okay, you don’t need to worry.”

“I am always going to worry about you,” Ilya tells his mate seriously. “You are the love of my life. I cannot live without you.”

“I don’t think I would be able to live without you either. Now, come lie with me. I’m tired.”

Shane scoots over so that there is enough room for Ilya to lie in the bed with him. They probably shouldn’t have two 200-pound men lying in a small hospital bed, but neither cares at the moment.

“Okay, baby, we are going to leave you two now that we know you’re okay. I think your father is about to fall asleep standing up.”

“Okay,” Shane says, sending them a reassuring smile. “Thanks for coming. I love you both.”

“We love you more,” Yuna admits, pinching Shane’s big toe lightly like she used to do when he was a kid to make him giggle. “Please come over and see us soon. We want to make sure that you are handling everything well. I know it’s scary having a baby, especially since you are having two. But we are here if you need anything.”

“Of course. I love you guys.”

“We love you both, too.”

We love you both. Ilya doesn’t know what he would do without David and Yuna’s support. He got with Shane after his father died, and his mother died when he was twelve, so he didn’t really have anyone to support him. Then Yuna and David came into his life, and they treated him just like a son from the moment they met. They even let him play Yahtzee with them and laugh when he beats Shane every time.

Shane looks like he is about to fall asleep as soon as Yuna and David leave. Ilya presses a kiss to his forehead and whispers, “Go to sleep, baby. Everything is going to be fine. You’ll be the best father ever.”

“No, you’ll be the best father ever,” Shane replies with a grin. “You’re already the best alpha a person can ever ask for. I can’t believe that I am blessed with waking up with you every day

of my life.”

Ilya cries into Shane’s arms for a few minutes before he grows so exhausted from everything today that he starts to get droopy and finally falls asleep with his mate in his arms.

Chapter End Notes

So yeah...that happened. Please do not kill me for this. I promise that this will have a happy ending, because I want these two to be so happy in life. They deserve it after everything.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Ilya and Shane spend the day together, basking in each other's presence while they wait to tell everyone about their pregnancy. Ilya also deals with some of Shane's pregnancy hormones. ALSO QUINN HUGHES TO THE FUCKING WILD YOU GUYS!!!! MY HUSBAND AND MY TEAM ARE UNITING INTO ONE!!!!!!

Chapter Notes

There is smut in this chapter, so please skip if you do not want to read it!

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

It's been a month since Shane and Ilya had their scare, and Shane is feeling a little better... mentally. Physically, he's feeling like shit. Absolute shit.

Ilya has been amazing since they found out. He makes Shane butter and toast every morning (since that's the only thing he can keep down), ginger tea, and saltine crackers. In the afternoon, after Shane throws up again, Ilya rubs his back while Shane tries to take a nap. Shane has slept like crap since they were in the hospital because he is afraid that he will wake up and find a pool of blood gushing from his body again. He's talked to Ilya and his therapist about it, but there is nothing they can do or say to reassure him that nothing will happen to their babies.

Shane spends the morning waking up at 6 am to throw up bile, and then throws up a few hours later after he finishes breakfast or lunch. He doesn't even get to work out since any sudden movements make him feel nauseous and dizzy.

Anya has been extra protective of Shane since she found out that he is pregnant. They aren't sure how she found out, but they assume it has something to do with his scent. After all, Ilya swears that Shane smells so much sweeter now than he did before, which isn't an insult by any means. Ilya has always loved Shane's bergamot-and-vanilla scent, but now he smells more like freshly baked cookies, which is intoxicating for the alpha. Anya refuses to let Ilya pick her up for more than a minute, and now she barks the entire time that they are outside unless Shane is with them.

Ilya wonders if this is how Shane feels whenever Eleanor chooses him?

Ilya constantly tries to gain access to the source of the scent, but Shane shoo's him away like a dog trying to escape from the house. They haven't had penetrative sex in a month, and it's killing both of them. Shane is afraid that something will happen to their babies--even though the doctor assured them that it won't--while Ilya is respecting his husband's wishes. They've given each other more than a few blowjobs and handjobs, but anything further than that and Shane is batting Ilya away.

Then one night, Shane walks into their home gym as he hyperventilates with tears streaming down his face.

"Baby, what's wrong?!" Ilya exclaims, nearly dropping a weight on his foot as he runs to his husband. He pulls Shane in for a hug and rubs his hand up and down his husband's back in reassurance.

"Do you think I'm gross?"

Ilya stares at his husband, dumbfounded. "What?"

"Do you think I'm unattractive?"

Ilya stares at Shane with his mouth open, confusion written all over his face.

"Where is this coming from?"

"You don't want to have sex with me," Shane sobs as he tries to pull away from his husband. "Is it because I am gaining weight?"

Shane has maybe gained like seven pounds in two months, but Ilya isn't going to tell him that. After all, Hayden and a few of their teammates have talked enough about the hormones that an omega gets when they are pregnant. Barrett went on and on about how Harris would kick him out of bed for breathing too loudly and then cry when he would sleep in the guest bedroom because their bed was too empty without him. Hayden complained that Jackie would crave a specific food and then, as soon as he got it for her, she would cry because it didn't taste the same.

Pregnancy is weird.

Hormones are weird.

But Ilya enjoys his life too much to tell Shane that.

Instead, he squeezes Shane a little tighter and presses a kiss to his messy hair. Ever since they started the playoffs, Shane has been growing his hair. Then he kept doing it even after they won the cup and everyone else cut their hair. Shane got so sad when Ilya shaved off his facial hair and made him promise to keep his curls. They get regular trims, but both of them are trying to grow their hair out longer than they let it get during the season. Plus, Shane already has the pregnancy glow, where his hair is growing in so thick and shiny.

Besides, Ilya likes it when Shane's hair is longer, so he has something to entangle his hands in when Shane is sucking his dick. Not that he would ever admit that to Shane. It would

probably end with him sleeping on the couch until Shane came downstairs and dragged him back up to their bed. Or worse...Shane cutting his hair.

God, he loves Shane so much, quirks and all.

Don't even get him started on the second time they had sex, and Shane folded his clothes neatly on the couch before they went to the bedroom. It was quite literally the cutest thing that he had ever seen, and if they were more than just rivals with benefits at that moment, Ilya would have cooed at him until he blushed so prettily. Shane still folds his clothes sometimes, but most of the time, they are so enamoured with each other that he just wants their clothes off as fast as possible. He cleans up afterwards anyway. Ilya also dies over the fact that Shane makes him clean up after they fuck. Shane has complained hundreds of times about dirty bedding, or cleaning the carpet or couch whenever they fuck. Ilya just rolls his eyes playfully and presses a kiss to the tip of Shane's freckled nose. God, Ilya loves his husband so much.

"Moya Lyubov, I would never think you are gross or unattractive. You are quite literally the most ethereal being I have ever laid eyes on."

Shane looks at Ilya with watery eyes before he sobs, "Then why don't you want to fuck me?"

If Ilya were a dumb man, he would tell Shane it's because he has pushed his advances away for weeks now. Ilya would say that he's tried making a move on Shane multiple times, only for him to get shut down. But Ilya is a smart man, and he has been conditioned by other members on his team to know exactly what to say in this situation.

"Oh, I'm sorry, moya lyubov," Ilya croons, pressing a kiss to each side of Shane's cheeks where his freckles are most abundant. "You are the most attractive person I have ever seen in my life. I want to fuck you all day, every day. No matter where we are, I always think of fucking you. But I just thought you would initiate it, given that you have been tired and nauseous lately. I didn't know if you wanted to do anything."

Shane's lip starts quivering. Ilya squeezes him harder and starts whispering sweet things in Russian so that his omega doesn't start crying again.

"I want to," Shane whispers after they hug for a minute and just bask in each other's scent. "I want you to fuck me. God, I've wanted it so badly."

"Okay," Ilya grins. "Let's go to the bedroom."

"We truly are a married couple. You can't even carry me up there. You're making me walk when I am carrying your children?"

Ilya shoots Shane a glare, but he gestures for his mate to jump and wrap his legs around Ilya's waist.

"That's better," Shane hums as Ilya carries him up the stairs to their bedroom.



The next morning, Ilya wakes up to an empty bed.

Which is odd because Ilya is usually the one who wakes up before Shane does.

Ilya doesn't even get a chance for the alpha part of his brain to freak out because he hears Shane humming downstairs. Which usually means that he is cleaning.

Ilya shoves his feet into a pair of slippers and heads downstairs to greet his husband.

Shane is currently dancing to whatever song is playing in his headphones while he folds the blankets that sit perfectly on their couch. Nothing is out of order in their house, and sometimes it's a little scary. But Ilya knows that it is one of the ways that Shane copes with the season and his eating disorder, so it's a small price to pay for his husband's happiness. Even though fans mocked them for how boring and greige their house is.

When Architectural Digest asked for a tour of the Hollander-Rosanov house, Ilya was so excited. Until he told Shane after he had already said yes. Shane was too nice to cancel it, but he made sure the house was spotless, which had Ilya on his hands and knees dusting the bottom of their bookshelves and cleaning around the fireplace. Shane vacuumed three times a day, made sure everything was in its place, and even asked the person filming their tour to remove their shoes before they came into the house.

Ilya loves Shane's quirks.

But he loves Shane even more, and soon, he will love their babies too.

Don't get Ilya wrong, he loves their babies already. He talks to them every night, runs a bath for Shane so his body doesn't get sore. "It's only two months, Ilya, I'm not sore yet," Shane huffs, but relents anyway when he sees how happy Ilya is to take care of his family, and he even bought the smallest pair of skates he could find. They are currently sitting in a drawer waiting for the day that they announce their pregnancy to the world.

Shane wants to wait until he is four months along after their scare. The only people who know now are three of their teammates, Harris, and Shane's parents... and Rose and Svetlana. Shane doesn't know that Svetlana knows, and Ilya doesn't know that Rose knows. Sometimes, it's okay to keep things from your spouse.

"Baby, why are you up so early?" Ilya asks, wrapping his arms around Shane's waist as he pulls the shorter man into his body.

Shane takes off his headphones and turns around to greet his husband. Shane's breath is minty fresh, and Ilya's is not. Which means Shane will not kiss him until he brushes his teeth.

Fuck.

God, he loves Shane.

"Mmm, nope, no kisses until you brush your teeth. I can smell your morning breath from here."

Ilya pouts, but he turns to go back upstairs and brush his teeth. He would do anything for a kiss from his omega right now. Even if that means he has to walk back up the stairs to brush

his teeth.

“Make sure you floss,” Shane yells from downstairs. Ilya rolls his eyes, but honestly, Shane could ask him to buy the world, and he would find a way to.

Ilya would do anything for him.

When Ilya finally gets his kiss, he deepens it right away.

“It’s 8 a.m.,” Shane whines when Ilya starts to kiss the mating mark on his neck. That always gets Shane to become loose and pliant.

“And?” Ilya asks, running his hands along Shane’s torso. Somehow, he still has abs and no sign of a bump, which makes Ilya feel some sort of way. But give it time, and Ilya will be able to show Shane off to everyone. “What, we old married couple?”

Shane throws a glance at Ilya but ignores him so that he can continue kissing his neck. “If you fuck me, we are doing it on the couch or on the bed. I don’t think my knees can handle it anymore. Not with me carrying this much weight.”

Ilya laughs. He has such a finicky omega.

He loves him to death.

“Okay, moya lyubov. Let’s go upstairs.”

Shane grabs Ilya’s larger hand in his and leads them upstairs. Maybe his panic attack yesterday, triggered by his assumption that Ilya didn’t love him anymore, is paying off.

When they get to their room, Ilya pounces on Shane immediately. Ilya kisses Shane ferociously before Shane pulls away and starts removing his alpha’s shirt. It’s an old Boston Bears shirt that’s been through the washing machine so many times it’s softer than butter and a little see-through.

“Get undressed,” Ilya demands, pawing at Shane’s hoodie. “I want to fuck you.”

Shane blushes so prettily at Ilya’s words, which causes Ilya’s dick to twitch in anticipation.

Shane obeys Ilya’s command and immediately begins to undress himself.

When he is stark naked, Ilya takes in the view. Shane is so beautiful. Ilya’s never seen someone as beautiful as his omega.

“Ilya, stop staring,” Shane whines after his alpha takes it all in for a minute.

“I can’t help that you are so beautiful,” Ilya admits as he presses a kiss to Shane’s pouty lips. “You are the most beautiful being I have ever laid eyes on.”

Honestly, that makes Shane want to cry. His alpha is the best. He takes such good care of him.

Before Shane can reply, Ilya drops to his knees and starts pressing kisses to Shane's barely visible bump. It just looks like Shane ate a little too much, or he had dairy and is bloated. But Ilya can tell that there is a difference. He knows every detail of Shane's body. He can draw a map of where all of the moles on Shane's body are. He could be blindfolded and know exactly who Shane is because of the softness of his tanned skin.

Ilya starts sucking Shane's cock, which is above average size for an omega, even though he is still three inches smaller than Ilya.

Ilya sucks Shane until he is moaning so loudly that the neighbors might be able to hear him.

Oops.

It's almost like Ilya cares.

But Shane is so beautiful when he gets like this that Ilya can't blame himself for wanting to hear his omega's pathetic whines.

"Ilya, I'm close," Shane whines when Ilya pulls away abruptly. Ilya knows Shane so well.

Before Shane can whine about the loss of Ilya's mouth, Ilya is shoving his omega onto their bed and letting his body straddle Shane's waist. They aren't in that position for that long before Ilya flips Shane on his back and grabs his thighs to expose him to the world.

Before Shane and Ilya were more than rivals with benefits, Ilya would hear other players in the league talk about how badly they wanted bend Shane over and bury their faces in his ass. It usually ended with Ilya fighting them on ice. After they mated and were officially out to the world, Ilya would constantly hear other players and people on social media whining that they would never have a chance with Shane. Ilya would constantly hear people begging them for a threesome, which Shane made clear that they would never participate in.

Shane is Ilya's and will always be Ilya's.

Ilya spends the next several minutes working Shane open with his tongue. Shane is a whining mess above him and keeps trying to grab at Ilya's hair to get him to continue his efforts.

Whenever that happens, Ilya pushes Shane's hand away and removes his mouth so Shane will calm down, before he continues.

When Shane is nearing his release for the second time, Ilya pulls away and reaches over Shane to grab the lube out of their nightstand. If it were up to Ilya, it would be sitting on the nightstand, but Shane doesn't want someone to come into their bedroom and see it.

The last time someone was in their bedroom was two years ago, when Shane was on bedrest after breaking three ribs, and Yuna came over to bring her son soup in bed.

But Shane has his quirks, and Ilya loves them so much.

Ilya decides that he is going to tease his husband for a little bit with his fingers. Ilya works one finger in without any resistance. When he works a second finger in, Shane's body fights him for a few seconds before he relaxes enough for Ilya to fit it in. Ilya finds Shane's prostate

soon after and plays with it for a few seconds before he takes mercy on his omega, who is a sobbing mess.

“You’re so fucked out,” Ilya laughs as he lubes up his cock. When they first started fucking, Ilya would use three or four fingers. Now he usually sticks to two or three, depending on the amount of foreplay beforehand. “I can’t get over how whiny you always get.”

Shane tries to say something, but it is muffled when Ilya shoves his dick into Shane.

Ilya gives Shane a second to adjust to the intrusion before he starts thrusting into Shane. Shane always appreciates the hip thrusts that Ilya does when they work out. He gets to stare at the two globes that Ilya is blessed with, and it also gives Ilya so much stamina to continuously thrust into Shane’s body.

“How many times do you think you can cum?”

Shane lets out a choked sob when Ilya starts sucking a mark on the junction of his neck while he speeds up his thrusting.

Within a minute, Shane is crying out as he releases his load all over Ilya’s chest, who decides to reach in between them, get his finger coated with Shane’s cum, and shove it into his mouth. “You taste so good.”

If Shane were twenty again, he would get hard that instant. But he’s 34, and his body is beat up to hell because of hockey. So he takes a minute, then he is harder than a rock, waiting for Ilya to fuck him stupid.

Two more orgasms later, and Shane is an exhausted mess who wants to curl up in a ball and go to sleep. But he can’t. Because they have to meet with Farah later to discuss the way that they are going to tell the team that Shane is taking the season off.

Right now, Shane is going to let his alpha take care of him by wrangling him into the shower while Ilya changes their bedding and cleans up their mess before he joins Shane in the shower so that he might be able to convince Shane to give him a blowjob. After all, he needs to catch up on the number of orgasms that he gets today.

Chapter End Notes

I finished two of my four finals, which means you all get another chapter. I made this one extra long to make up for the lack of one yesterday, and because I am not going to post for a few days. I have to turn in two more finals tomorrow, and I am working 9-hour shifts this weekend. Anyway, EPISODE 4 IS OUT TONIGHT!!! I'm so excited for the *potential* shower scene!! Please comment and leave kudos if you enjoyed :)

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Shane and Ilya tell their coach the news

Chapter Notes

GUYS, I'M SO HAPPY RIGHT NOW!!!! QUINN HUGHES TO THE WILD!!!! MY HUSBAND AND MY TEAM ARE UNITED AND I AM SO SO SO SO HAPPY!!!!

Anyway, there is nothing but fluff in this chapter because I am so happy!!! I finished finals and QUINN HUGHES IS COMING TO THE WILD!!

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

A month later, Shane's morning sickness starts to go away. He isn't hunched over the toilet every morning, expelling the vomit in his stomach. Usually, he gets through the day without throwing up.

Ilya has been his rock through it all, and Shane is so in love with him. He doesn't know what he would do without his alpha.

They've finally hit twelve weeks, and Shane feels comfortable enough to tell everyone that they are close to, including the team, that they are having a baby. Honestly, most of their teammates will probably chirp them and say it's been a long time coming and they're surprised that it took them this long to have a baby, considering how often they fuck.

Shane will probably blush and mention something about their sex life being personal, while Ilya will grin ear to ear with smugness written on his face.

Shane will probably elbow him in the rib, but he won't be too mad about it. After all, every player in the room has slept in the room next to their own at least once, and has heard some interesting things coming from their bedroom.

They've been chirped numerous times on the amount of energy those two have since they can go at it all night, and then score three goals each the next day. But it's not Shane and Ilya's fault that the other players, except for Barrett and Harris, of course, can sleep with their partners on road trips since most of them have kids.

“Baby, what do you want to eat?” Ilya asks when he untangles his body from Shane’s. Shane always sleeps like an octopus, with all of his body weight on Ilya’s. Ilya knows that Shane most likely will not want to keep it up when he gets bigger, and a few of their teammates suggested buying a pregnancy pillow. But Ilya doesn’t want to because he wants his mate to cling to him every night, so he knows that his omega is there.

“Well, I definitely don’t want eggs. I can’t stand the smell of them anymore.”

Noted, Ilya thinks, planning to throw away all of the eggs in the house.

“What about pancakes?”

“Yes,” Shane says with a smile. I want blueberry pancakes with butter, syrup, and chocolate syrup on them.”

Ilya nods and grabs the pancake mix along with a pack of blueberries, almond milk, butter, chocolate syrup, and maple syrup. Shane’s cravings must be starting. Ilya has been warned enough about that by their teammates.

“What do you want to drink?”

“Strawberry milk,” Shane demands, to which Ilya feels his heart sink. They don’t have anything to make strawberry milk with.

“Baby, we don’t have anything to make that with.”

Shane’s eyes start filling up with tears, and Ilya can tell he’s about to cry.

Fuck, Ilya has to do something and quickly.

“Baby, don’t cry. I can call your mom or dad and see if they can buy some. I’m sorry we don’t have any in the house.”

Shane looks at Ilya and breathes in like he is holding back tears. “Okay.”

Ilya pulls his mate in for a hug and presses a kiss to the top of his head.

“It’s okay,” Shane says after he calms down a little. “I’m sorry I am getting emotional over this.”

“Moya Lyubov, don’t be sorry. You cannot help your cravings.”

Ilya pulls away so he can start his breakfast while he texts Yuna to let her know it’s an emergency and he needs her to bring some strawberry milk immediately. She texts back right away with a thumbs-up emoji and a smiley face, then asks, “Cravings?” Ilya replies with a thumbs up react.

“I’ll be there in twenty minutes.”

Thank god Yuna is close by, because he isn't sure that Shane won't burst into tears again if he doesn't get strawberry milk soon.

Ilya starts working on his pancakes while Shane is on his phone texting Rose. She says that she is going to send some baby clothes within the next few days, and Shane is helping her pick out the cutest ones.

He can't wait to have babies in their life.

Ilya's been such a good husband. He will have to give him a blowjob later.

Ilya brings Shane's food to the table around the same time that Yuna arrives. Anya, who was sleeping peacefully on her bed, perks up when she hears the front door open and jumps on Yuna. "Hi, sweetheart," Yuna says while Ilya grabs the strawberry milk from her hand so she can pet their dog.

Shane is tearing up at the sight of them. Stupid hormones.

Ilya runs into the kitchen, grabs a glass, and pours some milk into it. He brings it to Shane, who grabs it immediately and takes a gulp.

"You're the best alpha a person can ask for."

If Ilya wasn't conditioned by now, he would've immediately popped a boner on the spot. But he can't because Yuna is there, and she would not appreciate that. Neither would Shane.

Yuna stays for a few minutes before she leaves so the couple can enjoy themselves.

"Can I have some whipped cream on top? It doesn't taste right."

"Of course you can, baby."

Shane smiles widely and pulls Ilya in for a kiss when he walks to the table. Shane tastes like syrup and chocolate, which, honestly, isn't a bad combination. It's kind of gross knowing that Shane is willing eating it, but Ilya knows that his husband can't help it. At least he's eating well.

"How does it taste now?"

"So good," Shane says with a mouth full of food. "You are the best alpha I could ever hope for."

It's taken them a long time to get here (17 years now) but they are finally having a baby and they've been mated for the last seven years.

Ilya, who has always prided himself on his ability to control his dick in situations like this feels himself growing harder by the minute. Shane has no issues turning Ilya on, even after all of these years together.

“I love you,” Ilya whispers when he takes a seat next to his mate. He’s watching the brunette scarf down his food in a hurry, almost like they have to be somewhere or something. Anya is sitting next to Shane, hoping that he will drop a scrap of food on the floor for her. She’s so naughty sometimes. But they love her anyway. She’s going to be the best big sister.

“Well, I love you more.”

“That’s impossible,” Ilya responds as he puts his hand on Shane’s thigh. He’s not even trying to start anything, but Shane looks at him through hooded eyes, which he does whenever Ilya is turning him on.

Their teammates warned Ilya that Shane would get horny all the time in his second trimester, but Ilya wasn’t expecting it to happen so soon.

“Want to go upstairs?” Ilya asks as he slides his hand further up Shane’s thigh.

“Yes.”



Once they are both sated, Ilya says that they should go see their coach and break the news. Wiebe wouldn’t expect them over during the off-season, but there is only a week before camp starts, and they should probably announce it before people question why Shane can’t play. Then tomorrow, they will go to the mandatory training camp and tell the team why he is out for the season.

“Are you ready?” Ilya asks, watching Shane get dressed into one of Ilya’s hoodies, since they are big on him, and a pair of sweatpants that are growing tighter by the day. Shane looks at Ilya with narrow eyes and says, “This is your fault that none of my clothes fit me.”

“Oh, I know it is,” Ilya whispers when he pulls Shane in for a hug. His omega’s back is to his chest, which allows Ilya to place his hands underneath Shane’s barely visible bump. But it makes Ilya so happy when he sees it peeking out when they lie down at night. Ilya has already started telling them stories in Russian while Shane falls asleep.

Shane told Ilya one night before they went to bed that he wants their children to learn Russian as their first language, since they will learn English and French in school. He wants Ilya to be able to talk to someone other than his therapist and Shane, who speaks broken Russian at best. Ilya cried so hard that night after Shane fell asleep.

But Shane’s learning, and that’s all that Ilya cares about. It means that he cares about him.

God, he loves his mate so much. Ilya can’t believe that he is carrying their child. He’d do anything that Shane asks for.

“Wiebe said we can come over in an hour,” Shane says, pulling Ilya out of his thoughts.

“What do you want to do until then?”

“Let’s watch Game of Thrones.”

Shane grabs the remote for their tv while Ilya puts several blankets on their couch so that Shane can be cozy and that he can cuddle up to Ilya.

Ilya always says that he is cold, even though their couch is full of blankets, because he wants to cuddle up with his husband. Shane knows exactly what Ilya is doing, but he loves it, so he puts up with it.

They watch the show for the next hour while Shane cuddles up so his head is resting on Ilya's lap, and Ilya runs his hand through Shane's hair. Ilya loves that Shane's hair is growing out, and he constantly tells Shane that.

Ilya's timer goes off 45 minutes into the tv show. Wiebe lives 10 minutes away from them, so Shane and Ilya don't have to drive too far away.

They pile into Shane's Jeep that he refuses to get rid of because he claims it's "practical" for them. Although Ilya might have to trade his Porsche 911 for something else when Shane gives birth to their babies. He's thinking of getting a Porsche Cayenne, and he will give Shane all of the blowjobs and ass-eatings in the world to convince him.

Ilya drives. Ever since Shane moved to Ottawa, he has never driven. He's such a passenger princess.

Ilya loves him so much.

When they arrive at Wiebe's house, Shane grabs Ilya's hand and presses a kiss to it. "Are you ready?"

"Yes, let's go."

Wiebe's wife is waiting at the door for them. She invites them in with a hug, while Wiebe stands behind her and daps them up when they are released from their hug by his wife, Annalise.

They all head towards the living room. Luke and Shane take a seat on the couch while Wiebe takes a seat on the chair across from them.

"What's going on?" Wiebe asks after a minute of silence.

Shane starts to say "well we're--" before he is cut off by Ilya saying, "WE'RE HAVING A BABY."

Wiebe looks in shock before he exclaims, "I'm so happy for you guys."

Shane starts crying because he knows how little support he would've gotten from Montreal if he had a baby when he was a player there. Hell, they wouldn't even let him stop taking his suppressants when they were fucking with his body, and he was out for a week. Now Wiebe and the front office is so supportive of him being an omega in the league.

"How far along are you?"

“Twelve weeks,” Shane smiles when Ilya’s hand falls on Shane’s baby bump. “We are having twins.”

“Congratulations, you guys.”

They talk for an hour about what they will do regarding the season, as well as a potential retirement. Shane doesn’t want to retire, but he knows he might have to if there are complications. Yuna and David have offered to watch their grandkids while Ilya and Shane travel, but Shane doesn’t feel right leaving his babies with his parents. No matter how much he loves and trusts them.

After the couple leaves, they share a kiss in the driveway before they head home.

“I think I’m going to watch ‘What to expect when you are expecting’ if you want to join me?”

Ilya jumps over the couch and takes a seat before Shane can even make his way around the couch. If Shane wasn’t carrying their children, he would’ve done the same.

But his alpha knotted him and got him pregnant during their shared heat and rut.

Shane loves him anyway.

Chapter End Notes

if you guys don't keep up with hockey, the trade for quinn hughes is the real life version of shane going to the centaurs!!

also, i finished my finals, so i have the next month and a half off to write this! please comment and leave kudos if you enjoy this chapter, or just this fic in general!

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Shane and Ilya tell their teammates, and not everyone is okay with it.

Chapter Notes

VERY minor mention of suicidal thoughts, so please do not read if that is a trigger!

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

Ilya wakes up in the morning to the sound of a blender whirring downstairs.

“Not this again,” he thinks to himself as he gets out of bed. Ilya throws on a pair of sweatpants that ended up on the floor last night after coital activities, before he heads downstairs.

When he walks into the kitchen, Shane has a mess of food on the counter.

Thank god he isn’t drinking one of the smoothies he used to drink when he was on the Voyageurs.

“Baby, what are you doing?” Ilya asks, coming up behind Shane and wrapping his arms around his torso.

“I’m making a smoothie,” Shane huffs so cutely that Ilya feels his heart flutter. “A peanut butter, water, decaf coffee, French vanilla coffee creamer, and a small amount of cinnamon.”

That sounds disgusting and good at the same time.

Shane pours it out of the blender and takes a sip of it, marvelling at how good his interesting concoction is. “Do you want to try some?”

“I’m good,” Ilya replies a little too harshly, and Shane lets him know by sending a pout his way.

“So you hate me?” Shane asks, feeling tears form in his eyes.

“Moya Lyubov, I could never hate you,” Ilya reassures his husband, “I just want you to drink it all for yourself.”

That appeases Shane because he smiles at Ilya and presses a kiss to his lips, having to get on his tiptoes to do it. He loves their height difference because it makes Ilya tower over him when they are in fights, or they are about to make love, and Shane loves it.

“What time are we going to the facilities today?” Shane asks after he finishes his drink.

“We need to be there at eleven, so we should leave around 10:30.”

They are going to the arena to meet with their teammates who just started the new season. Ilya has been at practice for their sessions, but Shane hasn't. Which has been a little suspicious to the guys because they're constantly asking where Shane is, and it's getting harder for Ilya to lie about the “upper body” injury that Shane sustained during off-season training.

Ilya and Shane spoke with upper management and the owners of Centaurs yesterday, and most of them were supportive of the announcement. One of the assistants in the front office commented about Shane, causing Ilya to nearly swing a punch, but Wiebe and the owners threw him out. It ended with Shane crying into Ilya's arms because of the words that the assistant said to him, while Ilya was calming his mate down and reassuring him that the beta was just a dick.

Wiebe and the owners took the news well, but Shane and Ilya were afraid that some of the players on the team would not have the same reaction. Not that anyone has said anything to them personally, but Ilya has a feeling that a few players on the team might not like that their alternate captain is an omega who is mated to their captain.

Coach Wiebe calls a meeting on center ice as soon as everyone makes their way out of the locker room.

Shane is leaning on the glass partition that separates them from the viewers of the game, while Ilya is wrapping his arms around Shane's body and pulling him in close. Ilya wants to wrap his arms around Shane's waist and rest his hand underneath his bump, but that would give it away.

“What's going on?” Troy asks, eyeing the couple suspiciously.

Several other teammates ask the same question, and Shane starts feeling overwhelmed.

GOD, he hates pregnancy hormones.

Ilya, the ever attuned mate, jumps in before Shane can panic and says, “We have an announcement to make.”

The couple lock their hands together and give each other a reassuring look.

Shane breathes deeply, knowing they have to tell the team sooner or later, so it's good to rip the band-aid off.

“Ilya and I are going to be parents.”

Everyone blinks at Shane's words, and it doesn't process in their minds. Of course, Ilya and Shane would have a kid. They could steal one of Hayden's kids if they really wanted to, since he and Jackie are now at 5 kids with the recent birth of their son, Jack.

Ilya and Shane look at their teammates expectantly, and Shane grips Ilya's hand even harder when they just stare at the couple.

"I think you all misunderstood Shane," Ilya says after a few seconds of silence. "We're having a baby."

Luca is the first one to say anything, after his jaw drops to the floor. "There's going to be a future Hollanov playing hockey?"

Only Luca would say something like that.

Soon enough, everyone in the room starts cheering and yelling their congratulations. All except one player. A new player named Hill, who just got to Ottawa three weeks ago in a trade. He stands outside the group of players who are pulling Shane in for a hug.

"Do you have a problem, Hill?" Barrett asks with a commanding tone in his voice.

"Umm, no," He says, as his face starts getting red with blush. "I just never thought that someone as talented as Shane Hollander would want to ruin his career by having a baby. After all, you're just an omega who was somehow successful in convincing the Voyageurs to draft you by hiding your designation."

You could hear a pin drop with how silent it got in the room.

"What is that supposed to mean?" Shane asks. "I didn't hide anything! They knew from the moment they signed me what they would be getting. Now my body is fucked up, and I was afraid that I would never be able to have kids because of the suppressants they put me on for 13 years of my career."

Ilya wraps his arms tighter around Shane, fearing that he will try to fight Hill, and that would not be good. Ilya would die if anything happened to Shane or their babies. So, he holds Shane back as a few other players start to talk amongst themselves. Their usual enforcer, Peyton Hartman, is gearing up to punch Hill, but Wiebe stands in between them.

"There will be no fighting today," Wiebe says with a stern look. "Hill, I want you to go back to the locker room and pack your bags. Everyone needs to get ready for practice."

Hill stares at the team before he hangs his head and walks off the ice.

Maybe it was a little extreme for Wiebe to kick Hill off the team, but there is no room for that kind of negativity on the team. Especially when it is projected towards their captain and alternate.

"Do you know what you are having yet?" Barrett asks, approaching the couple slowly.

"We don't," Shane admits, rubbing his hands on his barely visible baby bump. "We only know that there are two. We're having twins."

Everyone hoots and hollers at that.

The idea that there could be two Hollanovs running around, wreaking havoc in the hockey world, makes everyone shout. Ilya and Shane are the most talented players in the league.

(If you ask Ilya privately and sign an NDA, he would say that Shane is a way better player than he is.)

Shane would probably say the same thing if he were asked.

Soon enough, the team begins practice with Shane watching from the sidelines.

A part of Shane feels bad that Wiebe dismissed Hill from practice. He seems like a great guy, but maybe his prejudices are rearing their ugly head.

Shane doesn't think about it too hard because Ilya is blowing kisses to him whenever he skates past him. Shane misses skating so much, but the doctors told him to give up all activities that could lead to an injury, which includes skating and definitely includes playing hockey.

Their twins are more important than a year of hockey. Shane has earned every kind of award that a person could wish for. He doesn't need rings or trophies to define his career. Hell, if he retires right now, he will be a first-ballot Hall of Famer. But Shane doesn't want to think about that right now. He has enough to worry about with their babies. Besides, his therapist told him not to dwell on retirement too much and to just wait and see how he feels after a season.

Ilya has been the best husband through this all. He rubs Shane's back when he is throwing up, makes him the most disgusting concoctions of food known to man, helps him set up a nest on their bed, and holds him gently when Shane is feeling his hormones rush through his body.

Ilya is the best husband a person could ask for. What did Shane do in a past life to deserve him?



The news of Shane's "alleged" pregnancy broke a week later.

"According to an anonymous source close to the couple, Shane Hollander-Rozanov is pregnant. While we cannot name sources for anonymity purposes, just know that they have proof that Shane and Ilya are pregnant through a recording taken on their phone. Due to privacy reasons, we will not be showing this tape," a TMZ article reads while Shane is scrolling through his emails, while he drinks decaf coffee with honey, Oreo cookie coffee creamer, and weirdly enough, orange juice.

Ilya tries not to judge, but sometimes, Shane's choice in food makes him want to gag.

It doesn't stop Ilya from kissing Shane, though. He will never give that up.

“Who the fuck leaked this?” Shane asks, feeling his heart sink to his stomach. There is no way that anyone on the team would leak something like this...except for Hill.

Of course, Hill would definitely do something like this after he was kicked off the team and traded to the San Jose Serpents. Especially if it gave him a payday.

“Are you fucking serious right now?” Ilya asks. He is shouting through the phone with someone, and Shane can only assume that it is someone who knows of, or is, the person who leaked the news.

“No, I want something done about this now!”

Shane looks at Ilya with a “WTF” expression, and his alpha shrugs his head and mouths, “Will tell later.” Which satisfies Shane.

While Ilya is on the phone, Shane is scrolling through Instagram. Most of the comments made on the TMZ article are supportive of them. Most of them say that Shane and Ilya have 12 cups between them, and if they want to retire and have 100 kids, then no one should stop them. They’ve given everything up for hockey, so it’s time hockey gives up something for them.

Those comments make Shane tear up.

Stupid hormones.

Ilya ends his phone call with a sharp “Bye,” before he walks up to Shane. Shane lifts his head so that he is eye level with Ilya, who gives him a deep kiss.

Ilya knows Shane so well. He knows that Shane needs to feel his presence whenever something like this happens.

When Shane started going to therapy, one of the things that he had to work on was the constant fear that Ilya would be gone. After the plane incident, Ilya’s admission to feeling so depressed sometimes that he feels like it would be easier just to end it all, and the chance that Ilya could inherit his father’s Alzheimer’s diagnosis has really caused Shane to struggle with the idea of losing Ilya.

It was a hard conversation for Shane. He didn’t want Ilya to feel that he was guilt-tripping him for anything. It took several conversations with his therapist to convince him to talk to Ilya about it, who was so understanding about the entire thing. Ilya reassured Shane that if the urge got so bad that Ilya felt like he needed to end his life, he would talk to Shane or his therapist about it. Thankfully, therapy has helped both of them learn coping skills that have taught them how to handle everything that life has thrown at them as of late.

It took a lot of self-reflection for Shane to admit that he needed anxiety medications.

Now that he is off them, for pregnancy purposes, he feels like everything is starting to swim around in his head a lot more. But Ilya’s and their babies’ presence is reassuring to him during times like this.

“Was Wiebe on phone,” Ilya says after a minute of silence. “We know it was Hill who said something about it. Took picture when we were on ice and sold it to TMZ.”

“There’s nothing we can do about it now. He’ll probably be blacklisted from the league, unless a team desperate enough, like Buffalo, decides to sign him.” Shane admits after a few seconds of racing thoughts. He’s gotten better at managing the thoughts that race a mile a minute through his head.

“Let’s stay in today. We can watch movies and eat disgusting pizza.” Ilya says to get Shane’s mind off of everything.

“It’s not disgusting,” Shane bites back, but honestly, if he weren’t pregnant right now, he would even admit that a concoction of alfredo and pizza sauce, anchovies, broccoli, pineapple, roasted tomatoes, and feta cheese would be a meal that not even a psychopath would eat.

Thankfully, it ends up being a pretty good day.

Chapter End Notes

Dezzy's back, tell a friend. Sorry! Grading finals actually kicked my ass, but I got all 71 of them graded and submitted to the gradebook by 11:59 tonight. Also, my husband, Quinnifer Hughes, and the Minnesota Wild won 6-2 last night, so I have to brag a little. But yeah, I hope you enjoy this chapter! It is not edited yet, so there might be a few plot holes or broken sentences. Please call me out if that is the case, and I will go in and fix them.

I need everyone's opinion. This is something that is important to the storyline. Do you like S&G, S&T, or T&G the best?

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Shane and Ilya find out the gender of their babies and pick out potential baby names.

Chapter Notes

Brief smut at the end of the chapter.

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

Shane wakes up to the feeling of a bug crawling across his stomach. When he rips the sheet off his body in fear, he doesn't see a bug in the bed. Which means...he felt one of their babies kick.

They've been waiting patiently for this day, and now that it's here, Shane wakes up Ilya.

"Baby, wake up," Shane says, shaking Ilya's shoulder to try to wake him from slumber. "I think I felt them kick."

"Huh?" Ilya asks, way too tired to understand what Shane is saying at the moment.

"I think I felt one of them kick," Shane says again, hoping that his husband understands what he is saying now. "It felt like a bug crawling across my stomach. That's what the doctor said, that it feels like sometimes."

Ilya shoots up in their bed and presses a big, calloused hand on Shane's growing bump. They're at 16 weeks now, which is around the time when most doctors say a parent usually feels their baby. Most of the time, the kicks won't be able to be felt externally until closer to 20 weeks, but Ilya is hopeful.

"Our babies," Ilya whispers. "They're kicking."

"Yes, they are," Shane smiles, looking at Ilya with so much love in his eyes. "They are growing in there."

Ilya presses several kisses to Shane's stomach and grins up at his mate. "When we have doctors appointment today, I ask doctor how long it takes for me to feel kick."

"Speaking of," Shane says when he checks the time on his phone. "We should leave in a little bit to get there by 10."

Usually, Shane wakes up by 7 am, but they are both exhausted. Shane from growing two babies, and Ilya from a game where he played 36 minutes to pick up the slack from the loss of Shane for the season.

They signed a new center to take over for Hill, but they haven't had enough games or practices together to form any sort of chemistry with each other.

"Are we finding out gender today?"

"Yes," Shane smiles at his husband. "I don't want to be surprised."

"Me neither," Ilya responds before he presses a kiss to Shane's waiting mouth.

Shane deepens the kiss and grabs Ilya by the hem of his shirt. "We still have some time," Shane whispers when Ilya presses his lips to Shane's mating mark on his neck.

Before Shane can convince Ilya to eat him out, Anya barks outside their door.

"I should take her for walk before we go," Ilya says, like the responsible dog owner that he is. "As much as I would love to continue this."

Shane pouts, but he releases his fingers from Ilya's shirt. He loves Anya to death, but sometimes, she can be a cockblock. "Don't take too long. We have to leave soon."

"Okay," Ilya says as he opens the bedroom door to let their dog into their bedroom. Shane doesn't like Anya to sleep in their bed because he doesn't want her to get used to it, but Ilya convinces him sometimes when she is whining outside their door. It usually takes a blowjob to achieve that, but Ilya will do--almost--anything for Anya. "We have to see babies. Can't be late."

While Ilya is taking Anya for a walk, Shane picks out an outfit to wear. Lately, he has been wearing Ilya's clothes exclusively, since they are larger than his, and they fit his growing bump, while Shane's are getting too tight. Rose and Svetlana have offered to take him shopping for new clothes, but he's been too stubborn to admit that he needs larger clothes. Ilya loves it because Shane looks so good in his hoodies, but even he will admit that Shane needs to get maternity wear soon--even if most of it is ugly and boring.

Shane rubs his growing bump and whispers, "We get to find out what you guys are today." He feels a kick in response.

When Ilya and Anya come into the house, Shane laughs when Anya runs straight to him without even paying Ilya a second of her attention. Ever since she has sensed that Shane is pregnant, she has spent every minute she can by his side. "You're my little protector, aren't you?"

Anya's tail wags, and she barks happily.

"We need to get going," Ilya says, walking to the back of their sofa and lightly scratching Shane's scalp in the soothing way that makes him melt. "The car is warming up."

“You’re such a good alpha,” Shane whispers into Ilya’s ear when he gets off the couch. “Can you grab my hat and gloves, please?”

“Of course.”

Shane loves asking Ilya to do small tasks like that, because it makes Ilya’s alpha so happy knowing that he is doing a small but important task for his mate. He is providing, which is something he promised to do during their vows. Ilya knows that Shane has more money than one person needs in life, thanks to his sponsorships that Yuna secured for him throughout his career and a wide real estate portfolio, but he still wants to provide for Shane. It’s his duty as an alpha. It’s going to be his duty to provide for their children, too.

“Thanks, baby,” Shane says as he places a quick kiss on Ilya’s lips.

Ilya grabs Shane by his hips and pulls him in for a deeper kiss. Shane lets it go on for a minute before he pulls away and says, “We really need to leave.”

“How about we cancel and I fuck you?” Ilya suggests.

“You don’t want to find out the gender of our babies?”

“I do,” Ilya says, struggling between the part of him that is screaming to pin Shane down to the nearest surface and fuck him, and the part of him that is begging to know what gender their babies will be. “After, I fuck you.”

“Okay,” Shane replies. “Bye, Anya. We will be back in an hour or two.”

“I’ll drive,” Shane says, holding his hand out for Ilya’s keys.

Ilya hates driving in Ottawa. He hates how complicated the roads are and how impatient people are when they drive. Shane, on the other hand, grew up in Ottawa, so he is used to driving here.

“No, I drive. You sit, be passenger princess, and look beautiful,” Ilya states with a serious look on his face. “I’ll be fine.”

Shane glares at Ilya but walks around to the passenger side anyway.

The drive to their appointment is filled with quiet Russian music that Shane turns on to understand Russian more. Plus, Ilya won’t admit it, but he appreciates that he can listen to music that reminds him of home. They’ve been together long enough that neither of them really feels the need to carry on a conversation if there is no need to.

Ilya pulls into the parking lot of the birthing center that Shane was recommended by several of the Centaurs’ WAGs. Ilya went into a deep dive into this birthing center to make sure that they are legit and that they will treat his mate properly. Thankfully, omegas who have gone to this clinic have nothing but positive things to say about the atmosphere and the nurses. He was even assured that if something does go wrong during the birthing process, they have an ambulance on standby to take Shane to the hospital if needed. Plus, they only have beta or

omega nurses, so that the person giving birth's mate doesn't freak out on an alpha doctor, which happens a lot more often than Ilya thought.

"Ready?" Shane asks.

"Yes," Ilya replies. "Stay here."

Ilya gets out of the car and walks around so that he can open Shane's door. Shane loves being independent, but he still lets Ilya open his door whenever they go somewhere. He lets Ilya do a lot of things like that, because it makes him happy, and that's all Shane wants in life.

"Thank you," Shane smiles before he presses a kiss to Ilya's cheek. "Ready to see what gender our babies will be?"

"Da."

The couple walks hand in hand into the birthing center. There is a friendly omega named Thomas sitting at the front desk, and he greets them with a smile. Shane and Ilya are the most famous people in all of Ottawa, so Thomas pulls up Shane's chart immediately. "Can you verify your date of birth for me, please?"

Shane rattles off his birth date like it's second nature.

"Okay, have a seat, and an ultrasound technician will be with you both soon."

As soon as they take a seat, Ilya looks at everyone sitting in the waiting room. There is a petite woman with a massive bump who looks like she is a few days away from giving birth. She smells like a beta. There is a man who looks about twenty-five, pushing a baby in a stroller while he rests his head on his mate's shoulder. Everyone looks so content that it makes Ilya's heart hurt.

After twenty minutes, a nurse named Yvonne called Shane's name. Ilya stands up with Shane, and they head back to the exam room, which already has an ultrasound machine sitting by the bed.

One of the things that Shane likes about this center is that they have regular beds, rather than cold hospital beds that have always made him feel naked.

"Let's get your vitals first, then I will call in our ultrasound technician, Stephanie."

The next five minutes are spent taking Shane's temperature, his blood pressure, and heart rate, and asking him a series of questions to gauge his overall health. Thankfully, he has spent the last 30 years of his life as a hockey player who took his health and exercise seriously. So, he passes every test with flying colors.

When Stephanie enters the room, both Ilya and Shane feel calm. She smells like lilacs, and the calmness she radiates helps ease everyone's anxiety.

"Are you ready to find out the sex of your babies?"

Shane and Ilya nod their heads in sync, which causes Stephanie and Yvonne to chuckle inside. There is a reason the Centaurs won three cups in a row. These two are so synchronized that it's scary.

"I need you to lie on the bed and lift your sweatshirt, please."

Shane gets off the chair next to Ilya and walks towards the bed. He sends Ilya a reassuring smile, in case he needs to relieve any tension, and takes a seat on the bed.

Once he is situated, Stephanie squirts some gel onto his slightly showing bump and rubs it around with a wand. Honestly, the wand hurts a little. The pressure that has to be applied in order to see through his skin is a little too much, but he doesn't say anything in case Ilya freaks. This is something that needs to be sacrificed for them to make sure that their babies are healthy.

Stephanie stares at the screen for a minute before she mutters, "Aha."

"Do you want to know the gender now, or are you planning to have a gender reveal?"

"We want to know now," Ilya says as he watches the screen mesmerized. "We will do reveal after finding out."

"Well, it looks like you are having two boys. Congratulations. Would you like a picture of the sonogram?"

"Yes, please," Shane responds as he subtly wipes a tear away from his eye. They're having boys. "I can't believe we are going to have sons."

"They will be the best hockey players in the history of the NHL," Ilya says as a matter of fact.

"If they want to play hockey. But we will support them no matter what they do in life."

"Unless they play for Buffalo, or the Admirals. Then we are disowning them."

Shane laughs at Ilya's statement. Neither of them would ever disown their children, but either of their children playing for Buffalo or the Admirals is something that both of them would dread.



Shane is frustrated.

It's been a week since they found out the gender of their twins, and they have not been able to decide on names.

Ilya wants to name their boys after Shane, while Shane wants to honor Ilya's Russian heritage by naming them something Russian. So far, it has caused two fights and endless bickering. It doesn't help that their friends and family have been suggesting names too, although they do not know the gender yet.

“Let’s just pick something,” Shane whines for the nth time in the last week. “We can go through a list of potential names and then whittle it down that way.”

Neither would admit to it, but they have both had a potential list of baby names ever since they mated seven years ago. Shane’s are mostly Russian names, although there are so many Russian players in the league that he wants something that is not often used. Ilya has three names on his list that he wants to use, so hopefully Shane likes one of them. He hasn’t been drawn to any more as of late.

“I am thinking Sebastian, Harrison, Shane Jr., Aleksander, or Theodore,” Ilya says.

“I like Alexei and Isaak,” Shane says, making sure to give Ilya an unimpressed look at the possibility of naming their son Shane Jr.

“I like Sebastian,” Shane adds after contemplating it for a few seconds. “Sebastian David.”

“Isaak Ilyavich?”

“I like both of them,” Shane says, thanking the lord that they finally chose two names for their sons. Some people wait until their children are born, but Shane is too much of a control freak to do that.

“There,” Ilya says. “Is decided. Now, can I please take you upstairs and fuck you? I cannot handle how beautiful you are right now.”

Shane feels his body shiver in anticipation, nodding his head hurriedly.

“Yes, please, take me upstairs and fuck me. Please, alpha,” Shane whines, knowing exactly how to get Ilya to fold immediately.

Ilya grabs Shane by the waist and hoists him off the couch. Shane wraps his legs around Ilya’s waist, who starts to carry him upstairs like it’s not a big deal to carry a 210-pound man.

When they get upstairs to their bedroom, Ilya places Shane on their bed and looks at him with lust in his green eyes. Shane is wearing one of Ilya’s old Boston Bears shirts, along with a pair of compression leggings and a pair of basketball shorts over his leggings. He is wearing a pair of Nike socks, which Ilya takes off Shane’s body instantly. When they started fucking, Ilya was horrified to see that Shane would fold his clothes and wear his socks when they slept. He also finds it extremely endearing.

“You are so beautiful,” Ilya states like it’s a fact. “You are glowing so much.”

Shane stares into Ilya’s eyes and silently begs his mate to fuck him. Ilya can smell the lust on his mate and coos, “You want me to fuck you, yes? Will you be good boy for me?”

Shane nods his head pathetically.

“You have been a good boy lately,” Ilya whispers as he runs his hands up Shane’s bare legs. “You are growing my babies.”

“Please, Ilya,” Shane moans when Ilya’s hands stop right before they reach Shane’s penis.
“Please fuck me.”

Ilya stares at Shane for a few seconds before he takes pity on his mate and spreads his thighs.

“You smell so good,” Ilya says when his nose picks up Shane’s intoxicating scent. “You’re always so ready for me.”

Shane is staring at Ilya with lust in his eyes, silently begging him to do something.

“I want to eat you out. Then I want you to blow me.”

Ilya starts to eat Shane out after he kisses down his body and makes sure to leave a hickey on Shane’s inner thigh. No one is ever going to see the hickey, but Ilya’s alpha wants people to know that Shane is his, regardless of the mating mark on his neck.

A few minutes later, Shane is a writhing mess on the bed. He is gripping Ilya’s curls with one hand, while his other hand is gripping their duvet, as he babbles incoherent sentences about how much he loves Ilya.

Ilya knows all the signs of Shane coming close to his orgasm. His thighs start to shake, his grip gets tighter in Ilya’s hair, and his moans grow loud.

Ilya coaxes Shane through his orgasm after he adds a finger to his ministrations and strokes his prostate aggressively.

Shane screams as he comes all over his stomach, his hole clenching around Ilya’s tongue.

“God, you’re so beautiful, moya lyubov.”

Shane smiles sleepily, and Ilya knows that his mate is close to falling asleep. Lately, Shane has grown tired after they have sex, and Ilya expects it has something to do with Shane growing their babies.

“Baby, why don’t you take a nap?”

“Because I want you to come,” Shane whines as he tries to get off the bed so he can blow Ilya.

Ilya slightly pushes Shane back on the bed. “Baby, is okay if you do not blow me, okay? I want you to go to sleep.”

Ilya rarely uses his alpha voice around Shane, but sometimes he needs to. Especially when Shane feels that he doesn’t need sleep, or he doesn’t need to eat. Shane looks at Ilya for a few seconds before he nods his head. “When I wake up, I will blow you.”

“Okay,” Ilya smiles, pressing a kiss against Shane’s forehead.

For now, Ilya is going to jack off to images of Shane, round with their babies, and the sex tape that they made a few years ago, which sits in a protected folder in Ilya’s phone.

Chapter End Notes

So, I've never given birth, nor have I been pregnant, so I am not sure how this process works. I know there are birthing centers IRL, so I tried basing this on the limited knowledge that I have about them. Also, I apologize that this chapter took me a few days to write. I have been busy at work in retail 😬 and i have some family holidays over the next week.

Please comment down below what you think! I appreciate everyone's comments, and I love reading what you have to say. I appreciate everyone who has read this story and interacted with it so far. It makes me want to continue writing. Which, by the way, I have a lot of ideas for other Hollanov stories that I want to write, but all in due time.

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Please don't kill me for this.

Chapter Notes

I don't know how to tag this without spoiling anything, but just know there could be a Trigger Warning in this chapter. Please see end notes if you want to know; otherwise, you don't have to spoil what happens until you read it.

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

“You’re thinking way too loudly right now,” Ilya says when he plates some eggs for Shane. Shane can no longer stomach meat, so he has been living off eggs, edamame, and protein shakes for his source of protein. Especially since he cannot work out very much anymore, being in his third trimester now.

Shane is massive. He can no longer see his feet, and he barely has enough stamina for sex anymore. Which is very offensive. He wants to ride Ilya, but he’s way too exhausted to do anything more than doggie. They barely do missionary because of the awkward angle, but Ilya has always been one to enjoy staring at Shane when they fuck. Besides, Ilya has been on a week-long road trip, and only got back last night at 2 am, when Shane was dead asleep. Ilya made sure that he didn’t wake Shane because he hadn’t been sleeping well since the twins had been making it their mission to bruise his organs, ribs, and squeeze his bladder whenever they could.

As much as Shane loves their babies already, he cannot wait for them to arrive. He wants to be able to see his feet and fuck Ilya with no barriers between them. Although that might be hard, considering they will have two newborns to keep alive.

“Just thinking about everything that is going to happen within the next month,” Shane admits, not knowing how to explain what is going on in his head right now. “I’m scared that something is going to happen with them, or with me.”

“If anything happens, I am saving you,” Ilya admits. “We can always adopt, or do IVF, but I cannot survive without you. Please don’t make me live without you.” Ilya begs with tears in his eyes.

“Shh, it’s alright,” Shane says, stroking Ilya’s hand to reassure him. “I will not be mad at you if you decide differently if the time comes to make that decision.”

Ilya presses a kiss to Shane’s forehead before he whispers, “It will not come to that, though.”

Shane smiles reassuringly at his husband, but there is a niggling feeling that there could always be something that goes wrong. One of his old teammates’ wives lost so much blood when she gave birth that she nearly died. Plus, there are more complications with male pregnancies than there are with female pregnancies. But he’s extremely healthy, and the nurses at the birthing center have said that he and the babies are exceeding every milestone that they test, and that nothing is wrong so far.

“Eat,” Ilya urges, knowing that Shane needs as much protein in his diet as he can get. Especially since the twins have been consuming a lot of Shane’s nutrients that his body has been producing.

Shane smiles at his mate before he starts to eat the breakfast that Ilya took time out of his day to make.

Ilya made him some blueberry pancakes and some scrambled eggs, along with a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice. Ilya has never been one to cook before he and Shane moved in together, but now, Shane is way too exhausted to stand on his feet long enough to make breakfast for them.

“You take such good care of me,” Shane tells Ilya after he finishes eating his breakfast. “You’re the best alpha.”

Ilya preens at his husband's words. He has always tried to be the best mate, but sometimes he feels like he has been inadequate. His depression gets the better of him sometimes, and he will spend the day in bed while Shane takes care of Anya and the chores. Risperidone helps a lot, but sometimes Ilya feels like he is mentally exhausted, and he can't even leave their bed. Ilya just hopes that their children do not inherit his depression. But if they do, he and Shane will support them through it.

"You're the best mate I could ask for," Ilya replies as he presses a kiss to Shane's forehead. "I love you so much."

Ilya grabs Shane's dishes and brings them to the sink to rinse while Shane waddles into the living room. He spends most of his day in the living room scrolling through TikTok's or reading way too many books on pregnancy and raising a child. Ilya tries to reassure him that they are not going to fuck up their kids, but Shane wants to learn everything he can anyway. Besides, he gets so bored otherwise.

"What time should I be at the game tonight?" Shane asks after Ilya takes a seat on the couch and cuddles Shane. Ilya presses a kiss to Shane's temple before he says, "The game starts at 7, so maybe 6. That way you can get food and drinks and hang out with the WAGs for a while."

"Okay," Shane smiles. "I'm happy to see Jackie and Hayden again. I'm rooting for the Centaurs, but a part of me still misses the Voyageurs, no matter how badly they hurt me."

"I feel that way about the Bears. I miss so many of my old teammates, but I wanted to be closer to you."

"I'm so happy you decided to come to the Centaurs, and I followed not long after. I would choose you every time."



Shane takes Anya for a walk to the end of the cul-de-sac before he gets ready to go to the game. Everyone knows that he is pregnant, thanks to Hill, so it's okay for him to go out in

public without having to worry about what people will say.

“What do you think, Anya? Should I wear your father’s jersey, or mine?”

Anya barks loudly, and Shane has a feeling she said “Rozanov”.

“You’re right,” Shane replies with a smile. “Let’s wear Rozy’s.”

He changes into Ilya’s jersey, along with a pair of maternity sweatpants and a pair of slip-on shoes, even though they are extremely ugly.

“Grandma is coming over to watch you while we’re gone,” Shane tells Anya before he grabs his keys to leave their house. “Be nice to her.”

Anya is a great dog, and she loves Yuna and David so much. There isn’t a person that she doesn’t like, honestly. Yuna loves watching her too. She treats Anya like her first grandchild, so Shane and Ilya know that she will be an excellent grandmother to Sebastian and Isaak. David will be an excellent grandfather, too.

Ilya wishes his mom were still alive so she could meet their children, but she lost her battle to depression so long ago. The only thing he has left of her is the cross necklace that he wears every day.

“Okay, I’m leaving,” Shane announces. “Your grandmother will be here in twenty minutes.”

Anya barks once to signal that she understood him. Shane gives her a pat on the head before he walks into the garage to get ready to leave.

Ilya has always been the one to drive flashy cars, while Shane drives a practical one.

He unlocks his Jeep and lifts his massive body into the SUV. It's getting harder for him to get in and exit the car, so he doesn't like to leave the house that much.

Once Shane turns the music on and makes sure that everything is secure, he backs out of the garage to drive to the stadium.

The drive to the Centaurs stadium doesn't take too long, but Shane always hates to drive before Centaurs games, because the city loves its hockey team. Especially since the Centaurs have brought home the cup three years in a row. A big reason is because of Shane, which is why the fans and team have been so supportive of his hiatus.

The weather hasn't been the greatest lately, since it's January in Canada, but the roads are usually well-plowed and salted by the time he has to leave.

Today, the roads are icier than they usually are.

Shane hates driving during this weather, so Ilya usually does. But Ilya is already at the game, so he couldn't bring Shane to the stadium.

Whatever, it's fine, Shane whispers to himself when he slows to a stop. He drives with extreme caution during days like this, especially since he is pregnant, but other people don't. He's been passed three times by cars going 80 when the road is covered in ice. It gives him anxiety to be on the road right now, but Ilya and the team, along with Hayden and Jackie, are worth it.

One second, Shane is turning the volume up on "Dancing with Myself" by Billy Idol, and the next minute, he is trying so hard to keep his eyes open.

The scene is devastating. A truck going way too fast doesn't notice the red light until it's too late to stop. He slams into the back of Shane's Jeep, going 50 MPH (80 KPH), which causes Shane's vehicle to crash into the back of a semi. The man driving the truck is the first one to call 911 after he gets out of his truck to see that it is Shane Hollander in the driver's seat.

Shane, who was full of life a minute ago, is lifeless. His head is pressed against the broken driver's side window, and his eyes are closed, as blood trickles down the side of his face. The airbags are deployed, and the music that was filling the car a minute ago is silent. His phone is shattered on the dashboard. He's emitting a strange noise as the police, who were already on patrol, pull up to the scene.

"You need to help him," The man says when the police try to keep him away from the scene. "He's pregnant."

The police act quickly. They try to wrench the door open, which doesn't work.

"We need to set up a detour." One of the officers says to the other. "I don't want this to become a spectacle."

While one of the officers is setting up a detour for the other cars on the road, a firetruck and an ambulance pull up to the scene. "We need to move quickly. I don't think he's breathing."

Once Shane is evacuated from the car, a paramedic administers CPR while the other stabilizes Shane's neck. A stretcher is brought out while the paramedics ensure that CPR is continued and that they clear the scene quickly. Shane needs to be brought to The Ottawa Hospital as soon as possible. The fact that CPR has been administered for three minutes to no avail is scaring the paramedics. Especially since he is also pregnant. Who knows what the conditions of the babies will be when they arrive at the hospital?

"Should we try to find a way to contact Ilya Rozanov?" Shirley, one of the police officers, asks Jared, who is currently interviewing the man who crashed into Shane's jeep.

"Yeah, but the game starts in an hour," Jared replies. They could call the Centaur's office and pray that they can be connected to someone who can get Ilya while Shane is transported to the hospital.

But they don't need to. Because Ilya already knows.

Ilya is currently shimmying his body into his shoulder pads when his phone makes a loud noise. Louder than anything he's heard before.

"What the fuck, Rozy?" Haas asks while Ilya scrambles to grab his phone.

Before Ilya can reply, he sees a notification from Life360 that he never thought he would see in his life.

Shane was in a collision. Emergency services have been dispatched.

Ilya's heart sinks to his stomach.

"Rozy, what's wrong?" Barrett asks when Ilya starts breathing intensely. Before Barrett or any of his teammates can ask another question, Ilya's legs give out. He falls onto the chair in his locker and starts sobbing.

"No, no, no," Ilya repeats as he sobs into his hands.

"Rozy, seriously, what's wrong?" Luca asks as Wiebe grabs Ilya's phone from where it fell on the ground. Thankfully, it's still unlocked, so he pulls the notification bar down, which was a good and bad thing. "Fuck," Wiebe whispers.

"Rozy, it's going to be okay. I will bring you to the hospital." Wiebe says, lightly shaking Ilya to bring him back to reality.

Ilya hears Wiebe talking to him, which allows him to come back to reality. "Shane was in an accident," Ilya whispers, not trusting his voice to be any louder than it is right now.

"I know," Wiebe says solemnly. "We need to go to The Ottawa Hospital right now. You need to be there in case something happened to him."

Or the twins.

Ilya doesn't even remove his shoulder pads before he and Wiebe leave the locker room.

"Everything is going to be okay," Wiebe says as they run past the security guards standing near the private garage housing their cars. "Shane is resilient. He's going to be okay."

Ilya tries to reach out to Shane through their bond, but he feels nothing at all.

The drive to the hospital is spent in silence. Wiebe is careful when he is driving because the roads are terrible right now.

"Fuck," Ilya yells when he sees a detour ahead. He has a sinking feeling that it's a detour because of Shane's accident. Ilya grabs his phone to check where the accident happened, and it was at the intersection that is blocked off. Ilya starts crying even louder.

Wiebe pulls up to the front door of the emergency room. "Go see your husband."

Ilya runs through the emergency room doors and has crazy eyes when he makes his way to the front desk.

"I need to know if Shane Hollander was admitted, please," Ilya begs the front desk attendant. "He was in a car accident."

Regina types something into her computer before she says, "he's in the operating room right now. I will have a doctor or a nurse come and find you when they are done with surgery."

"Surgery for what?"

"I do not have that information Mr Rozanov. I will have the doctor come see you as soon as they are done with surgery."

Ilya collapses into the nearest empty chair and puts his head in his hands.

It's my fault. If I didn't ask him to come to the game tonight, then he and our boys would be safe at home.

Ilya knows that's not true, but the voice is relentless.

For the next two hours, Ilya is sitting alone with his thoughts. He sends Hayden a text that reads, "Shane was in an accident. At the hospital. Will update as soon as I get news from doctor."

The only other time Ilya checks his phone is to see if the game is still going on.

The score is currently 1-0 with Ottawa in the lead. There is no news about Shane yet, but there is a lot of speculation about what is happening because Ilya was in the starting lineup until an hour before the game. The consensus is that Shane is in early labor, and Ilya had to leave the game to be with him. That's not the case, but Ilya wishes it were.

Now he's sitting with his thoughts, hoping and praying that his husband will come out of this alright. He was being honest with Shane earlier when he said that if given the opportunity, he would save Shane over Sebastian or Isaak, no matter how much it would destroy him.

"Mr. Rozanov," Someone says as someone approaches him. "I'm Doctor Anderson."

Dr. Anderson is a petite blonde woman who has a serious look on her face. Ilya wishes he could decipher it so he can prepare himself for what she is going to say.

"Shane came into the hospital with internal bleeding, a broken leg, a fractured arm, and several cracked ribs. His heart stopped twice on the operating table and once when the emergency responders pulled him from the vehicle. Your sons were losing blood flow, and they were starting to crash, so we performed an emergency C-section while Shane was in surgery. All of that trauma to his body led us to decide to place him in a medically induced

coma while his body heals. Your sons are doing well. They will be in the NICU for a week or so while they continue to develop their organs, but they are doing just fine.”

Thank god Sebastian and Isaak are okay.

“We are not able to tell you any updates on your husband, because we are not sure how this process will progress, and if it will progress. You are more than welcome to see your husband and your sons if you’d like.”

Ilya processes everything that Dr. Anderson told him before he nods his head and says, “Yes, I want to see my husband and our babies.”

Dr. Anderson nods her head before she leads Ilya through a maze of rooms. After they go up seven levels, Dr. Anderson walks out of the elevator, and Ilya follows.

“Shane is still in critical condition. I am warning you that he will look different. He has wires attached to him along with a tube to help him breathe while his body heals. We’ve noticed that some patients are more likely to recover quicker if they hear their loved one’s voices. Please do not hesitate to talk to him. Although he won’t be able to remember what you said, some studies suggest that patients can process voices.

Ilya’s knees almost give out when he sees Shane lying on the hospital bed. His eye is black and blue, there is a bandage wrapped around his head, his leg is elevated in a cast, his arm is in a sling, and there are tubes everywhere. After his brain processes that Shane is still alive and breathing, Ilya asks to see their sons.

“I want to see Sebastian and Isaak, please.”

Dr. Anderson nods and gestures for Ilya to follow her.

“They are in the NICU right now. They are being monitored 24/7, although they seem to be perfectly healthy for premature twins.”

That makes Ilya preen. Their sons are going to be strong athletes like their fathers.

“They are currently in incubators, with some tubes and monitors attached, but those are just precautions.”

When Ilya enters the NICU after he gets into protective gear, he is brought to a large incubator with two babies sleeping soundly.

They are identical. They have Ilya’s golden curls and a faint showing of Shane’s freckles. He wonders who they will grow up to look like. He hopes they look like Shane. “Hi Sebastian, hi Isaak, it’s your papa. You came earlier than expected. I was hoping you would stay for a little longer so I could be selfish and continue staring at your father and how beautiful he was carrying you both. But I am so glad to finally meet you. You will get to meet your dad soon. You both need to get healthy before that happens. So I expect you to grow strong.” Ilya says in Russian.

Once he is done visiting them, Ilya goes back to Shane’s room and takes a seat on the chair next to Shane’s bed.

“You’re the love of my life, Shane. You’ve been the only thing consistent in my life for the past 17 years. I don’t know how I could live if you don’t fight through this. Sebastian and Isaak are here. They are the most beautiful beings I’ve ever laid eyes on, other than you. Please, please, please, Shane. Please do not leave me. I love you so much, and I can’t live without you.”

Ilya rubs his thumb against Shane’s freckles, which seem duller than they ever have before. He presses a kiss to Shane’s forehead before he leaves the room to make phone calls and update everyone on what happened.

Chapter End Notes

So yeah, Shane is in a car accident, and there is a near-death experience/medically induced coma. Don't worry, there are no sad endings in this place. It might be a little controversial for Ilya to want to save Shane over their babies, but Shane is the love of his life, his mate, and the only family he has in life. His thought process is that they can

always have kids, but he can never have another Shane. The car crash scene itself isn't written well, but I didn't want to go into too many details about it, because of gore and stuff. There are probably several medical inaccuracies, so I apologize. I am a history major, not a med student, so I am only able to use Google or chat to find out these answers.

Anyway, I'm back. Sorry that I took a few days' hiatus from this. I was working on my Cam Boy fic, if you'd like to read it. There will be no sad endings in that fic either. I'm looking forward to the cottage episode tonight, and I'm glad it was renewed for a second season!

Comment down below what you think, and kudos are always appreciated as well.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

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

It's been 8 days since Shane has been in a coma.

Sebastian and Isaak came home yesterday because they had met every milestone they were supposed to in order to be released from the NICU. Yuna and David have been saints through it all. They came to the hospital as soon as Ilya called them, and they were comforting him when he was crying in Shane's room.

The media found out about the accident soon after Shane was admitted. They released a photo of the accident as well as Shane on a stretcher, getting loaded into an ambulance. Fans knew it was true, rather than a photo-shopped image, when Ilya didn't play in the game against Montreal due to "personal reasons." Thankfully, no one found any photos of their babies, because Ilya and Shane agreed that they would leave their sons out of the spotlight until they were old enough to consent.

Ilya has been at the hospital every day, taking a few weeks off from hockey to sit with Shane. He came home yesterday for a few hours to take care of Seb and Isaak, but Yuna and David were the ones who were watching them when Ilya was at the hospital. They've been amazing.

"You need to come home, sweetheart," Yuna says over the phone to Ilya. "Shane is going to be okay. You need to shower and eat something other than fast food. David will come to the hospital while you are taking care of yourself."

So, Ilya is on the road to their house, and when he passes the area where Shane was in a car accident, he feels his anxiety spike. There isn't a sign of the accident anymore, but he knows where his husband's life was almost taken, and it makes him thank God that he isn't going to be a widow, raising their children. He can't live without Shane. He spent more than half of his life with Shane, and it would kill him if he has to live without him.

Anya is at Harris' farm for a while, while they introduce Sebastian and Isaak to the house, and while Ilya is at the hospital with Shane. It wouldn't be fair for her to stay at the house

with everything that has been going on in the last week. Ilya will get her in a few days, because he wants to introduce her to the twins, but she doesn't deserve to be neglected because he is worried about Shane.

"Sweetheart," Yuna says as soon as Ilya walks into their house. Everything in this house reminds him of Shane. His scent lingers everywhere, and photos of them at their wedding line the walls, along with every jersey that he won the cup, framed along the walls.

"Do you want to see Sebastian and Isaak?" Yuna asks after Ilya calms down from the overwhelming sensation he feels as soon as he walks into the house.

"Yes, please," Ilya begs. Yuna lets him make his way through the house up to their nursery, while she hangs behind so Ilya can have some time in private with them.

When he opens the door to the nursery, two lumps are lying in a crib.

Shane and Ilya bought two cribs for their sons, but several people, including their midwife, suggested that the twins co-sleep for a while to help them sleep better, since it brings comfort to them. Once they get a little older, they will sleep in two different cribs, but now is not the time. Especially since their dad isn't home to comfort them with his scent.

An omega's scent is very comforting to newborns. The lack of Shane might make them fussier than normal until he comes home to care for them.

"Hi sweethearts," Ilya says as he strokes his finger over their cheeks. They stir a little in their sleep, but remain in a slumber. Ilya releases comforting pheromones, hoping that his presence helps them a little, even if it's not as good as Shane's would be. "You two are so cute. I can't believe we made such cute babies. You'd better grow up to look like your dad, because I can never say no to him, and I will never say no to you. Your dad will be home soon, so you two have to be good for when he comes home."

Sebastian is the first one to wake up. His wide brown eyes find Ilya's, and he almost gasps because they look identical to Shane's brown orbs.

“Hi, baby,” Ilya coos in Russian, stroking the barely visible freckles that are dotted along his cheeks. “Did you sleep well?”

Sebastian stares at Ilya for a few seconds before he starts crying.

Ilya grabs him out of the crib and bounces him in his arms to try to calm his son before he wakes up Isaak. “What’s wrong?”

Ilya sniffs Sebastian’s backside and doesn’t smell anything suspicious, so he knows that it isn’t a dirty diaper.

“Are you hungry?” Ilya asks, staring down at the product of his and Shane’s love.

Sebastian stares at Ilya with his wide brown eyes, almost like he is trying to tell Ilya what’s wrong.

“I’ll get a bottle made,” Ilya announces, setting Sebastian in his crib and making his way into the kitchen. Since Shane’s anatomy makes it so that he can’t breastfeed, they have to resort to formula to feed Sebastian and Isaak. “Don’t wake up your brother, please.”

Ilya grabs two sanitized bottles from the cabinet along with a can of formula. He waits until the filtered water heats to the perfect temperature before he fills the bottles up to the line it’s supposed to be at. Next, he pours the recommended amount of formula into the bottles and shakes them until they are fully mixed. When they went to birthing classes, the midwife taught them how to make the perfect bottle for their kids, so he feels seasoned, even if this is the first bottle of formula that he’s ever given Sebastian and Isaak.

When Ilya makes his way back into the twins’ nursery, he sees Yuna sitting with Sebastian in her arms. She gestures for the bottle, which he hands over immediately. Isaak, who was awoken by his brother’s cries, stares at Ilya when he walks over to the crib.

“Did you have a good nap?” Ilya asks in Russian. Ilya and Shane agree that their children will be tri-lingual by the time they are old enough to go to school. After consulting with several speech pathologists, they came up with a way to introduce each language to their sons.

Isaak looks annoyed with his dad--which is the same look that Shane gives him.

“Okay, here is your bottle,” Ilya says after he takes Isaak out of the crib. Yuna and Ilya feed Sebastian and Isaak in silence, casually looking at each other and the babies in their hands as they feed them.

Ilya can’t believe that he and Shane made two precious humans, and that they finally made their appearance in the world. The way that they made their appearance wasn’t ideal, but he can’t thank Shane enough for bringing them into the world.

Now, Shane needs to wake up so they can be a complete family.



Ilya is back at the hospital the next morning.

Not too long ago, Shane’s doctor came in to inform Ilya that they are going to do several tests to make sure that Shane’s body is healed well enough to stop the drugs that are keeping him in an unconscious state.

After taking several vials of blood, checking the monitors, and writing several things on a clipboard, Dr. King informs Ilya about the tests.

“I think Shane is doing well enough to be brought out of his coma. He will have to stay in the hospital for another week or two, so that we can keep a constant eye on his condition. Once he is discharged, you need to bring him in every week for physical therapy until his body is

healed enough to support itself. I do not want him to play hockey for several months at least, depending on how his body heals.

“It should take several hours for the drugs to leave his system entirely, but he should wake up within a few hours to a day, depending on how fast his body metabolizes the drugs.”

“I will stay with him,” Ilya says.

He grabs his phone out of his pocket and opens messages to send an update to Yuna and David in their groupchat. The chat is filled with photos of Sebastian and Isaak cuddled against Yuna and David, who are the best grandparents two people could ask for.

They are waking Shane up today, Ilya texts.

Yuna and David both heart the message before she texts *I’m so happy! I miss him so much.*

Shane’s accident has been extremely hard on Ilya. But it’s also been hard on Yuna and David. He’s their only child. They’ve been extremely close to their son for his entire life, so the accident broke something in him. It made them fear that their baby would die, and they wouldn’t be able to talk to him anymore.

He might not wake up for a day or so, though.

We can bring Seb and Isaak as soon as he wakes up if you want us to?

I think he would love that. I know he’s going to ask about them.

“We are going to stop the barbiturates and the propofol now. We aren’t sure how long it will take him to wake up, but having you next to him when he does will be beneficial.” Dr. King informs Ilya, before he and several nurses start to remove several iv’s from Shane’s body.

Shane is looking better today than he was a few days ago. His black eye is almost healed; they removed the bandage around his head, and his test results are coming back better than they had when he was brought into the hospital. His freckles are turning their normal color again. He's finally looking like Shane again. Ilya wishes that he could look into Shane's beautiful brown eyes, but that can wait until he wakes up.

"Baby," Ilya says after the doctors leave. "I don't know if you can hear me, but I love you so much. I need you to wake up. Yuna and David need you to wake up. Our babies need you to wake up. Anya needs you to wake up. Our teammates need you to wake up. Hayden and Jackie need you to wake up. So many people are praying that you wake up. You have so many people who love you and want you to wake up. Please wake up. Please. I can't live without you. We can't live without you." Ilya begs.

After Shane's accident was published in the media, Ilya asked several people to look into it. They suspect that it's the person who hit him, and they are currently subpoenaing his phone records.

Whoever it was probably got a large sum of money for the pictures that are circulating on the internet. Ilya doesn't need to sue them for monetary value, but they need to know that it's not okay to do that to someone. When he finds out who did it, he will file a lawsuit against them for a violation of privacy laws, which protect a person in an accident from having their photos released without their consent. It won't help in this instance, but it might prevent other people's photos from being released to the world after they hear what happened to the person who released these.

"I'm going to sleep for a few hours," Ilya whispers loud enough for Shane to hear him. "Please don't wake up until after I do."



The lights are too bright.

Shane can't open his eyes without being blinded by the lights above him.

“Turn them off,” he mumbles. “Too bright.”

Ilya looks up from his phone. He swears that he heard something, and when he looks at Shane, he notices that his eyes are struggling to open.

Ilya stands up too quickly and gets a headrush, but he doesn't care. All that he cares about is Shane.

“Baby, can you hear me?”

“They're too bright,” He says, a little louder.

Thankfully, Ilya hears him. He rushes to turn down the brightness of the lights that are offending his husband's sight. “Is that better?”

Ilya presses the button that calls the nurses into the room, because they asked him to whenever Shane woke up, since they have more tests to run on him.

Shane opens his eyes after a few seconds and looks straight at his husband.

“Ilya,” Shane whimpers, not knowing what is going on right now. “What's wrong? Where am I?”

It hurts to lift his head so he can see what is going on right now, so he places his head back on the pillow it was resting on.

Ilya grabs his husband's hand that wasn't attached to an IV, and presses a kiss to it.

“You’re in the hospital, baby,” Ilya says with a sad look on his face. “You were in an accident a week ago. You were in critical condition, so they placed you in a medically induced coma. You have a broken arm and leg, along with several cracked ribs. You had a head injury, but thankfully, it’s not a concussion.”

Shane processes what Ilya just told him for a few seconds before panic is written all over his face. “What happened to Sebastian and Isaak?”

“Calm down, baby,” Ilya begs, not wanting his husband to work himself up. “They’re okay. They were delivered via C-section while you were in surgery. They are perfect. Your mom and dad are bringing them soon. They wanted to make sure that you were awake first.”

“Nothing is wrong with them?” Shane asks, a little sceptical, given the level of his injuries.

“No, they are doing so well.”

“Good,” Shane says as Dr. King and several nurses walk into the room.

“Welcome back, Mr. Hollander,” Dr. King says with a smile. “You had us all scared for a bit. But your body has healed itself extremely well. We’re super impressed. We have several tests to run but you are free to meet your sons. They are quite cute.”

Dr. King is a beta, so Ilya doesn’t feel any form of threat from him. So, him complementing their children and being nice to Shane is something that doesn’t bother Ilya like it would if Dr. King were an alpha.

Dr. King runs several neurologic tests, along with checking his heartbeat and the way his breath sounds. They take one more vial of blood before they unhook the IV that is coming out of his arm, and wrap it in gauze and tape. “Everything looks great. We are going to give you some pain meds for your leg, ribs, and arm, but we feel confident that everything is healing faster than it should.”

Shane and Ilya bask in each other's presence while they wait for Yuna and David to bring Sebastian and Isaak.

Twenty minutes later, there is a knock at the door, and Yuna Hollander walks in with a bundle in her arms. David walks in a second later with his hands full. "Baby, I'm so happy that you woke up," Yuna exclaims when she sees her son sitting up in bed.

"Hi, Mom," Shane replies with a weak smile on his face. "Hi, Dad."

Yuna walks towards him cautiously. "Do you want to meet Sebastian and Isaak?"

"Yes," Shane exclaims, louder than he anticipated. Thankfully, it isn't loud enough for the twins to start fussing, but it's loud enough. "How have they been?"

"They're perfect," Ilya says, grabbing Isaak from David's arms while Yuna brings Sebastian to Shane.

"He's so little," Shane says, looking at his son like he is the most precious thing in the world. "Hi Sebby. I'm your dad." He says in French. Sebastian looks at Shane and lets out a noise that can be described as a coo.

Shane holds Sebastian for a few minutes, making sure to rub his scent over his son. When they met with a midwife, she said that Shane and Ilya should scent their kids as much as possible when they are young, so that they know who they should go to when they need comfort.

"Can I hold Isaak for a little?"

"Of course you can," Ilya responds with a loving smile on his face.

Shane is so beautiful right now--he always looks beautiful--and he looks even better with their sons in his arms.

Ilya has never seen anything more beautiful than the scene in front of him right now. Shane is the most beautiful person he's ever laid eyes on, and now, their sons are a close second. He's never felt the kind of love that he feels with Shane and their sons since his mother died.

He's so grateful that he met Shane 17 years ago. He is so grateful that Shane let him in all those years ago, because they wouldn't be where they are today without the beginning of their sitationship which turned into a relationship 9 years later. Now, they're husbands, mates, and the love of each other's lives.

Ilya has Shane again. He didn't lose the one person that means the most to him in life.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry that it's taken me a few days to update this. I have had a lot of stuff going on these past few days, but I hope my schedule will be free for the next few weeks. I've felt like a depressio spaghetti, and I've been sick with a cold for the last few days as well, so I apologize. Also, I do not know that much about a medically induced coma, so my Google searches might look suspicious because I looked up some interesting things about a coma.

My Wild lost tonight, but I love Celebrini, so I'm glad that he did well today, while also being disappointed that my Wild lost. It's such a weird feeling lol.

I finished this fic. I am going to make this a series, so please keep an eye out for more fics in this series. I just have to get my sh*t together and map out a plot for where it is headed. Please comment down below what you think, and if you'd like to, I have a Camboy fic that I am writing, which I am looking forward to continuing.

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