

It's Getting Better and Better

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by [lucianowriter](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya tell Shane's parents about their relationship and pending fatherhood.

Follow up to "Your Light Fills The Darkest Room"

Notes

Hello my lovelies,

I did say in the comments of "Your Light Fills the Darkest Room," that I would write a follow up where Shane and Ilya tell the Hollanders the good news. But as I was writing I realized that it would have to be a double whammy of them finding out about the relationship and the baby.

Thus, this lighthearted fic was born. I truly hope you enjoy it because the next one-shot I have planned will destroy a few people.

Love and gratitude to you all.

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

Shane lay on his bed with Ilya. The Russian was currently curled up against him, his head on Shane's chest while his hand drew faint little lines all along his abdomen. Ilya's eyes were fixed on his own hands while Shane's played with his curls and rubbed his arm.

"We should tell my parents." Shane muttered after some time passed in silence.

Ilya pushed himself up onto his elbow and gazed down into Shane's eyes. He gave his shy little smile.

"They know about us?" The earnestness in which Ilya says "us" makes Shane's heart skip a beat.

"Shit!" Shane sat up quickly, pulling his knees up to his chest. "No, I haven't told them that either."

"That'll be a fun conversation." Ilya teased, but his arm wrapped around Shane's back and he pulled him in closer.

They slipped into silence as Shane's mind raced through how he would tell his parents that he was gay and that he was pregnant all at the same time. Ilya's hands continued to draw small shapes across Shane's body as he held him in comfort.

"When do you want to tell them," Ilya broke the silence to ask.

Shane shifted to lock eyes with his boyfriend. "Oh, um. Tomorrow, I guess."

As if summoned by their conversation, Shane's phone rang with a call from his mother. Shane looked at Ilya and motioned for the man to remain quiet while he spoke to his mom.

“Hey, mom.” Shane answered, as Ilya started to run his fingers through his dark locks. Shane relaxed into the touch, the anxiety bubbling under the surface taking a breather for a bit.

“Shane, how are you feeling, sweetie. Your dad and I haven’t heard from you in a few days. We were starting to worry.”

“I’m fine mom,” Shane paused to prevent himself from gasping in arousal while on the phone with his mom as Ilya started to kiss his neck, his ears, and then his jaw. “I promise I’m doing exactly what the doctor ordered. I’m resting as much as possible.”

Ilya started to nuzzle at Shane’s collar bone, to which Shane pushed him off. When their eyes locked, as Yuna Hollander went on and on about what kinds of foods he should be eating, etc., Shane shook his head and rolled his eyes at Ilya’s antics. Ilya simply smirked and wagged his eyebrows.

“That all sounds great mom. Maybe you could email me that information and I’ll look at it later. I’m feeling kind of tired.” Shane finally managed to say without sounding out of breath, despite feeling like he was.

“Oh, if you’re tired then your dad and I...” His mom sounded guilty. Her words caused Shane to sit up very quickly, which he soon regretted because it made the room spin a little bit.

“W-what do you mean?” He shot a panicked look toward Ilya, who stopped kissing and touching him, putting some space between them.

“Well, your dad and I were worried so we hopped in the car and made the drive from Ottawa. We’re pulling into your apartment complex right now.”

“Oh, um, okay. Well...” Shane stood up, closed his eyes and breathed through his nose in order to push down the feeling of wanting to vomit, and started to slowly pace the room. His hand went to his hair and he started to tug at the strands.

“Shane, sweetie, if you need to rest we can seriously just hang out. You can nap while we are here. No pressure.”

Shane couldn't believe what he was hearing. Yes, he and Ilya had decided to tell his parents about their relationship and the baby tomorrow. But that meant he would've had more time to rehearse what he was going to say. It gave him more time to prepare. But this? This was completely off-book and it freaked him out. He continued to pace, not responding to his mom's continuous litany of “Shane, talk to me. What's going on? Are you hurt?”

“I-I'm fine mom. I just...” Shane paused once more, the nausea coming back full force, unrelenting. He rushed out of his room and across the hall to the bathroom. He pulled the phone away from his face for a moment as he leaned over the sink and vomited. After a few rounds of gagging and his stomach heaving, Shane was finally able to speak again.

“I just wasn't expecting any company today and I'm not feeling my best.” He knew in his heart that this wouldn't be enough to convince his mom to leave, but he had to try anyway.

“Well then it's fortuitous that we decided to visit then. I can take care of you, take the pressure off doing it yourself and maybe your head will calm down.”

Shane sighed. “Yeah, okay. See you soon.” And then Shane hung up the phone and slid his body down the bathroom wall so that he was seated on the floor. Ilya came striding up to the doorway, he leaned against the frame and just looked down at Shane, expressionless.

“My mom and dad are here. She said they just pulled in.”

“No wonder you vomit. This not the plan.” Ilya murmured as he quietly moved closer to Shane and then squatted down in front of him. “You want me to go? I can sneak out.”

Hearing Ilya recognize that Shane was freaking out because his carefully constructed plan had fallen apart within seconds of making it, made his heart swell. He was so fond of the man in front of him. Never before had someone recognized one of Shane's freakouts so acutely and so quickly. He leaned his head back against the wall and sighed.

“Shane,” Ilya’s hand cupped his chin and forced Shane to lock eyes with him. “This will be okay. We were going to tell them anyway.”

“But what do I say?” Shane’s voice came out tentative and unsure.

Ilya’s mouth morphed into a wicked grin, “You say, mom dad, I suck cock. Oh and it’s with the extremely talented Ilya Rozanov.”

“You’re an asshole.”

“You love me.” Ilya teased, but in that moment, Shane realized that he did, so he said so.

“I do.” He whispered, his breath stalling as he waited for Ilya’s reaction.

Ilya smiled, leaned forward, placed their foreheads together, and chased a kiss, “I love you, Shane Hollander.”

The moment was broken by a knock on the door. Shane pulled away from Ilya and closed his eyes once more. He obviously knew this was coming. That didn’t stop his fears and anxieties from ramping up though. When he turned back to meet Ilya’s gaze his features were soft and vulnerable.

“What if they hate me?” Shane’s voice was so small, it was barely audible.

Ilya gave a small smile, caressed Shane’s cheek, and said, “They won’t. They love you.”

Shane leaned into the touch and nodded. Then, as another knock sounded, Ilya helped Shane to his feet. He pulled Shane against him in a tight hug. When they pulled apart, Shane heard the sound of his parents letting themselves into his apartment. Considering he had just

vomited while on the phone with his mom, she probably figured he was lying down. Shane rubbed his temple, a headache starting to form. Ilya moved his hands and started to rub in the same spot with his own. They were in the middle of the hallway, but Shane couldn't be bothered. Ilya's touch was like magic, soothing the angry jabs of pain one circular rub at a time.

"Shane, I hope it's okay that we let ourselves in." His mom's voice preceded her as she turned the corner and stood at the end of the hallway.

Shane startled and pulled away from Ilya's hands. The Russian was standing with his back to Yuna Hollander, but Shane knew that she had at least realized it was a man. Whether or not she'd figured out who he was, wasn't certain just yet.

"Hey, mom. Sorry I didn't answer the door. I was hit by a sudden migraine." Shane stepped around Ilya, who had a slightly startled look on his face as well. Shane nervously chuckled and moved toward his mom.

"I didn't realize you had company." His mom was looking between him and Ilya, whose back was still turned.

"Yeah," Shane rubbed his hand on the back of his head. "Umm. We should talk about that."

"Your father and I brought all the fixings for a salad with smoked salmon. Why don't we all sit down to talk." Her tone was the typical cheery disposition Shane was used to. Then she added more sternly, "*All* of us," and gave a pointed look at Ilya's back.

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Moments later they were seated around Shane's barely used dining set. Ilya had chosen to come to the table last, to give himself more time to psych himself up for that confrontation. Shane had nodded his head in silent understanding before following his mom to the table, leaving Ilya alone in the hallway.

“Is he coming to the table?” Yuna asked the minute Shane had sat down.

Shane looked from his mom to his dad. “Um, yeah. He’s...he needs a minute. We weren’t exactly expecting this today.”

Shane’s mom looked him up and down, an unreadable expression on her face. Then, his dad spoke up, loud enough to be heard in the hallway.

“I would’ve thought Russia’s Ilya Rozanov wouldn’t be terrified of a little ‘meet the parents moment’.” Then he laughed to himself as if he’d made the funniest joke known to man.

Shane glanced toward the hallway. Ilya came walking around the corner, very slowly. His face was closed off, gone was the gentle fondness from ten minutes ago. Shane realized, immediately, that he missed it. The moment Ilya was seated in the chair next to Shane, he reached for his hand under the table. Their eyes met and they gave each other forced smiles as their hands clung to one another, desperately.

“So, mom, dad. This is Ilya Rozanov...my boyfriend.” Shane didn’t tear his eyes away from Ilya’s as he spoke. Weirdly enough, Ilya being slightly freaked by the whole situation calmed Shane’s nerves.

A silence fell over the room as his parents processed something they’d probably already assumed, but was now having confirmed.

“Rozanov? Really?” Shane’s mom finally broke her silence.

Shane turned to her and smiled, “I know the NHL hyped us up as rivals but,” Shane paused and looked at Ilya once more who gave a forced smile in return, and squeezed his hand. “The truth is more complicated.”

“How so?” His father sounded genuinely curious to know more about his son’s love life. And for that, Shane was eternally grateful. He felt he could breathe again.

“Well, um,” Shane stalled out, not sure how much Ilya wanted to reveal to his parents.

“We met at the championship before our rookie season. Then, after the draft we worked out together. We kissed first time summer before first game.” Ilya stepped in and supplied.

“Since *before* your rookie season?” Shane’s mom looked in awe as her eyes swept between Shane and Ilya.

“Yeah, but mom, it wasn’t always dating exactly.” Shane bit his lip, hoping the implication would be understood without having to spell it out.

“Ahh, tension release fucking.” Shane’s dad exclaimed as if his answer was going to win him a million dollars.

Ilya choked on the water he’d just tried to drink and Shane started to laugh. All the anxiety left his body as he realized that his parents weren’t going to kick him out of their lives. His father’s joke, which was actually a true statement, had shown Shane he had nothing to worry about.

“David!” His mom admonished fondly.

“I’m done. Nope, this...” Shane felt his cheeks getting warm as he blushed from embarrassment. “Please don’t ever say that again.”

“Hollander, relax. Where’s the lie?” Ilya smirked at him and licked his lips. He was teasing Shane alongside his parents. Shane was literally in hell.

“Okay, it was nice knowing all of you, but I’m ending my relationship with everyone in this room effective immediately.” Shane grinned despite himself.

“But, *baby*,” Ilya knew giving Shane a pet name, in front of his parents would make him blush again. And it did. “You haven’t even told them the best part.”

“The best part?” Shane’s dad said a hair before his mom expressed the same.

Shane closed his eyes. Coming out to his parents had been one thing. But to now drop the bomb that he was going to have to quit hockey because of a baby, he wasn’t sure they’d see it so positively.

Taking a deep breath, he opened his eyes and turned to his parents, “I’m going to have to give up hockey for a while.”

“Oh?” His mom looked from Shane to Ilya, clearly trying to understand how this was considered the best part.

Ilya squeezed his hand and then spoke, “Shane, don’t give your parents heart attack. Is for a good reason. We having a baby.”

“A baby?” Shane’s dad looked thoroughly confused.

“I’m pregnant. It’s why I’ve been vomiting so much. It’s not my head injury, it’s just my body revolting against me.” Shane stated, a bit of nervousness under the surface.

“Shane...” His mom started, but then stopped. Shane looked at her and saw she had tears in her eyes. “Oh honey.”

“Mom, please don’t cry. Ilya and I may not have expected this, but we are happy about it. I’m due around the start of next season, so I’ll probably take next season off.”

“Shane, taking a whole season could end your career.” His mom argued, still not revealing how she felt about the situation at hand.

“Not if I fake an injury. I would tell the coach and team doctors what is really going on of course, but for the commissioner and the fans I will say I’m injured and need to take a season off to recuperate.”

“It really easy to say his injury on ice caused problem with his knee too. Easiest injury to cover up time away.” Ilya spoke up.

“Are you sure?” Shane’s dad asked.

Shane looked at his dad and then his mom and finally landed on Ilya before he nodded. Not taking his eyes off Ilya, he said, “Yes, I’m sure.”

“Well, then, we are happy for you son.” His dad pushed his chair back and stood up. Shane tore his gaze from Ilya in order to meet his father for a hug.

“I love you, dad.” Shane whispered into his dad’s shoulder as they hugged.

“I love you, too, son. I’m so proud of you.” His dad pulled back so their eyes could lock, “Never forget that. I’m always in your corner.”

Shane nodded as his eyes teared up.

“Yes, you’ll always have us in your corner, sweetie.” His mom stood up and joined the hug.

Shane shifted so that his arms could wrap around both his parents at the same time. Tears started to flow down his cheek, but this time they were happy tears. When they pulled apart, Shane’s hands immediately went to his stomach. Ilya came up behind him and hugged him from behind, his hands also landing on his abdomen.

“Not sure how I feel about our grandbaby being part Ilya Rozanov,” his dad spoke up again, “But what the hell, I’m sure it’ll become the best hockey player of all time with genes like yours.”

“Dad, did you just admit that Ilya’s talented?” Shane leaned back against Ilya’s chest and grinned.

“Well, we’ve never denied that. We just don’t think he’s better than you.”

If Shane felt this whole experience was shocking, it was nothing compared to the words that came out of Ilya’s mouth moments later.

“Is true. I’m not better than him. He out skates and out scores me every time.” Ilya gently kissed the top of Shane’s ear, “But I still close second.”

Shane turned so that he was facing Ilya once more. They share a silent conversation that indicates exactly what they will be doing once Shane’s parents leave. Shane wanted to feel all of Ilya under his fingertips. He wanted to worship the man who not only loved him but was just as excited as he was about being a father.

Despite the anxiety still rolling around in his gut, Shane was content. He was loved by his parents and his boyfriend. The world hadn’t completely collapsed when his parents learned of his relationship and his impending parenthood. There might still be bumps in the road ahead, but he wasn’t alone and that meant more to him than any hockey win ever could.

End Notes

Please leave a comment or simply give a kudos if you feel inclined! I hope you enjoyed the story.

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