

Honeymoon Baby

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Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike mentioned
Additional Tags:	Mpreg , Male Pregnancy , Hurt/Comfort , Sickfic , Morning Sickness , Honeymoon , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , post TLG , No Beta , We die like Ilya's dad
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-12 Completed: 2025-12-22 Words: 1,650 Chapters: 2/2

Honeymoon Baby

by [Riri_S](#)

Summary

“My love,” he whispered, voice thick. “We... we made a baby.”

Shane froze....then promptly burst into tears.

Notes

I think I speak for everyone when I say Shane with baby Arthur inspired a lot of us. Lol.

Chapter 1

Shane had imagined many things about their honeymoon. Long beach walks, lazy mornings tangled in sheets, maybe even that obnoxiously cute couple's massage Ilya kept joking about.

He had not imagined this.

He was on the bathroom floor, cheek pressed against cool marble tile, shivering despite the tropical humidity. His stomach rolled again, violently and aggressively, and he barely had time to grab the toilet seat before he threw up again.

"Ilya," Shane groaned from the floor, "if I throw up one more time, just let me die."

"No dying on honeymoon," Ilya said firmly, kneeling beside him and placing a cold hand on Shane's sweaty forehead. "You promised me ocean sex."

"Ilya," Shane whimpered, "I can't even *look* at the ocean. Everything moves."

"You need hospital."

"No. I need ginger ale."

"Shane," he said softly, "you are dying."

Shane glared at him weakly. "I'm not dying."

"You have thrown up twelve times."

"It wasn't twelve."

"I counted."

Shane groaned and let his eyes close. "Please don't count."

"This is not normal. Honeymoon should be sexy. Not...this." Ilya gestured vaguely at Shane, the trash can full of tissues, and the general aura of misery.

Shane tried to sit up, and the world spun like he was trapped inside a washing machine.

"Ilya," he whispered, "I think I'm going to pass out."

Immediately, Ilya knelt beside him and supported his shoulders, strong arms steady and gentle all at once. "I have you," he murmured, voice low. "Lean on me."

Shane did, grimacing because he was sweating and nauseous and pathetic, but leaning against Ilya felt like slipping into bed after a long road trip.

But then the nausea surged again, vicious and sudden, and Ilya barely moved in time to help him lean over the toilet.

“Okay,” Ilya said, wiping Shane’s mouth with a cold towel afterwards. “This is too much. We go to doctor.”

“No.” Shane’s voice was hoarse. “It’s just food poisoning.”

“It has been three days.”

“I’m a delicate ecosystem.”

“You are dramatic,” Ilya corrected. “And sick.”

Shane groaned. “Please stop using your concerned voice. It makes me feel like an injured rabbit.”

Ilya ignored that. He sat back on his heels, studying him intently, not just worried, but thinking very hard. That look usually meant trouble, or that he was about to propose something insane.

“What?” Shane asked suspiciously.

“You have no fever,” Ilya said slowly. “You have no aches. Just nausea. And...mood swings.”

Shane blinked. “Mood swings?”

“You cried yesterday because the resort ran out of berry pancakes.”

“They WERE out,” Shane snapped. “It was tragic!”

Ilya nodded solemnly, like he was agreeing with Shane’s grief but also cataloguing data. “Yes. And this morning, you cried because I said good morning too loud.”

“It wasn’t too loud,” Shane muttered. “I was fragile.”

Ilya’s expression sharpened. “Shane... did you forget we stopped doing something recently?”

Shane made that cute, scrunched up, confused face that Ilya loved.

“...forget... what?”

“Protection,” Ilya whispered, lifting one eyebrow. “You know. We have not used condoms since our engagement night. Remember engagement night? On the floor. On plane for game after. In the shower. In bed. Against wall. In the pool.”

Shane covered his face with his hands. “Oh my god, stop listing!”

But Ilya kept going, counting on his fingers now. “Balcony. Jacuzzi. And—”

“ILYA.”

Ilya’s hand dropped. His voice dropped, too. “Shane... we did not use anything. At all. Because we were...celebrating.”

Shane opened his mouth. Closed it. Opened it again.

“That doesn’t—” His breath hitched. “I mean, that can’t— Ilya, did we make—”

But a sudden wave of dizziness hit him again, and he clutched Ilya’s shirt.

Ilya was already standing. “You stay. I go to gift shop.”

“The gift shop?”

“For test.”

“You think the resort gift shop sells pregnancy tests?”

Ilya shrugged. “They sell sunscreen and \$45 gummy bears. They probably sell everything.”

Thirty minutes later, Ilya burst back into their suite like the hero of a spy movie returning with the answers to everything.

“They had four brands,” he declared proudly, holding up small pastel boxes. “I buy all.”

Shane stared at the pile of tests. “What kind of gift shop sells pregnancy tests?”

“Luxury one,” Ilya replied. “Also has condoms, lube, vitamins, sex dice, snorkels, and batteries.”

Shane didn’t have the strength to unpack that.

Testing was... humiliating. Shane sat on the closed toilet lid, leaning against Ilya, while one test processed on the counter and the rest waited in line like little plastic soldiers.

His stomach twisted, but not from nausea this time.

“Ilya,” he whispered after a minute, “I’m scared.”

Ilya slid a hand into his hair, thumb brushing lightly against his temple. “I am here. Whatever happens, we figure it out.”

Shane swallowed. “What if it’s positive?”

“Then is good.”

“Good?” Shane stared at him. “How is that good? We’re married for like two seconds! We’re not ready for a baby! We play hockey! I barely take care of myself!”

Ilya cupped his cheeks gently. “You will be perfect. You are soft-hearted. Loving. You make everything safe. You will be best at this.”

Shane’s eyes burned. “But what if I—?”

“Shh,” Ilya murmured, pressing their foreheads together. “You think too far. First, we see test.”

The timer beeped.

Ilya knelt in front of him instantly, hands on Shane’s knees. “Shane?”

“Ilya,” he squeaked, holding up the test with trembling hands, “um. We need to talk.”

Shane handed him the stick. He watched Ilya read the two clear lines.

Then Ilya exhaled a shaky, emotional sound he almost never made.

“My love,” he whispered, voice thick. “We... we made a baby.”

Shane froze....then promptly burst into tears.

He didn’t even feel embarrassed, because Ilya caught him immediately, pulling him against his chest, running a hand down his back in long, soothing strokes.

“I’m sorry,” Shane sobbed. “I’m sorry, I’m crying on our honeymoon, I’m sorry I’m disgusting—”

“You are beautiful,” Ilya murmured fiercely. “And brave. And mine.”

Shane’s breath hitched. “You’re not scared?”

“I am terrified,” Ilya admitted softly, smiling through it. “But also... happy. So happy, *zaychik*.”

Shane sniffled. “We’re going to be parents.”

“We are,” Ilya said, kissing his hair. “And our baby will be chaotic like you and stubborn like me. Terrible combination. Perfect combination.”

Despite everything — nausea, exhaustion and shock — Shane laughed.

Ilya lifted his chin gently. “We call doctor in the morning. Tonight, you rest. I hold you.”

“But what about our honeymoon plans?”

Ilya smirked. “We make new plans.”

“Like what?” Shane asked weakly.

“We lie in bed. We cuddle. We watch bad TV. And,” he added with a gentle kiss to Shane’s forehead, “we celebrate our baby.”

Shane leaned into him, exhausted but safe.

“Okay,” he whispered. “Yeah. That sounds perfect.”

Ilya eased them both up from the bathroom floor, arms wrapped firmly around Shane.

“Come,” he murmured. “Bed time. Rest time. Do-not-throw-up-on-me time.”

Shane let out a shaky laugh as Ilya guided him toward the fluffy white sheets. He curled up against Ilya’s chest, already feeling sleep tugging at him.

“Goodnight, *zaychik*,” he whispered. “And goodnight, tiny baby. Your papa is very excited and very stupid. But will love you forever.”

Shane, half-asleep, mumbled, “You mean *both* papas are stupid?”

Ilya grinned. “Yes. But Hayden is the stupidest. Remember this.”

Shane fell asleep with a smile on his face.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

Shane was nestled comfortably against Ilya, cocooned in the soft blankets of their room. It had been a couple of months since their honeymoon, and they had made their cottage a permanent refuge from everything. The gentle hum of the air conditioner blended with the distant sound of birds and the breeze. It was a peaceful moment, one that felt almost surreal after the whirlwind of emotions they had been on lately.

But as Shane sipped his ginger ale, he felt something unusual. A flutter. He paused, his eyes widening as he placed a hand on his stomach.

“Ilya,” he whispered, not wanting to break the calm atmosphere. “I think... I think the baby just moved.”

Ilya, who had been engrossed in a show on the small TV, turned to him instantly. “Moved?”

“Yeah,” Shane said, excitement bubbling up inside him. “Like, I felt something. A little kick, or—”

Before he could finish, he felt it again—a gentle push, like a soft nudge from the inside. Shane’s eyes sparkled with wonder. “Ilya! It’s happening!”

Ilya shifted closer, laying a hand on Shane’s belly, his expression a mix of awe and disbelief. “Are you sure?”

“Positive!” Shane laughed, giddy with the joy of the moment. “It’s like... like a little hello.”

Ilya’s eyes widened, and he leaned in closer, his hand pressing gently against the spot where Shane had felt the movement. “Do you think it will happen again?” he asked, a hint of nervousness in his voice.

Shane nodded, biting his lip in anticipation. “Just wait...”

And then, as if the baby was responding to the warmth of Ilya’s hand, there it was again—a soft thump against Shane’s palm. He gasped, a laugh bubbling up. “Oh my god, did you feel that?”

“I felt it!” Ilya exclaimed, his face lighting up with pure joy. “Our baby is kicking!”

Shane’s heart swelled at the thought of it. “This is amazing,” he said, feeling tears prick at the corners of his eyes. “It’s like they know we’re here.”

“Of course they do,” Ilya said, leaning down to place a soft kiss on Shane’s belly. “They’re already so smart, just like their papa.”

Shane smiled as he ran his hand through Ilya's curls.

Ilya grinned, resting his head against Shane's stomach. "I can't believe we're already feeling them. This is just the beginning, *zaychik*."

The two of them settled into a comfortable silence, Ilya still pressed gently against Shane's belly, as if to reassure their little one that they were safe and loved.

Chapter End Notes

Added this teeny chapter cause I was not ready to let pregnant Shane go. Lol

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