

I Grew Up Into Something Good

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I Grew Up Into Something Good

by [lucianowriter](#)

Summary

Ilya's been on the road and dealing with the end of his hockey season. So, when he finally makes it back to Shane, his boyfriend is very visibly pregnant.

Shane arranges for Ilya to attend a sonogram for their child where they find out the gender, a little girl.

Notes

Hello my lovelies,

After the heartbreaking fic I posted earlier this week I wanted to update this Mpreg universe. I just can't get enough of soft Ilya Rozanov. He's such a lover boy.

There is nothing but fluff to be found in this fic, I promise.

Thank you to everyone who continues to support me. I have gained so much confidence being in this fandom. Your support means the world to me. I could never adequately express how much.

There are entire statements made in Russian in this fic so I chose to have the English translation in parenthesis after the the dialogue moment.

Enjoy!

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

“How are you?” Ilya’s voice filtered through the phone, which Shane had propped up on the counter so he could move about the kitchen and still talk to Ilya on FaceTime.

“I’m good.” Shane reached up to pull down a bowl from the cabinet above where the phone was.

Ilya sucked in a breath, “Wow, it’s gotten bigger.”

Shane straightened back up and picked up the phone. He held it a bit away from his face. “What do you mean? You saw my bump yesterday, and the day before that, and the day before...”

“Yes. I know we have video called every day that I’ve been away, but still. I don’t get good look at it.”

Shane ducked his head, smiled, and blushed, “You don’t think I look too fat?”

Ilya knew that Shane always worried about how he looked because of the pressures of hockey. He had hoped that Shane taking a year off from the sport would allow him to stop worrying about that kind of stuff.

“You look krasivyy. Beautiful.” Ilya hoped his words would be enough to break through Shane’s funk about his body, but when Shane’s smile fell away, Ilya knew he hadn’t.

“What?” He asked, knowing perfectly well what Shane was upset about. He’d done his research and knew that with the hormones coursing through Shane’s body right now he was very quick to get upset over nothing.

“I...nothing. It’s not important.” Shane looked as though he was about to say something he needed, but thought better of it.

“What? Tell me.”

“I miss you. It’s been a couple months. You haven’t been able to go to the appointments with me and see our baby. It’s not fair.” Shane’s chin wobbled and he aggressively wiped away tears.

Ilya turned on his gentlest voice. “I know but I’ll be in Montreal early tomorrow afternoon. You will see me in one more day.”

“And how long until you leave again?” Shane’s voice was sad, but Ilya knew he wasn’t accusing.

“I know it isn’t ideal. Now that season is over we can figure something out. I missed you at the NHL Awards tonight.” Ilya murmured, as he watched Shane make himself a bowl of ice cream. “We always do them together.”

“Could you imagine me showing up to them looking like this?” Shane motioned to his six-month bump.

Ilya smirked, he was grateful that Shane’s mood had shifted fairly quickly this time around. It was something that happened more and more frequently. Ilya made sure he let Shane lead all their conversations in an effort to avoid any unnecessary emotional outbursts, but they still managed to come through from time to time.

“Shane, moy lyubimyy, I promise you will have me, in one more day.”

“I’m counting down the hours,” Shane smiled and then he knitted his brows and one of his hands went to his bump. Then, his grin spread from ear to ear. “Ilya, they kicked when you spoke Russian.

Ilya smiled, “Then put the phone closer to them, I will speak more Russian.”

He caught a glimpse of Shane rolling his eyes and smiling before he moved the phone down so Ilya was looking directly at the side of Shane’s stomach.

“Moyo miloye ditya. Eto tvoy papa. YA uzhe obozhayu tebya bol'she solntsa. Etot sekret ostanetsya mezhdu nami. Kogda ya vernus' domoy zavtra, ya vernus' domoy navsegda.”

(My sweet child. This is your papa. I already adore you more than the sun. This secret stays between us. When I come home tomorrow I am coming home to stay.)

Shane brought the phone back up to where Ilya could see his face. “They won’t stop moving. Should I be jealous that it seems they can understand you but I can’t?”

Ilya smiled and shook his head, “No. I will teach you someday. Perhaps with our little bean.”

“I hate that you call our baby a bean.” Shane sighed, but he was smiling.

“No you don’t.” Ilya smiled, he couldn’t imagine a more perfect life.

“You’re right, I don’t.” Shane stifled a yawn.

“Sleep. I will see you tomorrow and the day after tomorrow I will finally get to see picture of bean.” Ilya’s tone was firm but loving.

“Goodnight, Ilya.”

“Goodnight, Shane.”

Ilya hung up the call and smiled to himself. He couldn't wait to hold Shane in his arms again tomorrow. It had been way too long. With the season wrapping up and the playoffs, then the NHL Awards, Ilya hadn't been able to make a trip to Montreal work. Until now. Then, Shane had somehow convinced his OB to make an appointment at her office on a Sunday when normally they were closed. All so Shane and Ilya could both see their baby on a sonogram. Whatever Shane did to make that happen, Ilya was grateful. He couldn't wait to see their baby and hear its heartbeat.

Ilya arrived at Shane's Montreal apartment the next day around 4:45. He'd expected to be back hours ago, but his plane had been delayed slightly. When he opened the door he found the apartment darkened and silent. He quietly stepped into Shane's space and glanced at the stairwell, wondering if he was just upstairs in his room. Deciding that was probably where he would find the man he loved, Ilya dropped his bag to the floor and started to climb.

He moved with grace and silence. Sure enough, when he made it to the top landing he saw Shane in his bed, lying somewhat on his side, asleep. His glasses were still on his face and he had his book open facedown on his hip. Ilya smiled at the scene before him. Shane had fallen asleep reading one of his beloved hockey books. Ilya chuckled to himself and quietly crossed the room to sit on the bed next to Shane.

He reached his hand out and gently took his glasses off his face, folded them up, and placed them on top of the book, which he closed, on the end table. He ran his fingers through Shane's hair reverently. He hadn't been able to do this since the weekend he'd spent here a few months ago when Shane first told him the news. His heart ached to see Shane's eyes looking at him, but he didn't want to wake him up. Based on the things he'd read about pregnancy, Shane needed all the rest he could get.

"Ilya?" Shane whispered, having woken up while Ilya was lost in his thoughts, playing with Shane's hair.

"Hey." Ilya whispered back, a smile from ear to ear. "Are you hungry?"

Shane shifted so that he could sit up a bit more. Once he was sitting up, with his bump between his thighs as his legs were folded into a pretzel, Shane smiled at Ilya and reached for

him. Their lips met in a hungry kiss. Ilya leaned his forehead against Shane's and caressed his cheek. He started to mutter, unable to keep his feelings inside.

"Shane, I missed this. I missed you so much. And you had to face so much without me. Only able to call. I love you more than anything in this world. Moy lyubimyy." Ilya felt his chest moving up and down, out of breath.

Shane smiled against Ilya's lips as he reconnected them once more. "Someone wants to say hi."

Then, without any further warning, Shane grabbed Ilya's hand away from his face and placed it on the side of his stomach. Ilya's breath caught as he felt a flutter against Shane's skin. He made eye contact with Shane, who was smiling bigger than Ilya had ever seen before and had unshed tears in his eyes.

"I've been waiting weeks for you to experience this." Shane muttered, in awe, as the baby kicked against Ilya's hand once more.

Ilya couldn't believe this was his life. Not since his mother was still alive had he felt this much hope about his future. Feeling their baby beneath his palm as Shane worked hard to bring it to the world was a feeling like nothing Ilya had ever experienced before. Here was this new life that would rely on Ilya for love, care, and protection and didn't know anything about his past. This child would be Ilya's new beginning. Because of this precious addition to their lives Ilya had plans for his future. He was going to be with Shane, really be with him for the first time in their relationship. He was going to be a father that led with love and kindness instead of pressure and cruelty.

"They be hockey player I think." Ilya murmured as the baby moved around some more.

"But only if they want." Shane stipulated, which made Ilya smile and kiss him again.

"Oh, yes. Only if they want. No pressure. Not like my dad." Ilya couldn't get enough of Shane, he couldn't tear his eyes away.

“Lay with me.” Shane requested and Ilya didn’t have to be told twice. He immediately got up and moved to the other side of the bed where he slipped his body under the covers and curled up against Shane. His hand immediately went back to caressing his child.

“I don’t think I’ve ever been happier.” Ilya murmured before he kissed Shane again.

“Me either.” Shane agreed, his hand sliding down to cover Ilya’s that was still obsessed with feeling their child’s movements beneath Shane’s skin.

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Ilya was nervous. They were sitting in Shane’s car, he had insisted on driving. Ilya thinks this was just as nerve wracking for him as it was for Ilya.

“Why are you nervous?” Ilya turned to face Shane as they waited in the parking lot for Shane’s OB to arrive.

“Because...” Shane paused and started to pick at the steering wheel. Ilya could see he was starting to spiral so he grabbed his hand and held on tight.

“Hey, it’s just us. Tell me.”

“She doesn’t know that you’re the other father. She’s a hockey fan, like most of Montreal and well, you play for Boston.”

Ilya tried to hide his smile knowing it wouldn’t go over well with Shane. “Not to mention, we are big rivals.”

Shane sighed, and rolled his eyes, “Could you try to act like this isn’t amusing to you? I’m trying not to have a full on panic attack here.”

“Shh.” Ilya moved his hand from Shane’s and started to stroke the back of his head. “No need to panic. Not good for baby.”

“I just worry that all of this is going to get out somehow.” Shane sighed and finally made eye contact with Ilya.

“She is professional. She won’t spill secret.” Ilya muttered gently as he leaned in to give Shane a kiss.

Shane kissed him briefly but then pulled back, “She’s here.”

Ilya sat and observed as Shane got himself out of the car. He struggled a little bit with turning his body the correct way, but he got there eventually. Once he was completely out of the vehicle he turned and stared petulantly at Ilya.

“Are you coming?”

Ilya smirked and shook his head. “No, I thought it better I stay out here. Don’t want secret getting out.”

“You’re an asshole.” Shane scoffed with an eye roll for good measure as he walked around to Ilya’s side of the car. They met and Ilya put out his hand to take Shane’s.

“Relax. It will all be fine. We’re seeing our baby today.”

Ilya felt Shane relax the longer Ilya held his hand and stroked his thumb over his knuckles. By the time they stepped inside, Shane seemed to be back to his baseline. It made Ilya happy that Shane hadn’t actually gone into a panic over his fears of being discovered. Shane’s OB

was sitting behind the receptionists desk when they walked up. She looked up and saw Shane immediately and smiled. Then, her eyes swept over to Ilya and her smile fell.

“I-Ilya Rozanov? From the Boston Bears.” She swallowed and then turned to Shane, “I can see why you kept the other father a secret until now. You have my word, I will be discreet.”

Ilya smiled at her, “You don’t have to pretend to like me. I know most people in Montreal don’t like me much.”

Shane nudged Ilya and then spoke up, “I mean they do burn effigies of you when we play Boston at home.”

“WHAT?!” Ilya spun and faced Shane, “They do what now?”

The doctor and Shane both laughed, “Montreal fans build fake flammable versions of Boston players and burn them ahead of home games against you guys.” Shane looked at Ilya sympathetically as the doctor explained.

Ilya thought it over, “As long as you not do it. I don’t care.” He shrugged at his boyfriend.

“I wouldn’t dream of it.” Shane whispered, “Besides I’m pretty sure doing it is illegal but the police here just look the other way.”

“Moy lyubimyy,” Ilya murmured under his breath. Shane smiled at him and squeezed their hands.

“Should we get started?” Shane’s doctor interjected.

“Oh yes.” Ilya replied, pulling his attention from Shane. “Doctor?”

“Dr. Cartwright.” She smiled and put out her hand for Ilya to shake, “It’s a pleasure meeting you, Mr. Rozanov.”

“Let’s go see our baby,” Shane smiled, wrapping his arm through Ilya’s and leaning into his side.

“Follow me.” Dr. Cartwright took them down a nondescript hallway toward a typical exam room that had the door open. She ushered them inside where she turned on the light.

In the room was an exam table laid out flat like a bed. And next to it was a little computer looking thing with a wand hanging off the side of the cart it sat on. Ilya was unfamiliar with any of the equipment but he understood the images on the walls. Each one depicted different stages of pregnancy and even showed the birthing process. He shuddered slightly at that one.

Shane smirked and leveraged himself against Ilya as he climbed up onto the exam table. He lay on his back and lifted up his shirt, exposing his stomach. Ilya’s gaze went to it, transfixed. He’d spent plenty of time the night before worshipping it, but to see it here in the doctor’s office right before they were to see their baby, Ilya saw it in a different light. Just below the surface was his child. A tiny human that had some of Shane’s DNA and some of Ilya’s. He briefly prayed that their child take more after Shane than himself. He didn’t want to burden his child with his worst traits.

Shane reached his hand out and grabbed Ilya's, bringing him out of his thoughts. Ilya looked at Shane and Shane squeezed his hand.

“Where’d you go?”

Ilya shook his head and sat down in the seat next to Shane. “Nothing.” Shane’s eyes raked over him as if he wanted to say something or argue, but he just nodded and accepted it.

“Alright, guys. Are you ready to see your baby?” Dr. Cartwright broke the moment.

Ilya smiled and nodded. “Yes.”

Seconds later the monitor came to life and Dr. Cartwright put the wand against Shane’s stomach. When Ilya had been lost in his thoughts she must’ve applied a sort of gel that stuck to Shane’s skin. Ilya’s eyes lingered on his stomach only for a moment before he was transfixed by the view of his baby.

He leaned closer to the monitor and reached his free hand out as if trying to touch the image. He felt tears burn in the corners of his eyes. He moved his hand back to wipe furiously at his eyes and prevent the tears from falling. He looked to Shane only to see he was watching him.

“Don’t you want to see?” Ilya looked at Shane quizzically.

“I saw our baby just last week at my regular appointment. This was just for you,” Shane squeezed his hand and smiled.

“Really?”

Ilya couldn’t believe Shane would lie to him and make it seem like he’d scheduled his regular appointment for today. It was a lie to give Ilya a shot at being present with their baby during a sonogram. It was the sweetest thing anyone had ever done for him. He couldn’t resist any longer, Ilya leaned forward and kissed Shane silly.

“Would you guys like to know the gender?” Dr. Cartwright said, after they’d been kissing for some time.

Shane turned his head quickly, “Are you able to this time?” Then he turned back to Ilya to explain.

“Every other time we’ve done a sonogram the baby would turn its back to the camera.”

Ilya smiled and then leaned closer to Shane's stomach, "You were just waiting for papa weren't you?"

"So, do you want to know?"

Shane and Ilya locked eyes and then they both nodded. Ilya brought Shane's hand up to his mouth and kissed it.

"Congratulations, you're having a girl."

Shane and Ilya locked eyes once more and Ilya didn't even try to stop the tears running down his face.

"A girl." He said it like an oath, full of reverence and love. Then he leaned close to Shane's stomach and whispered in Russian, "Moya dorogaya dochka. Ty – svet moyey zhizni, moyo solnyshko. S neterpeniyem zhdu vstrechi s toboy. Nadeyus', ty budesh' pokhozha na svoego papu, on krasiveye menya." (My darling little girl. You are the light of my life, my sunshine. I can't wait to meet you. I hope you look like your daddy, he's prettier than me.)

Shane smiled and put his hand on the back of Ilya's head as he tried to sit up a bit. Dr. Cartwright spoke, breaking their bubble of solitude.

"I wish I knew what you just said," she smiled at Ilya who ducked his head. He didn't want her or Shane to see him blush.

Shane rubbed the back of his head and steered the conversation away from revealing what was said. "Welcome to my world. He's always spouting off stuff in Russian I don't understand, but I know it must be sweet because he gets this look in his eye and he blushes."

"I do not blush." Ilya tried to argue, but Shane fixed him with a look.

“Would you like to hear her heartbeat?” Dr. Cartwright smiled and pressed a button.

All of a sudden there was a wooshing sound that filled every corner of the small room. Ilya grabbed Shane’s hand and interlocked their fingers and squeezed. There weren’t words for how it made him feel to hear the sound of his daughter’s heartbeat. That sound was proof that she exists and would someday soon be in their arms. Ilya couldn’t wait to hold her and gaze into her beautiful face and see nothing but hope, joy, and love. As the heartbeat continued to reverberate around him, Ilya made a promise to himself.

“I will not disappoint her like my father disappointed me. She will only ever know love and support.”

Shane squeezed Ilya’s hand, drawing his attention. He looked into his boyfriend’s dark brown eyes and saw understanding. Even though he hadn’t uttered his promise out loud, Shane knew what was on his mind. Ilya leaned forward and rested his forehead on Shane’s.

“I’ll give you guys a few minutes. I’ll just print off some of the images.” Dr. Cartwright said quietly and then she was gone.

Ilya let out his breath and could feel how wet it felt. He had so many emotions coursing through him. His whole life he thought his purpose in this world was to be the best at hockey. But, now he knows that wasn’t it at all. His whole purpose was waiting for this moment, being a dad to their little girl.

“I’m so in love with you.” Ilya murmured, his head still against Shane’s. “Today just made that love grow.”

Shane sniffed and then he brought his hand up to caress Ilya’s cheek, wiping away some of his tears. “I love you, too. We’re having a daughter.”

“Yeah.” Ilya was still so in shock. “Can I tell you secret?”

Shane nodded, tears welling up, as he sat up and pulled his shirt back down.

Ilya placed his hand on their baby and whispered, “I’m glad it’s a girl.”

“Me too.” Shane whispered with a twinkle in his eyes. “Let’s go home. We can call my parents and give them the news.”

“Can we keep it secret? I know we have kept so many secrets, but this one I don’t want anyone knowing. I want it to just be between us.”

Shane nodded and pulled Ilya into a hug. “Of course.”

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October 2017

Ilya stood, staring out the window at the sun coming up over the horizon. It had been a long sleepless night, but it had been worth it. If only to finally hold his daughter in his arms. Speaking of, she squirmed and made a sound, causing Ilya to look down.

The baby’s face started to scrunch up and Ilya brought her up so that she could rest against his heart. Sure enough, that simple move soothed her enough that she yawned and remained quiet. Ilya glanced down at her and gently started bouncing his arms to keep her soothed. She blinked up at him with her dark eyes, the same color as Shane’s, and Ilya felt his heart melt.

Their daughter had gotten a healthy mix of traits from both of them. She didn’t have much hair on her head, but what she did have was wavy and would probably grow into curls like Ilya’s. It was even a similar shade of color as Ilya’s. Her face though, was all Shane. From her eyes to her nose to her beautiful lips. Her skin was darker than Ilya’s but lighter than Shane’s. All said, Masha was truly her fathers’ daughter.

He thought he was prepared to hold his daughter for the first time, but nothing compared to what he was currently feeling. For the first time in his life, Ilya felt weightless. It was as if

Masha coming into their lives took away all his previous burdens and pressures. A new life, a new beginning, for all of them.

Ilya kissed the top of Masha's head and closed his eyes. Being a dad felt like the most natural thing Ilya had ever done. More so than skating on the ice hitting a puck around. He heard Shane start to stir, so he turned to face the bed. He smiled against his daughter's head and muttered, "Look, Masha, daddy is waking up."

Shane smiled sleepily, his head relaxed on the pillow. His eyes tracked Ilya as he walked with the baby across the room. As Ilya approached, he reached his hand out to make contact with her back.

"I think she's getting hungry." Ilya whispered.

Shane sighed contentedly. "I think she's perfectly happy being on your chest."

"Studies said heartbeat calm baby." Ilya shrugged, his hand cradling the back of her head so gently.

"You read all the books didn't you?" Shane looked at Ilya fondly.

"Of course." Ilya murmured, his attention back on Masha as she started to nuzzle against his chest. She yawned again and her eyes closed once more.

"Masha Ilyinichna" Shane said, in awe. "We have to decide what her last name will be."

"Hollander." Ilya muttered, not even looking up from where he was still transfixed on their daughter.

"But," Shane started to protest, his hand lazily stroking up and down their sleeping daughter's back.

Ilya looked up and sighed, “Rozanov is old life. Hollander a better family.”

Shane smiled at Ilya, a slight sadness hitting the edges. “I would hate for you to give up your name. She deserves to have both of us.”

“Masha Ilyinichna for me. Hollander for you.” Ilya shrugged, it really was that simple to him, he didn’t understand why Shane couldn’t comprehend it.

“Well, when you put it that way.” Shane smiled a genuinely happy smile.

Ilya gently transferred Masha from his arms to Shane’s and then placed a kiss to the top of her head before kissing Shane’s forehead.

“Thank you, Shane Hollander. You make me happiest man in the world.”

End Notes

Comments and Kudos give me life! Leave some if you feel inclined!

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