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9-29

by [hollanov](#)

Summary

shane hollander is pretty sure he's pregnant.

Notes

so I am pretty okay at writing omegaverse, but very new to writing hollanov. i tried to stay in character as much as possible, but with omegaverse the dynamics always sort of... shift, at least a little, so i apologize if its very ooc.

for any pregnancy and/or hockey inaccuracies, talk to my lawyers!!!!

written with visuals from hr (the series) in mind, but following events post-book 6

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

“I think I’m pregnant,” Shane blurts out on one Tuesday morning brunch with Hayden.

Hayden stares at him. His big blue eyes almost bulge out of their sockets, and Shane swoops his fork down to get a huge chunk of maple-syrup covered pancakes into his mouth.

“I’m *sorry*? You’re what?” Hayden blinks.

“Pregnant,” Shane deadpans. The word still tastes weird in his mouth. He can’t panic about it now, but on the inside— there’s a very big thunderstorm brewing. He knows himself, and it won’t be pretty. “You know, uh, having a baby. In there. Growing—”

“I understand what *pregnant* means, Shane. I just... I didn’t think you guys were... trying? Fuck, I don’t wanna think about you *trying* with Ilya Rozanov.”

Shane snorts. “Ilya had his rut a few months ago. I think, I mean, I’m pretty *sure* I took my birth control. But... It’s a blur, honestly. He knotted me so many times I just can’t be—”

“Okay!” Hayden claps insistently to keep Shane from elaborating further. He rubs his temples in what seems to be disbelief. Shane thinks this may be worse than telling his parents. “*Okay*. So... You think you’re pregnant. Why are you telling me?”

“I don’t know,” Shane replies, honest. He *does* know, maybe. He can’t tell his mom because he isn’t sure and he’s not sure the reaction would be entirely positive. He can’t tell his dad because, well, the reaction would be overwhelmingly positive. He can’t tell Rose because she definitely *wants* them to have a baby.

And telling Ilya...

Shane isn’t sure what the reaction would be. They’ve talked about it, sort of. At times, when they babysit Hayden and Jackie’s kids, Ilya would offhandedly make a comment. Like ‘our baby would be so cute’ or ‘would you want our baby to look like me?’ and Shane would be

heavily caught off guard at the rawness of the question. He'd reply something unintelligible and Ilya would just smile at him.

So, maybe Ilya does want a baby. It's not unusual. They're at that age, Shane is probably, *you know*, fertile enough still. And Ilya comes inside of him for what is probably more than necessary.

He is on birth control, though. It isn't their fault, not really. Maybe Ilya's just got, like, super sperm or something. Shane wouldn't be surprised.

Shane just shrugs in reply to Hayden. He doesn't really know how to put it into words. And now, he also feels like maybe he shouldn't have told Hayden. Maybe this should've just been a Shane and Ilya thing. Fuck, probably. He loves Hayden, truly, he does, but he's not the greatest with words. Or providing comfort. Mostly, Shane thinks Jackie is a saint.

Hayden, in turn, frowns. "You think... Rozanov would be like, upset? Like... if you didn't want it or something?"

"No. Um, no... I think..." Shane shakes his head. He doesn't think Ilya would be against him making whatever choice he finds necessary. Because, you know, it's hockey. It's everything to Shane, and fair enough, he is an omega playing hockey and everyone *knows* the fact, but him getting pregnant would be a whole other thing. "It's just that... I don't know if I can do it."

"It's not like you really *do* anything," Hayden snorts. Shane shoots him a look, and he immediately backtracks. "No, I just mean, you grow the baby and Rozanov does everything else for you. Very simple."

"I can't play hockey, for one. I'm not... In that sense, I'm fucking bad at being an omega. Like, sure, the sex is fun, but I'm not good at any of the other stuff. What if I suck at being pregnant?" Shane frowns to himself.

He realizes he may be the only person in the world having these concerns, but, to him, they're very valid. He isn't very traditionally omega in that sense. He's always been on the

ice with Ilya. Sex is fucking awesome because they don't need lube and the pheromones are a nice added bonus, but he's never given any other part of it much thought.

He'd only gone off of his heat suppressants after he and Ilya started playing on the same team. In Montreal, he'd used them pretty much religiously. And when he did skip them, it was mostly during the summers — when both of them were in the same place and not busy, because spending a heat without Ilya seemed torturous at that point.

Before Ilya, though... Shane was probably the least 'omega' omega in the world. He'd blocked his scent, his heats, and he'd probably never nested in his life besides for his first heat when he just couldn't do anything against biology. He's pretty sure J.J. didn't even know he was an omega at some point, until he'd explicitly told him.

And now... what? Shane is supposed to act like he's going to be great at being a parent and having a baby and picking out a nursery color scheme, and oh *god*, he's going to get huge. He's going to go to Ilya's games to see him and people are going to *know* what they did.

"Shane," Hayden breaks him out of his mild panic. He reaches over the table they're sitting at and pets his shoulder. There's a sheepish smile on his face as he sees the panic settle on Shane's own. Shane tries to return it, if only not to concern his friend, but it's hard. "Talk to him. It's really not as scary as you're making it. He might not be my favorite person, but he loves you. And he's fucking amazing with kids, you know? If that's what you want."

"I might not even be pregnant," Shane exhales a breath he didn't even know he was holding. He supposes, the thought of not being pregnant makes him frown just as much *as* being pregnant. Because if not now, when? He doesn't want to be forty and chasing around toddlers and having a crying infant in his arms. It'd be more sensible to just do it now.

He realizes he makes it sound like a chore. It's not. Maybe some part of him is scared to admit that having Ilya's baby doesn't sound like the worst thing in the world. Not at all, really. The thought of Ilya going mushy over his tummy and hearing their baby's heartbeat is... It's certainly a thought. Having a baby that *looks* like Ilya and maybe has his curls...

Oh fuck. Maybe Shane wants this more than he thought.

“Yeah, sure. But I’m pretty sure omegas have a gut feeling about this. And like, dude, please do a fucking test before the next game. If it’s been a few months, it’s kinda risky to still be playing.”

Hayden sounds very careful as he says it because he likely knows how much Shane is going to freak out over not being able to play hockey for probably more than a year. And that’s true. He’s going to be pissed as hell. And he’s probably going to give Ilya a hard time about it without wanting to at some point. He doesn’t hate the idea, though. A baby. *Their* baby. Something entirely their own.

He really should take that pregnancy test.

9 weeks

It’s difficult to find the right moment to tell Ilya. Shane doesn’t particularly want to take the test without him, but they’ve got a game in a week and he’s got ten pregnancy tests stuck in the one bathroom cupboard that he knows Ilya never opens, and so, he thinks he may be *slightly* running out of time. By his calculations — and the pregnancy app he downloaded — he should be, *maybe*, eight or nine weeks. So not a lot, but enough to be terrified.

And quite close to the cut-off point. Shane is pretty sure he doesn’t want to do that, but what if something’s wrong with the baby? What if they’re not developing properly? What if all the hockey he’s been playing since then has fucked up his womb or whatever and he’s—

“Shane,” Ilya calls out. He’s sprinkling some dog food into Anya’s bowl as she comes running, her little feet pitter-pattering against their floors. It’s still a little surreal to Shane, sometimes, that they’re an actual married couple, and that this is their reality. Ilya frowns when he doesn’t hum in response immediately. “What’s wrong?”

“What?” Shane panics. His eyes turn wide for a moment and he tries to mask being caught. But it’s no use, Ilya knows him better than anyone. Of course he’d notice. Of course he’d just *know*. He shakes his head regardless, trying to appear nonchalant. “Nothing’s wrong. I’m watching TV.”

“Yes. Shane Rozanov just does not watch TV. So something is wrong. Tell me?”

Shane snorts at the usage of his name. It's *not* his name, decidedly. They'd hyphenated, but Ilya likes to do that. “That's not my name, Rozanov-Hollander.”

Ilya smiles, washing his hands and wiping them before he makes his way to their living room. He plops down next to Shane.

The alpha opens his arms as an invitation, and the cloying scent of alpha pheromones fills the room in the most delicious mixture. Okay, at times like this, Shane does feel every bit like an omega. But, really, it's only Ilya that makes him get this feeling. They're mated, so that may be part of it, but even before that, Ilya's scent was the only one he'd react to.

He can't resist the invitation and there's no reason for him to, so he crawls over to perch his head on his alpha's chest. It's a funny thing. *His alpha*. It's true, but it makes him no less giddy to think about.

Ilya's only wearing a pair of grey sweatpants low on his hips, so Shane lays against warm, soft skin as he breathes him in. Ilya has a very specific scent to him. It's very mild, clean, like a fresh creek. At the same time, it's dark and homey, like the forest during a full moon. Shane doesn't know how to describe it. But it's so *fucking good*.

Compared to a lot of other alpha scents that tend to make Shane's head hurt and make him feel so nauseous he could hurl, this one is perfect. He's so thankful Ilya doesn't smell like one of those headache-inducing CK colognes.

Ilya may notice that Shane pushes his nose upwards and into the crook of his neck almost manically. He doesn't comment on it, and he certainly says nothing as the omega practically rubs on him like a house cat. It's not like they haven't seen each other all day or anything. Ilya's been at home. And save for going out with Hayden a couple days ago, Shane has been too.

He just... needs this. For whatever reason. And he's glad Ilya lets him have it, placing a tender kiss on his nose as Shane scents him. Ilya always said Shane's scent reminded him of

home. Of the morning sunshine and of a warm fireplace crackling in the distance. Shane doesn't know if home refers to his cottage, but he's pretty sure that's what he means.

"You won't tell me?" Ilya asks again, his hand rubbing circles against Shane's back. It's the kind of comfort Shane can't even begin to explain. He feels utterly safe and protected like this, like nothing could ever break their bubble.

It merely sucks that he does have to break it, but he's done with beating himself up with possible scenarios. He just wants to get this over with. And hopefully come up with a solution.

If they're doing this and you know, *having a baby*, then he needs a game plan. Shane realizes, belatedly, that he's going to have to abstain from hockey immediately in that case. It's just too damn risky. Shane isn't stupid. What he's been doing for weeks now has been risky.

He had known on some level, and that might be the worst part. He had his suspicions, right after the first time he felt queasy after a press conference. Ilya's the captain, so he doesn't get invited in for interviews *as much* as he used to. He'd chalked it up to nerves at first.

But press rarely makes Shane nervous, and he'd thrown up his whole breakfast. He hadn't told Ilya about it, though. He supposes he didn't because he didn't want it to become real.

"I'm scared," he admits with a sigh. It's true. He runs his hand over Ilya's jaw, fingers against the rough texture of his alpha's coming beard. Shane can barely grow one. Ilya has to shave almost every other day. It's a funny difference.

"Of me, moya lyubov?" Ilya asks honestly. Just the fact that Ilya even considers that makes him frown. He's never been scared of Ilya, not even in the worst of their arguments. Though there haven't been many of those recently.

Shane clicks his tongue in negation, placing a soft kiss against Ilya's clavicle. He plays with the ring sitting against Ilya's crucifix in what is probably a nervous fiddle.

“No... It’s, I have to, um, I have to tell you something.”

Shane thinks it’s a good place to start. Just rip it off like a bandage, minus the stuttering. He’s doing his *best*.

“Okay. I am listening.” Ilya offers up as a reply, and his hold on Shane tightens. His hand rests against the small of his back, almost descending to his ass. Shane wants to tease him about it, but you know *what*, it’s been a week or two since they’ve had sex, so he’ll allow it.

Not for Ilya’s lack of trying, though. Shane hasn’t been feeling up for it because of the obvious, and well, Ilya isn’t a fucking asshole. Thank god.

“Well, you had your rut almost three months ago? Right?” Shane asks, mostly rhetorical. Ilya still hums in confirmation. “*Right*. So, since then, I’ve been feeling a little weird. I threw up when we played San Francisco. Uh, before the game. And then a few other times. So, I’ve been... considering that I might be...”

The word feels heavy to let out of his mouth. He’s thankful when Ilya says it instead.

“You think you’re pregnant,” Ilya finishes off for him, the word sounding less daunting by the minute.

Or maybe it’s even more daunting. Shane can’t really tell, to be fair.

“Maybe. I mean, I don’t know for sure,” Shane backtracks even though he’s pretty damn sure. Nothing else explains his symptoms. And, well, his stomach’s been getting less firm. That might be the most obvious of all. “I haven’t taken a test or anything. I don’t know what I want it to say. And I talked to Hayden about it—”

“You told *Hayden*? Before me?” Ilya frowns. He looks incredibly offended as Shane looks up at him. “Shane, you are having my baby. Not his.”

“No, I know that! Obviously! That’s why it was easier to tell him. Because it’s not his kid. But I don’t... It might just be a fluke. It’s just that if I’m already at nine-ish weeks...”

It’s a good thing Ilya is incredibly perceptive of him and maybe it’s the years they’ve been together, or maybe it’s just the fact that Ilya has always been good at reading other people, but Shane is merely thankful for it at the moment because he finds it hard to let the words leave his lips.

It’s not scary. It’s not the worst thing in the world. In fact, Shane is pretty sure he wants this. It’s an accident, *sure*, and he’s not happy about having to quit hockey for a while and stay at home and essentially do nothing, but you know. It was bound to happen if they were going to have babies the usual way.

Shane just wonders how he’s going to deal when he actually starts showing. *Fuck*. Better yet, how the hell is Ilya going to deal with it? He’s not exactly the most subtle about his attraction to his omega, never has been, and he’s the most annoying type of alpha — disgustingly in love and honest about it.

Shane is also pretty sure every goddamn alpha has a breeding kink to some degree. So, to see Shane carrying his baby, it’ll probably get him going.

“You don’t know if you want to keep it? Right?” Ilya asks, and this is why he makes things so much easier for Shane. He just says everything outright. Shane struggles with that, but with Ilya, he can just be himself. Say what he needs to say. No fuss about it. And communicating that way is easy, unless Ilya shuts down.

“No... I mean... I... Fuck, I feel terrible at this.” Shane groans, his hands flying to his face and nervously rubbing against his temple. Ilya tsks and brings them back down to his chest. His fingers lightly graze Shane’s freckles as he cups his cheek.

“You do not have to have my baby until you’re ready. Why are you stressing? Is okay.” Ilya replies like it’s the easiest thing in the world, his voice a soft croon that settles deep into Shane’s bones. He’s so weak for that accent.

Ilya's hands wrap him in a warm embrace as he peppers soft kisses alongside his jaw and cheeks, craning his own head to reach. Shane lifts his head up if only to make it easier and *obvious* that he wants to be kissed properly. Ilya grins, lazy and in love and he presses his lips against Shane's.

It's languid and slow, and when Ilya's tongue slips into his mouth Shane can do nothing but let out a quiet little moan into the warm quiet of the room. Ilya doesn't take note of the way he chases after his lips when they separate, and instead pulls Shane even tighter to him, flipping them so they're facing each other.

"But you want a baby. *Babies*, even. I'm pretty sure you want a lot of them." Shane bites his lip. It's not like he doesn't either. He thinks three might be a nice number. Hayden has four. Four seems excessive.

Being pregnant three times means multiple years out of hockey, though. And that... He'll basically be at retirement age by then. If not already retired. It makes him feel queasy.

"Yes," Ilya shrugs. He's taking this thing much more in stride than Shane thought he would. "I love babies. I think seeing you pregnant would be great. But I don't want it if you are not ready. I do not want anyone else to be having my baby, so. Unless you're ready, I'm okay with you doing what you want. Is your body?"

"Now I feel ridiculous about not telling you."

"You thought I would care? Shane, I love you. Babies are bonus, if we have them. I'm okay like this."

They are a bonus. It's true. But even then, just the thought of *not* having any makes Shane's stomach churn again. He does want babies with Ilya. That much he hopes is obvious. And, realistically, their careers aren't slowing down yet, but they surely will be soon. They've got the room, and they've got the money, so really, that's the hard part solved.

Shane just hasn't given it much thought before this, but his brain has been all *babybabybabybaby* for a few weeks now, so it's impossible to ignore.

Maybe being pregnant wouldn't be so bad. He has a feeling Ilya would be really cute about it. It's just that he's not used to the idea. The thought of not being able to even workout and live his day-to-day life as usual is jarring.

But... a baby. With Ilya's eye color. Maybe his own freckles. Would they have his dark hair or Ilya's golden locks? Genetically, probably his dark hair. Still, Shane hopes they'd have Ilya's curls.

God. He doesn't even know if he's pregnant yet. His brain is a mess.

"But if I am pregnant—"

"Yes, Hollander, I would be pretty fucking happy. Scared but happy." Ilya grunts, rolling his eyes playfully. Hearing the confirmation makes it a lot easier on Shane, though. He knew Ilya would be happy, because, like Hayden said, he's fucking great with kids. Better than Shane, probably.

He hums, tucking closer to Ilya and burrowing his nose into the alpha's scent gland. He smells so good. He's never smelled *this* good before. Maybe Shane really is pregnant. He'd read somewhere that omegas find their alphas even more delectable when they are carrying their baby. Maybe that's what it is.

"Scared?"

"I'm used to playing hockey with you. And you are just always *there*. I don't know if I could leave you at home. I know you would not feel great either," Ilya explains. Shane frowns, because yes. It would be hard. He'd be all alone and watching Ilya on the screen at home and he'd be pretty fucking pregnant.

Not to mention how difficult it would be for him to not be on the ice, but even the fact that Ilya wouldn't be here is enough to make him frown. He isn't needy, not at *all*, he's always been headstrong and stubborn, if anything, but it's different. He would need Ilya more, just in the role of an alpha.

"I mean, sure. But I already feel bad that I've still been playing if I am pregnant. Like, what if I damaged something... Or—" Shane blurts out his worries into the alpha's neck, voice shaky. The thought of having hurt their baby — even unintentionally — makes his head hurt.

"They are fine. They are safe in there. OK? I would know if something was wrong. I would feel it and you would too."

Shane knows that, realistically. They're mated and Ilya would be able to tell if something was wrong. Hell, it's unusual that he isn't able to tell if Shane is pregnant yet. Well, not really unusual, considering Shane uses scent blockers during the season. It's just easier.

The league is full of alphas as it is, and even if he is mated, Ilya's prone to possessiveness and jealousy. He doesn't even like the fact that he can't smell Shane's natural scent most of the time. It would be even worse if he could smell him, and so could other alphas.

Alpha violence is juvenile, but in a sport like theirs, it's pretty dangerous, too. And Ilya is protective enough of the people he loves as is, without the alpha counterpart coming into the picture.

"Do you know if I am...? Can you tell?" Shane asks just to be sure. He thinks Ilya definitely would have brought it up, and he'd only stopped using his blockers once he had realized he was throwing up most mornings. It's a miracle Ilya didn't catch on before this.

Maybe he did, but didn't want to spook Shane into sharing until he was ready. That seems like something Ilya Rozanov would do. Shane's got the energy of a baby deer in headlights. He's aware of it.

"Maybe if you were farther along. I don't know, you smell a little different. But it could be nothing, Shane! It really isn't a big deal, okay? These things happen. We will be fine."

Ilya has this way of putting things very lightly. Usually, it relaxes Shane. This time, it doesn't. It's a big deal to him. A huge deal, even. So, he huffs, and untangles himself from Ilya. The alpha releases something that sounds like a grunt at the movement, and Shane shoves his prominent chest.

Stupid alpha tits. Whatever.

"It's a pretty big fucking deal, *Jesus*, Ilya."

"Okay. Sorry. Don't be upset, come on. I know you are scared. But I will hold your hand while you pee and everything." Ilya shoots him a crooked grin, sitting up on the sofa to follow Shane. He pulls him closer until Shane's all but straddling his lap.

"*Ilya*," Shane sighs, mentally overwhelmed and fucking tired. He doesn't even fight it when Ilya shushes him like a baby and pulls him close to his scent gland. Shane licks it, feeling more animalistic than ever.

Shit, Ilya smells really good. That's all that comes to mind.

The second thought that comes to mind is that he really needs him. *This*. The touching, the intimacy, everything. Ilya kissing him. Holding him like a baby. Telling him it'll be fine. And that's still somewhat embarrassing to accept for Shane, even in all their years of being with each other.

The third thought makes him spiral and he can't really stop the tears that start falling from his eyes. He's quiet about it except for a sole, lonely whimper that gets muffled by the warmth of Ilya's skin. Shane can physically feel him frown as he realizes there are tears wetting his skin.

He's pregnant. Shane Hollander is without a doubt, a sobbing, hormonal, pregnant mess. And not being able to deny it anymore is not fun.

Shane refuses to let him lift his head up and see him. Ilya tries anyway. Shane almost hisses at him, and it takes Ilya but a moment to sink his teeth back into the imprint of them he'd left on his scent gland years ago. Shane gasps, but the bone-deep ache that's been following him finally fades away as Ilya licks over the mark.

"Shh," Ilya croons as he swipes his tongue over the little blood that seeps out. It's nothing that'll hurt Shane, but an alpha's canines usually do wonders to satiate that bond flowing between them. Ilya knows it because of course he does. Not the first time he's done it. "You're stressing yourself out so much. I'm right here, sweetheart. We can just take a test, yes? I'm here."

Shane nods mutely, mostly because he doesn't want to sound even more pathetic, sniffing against the alpha's shoulder.

"Do you need me to go buy—" Ilya starts, but Shane shakes his head before he can finish.

"I bought like, uh, 10. They're in the bathroom. I just..."

He wants to justify himself for not taking them. He wants to make sure Ilya knows that he isn't devastated about this, but that would be a lie. Hockey is everything he knows, really. And he's had a great couple of years with the Centaurs. Playing with Ilya has been amazing. He's... happy.

As much as that animalistic, primal, omega side of him jumps at the prospect of finally carrying his alpha's baby, Shane can't share the enthusiasm yet because he hates jumping head first. He hates being unprepared, and there's no way they could've prepared for something like this.

"Shane," Ilya says carefully. He separates Shane from where the omega has been sniffing into his shoulder, tipping his chin up. His hazel eyes look at him with seriousness. "Do you want this? Or is too much? Because, we'll go to a hospital tomorrow. It does not matter, OK? Whatever you need."

Shane's lips form into a tight line. He knows it's an option, and fuck, a few years ago, he wouldn't have even hesitated.

But it's Ilya. And he wants to give him a family. Give *them* a family. Not out of obligation, and not because he feels like it's expected of them. But because he thinks it would be really, really nice to hear the pitter patter of socked feet along the hallway to their bedroom, and it would be really nice to wake up to their babies sneaking into bed with them just because they wanted to cuddle.

He doesn't know when 'baby' changed into 'babies', but it's not as hard as he thought it would be to come to a decision within himself. Just the fact that he's unsure makes him realize it's only the fear that he's going to be doing this alone feeding into his hesitation. He's not alone, though.

Shane is never going to be alone, especially not in this situation they've found themselves in, and that comforts him greatly. Because he knows Ilya is going to do amazing. Ilya is *already* an amazing alpha. Shane doesn't need to question that part of it at all. His struggle is mostly internal.

Shane nods in response, and he swipes his hand over Ilya's cheek, cupping it. "Yeah. Yes," he takes a deep breath to steady himself. "I think, even if I'm not, I'd like it if we... started trying. Or whatever."

"Or whatever?" Ilya teases, biting back a smirk. Shane groans and rolls his eyes, unable to help it. "Oh, you just want your alpha to knot you so bad. Is okay. Understandable, I mean."

"You are *such* a fucking asshole." Shane exhales through his nose, containing a laugh and Ilya's annoying grin intensifies.

"I'll give you a baby, Hollander," Ilya rasps as he inches closer. Their noses bump against one another, and he takes Shane's bottom lip between his teeth, tugging before wrapping them both in a kiss.

“If I didn’t already knock you up.” Ilya hums between kisses. Shane should find the wording appalling, really. It’s crude. He’s a good boy, and he thinks pregnancy is a beautiful thing.

But it is *kind of* hot to think about it beyond the panic. Ilya getting him pregnant. *Knocking him up*. Breeding him, whatever. He thinks about when it happened. Maybe it wasn’t even the rut. Could’ve been that time they went at least three times until 2 AM and had practice the next day. Not a smart or mature idea, but still.

Ilya had fucked him on their kitchen counters two months ago, too. It was the middle of the night, and Shane had felt achingly horny, so he’d let himself get roped into getting fucked where they eat. Unsanitary, but he’d come so fucking hard it was embarrassing.

It’s not like it’s hard to talk him into fucking in unsavory places. They’ve done worse. Maybe it should worry him, what good dick makes him act like.

The alpha can probably scent the way the memories of them having sex get Shane riled up, and he’s not *horny* about it, not at all, but he knows Ilya can detect even the slightest change. And it’s been two weeks. Shane misses it, but they have to be careful about this.

Ilya starts kissing down his neck, and then begins to lift his t-shirt up, which is definitely not safe territory. Shane can barely remember what they were supposed to be doing, but he figures it’s time to get responsible, so he pushes at the alpha’s head. Ilya frowns.

“Test. Doctor to tell us if I fucked up our baby by playing hockey. Sex if we’re allowed. Okay?”

Ilya smiles at him, lazy and comforting. He nods along anyway, kissing the corner of Shane’s mouth instead. “Our baby is fine. You would *know*, Shane. I would know too.”

Shane does know it would be more than obvious if something was wrong. He’s chronically worried, though. And he’d never forgive himself if it was his fault.

So, he merely shakes off Ilya's words, and his own deprecating thoughts, because there's no use getting caught up in them. He gets off Ilya's lap, gesturing in the general area of their downstairs bathroom. "Test."

"Can I hold your dick while you pee?" Ilya suggests, completely serious as he joins Shane on his feet.

Shane shoots him a look, but he doesn't react more than that. Ilya laughs at him. "You might be a father. You want our baby to hear you saying that, Rozanov?"

"They've heard worse," Ilya shrugs. "It's not like Daddy and Papa will stop having sex just because you're pregnant. Is hot. You. Waddling. Pregnant."

"Jesus Christ, Ilya."

9 weeks

"There are two lines on all of them, Shane."

"Mm."

Shane stands with his back leaning against their bathroom sink. He stares at the floor like he can't look at the tests, but he had known what they would say long before taking them. He'd known even weeks ago, probably. His hand subconsciously descends to his stomach over his shirt, and there's nothing to note there.

It's flat. Maybe a little softer than usual, but they just had dinner a while ago. He's still got abs. It's no different than months ago when pregnancy was the last thing on his mind. But this time, he's aware that he's growing a baby.

Ilya tries to be mindful of him, for his sake, maybe, because Shane is aware he looks miserable and mostly that is because not getting to play hockey fucking *sucks*, but he still positively glows at the thought of them having a baby and that just makes Shane even more sure he's made the right choice.

"This one says 'Pregnant 1-2+', whatever that means," Ilya smiles sheepishly, turning one of the tests towards Shane. Shane nods at it, and Ilya places it back down onto the counter.

"Like, uh, I'm more than two months." Shane explains. He's done his research, for some of it. He knows it's unlikely he'll be showing anytime soon because he's a professional athlete and there's a whole bunch of muscle there that won't *immediately* just turn into a belly bump.

It will at some point, though. Telling people is going to be interesting, that's for sure.

"Oh. Okay," Ilya licks his lips. He chooses his words carefully, and that makes the omega want to frown. He doesn't want Ilya to feel like he's walking on eggshells. He wants this. He just... hates that there's so much on the line. It's a lot to think about alongside growing a baby. "That is early, yes?"

"Kinda, I guess." Shane shrugs. Early enough, yes, but still basically three months. He's not throwing up as avidly anymore so he must be out of the first trimester by some margin. Maybe.

"We should—, no, I will tell Coach Wiebe." Ilya shakes his head, like he distantly remembers he doesn't want to put Shane under more stress. He stands besides Shane, and for once in his life, Ilya looks... awkward. Out of place. Like he's not sure what to do next. Shane is familiar with that feeling, but Ilya surely isn't.

It's only natural because this is new to both of them. The only touch they've had with babies was with Hayden's kids, and even that was only for sporadic babysitting. Shane's gaze fixates on him, and he can't help but smile. If Ilya was less scared, he'd maybe say something like *'If Hayden can do it, anyone can do it'* but as he stays quiet, Shane moves closer to him.

“Ilya.” He calls out, and Ilya’s nervous scent in the air does little to calm him, but he finds it sweet anyway, that he’s nervous. Absent-mindedly, he wonders whether Ilya is thinking about his own parents now. If he’s scared because this is now very real, and he’s got no real example to hold onto.

Shane thinks he has no reason to be scared. Ilya is going to be an amazing father, and that’s not something Shane needs to even consider. If he had any doubts in his mind, they would not be doing this. It would be a whole different story. But Shane wants this because it *is* with Ilya. He wouldn’t let anyone else get him pregnant, although Ilya’s the only one that’s had that possibility for a decade now.

“Hm?” Ilya turns towards Shane, wrapping his arms around his waist and interlocking them. Shane, in turn, wraps his own around the back of Ilya’s neck, and he kisses the alpha’s nose, before placing a long peck on his lips.

“I’m... I’m happy. About this. *Really.*” Shane reassures as they separate, licking his lips. He can still taste Ilya on them, and *god*, they kinda need to have sex soon. It’s been too long for them. If the way Ilya pulls him even closer so they’re all but flush together is any indication, he thinks he may feel the same.

“Yes?” Ilya’s hazel eyes are wide and hopeful as he hums in response.

“Yeah... I mean, I think it’s... it’s a good time for it, right? A little inconvenient, but when would it be convenient?”

“Shane, I’m really fucking happy if you are. Do not worry about me. I’ve always wanted to be a dad. We have just... never really talked about it.” Ilya explains, getting distracted by dragging his nose against Shane’s scent gland and placing featherlight kisses alongside it.

It makes Shane want to *whimper*. He’s a mess.

“Well, you’re gonna be a dad.”

“You, too. Scary?” Ilya grins, a little less stiff now that he’s got his hands all over the omega’s body and their scents freely mingling in the air. It’s been a while since Shane’s been off scent blockers for this long, so he can’t help but sigh, either, at how much more calm he feels being able to just be *this*.

Normal mated couple. Kissing, cuddling, cooking together. Having a baby, apparently. He loves their normalcy and he knows Ilya does too. Ilya loves his boring.

“I’m going to miss so much hockey stuff.” Shane can’t help but frown, lips in a tight line. He sighs as he rests his face in the crook of the alpha’s neck, resisting the urge to nibble on it with his teeth.

“*Hollander.*” Ilya huffs out a laugh, lifting Shane’s chin up so he can stare down at his brown eyes. He kisses a lonesome freckle by his eye, and he embraces the omega tighter to him.

“If you make it to the play-offs while I’m having your fucking baby, I’ll murder you.”

Ilya sighs into Shane’s hair, squeezing him tighter. Shane wraps his arms around Ilya’s nape in turn, and he can feel the shaky breath Ilya lets out. He must be scared out of his mind. Shane knows he is.

“Okay, moya lyubov. I will make sure that doesn’t happen.”

16 weeks

Shane fucking despises hockey.

It’s a lie. Maybe. Right now, he mostly hates Ilya. And he hates the Ottawa Centaurs. *And Coach Wiebe.* And whoever the fuck thought having them play away games for two weeks would be swell. All the important games haven’t been scheduled yet, so Shane should by all means be grateful to rest at home, but the thought that he should be out there with Ilya doesn’t leave his mind.

Basically, Shane Hollander, all of four months pregnant and starting to show, is more grumpy than usual, and he certainly doesn't like leaving his house.

That doesn't mean he can't be mad at Ilya for doing his job because he can and he will be. He got him pregnant in the first place, so this is all his fault. He should be taking responsibility for it, at the very least.

Ilya does try to stay at home. Shane doesn't let him. There's technically a clause in their contracts that does allow him to stay at home with Shane just because he's pregnant and they're mated, but the omega thinks it's overkill. He can spend a few days alone and take care of himself. He's not unable to do shit just because he's got a bump now.

It's a sort of bump. It's not noticeable unless you really try to look, and Ilya's the only one who's seen it anyway. Their teammates know — Luca Haas looked at him with wide eyes *the entire day* after they told them —, Shane's parents know, and obviously Hayden and Jackie. It's not as if they're advertising it to the world yet anyway.

The doctor overlooking their pregnancy recognized them as soon as they walked into the examination room and even though he'd desperately tried to hide the recognition in his face, not mentioning the hockey part at all, both of them could tell. Ilya made a few off-handed teasing comments which had elicited many looks from Shane.

“Baby is completely fine, Mr. Hollander— uh, Rozanov? They’re even a little big for 10 weeks, so they must take after their dad.” Their doctor had said, referring to Ilya, and Ilya had looked so fucking fond as he held Shane’s hand and looked at the ultrasound screen. Shane had desperately tried to not let tears slip onto his cheeks.

So, now, at 16 weeks, Shane is a little more experienced with this whole thing. He knows what to expect, he's not throwing up as much, he's kinda tired all the time, but at least he can eat and function normally to a point.

He's cooking himself dinner when he sees the FaceTime call pop up on his phone. He props his phone up against a salt shaker, and answers it mindlessly as he jumps around the kitchen.

He misses Ilya, so he's making himself chicken parmesan. Because obviously that reminds him of the alpha.

Ilya does not need to *know* just how much he misses him, though. Shane tries to appear nonchalant as Ilya shows up on the screen, freshly showered with wet curls lining his face. He looks mouthwatering good, droplets of water dribbling down his naked chest. His crucifix rests against his clavicle, and Shane swallows hard.

"Hello my снежок," Ilya grins, obviously so stupidly happy at seeing Shane. The omega can't help but smile back despite himself. It's hard to feign being upset when he wants Ilya here so badly.

"Snowball doesn't even make sense. Why?" Shane shakes his head as he leans against the counter to look at Ilya better.

"Because you are Canadian and pregnant," Ilya shrugs like it's obvious.

"Amazing," Shane deadpans, lips in a line. He goes to fetch his oven mitts to check on the chicken parmesan in the oven. Ilya looks content to just watch him, and Shane keeps quiet in order to not say something stupid like 'I miss you' or 'Come back please' or 'Where are all your used shirts and stuff because I want to nest so bad it's killing me'.

"I miss you," Ilya sighs. He shakes the remaining water out of his hair and Shane smiles as he pops back into frame. "Does baby miss me?"

Shane follows Ilya's eyes downwards, and he realizes he's been keeping his hand against his stomach purely out of habit. He's been doing it a lot more lately. He strokes against the bump and sighs as he realizes how much he wants Ilya to be doing it instead. "Maybe they do. I miss *you*. Waking up alone sucks."

"I know, sweetheart," Ilya frowns, running a hand through his curly hair. It's a nervous habit Shane has picked up on him doing over the years. "What are you making?"

“Dinner,” Shane explains. He takes his phone and flips the camera to the back to show Ilya the dish in the oven. “Chicken parm. It’s almost done.”

“Good. You need to eat more.”

“I’ve already cut back on my working out because everything *hurts*. Stop trying to make me retire early.”

“No, I mean...” Ilya looks like he’s mildly panicking, but the truth of the matter is that Shane is mostly fine with things changing now. It’s inevitable and he wants to have a baby. He’s already started compiling pictures of what he wants the nursery to look like, because he’s *very* bored. The only thing he does when Ilya’s gone is rest and watch movies and do some yoga if he feels up for it.

He watches Ilya’s games if they’re not aired too late, and that’s it. It’s so mundane it makes him feel extremely lazy and boring, but it’s not like he can do *much* more. He has been really tired lately. That’s a second trimester symptom, Shane knows.

Not the baby’s fault. Shane will blame their father for it.

Shane smiles as he places his phone back down on the counter and flips the camera around to face him. “I’m joking. It’s fine. When do you fly back?”

“Tomorrow morning, I think.”

“Okay. Should I come pick you up?”

“No,” Ilya shakes his head. “I will get Troy to drive. He drove to the airport.”

Shane nods his head, humming. “Hey, good game today.”

“Was boring,” he replies. “Everyone misses you. The guys. Mostly me. But we all miss you.”

“You didn’t need me out there at all today.” Shane scoffs, waving him off. He puts his oven mitts back on and bends down to take the chicken parm out the oven, placing it down to cool on the stove.

“I always need you,” Ilya shrugs. “Is more fun when you’re there. The rest of the guys are good, fine, whatever. But you are talented, Hollander. You do not need me to tell you that.”

Shane flushes, unable to fight the smile appearing on his face. It makes Ilya grin wider too. He nods towards the meal cooling to the side of him. “Want to eat dinner together?”

“Yes. I will order room service.”

Shane plates his dinner and takes Ilya with him to the sofa. Usually they only use the sofa when it’s been a long day, but to Shane, any day has been long when he’s all alone. He puts on some Hallmark Christmas movie he doesn’t really care about, and mostly spends the rest of his meal talking to his alpha.

At one point, Anya joins them to try and beg food off of Shane, and Ilya tells her off over the phone because *‘she has a sensitive stomach’*, which Shane can only roll his eyes to. They talk about nothing and everything, and it’s mostly just comforting to have him there, even if he’s physically away.

Shane asks him about the weather in Florida, and whether Harris and Troy have set the date for their wedding yet. Ilya asks him if he’s been taking Anya for her walks and if he’s been throwing up again in his absence.

Truthfully, having Ilya away does make his pregnancy symptoms worse. He feels nauseous more often, he’s a lot more tired, and overall has a general feeling of anxiety, but the doctor says that that’s normal, and Shane supposes that’s the reason they have that *clause* in their contract anyway.

He doesn't tell Ilya the truth, merely because there's nothing he can do about it now, hours away from their home. The fresh air he gets from walking Anya helps, and he tries to keep himself busy with things so he doesn't spend the whole day wallowing in pity that he can't even play hockey anymore *and* he feels awful. He can't lie and say it doesn't make him feel really happy when he feels butterflies in his stomach, though.

He's *pretty* sure it's the baby. Nothing else it could be, but it's pretty early for them to be moving around in there. Shane attributes it to the fact that Ilya's away and they're protesting about it. They miss their papa just as much as Shane misses his alpha.

"Hey," Shane calls out, when it's already been an hour and they've been on the call for way too long. Usually, they'd have phone sex or something, but the baby has made that sort of difficult. Mostly because he doesn't feel great when Ilya's not around. Ilya's eyes bore into him from the screen. "Let's assemble the crib when you get home. It'll be in our room for the first few months, right?"

Ilya looks happy beyond words at that. It sometimes makes Shane want to cry because of how excited he seems to be at the prospect of having a baby with him. "Yes. Don't do it without me, OK?"

Shane snorts. "I can't lift heavy shit up by myself, you know that. Pretty sure that's like, Pregnancy 101."

Ilya shrugs, because he knows they're both well-aware Shane would still try, if not for the fact that common sense wins in this situation. "Are you going to sleep soon?"

"Yeah, I guess. Anya's gonna keep me company." Shane reaches for her fluffy ears and pets her as she scoots closer to him. Ever since Ilya's been able to smell the pregnancy in his scent, she's been able to, too. And has since been more protective of him, for some reason. Shane thinks it's funny. Like father, like daughter.

"Yes. I miss you," Ilya sighs again, forlorn. He seems genuinely sad that he's not able to keep Shane company. Shane wishes there was more he could do for both of them, but he's too

stubborn to tell Ilya to, you know, skip a few games. Make use of the fact that they have a good, lenient team when it comes to personal things. “I love you so much, Shane.”

“I love you,” he says instead. He kisses two of his fingers before pointing them at the phone screen. Ilya positively melts, his eyes turning unbelievably soft. “Go sleep. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“I love baby too,” Ilya adds. “Tell them that.”

“They know. Trust me.”

Shane’s hand stays on his belly the rest of the night.

Not a proper bump yet, the omega is pretty adamant on that, but the baby he’s growing in there sure can tell when their Papa and Daddy are happy. It’s almost jarring.

20 weeks

They’re having a baby girl.

They found out together at the last doctor’s appointment. They didn’t want to make a big deal of it because a gender reveal didn’t seem like it would be something Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov would do, but they’d both been pretty psyched anyway. It had been intimate more than anything, so Shane’s not sure he would have even wanted anyone else there.

Ilya was incredibly happy. Worried, too, because, *‘How will we ever raise a girl, Shane? We will spoil her rotten.’* to which Shane had just smiled. He’s not really worried about that part because he thinks they’re going to be good at this parenting thing.

And... truthfully, life has kind of been way too peaceful to be true. Save for the fact that it’s game season and Ilya’s around less than either of them want him to be, all the moments

they've been able to spend together have been utter bliss. Because when Ilya's around, Shane's pregnancy ailments are close to none, and he can enjoy the intimacy of just being around his alpha.

Ilya has been spoiling him. He's more affectionate than ever, and that's saying something, because they're both very tactile when they're alone as is. Shane has an inkling this is also to do with the fact that the doctor gave them the go-ahead for sex and whatever they want to do.

Initially, he'd wanted to check that everything was fine with Shane and the baby and that the playing hockey part didn't do any damage to the way they were developing, so there had been a handful of appointments where he'd gotten all kinds of tests done. He'd been nervous as hell, and he hadn't let Ilya attend all of them with him in favor of attending games.

Ilya had been really mad about that. And Shane knows it's somewhat of a defense mechanism, not letting Ilya be there for everything. Maybe it's some kind of pettiness, like, *if I can't play hockey, then you will*. Shane is trying to do better in that department because it's getting harder to tell Ilya to go to their games and have a great time. He doesn't want that, especially not when some days are so hard, to just be on his own.

Not physically so much as mentally. It's taxing to not be able to do the thing he loves most, and though he's made peace with it and knows it's for their baby's well-being, it's lonely. And it's not the same to just call Hayden or Jackie or his parents or whoever. He wants Ilya, and being stubborn about the fact will get him nowhere.

"You are thinking about something else while your hot alpha husband is still inside you, Hollander," Ilya breathes out, out of breath as he shoots the omega a crooked grin. They're both sweaty and panting into each other's mouths, but Shane can't resist pulling Ilya into another long, passionate kiss. When they separate, Ilya brushes his hair out of his face. "My knot not good enough?"

"Fuck off," Shane huffs. He can't really complain because Ilya had fucked the living daylight out of him. He'd been gentler than usual, to give him some credit, but the pregnancy is probably making Shane even more horny, because he kind of wants to bottle Ilya's sweaty, alpha pheromones right now, and he hasn't had that thought before.

Ilya spoons him from behind, and true to his word, his knot tugs at his rim with each movement in a desperate flurry to be even closer to each other. Shane shivers each time it does. Ilya's cock is big, yes, but his knot's even bigger, and when Shane is being stretched open like this, he just feels like the luckiest fucking omega alive.

The alpha doesn't even have to try to reach his prostate. He always manages to hit it *anyway*. But Shane supposes it's good that he does know how to use his dick, too. Slow, languid, *deep* thrusts that make Shane's knees weak. Sometimes, playing hockey because of it proves to be difficult, but he supposes he doesn't have that to worry about right now.

Ilya chuckles, and he can't stop kissing Shane everywhere, which the omega has no qualms about. He licks at his neck more insistently than ever, all the while his hand remains softly against Shane's bump. It's a teeny-tiny thing, but it's round now, he supposes. Ilya fucking *loves* it. Shane is pretty sure he would just have him naked all the time to be able to see it.

Alphas and their breeding kinks or the nasty breeding kink that's specific to Ilya Rozanov. Shane does not know. But he's not innocent about the fact, either. He supposes Ilya's just proud of his work. Shane, feeling the effects of his work, is a little less.

Still, the large hand resting against his abdomen feels more safe than anything else has felt in a while. It's nice to have someone who Shane feels like he can entirely rely on, who won't judge him, and will unabashedly give him what he needs.

Recently, that's been a whole lot of cuddling, and any kind of touching, really. He's not sure how Ilya manages, because Shane wants to stick to him like a second skin. It's truly out of his control, though. It's the baby, and he knows that because while that feeling *is* present usually, it's not as apparent as it has been. Shane is unable to resist it.

"Is weird," Ilya offhandedly murmurs against his nape. His canines drag against soft skin, and Shane shivers in delight. "How much more, uh, I feel like I have to keep you safe? Does that make sense?"

Shane hums as Ilya's hand slowly rubs circles along his bump. His eyes close because he almost feels like purring with how relaxed he is. He's got Ilya all around him, they're touching *everywhere*, he's still inside him, pumping him full of cum, and Shane's also carrying his baby. It's... the closest he's felt to him, probably.

“Protective. You feel a lot more protective.”

“*Da*. That,” Ilya nods along. His hand moves upwards, and stays on his pec for a moment before squeezing. Shane can tell what he’s going to ask the moment he hears him open his mouth. “Do you think you will—”

Shane can’t shove him because they’re literally stuck together but that thought stays at the forefront of his mind. Instead, he pulls Ilya’s hand away. The alpha almost turns whiny, and Shane just sighs, exasperated.

“All omegas do. Most of the time.” Shane says instead. Ilya’s hand returns to his stomach, and his hips cant up the slightest bit, making Shane softly gasp with pleasure of feeling his alpha so *deep*.

“They are going to get so big.” Ilya sounds genuinely amazed as he says it. Shane knows he’s right and it’s going to be a whole thing to get Ilya off of him when he *does* get to that stage of pregnancy, but he has a feeling by then he won’t be embarrassed about it, because Ilya always makes him feel so fucking good it’s hard to feel anything else.

“Ilya.”

“What? They are already big! Just imagine with—”

“Pervert.” Shane shakes his head in bewilderment.

“I’m *not* the pervert here. What was it you were saying ten minutes ago?” Ilya pretends to think, his lips touching the shell of the omega’s ear as he whispers, eliciting goosebumps on Shane’s skin at the low tone. “*Oh, Ilya, come inside me. You’re so deep, Ilya. Pleasepleaseplease. Fill me up. Knock me up, fuck—*”

“You are such a fucking asshole,” Shane rolls his eyes, ignoring the blush appearing on his cheeks. Despite his words, his hand joins atop Ilya’s on his belly, and he can physically feel Ilya crumble with softness against him.

Time goes by in a blur after a while. It takes a long time for Ilya’s knot to go down, usually, and he’s always said it’s a Shane-only thing, that it was never that way with previous partners. Shane doesn’t know if he’s saying that to make him feel less jealous, but you know. It *does* take a while, and knotting is unnecessarily intimate. He thinks younger Ilya wouldn’t have enjoyed it.

At some point, his knot does go down to where he can pull out without hurting the omega, and Shane feels a ball of panic descend into his throat. He doesn’t know why, but just the thought of Ilya pulling out makes him want to burst into tears. And he doesn’t know what to do about it.

Ilya makes no move to pull out yet, but Shane knows he will at some point, and the thought of leaking all his cum, the thought of being so *empty* makes Shane’s scent turn bitter in the air. He tries his best to control it because he realizes he’s being ridiculous, that Ilya is right there and isn’t leaving him, but he can’t stop the feeling of despair spreading.

Ilya notices, because it’s Ilya, and because he can smell any change in his scent easily. Especially when it’s such a sharp contrast to how sweet and delicious Shane had smelled just a few moments ago.

“What is wrong?” He frowns, his lips puckering against Shane’s scent gland to comfort him. His hand protectively lays against the omega’s bump, and he holds Shane as close to himself as he can. He nudges his chin with his nose, a sign that he wants Shane to turn around so he could give him a kiss. He does then, but his eyes are glossy. Ilya’s eyebrows furrow. “Sweetheart. What is wrong?”

“It’s stupid,” Shane shakes his head. It *is* stupid. It’s needy and he doesn’t act like this if he’s not in heat and his thoughts aren’t clouded by lust and arousal and need, and he’s merely being overly emotional right now. It feels embarrassing to share because how the hell can you explain, ‘Oh, I don’t want you to pull out because that feels like you’re gonna leave me and our baby and I hate it’?

It's morbid, even.

Ilya brushes their noses together, his hand moving to cup Shane's cheek. Shane closes his eyes with a sigh. "Shane. Don't do this. Tell me."

"I just..." Shane turns his head so he doesn't have to look at Ilya. He murmurs the words quickly enough so Ilya has no time to crack jokes about his predicament. "I don't want you to pull out. It makes me feel weird, and I *know* it makes no sense, but I—"

"Okay."

"Okay?" Shane scrunches his eyebrows, now turning his head back to look at Ilya. He smiles at Shane as he looks at him, big brown eyes filled with confusion.

"Yes. Okay. Why would I make fun of you for something you need? You are having my baby, it's fair."

"Yeah," Shane says as if to convince himself. Realistically, he knows Ilya would never make fun of him for something serious. But, it's hard to navigate his emotions when it's the first time he's ever *dealt* with anything like this with a sane mind. It's easy when he's in heat because he can hardly think straight then. "Yes. That's... yeah."

"Turn around," Ilya says then, motioning for him to turn so they can face each other. Shane panics at the thought of the alpha having to pull out for that to happen. Ilya immediately reads that on his face, and he softly maneuvers Shane around himself. His cock does slip out some, no thanks to the omega slick everywhere, but he slides back home once satisfied. "Okay? See? Everything is okay, sweetheart."

Shane sighs, nodding his head. He lays his head into the crook of Ilya's neck, arms wrapping around the alpha's nape. Ilya lifts one of his legs onto his hip, and slides his hand down to his back dimples.

“Thank you,” he says, words eluding him. “I know things have been a lot lately. I think it’s just that I miss you, and the baby misses you, and it’s hard.”

“Ask me to stay and I will. I don’t want to be away from you.”

“No,” Shane shakes his head, his voice nothing more than a murmur as he turns utterly sleepy in that moment. He’s warm, cozy, and his alpha’s pheromones surround him like a warm lullaby, lulling him to sleep. “You’re the captain. They… need you.”

A yawn escapes Shane. Ilya kisses his dark hair at the sound, fond.

“You also need me, Shane. And you are more important. Both of you.”

“I know, but…”

“You are sleepy. It’s okay for now. But we will talk about it, yes?”

Shane doesn’t remember if Ilya continues talking by then, dozing off to sleep with a slight purr in his chest. He feels so *safe*.

24 weeks

“Do you think we should give her a Japanese name?”

Ilya asks on one of his very *few* days home recently. They’re sitting on the sofa watching TV with Anya. Ilya’s got him leaning against his chest, Shane sitting between his legs, while Anya’s head rests on the alpha’s thigh. Shane revels in the normalcy of it all, because Ilya has been away from home for two weeks at this point. And it had been utter fucking psychological torture.

Of course that's not what he tells Ilya. Because he knows Ilya would be upset and mad and they'd probably argue because Shane is stubborn when it comes to hockey and he knows he wouldn't let up. It's just getting to a point where it's *hard* to be without the alpha who got him pregnant. That's all.

He misses his scent when he's away. He scours the house for used clothes and boxers and shirts and every gross thing that smells exactly like Ilya. Anya judgmentally looks at him as she follows him around the house every time he does it. But Shane is so lonely and upset every time Ilya leaves. And he *knows* it's his job. And, sure, he *is* mildly jealous that he can't be there with him.

At this point, though, it's not even that. He just needs Ilya there. He doesn't care about the hockey stuff. He's got a proper belly bump now, and the baby's been kicking, and she always tends to kick more when Ilya isn't there to calm her down. Shane can barely calm himself down, and he's freaking out about everything as is.

So, every time Ilya is here with him, even if it's just for a measly day, he tries his best to put on a brave face, and not scent him within an inch of his life. Ilya doesn't seem to mind having a lapful of clingy omega, so at least there's that. He must miss him, too. Even now, he keeps one hand firmly on the bump, and the baby's finally not trying to shift his organs like she has been for the past few weeks.

She must be happy Papa's home. *God*. She's going to love Ilya so much. She loves him already.

"I mean, if you want," Shane hums. He hasn't given it that much thought, but he's always kind of leaned into Russian names. Not for any reason other than the fact that he thinks it would be really sweet for her to have a piece of Ilya everywhere she went, but he supposes that must be Ilya's reasoning too.

"I thought you would want to," Ilya shrugs, playing with Shane's hair absentmindedly. Shane leans into it, feeling warm and comfy and perfect. Just them, their baby, and Anya. Something of a family. He's really happy he can give Ilya this. "I hope she'll look like you, you know. I'm sure she will get your eyes."

And *oh*. He figured Ilya would want the baby to look like him in some regard, solely because Shane feels the same way. He really wants her to get Ilya's curls, if nothing else. But just hearing him say it feels a lot more real. Like, this little being that's going to be living with them in a few months is going to be part Ilya, part Shane. It's difficult to even comprehend.

"Why does she have to look like me?" Shane asks, lifting his head to look up at Ilya, and placing a soft kiss against his jaw.

"Because you are so pretty, Hollander. And she is going to be the prettiest."

Ilya accompanies the words with a quick kiss against Shane's freckles. He has a feeling Ilya would want their baby to inherit those, too. Honestly, beyond wishful thinking, he hasn't given it much thought. What their baby is going to look like. He just hopes she's healthy and not too fussy. He thinks Ilya's on the same page in that regard.

"You're pretty, too." Shane replies, because it's true.

"Mh, not like you," Ilya waves him off, his thumb stroking against Shane's hand on his bump. "She will have your freckles, too. I know."

"Wow. It's almost like you're growing her instead of me."

"Maybe we can do both. Her name will be a mouthful, but..."

Hollander-Rozanov is already a lot, but you know. She can pick and choose which she wants to use in the situation if she ever gets bored of people asking her about it, so that might be fun for her.

"One of them can be her middle name, yeah. We should ask my mom. I'm sure she'd be excited."

Ilya smiles, his eyes crinkling. Shane finds it sweet how much he likes his parents. “Yes. Next time we go to dinner with them.”

The evening winds down as the TV show they were only mildly tuned into fades to a buzz, and the sky turns into a dark blue on the outside of their spacious windows. At some point, Shane gets too sleepy to resist closing his eyes, and he floats between a dreamlike state as he lays his head in Ilya’s lap.

He can tell the alpha gets up from his spot sometime later, and he can vaguely remember being carried to bed. Shane tries to protest with a noise that comes out as more of a grunt than anything else, but Ilya merely chuckles and kisses his forehead. He’s placed down onto their bed, and he can tell by the way the mattress dips that Ilya joins him soon after.

They’re both already clad in pajamas, so Shane doesn’t feel the need to wake himself up when sleep has been evading him lately, in Ilya’s absence. He tries his best to sleep around or in Ilya’s clothes when he’s away, and that helps, somewhat. But nothing beats the real thing, and when he feels Ilya place a soft kiss onto his stomach, leaning down, Shane suddenly feels very awake.

The omega doesn’t want to disturb him, though. He knows Ilya does this sometimes. Talking to their baby, that is, mostly when Shane is asleep or when they’re getting comfortable in bed. Usually, it’s in Russian, which Shane can understand to a fault, but sometimes Ilya speaks in English, too. Either way, Shane loves it. He lets him have his moment.

Tonight, Ilya speaks in Russian, and Shane tries his best to focus on translating in his head. Because it’s so sweet, and he feels way too lucky that their baby has the mushiest father in the world.

“Are you sleeping, hm, звёздочка?” Ilya asks, leaning his ear onto Shane’s belly with the gentleness most would not consider him to possess. Shane desperately tries not to smile. “Daddy is sleeping, so you must be awake. You like keeping him on his toes, I know.”

Shane hasn’t been able to decipher the nickname Ilya’s given their baby quite yet. Considering he’s currently spying on their very private conversation, though, he’s going to let them have this one little thing.

“He’s having a rough time,” Ilya sighs, and Shane can feel a kick right against where Ilya’s resting his head. Ilya seems to be able to feel it, too, and the smile on his face is so fond Shane can’t help but to crack an eye open and memorize it. “Oh, you’ve missed talking to me. I see. I’m sorry. I should always be with you both, right? But it is difficult... Your Daddy loves hockey, so he’s forcing me to play for the both of us.”

Shane resists the urge to huff. That’s not really it, but he knows Ilya’s merely joking. Still, it’s difficult for him to just tell him *‘I need you’* or *‘Don’t go, stay with me’* when their team is doing well. And Shane’s useless in helping at the moment, so the very least he can do is not take their captain away with him.

“It’s okay. I know you’re taking care of him when I’m not here,” Ilya hums, and there’s another soft flutter against where his cheek has settled. The alpha grins. “Don’t wake him up. I know he is very boring and I am more fun to talk to, but he’s doing a lot of work growing you in there, so.”

Shane smiles despite himself.

“Please come out of there looking like Shane—, sorry, I mean, Daddy. You can take some things from Papa, like, my sense of humor. Or something. But I want you to be like him, you know?” Ilya kisses a line from Shane’s navel down to where his shorts sit low on his hips. “He’s not really boring. Not at all. Well, he is, but he’s also the best thing to ever happen to me. Sometimes... I don’t know what I did right to deserve all of this. *Both of you.*”

And, oh, now Shane really has to resist the urge to cry. He can’t catch everything else Ilya says in his attempt to not kiss the lovesick idiot right in front of him, but he manages to get some of it before Ilya departs to attach himself to his back like a koala.

“I don’t know if I’m going to be great at being your dad. But I’m going to try my hardest,” Ilya exhales a breath, and the baby flutters against him again. She really loves him already. He’s the only one she reacts to besides Shane.

“I don’t exactly have, um, an example to follow by. But my mom— your grandma, she was amazing.

She loved me, a lot, I think. I'm going to try my best to love you the same, звёздочка. It will not be hard. You're part Shane after all. And that gives you an advantage."

29 weeks

Shane Hollander is having what is probably the worst time of his life.

Ilya is away on a game. And Shane is dealing with it *fine*. It's just that you know, he feels like throwing up at the fact that he's not here, and the fact that it's been a week since he's seen him last.

He can't call him because that's stupid and Ilya is probably going to be home tomorrow morning. So Shane is overreacting. His hormones have been a little crazy because, you know, *pregnant*, and it doesn't help that it takes about a week for all of Ilya's scent to fade from his clothes. It's actually kind of humbling that Shane knows the exact timeframe.

He has tried to keep busy, for what it's worth. He's been to his parents' house. He let them fuss over his belly and even though they'd asked if he wanted to stay, to watch the game together if anything, he said no. Because he's a grown man who is having a baby himself and also he's pretty sure he *is* going to be upset seeing Ilya on screen. It's irrational, but he wants him here.

Shane knows it's his own fault. He should have told Ilya to stay and it would have been *fine*. In fact, now as he's watching the game where it's currently 3-1 — certainly not for the Ottawa Centaurs —, it might have been better if Ilya had just stayed home.

That's just his pettiness talking, but Shane huffs at the TV as he watches Ilya bend down for a face-off with some young player he can't quite recognize, and Shane definitely knows his hockey stuff, so he must be a new trade.

Anya barks at the TV when she sees a close-up of Ilya, and it must startle the baby because Shane's hands fly to his bump as she starts hiccuping. He assumes it's hiccuping. He's felt it before and that's what he's attributed it to, and he just sighs as he cups his bump.

"You're hiccuping in there, huh?" Shane hums. She kicks a foot against one of his palms, and it's the strangest feeling ever, but she's just saying hello, Shane presumes. She's been kind of quiet today, so the omega is merely glad everything is fine in there. He gets worried. "Your Papa's getting his shit rocked. He should've just stayed at home with us."

Ilya wins the face-off and, at some point, he scores. The crowd whoops, and although Shane is immensely happy that his alpha scored a goal, he turns off the TV, and he lays down on his side on their spacious sofa. Being on his back isn't comfortable now that the baby's getting bigger, so he's having to adapt.

There's an itch that rises beneath his skin with each passing moment, and he knows what it is, vaguely. It's there every time Ilya leaves and he doesn't really give into it, not for lack of trying, but — Shane doesn't really know how to.

He doesn't know how to properly nest, that is.

He's done it maybe, once or twice, during his first heat and then at least one that he's spent with Ilya. But never like this. He's always found enough comfort in Ilya's own presence to not have to rely on remnants of his scent on clothing and sheets and dirty laundry. But now he's pregnant. And things are different, and the baby and Shane want to nest.

Shane always ignores the need because it always feels kinda odd. He's told Hayden this before, but the omega-y stuff? He's not so good at it. Not really if Ilya's not there to serve as guidance slash comfort, even though he'd hardly say that out loud.

The baby kicks against his palm again. Shane takes it as a sign, and he huffs as he gets up from the sofa, which proves to be a feat with his center of gravity messed up.

"Fine! *Fine*. I'll nest with your Papa's stuff. You're so demanding, by the way," Shane rolls his eyes, fond. His hand remains against his bump that peeks from under his shirt as he

walks. “Just like him. I can see the resemblance.”

Anya joins him as he walks upstairs to their laundry room. Ilya likes doing the laundry, mostly, so their hampers give Shane something to work with now that he’s not home. Shane is usually a pretty clean person, so having to nest with Ilya’s worn clothes... Enticing to his omega, gross to normal Shane. But pregnant Shane wants it, so whatever.

Shane rummages through their clothing, and sure enough, he finds some things that work. Like gym clothes, boxers, *sheets*, and you know, anything that could still have their scents on it, mixed together or solely Ilya’s. If he buries his nose in the t-shirt Ilya wore last time he was home, no one has to know.

Anya cocks her head when she sees him doing so. Shane moves it from his face like a man scorn.

“Don’t judge me,” he says to the dog. “You steal his socks. It’s worse.”

She seems to get offended at that, as she paws off and back into their bedroom, and into her own dog bed by Ilya’s nightstand.

It’s honestly *really* humbling that, as he drags all the laundry back to their bedroom and onto their bed, he realizes he misses Ilya beyond words. And he won’t cry about it because he isn’t — it’s silly to cry over something that simple, but he isn’t happy as he sniffs at every article of clothing for any remnants of cloying alpha pheromones, and the baby can surely tell.

She’s not happy either, but she can’t exactly *tell* that Ilya isn’t actually there in the room yet, at least Shane doesn’t think she can, so it placates her kicking for the time being. Shane will take it as a win.

Rearranging everything around their bed is also kind of difficult when Shane waddles as he walks now. So, it takes him a good hour to set everything up. By the time all the pillows have been arranged and he’s got a little corner filled up with Ilya’s clothing to the brim, Shane allows himself to relax. He lays down, and he burrows his face in the aforementioned shirt Ilya wore a week ago.

It smells vaguely of him. Good enough, but not nearly what he wants.

Oh god. He wants his alpha.

His eyebrows furrow because he feels ridiculous even thinking about it. He'd been the one to tell Ilya to go to all the games, to have fun, to do whatever. But he doesn't really want him to, not at all. Shane wants him home. He doesn't want to have to cling to every part of him that's been left inside their home because Ilya's in another country.

Maybe it's because he's getting to a point where he really is very obviously pregnant, or maybe it's because he just misses his mate, but either way, it's not a nice feeling. Not at all.

At the very least, he's proud of his nest. Sort of. Anya looks at him with judging eyes from her own comfortable bed — which cost a fucking fortune, by the way, *thank you, Ilya Rozanov* — but it's seriously comfortable. Shane doesn't mind it, even though the thought that these are all Ilya's worn clothes does kind of dampen the mood.

But they all smell like him. And that makes it easier to justify.

The day ends like that. Shane takes a shower before bed, and he changes into an old Boston Bears t-shirt that he doesn't even know why Ilya still keeps in his closet. By the time it's gotten dark, he's all tuckered out and in his nest. His feet kind of hurt, and he realizes it's probably from the weight of the bump.

Ah. A new wonderful thing about being pregnant.

Anya does decide to join him in the bed at some point, and she lays her fluffy head on Shane's belly. He smiles as he pets against her fluffy fur, and makes a mental note to get her a reservation at her spa soon, so they can give her a nice bath.

Ilya doesn't text him, except for a lone text a mere hour ago that says something along the lines of 'Going to the airport soon' to which Shane had replied with an 'I love you, stay safe'. So, nothing major.

Either way, Ilya would be landing at some point in the morning or afternoon, depending on the weather and their schedule.

Shane really, really misses him. It's all he thinks about as he dozes off.

29 weeks + 1

"Shane. What is this?"

Shane can barely open his bleary eyes from the last tendrils of sleep when he hears the voice. It's morning, but he can't tell exactly what time. He'd really knocked out yesterday, and it might have been all the accumulated tiredness finally catching up to him, or perhaps the nest had done its job in relaxing him.

Oh god. The nest. Ilya.

"You're home early," he says instead, to deflect from the obvious. Omegas tend to make nests when they're stressed or anxious. Two things Ilya probably doesn't want him to be, especially not when pregnant.

"Shane," Ilya pointedly says, tone stern. He sits at the edge of the bed, turned to Shane. He smells a little agitated, like he's upset at the fact that Shane was obviously upset last night. There's a frown forming on his face. "Why were you nesting? Did you— Is something wrong? You never do this."

"No," Shane shakes his head, immediately reassuring. He takes Ilya's hand from where it's resting against the sheets and places it on his belly to where his shirt has ridden up and

exposed soft skin. He smiles at Ilya in what he hopes is a comforting manner. “See? Just fine. She missed you. She did *not* need to see that game last night, though—”

Ilya bites his lip. “We are not doing this anymore. Why is it so hard for you to tell me to *stay*, Shane? We are having a baby. I do not care about hockey this much.”

“But I’m fine! The team—”

“The team will be *fine*. Play-offs are soon and without you, we will probably not get there anyway.” Ilya shrugs. Shane wants to refute it but he can’t, not really. So he merely sighs and looks away from Ilya. The alpha doesn’t let that happen, tilting his chin back towards him and kissing him, slow and deep.

It takes a while for them to part, both starved and needing this more than anything, but when they do, they’re both out of breath and the familiar smell of omega slick fills the room. Shane flushes, and he can feel Ilya’s crooked smirk hiding in his neck as he kisses down his scent gland. Shane sighs in relief.

“I don’t feel like this all the time,” Shane tries to reassure. Only 90% of the time. So, not all the time. It’s not a lie. He wraps his hand into Ilya’s curls, petting. “I just don’t want us *both* to be stuck at home.”

“But I want to be stuck at home, Shane,” Ilya says as he moves back, hazel eyes boring into Shane’s brown ones. His palm spreads against the omega’s bump, and their baby kicks again. They’re both unable to hide their smiles at that. “Hockey is fun. Yes. Great. But not without you. And not when you are at home, growing my baby, and I have to be wherever the fuck.”

Shane frowns. “I’m not, like, incapable just because I’m pregnant. I’m fine.”

“You are not fine if you’re nesting. You *never* nest. You think it’s disgusting because it is all dirty laundry. And here you are,” Ilya gestures towards the bed and Shane flushes in embarrassment. “In a bed of my dirty laundry.”

Shane considers the fact that he may be right. And Ilya is giving him an out. A chance to come clean and finally have what he wants, and that's his alpha at home with them.

He'd be stupid not to take it. And he's had enough of his pride causing problems for him, because yes, he is pregnant. And it's not easy and it was never meant to be easy, but at least he can make it easier on himself by letting Ilya in and not shutting him out by making him leave and then sulking about the fact.

So, Shane doesn't let his ego win, and he nods. Ilya almost looks bewildered. "Okay. Stay. Don't go anymore. I don't want you to."

Ilya's eyes turn soft. "That is all you had to say, sweetheart."

Ilya kisses him again, and his belly bumps against Ilya's own firm abs. Ilya immediately turns to lean down so he can place kisses along the bump, and the ticklish notion makes Shane bite back a smile.

"I guess she's stolen all your attention now. This is like Anya all over again."

"Shane, she has not talked to me in a week. We have so much to catch up. Don't be jealous."

Shane smiles, scooting backwards further onto the bed and tapping at the spot next to him. Ilya takes his shirt off and gets comfortable, before placing his ear against Shane's belly. She immediately kicks where Ilya's laying, and Shane smiles though it's not the most pleasant feeling in the world.

"She knows it's me, Shane." Ilya says as if he can't believe it.

"Of course she does," Shane rolls his eyes, and he cups Ilya's cheek in his hand as he watches him. "You're her dad. She doesn't react this way to anyone else."

“Yes?”

“Yeah.”

“I am so excited to meet her, you know.”

“Me too. We should think of a name soon.”

“Oh, yes! I asked your mom. She had some suggestions—”

Ilya starts listing off names, and Shane sometimes comments on ones he thinks sound good, and they exchange thoughts about the ones Shane has found just online, or heard about from Svetlana when she would visit on occasion.

They don’t really agree on all of them, but it’s nice to just talk about.

Shane can only think about how happy he is *now* that all of those tests were positive. He is undoubtedly the happiest he’s been in a while.

Maybe he is sort of good at this being pregnant thing. Who knows, perhaps they’ll have a redo in the future.

Maybe. If this one turns out alright.

— Shane is sure she will. —

End Notes

pls choose kindness if leaving a comment

звёздочка = little star (in case you didnt want to google)

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