

I am the one who holds you

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I am the one who holds you

by [quantumoddity](#).

Summary

Ilya and Shane's son was born two weeks ago and finally, after a long recovery- much longer than it should have been- they're finally out of the hospital.

Shane went through hell to bring their little Alexi here but he's finally feeling more like himself, back in the safety of the home he and his alpha have made together.

But is Ilya recovering too? Or is he hiding a deeper pain than even Shane can imagine.

Notes

NOTE: I called my hollanov fan kid (the first one anyhow) Alexi before the show decided to change Ilya's shitheel brother's name and I am too stubborn to change it! He is not named after his uncle!

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

It wasn't so much the stuff that had changed. It was the stuff that hadn't.

Shane Hollander walked around his home for the first time in two weeks, a strange and heavy feeling settling on his chest, one he didn't have a name for. He wasn't even sure if it was good or bad. It was just there, giving a little flutter every time he stumbled across his own slippers by the door where he'd forgotten to put them away or Anya's leash left on the mantle because Ilya had taken her out for a walk before the game to clear his head. Little fragments of their life before everything had happened, before everything had changed, that had stayed stubbornly in their places.

It shouldn't look so *normal*. Shane felt so deeply, completely different from the man who had left those slippers because he couldn't bend to pick them up, who'd put those cups in the sink but hadn't had time to wash them, who'd set that hairbrush on the counter after realising his husband was about to leave for a Stanley Cup final with a ridiculous case of bed head. He may as well have been made of different atoms, every part of him broken down and rearranged and made into something new. Something he was still figuring out how to be.

An Ottawa Centaur. A recovering patient. A father.

As Shane wandered aimlessly, straightening things out here and there, fussing with the little details because he was too exhausted for anything real but too restless to go to bed, struggling with the weird feeling that he should be appreciating every step he was allowed to take, he found himself starting to smile. Whatever else had happened later, the memory of that morning was a good one. Hell, the whole day was a good one. The best of his entire life, he was growing more sure of that fact. It was better than his own Stanley Cup finals, better than the day he was signed, better than any award he'd ever won.

Even if he had ended it in the ICU.

Seeing Ilya nervous was an adorable novelty, even if his alpha still managed to be cooler than most people facing down a final where his team- their team- was the undeniable underdog. It had been in the little things, the whole forgetting to brush his hair, the way he'd pushed the breakfast Shane made him round the plate rather than eating, the way he'd kept pulling his mate closer to inhale his scent and slow his racing heart. Shane had diplomatically pretended not to notice, picking up the things that were falling through the cracks as best he'd been able at thirty eight weeks pregnant, waiting until his mate was ready to let him in.

That moment had come when they'd been about to walk out of the door and Ilya had suddenly frozen, like he couldn't take another step. Like the weight of it all was pressing down on him, threatening to crush him right where he stood.

Shane remembered how hard his alpha's heart had been beating, he'd felt it hammering away against his ear as he'd held him. And he could swear he'd felt it slow and steady when he'd promised Ilya that he loved him right now and he would love him after the game, nothing was going to change that.

Those words had gotten Ilya out of the door with that determined set to his jaw and down to the rink to pull off a fucking miracle. Something that wouldn't have happened if Shane had also told him that those 'practice contractions' he'd told him not to worry about that morning were actually starting to get pretty regular. So no, Shane wouldn't be apologising for that any time soon.

He was too proud of his alpha. As he'd watched him make that last pass, not seizing the riskier chance of a goal for himself, but sending the puck over to Haas who sank it in the net and won them a cup, Shane had known he'd made the right decision. He was probably the only man in Ottawa who'd had absolutely no doubt who would win that game but watching it happen had been something else. Even if he'd had to watch it on the tiny little closed circuit TV in the corner of the locker room while he paced restlessly through an early labor that was getting less early by the second, promising a very anxious Harris that he was fine for the hundredth time.

Watching Ilya's teammates surround him, throw their arms around him, because they knew there was no way in hell they'd be there without him was amazing. Watching Ilya realise it himself was better. Getting to do it himself once Harris had dragged Ilya off the ice and he'd run the length of the tunnel in his socks was the best. To be able to cling to him and whisper *I'm so proud of you* and mean it with every cell in his body.

Shane paused, hands freezing halfway through putting away the dishes that had been sitting on their drainer for two weeks. Suddenly he knew exactly where he wanted to be, where he needed to be, and that was with his mate.

He moved slowly through the dark, silent house, partly because he didn't want to shatter the peace that now felt so rare and fragile. And partly because his limbs were still getting used to moving again, now that every twitch of his muscles lit up half a hundred aches and pains throughout his body. Shane closed his eyes and pushed down the panic that surged when he had to stop halfway up the stairs and catch his breath, tamping it down with the same truths he'd been repeating to himself since he first woke up after two days of a medically induced coma.

He'd come back from injuries before. It wouldn't hurt forever. It had all been worth it.

Shane finally made it to the top, heading for their bedroom, where he knew Ilya would be. It was exactly where he'd sent him, after watching him try to make a cup of coffee and almost pour water straight from the kettle onto his hand. He'd realised just how little sleep his mate had been getting over the last two weeks, how many hours he'd spent in an uncomfortable chair by Shane's bedside, how many times he'd driven from here to the hospital late at night, how he'd been managing their newborn almost entirely by himself. Ilya hadn't gone easily but he'd gone, insisting that he was only going to lie down for ten minutes.

The fact that he hadn't reemerged in the last six hours told Shane that he'd made the right call.

He'd slept through Shane's parents cleaning every corner of the house, doing a mountain of laundry, finding space in the fridge for all the food very kindly donated by the other Centaurs and making meals to fill in any gaps. Shane had tried to help but his mom gave him such a

fierce look every time he stood up for more than thirty seconds, quickly chasing him back to the sofa.

Not that he'd minded too much. The sofa was where Alexi was, after all, and Shane couldn't think of anything better than cradling his son, paying more attention to every flicker across his adorable little face than the hockey highlights playing on the TV. He found even the tiniest movement he made so fascinating, needing to study his face so he could see those round cheeks, those almond eyes, that soft dark hair and really believe that Alexi was his, that he got to have him in his life and call himself his dad.

Shane had only made himself look up whenever coverage of the Centaurs' victory came on, pointing and whispering excitedly to Alexi *that's your Uncle Troy...that's your Uncle Wiebe...that's your papa scoring a goal...*

Ilya had slept through all of it and he'd sleep a lot longer if Shane had anything to say about it, though he suspected it was more up to Alexi. Ilya hadn't stirred when he'd come to set their pup down for the night in the little bassinet by their bed, wondering if his heart would ache every time he left the room his son was in, realising that he really hoped it would. He'd kissed their foreheads, one and then the other, feeling new spaces open up inside himself to fit everything he felt for them.

But the two of them were both still soundly asleep when Shane eased the door open, their soft breathing the only sound as he pulled off his sweatpants and shirt, saying another mental thank you to his mom and dad as he dropped them into a mercifully empty laundry basket. Ilya was still in his clothes, sprawled out on top of the covers, he'd clearly crashed out seconds after walking into the room. Shane was just grateful he'd managed to make it to the bed, he didn't think dragging his mate off the floor was still within the doctor's boundaries of 'taking it easy'.

He stripped down to his boxers and gingerly climbed onto the bed, trying to maneuver his weight in a way that didn't jostle Ilya too much. Of course, that was when his body remembered that it hadn't quite figured out how to balance, now he didn't have Alexi curled up inside him and sending his center of gravity somewhere in the center of the Earth. Shane found himself tipping, rolling, crashing right on top of his mate with a very ungainly yelp.

Ilya had slept through Yuna's military cleaning operation, he'd slept through David's noisy attempt to assemble the stroller, he'd slept through Anya seeing a squirrel on the porch and deciding it was here to kidnap the baby and she had to howl at it until it dashed back into the woods. But of course he didn't sleep through Shane's full weight dropping on top of him.

At least Shane's shoulder muffled the Russian curse word that Ilya barked out as he jerked awake.

"Sorry!" Shane whispered frantically, "Sorry, sorry, sorry! It's only me!"

"Shane?" Ilya croaked, the panic in his eyes fading as his brain caught up with what was happening, his hands moving to hold Shane rather than just keeping them from breaking each other's noses.

He couldn't help but smile a little as he realised he'd actually missed Ilya, when they'd only been apart for six hours, "Hey. Sorry, the plan was not to wake you."

Ilya's eyes darted over to where Alexi snuffled and snored in his bassinet, relaxing that last little bit when he saw him there, though his forehead was still creased, "No. The plan was to wake me after ten minutes. Instead I have left you alone for...?"

"Six hours," Shane supplied calmly, without a trace of guilt, "But I wasn't alone. I had my parents here and you were dead on your feet. So I changed the plan."

Ilya still huffed, rolling so they lay together more comfortably, Shane's head pillowed on his arm, "Is not the point. Is not about what I need."

Shane felt his stomach clench at those words, "Ilya..."

His mate gave him a quick smile that didn't reach his eyes, one that was clearly meant to end the conversation, "Well, I'm awake now. There will be something useful I can do..."

He made to get up but Shane held on firmly, setting his jaw stubbornly, "There is. Stop being an idiot and stay here with me. When was the last time we got to be alone together?"

Ilya hesitated, the corner of his mouth pulling down, probably with the weight of the same thought that struck Shane. *That morning. And it was almost the last time we ever got.* Ilya finally relented, pulling his mate close and settling back down, though he did it with an absurd amount of guilt, like he didn't have a right to.

Shane pulled back a little, really looking at his mate for the first time in days, again looking for what had changed. The answer was far too much.

Ilya looked more tired than Shane had ever seen him, the kind of tired that wouldn't shift with just one good night's sleep, the kind of tired that came from carrying something for far longer than he should. His lips were bitten like he'd been gnawing on them, his whole body had a tension like he was waiting for something terrible to happen, not sure where it would come from or what it would even look like, only sure that it was coming and it was going to hurt like hell. He stank of cigarette smoke, he'd clearly been going through enough cartons to embed the smell in his hair, his skin. It put an acrid edge on the scent Shane loved so much, making it unfamiliar in a way that made his heart ache.

Shane felt his lower lip tremble. Two weeks he'd been in hospital, nurses checking on him every hour, doctors asking him a million questions, their friends and teammates visiting and telling him how strong and brave he was. But who had been looking after Ilya? How many times had he told someone he was fine when he wasn't? How many times had someone not noticed him struggling because they were looking at Shane?

"Hey," he murmured softly, having to swallow to get the words out in one piece, "I want to say something. And if it's dumb you can just ignore me or tell me to shut up but I need to say it, okay?"

Ilya's hand had been idly stroking through the hairs at the nape of Shane's neck, he felt them still warily, tangling deeper like he was afraid the next words would pull his mate away from him, "Okay..."

Shane swallowed hard, pushing back his usual anxiety, his fear of being anything less than perfect that always froze him and meant he ended up doing nothing at all. And that wasn't an option right now, not when Ilya was drowning right in front of him.

"Do you remember when you almost died in a plane crash?"

Ilya looked surprised and Shane couldn't exactly blame him. It wasn't the best start he could have made.

"I do...it wasn't exactly a plane crash, just felt like it for a while."

"It was close enough," Shane set his jaw, "What I mean is, I...I remember how that felt for me. Those minutes where I had to imagine a world where I'd lost you, where I had to feel even an idea of what that grief might be like..."

Shane felt his throat close, refusing to let the rest of the words free. They hurt too much, the pain was awful even with years to soften them, even with the reality of Ilya's heart thudding reassuringly against his ear, even with all the good that had come from that agony.

"*Moy miluyi...*" Ilya's words were almost lost in a purr, desperate to comfort him.

Shane shook his head, vision blurring until he couldn't see his mate but he followed that noise, "And you had it even worse. You had to see it all and hold it together for Alexi and keep going and...and everyone knows I went through hell but I need you to know, I see how much it's hurt you. And you can feel all of it, however you want. I'm right here."

Ilya's face froze, the way it always did when he was about to retreat into himself, the way that made other people think he was cold and cruel but Shane knew it meant he was terrified to the point where he couldn't even let his emotions show.

"Shane..." he croaked, a subtle shift happening where suddenly he wasn't holding Shane, he was clinging to him like he was the one rock jutting up in a surging ocean.

Shane brought his hands up to frame Ilya's face, giving his mate nowhere to look but his eyes, nothing to see but the truth in them.

"Ilya, I love you so fucking much. I love you right now and I'll love you after whatever you've got to say, it doesn't make a fucking bit of difference to me, I promise."

Watching Ilya's face collapse was like watching a crack run down a glacier, a heartbreaking fracture in something that looked so strong and so whole. Shane could count the number of times his mate had cried in front of him on one hand and it had never been like this. It had never hit so suddenly, so hard, broke him down so completely, leaving Shane only able to wrap around him and try desperately to hold him in one piece. Ilya sobbed, pressing his face

to Shane's chest like he knew he couldn't control the half formed, half realised grief that was wrenching its way out of him.

One of Shane's earliest memories was of a summer spent in Hiroshima with his grandmother. Normally those visits were full of heat so strong he could watch the air shimmer across the bay, slowly chasing shade across her courtyard across the afternoons, sharing what little there was with a book and her one eyed cat. But one year they'd gone over earlier than usual and caught the tail end of the rainy season, giving Shane his first experience of a full blown typhoon.

He remembered waking up in a blind panic, feeling like his grandma's little house had become a living organism, heaving and screaming around him, the rain drumming against the thin wooden walls in a frantic warning. He remembered running, just feeling like he had to get away but how could he when the whole world had turned into a screeching howl of wind and water? He'd ended up tumbling into his mom's arms, the noise and chaos finally dampened into something manageable by her hands closing gently over his ears and her forehead resting lightly on his own, her gentle voice telling him it would be okay, it wouldn't last forever, he was safe.

Ilya's grief brought him back to that moment, the wild terror of a force too big to be contained, the panic of being ripped apart by it all. So he slid his hands gently over Ilya's ears, he shifted until they were nose to nose again, resting their foreheads against each other, just holding on tight until what seemed impossible finally happened and the storm broke. Because it would, it would always, always break.

"Did you mean it?"

Shane almost didn't catch the words, they were almost snatched away in Ilya's wrenching sobs, "Did I...did I mean what?"

Ilya swallowed hard, fighting his own spasming muscles for control of the air in his lungs, "You said whatever...whatever I say it will not make a difference, you will still...you can still..."

"Love you," Shane finished, no hesitation, even with the cold fear that was creeping through his veins like ink bleeding into water, "Of course I will, Ilya. I meant it."

Ilya shuddered, dragging his hands across his face like he could reach in, take hold of the pain inside him and wrench it out. For a long moment it looked like he wouldn't say anything at all, like he'd just cry until the tears were done, until the storm blew over, like they could just pretend there wasn't something he needed to say. Desperately, before its poison rotted him from the inside out.

When the words finally came, they were in Russian, as though they came from a part of Ilya that was older than their relationship, a small, scared part of him that would always be a young boy, scared of his father's cold eyes and his mother's choking sadness, scared of becoming them both.

"I wanted it to be over. When I thought you were gone. I wanted...I wanted to give up."

Shane didn't know it was possible to hate your own heart. But that was the only way to describe the thought that rose from the ringing silence left behind after Ilya's words slammed into him like a ton of bricks. He hated his heart, he hated it for stopping and failing the man it belonged to, he hated it for waiting until Ilya's hand had been splayed across his chest before it went still. He hated it.

Shane forced himself to swallow, willing his voice to stay calm and whole, not to betray the agony those words had left him in, "Did you...did you try?"

Ilya had his hands over his mouth like he'd tried to snatch the confession back as soon as it had left his lips. His eyes were wide and panicked, the eyes of an animal about to bolt, as he shook his head.

"I thought about...how. What would be easiest. But your mother, she would not leave me alone. I think maybe she knew," his voice was so small, far too small for Ilya Rosanov, crushed down to a whisper by the shame it bore, "Shane, I'm sorry."

"No," the storm was in Shane's head now, swirling panic, desperate scrambling to grab the right thing to say, but he knew this for certain, "No, Ilya, you don't have to be sorry, not for this."

Ilya looked at his mate like he'd spoken a different language, even though Shane's words had been Russian. He pulled away suddenly, not as though he couldn't bear to touch Shane, as though he was terrified a horrible infection would leech from his skin onto Shane's. Like a tar would ooze down his arm and fuse them together forever, trapping them in the same blackness.

He stood, taking himself out of Shane's reach, back to the wall, "Of course I do. Shane, I nearly abandoned him. The thing my mother did to me, the thing that fucked me up worse than anything else, the thing I promised I would *never* do to my own son. He wasn't even an hour old, for fucks sake. I wasn't strong enough for him, for either of you."

The words wrenched out of him like they were made of broken glass, like each one tore at his throat. Shane had never seen him look so pained, not at any bruise or gash or broken bone he got on the ice.

"Ilya..." he scrambled to the foot of the bed, not touching his alpha until he got his permission but refusing to allow that much distance between them, needing him to at least know how badly he wanted to take him in his arms, "Ilya, you it's not about being strong. You'd just been through hell, I don't blame you at all, of course you were scared."

Ilya jerked his head, fresh tears rolling down his face, hands clenching hard, "I've never...I always knew I *could* want it but I never felt it like that before. I needed to be where you were, I couldn't stand it."

Shane's heart ached so hard he felt sick, he scrubbed away the tears in his own eyes so he didn't lose sight of his mate, "Fuck, Ilya...I hate that you had to feel like that but it's okay now, I'm here, I'm fine, I can help you."

Ilya's eyes snapped to his own and the bleakness in them was terrifying, "Can you?"

Shane felt like he'd just jumped into cold water, those heart stopping first seconds of silence and numbness stretched out longer than they were meant to last, "Of course."

God, he wished his voice hadn't trembled.

Ilya's shoulders shook, he panicked, gritted teeth shudder of something about to crack under the weight, "I had your blood on my hands, did you know? From holding you. And I remember thinking...I thought that would be the last part of you I'd ever get to touch."

Shane couldn't stop the sob that wrenched out of him, "Ilya..."

"I see it every time I close my eyes, Shane. I can't stop it, I can't stop thinking about how badly it hurt, the plans I made so I wouldn't have to live another minute without you. What if I've let something go and I can't get it back? What if it's just part of me now?"

The answer didn't come from Shane. It came from the little bassinet by their bedside, the one they'd both forgotten about and felt impossibly guilty over, the moment that pleading cry shattered the desperate tension in the room. Both men jerked instinctively towards their son, the new instincts they'd both developed over the last nine months yanked like a leash that had run out of slack.

Except Ilya stopped.

He was closer, he would have reached Alexi first. But he stopped.

If any pieces of Shane's heart had been left whole, they broke then. He saw how badly Ilya wanted to take their son in his arms, the expression on his face was a mirror of Shane's. But that fear, that shame that Ilya had been carrying since he was far too young, it gripped him too tightly. He was scared to touch their son, like he'd infect him somehow, leaving the same black marks he thought his mother had left on him.

So Shane forced himself to hold still, even though it took so much effort his arms started to shake. He caught Ilya's eye, held it without flinching away.

"Ilya. He needs you."

Their son's cries picked up in pitch, like he didn't understand why his dads weren't hearing him, he'd never had to wait for love in his whole little life. Shane's heart shuddered and moaned in his chest but he refused to give in and take Alexi himself. He was doing this for both their sakes, his pup and his alpha.

"I can't," Ilya's voice was twisted, desperately trying to flinch away from the pain tangled up in it.

"You can," Shane made his voice strong where Ilya's was breaking, determined to hold him up, "Ilya, you can. You thought you couldn't keep going without me but you did. You thought you weren't strong enough for our son but you were. And I'm telling you now, you are what he needs."

Finally something gave way inside him, something that let him surge forward to the bassinet. Shane saw his hands were shaking, up until the moment they closed around their son's little body, bringing him up to rest against his chest. Then they were solid as iron.

"It's okay, *Solnyshko*, I've got you. Papa's here..." the words were still thick with tears but they worked, Alexi's cries flickering out and turning to soft little whimpers as he nuzzled against Ilya's shoulder.

Like he really had been given everything he needed.

"*Solnyshko*..." Shane murmured, feeling dizzy with relief, enough that he had to spare a thought to hope it didn't mean his heart was failing again, "Sunshine?"

Ilya nodded, eyes softening with pride. He would never get tired of Shane speaking and understanding his native language.

"Yes," he pressed a kiss to the side of Alexi's head, eyes fluttering closed like he needed to shut out everything but his soft milky scent and his velvety skin, "I couldn't believe how warm he was. When I held him for the first time, I mean. It just stuck in my mind so... *Solnyshko*."

"It's lovely," Shane reached a hand towards him, throwing him the lifeline he knew his alpha needed and prayed he was ready to take, "Ilya..."

Fortunately holding their son had cracked something in him, the light was shining through. Enough that he moved up against Shane eagerly, pressing close, tucking under his arm and giving a deep, shuddering sigh.

"I love you, Ilya. I love you so much," Shane wound his arms around them both, like he could shield his little family from anything, like he could make them a world where nothing hurt and there was nothing to fear, "I'm not going to lie and say this doesn't scare me because it fucking does. But I'm so glad you told me because now I get to help you."

Ilya gave a flat, bitter laugh, "I'm the one who's supposed to be looking after you right now. You just had our pup, for God's sake, you shouldn't need to take care of me too..."

It would never stop hurting, that moment where Shane was forced to remember how little Ilya thought of himself. He would always hear that voice in the back of his mind, telling him he was lazy, he was weak, he was broken, he wasn't enough and he never would be.

It hurt Shane, every time. And then made him determined to shout even louder.

"Sweetheart, we're doing this together. Same way we've always done everything, yeah? We're a team, sometimes you need me, sometimes I need you and there's nothing wrong with that..." he found Ilya's tangled nest of curls, pressing his lips to them like he could write the words directly on his brain, where he could never forget them, "It doesn't make you any less of an alpha or any less of a father. You're the only one I want to do this with."

Ilya was quiet for a long time, long enough that Shane started to get scared, thinking he'd slipped away from him again, already scrambling for something else to say to bring him back.

Until he felt his mate murmur, "Forgot how sexy your captain voice was..."

Shane grinned. He had to, he just had to, because that was exactly the kind of badly timed joke Ilya would make, *his* Ilya, and, fuck, he'd missed his Ilya so much.

He hugged him tighter, turning so his mate could see how he was smiling, so he could see it was all going to be okay, that there would always be smiles in the middle of this chaos.

"Shut up. That was a good speech and you know it."

"It was," Ilya admitted, resting his head on Shane's shoulder, chuckling weakly as Alexi's tiny hand reached up to stroke curiously at the stubble on his jaw. Though a bone deep exhaustion crept into his eyes, like he'd craned his neck up to really see the size of the mountain he had to climb, "I...I don't think I'm going to be okay for a long time, Shane."

"We have forever, sweetheart," he kissed his forehead, "There's no timeline on this, we'll get there when we get there. First thing tomorrow, we're gonna call your therapist and get you an appointment. She'll tell us where to go from there."

"Yes sir," Ilya murmured, smiling a little, just a little but it was enough.

Both of their gazes drew down as Alexi began to grizzle, plucking at the front of Ilya's shirt, demanding attention.

"Ah, he's hungry," Ilya looked at Shane apologetically, "You okay staying awake a little longer?"

"Damn right," Shane was already shifting back against the pillows, marvelling at how easily this became something natural, how right the warm weight of their little sunshine felt in his arms as Ilya gently settled him there.

His shirt was already on the floor, Alexi latched onto him easily and contentedly, making adorable little mumbling noises that would be his own purr one day. The nurses had been impressed with how quickly he'd taken to feeding, especially with his dad unable to do it for a few days. Shane probably should have explained that both his dads were hockey players, there was never going to be any trouble getting this little guy to eat.

"This feels so fucking weird," he snorted, stroking Alexi's wispy black hair, "Good but real weird."

As soon as he looked at Ilya, he wished he'd thought of something more profound to say. Because his mate was looking at him like he was something to be worshipped and now he felt kind of dumb.

But Ilya just smiled, slumping against Shane's shoulder like he was the only thing holding him upright. His hand joined his mate's, cradling their son's head, fingers tangling together

and locking tight, tight enough to convince the world, convince themselves, that they'd never have to let go.

"It will be okay, Ilya," Shane murmured, making it a promise, "However long it takes, even if it isn't all the time, it will be okay."

Ilya nodded, letting Shane take the weight of him, letting go for just a little while, "It will."

So much about their lives had changed in the last two weeks. The evidence was scattered everywhere, amongst the clothes scattered on their bedroom floor, in their son feeding contentedly at Shane's chest, in the new, softer edge to Ilya's scent, in the new fear that paced in the back of his mind. Shane didn't doubt there'd be more changes, more things he'd trip over, good and bad.

But Ilya loved him. Shane loved Ilya. And every new thing they found, they'd treasure it and face it together.

That was one thing that was never going to change.

End Notes

I really hope you enjoyed it, it's been making my whole year to see how much people are loving this omegaverse au! I'm always taking requests or questions about it over on my Tumblr @mollymauk-teafleak so feel free to visit! And please leave a comment if you enjoyed this! <33

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