

wi\$h li\$t

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by [maggie_1277](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya have a plan, it's perfect. Ilya is going to be a free agent soon, they'll both play in Canada, and finally, *finally* be together. Ilya will be only two hours away, Shane's parents are there for them, and everything is perfectly placed.

The two pink lines are fucking those plans up.

Notes

the worms have eaten my brain and now im here. i love omegaverse, i love omega shane, i love putting my favorite characters into situations. this is one of those moments.

date a canadian so they can proof read the canadian bits and ignore them. ily baby, i had your team win the cup.

(also pls tell me if the russian is wrong, i used two websites to check and i could still be wrong)

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

Shane and Ilya have a plan, it's perfect. Ilya is going to be a free agent soon, they'll both play in Canada, and finally, *finally* be together. Ilya will be only two hours away, Shane's parents are there for them, and everything is perfectly placed.

The two pink lines are fucking those plans up.

(Mid-April 2018)

Shane realizes he's not fine mid-drill. He stops halfway down the ice and keels over, almost vomiting all over center ice. Hayden and JJ both stop what they're doing and skate over to him. He tries to wave them off, but they help him off the ice when he can't straighten up. He feels nauseous, he's had a weird stomach bug recently, after having the world's worst food poisoning after Ilya tried to cook him dinner the last time he was in town.

He barely makes it off the ice before his breakfast ends up on the ground.

Practice nose just stops. He's still dry-heaving as Hayden rubs his back, JJ left to get him water or something. He feels fucking awful; he keeps heaving and trying to stop the waves of nausea, but it's persistent. The rink's smell is making it worse; he feels bad for the staff that's going to have to clean up his mess. And then he vomits up bile onto the pile. Hayden is still rubbing his back, but he can hear him gagging and the sound of skates on rubber.

Practice is probably over because he's a walking bio-hazard.

"Hollander, you need to get checked out," someone shouts. Shane can't make it out over the buzzing in his head. He's breathing deeply, trying to stop the sickness crawling up his throat again.

"It's some fucking stomach bug, I'll be fine." Shane tries to stand, but the nausea hits him square in the stomach. Several people grab him, stopping him from falling into a pile of his own vomit. "I need some rest, I'll be fine."

Hayden walks him slowly into the locker room, and he hears a whistle behind him as they step in. The room stinks, making his stomach twist up. It smells worse than usual hockey stink, too much of the aggressive alpha scents mixing, and the smell of hockey. Shane has never reacted like this before in the Metros locker room.

"Shane, you gotta get changed and go home." Hayden's voice cuts through his thoughts, through the overwhelming urge to throw up. He nods at Hayden, slowly taking off his pads and skates. Every move makes his stomach lurch; it wasn't this bad this morning. Shane sits there, in his compression shirt, and just gives up. He's clothed enough that the drive home will be fine.

"I need to go, rest. Ilya can," Shane gets out, his stomach twisting again. Hayden checks his head with the back of his hand. "I'm not your fuckin' kids."

"Just double-checking, making sure you have a temp or not," Hayden pulls back. Shane looks up at the ceiling, trying to decide if he can make it home without throwing up more bile.

Probably. "I can call Jackie or someone to get you home."

"No, no, I got it. Thanks," Shane is telling the truth, the nausea has subsided. Hayden's beta scent is calming enough for him to finish grabbing his bag and stuffing whatever he thinks he needs into it. He can get home, rest, and it'll be over by tomorrow. "Thanks."

Shane makes it home in one piece. He called his mom and texted Ilya before the drive; his mom offered to come to him and help him. Ilya sent him a few emojis in sadness, offering to send him soup. He took up both offers and had a broth chicken noodle waiting for him and his mom's ETA. He took the soup into the house and tried to get some of it down, diet be damned.

He got a little broth into him, and he slowly felt human again. He knew he'd be fine; he'll probably be in perfect performance levels tomorrow, and this bug will finally be out of his system. He slowly eats his soup, letting the broth help get him rehydrated.

Ilya texts him, asking him if the soup is good and how he's feeling. Shane texts him back that it's good and that he already feels well enough to skate again tomorrow. Shane can tell Ilya is rolling his eyes at his phone, but he doesn't care. He wants to be on the ice tomorrow; they only have a few games until the playoffs start, and the grind begins.

His stomach twists, he pushes away the soup, and runs. He makes it to the bathroom in time to dry-heave over the toilet. His stomach keeps turning, and he keeps waiting for it to stop, waiting to breathe and relax. He sits there for god knows how long, trying to keep the soup down. He crawls to his sink, trying to remember if he bought anti-nausea meds the last time he was like this. He opens a drawer and sees the box of pregnancy tests.

There are three of them in there. Shane had bought them after his last full heat with Ilya; he'd gotten himself paranoid that he was pregnant, so he'd bought three boxes and used up two of them getting negative tests at the cottage. Ilya must've brought them back here when they'd come to visit at one point.

Shane stares at them. The three tests are calling to him like a fucking siren's call. He can't be pregnant. He and Ilya are smart; they don't knot unless it's during Shane's heat, and Shane is on birth control to help with this. The last time they had sex, Ilya used a condom too. There's no fucking way he's pregnant.

But a voice in the back of his mind says to take one of them.

He can't be. He wasn't in heat the last time they were together; they'd worn a condom, and he'd made sure he'd taken his suppressants and birth control. And it was only a few weeks ago. Shane can't be pregnant.

He takes the box of tests out and grabs one of them. It's the double-line one. He puts the box down and breathes. He's not fucking pregnant, he can't be.

His mom finds him in the bathroom, forty-five minutes later, with all three tests done.

All three of them say the same thing: Pregnant.

He's sitting on the floor, unable to fucking think. He can't be pregnant; he doesn't know when he would've gotten pregnant. He and Ilya are responsible. They're not fucking idiots.

"Mom," Shane says, looking up at her. He can feel tears in his eyes, "I can't play."

(Late January, 2018)

Ilya was fucking happy; he had Shane wrapped around him. The hotel room smelled like content omega, and he couldn't be prouder. Shane was out like a light next to him, and Ilya just watched his face. His face is softer in sleep; he isn't carrying the burdens of being Captain Hollander here, he's just Shane. Perfect, omega Shane.

They'd won the All-Star Game, and Shane wasn't subtle in what he'd wanted afterwards. The two of them slipped out after a while; they didn't want to seem rude and like they were going off to fuck. But when Ilya walked in, Shane jumped him, whispering filthy things he'd wanted.

They had a few days off here, nobody to see. No press they needed to do. Just a nice hotel and each other. Ilya ran his fingers over Shane's side, drawing little shapes into the skin there. He couldn't sleep sometimes after these nights together; he tried to soak up all the small moments of Shane that he hadn't had over the years. He didn't know until a few months ago that Shane loves to have his scent glands rubbed after a long day, that he goes basically boneless whenever Ilya does that because it's so soothing.

He'd never noticed the way he held onto him while he slept until the cottage. Ilya was obsessed with learning everything about Shane. He needed to.

"Time 's it?" Shane's sleep-laced voice broke through. Ilya smiled and kissed him softly. They had all the time in the world, and Ilya was determined to get Shane to see stars.

"I have to schedule a heat soon," Shane tells him the next morning, over room service. Ilya hms, "I'm thinking I'll put it after the cup, the two of us at the cottage maybe?"

Ilya leans over their breakfast, kisses his cheeks and then his lips, "Perfect, I win cup and come home to my beautiful omega in heat."

"You're such an asshole," Shane says, no heat to his words. "I think I have a pretty good shot at the cup. Who knows, maybe I'll come home to my alpha and a cup."

Ilya leans over and kisses Shane again. "Is perfect timing."

(Mid-April 2018)

Shane didn't know how to tell Ilya. He doesn't even know if Ilya wanted to have kids. They'd been fucking for years, but never talked about the very real idea of having kids. Shane hadn't thought about it besides "after hockey," he'd never thought about kids during his time in the league, let alone while he and Ilya were in two different countries.

Babies and kids and fucking mating were all secondary to hockey to him. It'd always been hockey first for Shane, and now he doesn't have hockey. He can't play while pregnant; it's a contact sport, and he could get hurt so badly that he loses the baby.

His hand lands on his flat stomach. He's been playing for who knows how long, pregnant and willingly getting checked every day. He's gonna be such a bad parent if he keeps letting himself get checked with this baby.

He doesn't know what to do. His mom is attempting to be helpful, but he sent her out to get more fucking tests and also medicine to not vomit everything out of him. He's sitting alone, on the floor of his bathroom, staring at the test that reads pregnant.

"Fuck," Shane whispers. He needs to tell Ilya. "Fuck shit fuck."

His phone is still sitting next to the cold soup. He doesn't know how long it's been there, but from Ilya's texts, he can tell he's done with practice and needs to update him. Shane's stomach twists; he's not going to vomit again, but it feels like it. His hands are shaking as he gets to Ilya's contact; he doesn't know how to tell someone you're pregnant. He doesn't know what he's going to say. He wonders if texting would be better or if calling him. Shane doesn't know. They don't talk about this when you've been playing hockey every day since you were born.

He's going to facetime him. He'll at least be able to look at Ilya as he tells him this. That Shane's pregnant, he's the dad. Fuck.

It rings once before Ilya's face appears. Shane can't stop himself from smiling.

"Hello, sweetheart," Ilya says. Shane can see that he's home; he probably caught him just walking in from practice. "How are you feeling? Stomach bug hurting is not anymore?"

Shane's stomach twists. He can't fucking do this. He can't be pregnant, they're too far away, they had a plan, and this wasn't part of it. Maybe years from now, but this wasn't the plan. Fuck.

"-Shane? You alright?" Ilya's voice cuts through his thoughts for a moment. Shane looks at him; he can tell he's worried about him. "Is the bug still hurting? We can speak later if it is bad."

"I'm pregnant."

Ilya is silent. Shane doesn't know what to say. He can't say anything. Ilya is just staring at him, and Shane's shutting down. He shouldn't have told Ilya yet; he should have waited, made a plan for their future. He looks away from his screen, he can't look at Ilya's face. He sees one of the tests on the floor and almost vomits again.

This wasn't part of the plan. Shane getting pregnant wasn't part of the plan for their future, they hadn't even started their plan fully. Their charity, the move to Ottawa for Ilya. None of it had started. And Shane would be surprised if it didn't happen.

He'd understand if Ilya didn't want this, didn't want to have a kid now. Plans change, thoughts and feelings shift, and Shane getting pregnant throws a fucking wrench in the situation. Everything they planned is fucked.

“U nas budet rebenok,” Ilya's voice sounds choked up. Shane looks up at him. Ilya looks like he's about to cry. “Moya prekrasnaya omega budet imet' rebenka.”

“English, please,” Shane chokes out. He can't tell what Ilya's saying, he can only get out omega, and he doesn't know what it means. “Please.”

“Da, Shane, you're going to have baby, my beautiful omega is going to have our baby,” Ilya's voice is sweet. Shane can't stop himself from crying. Relief floods his system. “I am proud of you, so proud.”

Shane wipes his eyes, he's a fucking mess of snot and tears. He probably looks like death and still feels sick, but when he looks at Ilya, it's like he's hung the moon for him.

“Where is your mom?” Ilya asks. “Have you made plan for the doctor yet? Team?”

“I can barely think, I don't have a plan.” Shane rubs his eyes. He's going to be out for a while. He can't play while pregnant, but then he can play for months after. A whole year might be lost for this baby. “I know I'll be benched for a while. This baby is really throwing off my plan for another cup.”

“Plan all along,” Ilya says. There's a joking tone in his voice. Shane glares at him. It shouldn't be funny, but it is. “I need to speak to coach. I will be there tomorrow.”

Shane sits upright, “You have a game tomorrow!”

“I have a pregnant omega,” Ilya tells him. “Cannot be too far from him.”

“Ilya.”

“I'm also free agent after this. I do not care how he feels. I need to be in Canada for you and moye solntse,” Ilya's words are firm and final. Like he thinks Shane would fight him on him being here for the baby. “I will be there soon.”

Shane just nods.

Ilya gets to Shane's place late. He knows that Shane's asleep and his mom's still here, but he's gotten in late.

Yuna was on the couch when he snuck in. The two of them stared at each other for a moment before she waved him over.

“He fell asleep after his millionth test,” she said, patting the couch next to them. Shane's head is in her lap. Ilya sits next to her, trying not to disturb the peace. “He'd called a few people after getting off the phone with you, doctors' appointments scheduled, and a week off for medical reasons from the team before he officially has to tell them why he's sick.”

“You are a gift,” Ilya says to Yuna, and he means it. She scoffs, and Ilya watches her run her fingers through Shane's hair. It's messy, not the perfectly kept hair he tries to have.

“He's worried, could barely keep something down, and then would freak out,” Yuna's voice is soft, like she doesn't want to disturb the peace they have. “I tried to tell him that's normal, but you know him and his fears. He'd finally relaxed enough to eat some fruit and fall asleep here.”

“He is usually in bed by now anyway.” Ilya tries to joke. It falls flat, both of them knowing that Shane is panicked and overwhelmed with everything about the baby. “Boring Canadian, loves his sleep.”

Yuna hms, both of them looking at the TV, playing some reality show neither of them cares about. Shane's asleep on Yuna's lap, and Ilya reaches over to run his fingers through his hair. He needs to touch Shane, know that he's ok, that he's real under his fingertips.

“How are you feeling?” Yuna asks him after a while. Ilya looks over at her, and she shrugs. “When David found out I was pregnant with Shane, he was calm about it until three days later, when he cried. Clutching my stomach and me, telling me how happy he was. And then deep cleaned the whole house for me when I said something smelled off.”

“Is scary,” Ilya whispers. He hasn't admitted it yet, but it is scary. He and Shane haven't mated. Ilya has the proper mating gift sitting in his home in Boston, but they're not a mated pair. He still plays for Boston, he's not in Canada yet. “Shane's plan has been... destroyed? I do not know what the next step is yet. I want to be here for him, all the time, and I am worried he will push me... far from him and baby.”

Yuna pats his arm, “Having a baby is scary, but the two of you are going to be wonderful parents. Plans change.”

Shane shifts in her lap, the both of them look down at him. He rolls a bit, changing how his head is placed. Ilya bites back a coo at him. He's adorable in his mom's lap, still acting like a pup. Yuna runs her fingers through his hair, and Shane shifts again, blinking open his eyes at them. Ilya has to bite his cheek to keep from making a sound like he'd been shot over Shane.

“Hi, moya lyubov,” Ilya says softly. Shane stares at him, like he's shocked Ilya wouldn't drop everything to be there. “I made it here as soon as I could have, I am sorry you had to take tests alone.”

“You have a game tomorrow,” Shane tells him. Ilya and Yuna both laugh. Shane's mind is one track: hockey. Shane stares at him, “You have a game against the Admirals at three tomorrow. Why are you here?”

“My omega is pregnant, I need to be here. Fuck a hockey game,” Ilya doesn’t care if he hurts the team. He’d told them he needed to leave because his omega was pregnant, and nobody stopped him. Shane shouldn’t have to go through all of this alone. Ilya was part of the baby being here. “Team will be fine without me there while you’re pregnant. You do not have to worry being alone. I will be here whole time, making sure you are ok.”

“You can’t just stop playing hockey while I’m pregnant! It would be, be stupid,” Shane tries to argue, sitting up quickly. Ilya watches as his face goes white and he runs off to the bathroom. Ilya is left sitting next to Yuna.

“He’s right, you know,” Yuna pats him on the knee, “You don’t have to quit playing because Shane is pregnant, I actually think he’d hate that more than missing some time with a baby.”

“Hockey is everything to him, and he lost it because of me.”

“And I’ll kill you if you stop playing for me!” Shane shouts from the bathroom. He hears a gag, “Fuck you, Rozanov!”

Ilya curled in on himself, “Sorry, sorry! I will not stop hockey, but I will be here for long time.”

Yuna patted his knee again before getting up, and Ilay followed behind her. She gestured towards the bathroom, and he went in to rub Shane’s back. He stayed there as Shane dry heaved for a while, hearing him swear him to hell. Ilya couldn’t stop himself from smiling down as Shane told him to choke on a dick.

“You’ll go back to Boston after this week is up, and then we’ll plan for the off-season,” Shane says into the toilet. Ilya nods, rubbing small circles into his back. “You’ll go to Boston, get knocked out by Metros, and then come back here and take care of me.”

“Is not going to happen, I will win a cup for my omega and moye solnyshko,” Ilya jokes. Shane looks over his shoulder, glaring at him, “Pup power, yes?”

“Fuck off,” Shane sits back from the toilet. His face is sweaty and pale, and Ilya brushes his hair off his forehead. He sighs and follows the movement. Ilya can smell how overly sweet his scent is, trying to mask the sick smells, but also sweet like a baby. Ilya’s obsessed with it. “I want my team to win, even if I’m not there.”

“Impossible,” Ilya tells him. Shane glares at him. “Missing best piece, they will fail without you.”

He watches a smile grow on Shane's face. He’s happy he can make him smile after being the cause of him emptying his stomach all day. Shane tugs him onto the ground before resting his head on Ilya’s shoulder.

They sit like that for a while, Ilya keeps kissing the top of Shane’s head, trying to memorize the new shifts in scent. He’d always smelled clean, a sweet honey and soap smell, with a hint of hockey stink under it. But now he smells sweeter than before, like he’s dripping in sugar, and Ilya can’t get over it. It’s so fucking perfect. Shane’s always smelled amazing; his scent

clinging to Ilya's sheets makes it hard for him to change them, but it's now tenfold. Ilya now understands why so many alphas talked about being obsessed with their omegas and always wanting to have babies with them.

"Do not fall asleep here," Ilya whispers. He can hear Shane's breathing level out a bit. "Up. You have fruit to eat and big bed for us."

Shane groans, but stands up slowly. Ilya wraps an arm around him, walking him slowly to get something into his system. Yuna cut up some fruit and had toast sitting, waiting for Shane. Ilya doesn't know what he'd be doing without her already. It twisted something inside him, making him miss his mom.

"Eat fruit and then bed," Ilya whispers, kissing Shane's cheek. Shane slowly starts eating the apples sitting in front of him.

Yuna puts an identical plate of food in front of Ilya, "You need to eat too."

"Yuna," Ilya tries. She just stares at him in a way that all moms master. He picks up his own apples and starts eating them.

"I'm going to bed. Please wake me if you need help." Yuna kisses Shane's temple and then Ilya's. "I love you both, don't stay up too late."

(Three Days Later)

Shane's leave was announced to mixed reactions. Ilya, his mom, and dad keep taking his phone out of his hands so he doesn't look at what people are saying about it. Shane's been cooped up in his place since he found out he's pregnant. He's only left to see his doctor and get told the baby sounds great and that his micro diet is not built to make a baby. And that he should take nausea meds if he's still so sick.

Ilya keeps cooking him all his favorite foods, even if he can't stomach them. Shane nearly cried eating salmon after two days of non-stop fruit and vomit. It wasn't even complex, in Ilya's words, but Shane needed that.

The Metros have asked him three times since informing them he's pregnant when he thinks he'll be back on the ice. His doctor has told him that, with no uncertain terms, it'll probably be ten months to a year. Shane hates missing so long, but it's like a long rehab from an injury. His pup isn't an injury, but they're the closest thing he's ever had to a long-term injury.

He knows that he needs to announce that he's pregnant, but the idea of putting that information out there feels like a disaster. People are going to question if he's actually ever going to come back, if having omegas in the league is actually a good thing or not. Shane knows that him being one of the few omegas to play professional hockey makes everyone question him and his choices. He's worried that this will push omegas back because he and Ilya couldn't keep it in their pants.

He needs to eventually, because someone will see him. Someone will see him and Ilya together at his appointments and put it together that they're having a kid together, and that's why he's not playing in the fucking playoffs and not being the captain. He knows fans are rabid and wouldn't mince their words over him doing this to the team.

He tells his mom that he maybe wants to announce it soon. He doesn't want it to be a distraction for the Metros and their shot at the cup; he wants them to win it all while he's out. He wants Hayden and JJ to get them to their third cup under his captaincy. Him missing would frustrate him, but he still wants them to do well, to win. Ilya keeps joking about them being lost without him, that they'll be crushed immediately without the "second-best hockey player ever".

Shane's also worried about how people will react to him and Ilya. How will people think of them, former rivals turned parents of a pup together? He hasn't even told his teammates that he's pregnant, and they're his closest friends.

"If they like you, they will not care about me," Ilya tells him when he finally brings up his fears. They're in Shane's nest, celebrating the fact that he hasn't vomited in eight hours. "I am great partner, great alpha, even Pike agreed. Solnyshko will be loved by everyone, I believe it."

Ilya's hand landed on Shane's still flat stomach. He doesn't look pregnant at all, his balance hasn't been thrown off yet, but Ilya can't keep his hands off of him. Their pup will be so loved. Shane already knows that from how Ilya is acting with them, and they aren't even here yet.

"I'm just worried about everyone's reaction to who their other dad is." Shane's biggest fear is the treatment of Ilya and their baby, that people will hate them. "You're... you and people don't like you."

"Hate me for having deflowered Canada's golden boy," Ilya says, nodding like that's really what he means. Shane smacks his arm. Ilya laughs into his back, "We will be ok. I will protect you and be a perfect alpha for you and our pup."

Shane grumbles, Ilya kisses the back of his neck, "It's scary, I'm gonna miss a year, and you're going to be asked a million questions about us, and I didn't plan for this yet."

"Plans change. Life change."

Shane sighs, and Ilya kisses his neck, his scent glands. If this can be their forever, then he's ok with that.

(Two days later)

"What on earth are the Metros doing? Putting your captain on waivers right before the playoffs?" The host of SportsNet says, shouts really. Shane was lying on the floor, watching the TV, crying. It had been barely twenty-four hours after he'd announced he wasn't going to be playing because he was pregnant. It was a perfectly fine statement, and then he was put on

fucking waivers. “I don’t care if he’s an omega, he’s too hockey-brained to let him go to any other team in the league! He should’ve kept it closed until the off-season, but this is a poor decision by the Metros GM. Any team would be proud to have the captain who led them to two cups only three years ago.”

Shane keeps softly crying as they shout about the Metros GMs poor choices. The team that drafted him, the team he grew up rooting for, decided that they needed to drop him because of what? Him being pregnant? Nothing is stopping them; they announced it was because they needed to move on with making the team better, but everyone could see right through it. It was because he was an omega.

Someone turns the TV off, and Shane sees that it's his mom. She sits down next to him on the floor, they don't talk. Shane doesn't know what to say. The team he'd loved threw him away when it became too complicated? That the team he'd dedicated his whole career to didn't care about him?

“I’m sorry,” Yuna says. Shane looks up at her, they’re both crying. He doesn’t know why she's apologizing. She didn’t try to have him be born an omega; she didn’t force him to become obsessed with hockey and play it every day. He watches her wipe her eyes and then wipe his tears. “I know this isn’t what either of us planned, but it’ll be alright.”

Shane expects to clear waivers, nobody would want a pregnant omega on their team. He’d be sent down to the AHL and probably remain there until he retired, cups and captaincy be fucking damned. The Metros made it very clear on what they stand for, and they won't stand for a pregnant omega or an omega being an omega on their watch.

He has to sit here and wait for the inevitable news that he cleared and will be in the AHL forever. He’ll never play another game in the NHL, he didn’t even know that when he laced up his skates for the final time. He rubs at his eyes, trying to stop himself from crying again.

He wishes Ilya was still there, but he’d sent him back to Boston with a kiss that morning. Ilya would be mad for him, fighting for him in whatever way he physically could. But he knows that he can’t change the minds of the Metros and the other thirty-one teams in the league. He rests his hand against his stomach, still nothing to show for his pup, but they’re there. They’re changing his life in ways they’ll never know.

His phone vibrates on the table, he doesn’t want to deal with it. He’s been sitting here since early this morning, before his whole world was destroyed, and he doesn’t want to hear from anyone.

Whoever called him can leave him a voicemail or leave him alone. It’s probably Ilya calling him to be angry with him, maybe Hayden calling to apologize for the team. He doesn’t want to deal with this, with the waiting and the apologies and the sad smiles. He doesn’t want that. His phone stops ringing; he’ll check later.

His phone rings again. He keeps ignoring it. He hopes whoever will leave him alone. It stops ringing.

It rings again.

His mom grabs it, “Yuna Hollander speaking.”

He watches his mom, her face twisted in the same way it gets when she’s on the phone with Rolex or SmartWater. She’s ready to go to war for Shane and make sure everything is perfect. That she’s ready to rework whatever is happening to better his life.

“I will tell him later. Mhm, yes,” Yuna’s voice is firm. “You need to remember he won’t be able to play for at least ten months, doctor’s orders? Right, right.”

Then silence. Maybe it’s someone in the KHL offering him a contract. Maybe he’ll do that for a few years when the baby is young and then come back to retire from hockey for good. His mom’s hand grabs his and squeezes.

“Right, yes, we will be in contact soon. Thank you.” He watches her hang up the phone, place it down, and look at him. “Congratulations on joining the Ottawa Centaurs.”

Ilya heard everything. It was all his teammates could talk about: that Shane Hollander, Canada’s golden boy, got pregnant and then got put on waivers. Half the room wanted him to join them, and the other half was talking down about him. Asking the question of how he could be that stupid to get knocked up.

“Enough with the Hollander talk,” Ilya finally snapped. They had a game to play, the room couldn’t keep talking about Shane when Ilya couldn’t do anything to help him. It quieted down when he spoke, cutting through jokes at Shane’s expense. “We need to win, to beat the Admirals, I do not care what is happening off ice. Tonight is beat them!”

The rest of the room made noises of agreement, several of them going back to pregame prep. Ilya’s phone vibrated from about his spot, and he grabbed at it. He got it into his hand, a text from Shane and Yuna sat on his phone.

It’s a message that says that Shane is going to play for Ottawa once he’s back from maternity leave. That Ottawa has already set it up to give him as much time as possible, Yuna’s texts are more on the business side, a comforting reminder that Shane has someone in his camp to protect him when Ilya is gone.

“Holy shit, Hollander is a Centaur,” someone shouts, causing the whole room to start putting their thoughts onto the pile. They’re shouting over each other, trying to get heard. Nobody is saying anything of substance.

“Enough! Game,” Ilya shouts. The room quiets down. “We have a game. Is time.”

(Two Weeks later, Mid-May)

“And Montreal looks downright lost with Ilya Rozanov tonight,” one commentator says. Shane watches a replay of Ilya’s second goal. “They’ve been no match for him tonight. This isn’t the match most Metros fans were expecting from them; they look like they’ve fallen flat on their faces without Hollander to lead them.”

“The loss of Hollander has been felt all playoffs; they barely scraped by against Jersey.”

Shane watched as Ilya and Boston destroyed the Metros. A 6-1 win for Ilya and Boston, and they were gonna take the series easy. Shane couldn't care less about his former team, they fucked him over while pregnant, and he had zero remorse for them. He feels a little bad for Hayden, who got hurt badly against Jersey, but the rest of them got little sympathy from him.

“Rozanov, it seems like you've become a different player in this series against the Metros. What's been the cause of that?” One reporter asked.

“The Metros have no one good left on their team,” Ilya answers. Shane knows he's been playing mad, not wanting them to relax at all. “They got rid of the best man on team. I have no competition. I will beat them, no problem.”

“Your dad is such an asshole,” Shane whispered to his bump. He rubbed it over Boston Raders' workout shirt of Ilya's. It smelled like him, sue him. “He's right, I'm home because of you, and he's got nobody to stop him.”

“And what are your thoughts on Shane Hollander missing from these games, in his condition?” A different reporter asked. Shane rolled his eyes. He's pregnant, not sick with an incurable disease.

“Hollander missing is sad. Very sad, best competition and Metros dumb to kick him off the team,” Ilya tells the media. Shane scoffs at him, “I have to go, bye.”

Shane watched as Ilya pushed his way past the post-game media, “At least he's rushing home to us.”

He patted his small bump, rubbing as he watched the Sportsnet coverage of the other games going on. Admirals look strong; they can easily take on Boston in the next round. But Vancouver is making a massive push, demolishing everyone they've seen. Shane doesn't want Ilya gone for much longer, but he also doesn't want Ilya to stop playing just because he misses him. He wants him to play out the season strong.

He doesn't realize he'd fallen asleep until Ilya wakes him softly. He can see that he's crouched in front of him, button-up half done, and smiling. Shane smiles at him. He likes these moments of calm, just the two of them in their own world, while their world is slowly expanding. Ilya leans down, kisses his forehead.

“You played nice tonight,” Shane whispers. Ilya kisses around his face, “Scored a goal for me and one for the baby.”

“Tried to hat-trick,” Ilya says into his cheek. “You wearing my shirt, rooting for Boston?”

“It smells like you,” was all Shane could say. “Bed?”

“Da.”

(Late June)

“And with that, Vancouver knocks down Scott Hunter and New York to finally get the cup!”

“Ugh, fucking Hunter,” Ilya says next to him. Shane looks over at him. Ilya’s pouting. “I would have been able to beat Vancouver, goalie has a weakness on his left. Perfect for me.”

“Boohoo, Rozonov,” Yuna says from her spot on the couch. “You’re leaving Boston anyways.”

“Yes, but would have been nice to beat Scott Hunter one last time,” Ilya says. Shane snorts, Ilya looks at him. “Do you have something to say, Hollander?”

“If I wasn’t out of commission, you’d never have sniffed another cup,” Shane says, rubbing his growing bump. “I would’ve been lifting that instead of Vancouver.”

“Yeah, right,” Ilya pushes his shoulder. “Who ended the season higher in goals?”

“Who ended the season knocked up?” Shane shoved him back, “And you barely beat me!”

His mom coughed, reminding the two of them that she was there. Right, probably not the best place to gloat your boyfriend. Ilya shifted and pulled Shane closer, hand landing on top of the baby bump. It’s where Ilya’s hands have lived a lot recently. If Ilya can, he’s touching and making sure Shane is ok.

“Is good Vancouver finally won. They’ve been bad, bad,” Ilya says, rubbing his thumb over his bump. “Now, never hear whining from fans.”

“They’ll still hate you,” Shane says, hand joining Ilya’s.

Ilya looks at him, grinning, “Da, I always like that.”

“Such an asshole.”

“Watch out, pup listening,” Ilay tells him.

“Asshole.”

(Late July)

Shane was uncomfortably pregnant.

Ilya had heard everything from Shane about it, how he couldn’t rest without their pup kicking him, or he couldn’t walk for a long time because their baby was making his back and feet hurt. Ilya tried his best, kissing him and running baths for him. Giving him massages and anything he needed while growing their pup. Ilya was obsessed with watching Shane; he kept watching in awe as he just grew their baby.

“People want to know what team you’re going to,” Shane was lying half on top of him, checking his phone. The cottage was hockey-free for the most part this year. Shane had already signed an extension with Ottawa, and the world was abuzz as to where Ilya was

going to land. "Keep wondering if you're calling Boston's bluff, someone thinks you're going to Vancouver."

"Yuna is doing wonderful for me to go to Ottawa," Ilya reminds him. He'd asked her to do his contract after the season was over; he knows she'll go to fucking bat for him and make sure everything is perfect for them. "She is beast."

Shane hmm'd, and Ilya took his phone out of his hand. He didn't want to deal with hockey talk, just his sweet omega. Shane didn't fight it. They stayed like that for a while, letting the silence of the cottage, with the bird songs dampened, be comforting.

"Next time we're here, we'll have a little pup," Shane whispers, awe in his voice. Ilya nods. The next summer, they'll have a sweet little pup, not even a year old. Ilya is terrified about that. He and Shane are going to be parents; they're going to have a mini them this time next year. Shane will be back on the ice, together. "I hope they have your eyes."

"I want them to have all your freckles," Ilya says. It's true, he's still as obsessed with them as he was when they first met. "Your freckles and my hockey skills. Best player ever with my skills and your pretty face, better than Gretzky. Everyone would be too distracted, they would get puck every time."

"I want them to have your eyes," Shane says firmly. "I've thought about this a lot, I want them to have your eyes. They're very expressive, and I love that about them. I want them to have your laugh, maybe your curls. I want this baby to be the perfect mix of the two of us."

"Dorogoy," Ilya's voice was gone. He couldn't even say anything, so he leaned up and kissed Shane, slow and firm, hoping it put all the words he couldn't say into it. He was so in love with him, he couldn't think.

"I love you, I want our kids to be like you," Shane says when Ilya pulls back. He keeps peppering kisses around his face, "I want them to be like you, I want them to speak Russian with you, be mini yous. I want that more than anything."

"I," Ilya can't speak.

Shane looks at him, "I want that."

Ilya nods. He wants that more than anything. He wants everything Shane's asked for: he wants them to look like Shane, speak French with their dad, and be the cutest babies he's ever seen; he knows they will be. They'll be Shane's.

They'll be his and Shane's.

End Notes

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