

Watch Him While I'm Gone

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Watch Him While I'm Gone

by [newtntommy](#)

Summary

“I still can’t believe you let him bite you,” Hayden groans.

Shane looks up at him with a wild look in his eye. “What?”

or - Shane is in labor, and Ilya isn’t answering.

Notes

back at it again with outside pov bc im obsessed with writing them

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

“I still can’t believe you let him bite you,” Hayden groans.

Shane looks up at him with a wild look in his eye. “*What?*”

“You let him bite you, dude.” Hayden shakes his head in disapproval. “Terrible decision on your part.”

Shane’s mouth gapes open, then closes, struggling for words. “I’m having his fucking *baby right now*.”

“Yes,” Hayden drawls. He shakes his head and does another exasperated sigh. “You could’ve had anyone else. Any good man who’d be the perfect husband.”

Shane looks at him like he has two heads. He’s hunched over with Hayden holding both of his hands. He gasps and whimpers, suffering from intense contractions. Between contractions, he was rambling a thousand words a minute, spewing hatred for his husband *who’s not answering his fucking phone*. Hayden is currently trying to call him for the fiftieth time. Straight to voicemail.

Shane was one second from erupting like a bomb and crashing out. His water broke three hours ago, approximately two weeks early. Hayden had been listening to Shane complain about his beloved Centaurs not using the right play when suddenly he stopped mid-sentence to clutch his stomach. His water broke, and all Hayden could do was stare.

Of course Shane is packed for the hospital - had the bag packed since he was four months pregnant. He had the hospital picked out, which doctors and surgeons, which nurses, which pediatricians, which plan, which diapers, and on and on. The route they’d take to the hospital in whatever direction they find themselves in. How fast they would drive. All meticulously assorted, organized, and highlighted.

Rozanov not answering the phone was not part of the plan. Shane was spiraling, and Hayden was sure something hard was going to be thrown at Rozanov the second he came in the door.

For everyone’s safety, Hayden really needs Rozanov to walk through that door. Shane wasn’t going anywhere without Rozanov. He has a plan - a good plan - which involves having his husband with him.

“If you’re talking about you,” Shane groans. “Your alpha scent stinks.”

“Crush the bones in my hands but not my heart.”

Shane cries out at another contraction, before breathing in and out. The contractions are getting too close together, and this was all going too fast. After four kids, Hayden knows that’s a warning for the baby’s arrival. Shane’s safety is in jeopardy if they don’t get going - if Hayden doesn’t convince him to go. He needs to do it fast because while Hayden is terrified of Shane in this state, he would rather not have a very pissed off alpha Rozanov yelling at him because he didn’t force Shane into the car for the hospital.

A little contradictory considering any alpha who dares to mutter in an alpha voice in Shane's general direction always turns up with a broken jaw or shredded vocal chords.

"Did you call--"

"I am calling everyone, Shane," Hayden says. "Everyone on the team either is not answering or has no idea where Rozanov is. This asshole. I can try--"

"I. Want. My. *Mate*," Shane growls. Hayden shuts up at the fire blazing in his friend's eyes. The bones in his hands are being crushed. Shane is bearing his teeth, vicious and absolutely terrifying. "Stop talking about my mate like that."

Shane only calls Rozanov his mate when he's extremely pissed off. Hayden decides this distraction is not cutting it anymore. One more joke and Hayden may not have working arms. "Let's get you in the car."

Shane must be in a lot of pain because he doesn't fight him on it.

The car ride to the hospital is short, but it doesn't feel as short here. Shane spends most of it quiet, focusing on his breathing and telling Hayden which turns to make. Hayden has this route memorized, but he lets Shane soothe himself by giving directions. Shane needs to have some resemblance of control, since his body knocked the wind out of him and decided the baby wants out right now.

Hayden carries two bags and gets a wheelchair for Shane. They get a room really quickly and check in. The nurse comes over to Hayden. "Are you his alpha?"

Hayden's laugh comes out high and awkward. "No, no. He's my best friend. His husband is on his way."

He fucking hopes he is.

Shane is actively panicking. He's going to be prepped for surgery soon, and his eyes are brimmed with tears. He's not looking anyone in the eyes. His hands are fidgeting with the blanket, and he's biting his fingernails and bottom lip to shreds.

"Shane?" Hayden tries. It pains him to see him this way. He also reeks of miserable pregnant omega. "Buddy?"

Shane scratches at his neck, where his mating bite is. He rubs it with his thumb, trying to calm down. "I want my alpha. He's supposed to be here with me."

"I know he is," Hayden says. He doesn't at all know where Rozanov is, but Shane looks too broken to be honest right now. "He will be. He'll be here any minute."

"My alpha, alpha, alpha," Shane chants under his breath, watery eyes dazed as he sits in a ball. His pheromones are going crazy, suffocating Hayden with its stench and raging needs. Hayden has to stop breathing or he'll get nauseous and cry too. Every instinct is telling him to leave. Shane's omega brain doesn't want anyone right now but his alpha. *Sad, miserable, broken, rejected.*

Hayden clears his throat, needing to do something to help his friend. Another distraction. “Did you bring enough baby clothes?”

Shane frowns, and there’s a hint of him that flashes across his face. A speck of clarity. “Yes.”

“Which onesies did you bring? Did you bring socks and beanies?”

Shane’s brows furrow, and he looks at the overnight bags. “I brought the yellow one with two black cats on the front, the red fire engine one, a pink one with the dog that looks like anya, and the beanie-“

Someone steps into the doorway, and Hayden dashes out of his seat. Shane doesn’t look up, too caught up in his list.

Hayden shoves the alpha out. “Absolutely the fuck not.”

Red flashes in Rozanov’s eyes. He shoves Hayden twice as hard into the wall. Something he wouldn’t do. He’s not in the right headspace. Rozanov hisses something in Russian, and it takes several tries to get English right. “Get out of my way, Hayden. I am not afraid to hurt you.”

“You are a mess!” Hayden shouts. Rozanov frowns, but doesn’t back off. “Look at you! You have blood on your face. Where the fuck were you?”

“Harris was hurt. Someone ambushed him outside,” Rozanov says. Rage layered heavy in his tone, and he was vibrating with his fists clenched. “I broke their nose, and the police were called. Now, move.”

“No,” Hayden sneers. “You can’t go in there looking like this. Your scent alone is out of whack.”

Rozanov’s jaw clenches, and his eyes are made of ruby. “I am not afraid to break your face.”

“Right, cause that’s what Shane needs,” Hayden says. “You breaking his best friend’s face with your emotions and stress levels up sky high. Blood on me and you while he gives birth. Nothing less stressful than that.”

Rozanov glances at the door and back at Hayden. The red wavers, and the blue returns as he takes deep breaths. His shoulders lower in defeat. “Okay. I see.”

Okay, we’re getting somewhere. “Hang on.”

Hayden goes into the bathroom adjoined to Shane’s room and grabs a towel. He runs hot water over it and comes back out to clean the blood off Rozanov’s face. He scrubs at his jaw and neck, and Rozanov stands obediently as he works. He’s still eyeing in the direction of Shane with the sharp intensity of a razor blade, but he doesn’t try again to get by Hayden.

Hayden gives him a look. “Not going to ask how he is?”

“I know how he is. Hurry up.”

Hayden scowls. "Asshole."

Hayden scrubs Rozanov's knuckles for good measure. He's about to give him a go-ahead, but he notices blood on his shirt. He removes his own and hands it to Rozanov. "Switch."

Rozanov scowls in disgust at the offer, but ultimately does as he's told. They change shirts, and Hayden looks over him. The shirt is slightly too small on him, but it'll do. "You look fine."

"If you do not move, they will be scraping you off the floor," Rozanov says menacingly.

Hayden barely gets out of the way in time. Rozanov storms by him, moving like a man on a mission to his beloved treasure. Shane's face crumples at the sight of him, smiling like a dazed man in love, and he leans dangerously over the bed for his alpha.

"Ilya," Shane sobs. He holds his hands out, covered in IVs and bracelets.

Rozanov hurries over in a trance-like state, face heavy with concern. "Sweetheart, I'm sorry. I am here."

Shane shakes his head, drained of fright now that his husband was here. He pulls Rozanov close, impossibly and frankly uncomfortably close with all the wires and machines. Something beeps, but neither of them notice. After much adjusting and stubborn insistence from Shane, Rozanov is on the bed with Shane. Shane snuggles in his side with his face in his neck, oozing *happy, content omega* pheromones. Rozanov pets at the mark he bit on Shane's neck in reassurance.

Rozanov tilts Shane's head to kiss his lips, and it's unbearably tender and soft. They're wrapped in each other's scents, permeating the whole room. Rozanov kisses the freckles on his cheeks and nose. Shane is purring under the attention. He was finally relaxing with his alpha here, and the drugs he's hooked up to begin to take their effect.

Shane is asleep by the time Hayden dares to walk in and sits in the extra chair. He's purring away in Rozanov's neck. The alpha delicately brushes his hair and neck with such care and affection, and this side of him always takes Hayden by surprise.

Rozanov kisses Shane's temple. "Thank you."

Hayden purses his lips, startled by the vulnerability in the other alpha's voice. The love he has for Shane is painted clear on his face. Fragile like glass with a stoic face.

"You're welcome, Ilya," Hayden grimaces. "I feel gross. I mean Rozanov."

Rozanov is too caught up in Shane to be listening.

End Notes

i had a detail about it being a homophobic centaurs fan who ambushed harris but i didn't think ilya would be in the mindset to provide any details besides a half breath summary.

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