

Family Emergency

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Family Emergency

by [Elpie \(Horribibble\)](#)

Summary

The problem is that Shane Hollander is an Alpha.

No. Okay. No.

Technically (by order of magnitude) the problem is that:

Shane Hollander is in *labor* → it is happening in the middle of a *game* → it should not be happening ***at all*** because → Shane Hollander is an Alpha.

Everyone's day gets markedly more chaotic when Shane--an *Alpha*--goes into labor mid-game against New York. It's a good fucking thing the Raiders are playing North Carolina.

Notes

The prompt was:

I didn't know I was pregnant AU.

Boston vs Montreal and Shane goes into labour mid game on the ice.

And then I made it worse. Welcome to New York, and please forgive me.

(Check the end note for additional warnings.)

Also please bear with me--we're messing with the timeline a little bit: Scott and Kip aren't out yet, but Ilya has been to the cottage. Let's pretend our sunshine baby got a different kick in the ass. We'll fix it in post.

Thank you to the babes in the Hollanov Discord, Omegawatch, and the Haus of Screaming. And of course to my loudest enablers on this project: Weary, who is from New York and went batshit providing details, Evanna who promised I haven't lost the plot, and Fruit--who finally let me drag them into the pit.

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

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That's the order people should probably give a shit about the situation in.

Shane is mostly fixated on the fact that he *does not know what the fuck is happening*, and then there's Scott Hunter kneeling next to him on the ice because he has fucking *collapsed*.

"Shit, Hollander. Are you o—okay, that's a lot of distress."

"*It hurts.*"

"*Where?* Where does it hurt?"

"Back. Stomach. *Fuck* it hurts." He can barely *speak* through what feels an awful lot like somebody squeezing his body for juice—this terrible swell of pain moving from his spine forward.

"Can you stand up?"

Someone must have called a stop, because there are more people drifting closer, trying to figure out what the hell is going on. The medics are definitely on their way. He wishes he knew what to tell them. All he really wants to do is scream.

He's usually pretty good about pain, but this is—this is next level shit.

"*I would rather you ran over me with the fucking zamboni.*" He *growls*, and then gasps for air when he realizes that the pain is ebbing. "Wait."

"Okay, the medics are coming."

"I can—I might be fine."

"Kid, I can tell you with *absolute certainty* that you *aren't*. Give it a second. Let them look at you."

"Great sportsmanship." Shane wheezes, trying to rise anyway only for his hips to give up *entirely*. "***FUCK!***"

There's a *wave* of gasps from the stands, and he catches part of Scott Hunter lunging forward to cover him before he face plants into the ice, in full fetal position chanting *shit shit shit shit*.

And then chaos: *twenty-two players* all suddenly trying to get to him as Scott *picks him up and growls*.

He didn't even want to play today.

-

"*Gee-zus, Roz*. Did you see this?" Connors and Marlowe are huddled over one of their phones. Ilya's only half paying attention, his focus on his own screen as he frowns over the lack of messages from Shane.

"What?" He frowns. "What is it now? You find new cat video?"

"Uh." Connors coughs, not knowing what to do with the sudden, uncharacteristic crankiness from their captain.

He should calm down. It's not like *they* broke Shane's thumbs.

"Hollander's in labor." Marlowe spits out. "No shit, like—*an hour ago*. On the ice. Baby time. *Shane fucking Hollander*."

"They called the game." Connors adds, like this is helpful information and Ilya's heart didn't just high five his fucking pancreas.

"*What?*" Ilya whispers.

"No shot!" Olsen calls from across the room. "Hollander's an Alpha!"

Coach LeClaire clears his throat, but it doesn't stop the outpouring of chatter.

Marlowe looks up from the screen, shaking his head. "Guess not. He influenced the crowd. Total shitshow. That's why they called it, otherwise Pike would've just—"

"***Shut the fuck up!***" Ilya's voice is a heavy command, blanketing the room with pressure. "I need to go. Someone give me ride."

"What?! Rozanov, ***what?!*** We're in the middle of a game!" LeClaire rages, "You can't *leave*."

"In my contract." Ilya growls. "Family emergency."

"*What emergency?*"

"Emergency is ***I am having a family***."

The NC Hurricanes' Assistant Coach nearly shits himself when Cliff Marlowe barrels into their locker room, sock-clad, to bum a ride to the airport.

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Ilya Rozanov is photographed running through La Guardia's Marine Air Terminal like a bat out of hell roughly two hours later.

He *had* sunglasses at one point, but some lucky tourist can pick them up. He does not give a shit. He doesn't even have a bag—he's wearing his jersey and a pair of suit pants because they're the first thing he grabbed after ripping his equipment off and grabbing his phone and wallet and he's panting—

His lungs are screaming—

Not for the first time, he's racing against Shane Hollander and it feels like his heart is going to explode.

My beautiful fucking moron. He thinks. *Holy shit this is a disaster.*

He has never been more excited in his *life* and Shane must be losing his fucking mind.

He stops short as he comes up through arrivals and spots a dark-haired man hopping up and down with a look of sheer panic on his face and a ripped square of cardboard with **81** scrawled on it in frantic Sharpie.

He hurries over, gasping, "Who?!"

"Hi." The man says, "I'm Kip. I'm parked illegally. You *are* Ilya, right? Just—"

Ilya tugs on the sleeve to show off his number. "I'll pay your ticket. *Let's go.*"

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Kip's car is both old and tiny, and he watches with mild concern as Ilya Rozanov—all 6'whateverthefhell" of him, folds into the passenger seat. His knees are scrunched up and he looks like maybe he'll fall apart in the next few seconds.

So Kip talks. He's great at talking. He grabs his eco-friendly reusable Admirals tote from the backseat and drops it in Ilya's lap before pulling away from the curb.

"I went to Babies 'R Us because you, like, *legally* have to have a carseat—that's in the trunk. It's huge—and I called my dad. I mean I called my friend Elena, but she's a lesbian and super child-free, so I called my dad because he's *definitely* had a kid and he—uh. He helped."

Ilya fishes a tiny Admirals onesie out of the bag and levels a flat stare at the side of Kip's head before continuing to examine the contents. It's stuffed to near-bursting with tiny hats, socks, a pack of cloth diapers, and an absurdly soft teddy bear.

"You know, 'cause...*rawr*." Kip laughs nervously. "You're a Bear. Like your team. Not—"

"Jesus." Ilya says.

And then, at the bottom, nicotine gum.

“They sell this at baby store?”

“I stopped at the gas station. Parenthood can’t be that bad, right? Haha.”

Ilya says what might be a prayer in Russian. Then, “So...who are you?”

“I’m Kip.” Kip repeats. “Kip Grady. I sort of introduced myself. I can’t blame you if you forgot, I guess.”

“No, I—” Ilya takes a deep breath. “I know who *I* am in this circus. Is my fault. Why are you directing shitshow?”

“Oh. I’m Scott’s friend.” He shrugs his shoulders, trying to seem perfectly fine with all of this, but Ilya Rozanov is apparently aggressively perceptive.

He snorts. “Right. Like I am ‘friend’ of Shane.”

“I mean I haven’t gotten him *pregnant*—” Kip chokes. “*Fuck*. Sorry. *Fuck*.”

Ilya probably shouldn’t, but he howls with ugly laughter.

But then he slumps back against the headrest and chokes. “I did this to him.”

And Kip says, “It’s okay. Nothing’s broken.”

Which should not be as reassuring as it is.

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Shane knows how important it is to communicate politely with medical personnel. He knows, theoretically, that the medical staff are here to take care of him.

He just doesn’t appreciate being treated like he’s some unhinged moron arguing for the sake of arguing.

He can’t be pregnant because he doesn’t have a *womb*. He’s an Alpha. He presented right before high school, *like most people*. It’s not a good or bad thing—he just doesn’t have a place to *store* a baby.

He remembers the colorful boxes and diagrams from his 7th grade Health Class textbook:

Male Alphas?

Can’t carry.

And Shane is a Male Alpha. That’s a fact of his existence.

And now he’s suddenly meeting all of these strange, new people telling him that *actually*, that was a lie and if he doesn’t sign a bunch of paperwork and let them perform surgery, *he and his baby* will probably die.

“I’m sorry to phrase it that way, Mr. Hollander, but it’s a fact.”

No.

A *fact* is a thing that is known or proven to be true.

Shane didn’t *know* any of this, and no one has proven a fucking thing except that he now *hates hospitals*.

And *no one* will explain at which point the rules have broken down, so he keeps spiraling and failing to accept whatever the hell is going on.

Scott Hunter, whose gear is stored in a big plastic bag in the cupboard next to Shane’s and who had *very emphatically insisted* that he was *just a friend* and not in any way in charge of Shane’s medical decisions, is nice enough to let Shane hold his hand while he tries to get *someone* to tell him *why* this is happening.

They’re getting impatient with him.

He can tell.

Like he’s not great at reading people a lot of the time, but it’s not subtle that they want him to let this go. But he can’t. It doesn’t make sense and it *hurts*.

And then they mention an injection.

It does not help.

-

Kip puts the phone on speaker when Scott’s call comes through.

“Sorry, hey. I’ve just ducked out.” He says, and Ilya *growls*. Kip, to his credit, only jerks the steering wheel a little bit.

“You *left* him?”

“Not for long.” Scott gruffs back. “He dislocated my *thumb*, and I feel like *telling him that* isn’t going to help *shit*, so I thought I’d come out, have a nurse put it back where it goes, and tell you what’s going on. You good with that?”

Kip reaches out to put a hand on Ilya’s arm. “Breathe, babe. He’s freaking out, too.”

Ilya gives him a sarcastic sidelong glance. “Close friendship you have with Scott Hunter.”

“Don’t be a bitch to *me*, I’m helping.”

Ilya’s eyes squeeze shut. “What is *happening* to him?”

“Well, he’s definitely in labor. He’s still not processing that, and they’re more focused on getting him in for surgery. They tried to offer him an epidural to see if helping the pain might

calm him down, but they mentioned the needle—”

“He hates needles.”

“Yep, we know that now. He flooded distress so bad one of the nurses gagged.”

Ilya thumps his fist against knee—2, 3, 4— “Can you dim the lights? Put weight on him—blankets. If you give him a chance...”

There’s a moment of quiet on the line while Scott processes this. He takes a deep breath that rattles down the line, and when he comes back his voice is softer. “I’ll try. I’m—*geezus*, I’m sorry. No one deserves this shit. I’ll try to get the doctor to back off for a minute. They’re talking about whether he’s fit to make decisions.”

“Threaten a lawsuit. Americans love those. We’ll be there in—” Ilya glances at the GPS. “Fifteen minutes.”

“I can give you that.” Scott promises.

The call ends, mercifully, before he hears Ilya whimper.

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The dimmed lights in Shane’s hospital room make everything seem softer, stranger. The tears stand out in his eyes while he tries not to cry in front of the other captain.

Scott thinks they’re probably beyond that now.

“It doesn’t make fucking sense.” Shane says.

“I don’t think it’s going to for a bit.” Scott frowns. “But I think this is going to go down anyway. How can we make it feel less awful for you?”

“I want Ilya.” Shane says.

“He’s almost here.”

“Fuck, this is all out of control. It’s going to be a nightmare—the press—”

“Are not your problem right now.”

“Shit. Shit. I’m *not* crazy. I’m not. They’re treating me like I’m crazy.”

“You’re not. This *situation* is crazy.”

“They’re saying I made a genetic switch, and that’s—people have to try for *years* for that. They *know* about it. I didn’t! You’d *know* if that fucking happened!”

“I guess not.” Scott says. “I’m sorry.”

“So what the fuck do I do? They said they have to cut me open. *Have to*. To take a *person* I *didn't know about* out of me.”

“It’s a lot for a fucking Tuesday.” Scott sighs.

“What do we *do*?” Shane sobs, and Scott reaches out to rub a hand over his arm, emitting as much comfort as he can without overwhelming the shivering man.

“First, you can tell Ilya he’s an asshole and get him to help you with the paperwork. Then surgery. Then we help you make some calls. You’re not by yourself, Hollander. We’re not leaving you alone.”

“I’m still *scared*.”

“Yeah.” He rubs his thumb in soothing circles. “This is fucking terrifying, but it’s going to get better, okay? Can I convince you to try the epidural? Get the medical team to chill out a little?”

Shane is quiet for a moment. Then he compromises: “I don’t wanna see the needle. And I want something to bite on.”

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Kip drops Ilya off at the doors of Katz Maternity Hospital and goes to park the car.

Ilya takes off like a rocket, almost running into the automatic doors, shoes squeaking on the floor as he stops at reception. The woman working front desk security remains completely unphased, and he appreciates the efficiency with which she produces his visitor’s pass.

He slaps the sticker right over the ‘C’ on his jersey and bypasses the elevator in favor of the stairs.

He comes through the door to Shane’s private room like a wrecking ball and freezes.

Because there’s Shane, red-faced and teary-eyed and so incredibly beautiful in his ugly little hospital gown. “Ilya.” He snuffles. “This is a fucking shitshow.”

“Yes.” Ilya makes a sound somewhere between a snuffle and a laugh. He’s definitely crying. “You broke Scott Hunter’s thumb.”

“Dislocated.” Scott hurries to correct him when Shane *squeaks*. “It’s fine. Popped right back in. You’re an *asshole*, Rozanov.”

He takes up at Shane’s other side, cupping his damp cheek so he can press a kiss to his forehead. “You need me to fight the doctor, *lyubimyy*?”

“They’re getting the epidural ready.” Shane frowns. “I hate this. How the fuck did we do this by accident?”

“Talent?” He smiles, but the effort is half-assed. He also feels like someone removed his insides with an ice cream scoop and the remaining structure is pure, terrified jello.

“Fuck off. But don’t leave. Where’s Kip?”

“Parking the car. He is an angel. Too good for you, Hunter.”

“Yeah, I know. Let me go check in with the nurse. Give you two a chance to slobber on each other.”

“Get fucked.” Ilya says.

Scott knows he means ‘Thank you.’

-

Ilya Rozanov loves Shane Hollander.

He knows that. He’s admitted it.

He *adores* him, worships the ground he walks on.

He’s never been more in awe of him than he is today.

With the epidural and the accompanying sedatives, he’s blissfully unaware of anything happening below his waist, but he insists he can still feel *something* happening. He hates it.

Ilya stands in his awful blue scrubs and cap and brushes the sweat-matted hair from his forehead. “You are so brave I can never seem to believe it.”

“I don’t feel brave. I feel like a swamp made of marshmallows. Fuck, this is weird.”

Pretty soon after that, both of them jolt when they first hear their baby cry.

The nurses clean her up and hand her to Ilya first—probably a better idea than trying to get Shane to keep a grip right now.

He feels like he’s going to vomit his heart up. He loves her. He loves her father. He thinks maybe they should sedate him next.

They made a perfect human being and neither of them *knew*.

He shows her to Shane, whispering and cooing and shaking out of his skin.

“Oh she’s so weird-looking. Look at all those wrinkles.” Shane’s smile is syrupy and addled. “I love her so much.”

-

When Shane is settled in recovery, waiting on their assorted friends and family to show up while Kip and Scott huddle for moral support, the nurse asks if they have any idea what they

want to put on the birth certificate.

“What’s her name?” The nurse smiles at them, much more at-ease now that no one’s life is in danger.

Shane appreciates that.

Ilya shakes his head. “We need more time. Is that...?”

“Irina. Her name’s Irina.” Shane corrects, then frowns up at his boyfriend. “Can you spell it for her? I think I can still kind of taste colors.”

But Ilya is busy crying like *he’s* the baby, draping himself over the bedrail to cover his partner’s head in kisses.

“I’ll come back in a little bit.” The nurse coos.

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Irina Ilyovna Rozanov-Hollander goes home to her Papa’s house in the safest carseat on the market and a tiny Admirals onesie.

Everything else is kind of irrelevant.

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A full season later, the Ottawa Centaurs play the New York Admirals for the first time since Ilya transferred. It’s a special night. Shane insisted on flying in with Irina to visit her uncles and all of their friends, and she’s perched in her Daddy’s lap with a comically-sized pair of noise canceling headphones, trying to stuff her mittened hand into her mouth.

Ilya pauses during warm-ups as his husband and child are brought up on the jumbotron to massive cheers from the crowd: ***A Big Admirals Welcome To Our Tiniest Player!***

Shane laughs, helping her wave and kissing the top of her head.

Ilya only hams up his outrage a *little* bit.

End Notes

Relevant warning:

Shane has some difficulty with the medical team here, and spirals a bit. He's ultimately stabilized, but the medical team isn't great at providing the reassurance he needs. A friend steps in.

Other than that, I hope you've enjoyed this very out-of-control snippet. I hope to add more to it because I'm a little bit in love.

You can find my socials (and yell with me on Discord) at [Carrd](#).

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