

To Love and to Hold for Eternity

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by [mochicheeseballs](#)

Summary

Set after the Long Game (before the new book comes out), Shane Hollander, Ottawa Centaurs' hockey superstar, and husband of Ilya Rozanov, Ottawa Centaurs' captain, was feeling at a loss.

He's been married to his mate, best friend and the love of his life for over five exquisite years now, and he's surrounded with possibly the greatest and most supportive people— his parents, his team, and their fans.

Their hockey team had won the Stanley Cup for three consecutive years, leading the Centaurs to record breaking games every season.

On top of that, Shane Hollander, a gay omega of Asian descent, had proven to the world that one's gender, sexuality, designation, and race were not a hindrance to reaching your dreams.

Shane has everything he ever wanted within his reach.

Despite this, he couldn't stop himself from still desiring one thing to complete the puzzle in his heart.

Join hockey husband and superstars Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov navigate the wondrous adventure towards parenthood.

(Tears may have been shed but you didn't hear it from either of them.)

Notes

I literally have a problem LMFAO 😂

I never thought I'd go back to writing, to tell yall the truth. But Heated Rivalry had me on chokehold so here we are HAHAAHAHAH The ship is so good that it got me out of retirement. 😊

First of, please forgive me for being rusty in writing... I have written only academic papers for two years straight because of my graduate thesis. Still in the works of finding my groove back HAHAAHAH

Also! Forgive my Google searched Russian and my limited French 😊

Moy lyubimyy - my darling or my beloved

Solnyshko - little sun or sunshine

Moy dorogoy - my dear
Mon amour - my love

Anyway, this is VERY self-indulgent. I belong to the #MakeShanePregnant movement.
I do hope you enjoy it!

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

Chapter 1: Fear of the Unknown

“Hey, Ilya?” Shane started, his throat suddenly dry. He wasn't sure if Ilya heard him since he said it in an almost inaudible tone.

Ilya did hear him, his husband's eyes not peeling off from the TV. Shane knew Ilya was listening by the way he squeezed Shane's leg that was sprawled on Ilya's lap. “Yes, *solnyshko*?”

Shane sat up and scooted over next to Ilya until their thighs touched together. Ilya turned his full attention to his husband, his hand now finding purchase on Shane's thigh. “Okay... I have been thinking about something—”

A chuckle erupted from Ilya's upturned lips. “Is not a good sign most of the time—”

“Shut up. I'm serious, Rozanov.”

The reaction was immediate as soon as Ilya's last name rolled off Shane's tongue. “That is *not* my name, *Shane Hollander-Rozanov*. Try again then maybe I'll listen,” Ilya pointed out, his piercing eyes searching for Shane's. Ilya then made a show of feigning interest on the TV again, turning his gaze away from Shane with his lips forming a straight line.

Sniggering, Shane quickly pacified his sulky husband by gently coaxing Ilya's head towards him and closed the gap between them with a quick kiss. He pulled away just before Ilya had the chance to deepen it. Ilya let out a grumble of protest but didn't lean closer again. Ilya's usual smoked pine and cedar scent filled the air and it got a tad bit stronger, invading Shane's senses with the alpha's impending arousal.

As much as Shane loved making out with Ilya on their living room couch with the TV blasting behind them, he needed to focus to say what he had to say. Shane cleared his throat and said, “Alright then, *Ilya Hollander-Rozanov*—”

“Perfect,” Ilya affirmed, nuzzling his nose against Shane’s cheek. Shane then reached over to Ilya’s head until his hand was settled on Ilya’s soft curls and slowly ran his fingers through his dark blonde strands. Ilya hummed, almost purred like a big cat, affectionate and docile under Shane’s touch. “What were you saying, *lyubimyy*?”

Shane’s heart was about to burst out of his chest as he tried to recall the script he’d been rehearsing for weeks now. Holding Ilya like this while his scent calmed Shane down, it was helping him from dissociating. *You're fine, Shane. It's Ilya, for Christ's sake. He loves you.* “As I was saying before you interrupted me, *lyubimyy*... I was thinking... About us. Um, our future, you know,” Shane’s words came out shaky, his mind still jumbled up because of nerves. “Look, I’m not forcing you or anything like that, okay? If you’re happy with the way things are right now between us, I really don’t mind. We have Anya to take care of anyway, and we regularly babysit Hayden’s kids. I just thought about this a few weeks ago. We’re not getting any younger, right? Sure, hockey will always be there and all. I honestly am not as fast as I used to be but I’m still good. You’re also doing great because you’re talented in it. I will always love hockey and I think we already made a pretty good career out of it and we’re set for life that we can... You know... Settle down. Think of the years ahead... Something like that. Am I making sense? Or am I just rambling again?”

Comfortable silence followed after Shane’s word vomit. Ilya was now laying his head down on Shane’s lap, content as he could be. “I mean, I think we already both know about these things, *solnyshko*. I don’t think you’re slower, though. I feel fine and team doctor says I’m healthy. But is true, we are not that young anymore. What do you mean by settling down? Is getting married not settled?” Ilya inquired, genuine curiosity flashing across his handsome face.

Running a hand along Ilya’s side, Shane responded, “I may not be slow now but I think I only have probably five years of hockey left in me. I’m thirty-five now and it’s only a matter of time my body gives up... And yes, getting married does mean settling down for most people. But that’s not what I am pertaining to as the future and settling down, *mon amour*.”

When Ilya didn’t reply, Shane took a deep breath and bravely claimed, “I think I want to have a baby, Ilya.”

The silence this time was stifling for a few minutes. Shane’s heartbeat picked up, afraid that he may have said the wrong thing.

The thought of having children was always at the back of Shane's mind even before he and Ilya got married. They both talked about it in passing a few months after getting married with nothing set in stone. It was at the height of Shane and Ilya's coming out story that rocked the world of hockey so that explained the reason for not bringing it up again.

It's different this time around. The media frenzy surrounding the most celebrated rival hockey stars getting together died down after a year. Shane transferred to the Ottawa Centaurs, played ruthlessly on the ice with Ilya and their unstoppable team, and successfully expanded the reach of the Irina Foundation— besides mental wellness and training young hockey player aspirants, the foundation also partnered with LGBTQIA+ organisations.

The timing could not have been more ideal than now. Shane wanted to be a dad to a child he and Ilya could call their own.

Oh fuck, what if Ilya doesn't agree with me? Will he say yes even if he doesn't want to? There goes my dream of being Daddy and Papa with Ilya if he disagrees.

Before Shane's mind went into overdrive, Ilya grabbed the hand that was on his hair, brought it near his lips, and kissed Shane's knuckles slowly. Shane's breath slowed as well, the myriad of questions he had suddenly dissolved into nothing. It was replaced by the comforting presence of his Ilya. Shane's shoulders dropped and he squeezed Ilya's hand to communicate that he's okay. The omega's palms were a little damp from the tense conversation and Shane tried to pull his hands away, but Ilya held them tighter.

Ilya sat up, pressed the Off button on the remote towards the TV, and asked Shane directly, "You think or you want a baby, *solnyshko*?" Ilya's voice was neutral but firm. The alpha's hold on Shane's hand was gentle, Ilya's thumb tracing circles on the back of the omega's hand. "I need to know the truth before we talk more about babies. Think or want, hm? Which one really is it? I would appreciate if you tell me." Cupping Shane's cheek, Ilya searched for Shane's gaze.

An overwhelming feeling of gratitude filled Shane, staring back at Ilya's gorgeous eyes. Over the years, Shane knew that Ilya carefully memorised, catalogued, and learned how Shane's mind and body operates even through the most difficult of situations. Ilya was extremely familiar with the changes in Shane's scent— his usually sweet honey and orange scent turns slightly tangy when he's upset, or when it turns sour-sweet when Shane's angry, like overripe

oranges doused in burnt sugar. Shane's palms also start to sweat when he's worried. Ilya, in return, never forgets to bring an extra handkerchief that he'll clandestinely hand over to him.

Ilya always makes Shane feel safe when he's baring the deepest desires of his heart and the darkest corners of his mind. He trusted his mate not to use his vulnerabilities as retaliation when they fight, which rarely even happens now. Between Shane and Ilya, Ilya was more in touch with the inner workings of his mind and emotions thanks to Ilya's mom's fierce unconditional love that he carries everywhere, and Galina's consistent guidance whom Ilya continues to see after all these years.

To avoid further miscommunication— besides the obvious language barrier that sometimes gets in between them— Ilya had more or less trained Shane in clarifying what he meant. Details as minute as Shane's expressions and the movements of his eyes caught Ilya's rapt attention at lighting speed. Apparently, Shane's words may say he's in agreement but his body says otherwise, and Ilya was quick to check in with him just to be sure.

For all the toughness Ilya presents to the world, he's actually a softie- his heart was always on his sleeves. He's ready to give love and happily receive it back. Shane envied that trait from Ilya.

The alpha knew how to navigate through Shane's tightly coiled self, often by the omega's side as he processed difficult situations.

Still, suppressing his thoughts and feelings was Shane's default defense mechanism. It kept people with bad intentions away from him but it also sometimes drove away those who Shane loves to a safe distance. To Shane's credit, he'd made great progress in this department by being truthful to people who matter to him. He just occasionally needed nudging to help Shane come out from behind his high walls. Oh, and therapy. Therapy greatly helped. More on that next time.

Shane took another deep breath and held both of Ilya's hands in his, letting them fall on Ilya's thighs. "I want a baby. With you, Ilya. I've been thinking about having our own child, a daughter or a son, it doesn't matter to me. One who would have your dark blonde curls and my freckles and your eyes."

Shane's voice started to tremble and Ilya was quick to wrap his arms securely around his omega. Ilya's palm moved up and down Shane's back as Shane continued to speak through his muffled voice. "Hockey has been my ultimate dream since I was young. Mom and dad did everything they could to get me into the NHL. I've done everything I wanted to do with hockey. I've won many awards. I've got Stanley Cups lining up the trophy room. I've played side by side with you and the best team in the NHL. When you asked me in that gym during the rookie draft if it's everything I've ever dreamt of, this would be my answer, Ilya. This *is* everything I've ever dreamt of.

"But..." Tears were freely falling Shane's cheeks, landing on Ilya's old Boston Bears shirt and leaving darkened spots on the black fabric. Full on sobbing, Shane whispered near Ilya's ear, "I can't deny how much I want to build a family with you. I'm so fucking scared, Ilya. Once I dropped hockey, what am I?"

Shane's voice broke. "W-who am I without hockey?"

There it was, Shane Hollander-Rozanov's greatest fear: losing the identity he'd built all his life. It's terrifying to imagine Shane's life without hockey attached to it. He'd breathed the adrenaline, the pride, the joy, the pain, and the sadness whenever he's on the ice for almost twenty-five years of his existence. Hell, he met Ilya through hockey. Although their relationship started casually, without hockey, Shane would have never met Ilya Rozanov.

The fear of quitting hockey to be a parent was horrifying.

Shane knew that his mind may as well be playing its cruel tricks on him because he could always go back to playing after their pup has grown up. Other omega athletes have done it in the past and their family turned out happy and content.

However, Shane felt that he needed to be fully present for their pup. To no one's surprise, Shane didn't do anything he'd set his mind into half-heartedly. It's this all-or-nothing mindset that was extremely restrictive—borderline suffocating— but Shane struggled to pry himself out of this thought pattern.

He'd either be a hockey player and kiss the thought of having a family goodbye or he'd quit playing hockey to be a full-time parent for their pup.

Nobody asked Shane for this. It's just how he thinks.

And right now, Shane was grieving for the inevitable future... Whatever that may be. He didn't even hear what Ilya had to say about it and yet he's catastrophising already.

“Oh, *solnyshko*. *Moy lyubimyy*... Thank you for telling me this, Shane. Thank you,” Ilya’s soothing voice snapped Shane out of his depressing thoughts. The air smelled of Ilya’s scent, pine and cedar and smoke, telling Shane that he's safe and cared for.

Shane wanted the tears to stop because crying sucks the living daylights out of him but he let himself break. All of his fears of the uncertainty were laid bare and broken in front of him. Ilya was there to catch him through the chaos and help him pick up the pieces without judgment.

Only love.

God, Shane loves Ilya so much.

The tears did stop falling after a few minutes, Shane’s eyes hurting from the fatigue of crying. As cathartic as it was for Shane to be completely honest about how he felt and thought, it’s still exhausting for him. He pulled away from their tight embrace and Ilya swiped his thumb over Shane’s tear-stained cheeks. “I’m so sorry for... Imploding like that. Fuck, I don’t know how you do it,” he commented, letting out a humourless laugh. “I’m still learning this... Talking about myself. Being honest... About my feelings and thoughts that sucked. I hate this shit, Ilya. Why does it have to be so fucking difficult?”

Ilya responded with a light chuckle, running a hand through Shane's hair to get it out of his face. “I’m not expert also, sweetheart, but I learnt it’s better to just be honest. Is helpful to cry, too. And things you're not used to are always difficult at first. That's why we're learning together, no? No need to be sorry about it, *solnyshko*. You did very well, *da*?” Ilya cooed, convincing Shane that he indeed did well by being truthful.

Ilya's blue green eyes were so full of adoration towards Shane that he melted against Ilya's touches on his face. "Is my turn to speak now, yes? Is okay?"

Shane nodded and shifted on his seat, his head resting on Ilya's sturdy chest. "Yeah, I'm listening." Ilya then started to play with Shane's hair, carding his fingers through Shane's dark hair.

Ilya started to talk. "I meant when I said you did very well in telling me what's on your mind, *moy lyubimyy*. It's not easy for you to admit what scares you most of the time, this I know. Taking this step of stopping hockey to be pregnant, to try for a child is scary. It is for me, too. Both of us will be scared at the same time. We know *nothing* about being dads because all we know is hockey. But I tell you this, Shane. With or without a pup in your tummy, *you're still Shane Hollander-Rozanov*. A few years off the ice will never change that, okay? You're proven to yourself, to your family, to me, to the Cens, to fucking Montreal, and the world that you're the best of the best. I will never leave your side whether we're on the ice or off the ice. I'll be here with you, *da*? I promised this to you when we got married. Are you listening to me, *solnyshko*? Are you getting what I am saying?"

The bottom of Shane's lips quivered again as a fresh wave of fondness towards Ilya flooded his chest. A few stray tears dripped down his cheeks again but this time, it wasn't because Shane was scared.

It's because of how powerful Ilya's assurance was that it quelled Shane's anxiety into a low hum at the back of his mind.

When Shane didn't reply, Ilya paused for a while to cup the omega's cheek and leaned in to kiss Shane's tears away. "About babies like you said... I won't agree to having a baby without your one hundred percent **Yes**. You're the one who's going to carry our baby and it's you who gets to decide when you're ready. We don't have to rush it, hm? If you're sure about having baby, then we take it slowly, okay? We don't just stop taking our birth control instantly because we want to get pregnant fast. We talk to our specialist and let them guide us to the proper steps of conceiving a pup right here," and Ilya reached Shane's stomach, the hard planes of the omega's abs flexed under the alpha's palm. "How's that sound, my Shane?"

My Shane. Shane would never get tired of hearing such affectionate words from Ilya. It was a delightful discovery for Shane when he found out that Ilya liked speaking sweetly towards

the people he loved— Shane’s parents, Hayden’s kids, Anya and Chiron, the little kids at the hockey camp. His husband's deeply accented yet gentle voice never failed to make Shane's knees weak.

“That sounds like a plan, *mon amour*,” Shane replied, wiping away the tears. “I... I’m glad I told you, Ilya. Thank you for like... Not making fun of me.”

Ilya laughed loudly at that. “*Lyubimyy*, I may be asshole but not *that* asshole to tease you when you ugly cry, okay? There are other things I could make fun of, you know.”

Just like that, they're back to their playful selves. “I take back what I said. You’re an asshole,” Shane retorted, trying to push Ilya away from him.

“I’m *your* asshole. And you’re *my* boring, yes?” Ilya smirked that made Shane’s heart skip a beat.

Ignoring the intense rush of heat to his cheeks, Shane bit back with “I really hate you, you know that?” Shane was about to stand when he was pulled back on the couch by his arm, letting out a loud yelp. “What the fuck, Rozanov! Hey– Get off me, you big bear!”

Shane found himself tackled down until Ilya was on top of him. His arms were put on top of his head while Ilya held them with just one large hand. There’s mischief and something else... Something akin to hunger glazed over Ilya’s eyes, his scent turning the air cloying and thick. It lingered onto Shane’s skin like molasses until he’s powerless under Ilya’s spell. “You kept calling me by my wrong name, *lyubimyy*. I’m afraid you have to be punished for that, hm?”

Leaning down, Ilya started to whisper filth in Russian and English near Shane’s ear, the omega’s breath turning into short pants. Ilya’s tone turned sultry and Shane’s skin was suddenly hot all over. The alpha’s warm breath fanned across Shane’s neck near his mating mark and Shane gasped, his back arching. “It's not punishment if you like it, *my Shane*,” and Ilya chuckled darkly, making the hairs on Shane’s skin stand.

Shane mewled, wriggling his trapped arms under Ilya's strong hold around his wrists. If punishment meant being pinned under Ilya's weight, he'd gladly take it. Every single time.

His cock felt uncomfortably hard inside his black cotton shorts and the telltale sign of slick gushing out from his hole was seeping through the fabric and onto the couch. "God, fuck—Ilya... I want you..."

Ilya tutted under his breath, finding Shane's pleading *oh so satisfying*. The alpha then placed a fat wet lick along Shane's mating mark and Shane groaned needily. Shane's hips canted upward until his rock hard cock brushed against Ilya's through his grey sweatpants. Shane continued grinding himself against Ilya's crotch while Ilya showered possessive open mouth kisses along the column of Shane's neck.

"Mine," Ilya breathed through gritted teeth before engulfing Shane's needy lips in a passionate kiss. He let go of Shane's arms and hauled the omega until he's seated on Ilya's lap. "My Shane. My good omega. You're really going to be the father of my pup, huh?"

Shane gripped onto Ilya's muscular shoulder, his hips not slowing down in grinding against the alpha's clothed crotch, "*Fuck—Ilya, please... I'll be good... I'll carry your pup—Ngh!*" Shane babbled nonsense as his body surrendered to chasing his climax. He'd be embarrassed about coming undone so fast later, with Ilya not letting it go, but with the way Ilya was kissing him as if he's going to disappear and their hips thrusting in perfect sync, it was the least of Shane's concerns.

"Want to feel you, Ilya, please..." Shane pleaded between their kiss, as he made quick work of shoving his shorts down until his cock was out of its confines. Shane didn't want to be apart from Ilya so the shorts were bunched up around his thighs uncomfortably.

It was a moment of contemplation whether Shane should continue discarding his shorts when Ilya bit his mating mark so hard that he completely forgot about it. Shane's mouth was agape from the intense pleasure brought by the bite, his hole wet with so much slick that Ilya's thighs were getting soaked. Ilya's hand almost ripped Shane's shorts off of him with practiced ease, lifting Shane as if he weighed nothing. "God, you're so beautiful, *moy lyubimyy*," Ilya moaned against Shane's swollen mating mark that had Shane preening at the praise.

The ripped shorts landed on a heap on the floor and Shane's weeping cock was finally out of its tight confines. Shane's heady scent of caramel sugar and candied oranges must have hit Ilya because the alpha completely lost it, Ilya's eyes lolling to the back of his head, his forehead shiny with sweat. Ilya blindly reached for Shane's cock and stroked him, earning a lustful moan from the omega. "Take me out, *lyubimyy*. I... I want to come with you— Fuck, Shane, you're so good for me—" Ilya's words started to slur as he work Shane towards his climax.

The omega didn't waste time and took Ilya's cock out of his sweatpants, quickly running a hand down the dark patch of hair. The cockhead was glistening with precome that made Shane's mouth water, wanting to take all of Ilya's length in his mouth. Ilya's cock looked huge in Shane's hand but Shane knew that his knot was bigger, plugging him up when Ilya went into a rut.

The image of Ilya's knot slotting inside Shane's needy tight hole and pumping him full of Ilya's seed without their birth controls awakened something... *Primal* in Shane.

Pushing the sweatpants down and throwing it on the floor, Ilya lined Shane's cock against his and they both groaned in unison as the delicious friction between them sent sparks down Shane's spine. The slide was a little rough at first and they needed the smooth glide so they could come.

Usually when they're caught in the heat of the moment like this, Ilya would just spit on Shane's hand and use that as lube.

This time, Shane had other plans as he reached behind his ass, his fingers playing with his puffy hole. They both shared a look as if Ilya was asking him *What are you doing* until it dawned on Ilya. "What's gotten into you, *moy dorogoya*?" Ilya asked breathlessly, his hand not slowing down in stroking both of their cocks.

The slick inside Shane's hole was so thick that it made obscene noises when Shane's fingers circled his rim. It was sticky and slippery, usually a sensory nightmare for Shane, but he was determined to make Ilya feel good. "Ah— Fuck... So much... It's so much, Ilya... Wish you could eat me out—"

Ilya watched Shane like a predator to its prey, with focus and fascination. “Hurry up, Shane... I want to come with you, *moy lyubimyy*... I'll eat you out next time, h-hm— Shit, I'm so close—”

Once Shane had enough slick in his hand, he brought the liquid to their cocks and used that to lube them up. It felt heavenly and the warmth from Ilya's calloused hand was all Shane needed before the white hot pleasure was pooling at the pit of his stomach. “Ilya... Ilya, I'm gonna come— Fuck, I love you so much... B-breed me soon, fuck...!” The sound of their wet cocks being stroked together and their wanton moans echoed so loudly in their living room.

Ilya braced himself by holding onto Shane's shoulder, his hand losing rhythm in stroking both of them to completion. “Gonna knock you up so beautifully, *moy lyubimyy*... With my pup... Come dripping out of you— Ah, shit— Come with me, Shane... *Ya tebya l-lyubyu*—!”

Spurts of hot cum sprayed all over Ilya's shirt, and Shane came with a *shout*. Their mixed scent was stronger as each pump of cum came out of their cocks. Ilya's cock shot almost twice as much cum, coating the alpha's hand completely with white. Shane's balls constricted until Ilya milked both of them til the last drop, with Ilya's thumb still circling both of their slits.

Shane was shuddering from the intense orgasm on top of Ilya's lap and the hazy feeling was making his mind a tad bit floaty. Delirious and still shaking from their climax, he took Ilya's cum covered hand and made a show of licking Ilya's palm and fingers clean of their release. “Don't want to waste it, alpha,” Shane explained weakly, swallowing the salty and slightly bitter cum down his throat.

A sound akin to a growl erupted from Ilya while his eyes were on Shane. With his now clean hand, Ilya pulled Shane to him for a kiss, a slow and languid one. It was exploratory, their tongues dancing against each other, tasting Ilya's cum off Shane's mouth. They took their time in lazily making out until their breathing went back to their normal pace.

When they regained a semblance of lucidness, they parted from their kiss and Shane stared at his husband's face like he's memorising every mole, every strand of hair, and every expression Ilya makes. Shane never stood a chance of having his arrangement with Ilya in the past a merely casual thing. He could never imagine a life without Ilya in it. “I'm sleepy, Ilya,” Shane murmured.

Ilya grinned and pulled his shirt off as it was soiled with Shane's tears and their cum. The back of Shane's thighs and ass were sticky with drying slick from Shane's hole and stray drips of cum. "But... We need to shower, *solnyshko*. You always make a mess when we do this," the alpha reminded Shane with an endearing smile, patting the omega's slightly damp thigh. "You don't like when we're sticky and dirty, yes?"

"But I'm tired and sleepy, Ilya," Shane complained, slumping all of his weight on his husband's body.

A soft kiss landed on the top of Shane's hair. "I can carry you, you know? I have strong muscles for you... And our future baby," Ilya tipped Shane's chin upward and winked playfully. "Come, *lyubimyy*. Shower we go. Then nap. Then dinner later."

A giddy buzz zapped through Shane's body at the mention of their imaginary baby. There's no doubt that Ilya will be the best father once they become parents and Shane's heart swelled at the thought.

That is what I want. For me. For Ilya. For us.

It was all Shane thought of as Ilya carried him upstairs to their bathroom.

Please wait for us, little one. Daddy and Papa are coming for you.

Chapter 2: Be Brave, Be Strong

Chapter Summary

For all his teasing, Ilya Rozanov would admit that he is the worrier more than Shane. After years of precariously hiding their relationship behind dark hotel rooms and coded language, Ilya is more protective of his mate than ever before.

Even more so that they've decided to become parents.

Join Ilya in their journey to fatherhood— of promises, of love, of joy.

Chapter Notes

Well... This took a while 😊 I kept editing this chapter for two weeks LMAO

Disclaimer! I know NOTHING about hockey except the ones I learned from the book, Google Search, and the TV series. 😊 Kindly do let me know if I made a mistake! ☺️💖

Hope you all enjoy! 💙💛

Seeing Shane bask under the late afternoon Ontario sun by the dock of The Cottage had Ilya's heart beat so fast he felt dizzy. Shane was lying on his back, lounging on a recliner in nothing but a bathrobe with his feet propped up on a wooden footstool. Beside him, there was an opened can of cold ginger ale and an empty snack plate, originally holding a serving of fried plantain chips sprinkled with pink salt and brown sugar. Anya was by his side as well, laying on the soft grass with her cute head resting on Shane's slippers.

Leaning against the doorframe of the patio back door with his arms crossed across his chest, Ilya watched Shane like a hawk— hyperaware of the tiniest movements from the omega. Does Shane need another can of ginger ale? Another plate of plantain chips? His weighted blanket? Ilya's hoodie that he used when he was working out in the gym and Shane insisted he have it since he liked Ilya's scent? Ilya had to be within reach of Shane whenever he needed or wanted something so he could provide it as soon as he could. His alpha *refused* to be more than thirty metres away from his omega.

If Ilya was borderline paranoid when it comes to his Shane before, Ilya sure was *paranoid* right now.

For Shane Hollander-Rozanov, his beloved, his best friend, his soulmate, was pregnant with a *baby girl*.

Their baby girl, Ilya reminded himself. Galina's voice resonated at the back of his mind to emphasise the importance of acknowledging his part in their journey towards parenthood—*Without either of you, your baby will not be here*. He may have the *least* contribution by filling Shane's womb with his seed but hey, it's still a contribution. A contribution Ilya was *incredibly* proud of.

At almost nine months, Shane was rounder, plumper, and sexier, smelling of the sweetest orange juice mixed with thick, creamy honey. The hint of smoky vanilla ice cream was an underlying scent, too. Ilya thought that the scent belonged to their baby girl's— of their precious *Jurina Ilyinichna Hollander-Rozanov*.

In Ilya's personal opinion, this was by far, the sexiest Shane had ever been in Ilya's eyes, nose, tongue—*fuck it*— in all of Ilya's life.

Ilya's always found Shane sexy even with the most horrendous bed hair and smelliest morning breath.

"No kissing until we brush our teeth, asshole! You know the rules," Shane shrieked one time when Ilya stole a kiss after they'd just woken up. Ilya shut him up with another kiss, much to Shane's chagrin, and ran off to the bathroom while Shane chased him.

Ilya locked the door with the probably the dopiest smile on his lips, and left Shane at the other side, his annoyed omega of a husband banging on the wood. "Open this door right fucking second, Ilya!"

Ilya imagined what Shane looked like from the other side of the door— his eyes wide as saucers and his nose flaring from the irritation. He absolutely loved riling up Shane because he's too adorable and incredibly hot when he's all commanding. It does something to Ilya.

That's why he kept doing it.

"I'm going to count to three, Rozanov. One, two—"

The door swung open and Ilya, with all of the strength he could muster at 5:30AM, grabbed a startled Shane and picked him up until his ass was on the bathroom counter. Ilya forced his way between Shane's legs, the omega's arms on the alpha's shoulder for balance as Shane's thighs part.

"Ilya!" Shane scolded him and playfully hit the bear tattoo on Ilya's left pec.

"You want to brush our teeth first, yes?" Ilya chuckled and reached behind Shane to get his toothbrush and the tube of toothpaste. "You brush, I blow you, hm? Good deal?"

"You know that's not the best idea," Shane countered, his left hand reaching for the toothbrush and toothpaste.

"Bad ideas led us to being married, moya lyubov. Or have you forgotten?" Ilya smirked, leaning in closer to inhale his omega's heady scent.

He heard Shane attempt to complain under his breath and then stopped. Ilya pulled away, and he already knew he won this mini competition when Shane's eyes traveled from Ilya's eyes down to his lips. Shane then nibbled on his upper lip and squirmed on the counter, his left hand still holding the toothbrush and toothpaste.

Bingo.

That was all Ilya needed before getting on his knees to suck Shane's pretty cock.

The aftermath of their morning adventure left Ilya feeling proud of himself— toothpaste suds were splattered all over the counter, Shane's slick already drying on the cool marble, and Ilya's tongue laving up the taste of Shane's tangy cum while his mouth still continues to suck Shane's softening cock.

"Now we're even dirtier," Shane commented, his skin shiny with sweat and his lips smelling minty fresh.

Ilya rolled his eyes, pushing himself up to stand. "Hollander?"

"Yeah?"

"Shut up." Ilya let a beat pass. "Get in the fucking shower."

Or when Shane was exhausted after a brutal game night and ready to crash on their bed but Ilya wanted badly to taste Shane's essence by licking his sweaty body.

"Sweetheart, please. I want to lick you... You smell so fucking good, dorogoya," Ilya pleaded with his softest tone, his hand running up and down Shane's sweaty abs under his shirt in the locker room. Ilya wanted to bottle Shane's scent after an intense game, his head getting lightheaded with the lingering smells of oranges and sugar.

“S-someone will come and catch us, you idiot- Ngh, fuck, Ilya–” Shane whimpered when Ilya slipped his head under Shane’s damp shirt and lick a line from the fine hairs below his belly button up to the center of Shane’s pecs. “Oh– Fuck, Ilya...” Shane’s fingers tug at Ilya’s hair on his nape, pulling him closer to the omega’s skin.

They were in different states of undress, their moans and scents filling the air, that they didn’t notice Zane Boodram getting in the locker room. “JESUS FUCKING CHRIST– HOLLANDER! ROZANOV! WHAT DID WIEBE SAY ABOUT FORNICATING IN THE LOCKER ROOM?!” The assistant captain’s voice boomed so loudly that Ilya felt the walls shake from the intensity.

Bood was kind enough to immediately leave, a series of expletives roaring under his breath, and on the way to probably to warn the others from coming to the locker room.

The couple laughed until their stomachs hurt and decided it was probably best to forgo sneaking in a quickie. Ilya may be horny as fuck for Shane but he wasn’t a heartless person to let his teammates marinate in their own sweat outside of the locker room.

(If anyone’s going to ask, Ilya won’t mind his teammates hearing him ravishing Shane. Shane minds, though. So Ilya settles with fucking Shane in hotel rooms where he knew the walls are thin and their teammates are in other rooms.)

In the end, Ilya found himself drowning in Shane’s delectable scent when they got home. And Shane got to cum three times from Ilya’s cock alone.

It was worth being shouted at by Bood, Ilya thought.

But this? Witnessing Shane being pregnant with their first child?

Ilya swore he had to be fucking *restrained* with chains around his neck with a muzzle over his mouth to stop himself from jumping on his husband’s bones every chance he gets.

Maybe it’s the alpha hormones that were talking, affecting Ilya’s perception of Shane’s overall attractiveness. His omega has always been attractive– that’s the reason why Ilya couldn’t keep himself away from him in the first place– but maybe the alpha hormones were hiking it up a notch.

Maybe it’s the undeniable glow that Shane has whenever he smiles while holding his baby bump in front of the mirror. It tugged at Ilya’s heartstrings in ways he never felt before. He’d find himself laying his hand over Shane’s bump when they’re sleeping, they’re cuddling, or just when Ilya feels like it.

Maybe it's the effect of quality rest and healing that Ilya has gotten since taking time off the remainder of the season that his libido seemed insatiable and more sensitive towards his mate.

That could contribute to why Ilya was rabid with desire and love whenever he's near Shane. It's uncontrollable.

Ilya would sneakily kiss Shane when he's unaware, press himself behind Shane when he's trying to work on his laptop on the countertop, or smack Shane's ass when he's passing by Ilya along the corridors of their home.

This drives Shane *absolutely* nuts, often shown by a small pout on his lips as he walks away from Ilya. Ilya delights at how cute Shane looks when he's pouting.

One thing's for sure: Ilya never thought he could love Shane more than he already does.

He found this *powerful* feeling of love both confusing and interesting as Shane's pregnancy progressed.

Confusing because Ilya would sometimes find himself entirely *enamoured* over whatever Shane was doing that Ilya would normally not pay too much attention to— Shane folding their laundry on their living room couch in neat piles, Shane chopping an apple into slices by the kitchen counter, Shane taking inventory of their grocery pantry with a notepad and pen in his hand— to name a few.

Ilya would get this overwhelming sense of... *Protectiveness* and *pride* towards his mate. Two opposing emotions yet in Ilya's mind, they make sense. Ilya was convinced that he has to be close to Shane *at all times* to make sure of Shane and their pup's safety. He's also convinced that Shane was a superhuman, doing amazing things even when he's pregnant. Ilya couldn't be prouder of Shane's dedication to their growing family.

Ilya would stare at Shane for hours if he could. And when Ilya stared, Shane would usually look over his way— probably feeling Ilya’s eyes on him— his eyebrows knitting in inquiry and Ilya would just give him a flying kiss or mouth “I love you”.

In return, Shane would break eye contact, the deep red blush creeping from his cheeks to his neck, and go back to whatever he was doing.

And Ilya eats it up every fucking time.

On the other hand, he found these feelings interesting because Ilya didn’t think they’d be so damn lucky to be successfully and healthily pregnant in the first place.

Ilya was almost certain that it would take them a handful of times before they could conceive the pup of their dreams, considering that male omega carriers were rarely occurring. Their specialist, Dr. Greenfeld, a sweet obstetrician in her early fifties, provided them with everything they needed before they made a decision— from pamphlets, books, teleconsultations, medical screening procedures, and the works.

One thing they liked about Dr. Greenfeld was her honest opinions about the implications of the pregnancy to Shane. She cited that since Shane was a male omega, his anatomy may be a little different than a female omega’s.

Basically speaking, Shane has a uterus for the pup but the manner of conceiving it would be somewhat unconventional.

“Unconventional?” Ilya asked, nervous of what that word meant in this context. “Does it need surgery?”

Dr. Greenfeld shook her head. “No, Ilya dearest. Conventional conception of a pup simply involves the alpha releasing their seed inside their omega, whether or not they’re in a rut or heat, providing that they haven’t been using physical or chemical birth controls. With male omegas, it has to be done during the second day of Shane’s heat and the third day of your rut. That’s why I labeled it unconventional.”

Shane’s expression was unreadable but his eyes were swimming with questions. “That specific? Is there any reason why?”

Standing up, Dr. Greenfeld turned to a corner of her clinic that housed various health magazines and journals for the patrons to read. She grabbed a few pamphlets and took them to her table.

She specifically opened one pamphlet and pushed it towards the couple. "If you'll read it here," Dr. Greenfeld pointed at a section entitled 'Male Omega Pregnancy: A Comprehensive Guide', "The heat and rut cycles are incredibly important for male alphas and omegas. Research shows that the potency of the male alpha's seed is at its highest on the third day of their five day rut cycle, and the most fertile phase of a male omega's heat cycle is on the second day of their five or seven day heat cycle. This ensures that conception will be successful. Assuming that your cycles are in sync, it wouldn't be too difficult to schedule your intimate activities. Could the two of you follow?"

Shane and Ilya nodded in understanding, their fingers intertwined firmly.

Dr. Greenfeld continued with her explanation. "From the screening test results, both of you are of optimal health. Very good even, considering your ages. Then again, both of you are high profile professional athletes with access to great healthcare so I wasn't so surprised. However, you both have taken birth control medications for years now. Even with your clear health bill, flushing out the medications would take between a month or two before it was completely out of your system. And like any medications, this entails mild to severe withdrawal symptoms.

And Ilya," Dr. Greenfeld turned to the alpha, her tone gentle but tinged with worry. "Based on your health records, there was a period in your late 20s when you were taking anti-depressant medication, Prozac, as prescribed by your attending psychiatrist, Dr. Powell, as suggested by your therapist, Dr. Molchalina. You've been off of it for almost four years now which should not generally affect the attempts of conception. I would, however, require for another round of tests for you, Ilya. Just to be on the safe side."

Ilya was quick to respond, "I do the tests right now if we can. How many tests will there be? What do I need to do?"

Dr. Greenfeld offered him a smile as she adjusted her eyeglasses on her nosebridge. "Your openness and willingness is admirable, Ilya, but I'm afraid we have to do the tests one by one. There's only two tests involved, don't worry, but there will be preparations needed on both of our ends before I could confidently advise that it's safe to try conceiving."

She sighed and leaned closer to Shane and Ilya. "I'm afraid your plans to conceive next month when your rut and heat arrive would have to be postponed for safety's sake. I'm so sorry, Ilya and Shane," her tone was sombre as if she was delivering a death announcement to the couple.

Shane's hand tightened around Ilya's, the omega's body sagging in what Ilya could only conclude as relief. He turned and looked intently at Ilya's eyes— warm hazel meeting blue green— with Ilya leaning in to rest his forehead against Shane's own. "Moy lyubimmy?" Ilya started to run soothing circles using his thumb at the back of Shane's hand, trying to pick up the miniscule change in his mate's scent. They both took scent blockers that day to reduce the

chances of being recognised in public but Ilya's sense of smell was keenly sensitive towards Shane's scent at this point.

Scent changes notwithstanding, Ilya has learned over the years to not assume that he knows what's on Shane's mind. Unless Shane explicitly states it, Ilya will not believe it.

At that moment, Shane's face displayed a couple of emotions—worry and sadness. His eyes slowly lost the sparkle it had when they were driving towards the clinic. While it may mean absolutely nothing, Ilya still was careful in speaking on their behalf.

“Thank you, Dr. Greenfeld, for being honest with us. Uh... I think this is something we need to discuss privately,” Shane finally responded with a small smile. The gleam in his eyes shifted into something Ilya was extremely familiar with.

It's Shane Hollander's look of hard determination.

The look that only shows up when Shane decided he'd work his ass off to get what he wants, by hook or by crook.

They got home that day, attempting small talk in the car ride home with Shane relaxed as he drove. Ilya was puzzled by the... Calmness Shane was exhibiting as if the doctor didn't tell them they'd have to wait before trying to get pregnant.

Well, there he goes again—assuming about Shane.

It's just that.. Ilya couldn't get the image of Shane's eyes looking downcasted after hearing the news from Dr. Greenfeld. He wasn't even a worrier by nature but that changed when this certain Canadian hockey player came into his life twelve years ago.

Shane led them to their living room couch as soon as they got out of the car, Anya happily following them. With Anya settled by their feet, they sat down. Shane reached to hold Ilya's hand and kissed the back of it before putting their joined hands on top of his chest. “I think that went well, right?”

Ilya tried his best not to look surprised, nodding in response to Shane's statement. “Da, it went better than expected. But, how are you feeling? I know you thanked Dr. Greenfeld, said we're going to talk about this privately, and then we left. Can you tell me what's exactly on your mind?”

“Look at you, getting worried for a change,” Shane chuckled and touched Ilya's cheek ever so gently.

Ilya tried to deny the accusation and failed, the crease on his forehead deepening. “I always worry about you, Shane. I need to know exactly what you think and feel about this

consultation. Is not really the answer we're looking for, I know. And I can't stop thinking how it will make you sad. We can't make a baby yet and you're so excited for it. I couldn't even provide you that because I... I need to get other tests. It will delay us for the next four months." Ilya avoided Shane's gaze, getting away from Shane's hold on his cheek.

*And it's entirely **my** fault because I took anti-depressant medications four years ago, Ilya wanted to say but held back.*

This wasn't about his stupid depression, anyway. Ilya knew he'd made immense progress in terms of confronting his difficult past. He shouldn't be talking about his problems and just shut up. This was nothing in comparison to what Shane may be feeling.

"Hey, hey— Look at me, Ilya. You're not... Blaming yourself for this, aren't you?" Shane asked, cupping Ilya's face with both of his hands this time. "Look at me, please."

Tired of fighting off the tendrils of despair in his mind, Ilya let Shane's hand guide him until their gazes met. Bright sunshine slowly pushed out the dark clouds from Ilya's mind, spreading warmth that he could only associate with Shane.

Melting into Shane's gentle hands, Ilya's vision blurred. "Izvini, moy dorogoya... Eta maya vina," Ilya couldn't find the proper words in English to express his apologies.

"You idiot, you have nothing to apologise for. No one is at fault here, Ilya," Shane emphasised and leaned in to rest his forehead against Ilya's. "Don't you fucking dare blame yourself for something that we have no control of, Rozanov."

"How could I not blame myself when it's because of depression that we have to wait longer? I was the one sick in the head, Shane. I took those pills..." Ilya lamented between sniffles, Shane wiping away the tears from his cheeks.

Shane sighed and pulled away slightly, guiding Ilya's head until he's laying on Shane's lap. The omega's fingers threaded through Ilya's curls and the alpha slowly relaxed, eyes closing to savour the firm tugs of Shane's fingers in his hair.

"Depression is like any other sickness, Ilya. Your brain was sick and needed to heal. That's why Galina was there to help you through it, right? And then Dr. Powell also helped by giving you the medication. You took the meds well and continued to still see Galina. You healed, baby, and still healing. You're stronger, healthier, and happier than before. Your brain was finally able to move forward from the shitty things that happened in your past.

"But even the strongest people have off days. It doesn't make your progress in healing less valid. It's like hockey, in a way. Sometimes you're on fire, ready to bring home the win, and then you did! And sometimes, you're dragging your feet to play even if you know you're good at it."

Ilya grinned amidst the complicated feelings he's having. "Nice analogy, Hollander."

Shane ignored his jab. "That's not the point, Rozanov. What I am saying is I... I hope you stop minimising your progress because of this. You best believe that I'll be with you to

convince you that depression was not your fault. You know why? Because you actually did something to overcome it. You wanted to be better for you. For me. For mom and dad. For Anya. For the team. For our child. For your mother. And I couldn't be any prouder to be your husband, Ilya Hollander-Rozanov."

Every word that came out from Shane's mouth was a declaration of Ilya's triumph through his long and painful journey through healing and accepting himself.

Sometimes, Ilya couldn't believe that he's living the life he never thought he'd have. A life free from the torment of his family's expectations and deception.

Looking back, Ilya knew that his mother's love remained his anchor on the shittiest days of his life. Irina Rozanova was anything less than God's incarnate on earth, and Ilya still feels angry towards his father and brother for convincing him otherwise— that his mother was weak and useless. That Ilya needed to be treated harshly to be a better player, a better man, and a better person.

For weakness has no place in Grigori Rozanov's family.

Irina was anything but weak and useless.

She was the strength that carried Ilya through the past— the life he had before Shane came.

The strength that he continuously carries in the present— the life he's sharing with Shane.

The strength that Ilya will carry to the future— a future with, hopefully, a healthy baby that would complete their little family.

Though Ilya was young when his mother passed, he'd always remember how she comforted him after enduring a hard punishment from his father. She's quick to cradle eleven year old Ilya's small body after Grigori smacks him with a leather belt on his back for something a normal child would do— like missing skating practice with his coach, opting to play with a few of his friends from school.

His mother would hum an old Russian lullaby near Ilya's ear, her hands firm around his shoulders as Ilya quietly sobbed. She rocked him gently at the edge of Ilya's huge bed, her lovely lavender and talc scent slowly easing the pain from his back. "*Moy Ilyushenka... Malysh... Ya lyubyu tebya...*" His mother would murmur in between lullabies, placing soft kisses on Ilya's hair until he falls asleep.

Ilya reminded himself to look for old Russian lullabies to sing to their child once they're born, memorialising the woman who shaped Ilya to the person, the man, and the husband he was today.

"Besides, Dr. Greenfeld didn't say it was impossible for us to get pregnant. We only had to wait until we're cleared of any health risks—from our birth control and your anti-depression medications. You said it yourself, we don't need to rush at all. This just means that our baby will also have to chill for a bit before they come to us." Shane offered a kind smile and tugged at the hairs near Ilya's nape that rendered the alpha weak.

The simplicity of Shane's explanation miraculously curbed all of Ilya's self-sabotaging thinking patterns. It's usually Ilya who would try and simplify the worries plaguing Shane's mind.

And as years passed, Shane had taken a few pages out of Ilya's book to help him through intense emotional meltdowns. It was during these moments of honesty and vulnerability that Ilya could confirm that he and Shane were made for each other.

In every lifetime. In every universe.

Together.

"Spasibo, solnyshko," was all he could say. He placed a soft kiss on Shane's clothed thigh, inhaling his mate's calming sweet scent.

Ilya felt Shane lean down to kiss his temple. "You're welcome, baby."

The next month was spent between playing hockey games as much as they could before they both went on leave, and researching pregnancy whenever they had free time. Well, it was mostly Shane who researched and Ilya was happy to acquiesce to whatever discovery the omega made.

Then came the task of informing their parents about their decision. Miraculously, they had a free weekend for once. "Mom and dad would not pry for details once we take our leave but I'd rather they hear the truth from us instead of any news outlet," Shane reasoned out.

Ilya agreed with the plan. Mostly because he didn't want to subject himself to the incessant worrying from David and Yuna Hollander if they left them in the dark. Being fussed over was something Ilya was still trying to get used to even after five years of marriage with Shane. "Okay. Whenever you're ready, sweetheart. Maybe we should buy those bread bun rolls Mom likes near their house. Like metaphor for the future baby bun?"

Shane's face contorted to what Ilya could only describe as an angry kitten. "We're getting the buns but you're *not* saying that to our parents."

Telling Shane's parents about their plans was definitely a *fun experience*. Ilya thoroughly enjoyed seeing Shane's reactions, the reddening of Shane's cheeks and the tips of his ears was endearing.

Buns in their hands and all.

Both parents were beyond elated upon hearing their plan on getting pregnant, Yuna peppering kisses on both Shane and Ilya's faces. Ilya let Anya down and their baby girl happily trotted on the Hollander's floor.

"I'm going to be a grandma! Finally! I love Anya, of course, but a baby!" Yuna squealed while squeezing Shane. "Have you gone to the doctors? What did the doctors say? Have you spoken to your team? What about Wiebe? Will you stay at Montreal or The Cottage—"

"Jesus, Mom! One at a time, please!" Shane protested but made no move to remove Yuna's arms around him, clearly lavishing the comforting hug from his mom. "Yes, we went to Dr. Greenfeld two weeks ago. We've been researching for the meantime since she said we need to be medically clear first before we try anything. Yes, we've spoken to Coach Wiebe and the team and agreed to keep it quiet. Farah already drafted a statement explaining our disappearance due to private matters. And Ilya and I agreed to stay at The Cottage once we're positive about the pregnancy," Shane responded without taking a breath, his expression akin to a kitten who just woke up. "Happy?"

Ilya and Yuna both replied, "Happier."

Shane rolled his eyes. "You guys are the worst. Dad? Back me up, please."

David laughed and went to engulf Ilya in a tight hug, patting his back, and whispering, "I'm proud of you, Ilya. You and Shane are the love of Yuna and I's life. Our grandchild is a bonus."

Ilya wanted to stay in David's arms for as long as he could. Having an affectionate father-in-law used to make Ilya awkward but at that moment— where Shane, Yuna, David, and Anya

surrounded him— Ilya couldn't imagine life now without his family.

Shane complained from Yuna's embrace, "Hey, I'm your son! You're supposed to be on my side!"

"I'm also a son now, Hollander," Ilya teased, sticking his tongue out towards Shane, and gave David a squeeze. "I'm going to take good care of them, I promise."

David smiled. "I know you will, son. Shane will also take good care of you both."

For dinner, they enjoyed Shane's famous grilled burgers with tomatoes, pickles, and lettuce. There were plenty of ginger ale to go around and for once, Ilya didn't miss the taste of vodka that much.

This time, eight patties seem to be just enough for all of them. Including Anya, of course.

Ilya was also introduced to the wonderful applications called Google Drive and Google Docs, where Shane regularly updates a Drive named '*Hollander-Rozanov Baby Plan*'. This Drive was accessible to *all* of Ilya, Yuna, and David's devices for easier tracking. Uploaded in the same file were soft copies of Ilya and Shane's medical records for safekeeping.

Give it to Shane to be detailed and organised when it comes to creating their little bundle of joy.

In addition, Shane made a separate Google Docs file that was only accessible to him and Ilya. The purpose of this private file was for the couple to familiarise themselves with the changes in each other's bodies— sex drives, scents, appetites, among others. Ilya would dutifully read some of the articles but his most favourite ones were related to having sex during pregnancy. Apparently, being pregnant makes one *extremely* horny.

He took every opportunity to rile up Shane just for the fun of it, even using the Comment feature in the Google Docs application.

[Ilya Rozanov] <https://www.everydayhealth.org/LibidoDuringPregnancy>

This article is good and informative. It has all I need to know to prepare when you can't control yourself around me, lyubimyy. I might get tired many times when you're pregnant already.

[Shane Hollander] *What did I say about using the GDocs to sext me? Also, I've read that already. It is helpful but not applicable to us yet.*

[Ilya Rozanov] I'll always find opportunities to sext you in any application, moya lyubov.

[Ilya Rozanov] Says in the article you'd want me to mount you when I fuck you doggy style. I like that so you'd feel my dick deeper in your womb. Just got to protect the baby bump when you're on all fours, yes?

[Shane Hollander] FOR FUCK'S SAKE, ILYA. I'M DELETING THAT.

[Shane Hollander resolved Ilya Rozanov's entry]

[Ilya Rozanov] Edit history is a thing, sweetheart.

[Shane Hollander] Do you want to be removed from this file or not?

And Ilya stopped messing through the Google Document, afraid to suffer the wrath of his grumpy omega.

A Google Calendar was also a new application for Ilya to learn. This time, it was only Ilya and Shane who could see it. Their next heat and rut cycle was highlighted in bold, red letters, lasting for five days. This cycle was their last one before they started not taking their birth control.

Alongside their heat and rut, Shane's pre-heat and Ilya's pre-rut were also labeled in the Calendar, this time in an orange font.

A month after their consultation, Ilya's pre-rut started, just as scheduled in their Google Calendar.

Shane noticed it as he was helping Ilya pack for the Centaurs' first playoff game against the Bears, Ilya's former team. Shane wasn't playing for this match since it's near his heat week. It was stipulated in his contract with the Centaurs and the same with Ilya's regarding his rut. The NHL had come a long way in giving proper healthcare to all the players after the couple came out. "Hey, Ilya? Where are your sleep shorts? I can't find them in the closet and I need to pack them."

Ilya was in the bathroom with his head resting by the cool wall tile near the mirror, sporting the mildest of headaches. He was still damp from his shower but his skin was starting to prickle with irritating warmth. "Still in fresh laundry pile downstairs, I think. I folded them this morning but didn't bring them upstairs yet." Ilya exhaled heavily. "Do we have Tylenol?"

"Tylenol? Why? Is something hurting?" Shane's disembodied voice sounded concerned.

"Is a headache. Is the AC on? It's getting a little hot, lyubimyy..." Ilya replied, his voice was sounding hoarser.

Ilya heard footsteps and then Shane was by the bathroom door. "Shane?"

"Your pre-rut is here..." Shane said and walked towards Ilya. "You're not yet reeking, Ilya, but I could smell it." The omega used his palms to wipe away the sweat forming at Ilya's forehead. "You're a little warm, too."

And Ilya still had the gall to make a joke out of it. "Do I smell good, malysh? That means you'll be in pre-heat soon and you'll smell great because of the sweet oranges."

Shane didn't look amused by his attempt. "Stop deflecting, you asshole. It's not funny, Ilya. How are you feeling?"

"Just feeling hot. Like my skin is in front of the heaters. I'll be fine, solnyshko. I played during my pre-rut before and it was fine," Ilya assured Shane, sealing it with a soft kiss on Shane's nose. "Just need those Tylenol, da?"

The omega looked like he was about to argue but sighed instead, running his hands from Ilya's shoulders down to his wrists. "I'll pack them in your carry-on so you can grab them fast. Call me if you need anything, okay? I'll fly to Boston if I have to."

Ilya thought it was an exaggeration, considering he had done this before. "I promise I'll be fine," he concedes, kissing Shane on the nose.

Things did not turn out fine.

Ilya's pre-rut symptoms usually lasted only one and a half days, one day if he was lucky. Headaches and hot flashes plague him during his pre-rut and most of the time, Shane is there to soothe his discomfort.

He's only supposed to be in Boston for two days due to his impending rut and he'd be on the plane back to Montreal on the third day. That was enough time to drive home to spend his rut just as Shane's heat would start in a day.

However, even during the plane ride, Ilya was restless. His skin was itchy with the prickling heat, his eyes sensitive from the harsh lights inside the plane, and the noise was too much for his ears. Ilya's alpha howled for its omega, whimpering weakly to be soothed by Shane's scent and presence.

Ilya popped two Tylenol tablets, the safest high dosage he could take in one go, and tried to nap for the remainder of the car ride to their hotel. After arriving at the hotel, Ilya showered the travel feeling off his body, had a call with Shane to say good night, and zonked out the headache without even eating dinner.

Ilya slept through the entire morning of practice, missing breakfast. Wiebe didn't bother waking him up but he texted Ilya to be at the Centaur lockers an hour before their game.

That was fine with Ilya, thinking his headaches would cease after lunch.

Before departing his hotel room, he took two Tylenol tablets again with his scent blocker for safe measure. Ilya can't have a headache distracting him from the game and spilling his scent

all over the arena all at once.

Ilya's pre-rut symptoms only worsened during their game, making him more shorter-tempered than he already was before.

He shouted at Barrett for passing the puck too quickly for his own liking when it was the normal amount of speed for his teammate to do. Barrett apologised after Ilya scored, skating away from him. And Ilya was so preoccupied to tell Troy that he didn't do anything wrong.

He also tried to argue with the referee for calling a penalty for Bood when it was clear that it needed to be called out. "Roz, it's alright. It was a clear foul," Bood confirmed and patted Ilya on the back.

He almost snapped at Wiebe for reminding him of his conduct on the ice or else he'd put Ilya on the bench for the rest of the game.

What's even more infuriating was when Marlow, his former teammate in the Bears, skated near him and chirped, "Dude, what the hell is wrong with you? Get your head in the fucking game."

Ilya snarled at Marlow and angrily skated past him.

Just to spite Marlow, Ilya scored thrice during the third period, earning the Centaurs the first win of their first playoffs game against the Bears.

Ilya didn't bother answering any interview questions and went to shower and change as inhumanely fast as possible to get the fuck out of Boston, fly back to Montreal, and fuck Shane until he's pregnant.

He's sure that Shane saw the whole debacle from Montreal, itching to reprimand Ilya about his behaviour. Ilya didn't care about that.

Ilya wanted Shane so badly it's driving him insane.

After booking the earliest flight to Montreal at 2AM the next morning from his phone—flight ticket prices be damned—their van arrived at 10PM to the hotel. Ilya took the service stairs instead of the elevator, opened his hotel room door after failing to swipe the key card twice, and threw himself on the shitty hotel bed.

He was panting hard as he tried to take off his shirt and gave up because he kept messing with the buttons. Ilya pulled out his rock hard cock out of his pants, growling at the cool air hitting his skin. He's been bricked up since the drive back to the hotel, impatiently tapping his fingers on his car seat much to his teammates' irritation.

Ilya grabbed his phone and pressed Shane's Facetime number from his speed dial, his other hand tightening around his dick to prevent himself from coming.

Shane picked up on the first ring, and Ilya was greeted by his mate's eyes framed in his glasses. Shane always looked so goddamned mouthwatering when he's wearing his glasses. "What the hell happened there, Ilya—"

“Fuck, you look so fucking— Good, fuck, Shane...” Ilya moaned through the speaker; the camera awkwardly facing Ilya’s side just enough for Shane to see him stroking his cock. “Please, no nagging, malysh... Want to come... I really want to come— Please...”

Ilya heard Shane’s breath hitched and some shuffling in the background. “Nagging— Fuck you! I don’t nag.” A pause. “Are you at the hotel already?”

“Da. And I’m so hard already, sweetheart. Look,” Ilya, with all the remaining strength that he had, propped his phone by the lampshade on the bedside’s table. The screen now fully captured how wrecked Ilya looked— his cock standing proud while Ilya strokes himself in slow, deliberate motions, his pants pulled down just below his knees, his buttoned-down shirt untucked and crumpled at the edges, and his curly dark blond hair sticking on his forehead. His skin was on fire and his eyes glassy from the prolonged edging.

Ilya was not ashamed to admit that he looked good like this— punch drunk with lust for his husband alone.

Shane’s eyes trailed down from Ilya’s face down to his ramrod dick in Ilya’s hand, nibbling his upper lip with his teeth. “Ilya— You’re so good for me, hm? Can I touch myself?”

“Only your hole, lyubimyy. Don’t touch your cock,” Ilya responded, voice coming in thick with want. He took the little reprieve to fully take off his shirt and let it drop on the mattress.

“Spit on your hand, p-please... I know you love it when I’m sloppy,” Shane croaked and clumsily climbed their bed, also propping his phone by the lampshade. Ilya watched in earnest as Shane took the lube out of the bedside drawer, kneeling facing front near the edge of the bed by the bedside table. He slid his tight boxers off of his waist, throwing it away and out of frame, and Ilya couldn’t help but stare at his omega’s gorgeous body. Shane had a lovely flush spreading through from his face, down his neck and chest.

Ilya’s chest ached from Shane’s absence, wishing the omega was with him in Boston.

Ilya didn’t need to be told twice and spat saliva on his right palm, bringing it on the tip of his cock and letting it dribble down his length. He liked putting on a show for Shane, knowing his strong, sturdy body turns him on. “Oh, fuck, Shane...” The slippery slide was so good on Ilya’s hot length, the saliva spilling through the gaps of his hand.

The alpha peered through his hooded eyes towards the tiny phone screen. Ilya was greeted with Shane’s cock, standing proud and glistening with so much pre-come. Ilya craved to suck him off. Ilya licked his lips as he imagined Shane’s taste on his tongue. “I know you’ll be so ready for me, Shane... You deserve it, baby. Put one finger in...” Ilya commanded through laboured breath, his own fist picking up the pace in stroking himself.

Shane grabbed the lube and squeezed the clear liquid on his fingers, reached behind him, and started to circle his forefinger near his already damp hole, arching his back and his cock bobbing up against his abs. “So wet... Need you here, Ilya...” Shane mewled, eyes shut from the first finger slipping inside his hole.

Wanton moans continued to echo in Ilya's hotel room and he didn't even give a fuck if anyone heard him through the thin walls. Not when he's having an intense phone sex with his husband who's hundreds of kilometres away from him. "Shit- Fuck yourself with t-three fingers, Shane. Now. Do it- Oh God, malysh..." Ilya was thrusting his hips up to his tight fist, his balls tightening so hard it was borderline painful in the best way possible.

A loud squelching noise made way through Ilya's ear as Shane maneuvered his slick fingers in his hole. "A-ah, Ilya! Oh fuck, I'm gonna come so fast- Want your knot, please, alpha-" Shane wailed loudly.

The hotel bed was already creaking from the intensity of Ilya's thrusts. "Fuck- Shane, I'm cumming-!" Ilya felt his body release the tight coil from his stomach, his release spurting all over his fist and his cum dripping down his abs and thighs. His knot inflated at the base, sensitivity taking over Ilya's body.

He turned his attention to his beautiful Shane, who's so lost in fucking himself with his fingers. His cock bounced as Shane rode his fingers and he called for Ilya as he came. "Ilya-Ilya-!"

And Shane came with a moan, his pretty sounds milking Ilya's cock of the last of his seed. Shane's release painted his gorgeous thighs and his nimble fingers, all sticky and wet. "Moy lyubov..." Ilya whimpered. "So perfect..." His knot grew in his limp hand and the sensation was painful and delicious at the same time.

Plopping down on their bed, Shane makes quick work of wiping his hands, his thighs, his stomach, and his ass of any bodily fluids and lube. He gingerly reached to throw the soiled paper towels in the trash bin near the bed. "F-Fuck you, Rozanov. Don't think I forgot the bullshit you pulled tonight on the rink," Shane's voice was hoarse as he scolds his better half. Shane wasn't even looking at the screen.

"Why? Are you gonna punish me for it?" Ilya chuckled lightly at his omega's antics, his heart slowing down after coming from such a high.

"Try me. I dare you."

They fell into a comfortable back and forth of small talk, waiting for Ilya's knot to deflate. And once it did, Ilya grabbed the ill-forsaken button-down shirt and wiped down his body. "I'm flying out at 2AM."

"I know, baby. I got the notification from the online bank a while ago," Shane chided, amused. "You're absolutely insane, did you know that?"

Ilya smirked and took his phone from the bedside table. "I'm only insane for you, Shane."

Shane blushed prettily under the warm lamp light. "Fuck you, Rozanov."

"Can't wait, sweetheart."

As soon as Ilya arrived in their home in Montreal, Ilya's rut was almost boiling over under his skin. His mind was getting into the tunnel vision haze of doing one thing— getting Shane knocked up full of his pup.

He knew it was his biology talking, their birth control still in full effect, but Ilya couldn't shake off the *ferocious* need to make Shane take his cum until he's pregnant.

Anya was waiting for Ilya by the door when Ilya opened it, arriving at almost 5:45AM. "Hello, pretty girl— Oh— Yeah, yeah, girl, I missed you, too," Ilya chuckled, accepting Anya's soft kisses all over his face even when he's exhausted from the travel. Reaching behind her ears, Ilya inquired, "Where's Daddy, hm? Papa missed him lots."

After Anya was satisfied with all the pets and praises from Ilya, she happily walked away, her snout pointing towards their bedroom. As if Anya was telling him where Shane was.

Shrugging his jacket off his shoulders and hanging it on the coat rack near the door, Ilya gave Anya another pet on her tiny head. "Thank you, Anya. I'll take care of these first," Ilya said, holding his bags.

Their house smelled unmistakably of a fertile omega in heat. The scent was almost tangible that if Ilya reached out in the air, thick orange syrup would drip on his fingers.

Since Ilya knew how Shane felt about his bags strewn all over the foyer or the living room, he quickly placed them by the cabinet near their laundry room. He was about to leave to look for Shane but he remembered how Shane liked having his sweaty clothes and underwear piling high around their bed for his nest.

When they were still seeing each other in secret, Shane vehemently refused to be scented by Ilya. And now, Shane won't even let Ilya leave if Shane hadn't thoroughly scented him. Their relationship had truly transformed— from whispered promises in the dark to bold declaration of love in the light.

Taking his bag filled with his heavily scented clothes, Ilya finally made his way to their bedroom.

Ilya was met with Shane napping in the middle of their bed surrounded by Ilya's other dirty clothes, dressed in the tiny shorts Ilya really liked and Ilya's grey hoodie. Smoke and pine met orange and sugar in Ilya's nose as he sauntered towards the sleeping omega. Ilya dropped his bag at the foot of the bed, the zipper opened for easy access in case Shane wanted to add more clothes to his nest.

Shane was lying on his stomach and cuddling Ilya's pillow under his arm, the sight automatically melting Ilya into a pile of goo. Years of being married had never dulled Ilya's magnetic attraction towards his husband.

Teenage Ilya would not believe his luck if he met middle aged Ilya— that they married the love of their life in Canada, no less. It may not be as lavish like his limited teen mind had

imagined but it was all Ilya needed to be happy.

Sitting by the edge of the bed, Ilya stretched his hand to gently rub Shane's leg. "Moya lyubov... Sweetheart?" Ilya whispered ever so softly. "Shane? I'm here, my love. I'm home."

"M-mhm?" Shane squirmed and rolled onto his side, his eyes slowly opening. "Ilya?"

"Hello, sweetheart," Ilya mumbled, his nostrils flaring from how Shane smells even more exquisite now that he's near his mate. "You smell so fucking good, Shane, it's driving me crazy the moment I came home."

With eyes still a little bleary from his interrupted nap, Shane reached out towards Ilya and pulled him on the bed. Nimble fingers took hold of the hem of Ilya's fitted black shirt until it was off of him, Shane throwing it on the pile near his head. "Missed you so much, baby," Shane's voice was laden with sleep as he moved to make space for Ilya.

Their lips met in a soft kiss, shy Hellos and I Miss You were said through their connected lips. Ilya hauled Shane until the omega was sitting on his lap with their lips not separating from each other. "Did you put away your bags?" Shane inquired in between their kisses.

Ilya fought the urge to laugh and just smacked the meat of Shane's right asscheek in response, earning a grumble from the omega. "My cock is in between your ass and you're asking me about my bags?" Ilya teased, his tongue prying Shane's lips open to shut him up.

When Shane didn't respond, Ilya slid both of his hands under the hoodie to run his palms up and down the expanse of Shane's back. Shane's tense muscles slowly relaxed under Ilya's touch, their tongue languidly tangling in the kiss.

Pulling away from their kiss, Ilya quickly got rid of Shane's hoodie and threw it on the bed. He slotted their mouths again for a kiss, this time it's filthier— Shane's tongue tangled with Ilya's possessively and Ilya's fingernails scratching Shane's back. "Fuck— Shane, grind on me, malysh... My beautiful boy... Want that ass all over my cock."

Shane all but purred from the slight scratching on his back, his hips canting up towards Ilya's toned abs for friction. "A-are you going to fuck me pregnant, alpha? I've been so good for you, Ilya—" Shane babbled over and over, chasing the delicious sensation of Shane's wet cock along the grooves of Ilya's stomach.

Their noises started to fill their room, the early morning rays of the sun warm on their skins. Ilya's own cock slid through the cleft of Shane's ass and slick was steadily dribbling down from the omega's hole. Bursts of ripe sugared oranges invaded Ilya's senses, drowning him in Shane's presence. "Off. Clothes— Off, now, Shane," Ilya breathed desperately.

They clumsily took off the last remaining clothing that was separating their bodies and Ilya sighed in relief once he's skin to skin with Shane. Shane's fingers busy themselves by carding them through Ilya's curls, tugging it slightly that left Ilya panting. Ilya felt Shane's other hand slide down by Ilya's nape, pulling at the strands of hair there to make Ilya look up at his omega. "Ngh— Fuck..." All Ilya could see was Shane's blissed out face before their lips crashed in a heated kiss.

Ilya felt Shane move on his lap— lifting his hips to spread his thighs wider, accommodating Ilya's in between. Their lips were fighting for dominance with Shane possessively shoving his tongue down Ilya's throat, earning a guttural moan from the alpha.

Impatient, Ilya's large hands then gripped Shane's hips and guided it down his hard cock. The tip nudged against Shane's warm, wet entrance, both of them breaking the kiss with a string of saliva still connecting their lips. "Take me— Ilya, just fucking take me, please—" Shane begged prettily, his head thrown back as he slowly slide down Ilya's dick.

"Sit on my cock, now— Shane, come on... Gonna plug you up so well— FUCK!"

Inch by inch Shane descended down Ilya's entire length, Shane trembling from being stretched. Ilya was left speechless, his palms pushing Shane slowly until Ilya's fully sheathed in his omega's tight heat. "Bolzhe moy, moya lyubov. You— You feel so fucking good. Made for me to fuck... To love... I love you, Shane— Ugh..."

It's always like this when Ilya reunites with Shane. Ilya could feel the perfect sync of their hearts beating as if to symbolise how they were made for each other, no matter how long they've been apart.

Nothing else mattered when Ilya and Shane became one body.

Shane leaned down to kiss Ilya and Ilya had no choice but to pour his love and devotion through it. There was saliva dripping between their mouths as their kiss turned hungry with need. When Shane made a move by grinding his hips, Ilya growled. "Fuck me, please. Want to feel it until next week, Ilya."

"Hold onto me, sweetheart. 'M going to fuck my beautiful boy like he deserves. Fuck a pup in you until you take it, moya lyubov," and Ilya's smirk turned wicked. Shane pouted and Ilya was quick to kiss it away. The omega placed his hands on Ilya's broad shoulders, burying his face on the alpha's neck, inhaling his scent.

As Shane busied himself peppering small kisses along Ilya's neck, Ilya planted both his feet on the mattress and made a single thrust into Shane's welcoming hole. Shane choked out a moan, broken and pleading, and he bit Ilya's swollen scent gland in retaliation.

"Shit, feels so good— More, Ilya, please, please," Shane whined wantonly and his hips ground alongside Ilya's thrusts.

Ilya was drunk with the desire to satisfy his pretty omega and started a brutal pace of thrusting up against Shane's needy entrance. The tight, slick heat drove Ilya absolutely insane, and the sound of their bodies slapping against each other was downright pornographic. Oranges and sweets and thick molasses filled his nose that Ilya could almost taste them.

He pulled Shane by his hair, his mate looking absolutely wrecked— sweat licked hair sticking on Shane's forehead, the redness spreading from Shane's face down his neck and chest, and the omega's eyes glassy from his arousal. "Mine. You're mine. 'M gonna make you a dad,"

the alpha promised through his laboured breathing. And Ilya meant to fulfill that very promise.

Angling his hips to hit Shane's needy prostate, Shane's back bowed from his impending orgasm. "Oh— There! Oh, fuck, Ilya! Yours... Yours— Fuck, don't stop! Make me full— I'm gonna come, Ilya!" Shane was shaking so hard, gripping Ilya's shoulders until his fingertips left dents on Ilya's skin.

Ilya didn't notice the omega came in short spurts in between them, his release painting Ilya's stomach with white. Watching his beloved Shane come apart like this every single time made Ilya so honoured, so filled with love. Filled with his Shane and no one else. "Gonna come— Shane, fuck! I love you— Mine—! Gonna make you— Shit, pregnant— Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Ilya was a lost cause at that point, and Shane's hole was sucking him in deep.

Driving his cock deep one last time, Ilya came so hard that he almost blacked out, the whole world stilling as he emptied his balls inside Shane's hole. His warm seed pumping inside his omega had Shane whimpering again on top of him.

It took a few beats before Ilya came back to Earth and he let his body lax against their bed. Shane clung onto him, careful not to spill Ilya's seed out of his plugged hole. Ilya's knot started to fully grow and Shane mewled from it thickening inside him. "S-sensitive..."

"I think I'm dead, Hollander," Ilya remarked, kissing the top of Shane's sweaty hair. He scooted a little bit until Ilya's fully laying down on the bed and Shane was on top of him. "Still worth the wait?" Ilya teased while wrapping his hands around Shane.

Shane hit him on his shoulder in return, albeit weakly. "Shut up... You know you're always worth the wait, Rozanov."

Cuddling Shane closer to him as possible, Ilya left kisses all over Shane's face— on his forehead, both of his eyelids, his nose, his cheeks, and lastly, on his mouth. "I can't wait to have a baby with you, moya lyubov," Ilya declared, cradling Shane's face gently.

They continued to fuck like animals through the week, only taking a break once the sex haze lifts to cook and eat if they could, inform Yuna and David that they're doing okay, clean a little bit, and shower in between.

Ilya always protested that there was no use to shower since they'd be dirty again anyway, but Shane insisted for hygiene's sake. "I love you truly, Ilya, but there's no excuse for unsanitary practices in this household," Shane chastised a whiny Ilya after a round of fucking by their window.

"Unsanitary? What? Is not unsanitary, Hollander. It's natural!" Ilya complained and jerked his knot up to Shane's puffy hole full of his cum to further tease the omega. He carried Shane on the couch, his omega's back leaning on his front.

Shane whimpered and quickly clamped his teeth over his lips to not let out a sound. Ilya felt Shane's hole tighten around his length. "Doesn't make it sanitary, you idiot. Now carry me. We need to shower."

Ilya then spent their shower eating Shane out, his tongue fucking the cum back in Shane's hole while the water droplets spray all over them.

The end of the week came and both Shane's heat and Ilya's rut broke after they woke up from their afternoon nap.

Ilya woke up first and noticed the absence of the prickly heat lingering on his skin. Their scents also went back to their normal potency— smoked pine and cedar without the fire, and sugared oranges without the molasses. "Hey, solnyshko. Heat and rut are done."

Shane stirred on top of Ilya, blinking away the sleep. "Hm? It's done? Thank fuck," Shane happily exclaimed and pressed his face on Ilya's chest again. "Can we eat like proper food this time? No more biscuits and bread and fruit. I'm starving."

"Eugh, we're not eating your bird food, da?" Ilya jested, poking his husband's cheek.

"Hey, I'm not eating those too much anymore. I just meal prep these days."

"I know, sweetheart. I'm just joking," Ilya smiled. "What do you want to eat then, moya lyubov?"

Shane looked up and gave Ilya a toothy smile. "Chicken parm with lots of cheese?"

"Okay. Let's go."

Over the course of the two weeks after their cycles, Ilya and Shane visited Dr. Greenfeld for their consultation again. The heavy feeling weighing down on Ilya's chest was nowhere to be seen, remembering their first time seeing their specialist.

Dr. Greenfeld started the consultation with an interview regarding their last cycle— Did anything hurt? Was there something unusual during the week? What about after their cycles?

It was followed by blood work, X-ray, urinalysis, fecalysis, and sperm count test.

Additional blood work was required for Ilya, like what Dr. Greenfeld informed them, so they had to go back the next day since he had to fast. Ilya was particularly nervous about this since these two tests would determine if his anti-depressant medications would affect his ability to conceive with Shane.

“For both of these tests, your blood and your urine will be sent to the lab to be examined. They’re toxicology and drug tests respectively. To be honest, it’s a little over the top to do this but I cannot in my heart allow you and Shane to try conceiving without a 100% healthy body,” Dr. Greenfeld explained as she labeled the vials of blood and urine from Ilya. Shane was waiting by the receiving area of the clinic, opting to give them privacy. “You both did wonderful, Ilya. I’ll tell Shane that, too, when we get out.”

After four days, Dr. Greenfeld announced that they’re both cleared to conceive once their next cycles arrive. “As expected, your results came back clear. Congratulations, you two.”

Ilya reached out to Shane for a hug, relief washing to the both of them. “Thank you, Dr. Greenfeld. You’re... Awesome,” Shane commented.

“It’s no worries, Shane. I’m just happy for the both of you, you know?” Dr. Greenfeld then grabbed another folder on her table, flipping it open. “Now, it’s time to talk about your birth controls.”

She carefully instructed the couple regarding the gradual stop of taking their birth control medication. She gave Ilya a packet of five pink pills and Shane a packet of five blue pills. “These pills will be a placebo. This will interact with your body to slowly trick it into not metabolising BCs anymore. After the fifth day, hopefully your body will be acclimated without the active ingredients of the BCs. Kindly come back after five weeks to see if the BCs are completely out of your bodies, okay? Text me if you need anything or if something adverse happens.”

Something clicked inside of Ilya after that consultation. The confirmation from Dr. Greenfeld felt good to hear. It meant that Ilya and Shane were ready to be parents.

Shane seemed to bask in that information, too. He’s happier, lighter, and much chattier as days went by.

The birth control withdrawals weren't that much of a hassle for the both of them. Besides the occasional mood swings— Ilya was more sensitive about the littlest things and Shane was more easily annoyed— and the increase in appetite— Ilya and Shane going down to their kitchen in the middle of the night, munching on pudding cups and Japanese rice cakes *dango*— Ilya didn’t notice any significant changes.

Ilya and Shane also went back to playing hockey again, bulldozing their way to the playoffs by winning against Boston 4-1. It was a home court advantage, sure, but Boston also didn’t go easy on them. His former teammates made sure the Centaurs worked their ass off to win.

Marlow clapped Ilya's back after the game, grinning proudly. "Glad to have you and Hollander back, Rozy."

"Thanks, Marlow," Ilya replied and skated back to the Centaur's bench.

Shane, Troy, and Evan were cheering Luca loudly, the fans joining them in congratulating him for playing fabulously. The Swiss player scored almost half of their goals that game. "Knock it off, you guys," Luca, ever so shy, was straight up blushing under his helmet.

"You were great out there, kid," Zane praised and patted the top of Luca's helmet. "You deserve to party hard later. Monk's, everyone?"

The whole team roared in agreement and they all filed to the locker rooms.

Shane and Ilya told Coach Wiebe that they'd go home first to change and they would follow the team to Monk's after.

Once showered, they dressed in such coordinated dance around the bedroom, Anya patiently watching them run around.

"Hey. Are we still telling them tonight? About us taking the rest of the season off?" Ilya inquired from their full length mirror by their closet. He donned a deep purple silk button up shirt with a few buttons undone, rolling the sleeves past his elbows, and a pair of black pants that clung to his shapely thighs. "We don't have to if you're not okay with it, lyubimyy."

Shane, who put on a crisp baby blue collared shirt and the pair of Levi's black jeans that Ilya bought him a year ago, padded to the bedroom from their bathroom. His fingers seemed to have run through his hair, an attempt to style his soft locks after leaving it to air dry. "I want to let them know. They have been the best teammates we've ever had. They gave us nothing but support since we both joined the team," Shane's voice came in a quiet whisper when he said the latter part of his response.

Ilya sauntered towards Shane, hugging his beloved husband close until his senses were filled with nothing but Shane. He ran a comforting hand up and down the expanse of Shane's back, hoping the omega would relax. "They are the best teammates, yes? They support us in everything we do. So tell me what's inside your pretty head, sweetheart. You're looking constipated for someone who just won the playoffs game against my former team."

"Constipated? Really?"

"Yes, as if you're pushing big shit out of your upset tummy."

"You're an asshole," Shane said but without any heat to it. The omega rested his forehead on Ilya's shoulder and began speaking. "I was just thinking... You know, what if I stayed with the Voyageurs... Will I ever get this much support? I know it's been years since I've been a Voyageur but it makes me wonder sometimes how different things would be if they never insinuated I tripped on purpose during that game."

Oh, Ilya's heart was breaking for Shane. Shane's heart still held his former team somewhat close which was understandable considering they're the ones who drafted him.

Ilya didn't particularly care about the Voyageurs anymore, except when they're playing against them. They're still a good team, but they lost probably the best player in their generation over jealousy.

Shane keeps constant contact with Hayden Pike and his family. Ilya had grown very close with Jackie and their kids. Also with Hayden but Ilya won't admit that loudly. Occasionally, JJ would ask Shane to hang.

Shane's former teammates don't greet him the way Ilya's do when they're playing against each other. That has to hurt.

Ilya repeatedly kissed Shane's head, murmuring "Ya lyubyy tebya, moy dorogoya" over and over until Shane's body sagged against him. He can't stand that his Shane was mourning over horrible people, even if Ilya knew they meant a lot to Shane once upon a time. "You're so brave, sweetheart. You did well today, da? I hope Ottawa will continue to mend your heart like it did with mine. We deserve team that loves us wholeheartedly."

Shane let out a choked sob and kissed Ilya full on the lips, pulling away until their foreheads touched. "I love you. Thank you for staying with me, Rozanov."

Ilya raised his eyebrow. "Rozanov?"

Rolling his eyes, Shane corrected himself. "Hollander-Rozanov."

Ilya cupped Shane's cheek and wiped away the stray tears. "Thank you for choosing me every single day, lyubimyy."

After washing his face again, Shane walked back out to their bedroom and gave Ilya a once over. "Ready?"

And Ilya extended his hand. "Let's tell the team we're having a baby."

The victory party was in full swing when they arrived at Monk's. Strobe lights danced through the darkened floor and walls, the TVs playing the replay of tonight's game. Ilya led Shane through the throngs of bodies on the dance floor, stopping a bit to socialise with WAGs and friends of the players they met.

Shane found Coach Wiebe and Ilya gave Shane a nod before letting go of his mate's hand.

Ilya found the bar and the other players were there already.

Harris and Troy were seated besides each other, talking animatedly about something.

Luca was in deep conversation with Evan about the latter's new music recommendation.

Zane was with his wife, Cassie, a drink in their hands. Cassie was the first one who saw him. "Ilya! Here!" she waved enthusiastically.

"Hello to you too, Mrs. Boodram," Ilya greeted. "One beer and one ginger ale, please," he requested the bartender.

"Wherever is Mr. Hollander-Rozanov?" Cassie inquired as she drank her cocktail. Her voice was sounding slurred already and it's just 10:30PM. "You and Shane are outstanding tonight, by the way. I wonder why other teams even try."

"What am I, chopped liver?" Zane protested and Cassie gave him a quick peck on the cheek. "I thought I did well today!"

Cassie patted Zane on his chest. "Oh, you did, baby. And this baby is getting some for the good game he did, if you know what I mean."

Ilya bellowed in laughter, taking in Zane's surprised expression. "What– HONEY, not here!"

The bartender was just in time to slide Ilya's drink orders on the bar. "Congratulations on your win tonight!"

"Thanks! Now if you'll excuse me, I need to find my husband."

And then Ilya heard Cassie shouted, "Aha, there he is! Hi, Shane! And Coach Wiebe! Fantastic."

"Honey, I think you're drunk already. Let me get that away from you..."

Shaking his head in disbelief, Ilya walked towards Shane, the opened ginger ale can in one hand. "Here, solnyshko."

"Thanks," Shane smiled, leaning against Ilya. "Coach said he'd call for the guys and uh... We can share what we need to share."

Taking a swig from his beer, Ilya draped an arm on Shane's shoulder. They watched Coach Wiebe usher the team members until they're surrounding the couple in a semi-circle. The music also was turned down just a tad bit, enough for voices to be heard without needing to shout.

"Alright, guys, gals, and everything in between," Coach Wiebe started, his wife Melissa standing beside him. "Our captains wanted to tell us something important."

"You're pregnant?!" Wyatt blurted out excitedly. His wife, Lisa, hit him on the shoulder. "Sorry. Sorry! Carry on!"

"Always enthusiastic, Hayes," Ilya cajoled and raised his beer towards Wyatt. "No, we're not pregnant."

"Yet," Shane added a little too quickly, his fingers holding his ginger ale tight.

"Da, not yet. And that's why we asked Coach Weibe's help to tell everyone while all of us are here." Ilya nudged Shane so he'd have his time to speak. "Go on, sweetheart," Ilya encouraged.

Shane nodded and stood a little straighter. “We told you before that Ilya and I are planning to conceive. Well, we got the green light from our doctor a few days ago and we couldn’t be happier to share this news to everyone.”

Loud whoops and “Congratulations!” rung in the air once the words were out of Shane’s mouth. The festivity of winning the playoffs and the couple’s announcement spread from each person around the room, and Ilya was so glad he’s with the Centaurs to enjoy this momentous event.

“That being said, Shane and I decided to take a step back from hockey while we prepare for next step. I know we just won the playoffs against Boston tonight and we have... Two more teams to beat before we play for the Stanley Cup. But we thought it’ll be for the best of our little star.” Ilya’s voice seemed to bounce off the walls of the bar.

“We’ll be back, of course. As to when, we don’t know yet,” Shane smiled at their teammates and friends. “We’ll still watch you when we can! And the next time you’ll see us, we’ll have a baby with us wearing a small Centaurs jersey.”

The team took turns in hugging and offering their best wishes to Ilya and Shane. Cassie was crying a lot when he hugged both Shane and Ilya, claiming that she should be a godmother once their baby was born. “Tell Jackie Pike that I’ll share that title with her, okay?” Shane promised Cassie that she will be a co-godparent alongside Jackie before Zane guided his crying wife back to the bar.

The night went on until the wee hours of the early morning full of merriment– dancing, drinking, and being free for just a few hours. Ilya even persuaded Shane for one silly dance with their teammates rounding around them, wolf whistling and jeering.

Shane and Ilya went home around 1 AM with their hands swaying as they walked towards their car. Ilya was not drunk, which was a surprise. The same couldn’t be said to Shane who’s swaying a little bit every now and again as he takes his step. He was also giggling, snuggling closer to Ilya’s warmth. “I enjoyed it there... With them. Our team.”

Ilya didn’t stop himself when he pulled Shane into a gentle kiss under the cold Ottawa night, bathing in the bright glow of the moon over their heads. “I love you, Shane. So much.”

So much that my heart could burst, Ilya wanted to add.

“I love you, too, Ilya.”

Ilya and Shane managed to play the first two games against the New York Admirals. The Centaurs won the first game and then they tied with the Admirals in the second game.

A week after the second game against the Admirals, the Centaurs bid temporary farewell to Ilya and Shane with a small party in their Ottawa headquarters. Presents upon presents

overflowed the table of their conference room and Shane had a look on his face– the look that Ilya could only define as *How are these going to fit in our car?*

Ilya kissed Shane on the cheek, his beautiful mate's freckles looking like stars under the lights of the conference room, indirectly telling him that Ilya's got it covered.

The owners of the Centaurs even came to give the couple their gift– three miniature hockey shirts, all in different Centaur colour palettes, that had *Hollander-Rozanov* at the back. The number, 57, came about after subtracting 24 (Shane's number) from 81 (Ilya's number).

Ilya truly was blessed with this team that turned into their family. He couldn't say anything but Thank you to each and everyone of them.

It was smooth sailing from that point.

Farah– bless her, really– released their joint statement to the public after it was thoroughly scrutinised by all four Hollanders. It was fairly general as they all agreed, not wanting to draw any more attention to the couple as much as they could.

The NHL expressed their warm greetings towards the couple privately via Farah, surprising both Ilya and Shane. Crowell was still Commissioner– Ilya continued to wonder why hasn't he retired– but there was a rumour going around that he may not be after this season. That probably explained the slight change in direction and tone from the email.

They packed their bags in Shane's Jeep Cherokee, locking their Montreal home for a while to stay at The Cottage. Shane looked nervous when he strapped himself on the passenger's seat, looking back for a long while when they pulled out of their driveway.

Ilya reached to take Shane's hand, kissing the back of his palm, and rested their joint hands on the gearshift.

Anya was blissfully passed out behind them.

Their little family was growing.

Their dreams were slowly coming true.

Then, their heat and rut came.

Shane was gloriously naked above Ilya, sprawled on their bed at The Cottage while the bright rays of the sun spilled inside their room. Ilya was taking his generous time in mapping Shane's warm body with his hands and mouth—licking and kissing every expanse of skin, tasting the salty tang of Shane on his tongue. Their room was heavily perfumed by their scents—smoked pine and cedar alongside sugar and oranges.

“Ilya—Please... Need you...” Shane pleaded prettily and thrust his hips upward until it brushed against Ilya's parted lips.

“I'm here, moya lyubov. I'm right here,” Ilya purred, sliding a slick hand to hold Shane's hard cock. The omega bucked up from the sensation and more slick came from his hole and the tip of his cock. “So wet for me always, fuck—Shane...”

Ilya went incredibly slow in taking apart his gorgeous mate. He set a tortuous pace while he stroked Shane's dick, stopping instantly when the omega was a withering mess below him. Ilya's own cock was painful and begging for release but he paid it no mind, focused on giving Shane his orgasm first.

When Ilya deemed Shane ready—coming twice from getting his dick sucked and his hole fingered—he hovered over his omega. He leaned down to kiss Shane, soft and sweet, pouring all of his love into the kiss. “I love you, lyubimyy.”

Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya's neck as they kissed languidly. Ilya grabbed Shane under his thighs until they're resting on his own and slowly slid inside Shane's hole, swallowing the omega's whimpers.

Going raw like this without thinking about birth control pills set something inside Ilya—a deep, growing desire at the pit of his stomach. Knowing that he could finally make Shane pregnant drove him crazy.

Ilya fucked Shane with renewed purpose during that week of their cycle. A purpose that would draw them even closer than ever—a promise of a new life.

Here they are now—almost ten months after.

Their new life waiting to say hello to the world.

“Ilya? Baby?” Shane called from the recliner. “A little help, please?” And he stretched out his arms like a baby asking for uppies.

Endeared, Ilya quickly jogged to where Shane was, barefooted and arms ready to help Shane stand up. “Up you go, *solnyshko*. Not too fast, there we go. Where are we going?”

Shane pointed with his lips back to the house. “Bathroom. Jurina was quite a kicker since this morning,” Shane replied, a little breathless. “She may have a Japanese name but she sure has your leg strength.”

Slowly walking back into the house, Ilya guided his husband with both arms around him. Anya was leading their way with the pitter patter of her paws on the ground to the floor. “Told you she’d take after her Papa.”

They were only a few steps before they reached the bathroom when Shane suddenly stopped walking, holding onto his baby bump. “Ack— That one’s a little too sharp for a kick.”

“Okay, okay, my love. Do you still need to go to the bathroom? Or do you want to sit?”

“Bathroom, Ilya. I feel like my bladder’s bursting—”

Shane’s words were cut off when a loud *splash* came between his legs, dripping all over the floor. “Oh, God. That’s not pee, Ilya—”

Ilya was stuck on his feet, mouth slightly agape as he stared at Shane.

“She’s coming. Fuck, she’s coming, Ilya, fuck, *this is fucking real—*” Shane babbled and clung onto Ilya like a lifeline, his voice trembling.

“Shane, my love. Breathe. You’re doing okay. We got the bags ready to go in the car like you said. I’m calling Mom and Dad,” Ilya was shaking as he talked, never letting Shane’s hand go. “We’re meeting her, moya lyubov.”

Finally, Ilya reminded himself.

Ilya felt Shane smile, still visibly in pain, and squeezed Ilya’s shoulder. “Let’s meet her, then.”

Chapter 3: To Love, To Hold, To Feel, To Live You (Dangerously In Love)

Chapter Summary

Jurina's birth as seen and felt by both Shane and Ilya.

Welcome home, our beloved Jurina.

Chapter Notes

I tried to be as medically accurate as possible regarding the delivery. I read articles and asked my nurse mother the intricacies of delivering a baby HAHAHAHAH 😂

Anyway, enjoy this one! I would probably come and edit this after posting because I'm a perfectionist and I cannot stop myself lol 😊

Also, I'd like to address those who kept commenting on when I will post the remaining chapters of my work. To which I say: I will post whenever I FEEL LIKE IT 🥳 I came from countless fandoms and have written fanfics for those fandoms. If you can't wait for my work to be finished, then WRITE YOUR OWN ENDING. And don't get me started on the AI accusations. I've been writing since I was in sixth grade in my composition notebook. I've been uploading my stories online since Tumblr, asianfanfics, and fanfic.net. I've graduated from my Masters degree now and I'm still writing my silly little fanfics without the help of AI. So fuck yall who kept harassing writers, claiming their works are AI generated or they don't update as frequently. And what's up with rating fanfics? This is not Goodreads. Stop that. You are all weird.

Thank you for reading this author's note. I am just so fed up with people who are feel ENTITLED to demand from authors. No one is telling you to read our work and demand "Oh you should have written this" or "They are not like that in the story". We really are losing fandom and fanfiction etiquette to rude fans... 😬

Anyway!!!! Once again, enjoy this! I had so much fun writing this three chaptered fic



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

Hospitals were Shane's least favourite places.

It reminded him of the day he presented as an omega when he was thirteen. The memory of the sterile smells of disinfectant, the stark white walls devoid of warmth, and the excruciating pain from his insides will be forever burned at the back of Shane's mind. If it wasn't deemed necessary, he won't visit the damned place ever again.

Tough luck, though. Shane was in active labour. If he wanted their dear Jurina to arrive safe and sound into this world, he had to look past his loathing for hospitals.

That didn't mean Shane wasn't *allowed* to absolutely detest every minute he's inside this godforsaken place.

*(He's exaggerating, of course. Shane's in labour with a half-Russian baby. You try carrying a nearly four-kilogram tiny human being in your womb and push said baby out of your body. One cannot **not** be dramatic. Shane can be as dramatic as he pleases, thank you very much.)*

"Eughhhh..." Shane bellowed, lying on the hard foam of the gurney as he was being wheeled from the Emergency Room to the Delivery Room by both a female and a male nurse dressed in blue scrubs. They were the ones who took Shane's intake while Ilya spoke with the doctors and nurses in charge at the reception.

Shane felt overwhelmed by the plethora of bodily sensations. The world seemed to be tilting sideways; there was a sharp pain coming from Shane's lower abdomen, and his limbs felt heavy, their dead weight dragging Shane deeper into the flattened tufts of the stretcher. The dry feeling between his legs hasn't gone away since his water broke a while ago. It was making his skin crawl, and Shane couldn't do anything to clean himself. Ilya did his best to clean him up before loading him in the car, patting the wetness with a few plies of tissue.

The pain... Oh, the pain. It was unlike any pain Shane had experienced. The contractions were getting more intense and closer to each other, ebbing and flowing as he stayed lying down on the gurney. Nobody told anyone, but Shane would rather get checked by fucking Comeau against the boards with broken ribs than feel his whole body being split apart and wrenched open any day.

Besides the pain and the mind-altering bodily sensations, time seemed to be moving slowly and fast at the same time— it dulled the sharp edges of Shane's overthinking brain. The syrupy

ticking of time as he heard each beat of his own heart in his ears was a juxtaposition to the rush of people around him. Calling it unusual was an understatement.

“Ilya... Whe- Where’s my husband?” Shane huffed impatiently while trying to extend his heavy arm, searching for Ilya’s hand.

Shane heard shuffling beside him— someone was shouting from a distance, and then his nose was immediately invaded by Ilya’s familiar smoked pine and cedar scent. Ilya’s large hand grabbed onto Shane’s, squeezing it to ground his husband. “*Moy lyubimyy*, I’m here. You’re doing so well. So good for me.” Ilya kissed the back of Shane’s hand, Shane keening at the praise. His husband’s curls were wild on top of his head, and Shane had the stupidest urge to *tame them in place* as if a baby wasn’t trying to inch her way out of his womb. “Your thinking face is on, sweetheart,” Ilya commented lightheartedly. “Talk to me?”

The gurney stopped in front of a double-door room labeled “DELIVERY ROOM”. The male nurse, Nurse Charlie, was speaking to the female nurse, Nurse Helen— too fast for Shane to pick up anything. Honestly, his mind wasn’t truly present at the moment. Everything was muddled in his head. “Just... I can’t believe she’s coming home to us...” Shane’s answer came in a soft tone, gripping Ilya’s hand tighter. “Stay with me, please? Even if I’m all gross and stinky?”

Ilya’s eyes went all ooey gooey from Shane’s words, and he was surging forward to kiss his darling husband— his brave, beautiful, beloved husband. “They’d have to pry me away with crowbar to get me off you, Shane. I’ll be here, hm? Right here.”

Nurse Charlie jogged towards them, looking all bright and too excited— Shane thought he might be a fan because he had that sparkle in his eyes like the others when they saw them out and about on the streets of Ottawa. “Hollander-Rozanovs, hi. I’m Nurse Charlie. I’m with Nurse Helen. Dr. Greenfeld was notified of your arrival and is on her way here. We’re instructed to take you to the Delivery Room to check on your progress, Mr. Hollander-Rozanov—”

“Shane. You may call me Shane, Nurse Charlie- Ah, fuck!” Shane yelped from a contraction, holding onto Ilya’s hand for dear life. “I- I need Ilya there, Charlie. And the good fucking drugs, fuck, I feel like I’m dying.” Sweat was steadily forming on Shane’s forehead, matting his skin with the loose strands of hair falling on his face. Ilya’s scent offered reprieve for his distressed omega, murmuring praises and words of love while he hovered over Shane.

Nurse Charlie looked *positively endeared* by Shane's babbling. "Shane Hollander-Rozanov could have the *best of the best drugs* he wants. Nurse Helen and I would do everything to make your delivery comfortable, Shane."

Ilya was the one who answered for both of them. "Thank you, Charlie and Helen. Take care of my treasures," Ilya reminded, each word punched out with reverence.

Shane was hit with profound gratitude to Ilya— his beloved husband, who moved heaven and earth in the middle of his battle with crippling depression to be with Shane. Years of hiding from the prying eyes of the public and fighting against all odds brought them here— a life they continued to cherish every single day.

Shane held Ilya's hand tighter.

Nurse Helen opened the double doors of the Delivery Room wide and helped Nurse Charlie wheel Shane's gurney inside.

Through the chaos that ensued inside the room, Ilya stayed by Shane's side. They never once let go of each other's hands, even if Shane was wired onto different medical apparatus. This was an extremely stressful situation for Shane because he felt *out of control*. Shane hadn't felt this out of control in quite a while.

For the longest time, Shane handled all life's adversities with his careful planning down to the grittiest of details. See: Getting a condo in Montreal for the purposes of fucking Ilya back when they weren't out yet, and his macrobiotic diet, which Shane later found out was borderline an eating disorder.

A year into being a Centaur, Shane had a *bad* episode after losing a game against Montreal during the playoffs. Ilya pulled himself and Shane out of the playoff season for a much-needed conversation on getting Shane psychological help. Galina gave them a list of psychologists until they found Dr. Callahan, a man in his late forties in Ottawa.

Talking to him was a disaster at first. Every session was a self-flagellation—exposing Shane’s destructive behavioural patterns to the barest of bones, untangling his complex relationship with his sexuality and masculinity, and ever so slowly reframing both his cognition and behaviour toward less damaging thoughts and feelings.

Shane was proud of his progress thus far.

Pregnancy, however, was a totally uncharted territory for him. Fatherhood seemed to be a default for Ilya, effortlessly caring toward smaller human beings such as the Pike kids and Bood’s toddler son, Milo. The same couldn’t be said of Shane, who was always wondering if he was doing things right.

He was obsessively and methodically doing everyday life activities with a step-by-step manual for himself for three and a half decades—It was insanity. And when he got pregnant, Shane had to triple-check everything and nothing, and it was on another level of insanity. Did he arrange his nest properly? Did he take the right vitamins today? Did he exercise in accordance with Dr. Greenfeld’s instructions? Did he properly lie on his side so he won’t squish Jurina in his sleep?

Spiralling used to plague Shane whenever his brain was working into overdrive. Dr. Callahan’s advice to prevent Shane from spiralling was scarily simple—hold onto something strong. “Uncertainty’s greatest enemy is certainty, Shane. So you hold onto something certain— a reminder that through life’s shittiest times, there’s always a rock-solid foundation that won’t wither away.”

Hence, Shane held onto Ilya’s hand more tightly.

Nurses Charlie and Helen fussed over Shane for about ten minutes—checking on his dilation, the length and intensity of his contractions, and his vital signs. Helen patted Shane’s hospital gown back to its place after measuring his dilation progress. “You’re well underway, Shane. We’ll be administering the epidural as per your request in a minute,” Nurse Helen reassured the couple.

“Will it hurt Shane or the baby?” Ilya inquired fiercely, his nose flaring a tiny bit. Shane had to suppress a laugh because Ilya’s overprotectiveness clearly knew no bounds. Even if there’s

a qualified medical professional in front of them, Ilya just has to ask. “I... I don’t want them hurting.”

“Epidurals are given to the pregnant person as a pain reliever during active labour, Ilya. It’s perfectly safe to be injected. Shane would feel an initial pricking sensation since it’ll be inserted at his lower back, but other than that, the epidural would numb him. So no pain while Shane pushes your baby out, but he remains awake,” Nurse Helen patiently explained without a hint of annoyance or arrogance. She reminded Shane of Jackie Pike whenever she told Ilya about something— with the same patience and respect towards his husband. “I’ll go and help Nurse Charlie prepare you for delivery, hm?”

Nurse Helen turned on her heel and left Shane and Ilya alone.

Shane remained holding Ilya’s hand, placing their joint hands on top of his baby bump. A sharp pain erupted again from the bottom of Shane’s abdomen, jerking his body on the hospital bed as if he were struck by lightning. “A-ah- God, she *really* wanted to get out today, huh- Fuck, that hurt more...”

“I’m so sorry I couldn’t help you with this, *lyubimyy*. I am here, okay? I’m here, my love. I can’t wait to meet our treasure, Shane. I’ll be here through it all, baby,” Ilya murmured, his other hand running through Shane’s damp hair.

“Did you call Mom and Dad?”

“Mhm. They say they’ll be here. Asked them to check on Anya, too.”

“My hero...” Shane mumbled, sighing.

Nurse Helen came back with Dr. Greenfeld in tow. The gynecologist looked absolutely overjoyed, looking over the machines strapped on Shane. “Hello, my darlings. It’s a big day for the Hollander-Rozanovs! Mhm... Looking good over here, Shane. How are you feeling, my dear?”

“Like I’ve been checked four times over and over, and the pain only comes from my stomach and my lower back,” Shane said simply, breathing deeply as he felt another smaller contraction coming. “Ouch...” Ilya held Shane’s hand in between his, Shane powering through until the sensation stopped.

Dr. Greenfeld chuckled and gave Ilya’s shoulder a firm squeeze. “Sounds about right. But your vital signs are okay, dear. Your epidural is ready– I have Dr. Nakamoto, our anesthesiologist, to administer it, and once your contractions are less than five minutes apart, we’ll start pushing.”

Shane didn’t know why, but after that conversation, his consciousness waxed and waned. He did feel some sort of injection piercing through his skin at his lower back, followed by a hazy floaty feeling as if there was a fog in his mind.

Hours must’ve passed when he vaguely registered Ilya’s voice to let him know their parents had arrived. “*Moya lyubov*, Mom and Dad are here now.”

The omega’s vision was slightly blurred from the heady fog muddling his mind. His nose picked up his parents’ scents– his mom’s soft and powdery and his dad’s deep sandalwood. “Mama. Dad...”

“We’re here, baby. Oh, you’re such a good dad, Shane. We’re so proud of you. Dad and I are so proud of you, Shaney,” Yuna Hollander cooed, kissing his only son’s forehead.

David Hollander held Shane’s cheek with a steady hand, running his thumb across the apple of his cheek. “You’re wonderful, kid. We love you so much.”

Shane was positive that he let out a loud purr from all the love he was getting from the three most important people in his life.

Choosing Ilya over hockey was the single best decision he’d ever made.

“Shane. Dear?” A voice called from behind. Sounded like Dr. Greenfeld’s; he wasn’t sure anymore.

“Yeah?” Shane replied, his tongue feeling a little loose in his mouth.

“It’s time.”

--

If you’d ask Ilya Hollander-Rozanov about his worst nightmare, he’d only give you one answer: Losing Shane.

He’d come close to losing his beloved twice— first was his idiotic move of ghosting Shane after having the hottest sex in Vegas; and second was witnessing Shane knocked out and unmoving on the ice after Cliff crashed into Shane.

Ilya’s greatest fear of losing Shane never felt more real than seeing him give birth to their daughter.

Holding Shane’s hand as he pushed and pushed and pushed until he was crying from the pain was a sight that was etched in Ilya’s mind permanently. He felt so useless at the literal miracle he was seeing, and Ilya did what he had to do, and that was to be the stronghold that held Shane through it all. Never mind Ilya’s aversion to blood or anything medically related. Shane was doing more heavy lifting at this moment than Ilya would ever do in his lifetime. The best Ilya could do was to bear a little discomfort for his beloved.

When it was all done, after four gruelling hours of active labour, Jurina’s loud cries filled the room of exhausted adults. Shane slumped on the hospital bed— completely spent and

exhausted, his eyes barely open. Dr. Greenfeld praised Shane again and again for a job well done, patting the omega's thigh gently. "Beautiful, Shane. You did so, so well. The nurses will be cleaning your daughter, okay? We'll give you time to have skin-to-skin so we can deliver the placenta later."

Shane nodded, weak from all the pushing. His legs were still spread open, and he was catching his breath. "Oh-kay."

Ilya was *beyond* proud of this man whom he called his husband. Not only did he grow a whole human being inside his body. He delivered said human being with such strength that could rival a whole entire hockey team.

"She's here— Baby... Shane, you did so well... I love you so so so much, *moya lyubov*," Ilya cried, kissing his brave husband's face over and over. "My strong boy. You did it, Shane. Jurina is here, baby."

Shane smiled, obviously tired. He was breathing slowly, taking in lungfuls of air and keening towards Ilya's kisses. "'m glad... Want... Want to hold her, p-please?"

Jurina, as if her presence were being requested, wailed louder. She was being cleaned by the nurses, and Nurse Helen showed Ilya their bundle of joy, still pink and with a head full of thick, curly black hair. "Strong lungs and luscious hair. She's definitely your daughter. Congratulations, you two!"

Their daughter was carefully transferred from Nurse Helen's hands to Shane's exposed chest. Jurina's cries slowly stopped, and her small hands landed on Shane's chest. "Hi, baby. Hi. I'm your daddy," Shane mumbled, one heavy arm moving to softly caress Jurina's small head. "Oh, she's so beautiful. Our baby... She's here..."

Ilya just stared dumbly at his two beloveds, unable to form coherent words. His brain was all mush as he took it all in.

Suddenly, it felt like they were alone in this room. No doctors, no nurses, no beeping machines.

There were only Shane, Jurina, and Ilya.

Leaning closer slowly as if he's scared to breathe, Ilya kissed Shane's forehead again. "*Spasibo, moya lyubov*. Thank you." Then Ilya extended his finger towards Jurina's awaiting hand. "Hello, my little *pomidor*. It's me, your papa. I love you and Daddy so much. So much."

Little Jurina, who was now busy nursing on Shane's nipple like a champ, opened her small hand and took Ilya's finger, holding it firmly in her delicate palm.

"She eats like her papa, hm? So hungry?" Shane chuckled, settling in with a blissed-out expression on his tired face.

Ilya was then hit with the thought that he *almost* threw this away. He almost chose to leave Shane Hollander after Vegas. Later in life, Ilya was confronted with the fact that he doesn't have the power to stay away from Shane.

He didn't really believe in any gods out there. But he believed that his mother was somewhere up there, watching Ilya make the right decisions after countless wrong ones. This was one of those right decisions— one that changed Ilya's life for the better.

Taking Shane's hand, Ilya closed their hands over his necklace. The necklace that connected Ilya to his mother. "*She* would have loved Jurina, Shane," Ilya choked out, a stray tear escaping his eye.

Shane untangled his hand from Ilya's hold to wipe Ilya's tears away. "She would have, Ilya. And Jurina would have loved her *babushka* just as much, Ilya."

The world could have stopped spinning around them, and Ilya wouldn't have cared.

For nothing else mattered at that moment.

Dr. Greenfeld came back to deliver the placenta with little to no fanfare. She informed them that she'd be honouring the couple's request to put the placenta to good use— medical research. Earlier in the pregnancy, Ilya and Shane both decided to donate their child's placenta to a research facility. Apparently, it's in demand due to the placenta's nutrient-rich characteristics. They'd signed the consent form way before the delivery, and the hospital was thankfully a partner to a birth and gynecological facility in Montreal. "Your information would be treated with utmost confidentiality since they need to know where the placenta came from. I'd personally see to it that the facility handles it properly, okay?"

"You are too good for us, Doctor. Thank you for taking care of them." Ilya grinned. They really couldn't have done it without their beloved doctor by their side.

"It was my pleasure to take care of you three, Ilya. And oh, Grandma and Grandpa are requesting to come and see their Shane. Shall I let them in?"

Ilya looked at Shane, his omega's arms still busy cradling Jurina as she drank milk. "Would that be fine, *moya lyubov*?"

Shane smiled so widely, his eyes twinkling and his freckles ever more pronounced under these lights. Ilya's heart lurched with so much love. "Yeah. I want to see my parents, please."

Their parents beelined towards Shane first, checking their only son for any signs of pain or injury. "I'm fine, Mom. I'm just very tired with this one," Shane commented while rocking Jurina on his chest. "Jurina, my love. Here's Grandma and Grandpa."

"Oh, look at her, David. She looks just like Shane when he was a baby..." Yuna swooned as she was clearly enamoured by their grandchild. "So much hair, too! The curls definitely came from you, honey." She chuckled, leaning close to kiss Ilya on top of his head. "You both did so well, sweetie. I'm so proud of you two." She said it in such a tender, motherly tone that Ilya couldn't help but melt. Ilya thanked the universe for giving him Shane's parents.

Ilya hugged Yuna's middle, inhaling her comforting powder scent. "Thank you, Mama. I'm lucky to have all of you here. Shane was so wonderful. So brave as always."

“You’ll always have us, son. Even more now since you graced us with a grandchild,” David declared with glassy eyes, enveloping Shane in a semi-hug, careful with Jurina in between their chests. “My son. You did so well, Shane. My boy.”

They stayed like that for a few minutes, exchanging small talk while Shane fully relaxed from the events of the day. Not long after, Jurina unlatched from Shane’s nipple. “Ah, this little girl is now full of milk,” Shane cooed. “I think Papa needs to burp her.”

“My time has come,” Ilya declared, standing up to take off his shirt. Ilya had been ready for his turn to hold his daughter— nerves aside. He had a burp cloth ready on his right shoulder and leaned down to gently pry Jurina from Shane’s arms. “*She’s so small*, Shane. Oh, god. She’s really here...” Ilya said to himself mostly as he took a good look at his daughter's face. “You got Papa’s nose. And Daddy’s freckles. Great. I am now under the spell of you and your Daddy’s freckles.”

“I’m afraid you’re never winning an argument at home, son,” David commented, who was clearly endeared.

“Is why Shane never knew the Russian for No because I could never say No to him,” Ilya proclaimed as if it were a fact. “And I could never say No to you, *moya printsessa*.” Ilya made his way towards the window to sway Jurina while gently patting her small back, humming softly under his breath.

Yuna and David took that moment to give the new family some privacy. “We’ll return with food for the two of you. Rest up, my babies.” Yuna waved them goodbye with the promise of getting their favourites and closed the door.

Ilya slowly rocked from side to side while patting Jurina’s back to induce burping. “Yes, yes, *malyshka*, you ate daddy’s milk so good! So good! You need to be strong. Yes, yes.”

A soft "Burp!" echoed in the room, earning a loud chuckle from Ilya. "Very good, Jurina! Already an exceptional baby. So perfect, yes?" Ilya couldn't help himself and gave Jurina's temple a wet kiss, taking the chance to inhale her sweet, baby scent.

Shane was watching them with a soft gaze, sighing in utter content on his bed. “You both are a sight for sore eyes. God, I felt like a truck ran over me,” Shane whined and yawned, stretching his arms above his head. “Baby... Come here, please.”

The alpha was quick and careful with his steps as he went back to Shane’s side. “*Moya lyubov?*” Ilya asked, wrapping his arms securely around Jurina.

“I’m so happy,” Shane confessed and extended a hand towards Ilya’s arm. “This was worth everything.

“You are worth everything, Ilya Rozanov. Thank you.”

Ilya couldn’t find the words to say, lost in the overwhelming love he has for Shane Hollander. The man who chose him. The man who fought alongside him. The man who loved him despite his past.

With Jurina safely tucked by his chest, Ilya slowly lowered his face and kissed Shane’s awaiting lips— hoping that it could convey how much Ilya loved and cherished him.

“We’re both home, *lyubimyy*.”

Shane's eyes bounced between Jurina and Ilya before smiling. The same smile that captured Ilya's heart when he was seventeen years old and scared of his own heart beating so fast. “We are home, Ilya.”

Chapter End Notes

Russian glossary:

Babushka - grandmother

Lyubimyy/moya lyubimyy - my darling/my love

Solnyshko - sunshine

Pomidor - tomato

Spasibo - thank you

Malyshka - baby/little one

Moya printsessa - my princess

Thank you again for showing love to this work!

Kudos and comments are highly appreciated!  

I have more fanfic ideas so stay tuned!

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End Notes

kudos and comments are highly appreciated! thank you so much and stay safe. :)

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