

one of me is cute, but two though?

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by [byulelle](#)

Summary

But against all odds, Ilya gets a cup for his new team before Shane's retirement, their rivalry now more intense before his rival falls off the face of the earth. Then, one Stanley cup – after three decades of not bringing home any banners, Ilya Rozanov finally helps win them a Cup–

The TV shuts off, effect disconcerting as two familiar silhouettes sit on a couch, a curly mop of hair and a neatly combed back wolfcut. A tiny, bald head comes into view when Ilya turns, encasing a baby in his arms, so cute and pudgy and under no dispute is definitely a Hollander-Rozanov.

“...What?” he asks with a grin, a mildly annoyed expression on Shane's face.

Shane reaches out to close hands over the baby's ears, “You watch your back, Rozanov,” he mumbles threateningly, “The moment I return on ice, your winning streak is over,”

; Ilya gets Shane pregnant. A happy accident if anything.

Notes

my darling @future-demiurge came up with the pitch/prompt on tumblr and my mind just went insane with it. definitely had to be a multiple chapter story because good lord was it hard to pace.

im not like, an omegaverse aficionado AT ALL. i do hope you guys enjoy, don't let the tags intimidate you, the dynamics aren't that rigid i promise.

Chapter 1: First Trimester

Shane Hollander comes on the screen, a bright-eyed rookie captain, barely brushing past twenty years old, facing off against Ilya Rozanov. He'd been one of the most valued players, and it flashes like a small slideshow.

Montreal Metros barely made it to the preliminary 16 teams for about two decades, their starry-eyed half-Asian captain boosting them past one cup, then two, then three, before it switches to the press conference that had tilted the NHL into orbit, Shane's voice echoing through the microphone.

"I will be going into hiatus for an indefinite amount of time,"

Enter Ilya Rozanov, a Russian player drafted into captain of the Ottawa Centaurs, some backwater, unknown, nearly written off and retired team from the business capital of Canada. The news was met with great confusion, the team barely comparable to Boston's Raiders – Ilya's former team.

But against all odds, Ilya gets a cup for his new team before Shane's retirement, their rivalry now more intense before his rival falls off the face of the earth. Then, one Stanley cup – after three decades of not bringing home any banners, Ilya Rozanov finally helps win them a Cup–

The TV shuts off, effect disconcerting as two familiar silhouettes sit on a couch, a curly mop of hair and a neatly combed back wolfcut. A tiny, bald head comes into view when Ilya turns, encasing a baby in his arms, so cute and pudgy and under no dispute is *definitely* a Hollander-Rozanov.

"...What?" he asks with a grin, a mildly annoyed expression on Shane's face.

Shane reaches out to close hands over the baby's ears, "You watch your back, Rozanov," he mumbles threateningly, "The moment I return on ice, your winning streak is over,"

It cuts to black.

Then; ***Durex. Don't Let the Moment Slip.***



13 Months ago

Shane feels like his body is on fire and his body is buzzing with restless energy. Fuck being in heat, this was purely attraction towards his boyfriend. He was more than willing to throw out his secondary biology and bet that he's still be insane about Ilya fucking Rozanov.

With a baby in tow? Shane was going to pass away.

"I need to take the twins for their shots and I don't want Amber catching some disease in the hospital. Jackie and Arthur are over at mommy-and-me day in kindergarten," is the job request Hayden had for him and Shane is almost certain it was an affront to his frustration and self-control.

Ilya, his gentle, sweet, darling asshole of a boyfriend, with a baby in his arms and a hell a good head on his shoulders for taking care of said baby was truly a carrot dangling on a stick and he had *enough*.

Shane immediately straddles Ilya when they get back home, pushing his boyfriend down the couch as he nearly snarls while he captures Ilya's lips into his own, impatient and absolutely needy as he whines when Ilya pulls away and grips his jaw, smirk slack and amused. "What is this? So eager for me, Shane,"

"Shut up and fuck me, *please*," he whispers breathlessly.

"Ah-ah," Ilya teasingly smirks and holds his hands up, "Beg me, *moya lyubov*. Like the good boy you are,"

"Ilya." Shane pouts, eyes so watery and needy Ilya has half a mind to think he's in heat. Shane paws at Ilya's forming bulge, so needy and so absolutely distraught, "Please, *please* fuck me. I need you so much, I— I'll do everything,"

There was one thing Ilya was. And that was *gone* for Shane. Absolutely unable to say no to him.

"How do you want me, hm?" Ilya softens and lowers his voice in the way that makes Shane purr.

That's how Shane ends up spread against the bed, moaning and clutching the sheets as Ilya pummels his slick, wet hole, gripping his cock like a vice as he groans and blankets Shane with his bigger body. "You like this huh?" Ilya growls against Shane's ear as his boyfriend let's out a high keen, face slack and brain empty, blissfully fucked out with his prostate being abused at every thrust. He was in *heaven*.

Ilya pushes Shane further into his cock, pausing to adjust as he plants a foot on the bed, grabbing his hips and lifting just slightly as Shane's hole flutters around Ilya's cock. God, Ilya was absolutely deep inside him and Shane reaches out to the best of his abilities and pushes weakly against Ilya's lower stomach, much to the other man's confusion until—

Oh.

Oh.

Ilya immediately catches Shane's wrist, stopping him. "Sweetheart," he sternly says, "No."

Not that he didn't like fucking Shane raw, but he knew his boyfriend would absolutely hate the clean-up and need for plan b. A plan b which they currently didn't have.

"Ilya," Shane sobs, "Please remove it, I need to feel you," he whines, tugging at the condom. Ilya closes his eyes and tilts his head up, his very patience waning as he grits his teeth.

"My love, please...don't make this any harder for me," Ilya kneads at Shane's ass, at a standstill as his pretty boyfriend pouts up at him, teary eyes shining. "Please, please, please...wan' be bred by you. Need your seed in me,"

And Ilya was a *goner*. Not like Shane was in his heat or anything either, it wasn't the first time he had babbled absolutely obscene things like his life depended on it. And based on how positively *wrecked* he looked right now? Ilya was inclined to believe it.

Gritting his teeth, Ilya manhandles Shane off him, pulling out and eliciting a sob from his needy boyfriend. "Patience, *moya lyubov*. Fuck," Ilya groans and lays back down on the sheets, pulling Shane down on his lap and glaring up at him from sheer pleasure. "Remove it then," he commands and Shane is more than happy to oblige, immediately unsheathing the condom from Ilya and immediately putting his cock back inside.

Before Shane realizes that Ilya had basically been carrying most of his weight, his boyfriend lets go and he drops into his cock, head immediately spearing his prostate dead on as Shane lets out a sweet, loud moan that has Ilya grinning. "There...enough now, my insatiable little *slut*?"

Shane's brain was filling up with cotton, absolutely blissed out as his eyes roll back and hips immediately bounce and grind against his boyfriend's cock, wanton little sounds pulled out from him as he could feel every vein, every ridge and bump of Ilya's bare cock and god, did it feel absolutely fucking delightful. His slick makes the slide so wet and noisy, Ilya's ears burn red.

Ilya angles back, legs spread and holding Shane still before slamming up, making his boyfriend gasp as he pounds and thrusts up into the absolutely tight ring of muscle milking him for all he's worth, Shane's forehead connecting with his shoulders and his little sounds fucking up Ilya's very psyche.

"*You...whoring yourself out to your boyfriend. Wanting to be fucked raw and bred like a good cumdump, is that what you are, huh?*" Ilya growls against his ear, Russian expletives immediately spilling from his lips. "Is this hole mine, Shane? Mine to breed, mine to plant my pups in?" he says in English and the tightness that follows is the only answer he needs.

"Y-Yours!" Shane chokes out readily, eyes rolling back as he meets Ilya's thrusts halfway. He loved being used like a fleshlight, when Ilya starts moving him up and down like a toy, it electrifies Shane. "I-Mhnh! Ilya, Ilya, Ilya, *Ilya*," he says his name like a mantra. "Wanna carry your pups for you, wanna be so good and round for you,"

Holy fucking Shit.

Ilya pushes Shane down the bed, hooking his hands on the crook of Shane's knees and pummels into him, teeth grit and jaw clenched before the last vestiges of self-control snap when Shane starts massaging his goddamn womb. Its all too much for Ilya, ears red, skin

flushed and cock already swelling up at the base. He's about to pull out but Shane locks his powerful legs against Ilya's back, growling.

"No, no, *inside!*" he mewls. "Need to feel your knot."

And Shane's wish was always Ilya's command.

Spilling in his tight heat, Ilya groans and plants himself deeper into Shane, white hot spurts of his seed flooding his boyfriend, so scorching and thick it forms a creamy ring around the base of his cock when he slowly thrusts to ease his knot into Shane. His forehead finds his shoulder, panting breathlessly as he starts scattering small bites around Shane's reddened skin.

"G-Give me a minute," Ilya pants, "You feeling okay?"

"Never been better,"



Shane is going to *die*. Actually pass away from this mortal coil as he grips the porcelain toilet, dry heaving as he retches again but only cloudy bile exits his mouth, Yuna gently rubbing his back as she frowns and tries to hold her tongue.

She'd suggest a pregnancy test for her alpha son, but that was basically rubbing salt in the wound. Instead, "Do you want to call Ilya?" she softly asks.

Shane is dizzy, his temple throbbing with the pressure of having to push out fluids at the ass crack of dawn before needing to go on a jog. He could barely hear her question as he hurtles back into dry heaving as she winces.

After a while, Shane finally pulls away as Yuna grabs a cold, damp cloth, patting it around his face as she soothingly hums and holds him, rocking him in her arms like she did when he got a stomach flu back when he was seven years old. Because this was her baby, and it broke her heart to see him this ill. "Do you want to head to an ER?" she asks, soft and gentle as Shane clutches his stomach and nods feebly. "Call Ilya," he whines.

"If I call Ilya, people in the hospital would see," Yuna reminds, knowing Shane needed the option because he was half-lucid and tortured as of the moment. And he nods, "He can make it work, mom,"

"Okay, I'll help you up and then we will go," Yuna softly presses a kiss against her son's temple before coming face to face with David as she gasps upon exiting the bathroom. "Car is ready," her husband reports, "I'll bring Shane in, you go get his stuff ready,"

“Okay,” Yuna whispers and squeezes his hand gratefully. She could tell it would be a potentially very long stretch of months the moment her suspicions are confirmed. She grabs her phone from her nightstand and starts calling up Ilya, patiently tapping her foot and hoping that her log sleeper of a favorite son would wake up. It takes her three tries before the line finally picks up, a groggy voice meeting her.

“Yuna?”

“Hello my darling, I'm so sorry for calling this early,” she softly says, “I don't want to alarm you, but Shane is currently throwing up his guts. We're rushing him to urgent care, think you can make it?”

She hears rustling of sheets and rapid movement, “I will be there in an hour and a half,” Ilya says, now wide awake. “Drive *safely*,” Yuna scolds before she ends the call and sighs heavily.

So much had changed since Ilya had entered Shane's life and staked his claim for good. To have an alpha exhibiting omega-like heats by the sheer power of nesting and other chemical factors in between the both of them, her son had been effectively molded into *Ilya's omega* and nothing less. As if their love had hand-crafted something that settled into Shane so well.

Yuna knew that from a young age, ever since Shane presented as an alpha, he had been uncomfortable in his skin ever since, wound up tight and rigid until another alpha in the form of Ilya Rozanov provided Shane with a space to feel safer in what he *needed and wanted*, rather than what was expected of him.

A pregnant male alpha wasn't impossible. But it was rare.

Especially so when the father is also another alpha.

She could still remember when Ilya had called her and David, terrified to death when Shane regularly got fevers whenever they were together only to find out that somehow their bodies were finding so many ways to meet each other halfway. That Shane was actively trying to become Ilya's mate on a physiological level. Of course, two male alpha athletes dating was already a shitshow waiting to happen given their fanbase, but nothing had stopped them from getting what they wanted.

If they were both happy and healthy, Yuna was fine with anything.

“Ilya's here,” she softly squeezes Shane's hand as they prepare to leave them in the room. Before he could process the information, Ilya comes barreling in the private suite, rushing towards Shane's side and scooping him up in a hug.

“Are you okay? What are you feeling?” he asks in rapid succession, accent slightly thickening with the worry flooding his heart. “I'm doing better with the fluids,” Shane smiles at him tiredly, careful not to nudge the IV in his system.

“They say it's a stomach bug. Must've eaten something weird,” Shane mutters, closing his eyes the moment Ilya starts caressing his face. “Are you not still on your diet?” Ilya asks.

“Yeah but stuff happens sometimes. I'm okay, I promise,”

“Okay,” Ilya nods, gently nudging Shane's scent gland by the base of his neck, quietly scenting him as his boyfriend before Ilya pauses. Shane smelled...a little different. The notes of strong tonka, vanilla, and oakmoss were there but with a hint of baby powder. He'd had the gentle, subtle and trailing scent of Irises on him lately. “Any more pain?” Ilya asks as Shane nods, “My head hurts a little but it's not as terrible as a while ago,”

Before Ilya could respond, a doctor finally enters the room with a respectful and curt little knock. “Good morning, Mr. Hollander. I am Dr. Madeline Curtis,” she greets. Her eyes immediately drift to Ilya and she clears her throat, pushing her glasses up. “Now I understand why there was an NDA. But rest assured, every information discussed in this room would stay in this room,”

Shane lets out a small breath of relief. “Thank you, doctor,”

She nods and takes one assessing look at him, “How have you been feeling so far?”

“Just a slight headache now. The nausea has faded, and I feel better than I had a while ago,” Shane mumbles, eyes drifting down to his lap, “I did genuinely feel like dying a while ago,”

“Well,” she presses her lips together and looks down at his chart, “Your urinalysis had come back, and your hCG levels came back quite in the threshold of what I'd consider high,”

Shane's heart drops as Ilya looks at the doctor, confused and a little clueless.

“Wait, come again?” Shane shakily asks and Ilya takes it as a sign to be a little bit worried.

“Well, a normal or non-pregnant hCG since one's last heat is lesser than 5 milli-international units per milliliter,” she starts listing down, “And your hCG levels were at 220,000,”

The silence is heavy in the room as Ilya catches up the moment Shane's jaw drops. “I'm *pregnant?*”

“I take it is a surprise for you. Yes, you are,” she nods, not making too much of a fare out of the news, as neutral as she could be. Shane's mouth gapes open, pale and faint as he stays frozen. Dr. Curtis clears her throat, “I will give you two room for now,” she decides and Ilya stands and nods. “That...would be best, doctor. We will call when we're ready,” he speaks, voice surprisingly steady.

The moment she leaves the room, the air is sucked out, tension so palpable it could be cut through using dull, kid-safe scissors.

Shane's head spins, hand instinctively pressing against his womb, breath catching and hitching as his lungs constrict, palms growing cold, body stiffening up like a dead man. He was *pregnant*. How could he not be, for two nights straight since baby sitting for the Pikes, he'd insisted Ilya fuck him raw and—

Oh *god*.

Did he accidentally baby trap Ilya? Did *he* want to keep the baby? Was it baby trapping if Shane would let go of him either way, if Ilya wanted to go?

“I- Ilya—” he staggers out, too scared to look up at his boyfriend, fear immediately gripping him. “Fuck, Ilya, I’m so—”

But before he could apologize, huge, warm, and admittedly sweaty hands cup his face. And there is no disdain on his boyfriend’s face. No judgement, resentment, or trepidation. Just steady hazel eyes with a look of certainty and sureness. “What do you want to do, sweetheart?” Ilya asks as Shane could feel his eyes well up with tears.

“I’m so sorry Ilya,”

“*Nyet*. No,” Ilya shakes his head and collects his love in his arms. “Do not apologize. You did not do anything wrong,”

“You could break up with me if you want,” Shane lets out and Ilya furrows his brows, pulling away to gauge whatever the fuck his boyfriend is spewing out. Could he not understand that Ilya was trying to not be so fucking elated right now? That he was trying to be calm for Shane’s sake because he wanted to leap and bound in joy—he was going to have a child with Shane Hollander. His world.

That he was just trying to be courteous and consider that Shane might not even want to keep the child.

If it were up to Ilya? He’d make a million more babies with Shane.

“What are you saying?” he asks, hurt and upset at the notion of breaking up with Shane because of a very accidental pregnancy and leaving his life alone to raise *his* child. “I would never break up with you, Shane. Especially not because you’re pregnant,” Ilya whispers so tenderly, reaching out to place his hand atop Shane’s. “I love you, and I will stay,”

Shane nods, shutting his eyes as he takes one ragged breath before another, soothed by the heavier weight of his boyfriend’s hand. “Fuck, I— This is so unexpected,” he helplessly groans, sobbing fully with his hands flying to his face, blocking off the red, blotchy mess he had become.

“We do what you want to,” Ilya moves his hand towards Shane’s back, rubbing the thin material of his sweater gently, “If you want to keep baby. If not. Is all you, *moya lyubov*,” he presses a kiss on the crown of Shane’s head, “I am right here. Always,”



Shane’s constitution was unique, as some would say. His obstetrician would most definitely agree that his pregnancy was more of the rarer chances, his womb barely like an omega’s and

his bond with Ilya still quite new.

The marvel of the human body, of forming something from scraps from yourself to create new life was something Shane still couldn't wrap his head around. Just a few years ago he would never think he could even get pregnant in the first place and now here he was, throwing up apple sauce into the toilet again.

Ilya's hand is strong and assuring against his back, and Shane could only be relieved he isn't repulsed by the mulch in the toilet. They'd been *trying* to feed Shane and the baby growing in him, but how exactly do you feed a baby when it's the very obstacle to digestion.

Shane would really like to know because he was underweight enough to carry a child as it is. He wasn't about to make it worse.

He'd like to keep this baby, thank you very much.

"So no apple sauce," Ilya mumbles as he pats a cold, damp cloth against his forehead, both of them seated on his bathroom floor.

"No apple sauce," he parrots, albeit a little slurred and exhausted. "Where are we at so far?" he groans, closing his eyes and feeling the vertigo coming.

"Just rice, pears, persimmons, and pickled radishes," Ilya recalls and receives a half-hearted grunt from him. That alone wasn't enough. He tries to stand, head immediately spinning as Ilya catches him and scoops him up into his arms.

Depositing him on the bed, he could feel the nervous energy radiating from his very concerned boyfriend. He peers out from half-opened eye lids, humming, "Don't look so fucking sad, man. You're making me feel bad,"

"I am sorry...just worried," Ilya mumbles and presses a kiss on his forehead. "I do not like seeing you like this, Shane,"

"And I don't like feeling like this. Whoop-dee-do," Shane couldn't help but retort, a small smile budding on his face despite his pounding head, "But hey, I think I can grow a whole human. Mom says it'll pass and she went through hell too on her first trimester too, maybe it's just genetics,"

Ilya nods, squeezing his hand, still standing as his boyfriend groans. "Stop standing there like I'm a sickly Victorian prince,"

"Yes. Yes, sorry," Ilya mumbles and sits down at the edge of his side, thumb soothingly running across the back of his hand.

He was quite surprised with himself, having accepted an accidental pregnancy with only a few death-inducing panic attacks. Maybe it was how Ilya readily took the helm, already invested the moment Dr. Curtis announced he was pregnant. With such a strong presence from a baby daddy it was easy to wrap his head around it.

Ilya Rozanov got him pregnant.

And for better and worse, Ilya Rozanov would stay.



He presses his lips together, immediately backspacing his text to Svetlana. He wanted his mother's documents from Russia, he wanted to try and ask Andrei how his wife dealt with her own pregnancy even if he had sworn never to speak to him.

He wanted to be a little useful, more than the hand holding during Shane's general gestational sickness.

Wanting to know if his mother had dealt with the same hand.

Yuna was an alpha herself, but David was an omega. That much was the contributing factor to Shane's medical marvel, but he was also carrying fifty percent of Ilya. And he wanted to know how to utilize that percentage to help Shane.

He swipes off his messages app, opting for searching traditional Russian recipes for pregnant people, at his wits end. He stays scrolling through various recipe sites, copy-pasting things that would seem palatable to Shane. After a while, he feels Shane stir beside him, groaning in discomfort.

He sets his phone down immediately, soothingly bending down to gently caress Shane's face, "How are you feeling?"

"Like trash," Shane mumbles, turning to his side and letting Ilya pull him into his arms. "Scent me," he demands sleepily, and he is more than willing to comply, immediately releasing sandalwood, vetiver, and amber. They find that it's the only thing that calms Shane, lessening his headaches and nausea.

"You're so cute, *moya lyubov*," Ilya teases and mutters, smiling and relishing in the warm, heavy weight of his pregnant boyfriend draped across his chest.

"Shut up," Shane grumbles, burying his face and head into the crook of his neck, deeply inhaling.

He chuckles, shaking his head before gently pressing his fingers against Shane's temple, massaging the spot and humming a low, soft tune that reverberates through his chest. "I am sorry, Shane. That you have to go through this,"

Shane responds with a noncommittal hum, "I mean it is terrifying," he sighs and looks up at Ilya, "But it's ours. And that's all that could matter to me right now," he assures him. "I did ask for it, didn't I?"

"That was just... what is it, uh, heat of the moment,"

Shane shrugs, “You aren’t so sure of that,”

That makes Ilya’s heart flip around his chest happily. That Shane truly did want kids with him eventually, but with the expedited process of forming a family, he couldn’t help but be grateful that Shane is taking all of it in stride—being brave and such a trooper in the face of suddenness and unpredictability of where his pregnancy would take him.

“I will try to cook you Pelmeni. Would you try for me?” Ilya asks, caressing his hair. Shane nods, “Yeah, sure. I’d try a lot of shit just to keep my baby fed,”

“Our baby,” Ilya reminds and Shane smiles up at him, wider and brighter, “Right, sorry. *Our* baby.”

And much to their delight, when Ilya finishes a batch of pelmeni, Shane manages to keep it down as they keep it as a success in the books, finally able to feed their baby with more protein and nutrients other than the occasional fruit.

They were going to be okay. Throughout the throwing up and constant migraines, they could make it work.

Chapter 2: Second Trimester

Chapter Summary

“Thank you...for giving me this gift. This privilege,”

“Thank you for seeing me through it,” Shane mumbles, leaning closer as Ilya presses a tender, soft kiss on his lips, eyes gentle and loving as he nods. “I would never leave you,” he promises.

Shane caresses Ilya's face and gently presses another kiss on his lips, barely a peck, “I love you. So much,”

“I love you too, moya lyubov,” Ilya rests his forehead against Shane's. “Okay, let's do this,”

Sinking in the wine glasses, they close their eyes and push down deeper until the rims hit the board base of the cake.

Gently pulling the cups off, Shane counts one through two under his breath, both of them opening their eyes in sync before a delighted, strangled little sound escapes him.

; The second trimester comes kindly to Shane. But internal turmoil mixed with pregnancy hormones in an alpha body leaves much more to be desired.

Chapter Notes

still not beta-d. i am so sorry! please bear with me if there are any typos, i will have it fixed soon enough! enjoy!

The sonographic gel is cold against Shane's stomach, breath sucking in at the sudden sensation as Dr. Curtis gently slathers it on his skin using the transducer. “How are you feeling?” she asks while he tightens his grip around Ilya's hand.

“Well, it's not as...evident, I guess? Like aside from the nausea and headaches, it's still not sinking in for me that I'm pregnant,” he explains.

Dr. Curtis nods, glancing up at the monitor while calibrating the spot properly, “Well, that isn't unusual. Some expecting parents go through roughly the same thought process,” and

that information was somewhat comforting to him, nodding along before Dr. Curtis presses the transducer a little more firmly on where his womb rests.

She adjusts the audio of the monitor, and the steady thumps of a heartbeat comes in. “There they are,” Dr. Curtis softly says, smiling at Shane and Ilya as the two alphas stare at the screen with gaping mouths, amazed and teary-eyed while she points towards the monitor.

“At this stage in your second trimester, baby is coming in at an expected size, a good 3¾ inches. Which is expected for an alpha pregnancy, especially given that your womb is so small” she explains, “Baby is starting to move now, though it isn’t quite felt in the womb. It seems that the bone development is going nicely. Not gonna be too worried about the spina bifida we said we’d keep an eye on, but still keep up your folic acid supplements,”

Shane lets out a small breath of relief, smiling up at Ilya. “That’s our baby,”

“So perfect,” Ilya mumbles, pressing a gentle kiss atop the crown of Shane’s head, “You’re so perfect, *moya lyubov*. Thank you so much.”

Dr. Curtis just smiles, endeared by the pair as she processes the copy of the sonogram and wipes off the gel from Shane’s stomach. “Any questions?”

Ilya raises his hand politely. “Would the morning sickness go away?”

“Are you going through phantom sickness, Mr. Rozanov?” Dr. Curtis asks as he shakes his head, “Oh, no doctor. Just concerned for the two of them,” he clarifies. If only he could also get sympathy sicknesses like other bonded mates, he truly would bear it.

“The sickness could taper off. It's not a one size fits all, but Mr. Hollander seems to be doing better, yes? Could be a very reassuring sign. But if it does get worse, just take the anti-nausea I've prescribed,” she says while pulling off her gloves and taking the sonogram. “I'll give you two a minute. You can take your time, just meet me out the reception,”

“Thank you, Doctor,” both of them politely say. The door to the suite shuts and Ilya lifts Shane's hand to his lips and presses a gentle kiss on his knuckles. “See, nothing to worry about,”

“Right,” Shane lets out a heavy breath of relief. He'd nearly induced himself a mild panic attack before they had left for the clinic. He knew that he wasn't the ideal form for carrying a baby, alpha biology making it risky but he had religiously taken his supplements, staved off hockey training much to his body's protests, and tried to eat three balanced and optimized meals a day, even with the nausea.

He bites his lower lip, nervous energy finally seeping out of him as his tears prick his eyes. “Hey,” Ilya perches off the chair beside him, “Hey...what is wrong? Does it hurt?”

“Nothing. Nothing, I'm just so relieved,” he snuffles, letting himself be pulled into Ilya's arms as he lets out a cathartic sob. He'd been so nervous his entire first trimester, almost waiting for bad news every two weeks he had to return for a check-up. He could barely sleep,

trepidation always flooding his chest when he felt something remotely wrong, but had to sleep for the baby's sake.

His life had become a chaotic pendulum swinging from worry to relief to anxiety. It was a mess of three months—along with the added pressure of lying by omission to the public, the announcement of his hiatus sparking more speculations than clarity.

But in some way, he would do it all over again as long as he had Ilya by his side. His Ilya who always woke up to soothe and help him through his morning sickness. His Ilya who would constantly prepare food for him before he had to leave for practice. His Ilya who made sure every single scent in their home was stripped free of other scents but his own. His Ilya, whom he loved so much.

“I’ve...I’ve been so scared, Ilya,” Shane shudders against his chest. “I— God, it’s just such a relief that our baby is stable now,”

“It has been a scary three months, yes?” Ilya hums and presses a tender kiss on Shane’s temple. “You’ve been so brave. Thank you so much for taking care of our child, Shane. Seriously,” Ilya cups his face tenderly. “I will do anything for you, give you everything you want. I promise,”

Shane blinks away tears with a small, shy smile, “I mean...giving me a baby was pretty nice,”

“Even with always throwing up? Headaches?” Ilya scoffs.

“Except that,” Shane rolls his eyes, swatting Ilya’s arm slightly.



“I do not want to go,” Ilya groans, nuzzling his nose against Shane’s small bump. He just looked a little full, like he had one too many a dinner and was now ‘bursting at the seams’ by athletic, hockey body standards. Not like he was pregnant, but Ilya was thrilled regardless.

“You big baby, they need you in there,” Shane dryly says, trying not to be amused at his boyfriend as he gently threads his fingers around Ilya’s curls. “You’re gonna be late, you know?”

“Кроуика, your dad is bullying me,” Ilya whines against his bare belly. “You do know they can’t hear you yet,” he pokes at Ilya’s forehead.

“Shh, do not interrupt our bonding,” Ilya petulantly waves him off as he scoffs, belly slightly moving with the motion of his breath.

“What am I, chopped liver?”

“You get to spend all day with our Крошка. I have to go do stupid hockey all day,” Ilya protests and that makes him hum and nod, he did have a point.

“Okay, okay,” he concedes with an amused and endeared smile. “Five more minutes,”

With a satisfied grin, Ilya gently lays his head on his belly, still carrying most of his weight up as to not crush their baby. “What is that word, by the way. The one you're calling our baby,”

“Крошка? Means uh...little crumb,” Ilya explains, making a small gesture using his index and thumb. Shane could just melt.

“Oh, that's cute,” Shane mumbles. “*Kroshka*,” he parrots while letting Ilya's curls wrap around his fingers. A thought pops into his head, tender and comforting, “I hope they look like you,” Shane softly whispers.

“Really?” Ilya raises a brow, surprised at the sentiment. “Yeah,” he nods, smoothing a hand against Ilya's hair. “Pretty little curls, beautiful hazel eyes, beauty marks all over,” he lists down like it had been the easiest thing he could say, Ilya's heart welling with gratitude before hiding his face away into Shane's belly.

“Shut up. The baby is making you, uh...sentimental,”

“I'm serious!” Shane pouts and lifts Ilya's chin. “Oh my god, you're *blushing!*”

“I am not, *Hollander!*”

“Look at yourself!” Shane couldn't help but laugh as Ilya pulls away with a groan.

“I am going to practice!”

“Wait, come back. I need to see your face!”



Ilya toes his shoes off, a little tired from practice. It had been a long day, but his game was definitely getting better. Like somehow, Shane going on hiatus had lit a fire up his ass and prove to nobody and everybody all at once that he could still fare well enough without Hollander on ice. That he could be better without his one, singular most powerful competitor.

As he pads into the foyer, silence greets him, no busy noises in the nursery Shane had been decorating with clinical precision, or small sounds of play-off reruns from the last year. He immediately heads to their shared bedroom with a one-track mind to search for his mate.

His heart softens, seeing Shane fast asleep, two of his used sweaters tucked underneath his hands curled under his chin, softly breathing and positively tired with a supporting pillow between his legs. Careful not to wake him up, he unfolds the blanket pushed to the corner of the bed, placing it atop Shane's sleeping form before pressing a gentle kiss against his temple, scenting him a bit before closing the lights and leaving Shane to catch on some well-deserved rest.

There were boxes lined up against the hallway, the crib, dresser, rocking chair, and changing table freshly delivered and still unassembled.

Opening the door to the nursery, the plastic film wrapped around the room is finally off, the vision Shane had was coming to life steadily. Ilya wasn't one for decorating any room in any of the residences he had lived in, always surrounded by minimalism and gaudy art pieces one could say was dated, but he likes what Shane is going for.

The walls were painted with scalloped, sage green details, solid colors lining the ceiling and framings—calm and still just as whimsical compared to the other walls in the house, floor finally finished with solid softwood slats, waiting for a carpet to be placed atop. The room was still barebones and empty, but Ilya could get a few more things done before clocking off to bed.

Quietly dragging the boxed crib in, he starts to lay out the parts on the floor, remembering the last time he had to put a piece of furniture together. He was nineteen, freshly moved into Boston and had to set up his kitchen counter stools. It held up well through the years, and he could only hope this one would too.

He can almost see it, even when only the borders and rims are put together—bending over to come collect his baby when they started fussing in the middle of the night, starting to visualize pure, russet brown eyes staring back up at him, smiling, crying, waking up to a new dawn. It was everything for Ilya.

While screwing in the legs, making sure the wood is flush and tight against the lining, he couldn't help but smile, elated at the idea of assembling something for his child. For his baby. He really was going to be a father in twenty-four weeks, time moving faster than he had anticipated but he couldn't deny he was excited.

Fear was a real factor, sure. But he had enough courage and grit to believe he wouldn't turn out like his father. He had sworn he would be a gentler, kinder version of what he had received, especially with Shane by his side. He loves his unborn child with all his heart, and he couldn't be happier to have a new addition in his heart, both carved from him and Shane to the most molecular level.

"You're putting the crib together already?" a sleepy voice startles him, immediately turning to see Shane standing by the doorway, rubbing his eyes and yawning.

"You can sleep more, *moya lyubov*,"

"Yeah but I'm already awake, aren't I?" he huffs and pads towards Ilya, looking at the crib that was being formed nicely. "You should've woken me up,"

“I barely allow you to paint the room, Shane. I won’t let you carry around heavy things,”

Shane furrows his brows, a little miffed at being treated like a porcelain doll—and a little grumpy from waking up— “You do know me wasting away and being useless would jeopardize the baby and I even more,”

“Which is why you go exercise in home gym. Controlled environment,”

“I’m not even heavily pregnant, Ilya, I could fucking carry some crib parts and put them together.”

“Shane.”

“Ilya.”

He sighs, shaking his head and extends a hand towards Shane. He looks mildly annoyed, but takes it regardless before being pulled closer in his arms. “I am sorry, yes? I am just worried for you and baby,”

“It’s not like I’m going to intentionally drop a few pounds of wood on my belly, Ilya. Jesus,” Shane mutters, pouting up at his boyfriend and he has to shift his eyes away to try and resist the charms of the alpha before him. “Is the accidental situation I am worried about,”

“I’ve been careful,” Shane defensively says. “Listen, I already don’t like feeling stir crazy by not being able to train and play. I love this baby, I seriously do, but if I have to sit around another day without being productive I’m really going to lose it Ilya,”

“Okay, okay,” Ilya raises his hands in surrender, “I will bring in the boxes, yes? I will let you finish the crib but I will be the one doing the moving around. Please?”

The desperation in his voice makes Shane’s stomach flip around giddily, needing to try and hold his smile back as he lets out a deep breath, “Okay, deal,”

“Are you sure you do not want to go back to sleep?”

“I’ve been asleep for a few hours, babe. I’m good, I promise,”

Ilya nods, finally relinquishing control of the mini-wrench and screwdrivers to Shane, letting his boyfriend work on the half-finished crib. Everything his sweater moved against Shane’s body, he could see the small protrusion, the bagginess unable to truly contain Shane and his baby and was it a sight for Ilya.

Pushing the boxes in and helping out with the final touches of the crib, they work in comfortable silence, nursery slowly but surely coming together. This was where they would raise and nurture their baby, a space that was going to be full of love, cries, sleepless nights and diapers.

A room they couldn’t wait to use and finish up, put together by their loving hands.



Shane grunts, lowering the weighted ball, rubber mat squeaking against his blazers, sweat clinging to his sports tank. Brushing an arm against his forehead, he wipes the sweaty skin, pushing his tank up before catching a glimpse of his belly.

He wasn't a showy type of pregnant. That much was obvious. He just looked beer bellied and he finds that every time he sees it, it makes him self-conscious.

Just a *little* bit.

He didn't know if he wanted to show like a pregnant omega, obvious and glowing and soft. Everything he wasn't because his hips have not softened at all—even with the reluctant pause to his macrobiotic diet—and the lines of his stomach were still evident, the lean muscle beneath his skin pushing and encasing his baby.

Exercise was still a part of his ritual, both for he and the baby, making sure he was primed physically to actually give birth without dying or getting irreversibly injured. Or for the baby to suffer under the biology of a delicate and unnatural womb.

Dr. Curtis had assured that a man his build and lifestyle would exhibit a lower and smaller baby bump, but he couldn't help but imagine how much different it would be if he was... *rounder*. Softer. Gentler.

If he was an omega.

He immediately tugs down on his tank top, blinking away the tears that were now threatening to spill from his eyes, turning away from the mirror immediately as he sucks in a labored, shallow breath, moving out of the home gym, trying not to think about it as much. But Shane had always been a man who wore his heart out on his sleeve *and* scent.

The moment the musk of sweat and a whole morning workout wears off with hot water and soap—his upset permeates through the air. He finds that pregnancy has made his emotions linger longer than he would prefer, the vulnerable feelings seeping out of him a very unwelcome addition to his new stage in pregnancy.

Growing up, he had more things on his plate than his secondary gender. With a family just as unique, he didn't feel the pressure of being something he wasn't in front of them. And on the ice, any athlete that played half as good as he was already, and almost immediately pinned as an alpha. It never truly mattered to him until Ilya Rozanov came into his life, bulldozing his way into Shane's veneer of controlled and calm well-crafted persona, breaking all the barriers to reveal a soft and vulnerable center.

He didn't know why it was starting to matter to him now. It could be the pregnancy hormones, or it could've been festering deep inside him for a while now. Not that it was important where it was coming from.

He wipes his tears off his cheeks, suddenly crying as he sniffles and slumps down against the couch, rubbing his belly. "I'm sorry, dad doesn't mean to cry over you," he apologizes guiltily. "Please...just grow up healthily," he whispers, voice breaking as he groans and presses the heels of his hands atop his eyes.

The front door suddenly opens and he nearly jumps off the couch, surprised to come face to face with Ilya as he quickly wipes his tears off. "Wh- Why are you home so early?"

Ilya drops his bag by the foyer, hurriedly toeing his shoes off before rushing to his side, "Why are you crying? Did something happen? Did you get hurt?"

Shane couldn't help but laugh derisively at himself, shaking his head. "Nothing. It's...stupid pregnancy hormones and shit like that,"

"No, Shane..." Ilya sighs and takes one good look at him. Shirt wrinkled on the spot of his belly, the scent of their body wash and souring of Shane's pheromones, the way he couldn't even look Ilya in the eyes.

Ilya knew Shane enough. Like the back of his hand, his very being etched into his heart. "Hey...I think you look beautiful, *moya lyubov*," which makes Shane laugh and cry harder as he buries his face into his hands, wanting to just burrow himself in the ground out of the burning sensation of embarrassment seeping into his bones.

"Thanks, Ilya. Seriously."

"No, no, you tell me what is wrong," Ilya helps him to the couch, letting him sit before pulling his hands away from his face, hazel eyes pinning him down with worry. "What happened?"

"It's nothing. Can we please drop it?"

"I do not think it is nothing,"

Shane bites his lip, shaking his head and looking away as he holds back more tears. "I- God, it's embarrassing!"

"And you folded your clothes when we first had sex, so what?" Ilya argues back.

"...Don't you ever wish I was an omega?"

Ilya stares at Shane in stunned silence, surprised at the question as his jaw gapes. Closes, and tries to grasp for words to try and comprehend where the fuck this was coming from. "Were you using twitter--"

"I was not reading or using twitter," Shane cuts him off, slight irritation permeating in his voice. "I do not know where this is coming from, *moya lyubov*,"

"Don't you wish I was rounder? Softer?" Sane mumbles under his breath, looking down at his lap. "I don't even look pregnant,"

Ilya has his brows furrowed, “I do not.” he says decisively, “Shane, I do not need you to ‘look pregnant’ when I know that my child is growing here,” he smooths a hand over the small bump. “Is miracle enough that you got pregnant. You think size of your belly matters to me?”

He lowers his head, eyes focusing on the fiddling fingers on his lap.

“Shane,” Ilya says steadily, warm and strong hands over his belly, “I fell in love with you, not because you are an alpha. Or because you are an omega, I do not give a shit, truly,” he sighs. “I fell in love with you, because you are the light of my world. You are *my* world, yes? I will not have you question that just because you do not look like you are carrying four children in you,”

Ilya gets on his knees, kissing Shane’s belly, “I love how it is, *moya lyubov*. I really do,” he sighs and presses another kiss to the slightly stretched skin, “Such a strong body, growing our child. How could you ever think I would hate this? That I would wish for something else?” Ilya looks up, eyes reverent and worshipful.

“You could never make me wish you were an omega. Because whether you are alpha, omega, or beta, you would be *the* boring Shane Hollander I will fall in love with. The one with the shitty forehead and could not do a slap shot to save his life,” Ilya teases tenderly, it nearly passes over Shane’s head.

Shane’s tears splatter against his shorts, uncontrollably crying now as his hitched breath and emotional sobs fill the living room, and his boyfriend just tenderly caresses and kisses his knee, letting him cry it all out.

All that mattered to Ilya was that his scent of distress was now morphing into something sweeter, something more normal. Something more akin to what he wanted his life to always smell like.



The small cake box sits on the kitchen counter, left by David with a note atop the glossy box. ‘*Congratulations, you two! Mom wants you to name the baby after her.*’ paired with another neat script, ‘*I did not say that. P.S. I love you both! Congratulations!*’

Shane smiles down at the note, other free hand fiddling with the white ribbon holding the box together as he takes in a deep breath while Ilya finally comes down from their room with their notebook of baby names locked and loaded. “Look,” Shane hands him the note, making Ilya laugh wistfully.

“I have feeling we would be replaced as favorites, yes?”

“Oh, definitely,” Shane smirks and rolls his eyes, taking the notebook from Ilya before tucking it into the wicker basket they had prepared. Dressed in matching white linen shirts, it was like they were going somewhere more scenic than just the cottage in lake side Ottawa.

“You ready?” Ilya asks, gently rubbing the small of Shane's back. He looks up at him, smiling with a beaming grin, “More than ready,”

“Good. Get in the car,” Ilya motions his head, carrying the picnic basket and cake before loading them securely along with their other luggage in the trunk of his new SUV. An Audi Q8, sure, but it could fit a car seat and had very good front crash prevention.

“Seeing the car seat makes it so much more real,” Shane hums when Ilya gets in the driver's seat. “Is the baby somehow not going to arrive without a car seat?”

“Oh shut up, you know what I mean, asshole,”

“Watch your language!” Ilya gasps dramatically, placing a hand on Shane's belly, “Крошка close your ears!”

“Still two weeks to go for that,” Shane reminds.

“Party pooper,”

He raises his brows, “Now where did you learn that word?”

“Jade and Ruby,” Ilya says, grinning at Shane delightfully as his boyfriend scoffs and tenderly rolls his eyes. “Such a big baby,”

The car ride from Ilya's home to Shane's cottage was about forty minutes away, not too far but given its remote location takes a while to get to. Spending the rest of the ride brain storming for baby names, Shane hums and continues to read from their small list of names.

“So Sasha is a no-go?”

“Yes, too personal,” Ilya nods while keeping his eyes on the road, his periphery slightly registering the way Shane crossed it out of their list.

“What about Mikhail?”

“Actually like Mikhail, a yes for me,”

Shane nods and encircles it, writing it down on a second page, “What second name would pair well with that?”

“Something Japanese. Yuna said to name baby after her,” Ilya says, half joking and half serious. “What about Ren? Mikhail Ren?”

“Sounds good,” Ilya nods, choices so far easily agreeable.

After jotting it down Shane finally flips the page, “Okay, feminine names this time. Yuna,”

“Or Irina,” Ilya counters and both of them laugh. It wasn't as funny, but nonetheless it manages to bubble through their throats like immature school children.

“I'll just write it down,” Shane chuckles and places their mother's names beside each other before he pauses. “Hang on...it can totally work,”

Ilya purses his lips, glancing at Shane momentarily before facing forward again, “Yeah? How so?”

“We can put it together,” Shane excitedly says at the epiphany, “Yurina. It works, doesn't it? Sounds vaguely Russian or Japanese,”

“Yurina,” Ilya tries on his tongue, nodding before trying it again in various inflections and tones, smile widening. “Yeah. I like Yurina,”

He reaches out to rest his hand on Shane's thigh, squeezing gently as he hums, “Pretty name, for pretty Hollander-Rozanov child,”

“You're such a sucker for them already,” Shane teases with a grin, “You do know you have to say no to them eventually right?”

“Ah, but daddy can do that for me,” Ilya beams at Shane who simply laughs and shakes his head. “Leaving me to be the bad cop here, that's hardly fair,”

“Okay, we can split fifty-fifty. I say no on Mondays to Wednesdays and you say no Thursdays to Saturdays,”

Shane scoffs, “That's not fifty-fifty.”

“Papa is more charismatic,”

“Papa is being an asshole,”

When they get to the cottage, Shane dutifully sets up their small picnic spread, laying out the grass mat before placing the blanket. Ilya sets up the camera, unnoticeable from a distance, but captures everything it has to.

It's a little belated for the both of them, starting at the second trimester with either man having the slightest clue of artistry when it comes to documenting a pregnancy, but they make it work.

When the cake is unboxed, wine glasses prepared, and a deli-free charcuterie is laid out, Ilya joins Shane on the blanket as both of them laugh, the giddiness of everything making them burst out into random bouts of happiness. “Why are we laughing already?”

“I am nervous, yes?”

“So am I,” Shane chuckles and gently caresses his belly. It really didn't matter what color was inside the white frosted cake, but Yuna had insisted they do something a little more fun. So

that they could have something to show their baby when they ask how it was like when Daddy carried them for nine months.

“Okay...ready?” Ilya takes a deep breath, feeling the wave of emotions hit him now as his lower lip wobbles and a shaky breath leaves him.

“Why are you crying already?! You're gonna make me cry too,” Shane swats at his boyfriend's shoulder, wiping his tears preemptively and looking up the blue, cloudy sky.

“Alright, alright. I will stop,” Ilya laughs and shakes his head, holding Shane's hand and pressing a gentle kiss on his knuckles. “Thank you...for giving me this gift. This privilege,”

“Thank you for seeing me through it,” Shane mumbles, leaning closer as Ilya presses a tender, soft kiss on his lips, eyes gentle and loving as he nods. “I would never leave you,” he promises.

Shane caresses Ilya's face and gently presses another kiss on his lips, barely a peck, “I love you. So much,”

“I love you too, *moya lyubov*,” Ilya rests his forehead against Shane's. “Okay, let's do this,”

Sinking in the wine glasses, they close their eyes and push down deeper until the rims hit the board base of the cake.

Gently pulling the cups off, Shane counts one through two under his breath, both of them opening their eyes in sync before a delighted, strangled little sound escapes him.

“It's pink!”

Chapter 3: Third Trimester

Chapter Summary

“If you think I’m pretty, be useful and move that puck,” Shane commands, not even bothering to look up at Ilya despite his reddened ears. Ilya bites into a grin.

Hot.

“You sure you could do this, daddy?” Ilya asks, twirling his stick around with a flourish and catching it in his hand as Shane rolls his eyes. “I’ve been skating in my free time, don’t underestimate how better I’ve trained my core even with our princess inside of me,” he retorts, tapping his stick against the ice.

“If I turn out a better player than you even when pregnant, you better start winning Cups now before I smoke you when I come back,”

; With Shane's due date on the horizon, the preparation and anticipation comes to its fever pitch.

Chapter Notes

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

Wincing, Shane gets up, already feeling the small foot digging into his lungs as he blinks blearily. The combination of tired, hungry, and in pain was bad—already feeling his temper rise with his emotions before taking a deep breath and pulling himself together. Of course Ilya had to have a good night's sleep, he had practice tomorrow.

And Shane couldn't wake him up now. His conscience wouldn't allow it.

Quietly getting out of bed, he huffs and gently soothes his belly with a gentle and soft hand over the skin. “Would you please let daddy sleep? Hm, sweet girl?” he mutters to himself and his daughter while closing the bedroom door silently, padding to the kitchen.

The fridge light bathes him, contrasting to the unlit and dim kitchen, a breath of relief overtakes his already crowded lungs, reaching out for the tub of greek yogurt, pickle jar, and jar of peanut butter awaiting him. He knew his younger, unpregnant self would have a conniption at seeing him with all the calories he was preparing to indulge on. Grabbing a packet of Doritos from Ilya’s junk food stash, he sits by the counter, slathering greek yogurt and peanut butter on the chip before dipping it into the pickle juice.

Popping the concoction in his mouth, it scratches an itch both he and Yurina had, his daughter finally settling down after a while. Sighing, he continues to eat his snack while caressing his

belly. “You’ve gotten so big,” Shane mumbles with a smile, “I can’t wait to meet you. So that you also would stop kicking daddy in his lungs,”

But he couldn’t deny he was also relieved she wasn’t breech. A home, water birth was the plan—and anxiety always crept up on him whenever he thought about it. Child birth was painful, sure, but he was a top-class athlete. His main worry was making sure Yurina arrived in this world safely.

“Hey,” Ilya’s voice snaps him out of his thoughts, the warm island lights flickering on as his boyfriend pads into the kitchen, rubbing his eyes and immediately wrapping his arms around Shane, “Midnight cravings again?”

“Plus your daughter kicking up at me,” Shane hums, relaxing into Ilya’s arms almost immediately. Ilya spins the high stool towards his direction, kneeling down to press a kiss against Shane’s pregnant belly, now bigger at thirty months. “Крошка, дорогая моя, пожалуйста, дай папе тоже поспать.” *Kroshka, my darling, please let your daddy sleep too.* He whispers, pressing kiss after kiss.

“Я обещаю, я покажу тебе весь мир. Я покажу тебе все достопримечательности, которые ты захочешь увидеть, я дам тебе все, что тебе может понадобиться.” he speaks against skin, always in Russian in hopes of integrating the language early on. *I promise, I will give you the world. I will show you all the sights you want, give you everything you could need.*

He feels a slight kick atop his hand, looking up to see Shane wince slightly but smile all the same at the image of him kneeling and talking to their baby in such a fond and tender voice. It was all worth it to Shane. “Но пока ты можешь отдохнуть и расслабиться. Продолжай расти, продолжай быть сильной ради папы и меня.” *But for now, you can still rest and relax. Keep growing, keep being strong for daddy and I.*

They wait for a beat, and another small movement permeates through, making Shane chuckle. “As stubborn as her fathers,”

“She definitely gets it from you. I am chill.” Ilya teases and stands up, leaning over to press a kiss against Shane’s lips before glancing at the weird spread on the counter. “Remind me to buy more greek yogurt,” he says, looking into the containers, “What else do you want, *moya lyubov?*”

“I have such a hankering for raw fish right now.” Shane pouts, leaning back a bit, stomach jutting out with every movement, unconcealable anymore. “But I’m not about to risk it,”

“I will have tray of sushi on stand-by when you give birth,” he promises, pressing another tender kiss on the crown of his head. “What else?”

Shane purses his lips contemplatively, “Almond Joy?”

Ilya cocks a brow up, “Seriously?”

“Hey now, since when did you start judging my pregnancy cravings,”

“I am not *judging*, I am surprised,” Ilya scoffs and leans back down, “У тебя очень странные вкусы, Крошка,” *You have strange tastes, Kroshka.*

“What exactly are you telling my daughter?”

“She is very strange to want coconut chocolate,”

“It isn’t that bad,” he defends, immediately scowling at him, “Matter of fact, I think it tastes okay?”

“Ah, so bad tastes is from you, not my daughter,”

Shane shoves him gently, rolling his eyes and lazily smiling at him, “Asshole,” he mutters, “When *your* daughter takes after me to the smallest drop of her DNA, do not come running to me crying,” he chirps, hopping off the stool and beginning to put away the condiments he had brought out as Ilya’s jaw hangs.

“You do not mean that!”

“Oh I do, trust me,” Shane beams, “She will look like me. Every single feature, I will make it happen,”

And Shane knows it doesn’t work like that. Not quite, he was an alpha—not a genetic engineering machine but he would always rise to the occasion to rile and chirp at Ilya at every given opportunity. “Say it is not so!” Ilya groans exaggeratedly, trailing him like a baby duck.

“Oh it is so,” Shane smirks, enjoying how his boyfriend is playing along.

But deep down, Ilya would kill for a little girl who looked exactly like Shane. Pretty, long, jet black hair, a spattering of freckles on a cute little face, brown eyes that shimmered so prettily, bow shaped lips, and a straight contoured nose. A quarter-Canadian, Japanese, and half-Russian baby girl with Shane Hollander’s features would be the prettiest girl in the whole wide world.

In Ilya’s whole wide world.

He catches Shane in his arms, gentle with his bump as he presses a kiss on the back of Shane’s ear, noticing that his hair had grown longer ever since he started showing. “That’s also my daughter, you do know that right?”

“Daughter who looks nothing like you,” Shane teases.

“People are wrong to think you are golden boy. You are asshole, yes? Big asshole,”

“Still incompatible to you,”

“In a way you are still bigger asshole,”

Shane turns after closing the fridge, a smile playing on his lips, “Sore loser,”

Ilya scoffs and presses a peck against Shane's lip. "You decided to have a baby with a sore loser then,"



Jane

How's the weather up in Sunny Texas?

Lily

Not that hot, actually.

Team is out for free time before game tomorrow

Jane

Well it's nearly November. What did you expect?

What are you up to now?

Lily

Just walking around.

Ilya tucks his phone back into his pocket, looking up as to where he was headed at, the brim of his cap tugged lower over his eyes, trying to move as subtly as possible with Troy in tow.

The only other player who knows Shane is pregnant. Not even Hayden knew. He wouldn't quite *get* it.

"Oh, it's right there," Troy nudges his head forward, the line-up of baby apparel stores already on the horizon. "So, a baby girl huh," he clears his throat, appearance just as subtle and obscured as possible.

"Yeah," Ilya nods, doing a great job of not cheesing and beaming at Troy like a love sick kid. "Hey, congrats man,"

"Thank you. For accompanying me also,"

"It'll be weirder if you go out alone. It really isn't a problem for me man," he says calmly. Ilya had done a lot for him after all, both as a captain and a confidant. The least he could do was return a favor—and if it was posing as two teammates buying baby clothes for another teammate's wife? It was an easy ask. "You have any colors in mind?"

"Shane has been liking yellow, lately," Ilya says, "Though nursery is green,"

"Like a garden then," Troy chuckles.

The visual makes Ilya smile, "More or less,"

They enter the store called Storkies, the bell obnoxiously ringing out loud and making both of them wince as the store clerk perks up and immediately approaches to greet them. "Good afternoon, welcome to Storkies! Would you like some assistance in shopping today?"

"I think we could handle this on our own. Thank you ma'am," Troy effortlessly says, saving Ilya's ass from speaking to a staff person who could've clearly recognized his accent. Shuffling deeper into the store, they're immediately left with endless options.

"Jesus," Troy scoffs under his breath, "How many clothes does one tiny human need?"

"Apparently many, have you seen Boyle's bag when he brings kids over?" Ilya mutters, voice low and soft. He stops by the onesies corner, small clothes barely the length of his arm and some semblance of nervousness grips him. God, their baby would be *tiny* against two professional hockey players.

He picks up one embroidered with ducks in a line against white, breathable cotton. Shane hadn't had the opportunity to shop for baby clothes, given that he was already showing, and Ilya just knew his boyfriend would've enjoyed shopping clothes for their girl.

Slinging it against his arm, getting two sizes because according to Yuna and David, babies grew up absurdly fast, he moves onto other designs.

He could swear his heart would well up and explode at the cute and delicate designs. A pastel yellow with daisies dotted around, one pale yellow one with suns printed all over the material, and so many lambs and ducklings all over.

Troy hands over the more neutral and pink ones, helping out so that they looked less conspicuous. After all, the Centaurs were well known for being charitable and always visiting the children's hospital. "You gonna shop for the toddler stage?" he asks.

Ilya shakes his head, "I will wait for her to develop her personality, then we go shop,"

It makes Troy laugh with amazement. "You're starting to sound the How to Baby 101 book I saw in your cubicle,"

"I need to be prepared!" Ilya hisses through grit teeth, "*Jane*...is going to back to work after the birth, I need to be...what's the word? Reliable," he says.

Troy's brow lifts, "So soon after the birth?"

"Well, not immediately. But they will return," Ilya assures, "I would not be able to take it if I put a baby in them and stop them from playing ever again. Playing is Jane's life, I am not about to take that away,"

Ilya knew Shane loved their baby as much as he did. Even more. You do not grow a human with such care and love as well as Shane Hollander if you didn't love your baby. But he knew his boyfriend had bouts of longing to be on the ice again, to feel the thrill under his skates and be slammed against boards just to score a goal. Shane could love their daughter and hockey all at once.

"I want him to feel like they should not worry when our daughter is with me," Ilya wistfully says, gently running his fingers across the tiniest, heart themed socks. "I want to make them happy. The pregnancy has been hard on them, but they takes it all very well,"

Troy couldn't help but fluster at the new image his captain is presenting. The shit-talking, cocky-grinning captain who loved only his team and the team dog had sides like this to him, after all.

"For the most part," Troy looks around, before lowering his voice, "I think you'd be a great dad, cap."

"Thank you, Barrett," Ilya offers him a smile before taking the socks underneath his fingers and adding it to the pile.

Ilya keeps looking, closely looking at seam stitching and buttons that could come off and be a choking hazard while listing off things in his head. Onesies, mittens, socks, beanies and puffer onesies for their winter baby. Everything was sickeningly cute and he was almost tempted to buy everything just for the sake of it.

He could envision his boyfriend who was back in Ottawa, belly straining against his shirts, always having secret and quiet conversations with their daughter and the longing settles in his chest nicely. “I will also buy Jane some clothes,” Ilya tells Troy.

“Yeah? Let's pay up then, I'm sure if something catches your eye along the strip we'd spend another hour in there,” he teases as Ilya smirks, “So you are smart, Barrett,”

“Since when have I not been?”

After checking out at Storkies and three more baby apparel stores, they make a detour and make it to the designer and sportswear strip of the shopping district.

Ilya looks like he's shopping for himself, size-wise. But the dichotomy of his and Shane's tastes should be studied.

He drops a bigger hoodie in the basket, breathable and comfortable cotton that would still have space even with the bump. And one piece is added after another, silk shirts that would look so good on him, and clothes that would fit him once his post-partum belly recedes. All new for the man carrying his baby. If he was being honest with himself, he had bought more clothes for Shane than their daughter. Wanting to just spoil him, to somehow get across that he was grateful for every single sacrifice he had made in the name of carrying their daughter.

Walking into a Tom Ford not long after, Ilya's gaze drifted longer on a three-piece suit.

And then the thought crosses him—*when* would he propose to Shane? Would Shane want to be married? He didn't want him to think he was proposing just because he got Shane pregnant. For the longest time since they entered into a real relationship, Ilya had always wanted to propose. But now, their attention was placed on the newest core of their lives.

Regardless, Ilya picks up a few formal pieces for Shane, knowing how everything fits like the back of his hand. He'll get him a ring when they win a Stanley Cup this season. Somehow, he had to earn Shane Hollander's hand.

Especially now that Shane was willingly carrying his daughter.



There have been old wives tales and less than reliable pregnancy gossip that always said carrying a daughter makes the parent uglier, all energy and beauty sucked out by the baby.

Ilya thinks it's trash.

Watching Shane putting his skates on, on his knee and tying the laces, he thinks he's glowing. Almost ethereal when he stands and straightens the compression shirt that was plastered on his body, belly bigger now at thirty weeks old. The fluorescent lights of the indoor rink within the heart of the cottage nearly simulated the sterile and clinical shine of their usual competition rinks but even with that, Ilya thinks Shane is the prettiest vision ever.

"You're staring," Shane tries to call out nonchalantly, grabbing his stick and tossing the puck down the ice.

Ilya smirks and shakes his head, skating towards his boyfriend, "Is because you are pretty, *moya lyubov*,"

"If you think I'm pretty, be useful and move that puck," Shane commands, not even bothering to look up at Ilya despite his reddened ears. Ilya bites into a grin.

Hot.

"You sure you could do this, daddy?" Ilya asks, twirling his stick around with a flourish and catching it in his hand as Shane rolls his eyes. "I've been skating in my free time, don't underestimate how better I've trained my core even with our princess inside of me," he retorts, tapping his stick against the ice.

"If I turn out a better player than you even when pregnant, you better start winning Cups now before I smoke you when I come back,"

Ilya's smile is wide and beaming, absolutely enjoying the feisty side pregnancy has given Shane. If his ego would be shattered by Shane's pure skill? He wouldn't have it any other way.

Sucking in a breath, Ilya inches the puck closer to him, keeping an eye out as Shane does laps around the rink, artificial ice scraping off under the added weight but he guesses the smaller size of their baby did make it more manageable. If its what made Shane feel less locked in, Ilya would make everything happen just for him to skate around.

Getting into his own rhythm, Ilya starts to move with the puck against his stick, Shane immediately coming in to steal the puck from Ilya. But he wasn't about to take it easy on him, swerving away with the puck only for Shane to skate back, hitting the ice before managing to swipe the puck from Ilya's left and immediately flicking it towards the singular goal, hitting the top ring with precision.

"I see pregnancy has not stopped you," Ilya beams, now feeling his blood pick up and drop down simultaneously, roaring to life as Shane runs his fingers over his hair, pushing the long strands back as he does something that gets Ilya immediately hard.

He *sticks his tongue out*. Golden boy Shane Hollander who had a track record of exactly *one* on-ice fight was sticking his tongue out at him mockingly. God, pregnancy was truly turning him into a bigger siren call. Ilya was already gone for this man the moment he set his eyes on his eighteen-year old face with eyes full of home and bright optimism his fate had been sealed.

This was just icing on the cake.

Shane picks up the puck, skating to try and get another goal before Ilya intercepts, their sticks bumping against each other and he is still careful with not actually hitting their daughter. Ilya gets a hold on the puck momentarily but when he shoots it through with a forehand, Shane lifts his stick up, blocking the puck with sheer audacity and flicking it away from the goal.

“Hey!” Ilya protests, “That is penalty!”

Shane smirks and flicks the puck into the net, “Not when I’m not a goalie it isn’t,”

Ilya shakes his head, smiling as he braces himself, “Okay. Maybe I am too soft on you,”

“Or I’m just better,”

“No way, you’re second best. And I will make sure of that,” Ilya skates to get the puck, taking it a little more seriously as his smile falls and immediately tries to dart away from Shane.

They face off a handful more times, a whole hour lapsing with labored breath, sticks hitting each other and the puck flying across the boards at some point, before Shane finally calls a break.

He skates to the side, letting out small, controlled breaths while gently rubbing his bump, smiling at his daughter's little kick. Still alive and well. “You okay?” Ilya skates beside him, sharing a swig of water from Shane. “All good here,” he assures, taking Ilya's hand and letting him feel the soft kick of assurance.

He smiles, pulling Shane a little closer as he looks at him up and down, hazel eyes softening with nothing but pure adoration. The blood rushing on Shane's face, making his face red and flushed, freckles more pronounced now, and the aura he exuded with the prettiest pregnancy glow, made him so beautiful even after such a hectic play. Shane was *beautiful*.

He didn't know higher power to thank for giving him such a blessing, such a privilege to see Shane Hollander round and pregnant and *breathtaking*. Carrying an entire human was a very unbelievable feat but doing it so beautifully? Ilya could just fall on his knees in reverent worship. Shane at the very helm of his altar.

“You look wonderful,” he couldn't contain himself, eyes spanning from his face to his belly. God, his belly. It looked so magnificent. “My pretty little boyfriend,” Ilya grins, immediately peppering kisses on Shane's sweaty face as he laughs and squirms.

He gently captures his face with both hands, puckering his lips as Shane indulges him, despite the slight distance between them because of his belly, lips sliding against each other unrushed and all-adoring. Ilya breaks away slightly, just breathing in his scent and pheromones.

“Somehow, you are so pretty. Makes me wanna suck your cock,”

“I thought we were having a moment here,”

“Is still moment!”

“Nuh-uh, moment is long gone and dead,” Shane laughs, “Pervert,”

“P–Pervert?!”



Shane throws his head back, groaning and closing his eyes as Ilya gently deep-knuckles in the soles of his feet, trying the massages that Yuna had suggested. Apparently gestational edema is just as genetic as boringness, and now Shane's ankles were sore and swollen, the discomfort now too much to deny it anymore.

There's an encumbered sigh that leaves Shane. He loves carrying their daughter, he wouldn't have pushed through with the pregnancy if he didn't want to. But said pregnancy was taxing to his body too, no matter how much he exercised, ate healthily, and worked out. Two truths could coexist within his body and truth number two was definitely winning as of the moment.

“Ow,” he instinctively retracts his foot when Ilya presses on a spot too hard, his boyfriend immediately looking like an apologetic, kicked puppy. “It's just the pressure, my love. Thank you for doing this for me,” Shane immediately assures as Ilya frowns and places his chin on Shane's knee, so close to his belly.

“Крошка, ты разбиваешь мне сердце, детка.” *Kroshka, you're breaking my heart here, baby.* he softly whispers against the clothed bump.

“Я знаю, это не твоя вина, но я надеюсь, что мы скоро сможем дать организму твоего отца отдохнуть.” *I know it's not your fault, but I hope we can give your dad's body a break soon.*

He peppers kisses across the fabric, making Shane smile despite the lingering and ebbing discomfort he has to deal with in carrying a baby. “Do you wanna help me put on some oil?”

“Yes please,” Ilya immediately gets up, more than willing to run his fingers and hands over Shane's bump. He had a clinical regimen of jojoba and cocoa butter for his stretch marks, and they're there, definitely. But fainter.

Getting behind Shane after retrieving the oil, he carefully lifts up his boyfriend's belly, easing some of the thirty-four week tension as Shane could finally feel his lower back again. “Oh, that's nice,” he groans and melts into Ilya.

“Better?”

“Yeah, better,”

Ilya slathers up some oil, letting go momentarily to massage some product lightly into Shane's skin before leaning back and carefully taking the weight with him.

“She has gotten so big,”

“Still not as big as a normal kid should,”

He knew Shane had been worried about their daughter's growth, or rather, had never stopped worrying. After all, she was going to be born small, even with the guarantee of Dr. Curtis that formula would definitely help her grow.

“Yes, but also consider, she's a heavy girl, moya lyubov. That is a good thing, yes?”

Shane cranes his head to smile up at Ilya, “Yeah. Yeah I guess so,”

Ilya presses a gentle kiss on the top of Shane's head, “When are you planning to break your hiatus?”

“When she turns two,” he readily answers but tenses up. “...Maybe I answered too quickly. I love her, I really do. But—”

“Shane,” Ilya softly says, “You do not need to explain yourself to me,”

“I just feel bad that I'm raring to go back on the ice,” he whispers, swallowing the lump forming on his throat. “Isn't that what it's all about? You carry a baby and make them your whole world?”

“Oh I do not doubt that she is your whole world,” Ilya scoffs, “But I also understand that being just a father, a pregnant father, is not all you want to be, Shane,”

“...I mean when the world puts you on a pedestal for being one of the best—”

“—second best,”

“Asshole. Best hockey players in the league, there's a certain expectation to live up to that,” he whispers, “Especially because of bullshit secondary gender politics. I want to make the world a space our daughter could thrive in no matter what and I need to fight tooth and nail to get that power,” he starts rambling and Ilya just listens.

“Yes, I do it for the love of the game too, but it's so impossible for me not to shift my attention to the environment I'm about to bring our daughter into,” Shane sighs, “I need to be the best. We need to be the best so that we could give her the world,”

Ilya smiles, soft and gentle as he sighs and nuzzles against Shane's scent gland. “Why are you so worried about being so eager to get back on ice, hm?” he presses a kiss against the skin on the base of Shane's neck, “When clearly, the new center of your world is her?”

And Shane supposes Ilya has a point. A top rank athlete who willingly put himself into hiatus to carry a child was not going to be an easy sell in a male-dominated, testosterone-selling fanbase and sport but he did it anyway.

Not because he was trying to prove a point, the point comes with the baby, but it's because he did it for his love of Ilya.

To carry Ilya's love and half of Ilya's life.

“I love her, Ilya,” Shane whispers, hands joining his boyfriend's as he smiles to himself. “I cannot wait to meet her. Everyday is so surreal, getting closer to meeting her, holding her,”

“You are adorable, moya lyubov,” Ilya chuckles, “But yes, I am excited too. And nervous, and *terrified*,”

“We'll make it work,” Shane promises.



Shane groans, peeling himself off his very comfortable position on the pregnancy pillow already finding the optimal position before his bladder starts ringing in alarms. “Princess, you gotta let daddy relax every once in a while too, man,” he groans, sitting up and wincing at Braxton Hicks. He'd been getting them lately, the sudden sharp pain now more tolerable and less alarming when he had first gotten them, but thirty-eight weeks, in his book, was a tad early.

He wanted to carry full term, just to be safe.

Hobbling over to the bathroom and turning on the lights, he furrows and feels something already wet against his leg. Did he piss himself? But his bladder was still full somehow, if that was the case.

Looking down at his pajamas, his eyes widening at the sight.

Okay. So it *wasn't* piss.

“...Princess,” he speaks into the empty space. “We cannot do this to your Papa right now, baby, he's in the middle of Tampa Bay fucking Florida,”

Chapter End Notes

thank you so much for the love for this series! it's been so fun to write for and make, and your comments make my day so so so much.

Chapter 4: Yurina.

Chapter Summary

“Hello Coach Wiebe, uh, this is Shane Hollander.” he nervously says, trying not to groan into the poor coach’s ear as another wave of contractions hit him. “I- I have a very strange situation to explain, if you could bear with me,”

“...Mr. Hollander, I’m afraid we have never met formally before,” Brandon courteously answers, but still audibly cautious. “How may I help you?”

“This would sound bizarre. Or even untrue for you, but I am begging you to believe me,” Shane sucks in another breath. “I am currently in labor. And I really, really need Ilya Rozanov home right now,”

With Yurina born into this world, Shane and Ilya try to navigate her existence delicately in regards to their career and what it could mean for her safety.

Chapter Notes

i know i established that shane has a semi-risky pregnancy, but for plot reasons, i’m putting him through a water birth. i am a student in the medical sector but my obstetrics knowledge is VERY limited, so sorry to the OB-Gyn students in the room with me.

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

The surroundings are hectic, so much more Dallas fans filling in the stands, the Texan side much more filled than Ottawa's but really, it didn't come as a surprise to Wiebe.

Crossing his arms against his chest, he walks off from the benches, heading back to the rowdy locker room. Dykstra and Bood were chatting about something regarding kindergartens around their areas, Rozanov close by, on his phone but very obviously listening in given the unmoving position of his fingers.

Barrett, he was sure, was already geared up and most definitely with Harris outside. Boyle, Hayes, and Haas were looking at something on their phones, vaguely hearing the name of a fish — Grouper it seems. And the others were getting ready, gearing up, doing pre-game rituals, and making sure they were primed to play.

He loosens his arms, clearing his throat as he approaches Ilya. “You go get the team ready in five, I’ll just go on ahead and finish some formalities with the press and PR,” he says softly,

his captain tucking his phone back up his cubicle with a nod. “Got it coach,”

Stepping out, Wiebe already has Gen and Harris at the help, seeing Troy re-entering the locker room by the corner of his eye. “So, what do we have today?” Wiebe asks, looking up at Harris who had a tablet in his hand, checking the line-up for the outlets they would answer for later. “Well, ESPN wants Troy– I mean Barrett and Rozanov on the mic, Puck Press wants Haas, then Red Bull would be keeping an eye on Boodram tonight,”

“Alright, I’ll keep that in mind,” Wiebe nods, grabbing the white board off the wall, going through the final touches of the mapping of the play, each substitution kept in mind. Though he surmises the game wasn’t going to be as catastrophically eventful. It was a game against Dallas, and if the boys from the other team didn’t start calling any of them slurs, Ilya would not be put in the box. As simple as that.

“Coach, they’re ready to head out for warm-ups,” the assistant coach calls out from the door. “Alright, I’ll head out on the ice in a few,”

Stuffing his phone into his back pocket, he barely makes it out of the coach’s lounge before it starts ringing. He furrows his brows, an unknown number on the screen as he contemplates whether or not to answer, knowing the Centaurs are still on the trenches of troll central since drafting Troy Barrett. Bracing himself, he swipes on the green button and presses the phone on his ear. “Brandon Wiebe speaking,”

“Hello Coach Wiebe, uh, this is Shane Hollander.”

Thirty minutes ago

Shane clutches the bathroom sink, wincing when a slight contraction comes, the heaviness and tightness inside his goddamn body lighting every nerve ending in his body on fire, “Fuck...fuck,” he groans, forcing himself to let go of the porcelain before stripping his soaked pajamas and underwear off.

Ambling back to the bedroom after changing into cleaner pants, he shakily grabs his phone, Yuna on speed dial and it takes two rings before she answers, “Shane, how are you baby?”

“Mom, my water broke,”

A beat passes.

“Your dad and I are on the way baby, stay put. We got you,” she says, calm and pragmatic but the tremble in her voice is audible to Shane. “How are you feeling?”

“I thought they were Brackston Hicks. I think I’ve been getting true contractions this morning, I- I just thought they were phantom ones,”

“Okay. That’s okay, that’s normal, sweetheart. Did you call Ilya already?”

“He’s probably in the middle of warm-ups, Mom. She isn’t even supposed to arrive yet!”

“Babies would arrive whenever they want to, Shane. And she wants out *now*,”

Shane scoffs derisively, “You don’t say, Mom,” and Yuna makes it a choice not to argue with her laboring son right now, continuing to pack for the trip to the cottage. “I will call Dr. Curtis, you go call Ilya or his coach, you have his number, right?”

“Yes but Coach Wiebe doesn’t know *I’m* Jane, what do I say?”

Yuna lets out a soft sigh. She’s heard nothing but praise from Ilya in regards to his coach and they don’t have much to hang onto right now but Ilya’s word for it. “Just call, Shane. I think right now, we have to trust Ilya’s judgement with giving Coach Wiebe’s number to you,”

Shane takes a deep breath, more for the nervousness than the contraction. How was he going to explain to a formerly renowned hockey player turned coach, that he—an alpha, all-star and league player—was about to give birth to the child of his captain? But more than anything, he *needed* Ilya present. He doesn’t know how many hours of early labor had lapsed and how many more he had before his daughter was out into this world in their home birth set-up.

So he ends the call with a terse, “I will,” to Yuna before shaky hands search for the contact he had saved under **Brandon Wiebe**.

One ring, then three. Then five.

“Hello Coach Wiebe, uh, this is Shane Hollander,” he nervously says, trying not to groan into the poor coach’s ear as another wave of contractions hit him. “I- I have a very strange situation to explain, if you could bear with me,”

“...Mr. Hollander, I’m afraid we have never met formally before,” Brandon courteously answers, but still audibly cautious. “How may I help you?”

“This would sound bizarre. Or even untrue for you, but I am begging you to believe me,” Shane sucks in another breath. “I am currently in labor. And I really, *really* need Ilya Rozanov home right now,” he practically begs, tears pricking his eyes suddenly as he tries not to sound so wrecked over the phone. “I would rather he be here for the birth of his daughter. I know you’re about to enter a play-offs game, and Rozanov is your star player, but—”

He gets cut off by Wiebe, the steady and gentle voice shooting relief down his body. “I’ll have him on the next flight to Montreal in an hour,”

“Thank you,” Shane pants, basically sobbing in relief. “B- But I’m currently in...Ottawa. He’d know where.”

“I will let him know that. God speed, Mr. Hollander. May you have a safe and healthy birth. I’ll try to have Rozanov in there by four hours,”

Wiebe ends the call, his heart picking up speed as he rushes out the coach’s office and into the rink, eyes immediately scanning for his captain who was already getting on a Dallas player’s nerves.

He takes in a deep breath before calling out loudly, “Rozanov! Come here,” he beckons a hand as Ilya raises a brow and skates towards him.

“Yes coach?”

“Listen, I just got a call. From Shane Hollander,” he says, and the morphing of cockiness to immediate terror fills Ilya’s face and he could only think, *so Shane wasn’t fucking with him*. Brandon knew Ilya was expecting with a mysterious partner, Jane. Her name was thrown around when he asked childcare questions to the fathers in the team, himself included. Only to now realize that she was the Golden Boy of the NHL.

“What happened? Is there an emergency?”

Brandon swallows. He could sacrifice another Stanley Cup. They could try again next season—he knew and trusted that his boys would understand. “Get dressed. I’ll have Harris book a flight back to Ottawa ASAP. I have a buddy who could fix something up for you,” he explains, leaning closer to make sure nobody else hears. “*Jane* is in labor.”

“*What?*”

Ilya swears he’d have a heart attack on the ice.



Shane groans, holding onto Yuna for dear life as he sits by the edge of the stairs, not wanting to really go on active labor right now. “Fuuuck,” he groans, Yuna tightening her hold on his arms as he sobs, the contractions too painful while Dr. Curtis and her team of two more midwives under an NDA prepare the tub Shane was going to give birth in, portable medical machines strewn around.

“Oh fuck,” Shane mutters as Yuna helps him stretch, his womb contracting as she winces for him. Ilya was still hours away, about to be express delivered courtesy of Brandon Wiebe. He couldn’t possibly have this baby without the father, right? Matter of fact, he shouldn’t be having this baby *now*.

“If it helps, you also came pretty early,” Yuna whispers, helping Shane lean forward while he hisses through the pain and holds his mother’s hand, already a mess. “I love you mom, I’m sorry for every time I was rude or mean to you,” he starts sobbing through grit teeth, he wasn’t about to deny it was painful. Yuna simply cradles him in her arms, her poor baby in pain she once experienced too.

“I know, I know. I love you too baby, you’re doing so great,” Yuna kisses his forehead. “Ilya’s coming.”

David finally emerges from the kitchen, carrying a cold glass of water for Shane, kneeling beside his son as he turns the straw towards him, needing to hold Shane's head with a warm, comforting hand. "There you go, slowly. Drink slowly," he softly mumbles, rubbing Shane's cheek with tenderness.

"I don't want to have another baby ever again," he groans, hanging his head low between his shoulders, groaning in pain.

"Well, that's what they all say for their first birth," Yuna mutters as Shane laughs, pained and stiff. "You didn't have another."

"Oh trust me, I considered it," Yuna shakes her head, offering her son a small, comforting smile. "You can do this, baby. You're so brave, so strong,"

"Shane," Dr. Curtis finally enters the living room. "Are you ready? Shall we check how many centimeters were dilated?"

"N-No...please, let's wait for Ilya," he begs, tears streaming down his face as he blinks them away.

Dr. Curtis nods, "Okay, but the longer we go after your water has broken, the more prone you are going to be for infections. I'll check on you after a few more hours but we have to get you started on the water once you're 5 centimeters dilated, okay?"

"Y-Yes. Okay," he pants nodding while David pats his sweat from his forehead with a soft towel.

"Are you sure you do not want the yoga ball?"

"Later..mom, please. I really don't want to dilate too much right now," he sobs.

"Are you sure?"

And even in the haze of otherworldly pain, Shane had never been more sure of anything his entire life. He'd go through hours of labor pains just to wait for Ilya, as long as his daughter's safety would allow. He was not giving birth without the love of his life, his universe if he could help it.

He nods, jerky and strained, "Yeah...yeah I'm sure,"



Ilya was going to throw up in the very nice carpet of the very nice private plane Coach Wiebe's friend had. There was no in-flight Wi-Fi, much to his derision, so he was stuck stewing in his own anxiety.

She was arriving so soon. He was certain he'd be with Shane by the time the fortieth week hit, and now he didn't even know the state of affairs his boyfriend was in. What if something happened and he had to be rushed to the hospital? What if Dr. Curtis wasn't there yet? What if the snow had gotten bad in Ottawa he literally wouldn't be able to drive fast enough without meeting an accident half way.

His leg had never stopped shaking since he boarded and he could feel the lump in his throat get heavier, resting his elbows on his knees and pressing his mother's crucifix on his forehead. He had never been a religious man, but somehow, he has called on every high power he could think of.

Мама, пожалуйста, попроси их помочь моему мужу и моему ребенку. His thoughts ring, certain that his mother was with the best side in the afterlife. Пусть Юрина родится благополучно, а Шейн родит безболезненно.

Closing his eyes, he feels the overbearing sense of dread.

What if he turned out to be like his father? Cruel and stern without warmth, pressured by their reputations as top athletes. What if he accidentally hurts their infant daughter with the hands that have not known tenderness from a young age, being made to handle something so delicate, so precious. What if he becomes a burden to Shane and that causes him to not be able to return to professional hockey?

It scares him shitless.

"Mr. Rozanov," the flight attendant approaches. "May I please request for you to tighten your seat belt? We're landing soon," she softly says as his eyes widen.

That was the slowest four hour flight he has ever had.

"Okay. Okay, thank you," he nods, straightening up and leaning against his back, tugging at the loose end to let the seatbelt sit flush against his lower abdomen.

He could only hope Shane is faring well, helped around by Yuna and David.



"That's four centimeters. We have to get you in the water, Shane," Dr. Curtis regretfully announces as he lets out a shaky, stifled breath of pain. "Okay..." he concedes, wanting this delivery as safe for their daughter as possible. Ilya would understand. He had his mom and dad with him.

God, was he crying again?

The pain shoots up his spine as he lets out an agonized wail of pain, sobbing against David's arms as they slowly make their way to the bathroom, birthing suite now set up, water up to temperature and as sterile of an environment as possible.

Shane strips off to his nakedness, too much in pain to be shy about it anymore, for fucks sake, he was about to have a baby. He dips down and relief slowly comes, the weight of his belly steadily lifted off.

"We're just going to wait for six more centimeters, then we'll push," Dr. Curtis softly says. "How are we feeling, Shane?"

"I need Ilya," he sobs, lower lip trembling so hard in so much pain.

The front door slams, startling everyone in the bathroom as rapid footsteps come up in succession, a choked sob of relief escaping Shane as he sees Ilya rush in the bathroom, barely able to toe his shoes off and rush to hug his boyfriend.

"I am here," Ilya whispers against Shane's temple, his poor boyfriend crying in pain and longing as he rubs his back. "I am so sorry, moya lyubov. But I am here now,"

Somehow, Ilya made it. By the power of driving barely within the speed limit and lack of heavy snow fall in Ottawa, he was home.

And finally, it was just a matter of time until Shane gets ready to push.

"I will give you Stanley Cup, yes? But maybe next season. I doubt my team could win it without me," Ilya jokes, taking the pressure and slight sting of Shane's hands digging into his curls in stride, the contractions getting more frequent and more painful. Shane lets out a shaky, trembly laugh, looking up at Ilya with teary eyes. "I— I don't need more to my collection,"

"Is pity Cup. What's word...push present," Ilya recalls hearing it from Bood.

"You're such an asshole," Shane couldn't help but just smile weakly, holding onto Ilya's hand tightly as he groans and lurches forward in pain. Ilya truly tries not to panic, letting Shane grab and clutch him in ways that would alleviate even a fraction of his pain.

"You are doing so well, moya lyubov. Perfect, absolutely perfect and beautiful," Ilya assures, looking up at Dr. Curtis. "How can I help? Please, I will do everything," he begs, Shane just at six centimeters dilated after two hours, four more to go.

And after another four hours, Shane is finally at eight.

Ilya had already joined him in the tub, offering his solid body for Shane to lean and stretch on, being his human buffer against pain as much as he could. He gently massages the base of Shane's sacrum, encircling the ball of his palm to try and loosen the tension, his boyfriend writhing in pain and agony.

“Ilya,” Shane pants, grabbing onto the side of the tub, voice too hoarse.

“Yes? Yes, I am right here, *moya lyubov*,” Ilya hums, letting Shane lean back against him, chest to back. “You want forward? Or back?”

“Side,” he whines, all sweaty and in agony as Ilya gently maneuvers himself to his side, being Shane's pregnancy pillow as of the moment. It was uncomfortable for Ilya, sure, but he couldn't even begin to imagine what horrifying kind of pain his boyfriend was going through.

Ilya cranes his head, pressing a kiss on Shane's temple, “When we finish, I promise I will get you a ring. I will marry you, *moya lyubov*. That is a promise,” he starts laying his heart out on his sleeve, “I know it came too late, but we will have the wedding of your dreams. I promise you that,” he whispers, and somehow in the haze of delirium induced by pain, Shane finds comfort in such a promise.

Dr. Curtis checks for one last time, beaming.

“Okay, Shane, we're at 10. Let's get ready to push, daddy.”



She was *tiny*.

Compared to her hulking hockey fathers, Yurina Tianne Hollander-Rozanov was so tiny. Shane couldn't believe he'd been carrying her in his womb, the feeling so surreal as he and Ilya hung out by her bassinet, unable to take their eyes off her.

She had thick hair for a newborn, a wispy patch of dark hair already visible, her rarely opened eyes very much light – definitely their daughter.

She shifts, just a little from her swaddle and the pair's breaths hitch almost immediately. It was surreal, seeing half of themselves amalgamated into one, precious being. “Oh-” Shane breathes out nervously and Ilya has to smooth a hand down his boyfriend's back to hold him back from picking her up again. And then she starts crying, and the pair are scrambling to unwrap her from the swaddle and opt for skin to skin.

“Shhh, it's okay, daddy is here,” Shane whispers, his heartbeat immediately soothing her as Ilya joins them on the bed, stacks of pillows cushioned against the headboard, back to chest while their arms shield her protectively, and she immediately settles and falls back asleep. The pair look at each other, adoring and smitten as Ilya breathlessly laughs, smoothing a palm over her soft, downy head, “Such a cute girl,”

“She's perfect,” Shane leans back, head resting against Ilya's shoulder. “Absolutely flawless,”



Shane Hollander breaks hiatus. The NFL Star was spotted entering the Ottawa Centaurs headquarters with a baby. Speculations of pregnancy and who the father is point to one key player: Ilya Rozanov.

Ilya Rozanov disappeared mid-season last November, reportedly a health emergency, but there is reason to suspect that—

Shane shuts off his phone, sighing as he looks down at Yurina who was sleeping on his chest, breathing softly and sweetly, thin black curls atop her downy head, lips pursed, lashes long. She was a near carbon copy of him when she slept, the hazel eyes she had clearly gotten from Ilya beneath heavy lids.

At four months old, she was still developing distinct features, but it was clear the resemblance was uncanny with Shane.

“I’ll make sure you’d be safe,” he whispers, kissing the top of her head, the baby smell calming down his rapidly thumping heart out of post-partum stress. Ilya was back on the ice after his brief paternity leave, and Shane would eventually have to address it. He wasn’t going to plaster her likeness all over the internet or press—he couldn’t in good conscience put his daughter through that.

Not only was he now *engaged* to Ilya. He also had a whole child with his number one rival. As an alpha, child-bearing was a huge taboo, sure to stir up various negative reactions from their fans and the league. After all, he did lie by omission, reasoning his hiatus was due to health concerns and personal issues.

One by one, it was starting to unravel and he knew he had to do something about it fast.

But his ponderous stupor is disrupted by Yurina, his daughter wriggling and rubbing her eyes as she blinks up at him and nuzzles into his chest. Smiling, he chuckles and caresses her head, “Hi baby,” he murmurs and presses a gentle kiss on her head, a habit he wasn’t willing to break.

She starts crooning before Shane scoops her up by the bum and sits up, letting the blood settle down from his head first before standing up with her in tow. “It’s okay, we’ll get you milk now. Don’t cry, sweetheart,” he mumbles, and she just scrunches up into him further, his heart absolutely a puddle.

Padding down to their kitchen, he sees the note his mom and dad had left, leaving the pair for a while to run some errands and to get some clothes. He’d been grateful for their support, because with Ilya mid-season, Shane post-partum, and Yurina months old, they couldn’t have

done it without the help of already seasoned parents. The house is neat and tidied, Shane had not crashed down in bouts of anxiety, and Ilya was getting *enough* hours of sleep while feeding and changing Yurina courtesy of them.

Preparing a bottle of milk for her, he hums and rocks around, one food to another while she wriggles and makes soft noises barely audible to anyone. Finally settling down the couch, he takes a deep breath and watches when she starts to suckle down, hazel eyes now staring up at him, making him smile. He and Ilya made cute babies. “You really were hungry huh?” he chuckles, watching his daughter closely, every small feature, every flutter of her lashes. He adored her dearly.

“You’re our pretty girl,” he softly says, “You’re growing up so healthily too, I couldn’t help but be relieved,”

She reaches out, small hands grasping at his fingers as he sucks in a deep breath, closing his eyes, holding his tears back. The gratefulness just wells up in his chest, tender feelings he had never known he could feel now overflowing from his heart. He would die for this girl.



Shane and Ilya could feel their stomachs drop, the crowd around the hospital entrance absolutely hectic and most definitely press. Someone in the hospital must’ve been able to leak their immunization schedules and Shane could already feel his blood boil. “Un-fucking-believable!” he curses and Ilya has to reach out from the driver’s seat, looking back at his fiancée and baby girl with reassurance.

“I will talk to Dr. Curtis, yes? I will have her go instead,”

Shane frowns, nodding as Ilya starts pulling away from the hospital parking lot. He wanted Yurina to be able to step out of the house every once in a while—but if it was this bad before she had even turned a year old, he wouldn’t know what to do.

“Sweetheart,” Ilya’s voice snaps him out of it, not realizing tears of frustration had already formed in his eyes as he snuffles and shakes his head. “I- No, it’s just hormones—”

“Sweetheart, it is okay to be frustrated, yes?” Ilya mumbles, still keeping his eyes on the rearview mirror, releasing calming pheromones because he knew his daughter was deeply attuned with her daddy’s feelings and scent. “I also want Yurinochka to be safe. I understand your anger,” he promises, trying his best to reassure Shane.

“We’re responsible for her happiness, Ilya,” he huffs out, wiping his tears as his lower lip wobbles when he looks down and presses his forehead against his daughter’s, “I don’t want her being hurt because of decisions we could make for her, I- she can’t keep living like this,”

“Then we will think of something,” Ilya’s steady voice says without falter. “We always would.”

Arriving back at the cottage, Yuna immediately heads out, surprised they’re home so soon.

“What happened?” she opens the door for Shane, frowning when she sees tears streaking her own baby’s cheeks. “Honey?”

“Press was camped out the hospital. Do not know if it is legal, we did not stay to find out, mom,” Ilya responds for Shane, unlatching his daughter from the car seat and carrying her in his arms while Yuna placates her other son.

“What...?”

It was a crazy prospect for all of them, so ludicrous and absurd, none of them could process it well enough until they make it back inside the house, David’s cooking dispelling some of the tension around them.

“Mom,” Shane softly calls while Ilya heads up to the nursery, disrupted plans calling for being changed into some jammies. “I think it’s time we released a statement, or *something*,” he sighs heavily.

She looks up at him, concern radiating from her while reaching out for his hand, squeezing firmly. There was an agonized and angry look in his eyes, unable to even retain eye contact with just how much emotions he was cycling through in under an hour. “...If we release a statement, the league and commission could possibly stop you from returning on the ice,” It was a cruel truth, but one that they urgently had to come to terms with. Being a post-partum alpha was image ruining for the NHL, and stickler of a commissioner Crowell would probably make some bullshit up of Shane not being able to play because of his ‘weakened constitution,’ and barring him would’ve resulted in extensive and stressful court hearings.

But what was Yuna Hollander if not a very good planner. And manager.

“I have an idea,” she pulls her son to sit, “And it would require your daughter in a commercial.”

Shane furrows his brows, clearly apprehensive but he rigidly nods regardless.

“Okay. Let’s hear it out.”

“Durex. And! Little Tykes.”

“*Mom!*”



How Yuna had pulled it off, Shane doesn't know.

But at a standstill between coming back on ice and being now publicly out with Ilya and the status of him being a father, it was working out mostly for his favor. Various rumors that either of them were omega – especially *him* was eradicated by the league to the best of their abilities and the knowledge that Shane had already given birth and made explicit plans to return on the ice was something any reasonable PR team would not touch. He wasn't going to be booted just yet.

“Why are you watching that stupid ad again?” Shane reaches for the remote, Yurina perched on one arm as Ilya immediately snatches off the panel, grinning ear to ear. “Just watch!”

“Oh come on, you just like the commercials because it's basically putting your virility on a pedestal, enough to make another alpha pregnant,” he grumbles, but joins Ilya nonetheless as Yurina beams soundlessly at the sight of her papa, immediately deposited into his arms. “Of course not. Малышка, ты слышишь папу? Он думает, что я такая тщеславная и эгоистичная, что меня это задевает.” *Kroshka, do you hear your daddy? He thinks I'm egotistical and vain, it hurts my feelings,*

Shane couldn't help but smile, watching as their Yuri beams at Ilya, just thrilled to be talked to while they speak their own secret language. He was still learning Russian, but he knew that his daughter had the possibility to be better, to hold conversations with her papa in a way only the two of them could. And truly, he couldn't wait for that day.

“But seriously,” Ilya mumbles and presses a kiss on Yurina's head, “I like watching second version because it is *us*, yes? We can show world that we love each other, and that our love hand brought us something precious,”

And finally conceding, Shane looks up at the screen. It was one of the ads they did for Clek, a car seat company and the two of them weren't shy about touches, smiling at each other like a montage of their most private moments—daughter at the helm. It was all Shane wanted and *needed*. He couldn't be happier.

“Can you believe this is the way we come out?” he whispers, head finding Ilya's shoulder. “I...honestly, I was so terrified when mom suggested we do an ad campaign basically displaying our daughter,”

“Her face is not visible, *moy lyubimyy*,” Ilya assures. Even the crew had been respectful enough to not keep the cameras rolling whenever her face had come into view. And the airtight NDA and contract Yuna had crafted—honestly, she was an entirely different beast when it came to her granddaughter.

Shane hums and continues to watch the montage play out, the pair put in a driving simulator for filmmaking, both of them looking back at the carseat with bright, genuine smiles before it cuts to the logo. “What do you think she’d like to be when she grows up?”

“Woah, slow down,” Ilya scoffs, looking down at his princess. “Ты, Юриношка, останешься на руках у папы до сорока лет.” *You, Yurinoshka, would remain in papa’s arms until you’re forty years old.*

Shane glances up at Ilya with a smile, “If she somehow becomes a hockey player do you think she’d take center?”

“Is that even a question?”

“What if she wanted to become a goalie?”

“Then she is only exception for cute goalie, yes? Only her,”

“Fair,” Shane chuckles, feeling his remaining anxiety dissipate as he leans over and presses a gentle kiss on top of her head. Amongst the chaos of having to cycle through sleep schedules, crying, feeding, and dealing with a very stressful and invasive return to the ice—it was moments like these that made it all worth it as he presses a kiss on Ilya’s jaw.

“We have to be the best. For her.”

Ilya nods, balancing her on a singular arm, taking his fiancée’s jaw and pressing a firm kiss on his lips as well. “And we will be,” he promises, “All for her. She will get everything she deserves, which is nothing but best.”

“Damn right,” Shane grins and bumps his head gently against Ilya’s before the TV flashes to a familiar commercial. *Shane Hollander comes on the screen, a bright-eyed rookie captain, barely brushing past twenty years old, facing off against Ilya Rozanov. He’d been one of the most valued players, and it flashes like a small slideshow.*

Montreal Metros barely made it—

“Okay enough of that.” Shane rolls his eyes and swaps the channel, ears still red at doing an ad campaign for a condom brand. Ilya just bursts out laughing, a supporting hand on the nape of Yurina’s neck while she gets jostled around by the vibrations of her papa’s chest. “Oh come! It is a witty ad, no?”

“Shut up!” he groans, throwing his head back exasperatedly before giving him a dry, unamused smile. “Anyways, what do you want to have for dinner? I’ll cook,”

“Pasta please.”

“Alright.



Six months later

“Shane Hollander, by some miracle, has actually made it to the finals this season, leading the Metros with a track record like no other. Tomorrow, they’d be coming puck for puck against the New York Admirals—” Ilya rolls his eyes while he keeps his eyes on the road, listening to the latest Man in the Crease episode while driving to Montreal.

He cranes his head up slightly, catching sight of his daughter who was busily fiddling with her rattlers, “Можешь поверить, Крошка? Они всё ещё недооценивают папу.” *Can you believe it, Kroshka? They still underestimate daddy.*

She babbles back excitedly, “Dada!”

“Yes! И я не понимаю, зачем они ставят под сомнение его способности,” *And I do not get where they get off questioning his abilities*, he continues to speak to his daughter like she was a beer mate in a pub, “Он так здорово играл, когда тащил тебя на себе. Почему они удивляются, что он чемпион?” *He played so well when he was carrying you. Why are they surprised that he’s killing it this season?*

“--Shane Hollander could be the first pioneer for inter-player pregnancies if he wins this season’s cup. It could be such a big thing for hockey if he could somehow prove that his pregnancy was not a hindrance,” the commentator continues to prattle off, stressing Ilya out so much he shuts off the podcast entirely. The commentary was shitty as always. They didn’t know a thing about Shane’s pregnancy.

Taking a deep breath, he sees the arena from a distance, smiling to himself. It was Yurina’s first game, and Shane’s comeback win. He was so sure he’d win, not a moment had Ilya doubted his ability to absolutely demolish anyone on ice—himself included. It’s what had pushed him to do better. Before Yurina’s birth at least, because Ilya could not deny he might find more fulfillment in staying home with his daughter. And hopefully more future kids.

“Окай, Давайте сегодня вечером поболеем за папу!” *Let’s cheer for daddy tonight!*

With ease, Ilya wrangles her into the carrier, baby plastered to his chest as she squeals and kicks her feet, pudgy red cheeks absolutely so biteable while he swings the baby bag on his shoulders. Normally, he’d be caught dead wearing a Metro’s jersey, but with the specialized name patch ‘DADDY’ on both he and Yurina’s sweaters, he’d give it a chance.

Lowering his ballcap, he smiles down at his daughter who was looking up at him like he was her world. And in a sense, both of them were.

“Tonight, you will see how I fell in love.” he mumbles lowly.

The rink is packed when he steps out from the VIP tunnel, seats barricaded for family as the WAGs of Metros players immediately turn to look at him. Shane was already warming up on the ice, when Ilya unstraps their daughter from the carrier, making her face the ice while she kicks up her pudgy feet. “Dada!” she squeals, having some pipes on her for a ten-month old.

Shane immediately whips his head towards the sound, beaming ear to ear as he sees her through the ice, immediately skating towards her as he taps the glass.

“Hi sweetheart!” he loudly shouts through the partition as Ilya chuckles and makes Yurina’s voice all high and pitchy. “Hi daddy!”

“Oh? When did our Yuri start sounding so mature?”

“Hey, watch it! Is little lady you are talking to,”

Shane just rolls his eyes at his fiancée’s antics, unable to help himself as he taps the glass to make Yurina squeal. She was definitely in a good mood today.

“You will play good out there, yes?” Ilya says through the glass, “Show them that Yurinoshka has given you superpowers.”

“Oh she definitely has,” Shane nods, now a little more serious as he bumps a gloved fist against the glass, Ilya doing the same with his knuckles. A small gesture but it was worth a million words when Shane skates away after bidding goodbye to Yurina.

‘I love you.’

‘I love you too.’

‘When I win, you’re on diaper duty tonight.’

Chapter End Notes

it was so fun working on this fic! definitely not gonna be the last of yurina hollander-rozanov. thank you guys so much for sticking with me on one of my biggest and longest works yet, all your nice and sweet comments had been my motivation to make this as earnestly as i could. bonus chapter WILL come. i promise you that!!

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