

Baby Fever

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Baby Fever

by [Letmebecomeataboo](#)

Summary

Shane grinned. “You are experiencing baby fever!”

Ilya cocked his head to the side, and looked at his husband confused. Shane let out a snort. Just a little one. Ilya raised his eyebrows, and Shane began to laugh.

“Baby fever? What is this? I have no fever,” Ilya pouted. He couldn’t understand why Shane was giggling like a teenager.

“Oh,” Shane kept laughing, almost not being able to get the words out.

“Shanee,” Ilya whined

After watching Amber Pike, Ilya gets hit with the worst baby fever of his life. Now he just has to convince his husband to get him one.

Notes

Timeline wise, this is a little messy I think (?). But just imagine Amber is still a really small toddler after Shane and Ilya get married and both play for the centaurs. Also, my credentials here (because many people are very bad at writing small kids) is that I work in daycare, specifically one and two year olds, in a Nordic country. I literally get paid to watch small children stumble around in snow.

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

Ilya Rozanov was pretty sure he was going to die. Or melt. Or, at the very least, some kind of combination of the two. The cuteness was too much for him. And it was all Hayden Pike's fault. Which Ilya took kind of personally. If it was up to him, Hayden Pike should never be responsible for anything. Actually, thinking about it, maybe it was Jackie Pike's fault that Ilya's hard Russian heart was melting. It was certainly because of her that the one million Pike-kids had turned out as cute as they had.

And now, because of Hayden and Jackie, here Ilya was, wrapped up in his thickest coat, beanie so low on his ears it muffled the sounds around him, pushing the gigantic kid swing with Amber Pike in it. Who would have thought?

In his life, Ilya had not had many reasons to interact with children. Sure, his teammates had kids, and he had his niece, but he wasn't close with any of them, and his niece had still been a newborn when Ilya moved to the US. But, because of Shane, there were suddenly four tiny children who screamed with joy each time they saw him, and called him Uncle Ilya with so much love. Though he would never admit it, it did make him feel a bit mushy inside.

Amber Pike, at the ripe old age of one year and four months, had a somewhat limited vocabulary. Mostly the words mom, dada, train and belly. People's names were mostly just sound. Though, Ilya had turned out to be pretty easy for her to say.

"Yyyia!" she would scream when she saw him. For a Canadian, it was pretty close to actual Russian pronunciation, using the proper two syllables instead of three, like most English speakers. That was why she was Ilya's favorite. And also why he had offered to look after her on the playground while Shane went with the older three to sled. Usually their roles were reversed. Ilya was the wild one, who did stupid things like rush down a hill on a plastic mat. But something about watching this tiny girl, in her pink flowery snow suit, with the tiniest winter boots and hat with little bunny ears was so endearing to Ilya. She was like an absolutely tiny drunk person, falling over herself with bones like gummy. And she was obsessed with him. Ilya liked when people were obsessed with him.

"Oh, hiii!" A voice from the left tore Ilya out of his thoughts of comparing toddlers to drunks, and he turned, still gently pushing the swing, to find a woman holding an equally wrapped up child in her arms.

"Hello?" Ilya said back, a little unsure. Was she a fan? She grinned at him so wide her unnaturally white teeth reflected the weak winter sun into his face. At least it felt like they did.

"I was just wondering, since the swing is so big, if my Tommy might squeeze in with your tiny little princess?" she said, not dropping her smile for a second. Ilya just blinked at her, before his brain caught up to the question.

"Oh, uh, yeah, sure," he stuttered, slowing the swing down, which earned him a whine from Amber. Ilya chuckled.

“Is fine, zaichik, I will start it again,” Ilya shushed the little girl, as mega-watt smile mother deposited her child (Tommy?) into the swing, and took a step back. Ilya started pushing again, while the toddlers just stared at each other emotionless. One-year-olds probably weren’t the best at making friends, Ilya realised. They didn’t exactly have any social skills yet.

“She is adorable! What is her name?”

“Is Amber,” Ilya answered. He supposed he should just give into this woman. She was very North American, clearly wanting to talk his ears off. Sometimes, Ilya missed the northern european habit of just shutting up. Silence was okay sometimes. But not for mega-watt mom.

“Oh, I love that name!” she gushed “ We even considered it before we knew we were having a boy. You did so well there dad, she is cute as a button.” Before Ilya could answer, a loud wail sounded out across the playground. Both Ilya and mega-watt mom turned around, looking with wide eyes at little Tommy. He had somehow gotten himself to the edge of the swing, and taken a tumble backwards into the deep snow below him. Ilya froze. Was he hurt? Ilya had little experience with hurt children, but he couldn’t imagine taking a half meter tumble was very good.

“Oh, sweetie,” mega-watt mom said, leaning down and plucking the child out of the snow. “Shh, you are fine, my love. Was it cold? Of course, and a little scary, yes? But you are fine.”

She brushed the snow of his suit and little mittens, before placing him back into the swing, drying some tears as she did. Ilya was shocked at how easy it seemed. How practiced her movements were. With just a few words, she had calmed the screaming child, who was already happily eating snow from the swing with Amber. There was no chaos, no drama. Just simple reassurance.

“Where were we?” Mega-watt mom said, as if nothing had happened. Could being a parent really be that easy? He tried to remember his own childhood. His mother had probably been just like this, even if he couldn’t remember now. Mega-watt mom started talking again. “Oh, right! Your daughter is adorable, as I said!”

Ilya was sure his heart skipped a beat. He had never been called dad before, never been assumed as anyone's parent, even if it was by mistake. It was strange. But, also almost good. He liked it.

“No, not dad. Uh, uncle,” he told her, with a shy little smile. He felt mushy again inside. What was this feeling? It was so different from ever being called uncle. He suddenly felt a kind of longing he had never experienced before. Looking at the babies in the swing, Ilya just panted to pick them up and squeeze them against his chest. What was wrong with him? This could not be normal.

“Oh, my bad! Is she your sister’s? She looks like you, I think!”

It was hard to see how Amber actually looked, wrapped up in all her clothes with cheeks pink from the cold. But she did have Jackie’s shiny blue eyes, which could remind of Ilya’s, he supposed. They almost seemed to big for her little face.

“My husband’s brother’s baby,” Ilya explained. He knew he would take having called Hayden Shane’s brother with him to the grave. No way that Pike was ever going to find out how much Ilya actually appreciated the relationship between the two. No way.

“Oh, hahaha,” mega-watt mom continued, laughing loudly at herself. The two toddlers both looked at her with wide eyes. “Look at me, just talking away and assuming! Is your husband here?”

Ilya felt a smile spread across his face before he could stop it. He pointed towards the hill, where at least twenty children were running up and sliding down.

“There, at top, blue jacket,” Ilya said, and mega-watt mom smiled. Shane was kneeling on the ground next to three year old Arthur. It seemed like he was trying to explain how the sledding worked. Arthur was a naturally nervous child. Most things seemed to scare him. Ruby and Jade had apparently gotten all of Hayden’s wild genes. In fact, the twins had just set off the steepest part of the hill, screaming like crazy while racing down. Ilya tried not to think about what Jackie would say if her kids ended up in the emergency room on their watch.

“Is that your nephew, then?” Ilya’s new friend asked. Behind him, Amber called his name. Ilya nodded to mega-watt mom, then slowed the swing down.

“Are you done, zaichik?” At the little girl’s nod, Ilya stopped the swing entirely. Grabbing the back of Amber’s snow suit, Ilya hauled her out, and held her by the suit like a shopping bag. Amber howled with laughter, as Ilya gently swung her back and forth. Ilya felt his insides melt. Fuck, this was all Hayden Pike’s fault. But he couldn’t help but grin. Making a baby laugh was the best feeling in the world.

He said his goodbyes to mega-watt mom and Tommy, then began walking towards Shane. Amber toddled along next to him, precariously keeping her balance in the snow. Ahead, Shane and Arthur had just reached the bottom of the hill, both laughing. Jade and Ruby were running around them screaming. Ilya’s eyes met Shane’s, and it felt like being hit in the face with a truck. He wanted children. He wanted children with Shane, right now.

“Shane?” Ilya said, that night when they’re back in their house in Ottawa. The Pike children had been dropped back off with their parents, all injury free and exhausted. Exactly what uncles were for.

“Yes?” Shane said slowly, sounding half asleep already. He was lying on his back, and arm over his face as he breathed hard. Ilya was a little short of breath himself, after the intense sex they had just had. It had been amazing of course.

Ilya pushed himself up on his elbow and looked down at his husband. Then he took a deep breath.

“I want one,” he said it fast, without any explanation. Shane lifted his arm just enough to look at Ilya’s face.

“A what?”

“A baby. Like, a real one.” Ilya swallowed as he looked at his husband. Shane’s arm froze mid-air.

“You want a baby?” he asked, as if Ilya needed to spoon-feed him the information.

“Da. A human one. Anya is great, but she is dog.”

“Eh, okay? And what brought this on?”

“Amber Pike. She was so cute today, and I just wanted to squeeze her.” As if to demonstrate, Ilya curled his fingers towards each other, looking like he was squeezing the air hard.

“Oh, my god,” Shane said, pushing himself up on his elbows. Ilya sat up all the way so he could still look down at his husband. Shane grinned. “You are experiencing baby fever!”

Ilya cocked his head to the side, and looked at his husband confused. Shane let out a snort. Just a little one. Ilya raised his eyebrows, and Shane began to laugh.

“Baby fever? What is this? I have no fever,” Ilya pouted. He couldn’t understand why Shane was giggling like a teenager.

“Oh,” Shane kept laughing, almost not being able to get the words out.

“Shanee,” Ilya whined, patting his husband impatiently on the chest.

“Sorry, sorry!” Shane said, not seeming sorry in the slightest. He snorted once more, then seemed to gather himself as he sat up properly. Once at the same height, he smiled a little softer at Ilya. “Baby fever is like this sudden need to have a baby. Like an actual, biological urge to have a baby.”

Ilya nodded slowly. “Why do I have this now?”

“Because it’s often triggered by seeing or spending time with babies. I’m pretty sure it’s a biological instinct to reproduce,” Shane explained, still smiling at Ilya’s thinking face. There was something almost innocent about the way he looked. Carefully Shane grabbed one of Ilya’s hands and pulled himself into his husband’s lap. Ilya smiled, their noses only inches apart.

“I kind of do too, by the way. Want kids, I mean.” Shane’s breath fanned across Ilya’s face while he spoke. It felt so dreamy, being together in this space.

“And you want one with me?” Ilya couldn’t help but ask. His smile was slightly crooked, as he stared at his husband with impossibly soft eyes.

“No, with Rose,” Shane said, rolling his eyes. “Yes, of course with you, idiot!”

“Wow, Shane. That is low, using ex against me. When do you learn sarcasm? Is not funny when you use on me,” Ilya pouted, and pretended to push Shane off his lap. The smaller man

just locked his feet behind Ilya's back, refusing to let go. Ilya just shook his head and refused to look at Shane.

"Asshole," Shane said while laughing. That made Ilya look back at him, grinning.

"Maybe you start calling me daddy now?" There was an evil glint in his eyes. Shane gaped at him.

"Jesus Christ. No. Absolutely not!" Ilya laughed loudly, and put his hands beneath Shane's butt. In one move, he flipped them over, so Shane was now underneath him, still with his feet locked around Ilya's waist.

"I think yes! Let me get you pregnant," Ilya cackled, grinding down onto his husband who squirmed, but laughed hysterically at the same time.

"Ilyaaa!"

"Hush, we are having baby! You need to learn to be quiet, my love,"

"Oh, my god!"

End Notes

For those not familiar, the swing Amber and Tommy use is a sort of mega swing. They can easily fit at least three toddlers, some are even bigger.

Translation:

Zaichik = Bunny. According to google, it's a russian diminutive meaning bunny. Hope I used it right.

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