

one year of having your name

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one year of having your name

by Anonymous

Summary

The idea came from Harris who suggested that Ilya and Shane do something fun and different for the couple's one year anniversary. He offered to have their team's photographer take the pictures for free on the terms that he was able to use a couple in an instagram post to celebrate the occasion.

Or the one where Harris finds out Shane's pregnant before everyone else on the team.

Notes

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

The idea came from Harris who suggested that Ilya and Shane do something fun and different for the couple's one year anniversary. He offered to have their team's photographer take the pictures for free on the terms that he was able to use a couple in an instagram post to celebrate the occasion.

Shane and Ilya were going to wear each other's jerseys for the photo shoot and it would be something simple and sweet.

It seemed like they had been married for so much longer than that.

And with that first year of marriage, they had reflected on everything they had been able to share together now that they were being interviewed by Harris for his video that he would be putting on their social media pages.

Shane just hoped his stomach would cooperate during the course of the events they had planned for that day. Seeing as the day before they were thankfully relaxing at home all day — making it easy for him to run to the bathroom if need be since their day was full of nothing but Shane in the bathroom floor. Not even in the fun way.

"Do you think you will be okay?" Ilya murmured in a low voice, Shane constantly looking over his husband's shoulder to see if Harris, Troy, Bood- hell even Luca could randomly manifest behind them without warning.

"Yeah, I'll be fine. I took some of the nausea medicine Dr. Park gave me." Shane and Ilya had used their day off to *finally* take him to their team doctor's office to figure out what they could do to help him keep food down. While they were there, Dr. Park had ran another scan on Shane to see if everything was looking good.

It turned out everything was going right along, that their baby was measuring right at what they should for thirteen weeks. He was still in the first trimester and had been able to do *some* physical activity but thankfully they were now in the off-season so they still had a little time to figure out how to tell everyone before pre-season started up.

They planned on telling everyone together probably at one of Bood's barbecue parties where they would all be gathered around the bonfire together.

But for now, they had been keeping it their little secret — for better or worse had practice with keeping those.

"Okie dokie, Gen is sick today so I'll take your pics for the mini session." Harris had the mentality that the show must go on, he would just do it all himself.

Shane figured it was something to do with their jerseys seeing as they were told to bring those with them when they came.

"Okay so the vision is that you're both wearing each other's jerseys, right? Walk with me here, okay and then like we'll take a couple of shots with your backs facing the camera and

I'm titling it 'One year of having your name' or something like that, I'm still working out the kinks." Harris waved his hand blindly gesturing as he explained his visionary designs to them.

They both nodded along, Shane was trying his hardest to pay attention to what Harris was saying instead of focusing on the churning of his stomach the unsettled sea that was rocking back and forth— he tried to think about something else anything else, willing himself into thinking about how after this they could grab a nice cold ginger ale from the drink machine that would definitely help him.

Everything was set up for them to start taking pictures and it didn't seem like the baby was going to give him trouble until they had started to take a couple of pictures. Ilya was holding Shane from behind, his chin resting in the crook of his neck face turned to Shane's pressing a kiss against his cheek when suddenly there was a tangle of limbs and a blur shooting past the camera.

"Is he okay?" Harris raised a brow, setting his camera down quickly.

Ilya had to think quickly and use one of the excuses that they had practiced for just in case because Shane had thought three steps ahead — as always.

"He ate bad tuna melt last night, has been sick ever since." Ilya quickly lied, casting a worried glance towards the bathrooms. "Let me check on him."

Shane was hunched over the toilet in the first stall, it was unlocked and he was able to push it open slowly making sure he didn't hit the other male with it.

"Kill me now. Just do it and get it over with, I think it would be humane at this point." Shane groaned, resting his cheek against his arm as he slid down on the questionable bathroom floor and sat for a second composing himself.

"Mm, no killing but this dirty bathroom floor might do it." Ilya jested trying his hardest to lighten the mood but apparently the baby had already decided to make this photoshoot nearly impossible.

They spent about five minutes in the bathroom, leaving Harris to wonder what the heck had just happened. If Shane wasn't feeling good he could have just said no to it and it they could have always rescheduled.

"Sorry about that, I promise I'm all good now." Shane apologized, cheeks flushed slightly.

"It's okay here if you guys want we can do the next one really quickly it's just the pictures where you guys are wearing each other's jerseys and then we can call it a day." Harris felt terrible now that he knew that Shane wasn't feeling good in the first place. Here he was making the poor guy do pictures when they could have waited.

Shane grabbed Ilya's jersey off the changing rack and handed his to Ilya, deciding they would just change right there to save some time.

Tugging the shirt off by the collar, Shane threw the jersey at his head in the strangest fashion that only could be described as 'the Shane way' of getting dressed. Harris was busy fixing a few things on the previous shots he had managed to get when he happened to look up at the other omega fighting with his jersey to get it on. He looked...different and it wasn't just because of the way he was putting it on.

Okay so Harris wasn't checking Shane out he really wasn't but there was something off about the way his stomach wasn't as chiseled or flat as it normally was. He felt like a weirdo already for even taking notice of the change but kept it to himself. It was the off season and he really had no room to talk, heck Troy had been going *way* above his calorie deficit with all the apple pies the alpha had been consuming at an alarming rate.

Shane hadn't seemed to notice too busy tugging the jersey down quickly, working on making Ilya's look like it hadn't been bunched up in a dryer. "There that looks good." He murmured, smoothing a few of the wrinkles out of it.

Ilya was busy too enjoying himself at the way his jersey looked on his husband. The big bold 'ROZANOV 81' was something no one could miss — Shane was marveling at the way his own jersey looked on his alpha this photoshoot might as well go triple platinum in their bedroom after they got the prints back from it.

"Alright lovebirds, turn around and Ilya you can wrap your arm around Shane's waist maybe you both can rest your heads against each other." Harris suggested as he cleared his throat, readying his equipment for the picture taking the shot whenever they were both settled.

It was cute, a simple shot of them both and it was definitely going up on the instagram page.

"Okay I might get one more picture." Harris opened his mouth to suggest but was met with Shane darting off to the bathroom...again.

"Stupid sandwich." Ilya replied, hurrying after Shane yet again.

Ten or so minutes later, they were back and Shane looked pale as a ghost.

"I'm good! We can definitely do another picture." Shane didn't want to disappoint Harris since he had worked so hard to set up the photo shoot for them but he felt like hell warmed over and looked like it too. This morning sickness was kicking his ass and he was living on nothing but ginger ale and saltines at this point to which he had none on hand.

"I mean I've got enough if you guys wanna call it. Really, you need to go get some rest." Harris started to put his equipment away, feeling bad about asking when Shane had felt terrible.

Shane too felt bad but at the moment he felt like he might throw up what little he had left in him so he would settle for the pictures they had managed to get.

"Thank you again for the pictures really, I should've called ahead to let you know I wasn't feeling well." Shane apologized again as they were getting ready to leave not bothering to

change out of their jerseys— Ilya had mentioned *plans* for them and he was eager to participate in said plans later on.

"Really it's not a big deal I got some really good shots, I'll send them to your e-mail. Oh and Shane?" Harris waited until he was sure Troy, who had arrived a few minutes before they had packed up to leave the arena, was now out of earshot busy messing around with Ilya.

"Your secret is safe with me. I won't tell anyone until you guys say the word." He grinned, pretending to lock his lips before tossing the make believe key over his shoulder.

Shane's eyes went wide like a deer in the headlights.

"How did you?"

"First clue, running to the bathroom every fifteen minutes. Second clue was your scent- your scent patch is wearing off and lastly-" Harris felt terrible naming the most obvious one, Shane's weight gain and instead shrugged. "Lastly, Ilya just kept standing *so* close to you. I mean wow he was practically on top of you!" He chuckled nervously, hurrying out the door in front of Shane leaving him with his jaw practically on the floor.

When he got to the car, Shane got in and turned slowly to Ilya. "Harris knows I'm pregnant."

"But how did he put clues together? This is not child's show clues of Blue." Ilya's eyes widened much like Shane's had earlier, a look of genuine shock on his face attempting to figure out where they slipped up.

It wasn't that they were trying to hide anything it was more so that they wanted to tell their friends on the team when they were ready because it also meant Shane wouldn't be coming back until after the baby was born. That was something he internally was still struggling with.

"He said he wouldn't tell. I believe him but I'm putting a lot of faith in him." Shane sighed, letting his head rest against Ilya's shoulder as they pulled out of the player parking garage.

"He will not tell, I know what happen to Troy's xbox and the answer is not that Chiron knock it off the table." Ilya's lips curled into a devious knowing smirk and Shane knew their little secret was safe.

End Notes

hi! I wanted to try something different with this one so here it is and any chance I have to squeeze harris and troy in a fic I will try lmao  hope you enjoy! ✨

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