

the sound of you

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by Anonymous

Summary

Shane can't sleep, the baby won't stop kicking and Ilya is away on a roadie but for whatever reason when he puts the phone against his belly when Ilya talks...it stops.

Notes

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

Being in this third trimester meant no more flying for Shane. That also meant being away from Ilya for their away trip but since he was thirty weeks along it wasn't like he was popping anytime soon. That was the only reassurance that he and his husband had when it came to the Ilya traveling without him for the week. It was a back to back, Carolina, Detroit then a day off before playing Chicago then New Jersey before taking another day to finish off in New York.

It wasn't terrible, Shane could survive this and had made it this far.

They would be playing New York tonight in the final game of their five road game stretch before bringing themselves back home.

In this case, Ilya was practically counting down the hours until he was with his other half again surrounded by the warmth of the home that he and Shane had built together. He also may or may not been checking in just about every hour or so to make sure that their baby girl was staying put and that Shane wasn't doing more than the doctor had instructed at their last appointment.

Most of the times that Ilya had called, Shane was either tidying up (there was no mess), nesting in the nursery (everything had been labeled and put away), or attempting maternity yoga which he had gotten stuck in a position that Ilya would have loved to 'help' him out of when he had called earlier that morning just before morning skate.

That night Ilya needed Shane after a shootout loss. They had fought the entire game trying their best but they were tired, everyone on the team had been trying to muster up the rest of their energy for their final game that night.

They had done amazing the entire roadie but they felt the empty spot that Shane left when he wasn't playing looming over them moving in like a rain cloud settling in.

In Shane's mind, they fought a long hard battle and were winners in his book even with this one loss — besides shootouts weren't even real anyways.

It was a little after 10 and Shane was nothing short of exhausted. It wasn't even from the menial tasks he had found around the house to busy himself with, it came from within (no really, it did). He hadn't been able to nap for long all day and when he did manage to close his eyes for one singular second — kick! Another series of tap dancing from inside his rounded swell of a stomach would start and that would be the end of whatever nap he had been attempting.

It was safe to say, their little *Dochen'ka* as Ilya would whisper to his belly every night, paying it the utmost attention was missing her papa. She wasn't even out yet and Sofia had her papa wrapped neatly around her tiny finger.

"*Let me see face, I miss you.*" Ilya murmured on the other end of the phone call having woken Shane up from his fruitless attempt at sleep.

The second Shane turned on his camera, Ilya could tell even in the faint glow of the bedside lamp his husband had bags under his eyes and looked like he could fall asleep any second.

"Mm, can't sleep." Shane rubbed his eyes with a yawn, his free hand idly resting on the side of his bump that Ilya had requested to see too.

"Is just because I'm not there. If I was there I would be making sure you were getting nightly belly rub and nightly blow jobs." Ilya grinned tiredly as Shane whacked the screen playfully putting his hand over his belly like it could hear.

Well, technically their daughter had formed ears at this point but that was a conversation for another day, one that involved him trying to put his headphones on his belly to play some classical music and Ilya changing the Beethoven he had been playing to make her listen bad bunny instead.

"Shh she can hear y'know." Shane furrowed his brow, a grin tugging at the corner of his mouth whenever Ilya apologized to his belly.

"Is she giving you trouble?" Ilya shuffled around in the bed, having showered after the game and slipped back to the hotel feeling like his entire body had been hit by a bus. He just wanted to be back home at this point with Shane. It had been the longest time they had been apart since being married and it was killing him.

The bed was cold without Shane, the room felt empty and Ilya found himself looking for his other half every time he rounded the corner. On the bus, on the plane, you name it Ilya would go to reach for his omega's soft hand and would only be met with an empty chair and an extra armrest.

"Yeah she's been keeping me up, kicking pretty much whenever I try to close my eyes. It's like she knows you're missing." Shane finally admitted, sucking in a deep breath as the camera panned up from where he had been showing his stomach to Ilya — deep brown eyes threatening to spill the tears that had formed.

And oh, his heart broke.

"Sweetheart, I'm right here. Shh, is going to be okay. I am going to be there tomorrow I promise as soon as plane lands I am taking Uber home. I won't stop for my car I will just come straight home to you."

Ilya would give anything to do that tonight. To just get up, get dressed and head home to his husband.

"God, I hate this. I hate being away from you but I hate crying over something I can't control." Shane explained as he wiped at his tears with the back of his hand, a soft wet laugh escaping as he shook his head.

"The worst part? She's calm right now."

"Well yes of course is because I'm talking to her. Isn't that right dochen'ka." Ilya propped the phone up against a stack of pillows next to him wishing it were Shane there instead. His chest ached knowing he couldn't kiss the tears away and hold his omega tight, Shane's fresh scent still clung to the sweatshirt Ilya had bunched up beside him to help him sleep.

The ache in the alpha's body and the sleep that called to him like a siren's song to a sailor at sea was beginning to wear on him as it seemed to be doing the same to his omega who was laying down facing him on the other side of the screen with his own eyelids drooping heavily.

"I have idea, let me see the belly." Ilya left no room for Shane to refuse, motioning the camera downwards with his hands so of course he complied and fulfilled the request panning the camera down to his mountain of bump with the few stretch marks that had formed illuminated by the soft glow of the light.

"I will have a talk with her." Ilya reassured as if that was the cure all for this situation because *obviously* Shane hadn't thought about that before.

This had been their routine since...well since Shane had found out he was pregnant.

Every night when they were laying in bed, Shane would feel his husband's hand drift downwards stopping just short of what had started out as a softening of his abs, turning into a gentle swell that had slowly but surely with time rounded out to the 'perfect' bump it was now.

Well at least Ilya kept calling it perfect, bragging that husband had the perfect baby bump to everyone that would listen.

Would it even work? That was the grand question but Shane was willing to try standing on his head at this point if it would help him get some rest.

"Poslushay, moye solnyshko. Tebe nuzhno dat' pape nemnogo otdokhnut', on mnogo rabotayet, chtoby ty roslo zdorovoy." Ilya murmured to the screen, head propped up with one hand with a soft smile curved onto his lips.

Shane began dozing in and out listening to the sound of his husband's voice, if only that did the trick — the tiny kicks ceased when Ilya stopped talking and the omega opened his eyes hesitantly wondering if that had done the trick.

"Oh my god I think that worked. What did you even say to her?" Shane didn't really think what was said had mattered but it was more so just hearing her papa's voice that had calmed their pup down inside him.

"Mm just said that she needed to go to sleep that her daddy is very boring and can't party all night like papa used to." Ilya shrugged, chuckling when he heard Shane mutter a sleepy "You asshole".

"Can't wait to see you tomorrow, I love you..." Shane trailed off with a soft snore following and Ilya couldn't help but watch his baby sleep until he too drifted off with a warm feeling in chest replacing the ache.

End Notes

💌 Listen, my little sunshine. You need to let Daddy rest for a while. (this is what ilya was saying translated)

💌 i'm not a native russian speaker and used google translate for this so if anything that ilya said like sounds off i swear i tried 😭 i wanted to write something fluffy and just can't get enough of pregnant shane i'm literally addicted 😂 so yeah anyways hope you guys enjoy! <3

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