

everything's gonna be quite all right

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by Anonymous

Summary

Shane was afraid of a lot of things changing with his pregnancy. He was afraid of his skills dwindling with the time that he was off the ice busy being pregnant. So he was going to stay on the ice for as long as he possibly could even if that meant just practicing with the team, it wasn't going to stop him (for now at least).

Notes

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

Shane was afraid of a lot of things changing with his pregnancy. He was afraid of his skills dwindling with the time that he was off the ice busy being pregnant.

So as far as anyone was concerned and his doctor, Shane was going to be skating up until it was no longer deemed safe (or well as safe as playing could be considered). Obviously hockey was a full contact sport and it ran risks anyone knew that much and he was really only participating in practices nowadays as he was entering his second trimester.

They made him wear a bright red 'no contact' jersey even though everyone on the team knew he was pregnant— actually at this point it felt like all anyone could see was his stomach and he hadn't really even 'popped' yet. It was just doing *amazing* things for his self image.

Shane tried to wear bigger jerseys to make it not as obvious but most of the time it looked like he was smuggling a small melon into practice. He just wanted to make sure his skills stayed sharp up until the point where it was unsafe to get on the ice.

However, at this point Ilya felt like it was going to be himself chasing around a wobbly Shane on the ice for the remainder of this pregnancy in order to keep him safe.

The team always skated with him, treated him like nothing was up except Luca. The poor kid would go out of his way to block shots for him.

So much so to the point that Shane pulled Ilya aside to question his husband on whether or not he sent their poor rookie to block all the pucks from hitting him.

"What? He is doing that by himself. I have not asked him to do that but actually it isn't half bad idea now that you mention it." Ilya teased, already making a mental note to talk to Luca about using himself as a human shield.

"I will have talk with him. You need to be watching out for pucks too- put a pillow up your jersey." Ilya didn't like thinking about Shane getting hit with the occasional stray puck especially in the stomach but the guys had been really good about controlling that to the best of their abilities.

The omega returned to the ice to practice a few more drills with everyone. It was overall a great practice all things considered and they had talked about going out for some dinner and drinks (virgin of course for Shane) when Luca excitedly skated up behind Shane to ask if he could catch a ride with them since his car was in the shop and his skates somehow tangled in the other male's causing them both to trip with Shane falling one way and Luca falling the other.

Ilya immediately helped Shane up and Troy worked on scooping up their rookie.

"Is everyone all good here?" Ilya looked Shane over stopping when he realized his husband wasn't putting pressure on his ankle fully. "Shane, your foot. Let me see."

They both needed to be checked out by the trainers but it seemed like Luca was alright. He was able to move his ankle and could put pressure on his so they were all clear there.

But then there was Shane who looked like he was holding back tears and Luca who was also...holding back tears?

"I'm so sorry! I'm sorry cap, I should've watched where I was going I just-" Luca stammered trying his best not to just burst into tears, quickly explaining before he was taken out back and beaten (or at least that's what he felt like would happen).

He would *never* intentionally do anything like that. Shane knew this though, his ankle hurt like hell but he knew Luca embodied the spirit of a Labrador puppy.

"It's fine, hey you didn't mean to. I'm fine really, see?" Shane attempted to walk normally, willing his ankle to stop acting up. It wasn't. There was a stubborn stinging pain in it that wouldn't go away, a pinching feeling that felt like it was definitely something.

"You are not okay." Ilya called him out, smelling the slight scent of distress in Shane's normally softened milky scent.

"Mm, I'm just peachy. Let's just go get something to eat." Shane sucked in a breath as he attempted to start walking yet again and couldn't do it. He hissed beneath his breath, leaning against the boards.

They practically had to strong arm Shane into the trainer's room as he kept insisting that he was fine. He was. He was going to be okay, his ankle would just fix itself.

Lexi wondered just what Shane was doing in her examination room until she put two and two together. Alex their other trainer brought Luca into the room to be checked out too to ensure he wasn't hiding any injuries either.

"So a two for one special, huh?" Lexi shook her head playfully, trying to lighten the mood a little. She could already sense the worry coming off of Ilya in waves.

"I'm *fine*. I can walk it off." Shane lied through his teeth practically jumping off the table when Lexi put slight pressure with her fingers on the area. "What else did you fall on?"

Not much could be slipped past Ilya especially the way Shane was rubbing his stomach on the side that had made contact with the boards when he had tripped.

"Shane."

"Ilya." Shane shot back as he scrunched his nose up slightly, trying to ignore the dull throb in his foot. He knew he would most likely just have a bruise and the baby was moving just fine. In fact, she acted like this hadn't phased her one bit.

"Okay so what I'm gonna do is send you to your OBGYN, your ankle however that uh, that's sprained. So I'll wrap your foot and you can make a trip to your regular doctor and for now you can take some tylenol for the pain." Lexi began wrapping Shane's ankle, thankful it was just a sprain as he was too.

Ilya was already on the phone making a walk in appointment with Dr. Park for Shane, avoiding Luca all together.

It turned out everything was all good with the baby, scans showed that Sofia was just fine and hadn't been phased whatsoever by the trip. All their pup had been doing since Shane had bumped into the boards was practically doing somersaults on his bladder.

"I don't really see why I had to get checked, I told you she was fine." Shane was used to getting checked *way* harder than that against the boards but all the times before when that had happened there wasn't a tiny passenger on board.

"She's actually doing really good. She's measuring ahead of schedule actually, she's a rather big baby." Dr. Park smiled, clicking a few images on her computer to show the new parents before tilting the monitor towards them.

Ilya leaned in, eager to see everything. A smile spread across his face reaching his eyes as he squeezed Shane's hand. "Look at her, she's going to be strong and the best hockey player the PWHL has ever seen. Or if she wants to be ice skater that is fine too." He shrugged, whatever their daughter wanted to he would be her number one cheerleader.

"Can I have an extra copy today?" Ilya asked, causing Shane to raise a brow slightly but he didn't really ask why. Sometimes Ilya liked extras to keep around the house, he enjoyed the ultrasound pictures and treasured them like they were gold.

The team was still waiting on Shane and Ilya to get done at the doctor's office still fully intending to have dinner and drinks with them.

Then there was poor Luca.

He had messaged about fifteen times trying to see if Shane was okay, if the baby was okay.

Luca: *hey pls let me know how appt goes*

Luca: *is baby okay?*

Luca: *i'm so sorry about shane's ankle 🐱*

Luca: *if i can do anything pls lemme know*

The poor kid had been worrying himself silly about Shane and Ilya had been ignoring his texts which he definitely had been upset when the entire thing happened so that was mildly understandable.

But it wasn't captain like behavior and they both knew that.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Shane finally asked when they had parked at Mario's. They had all decided on Italian in the group chat mainly due to Shane's cravings of simple spaghetti

and meatballs. It was weird but that was all his body seemed to allow him food wise to think about.

Ilya nodded, taking his husband's hand in his own before pressing it to his cheek kissing the back of it. "I'm fine, just a little upset...I guess I was just mad that Luca was not looking where he went. That he should have been more careful around you."

"You are okay and he is okay— baby is okay. I have no reason to be mad anymore." The alpha knew logically that there was no reason for him to be upset and that their poor rookie had offered to help any way he knew how and there was the fact that he had been blocking pucks earlier for Shane.

"Yeah...I get that. But you're right he's sorry, he didn't mean to do it and my ankle will be fine." Shane's stomach started to growl about that time signaling that he was about to waste away.

Once inside the restaurant, Ilya helped Shane with his crutch (that Shane didn't want to use) over to their private table in the backroom. The alpha helped get his omega situated, making sure Shane was comfortable.

"So crutches for two weeks? That's not bad at least you didn't break it." Bood smiled, stuffing his face with a breadstick and a spoon full of gnocchi soup.

"How's the baby?" Harris who was sitting to Shane's left leaned forward a little to hear the other omega better because a group of hockey players could be one of the loudest groups of people ever.

Shane took a few sips of his gingerale that was already in front of his spot, probably having been ordered by Harris before they had even sat down.

"She's good, she's apparently growing ahead of schedule because apparently Ilya has giant genes." Shane teased, eyeing his husband from the corner of his eye.

Ilya was busy fiddling with something in his pocket looking like he wanted to say something. He looked over at Luca a few times to catch his attention but the young alpha looked like he had lost his best friend. It was pitiful and Shane had to resist the urge to go tell him yet again that he was okay when suddenly his husband stood up and of course everyone looked but decided to carry on their conversations.

"Luca, here. He is fine and the baby is fine too. I'm sorry I acted like that, it is not how captains should act." Ilya fished the ultrasound from his pocket and placed it in front of Luca. "You can keep copy, I just wanted to show you that she will be fine." He explained, feeling a little dumb about the gesture that was until Luca jumped up and *hugged* his captain.

"I-I really am sorry, thank you guys for forgiving me. I swear I won't run into you again Shane." Luca swore up and down several times that night before Ilya had told him that was enough and to eat until he couldn't anymore, that everyone's bill was on them.

Shane rubbed the side of his stomach gently, feeling the tiny kicks finally subside a little and he couldn't help but feel a warm fuzzy feeling in his chest watching Ilya be the captain that their team needed.

"Your papa is great. I can't wait for you to meet him." Shane whispered when no one was looking, a habit he had gotten into that felt almost self soothing in a way.

This team was family and they would always be there for each other through anything and everything— that was what a good pack was all about.

End Notes

i really just wanted more of an excuse to put more luca into fics <3 he's adorable 🥺 and i love how he looks up to ilya also i wanted to put him through it a little 🌞 so anyways here this is, hope you enjoy!

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