object permanence

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object permanence

by Anonymous

Summary

Shane felt his cheeks get warm despite the cold of the arena, tucking his face into his hoodie. "I don't wear them anymore because I can't see my feet to put them on. There I said it, happy?"

Ilya laughed at first, thought Shane was kidding, that was until a puck went sailing through the air and landed in front of Shane.

Or The one where poor Shane has lost the ability to see his feet

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

"Wow Hollzy you're really getting big." Troy so dumbly inserted his own foot into his mouth first thing upon seeing Shane for the first time in a hot minute at practice.

Once he received the note that said he shouldn't be on the ice anymore for the season, Shane had retreated to the safety of their home and went full hermit mode refusing to leave the house for anything.

He missed being at practice though, seeing their team mates and watching Ilya play firsthand there was nothing like it — so he sucked up his pride even if Wiebe was just doing as he was instructed by their team doctor and Shane's regular doctor by keeping him off the ice for the remainder of his pregnancy.

Feeling the cold air against his flushed cheeks, the sound of skates zipping across the ice combined with the puck hitting the posts during practice had Shane yearning to get back on the ice.

"It couldn't hurt, Ilya. The doctor said as long as I'm careful and not playing I can skate around."

Now, Shane might have stretched the truth on that one. The doctor said he could skate yes, slowly and to make sure he was wearing his compression socks during any activity — ideally whenever he was on his feet but Shane took that as a *suggestion*.

"I'm *fine,* I won't be on my feet for long." Shane already knew what Ilya was thinking by the look he gave him.

It took longer than Shane thought it would just to get his skates. It wasn't as easy as it used to be considering his ankles and calves were already swelling and it wasn't even nine yet — not that there was an ideal time for them to swell.

"Having trouble?" Luca had been sent into the lion's den to ask if Shane needed any help — why they asked the rookie to potentially get his head bitten off was beyond him though for whatever odd reason Shane wasn't snappy with him.

It could be partially because Luca was so young that he saw him more like a pup than anything so he was fine with him asking dumb questions or being around his nest since he and Ilya had somewhat taken him in, letting him crash on their couch occasionally.

Shane was determined to get his skates on by himself. If he couldn't do this one thing, what could he do?

"I'm fine, I know Ilya probably sent you in here," Shane replied, grunting as he leaned forward his stomach pushing into his diaphragm to the point that it was getting a little hard to breathe.

Just a little more — come on, all he had to was just push a little further into it and—

Fuck. It slipped out from underneath him and slid across the floor. So much for that.

Shane was breathing a little heavier than he probably should have been for just that little amount of physical activity but there happened to be a rather large baby taking up a lot of space in his midsection.

"I can help- I promise I won't say you needed it." Luca offered as he hurriedly added the last part, not wanting Shane to feel like he was going to tell everyone he was so big he couldn't put his own skates on anymore.

Shane raised a brow, balancing a hand on the side of his stall finally blowing out an exasperated breath. "Yeah fine, sure just let's hurry before Ilya sees." He motioned Luca over, lifting his foot a little and it took the rookie by surprise.

"Oh holy shit- I mean woah- I mean-" Luca stammered, unsure of what he expected to see Shane's legs looking like — okay so maybe he expected normal feet that didn't look like busted cans of biscuits.

"It's fine, I know they're bad well I mean in theory I do. Right now I can't see anything past my belly button sooo yeah, if you wouldn't mind helping me out that would be peachy." Shane wiggled his foot in Luca's direction prompting him to put the skate on his foot.

Luca obliged, grimacing inwardly at the way Shane's poor swollen foot looked like it was being suffocated by the skate as he somehow wedged it onto his foot followed by the other.

Somehow without the use of butter, they managed to get Shane's feet in the skates albeit his feet were now aching with pressure, the weight on his hips as he pushed himself to stand up outweighed it. "Okay let's go, like I said not a single word."

Aching feet were a severe understatement, Shane was almost convinced if he were made of legos that he would be able to pop off the parts of him that hurt the most.

Ilya was the first to see Shane emerge from the tunnel, his cashmere sweater a pair of sweats, and his trusty skates. It was just about the only thing that actually fit anymore so he quite literally wore it everywhere — he refused to buy paternity clothes.

It was just a simple practice but Shane wanted to skate. He yearned for the feeling of gliding effortlessly across the ice, wanting nothing more than to feel like he didn't have his own orbit.

It took a few minutes for Shane to get his balance, an entire fifteen pounds extra really did throw him off — well that and there was a big watermelon strapped to his body.

The guys had a quick practice, Shane's feet were begging for him to take a breather so he listened to them for the first time that day and plopped right down on the bench. His hands were definitely swollen, fingers like mini sausages and it was getting old.

"*Moya lyubov*, you're not wearing your special socks." Ilya tapped Shane's legs that were currently resting up on the bench, following Lexi's orders because she had checked out

Shane's swelling — courtesy of his worried alpha.

"What, did Lexi tell on me?" Shane tried to brush it off but this wasn't going away.

Their trainer Lexi happened to pass by whenever they had mentioned her, sort of like when Beetlejuice was summoned.

"Oh yeah those compression socks you're supposed to wear those, bud. They're to help cut down on that," Lexi gestured to Shane's poor feet and legs as she examined them taking it upon herself.

"How do you know? I could be wearing them right now." Shane lied, the dull ache in his feet annoying him more than anything.

The truth was Shane hadn't been wearing them for a hot minute. It was embarrassing to even say why he wasn't— it was for the same reason that whenever he dropped something it vanished.

"You are most certainly not wearing them right now." Lexi shook her head at Shane, confirming the swelling by pushing two fingers against his swollen calf.

Shane felt his cheeks get warm despite the cold of the arena, tucking his face into his hoodie. "I don't wear them anymore because I can't see my feet to put them on. There I said it, happy?"

Ilya laughed at first, thought Shane was kidding that was until a puck went sailing through the air and landed in front of Shane.

"Whoever hit that is on my list!" Ilya whipped his head around to see which rookie he was taking to the metaphorical guillotine. Actually Shane wasn't sure that Ilya *didn't* just have one laying around somewhere for anyone that dared touch or look him for longer than a few seconds — especially during his pregnancy.

"Where did it even go?" Shane didn't think to look under him where the puck had landed.

However it backed up the omega's main point the one that he was trying to tell his husband all along — he couldn't see past the hemisphere of his belly. Literally anything under the point of his navel ceased to exist.

"Oh you really can't see under the belly." Ilya felt terrible, putting the pieces of the mini puzzle together.

His omega hadn't been wearing the compression socks because he couldn't see his own feet. How did that slip past Ilya?

Shane had never asked for help because of course he didn't. He had simply stopped wearing them at all and now his feet looked like little sausages.

"*Lyubmiyy,* why didn't you tell me you stopped wearing them because of that?" Ilya hadn’t realized that Shane wasn't wearing them — he felt like the worst alpha and husband ever.

"I thought not wearing them wouldn't make a big difference and I didn't wanna worry you so I just stopped wearing them," Shane explained feeling like the biggest pregnant whale on the entire planet.

Everyone else had cleared off the ice except Ilya, Shane, and Lexi who was packing her stuff up after giving Shane's ankles another check. She handed him Ilya a pair of compression socks, putting a hand on her hip.

"Put these on him from now on and do not let him forget them or his legs will swell so big he might actually explode." Lexi shook her head at Shane then Ilya before exiting down the tunnel leaving the couple to it.

On the ride home, Shane kept tugging at his socks. They felt unbearably tight — itchy too.

"Augh, I hate these things," Shane groaned, tugging at the elastic.

"You need them or you explode, remember? Your ankles were puffy earlier, looking like dough from a pizza." Ilya muttered the last part as he shook his head, mad at himself for not having made sure that Shane was wearing them daily.

Shane crossed his arms over top of his swell, looking out the window as if there were more important things out there. "If I could've seen my feet trust me I would have tried to wear them."

"I didn't realize you could not see your feet, is that why you left trash in floor the other day?" It was definitely odd for Shane to leave a spec of dirt in their house much less an entire wrapper for a snickers bar…and a twinkie…and a twix…the point being Shane had left a trail of trash like he was a little raccoon on a scavenger hunt.

"I- what? No, no way I did *not* leave all those wrappers in the floor," Shane was mortified that he had littered in their own house.

His belly really *was* that big and she wasn't even fully cooked yet — he was doomed.

"I'm never seeing my feet again," Shane moaned softly in defeat as he leaned his head against the headrest turning slowly to look at what Ilya was doing other than driving.

The alpha's hand was wandering from the console where they had their fingers intertwined to his stomach resting it there.

"From now on I will put your socks on, okay? No taking them off either." Ilya didn't leave any room for argument as he rubbed his thumb in a circle around the areas he knew were stretched the most drawing a purr from his omega's lips.

"And maybe we put mirror on belly to give you an idea of what is under you."

Shane cut his eyes at Ilya, trying his best not to laugh because fuck — that was funny.

"Not funny! Your baby is making me a blimp that has no control over how big it gets and you're cracking jokes?" Shane rolled his eyes, melting against Ilya's lips as he quieted his protests (thankfully they were at a red light) but the horn behind them from another car startled them both.

They both started laughing, Shane forgetting about the side effects of being rounded out for the time being, just in the moment with his husband. It was just them for now with the anticipation building to meet their baby girl clearly growing by the day along with his belly.

"Fine, I'll compromise with you on the socks but if you ever do this to me again I *will* strap a watermelon to you and make you go through an obstacle course," Shane lightly threatened, though Ilya was sure he would follow through if the time ever came that they had another pup.

"Fair enough."

End Notes

💌 hey guys! so I decided to write this one pertaining to shane's fun swelling in his pregnancy which he has a lot of 😭 poor thing's feet look like a busted can of biscuits as soon as he rolls out of bed lmao hope you guys enjoy! 🩷

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