

Making A Legend

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Making A Legend

by [watchmecope](#)

Summary

It's 2023.

Ottawa has a real chance at the cup again this year.

First win could've been luck but a second one in a row would cement their reputation.

And if these few remaining games go right, they will be looking at back-to-back wins.

Shane might be the first player in MHL history who has consecutive wins in two different teams.

He will never do anything to jeopardize that opportunity.

But his body. Something's happening... Not to mention his temper.

It can probably wait until after they get the cup though.

Probably.

Or, it's Shane's second season with the Centaurs and he's getting that cup, no matter what his body's screaming at him. Ilya's more stressed about it than he is. They get the cup and a pretty amazing souvenir out of it by the end of the season though.

Set in a universe where everyone can get pregnant. Men just have a harder time being carriers. It usually takes a while for them and is normally done on purpose. Hollanov is really just that "casually beats the odds" couple.

Notes

I watched the show, just finished game changers and is in the middle of hr. And let me tell you.

I haven't written for a year and yet thinking about Shane Hollander being pregnant has reignited my pen. Because I wanted to read a very specific Hollanov mpreg fic and I have not found it. So now fandom rules dictate I have to be the one to birth it into existence. Enjoy. And be nice please.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

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

His leg is bouncing. His teeth are gnawing on his mouth guard. His hands are gripping his stick. All the while, Shane is glaring down that ice like it personally insulted him not to be on it.

There are no thoughts. He's only counting in his head, counting down the seconds. Not to calm himself down. Because that's obviously not working. He's counting the seconds until he can get on that ice.

The only thing that got him out of that bubble is the gloved hand that suddenly gripped his thigh.

Shane turns his head to see his very relaxed husband, all smiles, maybe a little teasing smirk on his stupid (pretty) face as he watches Shane absolutely get in his own head. Looking almost endeared to be seeing him like this.

"Shanya, relax. Is first game of the season. Not too much of anything. And is against Buffalo, we can win even if we close eyes-"

"If we don't win this game, we're not *fucking* tonight," Shane practically growls through gritted teeth before Coach Weibe taps him on the shoulder.

He doesn't even spare a glance at the very shocked Ilya when he puts on his mouth guard and jumps over the sides, already gunning for the puck, skating like a leopard locked in on its prey.

"Uh, is Shane okay, dude?" Young asks next to him, seeing the absolute energy Shane is giving on the ice right off the bat.

Ilya doesn't even have time to reply before their attentions are both taken by the goal horns blowing, signifying a goal for their team. It's barely even ten seconds since Shane was switched in.

Ilya, now mesmerized as all hell, eyes practically shining as he watches his husband make a chirp on the ice about how Buffalo's center doesn't deserve that C on his sweater because the man skates worse than a fucking rookie while still fresh out of scoring their team's first goal for the season.

Ilya feels excitement bubbling in his veins. He already knew this is going to be a legendary season for them.

"...I'm not sure. But I feel we need to win."

And Ilya would be right about the legendary part. He just didn't think it would be like that.

"Well, maybe if you didn't want to lose to faggots on the ice, you should've fucking learned how to play hockey, not just how to run your mouth like a little bitch."

"What the fuck did you say?" The Dallas Forward Ilya has never bothered to get the name of drops his gloves. The other men on Dallas's team already skating towards the fight only made Ilya skate faster.

Because those actions only made Shane's angry grin wider.

"Oh, can't play and can't hear? Maybe you should call the medic. That way you can get out of the ice with a halfway decent excuse for not scoring any fucking goals."

Both Ilya and Troy are already by Shane's side when the referee appears in between the two opposing forwards, already breaking up the fight before hits are thrown.

"Alright, boys, that's enough. Back to your sides. I won't tell you again."

Maybe it's because the referee is closer to Shane that he's the only one the ref pushes away. But it did nothing to calm him down. Exact opposite actually. Because Shane pushes back. "Tell that to the Dallas bastard. It's his mouth that needs to back off."

"Final warning, Hollander, or you're getting in the box".

Ilya wordlessly hooks his arms around Shane's, practically hauling him away from getting a penalty. But the man is obviously too annoyed to stop.

"It's Hollander-Rozanov. It's been for a fucking year now. Learn it."

"What was that?"

Shane turns back around to face the referee. "I said-"

Ilya makes quick haste to turn him back around and skate him away faster while Troy apologizes in Shane's place, talking about how Shane wasn't saying a thing and he's getting switched anyway.

Ilya just rubs a hand on Shane's back, still a little shocked (also half hard) at his husband's sudden outburst. He knew that Dallas bitch probably said something horrible and completely deserved it. And if things ended up in *that* way, Ilya would be happily exchanging blows with the entire Dallas team in place of his pissed husband, but Ilya has never seen Shane have an outburst like this. Hell, Shane barely escaped the penalty box and he is still actively trying to get in there.

If anything, Shane is acting like how Ilya would.

"Shane. You okay? You know you can't let them get in your head. We still have to wipe floor with them."

But obviously, Shane is not listening to a single word he's saying. The man's already scanning the ice for a specific face.

"Where the fuck is Evan? I need to sick him at 'em."

Ilya blinks. First time. First time he's ever heard those words come out of his husband's mouth. He did not even know those words existed in Shane's vocabulary.

"What? Shane—"

His husband is already skating away towards a certain defenseman. "Dykstra, need a favor."

The man was just tapped to replace another defenseman when the Hollanov pair skated towards him, both in varying levels of emotion. "Yeah?"

Shane, strict in the face, nodding his head towards the other side of the rink. "That guy, 67, make sure he gets it."

Evan steals a quick glance at Ilya behind Shane, who is, horrifyingly for Evan, at a lost for words. He hasn't seen his captain like this. And he was the mouthiest guy he's ever ever met.

"Uh... okay?"

"Good. Thanks. Owe you one."

Shane leans over and bumps helmets with the man before going over the boards, basically replacing himself even before the coach said a thing.

Weibe just watches as Shane sits down on the bench, head held down, before he glances towards Ilya with a questioning and almost accusing look on his face.

Weibe normally scolds Rozanov over this since he's the one normally on the verge of making a home in the penalty box. But this time, it was Hollander, *Saint* Hollander. He doesn't exactly know what to do when one of his most disciplined player starts acting up. Shane basically benched himself. And *he* was supposed to be the one doing the face-off, for fuck's sake.

And Ilya could only shrug. He has no idea either. But he will find out.

Shane sips the ginger ale he's been nursing in his hand for the better of the night, looking over his team from the bar, who was celebrating hard after another great win when he feels a light touch at the low of his back.

He already knew who.

"Shane. Sweetheart. You okay?"

Shane just squint his eyes at him. "Yeah. Why wouldn't I be?"

The Canadian just snorts before taking another sip of his drink, unconsciously leaning over to Ilya's touch before his gaze goes back, snickering as he watches Bood get cheered on in the middle of the dance floor while the man chugs his nth beer of the night.

"You sure?"

Shane sighs. "Are you talking about what happened on the ice? That's different, that asshole was being homophobic. I wasn't about to take that shit."

Shane, now remembering the whole interaction again in his head, slowly felt the same annoyance he did before, but now directed at his surprisingly unsupportive husband.

"And now that I think about it. I didn't think you would have wanted me to either. So, what the hell?"

Ilya quickly put his hands up.

"Oh, no, no. I am very proud. Very proud husband. Was actually half hard for the rest of the game."

"Okay, Ilya, that's-"

"But you have been... how do you say- *harder* on the ice lately."

Shane raises a brow. "Harder?"

"You know what I mean. You are just- well, acting more like me. I swear I am going to hear someone say I am bad influence on you or something. So I just want to ask if everything is okay? Anything you want to talk about? I am here. I will listen. Promise."

There's a telltale sign when Ilya is being deadly serious. And that's when he doesn't respond to his own accidental innuendos. Shane has half the mind to take him seriously as well, respond just as earnestly. But the sight of Ilya being concerned for Shane's well-being is basically chum in the water.

"Or..."

"Or?"

"Or maybe..." Shane turns towards Ilya, pressing his body against the man, face inches away from the Russian. "I've always been a hothead."

"And this time, I just know my team would back me up when I get mouthy. And so I do."

Okay, truthfully, *truthfully*, Ilya went into that conversation fully prepared to play the part of a caring and supportive husband, ready to solve a problem or offer help in any way he can. But *now*?

There might as well be an angel singing choir screaming showtunes in his head. His gorgeous husband is whispering trigger phrases to his face, freckles and boba eyes on full blast. Ilya is

strong but he's certainly not God's strongest soldier.

"Well, if you put it like that. Now I want to see you fight at every game," Ilya flirts back, wrapping his arms around his husband's waist, eyes trained on each other.

"You can get penalty, I also get penalty, and then we can make out in the box."

Shane groaned, feigning annoyance despite the wide amused grin on his face. "No... Don't put that in my head!"

"Oh, why not?"

"Because..." Shane drags on, looking away and all around, trying to avoid the intense stare he's getting from his husband as if he didn't start it in the first place. "I *might* think about it the next time someone's being an asshole and push more just so it can happen."

"Then I'll get in the box, and you'll follow me in there. And with both of us out, the other team will get the power play of a lifetime and we'll lose the game and we'll lose our standing in the playoffs. And we'll be the league's laughing stock for the rest of our lives because we can't keep our hands off of each other when we can just be making out right here, right now."

Ilya only needed to blink once to digest all that. "Oh. I like that alternative. We should try."

Shane laughs, shaking his head. His rants never deterring his infatuated husband by the slightest. Shane was just about to press his lips against Ilya's when-

"Sir, your order."

Shane quickly moves away and out of the Russian's grasp while Ilya only turns his head behind him, a very over-it server sliding his tray over from the counter.

"Ooh, thank you." Ilya quickly takes the tray, handing over a fifty at the server who doesn't even blink when she takes it and leaves without a word. Poor woman has possibly seen worse... Ilya should've made it a hundred.

Ilya turns back around, now with food in hand to face his husband, whose thoughts are very obvious. "What? It's onion rings."

"Seriously, Ilya? Club food?"

"Is okay. It is vegetable. Healthy."

"It's covered in oil."

"Yes. Probably vegetable oil."

He pinches a ring, lifting it up to Shane, letting him have first bite. He knows Shane hasn't eaten anything yet. "Want to try? You should. Just one-"

Shane practically swats it out of his hand.

The offending onion ring falls to the ground. Ilya's two fingers still in the air while his eyes follow his food down to the floor, then questioningly back at Shane.

Ilya's face automatically changes from light surprise to highly concerned when he sees Shane's. The man is much more shocked than he is, with a thick layer of disgust piled on.

"Sor- sorry. I didn't mean- it just smelled really bad and-"

Shane forcibly swallows down, eyes puckered shut, one hand gripping the counter, fighting off the sudden bile mixed with ginger ale that rushed up his throat. "Fuck. I think I'm gonna be sick."

The food is already forgotten as Ilya quickly comes to support him. "Hey, hey."

"I'm good. You just have your- heaugh." He retches, doubling over, but nothing coming out.

Ilya, now in full alarm, rubs his hand firmly on Shane's back, other hand ready to catch anything that comes out, fully prepared for if or when his husband needs to paint the club floor. "I'm sorry- I'm sor- euGH."

"No. No. It's probably bad or something-" Ilya takes the already dented can from Shane's vice grip, putting it back to the counter to get a better hold on him. "You need toilet? Maybe you've had too much ginger."

"I'm fine. I think- I think I got it," Shane sloppily breathes out, slowly straightening up, somewhat calming down. But his eyes were already watery. Ilya is not taking any chances.

"Nope. We go back to hotel now."

Shane doesn't even argue when Ilya slings his arm over his shoulder, hand supporting his waist.

"BOOD. BARRETT. WE'RE LEAVING. DON'T LET HAAS DIE."

"Guys. You can just say you want to bang."

"Yeah, we're actually surprised you guys even came down with us!"

"EYYY. GET SOMEET."

Ilya flips them off, other hand stilling his husband who is focusing hard on walking.

"Ungrateful children, all of you!"

Shane is fine once they get back to the hotel room. Completely fine. Almost like nothing-happened type of fine. And if Ilya didn't know Shane enough, he'd probably think Shane was just acting all sick to get him alone so he can have his way with him. But Ilya is too worried to even joke about that.

Shane says that's exactly what happened though, trying to butter him up. But Ilya knows better. He insists Shane to go change for bed and they should consult with Dr. Terry about his choking in the morning.

Shane makes a joke about choking on his dick instead.

Ilya's very, *very* concerned, even offers to help him change his clothes for him. But once Shane's hand is inside his pants and his tongue is licking stripes below his ear... Again, he isn't really that strong.

Shane slept like a baby on Ilya's bare chest all night, all marked up and satisfied. He barely even moved, barely even made a sound, just soft and quiet breathing. He was *completely* fine the entire evening. Ilya can vouch for that. Because the man didn't sleep a second that night.

"Good game. But better luck next time." Luca nods, his stick over his shoulders as he flashes a grin towards his opponents. Game's not done yet. There's still a period remaining. But with a score of 6-1 in favor of the Centaurs. It's hard not to get cocky.

"Fuck off, rook."

"The only reason Centaurs are winning anyway is because you have Hollander and Rozanov," the winger spits on the ice. "Without them, your team is close to shit. Rest of you do fucking nothing."

Luca laughs, knowing those are just sore words from a loser (even if there may be some truth in it). But then he feels a presence behind him. The type of presence that starts playing boss level music.

"Oh, so you admit you're shit players?... That can't play for shit?"

If it was a few months earlier, if you ask Luca who is making those chirps behind him, he would say it's Rozanov, hands down. But he's been paying attention this past few months to know exactly who's behind him. "Uh, Shane-

"Running your mouth, Hollander?" Another guy from Pittsburgh scoffs, skating closer. "You know, game's not over yet."

"Fuck, it should be. I'm getting bored," Shane laughs, wide toothy smile on his lips as if he wasn't insulting another player to his face.

The guy laughs humorlessly. "Bored? Oh, is that why you've been skating like we're on concrete? You're slowing down, Hollander."

"What? Marital bliss fattening you up?"

Shane blinks, grin frozen on his face while his stare just blanks. They were smack dab in the middle of the rink but even from afar, Ilya could see it, all the way from the benches. That guy poked something he shouldn't have. Shane is this close, if he wasn't already there. Ilya would already be bouncing out over the boards if his two teammates didn't sense it and immediately held on to him.

Cause Shane just laughs, rubs at his eye casually so the man wouldn't see it twitching. "Hold on. I'm sorry. This is awkward."

"I don't think we've met. Remind me who are you again? Does your coach know you snuck on the ice today?"

Luca's stomach drops as the Pittsburgh Captain's face hardens. Oh no, Shane's out here trying to get punched.

The man drops his stick and pushes Shane, hard. Gasps are heard around the crowd, players from the benches are already standing up, getting ready themselves. There was no reason for two opposing teams to be engaging in a fight in between periods.

But Shane, oh, the absolute bastard he was being. Haas doesn't know if it's because there's a full moon or something. Because instead of being deterred, the man doubled down.

"Woah, seriously. What? You're trying to get more minutes on the ice or something?"

The man immediately drops mitts and full speeds towards Shane, and as if to prove a point, Hollander only swiftly moves to the side, easily letting that man check himself to the boards.

The man groans, having a hard time getting up but Hollander only looks down on him and mutters. "How's that for skating fast?"

Shane was about to skate away and leave it at that when he hears a whistle right behind him. He turns to find an unimpressed referee. One he actually knew personally, just deadpanning at him.

"Hollander-Rozanov. Box. Two minutes."

Shane's jaw drops.

"What? He charged at *me*! I didn't do anything. Hell, I didn't even say anything that wasn't the fucking truth. Plus, they were targeting our rookies the entire game. You should've called them for that-"

The referees just sighs, maybe a little disappointed. "Don't make me turn it into five."

"Are you freaki-" "Shane, c'mon."

Haas had to pull at Shane, looking at his senior teammate with a pleading look just so he'd listen. There was a little lingering guilt on his face, knowing he somehow had a hand in this.

Shane only takes a deep breath before skating towards the direction of penalty box when-

"Yeah, right. Go in the sin bin where you belong, Russian fucker."

Shane stops in his tracks and skates right to the face of that mouthy forward at a speed Luca thought was going to end with someone getting decked. But he possibly did something way worse.

"I can sit in that whole fucking box for the rest of the game and your team will still be hearing your hometown's disappointment by the end of it."

"HOLLANDER-ROZANOV. LAST WARNING."

"Fuck, man, Hollander was a beast out there."

"I mean, we get the need to show off but ending a game with a 10-2 at your opponent's own home rink? ...that's just a humiliation ritual."

"Dude, I know. And beast is the right way to call it too."

The two sports anchors in oversized jerseys were riffing off of each other as they show a playback of the fight that had happened. Ultimately, showing Shane getting in the face of the Pittsburgh Captain and spouting a few words before helping himself towards the box, obviously pissed out of his mind.

"Hollander's been in the penalty box this season more times than his entire career combined. I mean, what the actual hell has happened to our Saint Hollander?"

"He's gotta be on something. And look, I don't mean drugs. Never that. We both know he'd never. What I mean is-"

The camera then moves from the penalty box to the other side of the court, towards the players' benches, all with solemn and serious faces. Only one was smiling, amused.

"Anddddd... There you go. That guy."

"Yup, makes sense now."

Ilya was featured on the screen, front and center, even with a helmet on, looking pleasantly surprised, arms crossed in front of his chest, looking over towards the box with a somewhat proud smile on his face.

"Maybe that's what happens when you marry a guy like Rozanov. Knew something's gotta be rubbing off on hockey's golden boy."

"I don't think he's our golden boy anymore, to be honest. And as much as it hurts me to say this, there really is only one person to blame."

"Hollander's still the GOAT though. But he's got to find a way to cool it-"

The tv in the locker room shuts off. Everyone's gaze turns towards the arm directed at the screen, unsurprised to find Shane at the other end of it.

"Is this hockey commentary nowadays? Hah, they let anyone with a microphone have an opinion now. Garbage."

All they talked about was him. As if Shane scored all ten of those goals, which he didn't. It was a team fucking effort. Hell, his husband even scored a natural hat trick and they didn't even talk about it once. A disgrace.

He throws the remote somewhere in the room before taking a towel and heading straight to the showers. "I'm going first."

No one else speaks a word until after they were sure Shane has already started showering.

Once they hear the water turn on, they all barrel towards their captain for answers.

"Hey, is Shane okay?"

"Dude, seriously, what the hell did you do?"

"Whatever you did. You have to fix it. This is getting out of hand."

"I've been taking checks for him this past few months. I'm bruised as fuck, you gotta do something, Cap."

"You didn't cheat on him or anything, right?"

"Everything is fi-" Ilya stops and just stares at that one absurd teammate- "why the fuck did that cross your mind? No. Of course not. I am loyal. Devoted. Whipped. Locked up. Husband forever and even after that. What the hell is wrong with you?"

Ilya scoffs, flipping him off to his face, somewhat offended to even be accused of such a thing. "Don't ever let Shane hear you say that. Complete lies. Ridiculous."

He puts his hands on his hips, putting on that captain stance. "And everyone, Shane is fine. Just a little pressured."

"He's had back-to-back wins with the Metros... And they are the worst fucking team on the planet."

There are murmurs of agreement across the locker room. Everyone on the team is knowledgeable about what happened to Shane's past team, of course.

"So, Shane really wants to score one with his home team. This team. And we are not going to waste what he's giving. He has lots of energy, and lots of drive and we will ride it with him. ALL. THE WAY. TO PLAYOFFS."

"NOW, LET ME HEAR IT, CENTAURS. FUCK METROS!"

"FUCK METROS!"

"I CAN HEAR YOU."

The locker room full of men quickly quiets down as a half naked Shane walks out of the shower, towel wrapped around his waist, with a confused expression.

"Are you guys seriously talking shit about the Metros right after winning against Pittsburgh? For no reason?"

The Centaurs all unanimously glance towards their captain, a.k.a. their representative, who only shrugged.

"Is not shit talk, I am hyping up team... It's what a good captain does."

"Huh." Shane nods, unconvinced. "Right. Don't forget we still have a roadie in Philadelphia before the match with Boston."

"And Ilya, as captain, you should be getting ready to talk to the press, hit the showers and get dressed already."

"Bood, you're alternate, it won't be good if I show up next to him after that, you should also be ready to pick up after him."

"Everyone, move. We have a dinner with the sponsors tonight before we hit the road. C'mon!"

"Copy!"

"Heard!"

"Aight, co-cap!"

Ilya simply watches as everyone returns back to fixing their stuff, one by one hitting the showers just like their alternate ordered. Ilya whistles, swaggering towards Shane, eyes scanning all over him. "You know... maybe you should be captain next year. Looks good on you, telling us what to do."

Shane's eyes settles on him, face flat. Gaze still sharp, still somewhat in captain mode. But Ilya can see his husband in that glare somewhere.

"You kidding me?" Shane's hand reaches out, gripping the emblem stitched at the left of his sweater, dragging Ilya closer. "This C is already as good as mine."

"I'm just letting you keep it this season."

Ilya's jaw drops, getting a face full of his husband, melting something in him that he couldn't help but whisper. "You are so strict, captain."

A smirk slowly made its way to Shane's lips before he lets go of Ilya, but the man stayed exactly where he was.

"Like I said, get going. I'm hungry. And I don't want to miss my meal."

Ilya's eyes widen. "Me, the meal?"

"I mean real food, Ilya. Go!"

Shane pushes Ilya towards the showers, a lovesick smile basically plastered on his face. Cause he knows, if he plays his cards right, he'll be able to convince Shane to make a meal out of him too. (He would, very easily, man doesn't really need that much convincing)

The post-game interviews don't even take that long anyway. They all had one question. What is going on with Hollander. And Ilya already knew how to spin that.

"Different? No, no... Obviously, Shane just has lots of energy. Is very good for the game and is very good for the team," he laughs, "I mean, I will not take full credit. It's just very kind of

him to be taking the chirping off of my plate so I can focus on scoring this time. We're great like that. Take turns. He's a very supportive husband."

"So, captain, are you saying the Centaur fans don't need to worry? At all?"

"Only thing fans need to worry about is how they're gonna watch us make it to the playoffs. Nothing else." Ilya winks.

Okay. Maybe there is some need to worry.

Because Shane knows he's different. He can feel the fucking difference. He's so mad. All the time. He doesn't even know why. It's been months since he's had this temper. They started just before the season started too. The best he can do is direct it on the ice. He has promised himself that he will not be pouring any of his overflowing anger on his husband. And he had barely accomplished that.

But that's not even his biggest problem.

Shane has been eating more, way more than he knows he should. He's been sneaking snacks when no one's looking. But he's actually losing weight and he knows that's not right.

He thinks it's because he and Ilya has been more... *active* these days. They are on the right track for the playoffs, winning games left and right. Hell, their team is even breaking records. If that doesn't get both of them going more than usual, then nothing would.

But Shane's actually losing weight. Not too much, but still a noticeable number. And somehow, he still feels like he gained more of a pudge. His abs had even visually softened, no matter how many reps he adds to his routine. And there's this feeling in his lower torso. He'd say his stomach but it feels lower, maybe even deeper. He couldn't really explain it.

The best excuse he could think of is the water. He possibly drank some bad water at some point and now his body is bloating to unbelievable heights. He's also been peeing more often. That is one of the more concerning parts.

"Fuck, is it my prostate?" Shane whispers to himself, looking at his reflection in the bathroom mirror, touching his stomach, feeling the small change. Small but definite.

But there really shouldn't be anything wrong with his prostate. He hasn't heard any family history about it. His strict diet is approved by a nutritionist. The only thing out of the ordinary about his prostate would be just how much Ilya pokes at it when they...

...

And that can't possibly be it... at least, Shane thinks so.

No, actually, he's sure. Because he has researched this, so that can't possibly be it. It must be something else. (Cause there's no way he's giving that up.)

There's the cravings too. And they're getting bad, real bad. He's had them before but nowhere near like this. He's eaten a snickers at almost every hotel they've stayed at. He's sometimes even eaten a second portion of the meal preps he makes. And when he realizes what he's done, it just adds to his souring temper even more. Like he's actually losing control now. And who was he without his routine?

The only thing stopping him from having a full on freak out is the fact that he's losing weight when he was eating outside his approved calories. But that's actually what's upsetting him the most. Losing weight is as bad as gaining it, especially in the middle of the season, especially when they have a great chance of making it to the playoffs.

He's heard of fast metabolism but this was ridiculous. Maybe he really should get a consult about th-

"Moya lyubov?"

Shane sucks in a breath, quickly taking another towel and rubbing it to his hair. "In here!"

Ilya comes inside the bathroom and whistles, taking in the sight of his husband before basically jumping him. "Hello, pretty."

Shane laughs, feeling Ilya's lips on his neck, thick arms enveloping his naked torso, setting fire on every inch of skin he touches. Shane shrinks back. "S-stop, we need to meet the rest of the team in ten minutes."

"Relax." Ilya pauses from kissing his neck, inching his lips closer to the mans' ear. "Bus is not leaving without their star players."

"Ilya."

Ilya pretends not to hear him, hands freely going around, feeling everything they can grab on. Shane's shoulders, arms, thick thighs, his ~~tits~~ chest. Everything was all soft, yet hard, toned and defined. Don't even get him started on the sounds coming out of Shane's mouth. Oh, Ilya's is positively swimming in Shane Holl- "Wait, wait, Ilya...Not today."

"I'm bloated. I look horrible."

That's the only thing that gets Ilya to stop.

His mouth practically pops off of the spot he's been sucking on Shane's neck, the bright red mark just out of the Shane's sight greets him before he looks at his husband, wide eyed.

"Where?" He mutters, looking at his husband's body all over, completely confused. "Where is horrible. I don't see it?"

Shane sighs, still breathing hard from Ilya's antics, shaking his head at this dumb conversation. He refuses to let him play dumb. If he noticed it, Ilya surely would've too. "Just-"

"Is it down here, where?"

A noise pushes out of Shane's mouth as he feels Ilya's sneaky hands grab at something under his towel. "Ilya..."

Ilya gasps dramatically, looking at him through the mirror. "My Shane is seeing things."

"Give me moment. I will look for you."

Ilya easily lifts Shane up to the bathroom counter before the man could even react, immediately getting on his knees and flipping up the flimsy hotel bathroom towel Shane had around his waist to let his head inside.

"Hey, what are you- ah- fuCK!"

They are twenty minutes late. Everyone is already on the bus. Shane, very embarrassed, made an excuse about sleeping late, profusely apologizing for wasting everyone's time. But all his efforts are overthrown by Ilya coming into the bus behind him, complete with sunglasses, a shining complexion and a shit-eating grin on his face that just screams he scored. It also didn't help that Bood started clapping, resulting to the whole Centaurs line-up cheering and congratulating their captain who proudly took it all, giving high-fives all around, promising to foot the entire bill of everyone's drinks when they win against their next match with Boston.

Shane tells him to shut up and sit down. And he does. But it doesn't deter his spirit. Shane just shakes his head.

Because yes, sure, they definitely only slept late. And Shane had already forgotten about that little moment they had before the big moment they shared. But Ilya didn't.

He keeps watch of Shane when he falls asleep on his shoulder, lashes fluttering shut as he sleeps quietly. Ilya shushes everyone near their vicinity as he just studies Shane's sleeping form.

Ilya knows Shane's hiding something, and he's very intent on not telling him. Shane was just like that. If he thinks he can handle it on his own, he would not bother anyone else. And Ilya doesn't know how to get out of him. But he will get to the bottom of it. Because that's what they promised each other, didn't they? For better or for worse.

Shane blinks. The dizziness hitting him hard. He can practically feel his very breath throbbing in his head.

He bites the inside of his cheek, grips the stick tighter and swats, eyes on the prize no matter how hard it was to maintain sight.

The puck flies straight, past an opposing defenseman's stick, goes under his own winger's legs and through the goalie's mitts into the net.

A phenomenal shot. Another goal. 5-3, with the Centaurs in the lead. He can barely hear the loud horns and the enthusiastic play-by-play announcers. He can't even celebrate. All he

could think about is how that's more comfortable. That there is only a few minutes before time. It's the last period and they had Ilya and Barrett both on the ice. They would be able hold off against Boston without him.

Shane heads straight towards benches. It was barely even two minutes since he got on the ice. Basically just scoring once and immediately getting out.

"Switch," he gasps, hands gripping the sides tight, eyes held down, one knee on the ice because he can barely hold his body up.

Coach Weibe quickly nudges another player to replace him.

"You good, Hollander? Can you get over the boards? Did something happen?"

He breathes. "...just need a minute."

But he was lying. He actually needed Ilya. He needed his husband to touch him, pat his head and tell him everything's going to be okay. That, or to shove his fingers down his throat to help him vomit everything in his stomach.

A hand reaches over to hold his forearm while another grips the back of his sweater, almost nudging him back over the boards. Only a little assistance but he's thankful. He barely had enough control to stay upright.

Shane raises his head only once his ass finally drops down the benches. Because somehow even that is enough to get his stomach churning. He is faced by his coach and a plethora of concerned teammates. He just waves them away, talking about needing rest.

Shane lifts his head, looking over the ice, just high enough to cross eyes with Ilya, who stopped in the middle of the rink, eyes trained on him. Another guy from Boston stops next to him, looking just as concerned for Shane. Marleau, Shane remembers, from their wedding. Good guy.

Shane only gives him a stern nod, gesturing his head towards the direction of the goal. Ilya nods, but Shane saw the hesitation on his face so he continues to hold his gaze until Ilya finally looks away and continues to play.

Shane is fine. He was already safe back on the benches. There was no reason to throw the game, not when there was still time for the other team to bounce back.

But Ilya had different thoughts though, clenching his teeth together, forcing himself to focus on the game when his mind has already strayed. Ilya wanted to go towards Shane, ask him if he's alright, ask him if it's because of someone on the other team and to point him out so Ilya can get one in before the time ends. But he wanted- he needed to be by Shane's side. But he knew Shane would hate it.

The most he can do is to make this game finish as soon as possible.

And the game does. But Shane couldn't even celebrate with the team as the whistle blows, signifying the end of the game, and another win for the Centaurs.

He's hunched over. He's pushing it down.

He's pushing it down because if he doesn't, bile will be all over the floor.

Once Ilya reaches Shane, who skated like he was the paramedics. It's like nothing happened again. Shane lies about snot blocking his nose, making it harder to breathe while playing on the ice. Coach tells him to drink some medicine and go to sleep early. That he needs his best players to be on top form and some cold shouldn't stop them from getting another cup.

Shane nods and smiles, acting as if he knows it's also nothing.

Ilya, though, knows a lie when he sees it. And he wasn't about to let this one go. Not anymore.

In the locker room, while Shane is in the middle of changing, he feels a hand on his shoulder. He gets turned around, just in time for Ilya to grab the back of his head, pressing their foreheads together.

Shane stills, amused and a little baffled while Ilya just stares at him mutely. "Uh... Getting comfortable there?"

"Sigh. Guys."

"C'mon, not here."

"Respect the single people, man."

"Hey, we won. And I even scored a goal. They can make out for all I care."

"You're warm," Ilya finally talks, serious, with no ounce of humor in his voice. But Shane just pushes him away.

"I'm warm because I've been skating my ass off."

"You need medicine. Something."

Shane snorts. "I need a shower."

Ilya walks closer towards him. "I help you."

Shane furrows his brows at him, weirded out.

"Okay, too far."

"Guys, please!"

"Oh, I need to find someone."

"Can I go first before you guys do at least?"

Ilya sighs before addressing every whiny brat in the room. "Everyone, grow up. Shane is sick. I need to take care of him."

"My nose was blocked. I just needed to sneeze, I'm fine now." Shane waves it off, widening his eyes at his husband, hoping he'll get the message. There was no need to alarm the team.

Not when this win against Boston just expedited their standings. Team morale had to be kept high.

Ilya saw it. But was taking none of it. "No, not fine. There is something. Shane."

Sometimes, Shane really hates how perceptive Ilya has become for him. And he hates how Ilya has figured out that he can use those eyes to get something off of him.

Shane could only lean in and whisper softly, using his husband voice so Ilya would lose his captain voice. "I'm fine, really. Don't be weird. Hmm?"

"Just join me later, okay?"

Promise of later sex always got Ilya to back off. Which is good because it buys Shane time.

Because everything was absolutely not fine.

Maybe it was triggered by his parents' worried phone call:

"No, mom. Don't worry. It just looked bad on camera. I was really alright. I just had a blocked nose, is all. You know how hard it is to skate when you can't breathe. No- I- yes, dad. I know. Ilya already made me take the medicine.... I promise I'm taking care of myself. I'm fine. He's taking care of me too. It's not like I'm alone. There's nothing to worry about. We're fine. I'm fine. Everything is fine... Promise."

He can say it over and over. But he knows it's not true.

Because here Shane was, on the balcony floor of a hotel room in Tampa, chewing silently with tears in his eyes.

Yup, whatever this is. It's horrible. It sucks. And Shane wishes it was over. He wishes he was home. He wishes he was back in Ottawa, in his cozy house with his beloved husband, not in this impersonal hotel room, looking over a city he has no connection with. Just hours from playing another team that has the same chances of taking the cup away from his team's hands.

Shane jumps when he hears the balcony door slide open, hiding whatever is in his hand behind him.

"Moya lyubov... Is late."

Even when half asleep, his husband is still gorgeous and has the power of melting Shane's thoughts away... well, maybe not all of them.

"I know... Sorry. Go back to sleep. I was just getting some fresh air."

Ilya sighs as he sits down on the cold balcony floor next to Shane, still rubbing the sleep from his eyes. "You don't need to hide it. I already see snickers bar."

Shane keeps quiet while Ilya continues to rub his eyes, forcing himself to wake up when something cold and sticky is placed on his palm.

Ilya blinks at his hand, before looking back to his teary-eyed husband. "Why give it to me? I did not say it to take."

"You finish. I won't take your chocolate." Ilya leans forward to give it back but Shane moves away as he sucks in a breath. Guilt grating on his own voice.

"You should... It's my second one."

And that was the straw that broke the camel's back. "It's just- I already ate the meal I prepared for dinner but I'm still- I'm just so hungry. And... I really, really wanted the sugar."

"And I couldn't sleep. Something just feels- it's so- So I just-

"Shane."

"Do you know I'm losing weight?" Shane snaps, as if that sentence has been building up in his chest for months. And Ilya could see it in his eyes.

"You've felt it, right? You noticed it. Not a lot. But I am."

"But how? I do this. I keep doing this. And it's just-I don't get it! It doesn't make any sense!"

"Shanya." Ilya kneels over, placing his hands on either side of Shane's face. "You are having panic attack."

"Everything's okay. Just look at me." Shane stares up at him, focusing on the man's breathing and the brightness of Ilya's eyes as it reflected the city lights.

"No, it's not." Shane's voice was small. Like he has gotten tired of telling himself those exact words for months now. And he has.

"No. It is." Ilya insists as he nods. "This, all of this is okay."

"It's just stress. You are putting so much pressure on yourself. Shane, it is not healthy. You know this better than anyone."

"And the candy? It's okay! We work out like monsters everyday," Ilya scoffs as he wipes the tears from Shane's cheeks, "two or three chocolate can do nothing."

Ilya breathes out a laugh just as the thought hits him. "You can even eat whole vending machine and we can burn it all off in an hour. And I'm not talking about going to the gym."

"Seriously, you ride me once and I feel like I lose million calories."

The absurdity of that comment forces a laugh out of Shane, pushing him out of that headspace. "...you barely even do anything when I'm on top."

"Yes. So it means you burn like two million up there." Ilya's grin widens, already seeing his success in the form of his husband's smile returning in his eyes. "So no need to worry. Nothing."

"We're going to the playoffs again this year, Shane. Together, as returning champions."

Ilya leans over and presses a kiss on Shane's nose, just over his favorite freckle. "There is no time for guilt. Just happy. Yes?"

Shane takes a deep breath and it already feels lighter that it just tickles him to have Ilya around him like this. But he could only stare at him, Ilya, the best choice he's ever made in his life.

"Yes? Shane?"

"Hmm." Ilya was going to take that as a yes.

"I love you."

Shane finally smiles wide, a few more stray tears escapes him as he hums again. "...love you too."

"There we go."

Ilya presses a quick kiss on his lips before pulling Shane onto his lap, keeping him off of the cold balcony floor. They embrace, and they stay there for a while, just relishing each other's company for a few moments until Shane pulls away, only to bring out another candy bar from his pocket.

"Split the third one with me?"

Ilya smiles wide, keeping his laughter in.

"Okay. Give. I even open for you."

Ilya isn't even going to talk about how he can see a fourth one still hiding in Shane's pocket. All he needs is his Shane happy.

And maybe he needs to check if his therapist can take another client, or if she can recommend someone. Because that was the first thing Ilya's going to do once they're back home in Ottawa.

"Hollander." Scott nods as he takes his place for the face-off. "Good to see you again."

"You mean you're ready to lose your chance at the cup again, old man?"

Hunter whistles. "Ah, right, almost forgot, it's Hollander-Rozanov now."

"He spit that insult directly in your mouth?"

Shane knows it's in good fun. Just a normal chirp. Nowhere even near the worst ones he's heard this season. And Scott's a good guy. Not to mention, one of them. But Shane's eyes just look up with a certain venom in them.

"Yeah. You fucking bet he did."

"My husband's hotter than yours will ever fucking be."

Hunter squints his eyes, mixture of taken back and amused, a weirded out smile pulling at his lips.

He's never heard *that* chirp on the ice before.

"Shane, what?"

The puck falls and Shane easily takes it away.

Okay. This time, Shane can really admit he has gotten more sensitive these days with the chirps. This one was particularly embarrassing because Shane has actually personally met Kip, and he was a lovely guy.

But this specific moment though, it made Ilya laugh so hard that he asks if Shane can say it again to Scott with him in earshot this time.

It almost didn't matter that they lost this one. Playing the Admirals was either an easy win or a bitch to play. But the team will catch up. They know they will. Because they know they will make it. Shane trusts his team.

Shane's so fucking pissed.

"Hey, bud."

"Not right now, Hayden."

He takes his position for the face-off, right across his best friend and former teammate, Hayden Pike, and instead of talking nice, or exchanging fun tidbits like they always do when Hayden and Shane gets to do the face-off, all Hayden's going to get today is Shane's quietly seething face.

Because Shane already warned the team, Ilya especially, not to do anything if someone from the Metros says anything. It doesn't matter what happened before, all that matters is what is happening now. They're *this* close to the playoffs. Fucking around wasn't an option anymore.

But someone did run their mouth, Comeau to be exact, and now his team's best center and best defenseman are in the penalty box.

The only upside is that, at least, Ilya took Comeau and another defenseman from the Metros into the box with them, making the game an even four-on-four, just three skaters and a goalie each. It would be an exhausting play, but at least both teams are equally at a disadvantage.

And all this because someone just really had to go get a fucking penalty and bring someone along with them. And on the day that Shane's body was feeling incredibly heavy too, like he just got out of heavy drinking and hasn't recovered yet. Like his gravity has fully shifted and he still had to deal with Ilya pulling this shit.

Shane is not even going to spare a glance towards the box, because if he sees Ilya's proud smile, which he most likely already has (he did not), Shane might fucking lose it.

This was no one's power play. A dumbass play is more like it.

And this thought was further cemented by the time Shane scores. Because after the goal horns blow, he could hear shouting again at the other side of the rink. And he sees Ilya being held back by Evan from exiting the penalty bench, obviously incredibly pissed off and wants to show it. Shane is confused until he glances to the other side, only to see the Metro's new defenseman doing the same to Comeau.

Now he was even more baffled. Because how could they still be fighting with all the scorekeepers between the two boxes?

Shane doesn't know. And Shane is not going to bother. He still has a game to win.

And he does. Because of course, he does.

Shane knew the Metro's play like the back of his hand. Unfortunate for them, they may know his, but they can't do a thing about it.

Shane later finds out what Comeau was talking shit about. Talking about how Shane fell off when he started chasing dick instead of hockey. And that that must be why he's slowing down on the ice this season, nowhere near the peak performance he's shown when he was still with the Metros. Ilya just couldn't stop himself from pummeling his face black and blue after hearing all that.

Shane had decided he was a little less mad now.

And actually...

There's no discussing it anymore. For the last few months of the season, Shane had been different. Not completely different. But a definite change. Ilya could tell. Hell, everyone could tell.

Ilya personally blames the stress. But he's not really sure there's much he can help with that, knowing his husband.

Hockey is his life. Shane Hollander and hockey is almost always going to be in the same sentence.

And he's a back-to-back Stanley cup winner. No doubt his Shane wants to accomplish the same in a different team, a team who would actually support and stand by him, a team who would be proud to put his- *their* jerseys up in the rafters one day.

And the pressure must finally be getting to him. Ilya knows that better than anyone. But Ilya has only been getting more and more worried. Shane needed to get checked. And as soon as possible.

But they had a talk, a small one of Shane promising that he will take every test and meet with every doctor Ilya wanted him to. But after the games. Because they couldn't afford it now. Not when they were in the end game, not when they've reached the finals.

If anyone on the team even hears about Shane possibly being out of commission for the last round of the playoffs, that would be disastrous for the team morale, and Shane will never forgive himself for that. So Shane promises Ilya, he'll do it after the final game, and not a moment later.

At first, Ilya really didn't want to say yes. It's not like it was going to be the end of the world if a doctor looks at him. At most, maybe Shane would just need a pill or two, or maybe even a set of antibiotics, who knows? At least they weren't going to continue into this blind. Because not knowing what was wrong with his husband was killing Ilya. He didn't even want to think of the possibility that it was already too late.

With another lengthy conversation and a heavy heart, Ilya finally agrees, knowing this means the world to Shane. He does not like his husband taking his health second to hockey, but there was no moving him. All Ilya could do was make Shane promise that this would be the last and only time. Next time, it won't even matter if they're going for their third consecutive Stanley Cup. Shane will come first, end of discussion.

And it wasn't even supposed to be a sexy moment.

But Shane pulls Ilya back to their shared hotel room in record speed. Hell, Shane doesn't even wait for Ilya to close the door.

Their mouths didn't let up for air, only using the ones already in each other's lungs. Teeth clacking against each other, hands wantonly grabbing at every crevice they can touch. They were slowly making their way to the bed, breathing hard on each other's lips when the door bursts open.

"Caps!! Let's go part-!"

"OUT!"

Shane shouts, barely even turning his head. The door shuts back up, not a second sooner, sounds of panic can be heard from the other side but it obviously didn't affect Shane.

Ilya laughs, a little nervous, and incredibly horny when Shane just drops to his knees in the middle of the floor, as if absolutely nothing just happened.

"I think- I think you scared our entire team."

With his hands on Ilya's belt buckle, Shane looks up, brows furrowed together, insulted to be even hearing about other people right now.

"What? You rather go drink with them than fuck me?"

"No." Ilya could not answer that fast enough.

"Good, now shut your mouth, and give me your dick."

Ilya's jaw slackens at his husband's words, fingers dropping to his belt to help his husband, now fumbling with his zipper that got stuck. Shane just clicks his tongue, irritated.

"Fuck, too slow."

Because Ilya could do anything, Shane pushes him to the bed and practically jerks his pants off of him, underwear and all. Like a hungry, clumsy wolf, needing to devour his flesh as soon as as possible. Ilya wanted to rub his eyes to make sure this was really happening, but he didn't want to miss even a second of his husband acting like a crackhead for his dick.

When the pants come off, Shane spares no time taking Ilya in his mouth.

And the moment, the exact moment, that his cock lands on Shane's tongue, all the tension, all the stress, all the anger, everything just seemingly bleeds out of Shane. His shoulders go slack, his mouth breaths out a small moan, his eyes fluttering to a daze. Like he was finally at peace.

It might be the hottest thing Ilya has ever witnessed in his life.

"Holy shit. Shane. Fuck."

And he cums just from that. Shane didn't even have to do anything more than just swallow what he gave.

Ilya wasn't even able to do the gentlemanly thing and pull out but he had a feeling Shane didn't want him to.

Because Shane's still not letting go, still holding him in his mouth, sucking softly.

Ilya already knows it's going to be a long night.

The last game. The final hurdle. The entire season was leading up to this. Best of seven games. It's now or never.

Everyone in his team is undoubtedly on the edge of their seats, nervous as all hell, but their excitement was palpable.

Not to mention that, as ridiculous and as unserious as Ilya can be at times, he's still an amazing captain. With just a few words, he's able to reignite his team's spirit, sending their morale to the roof in a way that Shane can never replicate.

But to be fair, whose morale wouldn't raise if you promise to pay them thousands of cash if they win? (It doesn't work for Shane though. They share a bank account. *That's just our*

money going in a circle, Ilya)

So, Ilya promises him something else. Something he can look forward to. Something that can start being a tradition whenever they win the cup... Shane scoffs at him... and agrees.

They know they were all practically celebrating already before they even win. And that they shouldn't. They shouldn't be cocky, they should focus and not let it get into their heads. But they're all already so proud of how far they've come. This is what they've been gunning for all season and it was finally within their grasp.

Just one last game to win. And Ottawa Centaurs will be back-to-back Stanley Cup champions.

Normally, Shane wouldn't even be worried.

He knew how talented his team is, and how well they all work together. Not to mention that no one is significantly injured in their lineups. He'd even go as far as say that everyone is on their peak health and performance today. They would already call those game advantages, especially for the playoff finals.

The only liability here is- well... Shane. The guy whose temper started like roaring flame at the beginning of the series and slowly simmered down, along with his speed and score counts.

It's not a big dip, but Shane knows his stats. And he's playing below his usual scores average. And he should be worried about that. But somehow, today, it almost didn't seem to matter. At least, not in comparison.

Because today was easy, it felt easy. Shane could've sworn there was something different.

When he woke up, his body still feels heavy. His gravity still feels askew. He can still feel something is off.

But compared to his other matches, today feels better, *much* better, comfortable even. To the point where Ilya even asks him if his body was just acting up because they wanted to make sure they reach the finals.

Today, it feels like his body is giving him a pass. Like it's saying: *just today, you have just until after the games.*

And Shane is going to take that chance. He feels unreasonably thankful. He almost feels... fuzzy, even.

As if those thoughts weren't weird enough. Shane pats his tummy with a smile. As if thanking his stupid body for being cooperative for once.

Because he promises he's not going to waste it.

Play of the century.

Colorado Torrents v Ottawa Centaurs.

None of the teams score a single goal in the first two periods.

It isn't until the third period that Ilya manages to score a goal past their massive goalie.

But the Colorado Center manages to get one past Wyatt just seconds before the clock stops.

They tied. 1-1.

They had to go overtime. Sudden death. First one who scores wins all.

Both teams put their best players forward. Both Ilya and Shane are on the ice.

The crowd who was as loud as practically canons is now as silent as a heart attack. They could feel it too. The tension.

Because now, it wasn't a game anymore. It was a race.

Time for the face-off. Ilya takes front and center, Shane on his right wing, Troy on his left. Shane barely hears the taunt Ilya makes to the other guy but he guesses it must've worked because he won. And Ilya immediately passes the puck over to Shane.

Now it was practically a dead sprint towards the goal.

Shane has played enough hockey to know he's got a bad angle. No clear shots anywhere. He couldn't even safely pass the puck if he wanted to. And that was if the two players who was now hurdling towards him doesn't bodycheck him out of commission first.

What he had now wasn't a good shot. It was the type of shot you only make when there's seconds left on the clock and there was nothing left to lose.

It certainly wasn't the type of move you make when there's still 19 minutes left for better chances.

But there was something in Shane that told him to risk it.

It was sudden death. He had the puck. Might as well.

And so he does.

Shane grips his stick, and takes the shot, putting all his trust in his feeling.

And it didn't let him down.

The goals lights up. The horns blow. And he hears that familiar music from home.

1-2.

In favor of the Ottawa Centaurs.

They won.

They're Stanley Cup Champions.

Shane stills in surprise, eyes wide, staring at the goal he just made. *No way...*

He releases a breath. One he didn't even know he was holding when he feels someone crash into him. Ilya.

Through all the layers and all the paddings, he feels his husband's body on his, gripping him for dear life. Ilya's shouting, jumping, happiness practically radiating off of the man, pulling a smile out of Shane.

Holy shit. They actually won.

Ilya pulls away just enough to crash his lips to Shane's. Their helmets hitting together but it doesn't matter. Not right now. Not in this moment.

"I love you. I fucking love you," Ilya moans to his mouth, eyes closed, breathing hard, obviously running on pure adrenaline.

Shane laughs with him, dropping his mitts to put one hand on Ilya's cheek, the other gripping his sweater. "I love you too."

Shane lets out a breath before a shaky laugh just bursts out of his chest. "Fuck, Ilya, we won."

The smile on Ilya's face widens to a maniacal degree before the man just throws his head up at the sky. "WE WON!"

"WE WON!!!"

It all happened so fast. Every Centaur that had rushed into the ice crashed into the both of them, easily enveloping the couple as they all form a big red and black circle in the middle of the ice rink. All Shane can hear was the thunderous applause of the crowd, the booming victory music and the shouting of his fellow teammates ringing in his ears.

"CENTAURS! CENTAURS! CENTAURS!"

Shane and Ilya shouts along with the crowd. Both still in each other's arms, lost in the once-in-a-lifetime moment. This. This is what they were fighting for.

The MHL committee moves into the ice, and they see it, the Stanley Cup, *their cup*, being moved towards the table.

As the captain, Ilya is called for the official pictures and handover. But before they let go of each other's hands, Ilya leans over to Shane.

"I'll take trophy this time. You get the next."

Shane laughs. "You bet your ass, I will."

Ilya skates over to the commissioner, grins happily at the pictures before finally holding the enormous cup in his hands.

He turns towards his team and hoists it above his head and shouts, the team screaming and cheering with him.

Shane claps along as Ilya takes a victory lap around the rink, showing it off to the fans who was cheering right back at him.

In the meantime, the families of the winning team was finally allowed onto the ice. Shane could see his mom and dad walking briskly and excitedly towards him.

"SONS!" David cheers as he opens his arms wide.

"DAVID!" Ilya screams right back as he quickly hands the trophy to Haas before crashing into the older Hollander's arms.

Shane laughs, shaking his head at the two most important men in his life before turning his attention to his mom.

"I'm so proud of my boys," Yuna gasps, holding back her tears as she wraps her arms around Shane, giving him a big hug. "My back-to-back Stanley Cup Champions!"

"I love you!" Yuna gushes.

Shane just grins, embracing her right back. "Love you too, mom."

"Us too!" Ilya and David joins their hug, evoking a laughter from Shane that just tickles him from the inside. Just the fact that he was surrounded by his most beloved people, sharing this momentous win is a memory Shane will remember for the rest of his life... Until their next win, of course.

They pull away and Ilya quickly relives the last impossible shot Shane has made as if it was the most extraordinary thing he's ever seen in his life. Shane's not even sure if his parents are actually as impressed as they let on or if they're just humoring Ilya but he couldn't help but smile at it all. Because absolutely nothing could ruin this moment.

But it was time's up.

The borrowed time Shane has been on has up and went.

And it has completely slipped Shane's mind.

They've all taken their team photos, had personal moments with their family and had each team member hold the Stanley Cup in their hands. All that was left was to talk to the press as the new reigning champions of the MHL.

But they don't even get to the press before Shane's body falls. Just barely a few minutes out of the ice, his pelvis tightens horribly. To the point that his legs just gives out from under him. If Ilya wasn't next to him holding his hand, his face would've hit the floor.

Shane collapses to the ground, clutching his stomach, teeth clenched together tight as a new type of pain shot up from inside him.

He couldn't even call out Ilya's name. The pain practically took away his voice.

Shane could hear him though, calling his name, touching his face, begging him to keep his eyes open but he can't.

The pain was so sharp and so intense, Shane couldn't do anything but just crumple. It felt like someone was stabbing his guts over and over again, just taking the air out of his lungs.

Shane couldn't see Ilya, but he could hear the sheer panic in his husband's voice. He tries his best to say Ilya's name, but it all just comes out as a single breath.

The last thing he hears is Ilya shouting his name when it all faded to black.

So much for that playoffs sex.

Chapter End Notes

I came in here wanting to write about Shane being a bitch while being unknowingly pregnant and performing hockey miracles like the hockey god i know he is. Somehow left disappointed in how i could've made a more accurate hockey play-by-play if i did just a bit more research. Think I kinda lost the plot here tbh. chap 2 with hollanov baby will be coming soooooon

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

this was rllly supposed to just be 2 chapters but i surpassed 10k words so just have this for now pls

Милый = dear

Lyubimyy = darling

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

Life is funny.

It's especially funny to Ilya.

Not in a funny 'haha' way

But in a 'let's see how far we can stretch this guy' type of funny.

You know, Ilya always thought maybe he'd lose this weird luck attached to him when he officially became Ilya Hollander-Rozanov. *(It makes perfect sense, Shane. Curse is attached to name. Now, with different name, it can't catch me anymore. Perfect sense.)*

But apparently, he's wrong, again. In an astronomically huge way. In a way that he's sure someone is purposely fucking with him because this was insane.

It was almost poetic, or a downright comedy, this whole thing was.

Baiting him with the best thing he can possibly ask for in his life, and then immediately taking it away but not before making sure to break it in front of his eyes first.

He always had a hunch. But now this just confirms it.

Life *is* making fun of him.

Shane fell. Ilya was able to catch him before his head could hit the floor.

Ilya had no idea what's happening. All he could do is call out Shane's name but it was obvious his husband couldn't hear him.

Hell, even Ilya's own ears were ringing at that moment. He knew there were many things happening around him. But he could barely listen. It was like his own world was spinning.

Shane was falling apart right in front of him and he couldn't do anything but just hold him.

He kept shouting Shane's name, but his husband just wouldn't respond. Too caught up in his own pain to hear anything else.

Ilya practically had to watch Shane's eyes roll to the back of his head, going limp in his arms.

Ilya went cold. He could only hear Yuna distantly, but he was sure she was screaming for the medic. And the damn medic was taking their damn time.

Ilya could feel his hands shaking, they were under Shane, gripping his sweater tight and yet still shaking. Ilya knows his own voice has gotten smaller, own legs going numb, own breathing getting harder.

Ilya gritted his teeth, pushing himself to work, to function. He needed to get Shane out of here, he needed to get help for Shane. Whatever Ilya was feeling didn't matter right now. His own panic attack can wait.

Ilya takes a knee, carefully maneuvering Shane, hooking his arms under his husband's legs when his fingers touch something wet and sticky against the fabric.

It's sweat. They have been on the ice playing for an hour. It's *just* sweat. That's all it is, that's all it can be.

But something in Ilya made him check. He doesn't even know how he even has half the mind to do so. But he did.

And his heart fell.

Actual blood. Red. Dark. Cold.

Shane was bleeding.

Ilya doesn't remember anything after that.

All he remembers was people having to physically move him, taking Shane away from his arms to be placed on a stretcher and running with the medic as they wheel Shane away.

Ilya is proud of his name. Always is. *Ilya Hollander-Rozanov*. Beautiful. Powerful. A statement for how hard he had worked for the life he has now.

But at this time, shouting it didn't give him any joy.

Ilya didn't feel any satisfaction shouting his name to the medics just so they'd let him ride with the ambulance.

It's probably just his appendix.

They rupture just like that.

For no reason at all.

Everything's going to be just fine.

Yuna keeps telling him.

She keeps telling him about David's brother having the exact same problem a few years ago. That it runs in the family.

That it's all going to be okay.

Ilya should calm down.

But he couldn't.

The best thing he's heard is that David promised him that the doctors can't do anything to Shane that they couldn't tell Ilya. That Ilya is Shane's legal spouse and they're obligated to tell him what's going on.

But at this time, it really didn't seem like the truth.

"Excuse me-"

That was the second pair of nurses to enter the operating room. Both of which made sure not to make eye contact with him.

They have been waiting outside the operating room, both Yuna and David on either side of Ilya, possibly being the only thing keeping him from falling apart right now.

"Hello?"

Another person in different colored scrubs basically runs by him to enter the room. He swears they are avoiding his gaze. It's been hours.

Ilya stands up as another group of people wheeling a large machine contraption heads towards the room.

"Can I please-?"

They rush away and, in hindsight, they could just be delivering the machine, or that it could be for a completely different person. It's a big hospital. There must be multiple people they're operating on at the same time. But Ilya wasn't thinking about that when he could practically feel the blood rush into his brain.

"WE'RE MARRIED."

Ilya burst out in the quiet hallway.

"I HAVE HIS NAME. HOLLANDER-ROZANOV."

“PLEASE. SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT IS HAPPENING.” Ilya’s voice breaks at that last word, his anger losing traction as tears start coming back up. He couldn’t even hear the words David was saying at his side, arms around his son.

“Mr. Hollander-Rozanov.”

A doctor appears out of nowhere and steps forward towards the three.

“I know this is a very difficult time but please rest assured our team is doing everything we can to-

“I know you are! Just-“ Ilya swallows the sob rushing out of his throat, pushing himself to talk right. “Tell me something. Anything. Please. I am waiting here blind.”

“Yes, I understand-“

“Just- What is it? Is he okay? What happened? He wasn’t hit anywhere! I was watching him the entire game!”

“He was okay!” Ilya could still vividly remember Shane’s grin when they won the cup.

“Shane was okay...”

“Your husband *is* out of danger.”

Ilya’s eyes widen at those words, out of everything the doctor could’ve said, as much as he wanted to hear them he did not expect to hear that.

“The bleeding has stopped. But we are still actively looking for the source. We are using all other options to avoid operating on him.”

“We have already crossed off numerous possible diagnoses but it’s still pretty much a puzzle. So, it’s all hands on deck right now.”

Those words just basically fly above Ilya’s oxygen-deprived head.

“But he will be okay?” Ilya asks the only thing he can think of. “Tell me he’ll be okay.”

A nurse comes out of the room, looking panicked, eyes locking in at the doctor with wordless urgency.

“We can assure you, we are doing our best.”

“No, wait. Doctor, you didn’t-“

And just like that, the doctor leaves in a hurry, leaving the family alone at the empty hallway yet again.

Ilya felt even weaker.

“Oh. Ilya, come here.”

Ilya feels himself embraced between two bodies, arms practically holding him together. Ilya couldn't stop the tears anymore. "Yuna. Mama. She didn't answer me," Ilya sobs, "she didn't say Shane is okay."

"But he is, darling. He is."

"Shane is strong. We know he is," David offers, rubbing his son's back. "He'll get through this. We just have to hang in there."

They practically had to drag him back to those horrible hospital metal chairs at the side. Ilya keels over, head in his hands as they rub his back, offering all the support they could.

At some point, his hands find the crucifix around his neck, gripping the gold emblem between his fingers. Maybe it's the situation, along with the desperation, but it got him praying. He's not really sure he'd be listened to.... But maybe his mom would.

And just maybe, his prayers were answered.

Because a doctor comes out of that operating room with a calm smile on her face.

Ilya grips the cross on his necklace a little tighter. *Thanks, mama.*

They say Shane will be transferred soon to his own room. That he's already out of danger and they only need to reconvene and group their findings before officially informing the family of the diagnosis. But so far, there was nothing to worry about and the family can finally be at ease.

Yuna and David volunteer to fix the papers so Ilya can wait by Shane's side, but not before urging him to take a quick shower and a change of clothes.

It's only then that Ilya realizes all this time he is still in his undershirt and game shorts. Barely even having time to think of what he was wearing.

"Shane's a patient now, darling, we have to make sure everything is clean and organized for him."

Ilya follows, even making a list of things Shane might need when David offers to get them something from the house. He'll make sure his husband will have everything he needs when he wakes up. Right now, that's all Ilya needs him to do.

Shane has this weird taste in his mouth. It's dry, chemical-like, almost clinical. He knows exactly what that means.

"Ugh..."

He moves his neck, a slight headache greets him at the back of his head, slowly spreading as he tries to open his eyes, only to be shown a plain white ceiling. Yup, he's at a hospital.

“Shane.” Something on his right moves and Shane doesn’t even need to turn his head to know who it is.

“Ilya...”

“Shane,” Ilya croaks out one more time as if he was waiting all night to say that name.

“Fuck. Shane.” Ilya quickly buries his face at the crook of Shane’s neck, breathing him in, basically melting into him.

“Shanya. You scared me,” his words were muffled but Shane can hear the vulnerability in them.

“You promised me no more scaring.”

“You lie.”

Shane slowly raises his hand, patting the curls on his husband’s head as much as he could. He couldn’t even begin to think about what Ilya went through while he’s out.

“I’m sorry, Ilya. I’m sorry.” His own voice is hoarse, as if he was out of days. And just by how Ilya is acting, he possibly wasn’t that far off. (He was only out for around 10 hours)

“Fuck. I’m so glad you’re awake.”

“What happened?” Shane rests his hand on Ilya’s head, knowing his husband most likely needed the touch. “Did they tell you what’s wrong? Did I fuck up my appendix or something?”

Ilya finally lets go, now Shane can finally see the glassiness in his eyes and the dark circles underneath. “No. Not yet. They didn’t say appendix. Don’t move. Don’t.”

Shane completely ignores his advice, and tries to sit up. “Everything under my waist is numb. They didn’t do anything, did they?”

Ilya helps Shane up just a little bit before taking a glass of water near the table.

“No. No. They did no surgery. Only minor thing, just checking and all that. Also gave something for pain and the bleeding. Drink.”

Shane takes a small sip before the rest of the words finally register in his mind.

“Bleeding?” He coughs, some water going down the wrong pipe. “What? I didn’t know I got hit?”

Ilya pats his back, taking the water back with a tight expression. “You didn’t. They say they only need to take more tests.”

“So, it’s nothing serious?”

Ilya couldn't answer that question. Because he asked the exact same one. Same exact words. And they didn't give him anything. So he just answers the same way.

"They just said they need more tests. But no surgery."

"What? That's all?"

"That's all they told me."

Shane just frowns. "That's basically nothing."

Ilya's face tightens more. "I know. I hate this hospital."

Shane knows this situation sucks right now, but something in Ilya's expression makes him chuckle. "We will never come back here after this, I promise."

"Good... drink more water."

Shane follows, taking another big sip when a knock echoes the room.

The couple both quiet down when not one, not two, but three doctors enter the room.

Shane is at a loss for words while Ilya's face just falls. "What the--"

"Good morning, gentlemen. We're here to deliver your diagnosis," the very cheerful doctor at the front greets, "I hope you don't mind the number. Everyone has just been so excited for this moment."

Shane doesn't know what to make of it. It doesn't look like they're here to tell him bad news. But he does know multiple doctors in a room also does not mean good news. "Uh..."

Lucky for him, Ilya is already thinking the same.

"No. No, we do mind. Why do you need whole team to tell us what's going on?" Ilya pipes up, hostile in his tone.

"That just basically means no good. You said he's out of danger. Does that need three mouths to say?"

Alright, maybe *too* hostile. "Ilya, Ilya."

"No, Shane, this is ridiculous."

"Well, actually, this is quite the medical event--"

"The patient's family is right," one of the older doctors finally speaks out, offering a small smile at the couple. "We understand this is a very difficult time for the patient and their family. "

"Doctor Yurnaym is more than equipped to give you the news." He motions at the very smiley doctor before holding the arm of the other doctor beside him, whose face visually falls

into sadness. “We will be outside.”

The two doctors quickly shuffles out of the room while Ilya stares them down, not amused at the slightest.

But it seems the remaining doctor wasn’t able to sense that.

“I guess it will be my honor to tell you the news, huh?”

“Let me start by saying I’m a very big fan of you two. Stanley cup champions and now this. My, my,” the doctor cheers as she walks closer to the other side of the hospital bed.

“It’s been a very eventful 24 hours for you two, hasn’t it?”

Shane lets out a pity chuckle while Ilya just stares at her. “...Yes. Can you tell us what is wrong with my husband now?”

“Ilya. Be nice.”

“She’s the one making jokes.”

It’s only then that the doctor actually felt a bit of shame. “Of course, my apologies.”

“No, no, it’s okay.” Shane smiles, slowly angling his head to face the doctor while his hand grips Ilya’s tighter. “Can you just tell us please?”

Shane’s just smiling but he’s scared out of his mind too. He’s deathly afraid he’s gonna hear the words ‘*can’t play*’, ‘*hockey*’ or ‘*anymore*’ in the same sentence.

But freaking out wasn’t going to solve anything, that’s what he learned. And if he was already freaked out when he was unconscious the entire time, Shane can only imagine what Ilya must’ve gone through living it all wide awake.

The doctor nods, somewhat getting into a more professional attitude, looking over at the chart she had in her hand. “We should just get right into it.”

“If it’s alright, may I lift your gown?”

Ilya and Shane both share a look before they help with the cloth to be moved around, unsure of what exactly this means.

The doctor opens a cabinet nearby, pulling out a tube and a few more materials. And if that wasn’t enough to confuse them, a nurse opens the door, wheeling in a machine with a screen.

The doctor thanks the nurse as the other begins to power up the machine, handing the doctor some sort of handheld device to which she applies a generous amount of- from what Ilya can only guess as medical-grade lube.

“Let me just put this on,” the doctor warns just before she presses the device right on Shane’s abdomen.

The man lets out a small breath as the coldness of the gel and metal touches his bare skin, gripping Ilya's hand tighter, taking his husband's attention towards him. They are so caught up in the bizarreness of the moment that they barely even had a time to look at the monitor in front of them, not until the doctor pointed it out.

"And there is our little ball of trouble."

The two men finally look up and see it, the monitor showing a dark screen surrounded with static but with a very prominent figure of a large weird bean shape in the middle.

Both of their throats run dry at the sight. They weren't knowledgeable about medicine stuff, but they weren't that dumb either.

"What's that," Shane whispers, eyes locked in on the monitor, asking even though he already knew. The doctor's words just confirm it for him.

"That, gentlemen... is your baby."

...

"Congratulations, Mr. and Mr. Hollander-Rozanov! You're going to be parents."

There's a beat of silence, and another one, and another. It's like time stopped inside the room. The doctor, being mindful this time, let the couple absorb the news.

The first thing that breaks the silence, is the burst of sudden laughter that escaped Ilya's mouth. "Excuse me?"

"Parents?"

The two just turns towards the smiling doctor with varying degrees of disbelief. Shane, a deer in headlights, and Ilya, grinning like a madman.

"What the fuck, Shane. I don't understand this word. Is she saying it right? Did she say parent? Like father-mother?" Ilya laughs, tapping his husband's hand, sounding somewhere in between laughing and crying.

"Shane. Shane?"

"I know it may come as a surprise," the doctor jumps in. "We ourselves were caught off guard."

"But a complete blood test and a single ultrasound was able to confirm our suspicions." She gestures towards the screen pointing at somewhere. "The bleeding was a significant amount than that of the usual spotting which caused us to check for other possible causes."

"But ultimately, it turned out to be just regular spotting, common in male pregnancies in the last trimester, just most likely due to stress placed on the body."

“M-Male pregnancies?” Shane whispers unconsciously, eyes not moving from the figure flashing on the monitor.

“In all honesty, if the bleeding was more substantial, we would have induced your birth. And you would have to celebrate two things in one day,” the doctor laughed, matching Ilya’s grin.

“But it seems like your little tyke wants to spend a little more time in there which is good. Your bun could use more time baking in the oven before we take them out after all.”

“Bun? Like bread?” Ilya snorted, two hands now gripping Shane’s fingers.

“Shane, I think I’m having stroke. The doctor’s talking about bread,” Ilya laughs, tears starting to fill the corner of his eyes.

A baby. Shane is having a baby. His baby. Their baby. They were having a baby. My god. This is happiest day.

“Shane?” Ilya asks again, nudging his hand but Shane’s attention never strays from the screen.

“That’s- that’s not possible.”

Shane finally glances at a doctor, eyes wide, face flat, no sign of happiness, yet no sign of sadness either, just pure disbelief. “Ilya and I- my husband-“

“We’ve only been married for two years and we-“ Shane takes a quick breath, looking down at the hospital sheets just to see his stomach in full display, shining bright with all the gel slathered on the skin and- fuck, his stomach looked bigger today.

“My body is- I didn’t *feel* any change. I never felt anything change in my body. Isn’t there supposed to be a change? Like physically?”

Shane raises his head towards the doctor, desperate in the eyes.

The doctor is taken back, clearly not ready for such a reaction. She quickly catches herself, clearing her throat before lowering herself and softening her voice. “While two years may seem like a short time for the male body to change, it’s actually already a completely plausible timeline.”

“Yes. And we didn’t really wait for marriage, Shane.”

“Not helpful.” Shane snaps.

They are quiet for a while, perhaps giving time for the expectant father to take it all in. But in the end, Shane just groans into his hands.

Ilya and the doctor both share a quick glance before Ilya shuffles closer to his husband, wrapping one arm around him.

“Shane? Sweethea-” “It’s just not possible!”

“Fuck. We use condoms!” Memories flood in. “... sometimes!”

“We just-“ Shane starts to breathe a little harder, shaking his head, staring down at his stomach then back at the monitor as if that would change what he’s seeing right in front of his eyes.

Ilya rubs his back as the doctor finally removes the item on his stomach, making quick work to clean him up, being as gentle as she could. “It may seem impossible but these things do happen.”

She looks at the couple, professional, calm as day. “Do excuse me, but may I ask if you and your husband engage in marital relations on a regular basis?”

“Yes. We fuck almost everyday.”

“Ilya!”

“And we do it multiple times...”

Ilya glances at Shane with a somewhat serious expression. “We have to be honest to the doctor, Shanya.”

Both Shane and Ilya turn to the doctor who just offers a small smile. “Well then, there you go.”

The woman chuckles. “If anything, it sounds like we should be surprised you weren’t pregnant earlier, Mr. Hollander-Rozanov.”

Shane opens his mouth to say something, but realizes there was nothing to say to that. She was right. All he could do was just close his eyes and feel this weird sensation happening in his head.

“Just- just Shane please,” Shane mutters, pressing his lips together before putting his face back in his hands. “Oh my god.”

Shane really just couldn’t believe it.

As far as he was told, a gay couple is said to statistically have a single natural birth baby in their lifetime, possibly two if they’re really *devoted* to the cause, to say it frankly. Those were the odds they were working with.

Everyone has the capacity to be a carrier. But to be able to make one between men required to be with the same partner for a long period of time. The body needed time to make the changes after all.

Accomplishing it accidentally is almost entirely unheard of. An accidental conception between men who’s only been together for a short time might actually make the local news. Those are like winning the lottery type of chances.

And yes, Shane and Ilya have been at it for a decade. But, they've been practicing safely those years...mostly, only being reckless a few times down the line... These days though, they haven't really bothered much, only using a condom out of convenience. They are married after all.

But they've never really talked about kids. They both knew they wanted them, at least. But they've certainly been too busy building Ottawa's reputation in the league to have thought about populating their newly made family. It just never became a conversation after everything.

"Shane. Sweetheart?" Ilya quietly pokes at him after a while.

"Talk to me? Please? You need to let it out."

Shane let Ilya slowly peel off the fingers from his face to meet his eyes. Ilya could see the panic, and the anxiety, and the fear in them. He keeps silent, just watching his husband.

"But- we never- we haven't really talked about it," Shane whispers, his frustrations bleeding through his words. "The plan wasn't even done yet. I haven't figured the best timeline for it and--"

"You had a plan?" The edge of Ilya's lips lightly quirks up.

"Of course I did!" Shane snaps, glaring at his husband for focusing on the wrong thing.

"We were obviously going to have kids, Ilya! It was just a matter of when!"

"And right now is..." Shane's words slowly lose their steam as it all settles in. "Now is..."

"Is it not a good time?"

"No!" Shane shouts at Ilya's face at his husband's sudden words. "I mean- yes!"

"I mean, I'm not saying that! It's just..." Shane takes in a breath, almost to brace himself. Shane tries hard to find the right words, to say the right words. He knows they're right there but he couldn't seem to find it. Not until his eyes land back on the screen in front of him. Their baby.

"I don't think I took care of them enough..."

Ilya, who doesn't realize the tightness of his own shoulders, lowered himself, wrapping both arms around Shane who quickly melts into the touch, eyes watering. "Oh, Shane..."

Shane sniffs, trying his hardest not to cry, gaze still locked on that figure on the monitor. His baby. Shane actually has a baby. All this time, he's been pregnant with Ilya's baby. Oh god.

"That's actually what I want to talk to you about."

They both pull away from each other, looking back at the doctor who's giving them an empathetic smile.

“I can tell you right now, your baby is very healthy.”

To those words, Shane feels his chest a little lighter, as if the burden there had partly eased.
“Really?”

The doctor nods.

Ilya has decided he likes this doctor.

“But I do have concerns.”

Ilya takes it back.

“As you may already know, this seems to be a classic case of cryptic pregnancy, or stealth pregnancy, as we call it,” she starts, pointing towards the screen. “And that must be part of the reason for their size.”

“Size? What’s wrong with them?” Shane’s alarm has risen back up at those words, Ilya had to hold him back from fully sitting up, still careful of his condition. “You said they’re healthy.”

“Yes, but your baby is remarkably small,” the doctor starts, scanning over her chart yet again, pointing at different values that Shane nor Ilya couldn’t really understand at the moment.

“Too small for how far along we believe you are.”

She sits back up, clearing her throat as if the next question feels somewhat uncomfortable.
And it is.

“Forgive me if I’m wrong, but am I right to assume you have a somewhat restrictive diet, Shane?”

That question hit Shane like a ton of bricks.

“I- It’s not restrictive. Just- well- my nutritionist approved it... and I take some liberties... sometimes.”

“Yes, Shane is not that strict. I make him take bites of my food all the time.” Ilya nods, backing him up.

“I see...”

“Hold on,” Shane stops, realizing something that was turning his stomach, “are you- are you telling me I’ve been *starving* our baby?”

“I won’t say that,” the doctor quickly clears, “it’s obviously the first time you’re hearing about this and I will never tell someone pregnant such a thing.”

“It’s just an uncommon occurrence in those experiencing cryptic pregnancies. As most parents tend to overeat at this time of their own volition, just succumbing to the cravings as to say. The body does have a way of telling you when it needs something after all.”

“Snickers,” Ilya whispers to his ear, and Shane replies by slapping his hand. This was not the time for jokes.

“The only problem really here is that you’ve been eating for one all this time.”

“Oh my god,” Shane mutters. To which the doctor quickly jumps at.

“Again, not pointing any fingers. Your discipline as an athlete is outstanding.”

“But the baby *will* take the nutrients it needs from your body.” The doctor grimaces, almost as if she didn’t want to continue finishing her sentence.

“...It’s more accurate to say you’ve been starving yourself.”

Shane is quiet for a while, taking all this information in, Ilya’s hand serving as his anchor. “My weight has been fluctuating for months...”

The woman smiles kindly. “The baby is just a bit behind on their weight but other than that, I want to emphasize that they are *perfectly* healthy.”

The doctor goes near the machine, motioning over the screen. “As you can see here, everything does look like it’s in the right place. No abnormalities or anything of note.”

“So I am positive that once you begin a more suitable diet, your baby will be able to reach their appropriate size in no time.”

The doctor goes back to her chart one more time, scribbling some notes down in a trained manner. “I’m going to be prescribing you some fluids while you’re in the hospital to help you and your baby get your weight up. I recommend you stay for at least a week before we can discharge you.”

The couple both share a glance, eyes saying more than words could. The idea was finally taking hold.

“How far along am I?” Shane says out of nowhere. “You didn’t say before.”

Ilya leans forward, now realizing it was time for the logistics. “Yes, yes, how long?”

“If our calculations are right, you’re in your third trimester.”

Shane and Ilya’s smiles both drop.

“What?”

“Excuse me?”

“Yes. Just a week after 7 months. Around 29 weeks to be exact.”

“7 months?!” Shane parrots back, eyes as wide as saucers. “I’ve been pregnant since the start of the season?!”

“Wow,” Ilya laughs, though it’s unclear whether it’s from amusement or jitters. “Now I can say that it is good you only drink ginger ale.”

“That’s not good for babies either, Ilya!”

Ilya could only glance back at the doctor who offers a kind smile. “Ginger ale is safe to drink during pregnancy, in moderation.”

Shane’s forehead furrows even deeper. “But I’ve been drinking like two cans when we go out.”

“I think that is still moderation, yes?”

The wide-eye look Ilya sneakily gives the doctor was not made in vain. “Yes, that’s right. I wouldn’t worry about it.”

Shane takes a deep breath, obviously still taking this all in. “But the third trimester’s near the end, right?”

“But how- how come I didn’t get the full symptoms? Isn’t that bad? I mean I’ve been nauseous and dizzy and...” Shane shuts up.

Now that he’s really had time to think about it, he’s had the whole plethora of symptoms. Maybe every single one actually. He just willingly ignored them. And Ilya seems to read his mind.

“Shane has been feeling under the weather for a while now,” Ilya says out loud while Shane just sighs, somewhat embarrassed. “I thought it was just a months’ long stomach flu or something.”

“Everyone has different symptoms. No one has the same pregnancy after all.” The doctor just waves them off. “And it’s not uncommon for pregnant men to present less. The baby tends to take a position further in the abdomen in male pregnancies.”

“And as far as I can see, you’ve been leading quite the healthy lifestyle, a bit too active for someone pregnant but obviously your body is conditioned amazingly well.”

“It really is,” Ilya agrees and Shane just swats his thigh, to behave.

The doctor just hums, obviously happy for the couple. “Like I said, we’re just a bit behind, is all. But nothing to worry about. Looks like you’re making a pretty tough kid, dads.”

Ilya smiles. “Shane-“ “I don’t want our kid to be tough.”

Ilya’s eyes turn back to his husband to see his face tighten up. “I want them healthy.”

“They should be soft and- and taken care of.”

Even with the expression he had on his face, Ilya could see the tears Shane is fighting, especially when Shane glances back at him.

“They shouldn’t be tough, Ilya. At least, not this early.”

“You’re right, Shane. It’s okay.” Ilya brings Shane’s hand to his lips, pressing a wet kiss there before smiling right back at the doctor, taking Shane’s thoughts out from the dark.

“Surely the doctor has plan?”

The doctor nods, able to pick up the signal.

“We do, again, nothing to worry about. We’ll get back to you with it as soon as possible. But for now, just bask it in.” The doctor stands up, going over the machine, and pressing a single button until a small, but long piece of dark paper prints out.

“This is a happy occasion,” she says as she hands Shane the print of the ultrasound, not even reacting when she could clearly see his fingers were shaking.

Shane just stares at the picture, rubbing his thumb on that little bean shaped thing in the middle. He feels Ilya’s head on his shoulder, and Shane also leans back to him. It’s *their* baby.

“I will let you and your husband have some privacy,” the doctor whispers, knowing it’s time for her to leave. “But before I go...”

“Would you like to know the gender?”

Shane and Ilya’s eyes both land towards the small envelope the doctor takes from inside her chart. Her fingers are positioned in a way that’s ready to open it.

They’re both quiet, faced with another big decision just out of nowhere. Until Ilya finally finds his voice.

“Can we keep that... for now?”

Shane is pulled from his small trance to glance questioningly at his husband, who just shrugs, a little hopeful smile forming on his lips. “Shane, we can have those announcement parties.”

Shane blinks.

“Ilya, we almost became parents today and now you want to throw a gender reveal party?”

“Like doctor said already, Shanya. We’re already parents.” Ilya nods excitedly. “It would be fun.”

“Oh my god,” Shane breathes out while Ilya is already reaching for the envelope.

The doctor hands it over before giving the couple a perfunctory nod one last time. “I’ll give you two the room. And again, congratulations Mr. and Mr. Hollander-Rosanov.”

“Thank you, doc.”

“Thank you very much.”

With that, the doctor finally leaves.

Ilya weighs the envelope in his hand before glancing back at the sonogram in Shane's. The wide grin on his lips should be hurting his face at this point, but there was no pain.

“Fuck, shaneeee.”

Ilya just wraps his arms around his husband on the hospital bed, hiding his face at the crook of his neck. Ilya's head was spinning, his chest was fluttering, hell, his stomach was doing flips. Holy shit. He's going to be a father.

“I know...” Shane laughs out, not taking his eyes off the sonogram. “I mean, how could this happen?”

“Are you really asking me this?” Ilya pulls away from his husband's neck just to whisper in his ear. “My dick in you happened.”

“Fuck you.”

Ilya laughs, taking a finger and poking the little shape in the middle of the scan before his attention lands back at Shane's face, his own expression slowly mellowing out.

Ilya could see the smile on it was forced.

“Shane. I need you to talk to me.”

Shane finally looks up at Ilya who just comes closer to kiss his cheek, nuzzling his side with his hand. “It would be better if you say it. And not just keep it in there.”

“No- it's just...”

“Are you not happy?”

Shane's eyes widen. “What? No! No... I am. it's not that. It's just-“

Shane releases an exasperated breath, fingers unconsciously gripping this delicate sonogram tighter. “Fuck, Ilya. Seven months. Our baby has been with us for *seven months*.”

Shane bites the inside of his cheek. “...And I didn't take care of them.”

“Shane...”

“God, I was checked to the boards so many times,” Shane goes on, remembering all the games he played these past few months in his head. “*I* checked people to the boards.”

“Shit. I even almost punched someone on the ice.”

“Is okay. Baby probably thought it was like roller coaster. Or bumper cars.”

“Those aren’t baby-safe, Ilya! They don’t allow babies in- God, our car doesn’t even have a car seat.”

Ilya has no idea what that is. As far as he knows, all of their cars have several seats. But he’s sure it shouldn’t be a problem. He and Shane make good money. They can surely afford whatever those are.

“We will get one. Hell, we can get one for every car we own.”

Ilya takes a hand and places it on his stressed husband’s cheek, trying to calm the tension from him. But it just made Shane’s mood worse.

“Ilya, can we even do this?” Shane’s face crumples even more when he sees his fingers’ grip had slightly bent the edge of the sonogram. “It’s just- We didn’t even- This is just- Fuck.”

“Do you... not want the baby, Shane?” Ilya tries not to think about his own voice cracking at the end.

Shane would get up from the bed if he could.

“What? No! I mean- Yes! That’s not what I said, Ilya! Listen...” the man sighs, leaning over to rest his heavy head on his husband’s shoulder.

Ilya lets him stay there, making sure to rub his back with both hands, his palms touching the bare skin of Shane’s back through the crack of his hospital gown, the tender contact acting like relief to Shane’s loud thoughts.

“...I’m just worried.”

Shane pulls away, eyes brimming with glassy tears, soft in the face that Ilya just couldn’t help but put his hand on his husband’s cheek. “Worried about what?”

“I’m worried we already fucked up the first step.”

To that, Ilya stares at him for a long time before he just snorts out a laugh.

Shane’s face falls.

“What? What’s so funny?”

“No... just-“ Ilya straight up giggles, angling his face away as the laughter keeps erupting from his chest.

Shane couldn’t believe him.

“Are you serious right now? Seriously?”

“No. No. I am. I am. Promise. Just- heh- give me a sec-”

“You are such an asshole.” Shane can’t believe he’s going to have a baby with *this* man.

“No, it’s just-“ Ilya takes a deep breath, still snickering before putting his attention back at Shane, practically beaming.

“Fucking up first step,” Ilya repeats in between laughter. He shrugs. “...it sounds like us.”

“... Ilya, that’s not funny.”

Ilya returns to laughing, unable to hold a straight face no matter how hard he tries.

Shane just stares at him. “Stop laughing.”

“We’re parents now. And you’re laughing. It’s not funny.”

“Is a little funny.”

“It’s not- stop it!” Shane grabs at Ilya’s arm, trying to give him the look™ but the edges of his lips are already betraying him. “Damn it, Ilya.”

The sound of Ilya’s laughter was enough to pull a snicker out of Shane too, soon joining his husband in laughing at their own dumbassery in the confines of the private hospital room.

Ilya finally sighs after a while, grinning wide before leaning over and pressing a chaste kiss on Shane’s waiting lips.

“We might not be perfect parents, Shane. But I know... no one will love this kid more than us.”

He puts their foreheads together, practically forcing Shane to look at him but he didn’t need to. He already had Shane’s full attention.

“Yes, Shanya?”

Sometimes. Ilya just knows exactly what to say.

“Yeah...”

Ilya hums happily, going back and kissing his husband’s lips, soft and sweet, full of smiles, unable to stop the happiness from bursting out of him.

“I love you,” Ilya breathily whispers to which Shane just pulls his face back to him.

Shane grabs at his head, hungrily plunging his tongue in the blond’s waiting mouth, tasting a pleasant minty aftertaste and what can only be described as something uniquely Ilya. With practiced ease, their teeth never clicked against each other’s, but spit was practically oozing from their lips.

Shane finally pulls back, fingers still tangled around Ilya’s curls. (Or better said, he was still gripping them for dear life.)

“I love you too, truly,” Shane breathes out, swallowing the spit left in his mouth, pursing his lips together with a question in his head.

“And did you just brush your teeth?”

“Wow,” Ilya says out loud, breathing hard, getting a bad case of whiplash. “And you ask me how you’re pregnant.”

“What was that?”

“Nothing.”

Shane fully pulls away, glancing back down at the sonogram on the bed, feeling a sense of responsibility rush through him.

The doctor said he was seven months in. They only had two months to prepare now. If you think about it, they have already lost so much time. They couldn’t afford to lose any more.

“Okay. So how are we going to do this?”

“What?” Ilya blinks, still recovering from that whiplash and still breathing hard.

“We’re going to need to tell people, Ilya.”

“Yes. Right.” Shane can see how bright Ilya’s eyes got the moment he said that, practically glowing at the idea of telling everyone.

“We should start with- Fuck. Mom and Dad. Where are they?”

“They were just fixing your papers. They should be on their way now,” Ilya supplies, fixing Shane’s hair, wiping some spit off of his very red lips (which was very distracting). “Ooh. We get to tell them first, as practice.”

“Right, we tell them. Then we have to tell the team. The management also needs a heads up. They’ll need to know as soon as possible to help us draft a statement. There’s some legal stuff they can probably help with if it gets to it. Do we even know what the press is saying after I passed out? Fuck, where’s my phone?”

“I think your mom has it.”

“You didn’t bring it with you?”

“...no. She actually brought my phone too. I didn’t think about phones. But you can just use mine.”

Shane instantly feels guilty. Ilya was probably too panicked to even think about anything when he just dropped. And here Shane is, not even taking him into account.

“But what about you? What do you think we should do?”

“We can do anything you want, Shanya. You decide. Just tell me. I agree to all of it.”

Shane melts.

“I want to tell the team.”

“Okay, we can do that.”

“Then I want us to tell the world.”

Ilya grins. “Okay.”

Shane chuckles, glancing down for a moment then right back up at his husband’s megawatt smile. “Anyone you want to tell first before we do?”

“Like family or close friends?”

Ilya takes in a breath, giving it a quick thought. “I could tell Sveta... Marley would probably appreciate being told first too. And- oh! OH!”

“What? What?”

Shane just watches as Ilya practically searches the entire world, eyes zeroing in on his phone.

“Who did you think of?”

“Scott Hunter.”

Shane’s forehead furrows in total confusion. “What? Why?”

Ilya looks up with what Shane can only call a maniacal grin.

“We have kid before Scott Hunter and his guy.” Ilya grins like a madman.

“We win. We are better couple.”

Shane couldn’t believe his ears.

“How is this a metric?”

“It is,” Ilya answers quickly before looking up to borrow the sonogram from Shane who lets him.

“So what, have we already lost to every other hockey player who already have kids? Is that what you’re say-why are you taking a picture of the ultrasou- I SWEAR ILYA IF YOU POST THAT-“

“I will not. Not post. Just text.”

“Are you seriously texting the photo to Scott right now?”

“-will just text him picture of our baby so he knows...” Ilya chuckles into his phone, fingers going in inhuman speed typing what Shane can only assume as a long paragraph of thinly veiled insults. “Knows that I win.”

“You do know if you text him, he will be the first person to know I’m pregnant, right? Even before our family? Our own team?”

“Yes. And he will know that I love my husband more than he loves his. Is perfect.”

This should be funny. At least, Ilya seems to really think so.

But Shane was not amused.

“Send that and I’m having our baby alone.”

Ilya practically throws his phone across the room.

“A BABY!”

Mama Yuna- no, Grandma Yuna practically woke up that hospital’s entire floor.

The older couple opened the door quietly to see both their sons were on the hospital bed, both grinning like the cat that ate the canary. The two barely had time to feel relieved at the fact that Shane was already awake. Yuna asked the reason for their smiles, fully knowing her boys, naturally doubtful of this behavior.

The two just continues to smile at their mother’s inquisition before Shane slowly pulls out the long sonogram from under his blanket, presenting it like a kid that secretly won an award.

At the sight of the very recognizable image, Yuna’s eyes practically bulged out of their sockets while David’s legs almost gave out. They were grandparents.

Once all the excitement, all the tears and all the happiness has died down, both Shane and Ilya are made to lower their heads as Yuna rips into them. The fact that Shane was able to experience a “cryptic pregnancy” while actually experiencing all the symptoms was just evidence that he was not taking care of his body. (Ilya wasn’t being scolded, but he felt like he was. Or better yet, to him, he should also be. Shane was his husband. His husband was right with him for all seven months. Ilya should’ve known better. He deserved Yuna Hollander’s tongue lashing too.)

After that, their mom and dad went back to tears, to repeating how proud they are and how they’re always there for their boys, (only after they got David to stop crying [which also got Ilya going and now they had to wait for both of them to stop]), they finally landed back on logistics and planning. Which reminded Ilya of the family he married into.

Shane informs his mom of the plan he conjured up, Yuna agrees, adding some of her own thoughts here and there, the mother-son pair bouncing ideas off of each other for the best possible strategy while Ilya and David were still coming down from their cry.

By the next hour, it's practically decided that they should tell the team as soon as possible. Yuna doesn't want to point any fingers, but it's almost impossible to hide a secret of this magnitude. All it takes is a nurse who doesn't care too much about HIPAA regulations before everyone in the world knows of the baby inside of Shane's belly.

So, they make the decision. Using the Centaurs group chat, Ilya uses his Captain privilege to call upon his team and tell them that Shane is fine and that he and Shane want their presence for a very important announcement. (And not to come empty handed).

It's barely an hour before the entirety of Ottawa Centaurs team are assembled outside of Shane's hospital room.

It was actually quite easy to gather everyone. Their whole team was still in the city after all. There is an unspoken agreement that the Centaurs would only leave with everyone or not at all. And they surely weren't going to leave for home without their co-captains.

And their captain often assembled them like this after wins, but most of the time it was for clubs or going out, basically for celebration. The fact that they were going to be gathered in a hospital for an announcement of all places? Well, that was enough to scare them a little bit. Especially since there's only a few things they can announce in times like this. And fuck, they just got Hollander. They didn't want to lose him already.

So they try to be as optimistic as possible, hanging on to the fact that their captain didn't sound sad at all on his text, collecting all types of gifts~~bribes~~ that Shane might like and coming in full attendance as a sign of support (and totally not to convince Shane not to get traded or anything).

Everyone slowly files into the private room, which despite its large size is quickly packed as a whole team's worth of hockey players got inside.

They are a rowdy but lovely bunch, already joking around and bringing their own gifts as "offerings" to Shane, trying to one-up the one before them. Instead of alcohol, they brought boxes and boxes of Canada Dry, just for Shane.

The couple laughs and goes along with it. And collectively, the team breathes out a relieved sigh. If Shane and Ilya can joke around with them like this, then their announcement is most likely not going to be that bad.

But to seal the deal, they brought the *pièce de résistance*. Quite possibly the best antidote for whatever the hell brought Shane to the hospital... The Stanley cup.

Shane and Ilya's jaws both drop when Luca enters the room, carrying the Stanley Cup above his head.

The man sets it on the bedside table near the bed, giving Shane and Ilya a small hug before letting them bask in the glory of their cup.

"Wait, how did you get this? Did our hundred days start already?" Shane laughs, one hand touching the silver on his right.

After it was somehow low-key leaked (Harris did it) that the Centaurs were visiting their alternate and their captain at the hospital, the MHL was quick to suggest the early handing over of the Stanley cup, a gracious gesture on the league's part as a way to wish for Shane's speedy recovery. (That was the team's wish too and totally not a reminder for Shane that he just won the playoffs with this team and pretty please do not get traded out).

After some few jokes and jabs were made here and there, the team finally got silent, all waiting for that all important announcement that brought them all here. It must've been part of the reason why they were meeting at the hospital. Honestly, at this point, even Coach Weibe was just hoping the injury isn't that severe. He'd hate to lose his team's captain for next season.

"Okay, so you are all probably wondering why we have brought you here..." Ilya goes on, even stopping for dramatic effect.

"Shane and I have very shocking, shocking news!"

Another pregnant (heh) pause, which got some of the Centaurs rolling their eyes. This is obviously going to take a while. But Shane, who's next to Ilya, still on the hospital bed has a smile on his face so they couldn't really complain.

Ilya shakes his head, hands on his hips, pouting sadly. "The Ottawa Centaurs have been committing a penalty this entire season. Possibly... whole time."

"What?"

"A penalty?"

"When??"

"Of course, we were. You were making most of them."

"I call bullshit, Roz."

Ilya continues on, making a show off of shaking his head, contorting his face as if to ugly cry with Shane nodding at his side, trying his best to maintain a somewhat serious face.

"We have committed this big, big penalty, under the referee, under the MHL, and even under our own noses."

"Wait, wait," Coach Weibe finally intrudes, having enough of the theatrics.

"What penalty are you boys talking about?"

To this, Ilya finally drops the exaggerated frown before glancing back at Shane who is smiling right back at him.

"Shane... what penalty?"

Shane grins.

“Too many men on the ice.”

With that, Shane lifts up the sonogram hidden under his blanket one more to more than twenty people.

“SHANE IS PREGNANT!” Ilya shouts happily, shooting his arms to the sky.

In a second, gasps and shouts echo into the private room.

“Holy shit!”

“Wait, what?!”

“Are you guys fucking serious?”

“All this time??”

“Bring it here!!”

“Ilya!!! You fucker! Up top!”

“BABY”

“Of fucking course, if anyone was going to do it!”

“GO CENTAURS!”

And in that moment, Shane and Ilya are surrounded by the roaring celebration of their supportive team, hugs and tears are thrown around, cheeks are kissed and hairs are messed with. It’s all so beautiful and heartwarming and overwhelming that Shane is unsure how long it would continue if the door didn’t burst open.

A chief nurse came by to remind them that, yes, it is a happy occasion and should be celebrated but this was still a hospital. That they will be kicked out if they cause another ruckus.

They quiet down quickly after that.

A small and quiet toast using ginger ale was made by Coach Weibe, giving a few kind but heartfelt words for the couple, wishing them and their newly made family all the best things in the world that got Shane teary eyed and Ilya gripping his thigh just so his own tears won’t fall.

“You guys are like, really fucking amazing,” Luca whispers, “like this is so amazing. I don’t think this has ever happened before. Pregnant while winning the playoffs. Do you know how fucking badass that is?”

A round of agreement echoes lowly around the room. Troy also nods, his arm around Harris, taking a sip of his own ale.

“None of those paps were even close to the truth.”

Harris grabs his hand as a warning. And suddenly, the room is brought back to earth. They all feel the tension sink back into the space. “Shit, sorry.”

Shane raises his head, the pleasant expression in his face slowly disappearing.

“Wait. Why? What are they saying about me?”

Everyone shares a knowing glance, none wanting to say it out loud and ruin the mood. But something had to be said. And so they did. And fuck, it’s worse than they thought.

“We need to release a statement,” Yuna decides, having heard more than enough, phone already in hand, already on manager mode. “As soon as possible.”

“There’s a lot of that news floating around,” Harris supplies, also typing quickly on his phone. “But the loudest one is saying Hollander’s body crashed because he’s been taking some performance enhancers. If we don’t say anything, the press will just run with the worst one.”

“We need to shut that down right now.” Yuna already had the phone held up to her ear. “I’ll talk to the press I know to stop any more dissemination of this nonsense. And I’ll also tell them that we’ll get back to them with an official statement soon.”

“I’ll draft the statement right now.” Harris doesn’t even move his eyes from his screen.

Coach Weibe finally puts down his own phone, just getting out of a call of his own. “I’ve talked to the higher-ups, they agreed to go with whatever Hollander and Rozanov decide on.”

Yuna nods. “Okay, we have a green light, that’s good. Please inform them that I’ll cc them on the same email I’ll send the media. Basically just the normal ‘Shane’s health is assured but the family requests privacy at this time’.”

“Uh...Mom?”

To this, Yuna pulls away from her conversation with the team to smile in the direction of the voice.

“Just enjoy your day, darlings, okay? Grandma has this under control. Nothing to worry about.”

Shane nods, clearing his throat. “Yeah, thanks mom, but Ilya actually has an idea.”

Shane then turns to his side at the quietly sitting Ilya who now has everyone’s attention on him.

“Doctor said Shane will have the baby in a few months,” Ilya starts, glancing once more at Shane for approval who nods.

“I was thinking we can make the announcement as baby reveal? I do not want us to hide it.”

Shane smiles back, fully understanding the logic behind Ilya's words. They have hidden so much from the world for so long. They didn't want their kid to be like that too.

"Already?" Yuna asks, worried these two were moving way too fast. They only learned of the pregnancy a few hours ago.

But the couple had a pretty solid reason.

"I'm seven months in, Mom. We have to move fast."

"SEVEN?!"

"Woah."

"Fuck, dude."

"Seven as in seven??"

"If that's what you choose, boys." Coach Weibe voices out, cool as day. While Harris, whose eyes are still bulging from the sudden seven months lore drop. "Yeah- Yeah, that's no problem."

Yuna breaths out loudly, fixing her hair before clearing her throat, getting back to her groove. "Alright, alright, I'm good with that. Move fast. Got it."

"But how do you want to do it? We can do the standard paragraph pregnancy announcement. A bit impersonal but the best for privacy."

"Or they can do what Shane just did, post a picture of Shane and Ilya holding the sonogram and a short piece about welcoming a new family member."

"Maybe even just the picture of the sonogram can be enough, I'm not sure what message it's gonna send if we show Shane in a hospital bed after the playoffs."

After the short brainstorming session, Yuna, Weibe and Harris all turn back towards the couple.

"What do you boys think?"

Shane taps on Ilya again, nodding at him, a gesture to keep talking. Ilya clears his throat.

"I was actually thinking more of..." Ilya drags on before turning his body slowly to the left, facing the very conspicuous Stanley cup in the middle of the room.

Everyone pauses.

"You want to use the Stanley cup... for your pregnancy announcement?"

"Yes." Ilya smiles cheekily. "Can we?"

They all follow Ilya's eyes, and their attention lands on the silent Stanley cup handler, who was in the corner of the room this entire time, holding their own ginger ale. The man just firmly nods, confirming it wasn't against the rules. And it wasn't exactly the worst request they've heard. Someone has peed on the cup before. Using it for a pregnancy announcement was honestly mild. (It's true, go look it up)

At that point, everyone moves fast to make Ilya Rozanov's dream pregnancy announcement a reality, with Shane letting Ilya have full free rein.

And Ilya didn't even ask for much, insisting they already have most of what they need.

All that was missing was something they could easily buy at any nearby hockey store.

Honestly, it doesn't seem like Ilya just thought about this out of the blue. It sounded like he'd been thinking about this for a while. He and Shane are going to have a talk about it after this.

After one quick stop at a nearby sports store just two blocks away from the hospital, Wyatt and Luca buy the smallest black and red ice skates available. They even spot a matching pair of the tiniest gloves they've ever seen.

Once they arrived back at the hospital room, the corner of the room was already arranged neatly, making sure to make good use of the royal blue curtains covering the windows.

The Stanley Cup was placed on a nice circular table they borrowed from the hospital lobby.

Harris was even able to obtain clean extras of Shane and Ilya's hockey sweaters to be placed at the back, even some of their personal equipment for added design.

The only remaining thing left was to balance the teeny tiny ice skates at the front of the Stanley Cup. Ilya couldn't do it so they just used some tape to secure it in place.

As the last final touch, they place the sonogram front and center, using these teeny tiny gloves to hold it up.

And the picture is complete. All that's left was to post their announcement.

Shane followed the team's suggested caption.



553K 5,451 32.3K 174K

Liked by ottawacentaur and others
shanehollander_rozanov24 It's a bit of a surprise.
But it seems like our little Centaurs family is welcoming a
brand new player just after the playoffs.
Expected acquisition real soon.
We already love you.
1 hour ago

Ilya also did, but using his own words.

ilyahr81 and shanehollander_rozanov24



109K 886 1,868 4,734

Liked by ottawacentaur and others
ilyahr81 we didn't know we had another star player with us.
we're so happy to have you in me and
@shanehollander_rozanov24 team little one
We love you ^{little sun} Солнышко
1 hour ago

Shane reads Ilya's post and immediately wraps his arms around him.

To say that the reaction to their post is crazy would be an understatement. Which made sense considering the bomb they just dropped.

People were reasonably freaking out. No one could believe it. But also, so many people believe it.

Hollanov truther 🤖💫 @knewsinceday1

Holy fucking shit?? A baby??? OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY
GOOOOOOOOOOOOD

Regoolar Hockiphan, PhD @surprisedbutspportive

I knew Hollander was playing different this season but I didn't think it'd be that...
Congrats!

hockeyguy6767 🏒🏆 @generichockeyfan

damn, so shane hollander plays better when hes pregnant?

HockeyForever12345 🇨🇦 @guywithpriorities

Fuck sports betting just got a whole lot harder

footballdude6789 ⚽⚽ @doesntgoherebutloveschaos

imagine losing a helluva lot of money because two guys boned 🤡

Shane and Ilya's ride or die 🌸💎🏒 @havingamomentrn

If you told me a decade ago that this is where that Canadian guy and Russian dude who both play hockey and really hate each other would end up, I'd think you were insane. Which doesn't mean much because this news makes me feel like I am.

Savior Hollander 🙏 @likeshockeybutrlylovesshane

You know what? if anyone was gonna make it to the playoffs and win while simultaneously creating life, yeah, I'd bet it would be Shane fucking Hollander too

GoalieLover000 🏒🏒 @impressedhockeydude

lemme just say DAMN ROZANOV?? respect

puckboy22 😎👍 @crudeguybuthasgoodintentions

roz couldnt be better than his rival so he just made holzy sire his heir 😂😂 i honestly respect the hustle so much good job guys

justapassingcomedian 🤡 @thinkshesfunny

bro really had to lock in his citizenship ticket 🤡🤡

WAG life dreamer 🏒✨ @kindajelousbuthappy

so my husband and I have been married for like three years and my body is nowhere near the condition for pregnancy. Hollanov is only like 2 years married. how often are these two boning to get here.

HockeyEugenicsEnthusiast 🏒🏒🏒 @vsupportiveforwrongreasons

the future of hockey is secured thank you for your service @shanehollander_rozanov24 and @ilyahr81

Normal Hockey Fan 👍 @embarrassedtobeinthesamespacewiththisguy

hey dude ur being weird cool it

MHL hockey updates 🏒 @offclhockeynews

ROZANOV OUT HERE LIVING MY DREAM
#WHYCOULDNTIBEHOLLANDERSBABYDADDY

Always Protect The Goalies ⚠️🏒⚠️ @cnfusedguywithnocontext

you want to impregnate Shane Hollander?

MHL hockey updates 🏒 @offclhockeynews

EVERYONE WANTS TO IMPREGNATE SHANE HOLANDER

the puck life chose me ❄️😎 @onlyslightlyjudging

bro aren't you like supposed to be a legit hockey updates account u used the wrong acc bro switch first

MHL hockey updates 🏒 @offclhockeynews

let me be clear then: BREAKING NEWS! EVERYONE WANTS
TO IMPREGNATE SHANE HOLLANDER

puckbunny-in-training 🐰🏒🩸 @alsomaypossiblybehockeypregnant

OK, my friend's a midwife and the picture is a little blurry, but from that sonogram, she's saying Holzy is possibly already at like his late trimester

Hollanov truther 🤖✨ @knewsinceday1

WHAT

Savior Hollander 🙏 @likeshockeybutrlllylovesshane

NO ONE BUT SHANE HOLLANDER THE GOAT CAN DO THIS

Generic Nobody Acc 🍷🍷 @haternoonecaresabout

Weird way to announce that you guys hired a surrogate but ok millionaires 😐 smh

hollanov army general 😐🇺🇸🇺🇸 @alwysfightin4ourbois

Hi! Did you see how they were like the first season they were finally able to be together??? I don't think these assholes would let anyone else carry their baby do shut up 💖💖

every tongue against hollanov will fall 🗡️👑 @ProudMontrealHater

HEY EVERYONE ZOOM IN WE NEED TO FIND OUT IF WERE GETTING A MINI HOLLANOV OR A MINI HOLLANOVA

And on Shane's private messages, it wasn't any better.

Friends he hasn't talked to in a while was congratulating him. Some former Metro teammates he was alright with sent their best. Rose was absolutely screaming at him by sending him a barrage of voice messages. And Hayden made it hard to see all of it because he kept trying to call Shane. (Shane answered just so Hayden would relax and to tell him that he's okay. Hayden was hyperventilating)

Shane also notably received a few congratulations from players around the league. Some very notable ones were from those he exchanged some pretty harsh chirps on the ice. Which memories now made Shane squirm in his seat.

He quickly drafts a reply, thanking them for their well wishes on behalf of his family and makes a point to apologize to them for being too much of an asshole this season. And he hopes they can forgive him (and his pregnancy brain apparently).

They all respond nicely. And some even ask when's the baby shower so they could send gifts. Ilya, who was sending his own personal texts, laughs at Shane's news. He says they should make use of this and make that gift registry Jackie had once.

Shane is again reminded how much they are unprepared for all this. Because *fucking hell, Ilya. I could've given birth today. And again, we don't have a car seat. We legally wouldn't be able to take our baby home, Ilya.*

Ilya is dumbfounded at this.

"... I don't think they can take our baby away just for that... can they?"

"It's literally illegal, Ilya."

"I will buy one, right now. How many do we need? I'll get two."

Ilya is then scolded by plenty of already experienced fathers in the room for thinking car seats could be bought willy nilly. He still has no idea what they are.

Once all the pictures are taken, and the small party practically ends, one by one, the team bids their goodbye and leaves, promising to visit another time. Yuna and David also excuse themselves, wanting to meet up with their media friends to see if anything more needed smoothing over. Luca, as kind as he is, even volunteers to get a garbage bag to tidy things up. Which prompted a lot of them to help clean up too. (They didn't want to get the chief nurse angry again.)

"We will invite all of you for gender party, everyone bringing gifts is invited! Only the good ones, okay!" Ilya would greet them as they go.

And just as the last of the bunch is about to leave, nearly done tidying up, Harris's phone buzzes a certain way.

Everyone was ready to poke fun at him for it before he explained that it's a Google alert sound he made just for the MHL. And yes, he insisted it is necessary to have as the Ottawa Centaurs' Senior Director of communications (or PR guy).

He opens his phone and just hums at what he sees. "The MHL just released an official statement about you two."

Shane feels his throat dry up, those words just eliciting something horrid in his stomach. Those words never spelled anything good for them before. "What did they say?"

Harris just smiles, shaking his head. "Relax, shanebug. They're voicing their support for you guys."

"Oh?"

"The league wishes our favorite hockey power couple all the best. We are glad the Stanley cup was able to be a part of your new journey together as a family. We look forward to seeing MHL's most promising draft real soon! 😊"

Shane couldn't help but scoff in amusement at the words chosen. He wonders which fan of theirs got a job at MHL headquarters. "It hasn't even been an hour since we released it. They work fast."

On the other hand, Bood whistles at the news before patting his captain's back. "Damn. You know what this means, Roz?"

Ilya honestly couldn't even care less about the league's words. He was busy fixing Shane's blanket over his legs. He might get a cold. "What?"

Bood looks at him with an amused expression. "Your kid's already the first draft pick and they haven't even left Holzy's body yet."

Shane rolls his eyes at the statement while Ilya freezes.

“Youngest pick,” Ilya breathes in total awe. As if that thought only hit him right this instance.

“Shane.” The man beams. “Our kid is not even born yet and they are already beating records.”

Shane looks up, unamused, refusing to get into the joke. “Stop. It was just a joke. We’re not going to address that. That’s a legal nightmare waiting to happen.”

“Shane, you’re no fun.”

“Plus, we don’t even know if our kid’s going to want to play hockey. They may not be like us,” Shane quickly follows up, giving Ilya a pointed look. Ilya just hums, seemingly pondering on that possibility. He didn’t seem all that bothered by it.

“Yes, maybe he want to be doctor, or accountant, like your dad.”

“My dad is not an accountant. You know what he does.”

“I know, I know, treasurer of Canada or something... Still don’t get it.”

“I’m gonna tell dad you said that.”

Ilya scoffs, unafraid. “I will tell David myself. He likes me better.”

“I’m his actual son. And I’m literally carrying his grandkid. You want to bet?”

Ilya fights the urge to smile at Shane’s attempt at an attack.

“You are not supposed to make losing fun, Shanya.”

“Oh, so you guys are having a boy?”

Everyone in the room glances towards Barrett who is on the other side of the room, holding an opened envelope he seemingly found unattended on the floor. How it got there, no one had any clue. Shane thought Ilya had filed it somewhere safe already.

“What?” Ilya’s voice booms inside the room as the man makes quick strides towards the man. The guy just hands the letter over as Ilya glares at the piece of paper.

Shane instantly feels upset for him. He knew Ilya was already set on having a reveal party.

“Hey, Ilya, it’s ok-“

“Shane!”

Ilya grins like he just won a jackpot in the mail.

“We get a boy!”

A very excited Russian rushes towards him, letter in hand, practically bouncing before just splattering himself on to Shane, gripping the pregnant man tight, muttering a string of thank you's, I love you's and Russian words Shane couldn't really understand.

Shane just smiles with him, hugging him back just as tight.

There goes Ilya's gender reveal party.

But Ilya was just so happy he forgot to be mad about it.

So Shane couldn't exactly be mad at it too.

Shane reaches down one more time, sock in hand, pursing his lips when he realizes that he really couldn't even get them on now. A week of getting IV fluids had really done its job.

His stomach is genuinely larger now. There was a significant shift in his body. Now, it is much more believable that he is pregnant. The heaviness he felt all those months inside him had solidified. Now he could really feel the growing mass in front of him.

Shane could really feel like he's actually pregnant now.

He leans back for a second, eyes finding his front particularly interesting. A few months ago, he used to think his body was such a trouble. Not being at peak shape when he's done everything he could to ensure he'd be at his best for this season. Now, all he could think about is that his son can make more. Not a lot. But just one kick would be nice. The doctor said he's gotten to a weight where he should start kicking soon. But Shane really hasn't felt anything.

Shane just finds himself rubbing his stomach, talking lowly. "Hey, uh, it's Shane... I'm your dad."

"I know it's been, um... a crazy time for you too. They say you could've given me a harder time in this pregnancy... and it's really nice of you not to have done that."

Shane purses his lips, trying hard to find the right words to say.

"But you can move now. It's good. The season's over. Your dads won. We already won." Shane chuckles, liking the fact he can boast to his own baby like this, like he knows his own son would be proud of him.

"So, you know, you can do everything now."

"Or just anything at all actually..." Shane drags on, as if waiting for a reply, or anything. But there was nothing.

Shane just pats his stomach one more time.

"C'mon, you must've gotten your other dad's backhand, you can show me."

“I don’t think he will.”

Shane looks up to see Ilya quietly open the door, maneuvering what he brought with him through it. “I have best backhand in the league. That would hurt you. No son of mine would do that.”

Shane quickly puts both hands on his belly, as if to cover his kid’s ears. “Don’t say that! What if he hears you!”

“And what the hell is that?”

Ilya just looks at him. “Is hospital, patient need to be on wheelchair when they go home. Nurse said so.”

Shane snorts, giving up on his socks and putting on his jacket instead. “I can walk. I just won the Stanley cup with you a week ago. I think I can handle walking to the car.”

“Yes, and first day of that week was spent with you asleep in hospital bed and me losing hair.”

“...”

Ilya just smiles before gesturing at the chair. “Sit.”

Shane doesn’t even say anything before he just transfers himself to the wheelchair.

“There we go, good Shane.” Ilya kisses the hair on his head.

Shane looks up, putting a hand on Ilya’s behind him. “Ilya, I’m really sorry. You shouldn’t have gone through that.”

Ilya just hums, wordlessly kneeling down at the floor, taking the socks discarded on the bed and starting to put them on Shane’s feet.

“Just let me take care of you please,” the man uncharacteristically asks, quietly reaching for his husband’s shoes. “I want to do this right too.”

Shane clenches his jaw, putting a hand on Ilya’s hair, letting it fall to caress his cheek.

“You’re already doing this right. Maybe even more than me.”

Ilya looks up. He might be the happiest looking man right there, just putting on Shane’s shoes.

“Oh, we are fighting now? You admit I win?”

All the tension just bleeds out of Shane’s face, a pleasant calm expression taking place.

“That’s not what I said.”

“No. You said I’m the winner. I’m the best.” Ilya finally puts on his other shoe, giving a little kiss on Shane’s knee before grinning.

“You are such good sport, Shanya.” Ilya cranes his head up, giving Shane’s lips a quick peck. “Already good influence on our baby.”

“Your face is scratchy.” Shane complains but still goes back in for another kiss.

Ilya laughs into the kiss, hands settling on Shane’s lap, growing acquainted with this position despite kneeling on the floor until they hear a polite knock on the door.

A very upbeat young nurse peeks in, a chart in hand, smiling at the couple.

“How are our new daddies doing? Ready to check out?”

They pull away, relaxed and smiling.

“Yeah. We’re good,” Shane answers, nodding.

“He is daddy. I am papa.”

Shane glances back at the man on the floor.

“You’ve already thought so much of this, haven’t you?”

“Yes. Been very long week.”

It’s been a few weeks. Shane’s tummy pudge has evolved to an actual baby bump.

It’s a bit smaller than normal considering the fact that he should be giving birth in a few weeks but the doctor said the baby was finally at a healthy weight. Shane had even put on a few pounds to show for it.

And on top of that, their little kiddo had finally become active. Even kicking Shane a couple of times a day.

The first time he did, both Shane and Ilya cried.

And, somehow, the whole thing just erupted Shane’s incessant need to make sure that the rest of his pregnancy would go smoothly.

It’s not really a bad thing. Shane had always been proactive in taking care of his health, but now, on behalf of their baby, it’s even more so than usual. But not in a too much type of way, but in a way that makes Ilya really confused. As in following doctors’ advice to a tee, but the advice in question was to let go of the control and to just listen to his own body.

So, Shane’s following just that, at least according to him. But from his husband’s perspective, Ilya’s not really sure what he’s doing.

Because Shane insists on walking around, his mom said it's what she did the most when she was pregnant with him to make the birth a little easier. But Ilya is kind of sure that walking multiple kilometers a day everyday cannot be healthy, especially for someone in their third trimester. But Shane says his body aches if he doesn't do it.

Shane also primarily eats only nutritious foods, basically almost everything his prenatal nutritionist had advised. It's nothing like the diet Ilya knows Shane has grown accustomed to, so Ilya knows that Shane is really trying. But, he feels like Shane should have more freedom with his foods, succumbing to a craving once or every other day felt more realistic than Shane's once a week rule.

And lastly, Shane refuses to get on the ice. It's the off-season, it's basically the only downtime hockey players get so that their bodies can recover for next season. But for guys like Shane and Ilya, the off-season was for playing hockey just for fun. No competition whatsoever, just purely for the love of the game. And Ilya knows how much Shane loves hockey. But instead of putting on his usual skates, and just moving very slowly and carefully, Shane instead wakes Ilya up at a crack of dawn just so Ilya could skate around their synthetic plastic rink while Shane sits on the rink side just watching him.

Ilya knows Shane's doing this for their baby so he can't really complain, he's not doing any of the heavy lifting after all. But it also didn't feel alright.

Shane is just that determined to have an easy birth in one way or another.

Ilya doesn't like the fact that he's basically competing with himself to have the safest pregnancy and birth possible but he couldn't argue with the results. (And how can he really say no to his glowing husband, oh my god shanya, you are best thing on earth. You look illegal. Yes, I will rub feet. I will rub everything. Just tell me.)

He gets to influence Shane's decisions here and there though.

Hollanov truther 🤪✨ @knewsinceday1

Okay. I'm at a grocery right now and Hollanov is here right now im trying so hard not to freak ouuut

|

Hollanov truther 🤪✨ @knewsinceday1

im not taking a pic of them u heathens respect their privacy

but lemme just say the pregnancy announcement is real guys

|

Hollanov truther 🤪✨ @knewsinceday1

SHANE HOLLANDER IS HERE WADDLING THROUGH THE AISLES.

|

Hollanov truther 🤩 ✨ @knewsinceday1

Guys. Rozanov keeps hitting him with the cart.

|

Hollanov truther 🤩 ✨ @knewsinceday1

Okay, hitting is not the right word.

|

Hollanov truther 🤩 ✨ @knewsinceday1

He's just making it touch him.

|

Hollanov truther 🤩 ✨ @knewsinceday1

Like he's being EXTRA careful to make it JUST touch him

It's so petty. 💖

|

Hollanov truther 🤩 ✨ @knewsinceday1

And the look Hollander keeps giving him.

|

Hollanov truther 🤩 ✨ @knewsinceday1

I fear Shane Hollander would give birth on this aisle right now just purely out of spite.

Shane feels that cold metal of the shopping cart touch his side ever so gently one more time. There was also that sound ringing in his ears.

“Shane. Shane. Shane. Shaneeeeee.”

“Ilya, do that one more time and I’m going to scream.”

“No, you won’t.”

Shane’s eyes snap towards him. Ilya flinches. If it was possible to get hit just by a look, Ilya would have red cheeks by now.

“What do you want?”

Ilya just pouts, nodding towards the other refrigerators on the aisle, opening the door already. “...we should get milk.”

Shane’s face lightens up. “Yeah, right, okay, we are almost out- that’s not our normal brand.”

“Yes. What you get is too healthy.” Ilya just hums, already taking out two cartons, before his eyes look back up at Shane.

“Doctor’s orders.”

Shane just stares at the whole milk Ilya places in their cart for a second before he just nods. The baby does need a lot of calcium. And Shane’s slowly being weaned off of drinking the prenatal milk his nutritionist has prescribed him. Whole fat milk is also on the list of foods his doctor advised him. And Shane doesn’t really argue with the doctor.

He just thinks, *‘hell, why not?’*

“Grab me more grapes then.”

Ilya does a little cheer, walking nearby and getting another bundle of the fruits his husband thinks are cheat food. But he still sees it as a win.

“Now we are talking.”

Ilya smiles but it falls when his eyes land back on the contents of their shopping cart, almost disgusted. They’re practically done with grocery shopping and yet this is all they can come up with.

“This cart is still very healthy, Shane,” Ilya sighs, wrinkling his nose at the sight. “No cravings, no anything.”

Ilya picks up the only non-healthy thing he can see in the entire cart. “This. Just one tiny box of chocolate? And I eat most of this. I think we can do better than this, Shanya.”

Shane just points. “I have the ginger ale.”

“Shane. You drink because it helps you not vomit. Does not count.”

Shane just shakes his head, smiling at the absurd conversation they were having at the fucking milk aisle. “I’m already good with this. It’s not like I should succumb to everything the baby wants. That’s not good.”

Ilya narrows his eyes, walking closer. “Succumb?”

“Uh, give in or- or yield to the baby’s wants-“

Ilya nods immediately. “Yes, give in. You should.”

“No. No, I shouldn’t,” Shane chuckles.

Ilya whines loudly, pouting, walking closer to just pinch a piece of Shane’s shirt, tugging on it. “Fine, not the baby. But my other baby probably has some things he likes, yes?”

“And he should get them.”

Ilya leans closer, whispers, “he deserves to *succumb*.”

Shane licks his lips, pursing his lips together for a moment before turning his head to the side, facing his infuriating husband who knows exactly how to play him after all these years.

“Well-” Shane also leans over, looking up at him- “this baby *is* craving something else...”

Ilya blinks once, and a second time. Before he just goes on to hold Shane’s hand.

“We should go home. Now.”

An incredibly amused grin breaks out of Shane’s face as he stays exactly where he is, not letting Ilya pull him away from his shopping cart. “Ilya, the groceries.”

“Just leave it, I will order everything online.”

“But it’s all already here.”

“Shane, I will carry you to car.”

Shane scoffs. “Carry me and we’ll do it in the car.”

Ilya stops pulling at him for a second, looking like he was bluescreening. Like his brain just heard something and his instinct and logic are now fighting against themselves within him.

“That’s- that’s not safe... your stomach... the baby- we need space and... we can’t do it-”

Shane fights off the laughter threatening to erupt from his chest, quickly peeling Ilya’s fingers off from his wrist to go push his cart again, taking advantage of his husband going through a moral conundrum.

“Easy, Ilya. Don’t bite your tongue. You look like your mouth is going to start bubbling.”

But they do end up getting all those groceries, and bringing them all to their car. Ilya insisted on doing it all by himself while Shane could wait in the car. Shane had thought that Ilya was going to drive like a madman to get home faster, but he didn’t. He even made sure a couple of times that Shane was wearing his seatbelt.

Once their car pulls up to the driveway, Ilya quickly rushes out and takes all of the groceries inside even before Shane can get to the door.

“Anyaaa!!! Hello, baby girl. Yes, yes, we are home, we missed you too.” Shane hears from the patio. “But you need to go play outside, okay? Just a second. Do it for your dads, okay? Okay.”

Shane had just closed the door of their home, when Ilya finally reached back to him, no groceries or big puppy in hand but with an excited toothy grin plastered on his face.

Ilya gently envelopes Shane's cheeks in his hands, pressing their lips together as if he's been waiting the entire car ride to do this exact thing. Shane leans in, giving Ilya exactly what he wanted. Ilya is just about to sneak his tongue in when Shane pulls away with a determined expression.

"I want a tuna melt."

Ilya blinks, mouth still halfway opened and obviously not replying fast enough for Shane because the guy's face hardens.

"Make me a tuna melt."

Ilya pauses, closing his mouth, blinking a few times before just nodding. "Uh... okay?"

Shane's face softens up quickly, content with the answer. "But exactly how you did it before, exactly before."

Ilya racks his brain at that statement, giving a dazed look of bewilderment. He doesn't even remember making a tuna melt at any point in time this entire pregnancy.

"Before?"

Shane gives him a specific look. And Ilya finally understands.

"Ah. You mean the worst day of my life."

Shane grabs at his clothes. "Just make it!"

"Okay!"

Ilya moves away, a deep frown on his face, his head still turned towards Shane so his mean husband can clearly see his sulking.

"But I want another kiss when I'm done."

"After!"

"Anya, sweetie, go down."

Ilya lures their puppy who was making its home on Shane's lap with a chew treat. "Here, have treat, good girl."

Without any shame, Ilya takes the exact same spot on the couch, completely ignoring Shane's criticizing stare.

"You know you can just sit on my other side, you didn't need to get her off of me."

“I want full attention.” Ilya just hands him the plate full of food, completely unabashed.

Shane snorts, taking the food and quickly taking a large bite of the tuna melt, letting the taste spread in his mouth, eyes practically shining.

“Good?”

Shane nods, taking another bite. “Yeah. Perfect.”

With that, Shane just goes on to eat quietly, finishing one melt and quickly moving to the next. Ilya just sits next to him, watching his very boring, very beautiful, very pregnant husband eat the food he made in complete silence. Ilya also made some tuna melts for himself but he felt full just watching his Shane eat. He almost forgives the tuna melt for its past crimes. Almost.

It wasn't all quiet though. Ilya could hear Anya chewing on the treat he gave her. He could hear the boring hockey documentary he put on for Shane whose eyes are glued to the screen. Fuck, he could hear the loons outside doing that weird mating call. It was all so fucking boring, and normal, and just – what's the word? Domestic. Yes, domestic. Like wild dog brought in to live in someone's cozy home.

Ilya just chuckles to himself. He's so fucking happy to be domestic.

“Have you thought of a name for our little guy?”

Shane finally peels his eyes off of the documentary, glancing to Ilya at his side.

“Haven't really thought about that... Been a little preoccupied, if you could see.” Shane gestures down to his big stomach before taking another bite off of his third tuna melt. “Why? Do you have some in mind?”

Ilya scoots closer, placing one hand gently on Shane's baby bump, caressing the clothed skin with his palm. “How about Albert? Is traditional. Albert.”

Shane stops, finally putting down his plate and lowering the TV's volume.

“Albert? That's kinda-“

Ilya sighs. “Right. Boring. We should skip that. Kid will probably inherit enough boring from his dad.”

“Hey-“

“Maxim? Maxim could be good, Max-im,” Ilya tries on his tongue. “Strong name.”

Shane turns a bit towards Ilya, now fully invested in this conversation. “Maybe...”

“We can call him Max for short.” Shane places a hand on top of Ilya's on his belly. “And I knew a guy named Max back in junior-“

Ilya groans. “No, you ruined it. Can’t use it anymore.”

Shane laughs. “I was gonna say he was a good guy.”

“Yes, but I can’t have you remembering another guy when naming our son. That would be cheating.”

“I think that guy came out as asexual actually.”

Ilya deadpans. “Ah, so you are still keeping tabs on him? You still know him?”

Shane’s mouth hangs open, not having a single clue in how Ilya got that from what he said, absolutely floored about the sudden direction this conversation has taken.

“You’re ridiculous. You literally got me pregnant and-“

Shane just presses his lips together, taking a deep breath. He was not going to fall for this ragebait this time.

“Forget it,” Shane sighs, pressing a quick peck on Ilya’s cheek before making his back comfortable again on the couch, “think of another name.”

Ilya wasn’t ragebaiting though, at least not on purpose. His eyes are still locked in on Shane, partly still waiting for an answer on how the hell Shane is still getting updates on a guy he knew since junior league which was almost two decades ago under his watchful husband’s nose.

Ilya takes a short moment before just deciding to go back to their previous conversation, not forgetting this whole ordeal, but more like putting it on the back seat for now to circle back to later.

Ilya looks back down, giving Shane’s tummy another rub while the other fully lets him, not bothered in the slightest, before a certain name pops into Ilya’s head. “How ‘bout Lev?”

“Means lion in Russian. Very cool.”

“Lev? Le-av?” Shane raises his brows. “Hmm.”

“Right?” Ilya smiles.

Shane smiles back. “Sounds good.”

“Yeah?” Ilya sits upright, excited.

“Yeah. Lev,” Shane repeats one more time, seriously trying the word on his mouth before glancing back down at his own small baby bump, imagining their baby with that name.

“Yeah.”

“It sort of sounds like love. Like our son Lev is loved.”

Shane hums. *Lev*. He likes it.

Shane's gaze naturally lands back to Ilya who now has an unreadable expression on his face. "What?"

Ilya keeps his face still, taking a breath in, but it comes out shaky, eyes suddenly watering. Shane feels panicked. "Hey, hey, why? What's wrong? Did I say something?"

Ilya shakes his head, turning away for a second before looking back at Shane, lips shaking. "I want to say you took the cool out of it. But you made it sound so nice."

Ilya looks back down, as if he can see their baby right through Shane.

"Our son Lev is loved."

Shane wanted to tease him. He wanted to say something about how much of a crybaby Ilya is being right now that their actual baby might have competition once he's out. But he holds back, instead putting his hand on Ilya's cheek, wiping away the tear that finally fell down. "Your son will love you too, you know."

"You'll be a great father, Ilya."

Ilya lays his head down on Shane's lap, wrapping his arms around Shane's torso, holding his family gently, pressing his face to the bump, essentially wiping his tear-stained cheeks on Shane's shirt.

"I know. And he will love me more," he mumbled to Shane's stomach.

Shane snorts, hands finding their place on Ilya's head and back, "Sure, he will."

"Lev Ilyich Hollander-Rozanov..." Shane repeats out loud to their peaceful home. "Already sounds like a winning name."

Ilya pulls away a little bit to sneak a glance up at his husband, showing his reddened eyes. "Ilyich?"

"Yeah, he has to have your patronymic name, right?"

Ilya stills. He didn't even know Shane knew about that.

"I-I don't think is needed outside of Russia. He doesn't need to have Ilyich."

Shane just furrows his brows, confused. "But he *is* your son... Shouldn't he have your name?"

Ilya stays there, just staring at the absolute miracle of a man that is Shane Hollander. Ilya bites the inside of his lips to stop the sob that was threatening to come out. "Can he?"

Shane just pushes his curls back to see his eyes better.

“Of course. You’re his papa, aren’t you?”

“Shane, I love you so, so much, Милый.” The sob finally escapes his throat, tears falling down as he presses his face back again to Shane’s stomach, tightening his hold while Shane just holds him back. “I love you both.”

And as if responding on a command, Anya barks and jumps up on the couch, effectively landing and hopping on top of Ilya’s side.

“Sorry, sorry, I love you all! Anya, no! Hurts!”

Ilya is very attuned with his feelings these days. Or at least it’s much better than when they first got together. And that’s just not counting the multiple times he literally teared up over the smallest things. But he’s not the only crybaby in this pregnancy.

Ilya has been spending the better part of the day fixing up their nursery. He insists he has to get everything perfect for when their little Levushka finally comes out since Shane is merely days away, hell, possibly hours away from giving birth.

But he had to stop for a second.

Because Shane is on the floor of their nursery, crying with a hockey puck plushie in his arms.

“Lyubimyy, why cry?”

“Because you’re doing such a good job.”

“We did good job.”

Shane hiccups, pulling the plushie closer to his chest. “I didn’t do fucking nothing.”

Ilya chuckles, wiping away his tears with a smile as he sits on the floor next to Shane. “Yes, you are. Doing the hardest job of all.”

“No, I’m not!” Shane bursts.

“You’ve been working on the nursery all day, making sure everything is great for the baby!”

“I should probably get it done faster.”

“And here I am doing fucking nothing but just watching you!-“

“I like you watching.”

“And now, I want to jump you but I already put our baby in so much risk this entire pregnancy it’s just- god, I’m fucking terrible.”

Ah... Now, Ilya can see the problem. He knew he should've kept his shirt on when putting together that cabinet.

"Shanya..." Ilya cooed, getting behind a pregnant Shane, wrapping his arms gently around his torso.

"You wanting my dick is what made the baby. Our baby." Ilya kisses his neck, giving him a little squeeze.

"I don't think a baby who has my blood will hate you for that."

"Don't say that." Shane wipes his tears from his cheeks frustratedly, but still letting Ilya hold him. "He's gonna hear you."

"Hear what?"

"Those words. It's not good for the baby to keep hearing you say those things."

"What things? Like how you want my dick?"

Shane turns to hit his arm. "Ilya!"

Ilya wants to say that's not real. But he remembers reading about how some pregnant women put headphones to their stomachs to get their babies listen to classic music and make them smart.

So, Ilya isn't really sure what would happen if the baby keeps hearing about how much his daddy wants his papa. It shouldn't be bad. It's the whole reason for his existence anyway.

"Maybe- Maybe... it will make him a lover? Just like his fathers, yes?"

The angry and frustrated expression on Shane's face falls to one of quiet disbelief. Ilya leans away.

Obviously, that was the wrong answer.

Shane didn't want to jump Ilya anymore.

In fact, Shane wants their king-sized bed all to himself. Ilya has been banished to the guest room.

Ilya is woken up in the middle of the night to scoot over to make space for him though.

Just because Shane is mad doesn't mean Ilya gets out of his big spoon duties.

And it's really good for them too.

Because Ilya wakes up first when Shane's water broke.

Chapter End Notes

You know I almost wanted Shane to give birth on the same day they won the cup. But I wanted to have pregnant Shane a little longer. I feel like he should have the chance to enjoy it. Ilya certainly would.

also doing that pic took much longer than i thought pls just excuse the bad editing ty i also almost wrote a pregnant riding scene but that would be another 1k words ill just push that somewhere

Just fyi I do firmly subscribe to the idea of Hollanov Girl dads but there's a reason I promise. anywayyy thanks for reading!!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Am I actually going to make you read a somewhat descriptive telling of how Shane gives birth? Why yes. I scanned through like 3 mommy sites and 2 medical papers for this. It did not help.

Also, all the Russian translations are taken online. I apologize for that. I do not know Russian. And I barely know English. But pls enjoy

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

The birth is fast. Honestly? Kudos to Shane.

Whatever he was doing in those two months truly worked. But it was messier than Shane planned and more beautiful than Ilya ever imagined.

By the time Ilya has gotten them to the hospital, in horrifying record speed mind you (Shane will have a talk with him about that next time he's not in excruciating pain), Shane is practically ready to start pushing.

As the other father of the child, Ilya is invited inside to accompany the expectant parent and to provide as much comfort as he could. It's that, and also the fact that Shane would not let go of his hand. Not that Ilya would let go of his either.

To say that it's a stressful situation is a complete understatement. Ilya has been a high stakes athlete in a highly competitive sport for around a decade now and that doesn't even come close to how stressful this is. He brought their hospital bag from home and their backup hospital bag from the car. And at the end, he just handed it all to a random nurse somewhere.

And Ilya's learning so much. That one, he hates seeing Shane in pain more than anything in the world. He keeps apologizing every time Shane gasps or groans.

And two, that Shane is especially talkative when he's in pain (just like when he isn't). Ilya has prepared himself for this and just automatically apologizes and agrees to everything Shane says.

Ilya could hear some nurses snicker at Shane's words. He's been told not to take it to heart and that it's normal for the one giving birth to curse the father at this time.

Ilya simply smiles, saying he knows. He knew Shane would miss his dick and that no matter how many times he kept saying it, Shane was totally *not* 'going to cut it all off'. Though, Shane gripping his hand like he wants to break it is sending a different message.

The nurses would say that it was a very fast birth. But if you ask Shane, it took longer than he wanted it to. And if Ilya could give his two cents, he'd just say something about how he's so horrified about the extremely long time Shane had to suffer through.

But in less than two hours, they all hear the cry, everyone knew it's done. Ilya could only watch as some sort of relief finally spread across Shane's face.

Ilya barely remembers the next sort of events. He remembers thanking Shane over and over, whispering all sorts of nothings and everything to the man's ear who could only murmur a few things back like 'I love you too', 'that sucked', and 'you asshole'.

Ilya mostly only remembers the nurse calling their name as she brings over a bundle of towels. Ilya only got a small glimpse of him. Their son.

He was red. Very red. Tiny. Wrinkly. And so, so perfect.

The nurse says something about helping her with Shane's gown. To which Ilya quickly follows, Shane even helping by just letting them have at it before she finally places their newborn on Shane's chest.

Shane doesn't even have time to freeze at how fast things were going. He only tries his best to stabilize his breathing as his hand slowly comes up, fingers carefully patting the fragile skin of his baby's back.

Shane feels the foreign warm weight on him, the small movements against his chest, and the soft crying. Hell, Shane could feel glassiness in his own eyes too. He cranes his head down, pressing a small kiss on his baby's head. He's finally here.

Shane finally looks up at Ilya and sees the same teary eyes looking back at him.

Ilya is supposed to take pictures. Yuna specifically told him to take pictures at this time because she didn't have pictures of this, and that he's going to want them. But David told him he'd never get those pictures and that he should just melt into the moment. And Ilya thinks David might be right on that one.

Because this was the exact moment that Ilya knew. That all those times he said that this was the best day ever, he was lying. He did not know what he was saying. He really did not know. That life could be so good and yet life could get better. Because nothing was better than this.

Yuna and David are outside waiting, having rushed straight to the hospital since Ilya panicked them before he got Shane into the car.

By the time Ilya exits the room, he's still in full surgical gear. But his wide smile could be seen through the mask as he tells Yuna and David that Shane had a safe birth and that his son, or their grandson, is in perfect health.

They have a mini celebration full of smiles and tears just outside of that delivery room until they realize Ilya's hand needed medical attention.

He didn't even say anything, David just pointed out that some of his fingers didn't look right and he got scolded by Yuna for not telling anyone. He insisted Shane needed the hospital's attention more and that he could wait. He got scolded harder, only fully accepting it after Yuna reminded him that he is an athlete and his hands are his moneymakers. *'How are you going to feed my son **and** grandson with a busted hand, Ilya?'* Ilya practically ran to the ER to find someone who can help fix him. (He just needed an ice pack and some bandages)

By the time Shane wakes up, he finds himself in a hospital bed. Again. This time he doesn't feel as scared. But maybe that's just because he can feel a familiar hand on top of his.

"Ilya..."

The man quickly appears in front of Shane's vision.

"Shanya. Are you okay?" Ilya softly asks, hands already reaching up to touch Shane's cheek. "Do you feel okay? Do you need anything?"

"I'm alright." Shane lets Ilya kiss his forehead before asking the only thing in his head.

"How is he?"

Oh, Ilya has a million ways to answer that question.

He looks exactly like Shane.

Shane gave birth to a mini Shane.

Their baby is a mini Shane.

Ilya now has a mini Shane.

Ilya has won in life.

But instead of saying all that, Ilya simply summarizes.

"He is perfect," Ilya answers with the softest smile on his face. "You are perfect. Thank you. You are amazing."

Shane lets Ilya kiss his cheek. "Don't you ever forget that."

"Never. I love you."

"I love you too." Shane blinks up, just staring at Ilya, taking a moment to be still, letting it all sink in. Ilya also quiets down, just staring back at Shane, caressing his husband's hand with his thumb before Shane finally breaks the silence.

"Can I see him?"

"They're giving him test. They say they will bring him when done."

“Are you sure you’re okay? Drink water.” Ilya presses a quick peck on Shane’s hand before reaching for a glass near the table.

Just as Shane takes a generous sip under Ilya’s advice ~~nagging~~, the door opens to a smiling older nurse wheeling in a bassinet.

“Daddies! Here is your little prince!”

The nurse carefully wheels the bassinet over, parking it at the side of the couple. “Your baby boy is a perfectly healthy 6 pounds and 2 ounces. We’ve got him fed, cleaned up and all ready to meet you!”

Both Shane and Ilya lean over to see their baby boy, all cute and bundled up in their little swaddle.

“He’s so small...” Shane whispers, hand reaching out to cautiously touch the towel enveloping his baby.

“Oh, cherish it,” the nurse merely chuckles, as if she’s already used to getting this type of reaction from new parents. “They plump up in no time.”

Ilya just nods. “Ah. He’s grower. I get.”

Shane snaps out of his little trance to turn his head towards his ridiculous husband.

“That’s the first impression you want to give our son? Are you serious?”

Ilya just grins and shrugs. “What first impression? We’ve been talking for while now.”

“Yes, Lev? You know papa, yes?” Ilya reaches over, holding the end of the swaddle, making big exaggerated faces over the bassinet.

He looks back at Shane with a satisfied face. “See? He agrees.”

“Hilarious.”

“Would you like to hold him?” Shane’s attention is taken back to the nurse’s question, not even ready at the slightest.

But before Shane could actually hesitate, the nurse has already scooped their baby up from the crib and is already heading towards him.

“Hold him like this.” Shane assumes his previously practiced position as the nurse just expertly plops his baby onto him, guiding his hand where it needs to go. “Careful with the head.”

Shane doesn’t dare to move. “Like this?”

“Exactly. You’re a natural.”

To those words, Shane finally relaxes, looking down at the adorable tiny, tiny face he had been looking forward to seeing for months. Now, at long last, he's finally here, finally in Shane's arms.

"Hi there..." Shane tugs on the swaddle's collar, a soft smile on his face. "I'm Shane. I'm your dad."

He hears an ugly snort go off beside him.

"Shane, are you seriously talking to our Lev like this?"

"Right." Shane purses his lips. Ilya had a point. "He probably already knows that."

Ilya bites the inside of his cheek.

"No, no. Let me. Lev, I am your other dad. Ilya Grigoryevich Hollander-Rozanov. Is pleasure to meet you."

Shane just turns his head towards Ilya who has a big teasing grin on his face.

"If you're such an expert at talking to him, you hold him."

The grin on Ilya's face falls to an uneasy look as he turns to the nurse and to Shane. "Can I?"

Ilya quickly places both arms in front of him, bracing himself already, before confusedly opening his arms back up, unsure. "Is it bad if I- do I just take- or does Shane do it?"

"Of course, you can transfer. Just be careful, mind the head."

Shane repeats what the nurse did exactly to him, making sure to arrange Ilya's arms, smiling as he watches the uneasiness of his own husband, stopping himself from laughing when he sees that Ilya is even more stiff than he was.

"Okay. Okay. This good?"

"Perfect, dad."

Ilya just keeps his attention down at the baby, who is peacefully resting on Ilya's arms that Shane just couldn't help but stare at the sight of Ilya giving Lev an experimental bounce in his arms.

The nurse just loudly awes at the sight of the new family before clapping her hands together. "I'll give you a moment with your baby, I'll be right back to get the forms and we can officially get baby boy his name!"

The couple both thanks the nurse, who just waves at them before promptly exiting the room.

Shane's attention lands back at his father-son duo. Ilya's stiffness has really dissipated because now he's already softly bouncing their son in his arms.

“Lev. Lyovushka,” Ilya sings lowly, kissing the swaddle. “Hello.”

Ilya’s eyes suddenly pop when little Lev moves. “Oh. Oh! He did something. Did you see that? He likes me better already!”

Shane just looks at Ilya. “He just yawned.”

Ilya just smiles at the baby, fixing his hold expertly as if he wasn’t anxious about it a few seconds ago. “Yes. That is sign. Lev has already chosen his favorite father.”

“Did he?”

“Yes,” Ilya says with conviction. “We have that connection.”

“Even though I gave birth to him?”

“... you have connection too.”

Shane snorts as he watches Ilya give his full attention to the baby, whispering all sorts of words, some even in Russian that Shane could barely understand. He thinks he should just let Ilya have this one. He totally should. It’s easier that way.

But Shane is not that person. And Shane still remembers that shit Ilya said to him before they went to sleep that night. And maybe it was the events, or the high after giving birth, or the hospital talking...

“Hey, Ilya.”

But Shane knew just how to get back at him.

“Yes, anything you need, moya lyubov.” Ilya doesn’t even bother looking at him, eyes still focused on their yawning baby. Shane had to push down the corners of his lips to keep a straight face.

“I know we talked about naming him Lev. But now...”

“Yeah?” Ilya doesn’t even look up.

“I’m thinking he looks more like a Hayden.”

Ilya’s head snaps back to Shane, who is peacefully reclined on the hospital bed, delightfully smiling at him and their baby like he just didn’t say the most vile sentence Ilya has ever heard.

“...What?”

Shane just hums. “I said we can name him Hayden.”

“Instead of Lev, he can be Hayden Ilyich Hollander-Rozanov.”

Bile rose up in Ilya's mouth.

“What? What’s wrong?” Shane is fighting the grin from his face. Now, he had Ilya’s attention.

“Shane... Shane. I- No.”

“What? Why?”

“Shanya....” Ilya turns his whole body towards Shane, giving Lev- no, Hayden- NO, LEV a quick glance before looking desperately back at his husband. “Shanya. Are you sure you’re okay? Should we call doctor?”

“I’m fine. Don’t you think it suits him?” Shane carefully sits up, smiling at their baby in Ilya’s arms. “Hi, Hayden.”

Ilya just holds their little baby closer to his chest, moving away, aghast. “Shane. Please.”

Shane is this close to laughing.

“What? It’s a great name.”

Ilya looked as if his world was falling apart. “Shane- I- this is-“

“Our son is just born. We can’t already abandon him.”

Shane laughs in disbelief. “You’re a dick. Just give Hayden to me.”

“No! Stop saying that! He is not Hay-“ Ilya stops his own mouth, not even wanting to say it- “Shane!”

And just in time, the nurse comes back with a notable stack of papers in hand.

“Alright, who’s ready to name our baby boy!”

Shane just raises his head.

“Please bring it here.”

“No! Wait!” Ilya finally stands up from his chair. “We need more time.”

“No, I think we already decided-“

“No, we need more time. Please get the paper out of here. Please. Go.”

“Ilya, you’re scaring the nurse.” Shane had full intention of writing the right name but Ilya had already gone up and blocked the baffled nurse from getting any closer.

“Please, I think my husband is still on the drugs. He is not thinking okay.”

“Ilya!”

“Please go back later. Run if you have to.”

“Oh my god.”

It took a bit of convincing before the birth certificate was filled up.

Shane fully thought Ilya was going to just go ahead and write the name he wanted while Shane is stuck on the hospital bed.

But instead, Ilya still handed the papers over to Shane to write. Shane asks him why when he could just do it himself.

“You are the one who carried him, you decide.”

Shane really couldn't do anything after that. He was going to write the one they agreed to anyway.

When he sees the paper, Ilya smiles like he won, relieved. He even promises Shane can name all their next kids.

Shane thinks that's a pretty good deal for something he already agreed to and will make sure Ilya keeps his word.

Meanwhile, Ilya is just stoked Shane didn't turn down the possibility of having more in the future.

“I'm grandma.” Yuna waves as David smiles next to her as she holds little Lev. “Grandpa. Grand-pa. That's me.”

“Mom, Dad, he hasn't even opened his eyes yet. Lev won't be able to say any of that.”

“We just want him to get used to the family,” Yuna reasons out before handing the baby carefully over to David who laughs happily. “Come to Grandpa... Grand- pa.”

Yuna finally turns towards her son, who is being spoon-fed some soup by her son-in-law. (Ilya insisted on feeding Shane because *‘shane, you have to focus on healing. I will feed you. ah~ open’*)

Yuna pats her son's leg through the blanket, worried for her own baby. “So, how are you feeling?”

Shane shrugs like it's nothing.

“A little numb. A little opened up. But otherwise, fine.”

“Yes, he is used to that.”

Shane glares at Ilya who is already happily holding up another spoonful of soup by his mouth. Shane still opens up though, but not without a warning look.

Yuna, on the other hand, purses her lips. She loves that they're very passionate (it's how she got a grandbaby, she'll never complain about that) but she'll never get used to this.

"I'll allow it for now because you two are already married and everything but you better not be talking like that in front of my grandson."

"Mom." Shane's face flattens at his mother. "Married grown adult."

"With a kid!" Shane practically whines as he points towards his dad, who is eagerly swaying Lev in his arms in the middle of the room. "Grand- pa!"

Yuna just holds her hands up. "I'm just thinking about Lev here. We don't want him to pick up any bad habits."

Yuna just juts her thumb behind her, pointing at her heavily focused husband. "You think we weren't mean-talking sailors at some point? No. That was all for you. Our spoiled little boy."

"Grandpa!"

Ilya stifles a laugh. "Grandpa over there doesn't sound like he was ever sailor."

Yuna turns around just in time to see the funny faces David is making at their grandson. She chuckles. "Fine, it was probably more me than your dad but the point still stands."

Shane just shakes his head, finally giving a defeated nod. "Fine. We'll keep that in mind. Thank you, mom."

"But why'd you bring us all this stuff?" Shane finally asks the question he has been thinking about all this time, pointing towards the big bags of seemingly groceries his parents brought over, notably the two wholesale-size bags of diapers that look like they can provide for thirty babies.

"Do we really need all these diapers?"

"Shane." Ilya just faces his husband with a somewhat serious face. "This will last like a week."

"I get that, but they could've just brought it to our h- wait, how do you know that?"

Ilya just coyly plays with the soup in his hand, looking a bit proud of himself. "I read it. The books said--"

"Oh. So you're a reader now?"

"Yes. Because I am good father."

"Oh?"

"Yes. And even better husband," Ilya says as he nears the spoon back to Shane's serene face. Sometimes Ilya can get really annoying, but when he's being this sweet, Shane finds that he

really can't say no to that face.

"Yes. You are."

"This is all lovely, but both of you need to start being aware of who's in the room."

After that, one by one, their family and friends are notified. Some ask for the best time and schedule to visit, wanting to respect the privacy of the couple while the closest ones get dibs. And who else is the closest but-

"Hayden, watch his head. Watch his head."

The guy just laughs and adjusts his hold.

"Dude, I've got like 5 kids. I know how to hold a newborn."

"Plus, he was inside you when you won the playoffs," Hayden lightheartedly jokes, pressing a gloved finger to little Lev's cheek.

"I don't think this guy's that fragile."

Shane purses his lips.

And Ilya jumps.

"He is newborn, of course, he's fragile," Ilya barks, his tone sharp. "Please take care of our baby."

Ilya's gaze just got sharper if that was even impossible.

"Or this is first and last time you will be holding him, Pike."

Hayden just widens his eyes, nodding, displaying defeat. "Damn. Papa bear is fierce today."

"It's going to be everyday," Ilya answers pointedly before turning to watch Shane with a different, softer expression. "For the rest of our lives." He kisses Shane's cheek.

For some reason, the stark difference just tickles Shane.

"Stop, Ilya," he chuckles before just nodding over to his best friend. "Just watch his neck, Hayden. I saw how you used to hold Ruby."

Hayden scoffs. "And now, she's healthy and one of the biggest kids in her class."

"Honestly, I thought this one was gonna be bigger given the giants you two are."

Shane rolls his eyes and was about to tell him to fuck off when-

"Seriously Pike, did you come here with list of all the wrong things to say?"

“I was just making conversation. It’s good he’s a little small. Easier for Shane, right, Jackie?”

Jackie didn’t even have time to reply because Ilya was already at Hayden’s ass.

“Baby is great weight. He is perfect,” Ilya says firmly, “Shane did amazing job.”

“Alright. Alright. Thank you for defending my honor,” Shane interrupts his husband’s speech, patting Ilya’s hand with his to calm him before it gets too far.

Shane just turns towards his friend and gestures over. “Hayden, can you give him back? I think it’s time to feed.”

Hayden just gingerly gets closer, bit sad about not having had enough time with his cute new nephew.

He is just about to transfer Lev over to Ilya’s unamused arms when-

“See. This is reason why we didn’t name him after you.”

Hayden pauses, stepping back. “What. You guys almost named him after me?”

Shane sucks in his lips.

“Well-“

“Yes and it was unanimous no.”

Ilya’s face just blanks as he looks at Hayden’s pitiful attempt to appeal to his empathy. There is none for Pike there.

“We love our son and don’t want to commit child abuse.” Ilya opens his arms back up, face stoic. “Give.”

But instead of handing over the most precious goods, Hayden just pulls the baby back to himself, head turning towards his best friend with a confused and hurt expression. “Shane?”

Shane merely smiled. “I tried.”

“Give us back our baby, Pike.” Ilya gets closer, tone completely serious.

“Is last time I tell you.”

Ilya places his arm under Hayden’s, practically forcing Hayden to give him the baby, but the guy had more to ask.

“Did I do something? Why- why’d you guys change your mind?”

Ilya looks him in the eye.

“Remember this for rest of your life. You lost your chance to be part of something amazing for once.”

Hayden's hurt face changes to an appalled one as he holds Ilya's serious gaze. Even he knew, Ilya meant every word.

"Dude. What did I ever do to you?"

"You want list?"

"Okay, that's enough," Shane calls out as two of the most important men in his life finally separate, with Lev now in Ilya's victorious arms.

"Yes. Get out. We need to feed the baby." Ilya nudges ~~kicks~~ Hayden's leg. "Jackie can stay. And the gifts."

Ilya then politely smiles over at the woman who was amusedly watching everything unfold over her seat next to Shane.

"Thank you for the gifts again, Jackie."

"You're welcome," she happily replies, glancing over at Shane. "And for the record, a small baby is amazing. You'll get to see them grow in real-time."

Shane carefully takes Lev from Ilya, the prepped bottle already in his hand. Shane fixes his hold just in time to see Lev open his eyes, almost winking at him. Shane smiles. "I just hope it's not too fast."

"Oh, I don't have any advice for that other than just don't blink."

Shane chuckles. "Thanks, Jackie."

"Wait. Is this still about Ruby? She was a slippery baby, okay!? Guys!?"

In a few hours, those who need a plane ride finally get their time. Because the other best friend seriously refuses not to be one of the firsts to meet Lev.

"OH MY GOD! SHANIE!"

"Rose!" Shane sits up straight as that familiar blonde excitedly rushes to his side and envelops him in a big hug.

"Do not run, malyshka!" Svetlana's heels click hurriedly on the hospital floor as she enters the room. "Hollander is not leaving the bed anytime soon!"

Shane cranes his head from Rose's embrace. "I'm actually cleared to leave in a few hours. Hi, Svetlana."

"Hello, Shane, you look well."

"Then I'm so glad we still caught you and- God, look at you!"

Rose holds Shane's face in her hands, sitting on the bed like it was hers, visibly fighting the urge to not maul her ridiculously pretty best friend. "You really got that new parent glow. It's *gorg* on you."

Shane just lets her, happy to see her after so long. "Thanks, it's sweat."

On the other side of the room, a similar reunion is happening at a different excitement level.

Ilya opens his arms to his best friend who fashionably only had a small paper bag as a gift.

"Света. Давно не виделись." (Sveta. It's been so long.)

Svetlana lets Ilya give her a quick hug. "Это потому, что ты редко звонишь." (That's because you don't call often.)

"У меня классный муж. Подай на меня в суд." (I have hot husband. Sue me.)

"А у меня классная жена. И тем не менее я здесь." (And I have hot wife. Yet I'm here.)

"Справедливо." (Fair.)

Rose continues on and on about this stupid movie that held her up from watching Shane's games personally but she notes how amazing he was on that ice and that she's so proud he got the winning shot when her eye catches the crib on the side and gasps. "Ah! It's him!"

Rose stands up, quickly making her way over to the bassinet at the sleeping bundle of joy. Rose had to bite her lip to stop the squeal that's threatening to burst out.

"Oh, your baby is so, so cute!" She shout-whispers, face contorting from the cuteness.

"What's this little angel's name?"

"Lev Ilyich Hollander-Rozanov," Shane proudly introduces as he looks over his own son fondly as well. Rose awes out loud. "Little Lev! Oh how beautiful!"

From the foot of the bed, Svetlana and Ilya stand side-by-side, just watching their attractive spouses clamor over the baby.

Svetlana hums upon mention of the full name.

"Вижу, ты добился своего." (I see you got your way.)

"Конечно." (Naturally.)

"Хм. И чем это тебе обошлось?" (Hmm. And what did it cost you?)

Ilya snorts. "Ничем. Моя Шаня меня любит." (Nothing. My Shanya loves me.)

Svetlana raises a brow.

“Шейн будет выбирать имя следующему ребенку. И всем последующим.” (Shane gets to name the next one. And all the kids after that.)

“А, ты всё ещё планируешь завести ещё?” (Ah, you’re still planning more?)

Ilya grins like a fat kid in a candy store. “Думаю, он еще не осознал, на что согласился.” (I don’t think he knows what he agreed to yet.)

Svetlana smiles, shaking her head. “Вы оба безнадежны.” (Both of you are hopeless.)

Ilya merely waves her over to the bassinet as well. “Иди посмотри.” (Come look.)

With their spouses talking below, Svetlana and Ilya sneak a peek over to the crib. Svetlana nods at her new nephew.

“Выглядит крепким. Симпатичный малыш.” (Looks strong. Good-looking kid.)

She turns her head to the side, a small smirk on her lips.

“Хотя больше похож на Холландера.” (Looks more like Hollander though.)

“Да, да, он так и делает.” (Yes, yes he does.)

She pulls away, looking over at the smiling Ilya, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Ты — единственный русский отец, которого я знаю, кто бы на это улыбнулся.” (You’re the only Russian father I know who would smile at that.)

“Мы не знаем много хороших русских отцов.” (We don’t know many good Russian fathers.)

She hums again. “Справедливо.” (Fair.)

Just as the two Russians finally turned their attention back to their spouses, Rose is already looking back and reaching for Svetlana’s hand.

Sveta spares Ilya a small glance before she goes over to stand behind her wife, already knowing what she means. Ilya raises a brow as he also sides by Shane.

“We have something to tell you guys too, by the way.”

“Oh?” Ilya sits next to Shane’s side, already suspicious. “Are you planning to take our thunder?”

Svetlana merely smiles, resting her head on top of her Rose’s for a moment. “Yes. Exactly.”

Shane can only give a confused glance while Ilya laughs and shakes his head at the couple.

“How? We are literally stars of the show. We have baby. What do you have? Another movie?” Shane just swats at Ilya’s hand, a silent reminder not to be rude.

But instead of rolling her eyes, Rose's smile gets wider as she starts to open her small handbag. "Funny you said that."

Rose stops for a second, peeking at Sveta who only nods, smirking herself. "Show them, moya lyubov."

With that, Rose pauses, looking over a baffled Shane and an invested Ilya before pulling out something very, very familiar.

"TADA!"

"Holy shit!"

"What?! Oh my god, Rose!"

"Yes!" She cheers, shaking her sonogram in her hands in excitement. "OUR BABIES CAN BE BEST FRIENDS!"

"This. This is stealing thunder." Svetlana just happily grins, quite possibly the happiest Ilya has ever seen her smile.

"We're so happy for you-!" "Did you plan this?!"

Shane stops his excitement for a while to look disapprovingly at Ilya. But Svetlana already waves him away.

"No, doctor said moya zhena is four months in," she supplies, pressing a quick kiss on Rose's hair, before smirking at a puzzled Ilya.

"Baby was here even before you won the playoffs."

Rose nods, happy to finally get this news off of her chest. "So, yes. So we totally did not plan this just to one-up you."

"Or did we?"

Rose just nudges her wife from below her. "Babe..."

"But I'm really so glad I can finally tell you," Rose confesses as her hand searches for Shane's who also grips it just as tight.

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"Well, I didn't want to stress you! Plus my movie contract was a bitch. They wouldn't let me say anything until a few weeks ago!"

Shane nods, smiling at the great news. "Well, I mean- it's nice our kids are going to be the same age. They can be close."

"They can be best friends too!"

Shane smiles back, happy to have somehow already secured a friend for his son.

And the two would end up being somewhat right, in a few more years or so. Although, their kids don't become best friends like they thought, but they will become close, very, *very* close.

But that's a story for another time.

Ilya had just gotten Shane and Lev from the wheelchair to the jeep when Ilya's phone rings.

Shane raises his head from the backseat, rearranging Lev in his car seat.

"Who's that on the phone?"

The man just narrows his eyes on the screen, confused himself. "Is Marley."

"From Boston?"

Ilya just nods before he picks up the call while putting the last hospital bag at the back.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Cap!"

Ilya snorts at the familiar voice.

"You're captain of Boston now, Marley. You don't have to call me Cap anymore."

"You'll always be Boston's captain, Roz."

Ilya chuckles, stopping at the open door of the backseat and pressing the loudspeaker so Shane can listen in on the conversation. "Okay, so what do you want? I assume you didn't call hockey god just because you miss him?"

Shane rolls his eyes as Ilya smiles.

"Hah! I didn't know I called Hollander. But yeah, you're right."

Ilya narrows his eyes while Shane raises a brow, amused.

"We heard Hollander already gave birth and me and a few of the guys want to pay our respects to the hockey's second generation."

Ilya's face sours, nearing the phone to his face. "How did they find out? I only texted you."

"...A good captain informs his team."

"Ah." Well, now that makes sense, Ilya did teach him that.

"So, yeah, I just wanted to ask if our nephew is already good for visits yet?"

Ilya purses his lips at that word. *Nephew*. It's been years. And his Boston team still treats him as family.

"Yes." Ilya's voice cracks, quickly coughing to cover it up while a grin breaks out of Shane's face. "Our son is already taking visits, yes."

Ilya flips Shane off as he removes it from the speakerphone, going back to his cocky tone. "About time you make your pilgrimage."

Shane swats Ilya's finger away, mutely and pointedly gesturing over to Lev, whose eyes are wide, looking at the both of them.

"I will ask Shane to be sure. Will send you the details, yes, probably better to come to home than hospital."

Ilya just smiles and waves at Lev, hoping he did not see that.

"Make sure not to come empty handed!"

And with that, Ilya ends the call and Shane tells him to fucking watch himself when Lev's around. To which Ilya points at him with a smile. They stay at the parking lot for a hot second as Shane calculates if it will be worth it if he just leaves Ilya at the hospital and drive himself and their baby home. (He didn't. Shane needed a driver. But Ilya was on thin ice.)

And in a few days, almost the entirety of the Boston Raiders have raided their home, all bringing gifts with a very obvious similar theme. They all brought something either with a Boston Raiders logo, something quite obviously made from Boston or just plain bears all around.

Shane is shocked, but is heavily amused by the group effort it took to pull off. Ilya is incredibly ecstatic but feigns anger.

"No! No! Boys! I love you all but this is Centaurs house now. Not Bear house!"

"Once a Bear, always a Bear, Cap! Go raiders!"

Ilya cheers with them, giving his boys a hug, which all quickly evolved to a group hug between grown ass men. Shane smiles at the sight, even volunteering to take a picture of the Boston Raiders with Ilya and Lev, who's now in an adorable bear onesie and a Boston Raiders baby shirt.

A big bunch like that, even if they don't mean it and try their best to stay clean, will still cause a big ruckus and leave a big mess. Ilya apologizes for it and promises to clean it all up when they leave, but Shane just waves him off and tells him to not think about it and just have fun.

Mess can be cleaned up. But the smile on Ilya's face was priceless to Shane. He knew leaving Boston for a completely new team was hard for Ilya. So he's just really glad Ilya is still able to keep this support system even after leaving Boston. So if all Shane had to do was deep

clean his carpet and be buried in Boston Raider's merchandise for a while, then it was a worthwhile exchange.

(Luca finds out about this and reports it to the rest of the Centaurs. In less than 24 hours, Shane and Ilya's home would be drowning in both Bear and Horse plushies and Anya is the happiest pupper alive.)

But back to the first time they went home with Lev, they were as clueless as they came. Hell, they both entered their home like they were burglars in their own house.

"Is he supposed to be this quiet?" Ilya whispers as he tiptoes into their home, Shane hanging on his arm for support.

"I don't know," Shane whispers back, careful in his own strides, eyes not even leaving the car seat they had Lev on, who seems to be asleep and as quiet as they are.

"Can we- maybe we should call Mama," Ilya suggests as he helps Shane to the couch.

"I think she's driving," Shane mentions, looking just as worried as Ilya is.

"Then we can call your dad. Wait no, he's at the house with Anya."

Ilya sucks in his breath, racking his brain before he remembers something specific and just tries.

"You know, your mom said you were as quiet when you were baby too. So maybe this is also genetic."

Shane just looks at him. "Ilya, why the hell would it be ge--"

"Shane, his eyes are open," Ilya interrupts, pointing at the carrier.

Shane peeks over and he was right, Lev already has his eyes opened. "Oh, he's awake now."

They both stop, starting to have a little staring contest with their baby for a good second before Ilya just laughs at the situation. "What do we do?"

"Just look at how cute he is?" Shane suggests, poking at Lev's cheek who quickly yawns as he does. Ilya chuckles at the sight. "I can do that."

"Oh-! And he's moving." Ilya points, seeing Lev start to squirm, grinning down at the boy like the proud papa that he is. "It's good for baby to be moving."

Just as Shane is about to agree with him, he sees Lev take a deep breath and just release the biggest cry Shane has ever heard from him.

"He's crying! Why is he crying?" Shane cringes as he goes over and scoops Lev over into his arms from his carrier, never having heard this loud a sound come from his baby before.

Ilya just nods. “Good for baby to be crying. Show of strong lungs.”

Shane hears Lev slowly stop, but when he glances at him, he’s only taking another breath before a stronger cry echoes through their once quiet cottage.

“Ilya!” Shane calls out as he starts bouncing Lev in his arms in an attempt to calm him down.

“Woah. Very strong,” Ilya just comments, giving a thumbs up as if Lev’s scrunched up eyes could see it. “Good boy, Lev.”

Ilya goes closer, trying to use the positive reinforcement he read in the book when Lev gives another shriek loud enough to actually make Ilya pull away. *Positive reinforcement, my dick.*

“Too good, come here.”

Ilya finally takes the distressed newborn from an equally distressed Shane and starts to sway him while Shane volunteers to get a bottle going, making full use of their practiced teamwork over the years.

Because when Lev learned to start crying. He doesn’t seem to stop.

It almost made these two grown men want to cry too the first few times. Those first weeks were absolute hell. They practically had their parents and even the Pikes (mostly just Jackie) on speed dial. They understood how frustrating it is to hear your baby cry.

Good thing though, somehow, Lev always quiets down after a while. Like it’s just his way of getting their attention. Once they reach an understanding, everything just becomes clockwork.

“Fuck, that’s good, thanks mom, thanks dad.” Shane takes another big bite of the pasta his parents brought over with Ilya nodding profusely next to him, cheeks filled to the brim with food.

“Slow down, boys. We brought you the whole pot,” David laughs as he brings over another plateful while Yuna just smiles as she watches her boys gorge themselves on food. “Of course, what kind of parents would we be if we don’t take care of our babies when they’re taking care of their baby?”

The two just smile and continue to eat, as if this was their only break of the day. Yuna has been worried about them ever since their calls, which used to be almost five to six times a day, have dwindled down to barely even one.

“So we assume you guys are adjusting well?” She starts, carefully threading as she fishes for the answer to her question.

“We’ve certainly gotten far less calls nowadays. We assume you guys are now handling it.”

To her question, both men raise their heads from their plates of food.

“Yeah, we have system now,” Ilya answers first, barely having swallowed the food in his mouth with Shane nodding next to him. “It’s really good.”

That answer piques Yuna’s curiosity.

“Oh? What system?”

And as soon as she finishes those words, Lev’s cries echo through the halls, while another identical one could be heard from the mini baby monitor they brought to the dining room.

David stands up right away. “I got this one, boys. You guys rest.”

Ilya then rushes out of his seat, some sauce still on his face. “No, no. David. Sit. Sit. You are guest.”

David just takes another step. “It’s really oka-“

“No. No. You already brought the food. You talk to your son. I will go to my son.”

Ilya practically ushers David to his seat before kissing the top of his head and turning to Shane and making grabby hands.

“Is my turn. Hand me the stopwatch.”

Shane just continues to chew as he digs into his pocket, giving Ilya a pointed look.

“Don’t stop it too early.”

“I’m not a cheater. Just winner.” Ilya kisses his cheek before he leaves towards the sound of the crying.

Yuna then turns her head back to her son who is now watching the baby monitor over at the counter.

“Stopwatch? What’s that about?”

Shane then turns his attention back to her, eyes still flickering towards the screen as Ilya finally shows up inside the nursery.

“Oh. Ilya and I- we have a bet going on about who can get Lev to calm down faster.”

Shane’s eyes go back to the monitor, attention seemingly trained on the small thing. “Right now, he’s winning by a couple of seconds but he’s convinced he can get it lower.”

Yuna’s eyes widens at that statement. “Oh, wow.”

An impressed look turns her face as the idea sinks in. That’s genius.

“That sounds great,” she says, incredibly delighted at the information. “Is that the system? You got him thinking it’s a challenge?”

“That’s so smart of you-“

Yuna is just about to congratulate her son for finding a way to manipulate his husband into being more proactive in childcare when Shane just turns his head back at her, unsure what she was so happy about.

Yuna stops.

“Oh.”

Her son is competing too.

They don’t really fight about responsibilities regarding Lev, they love spending time with him. And parenthood was all about the highs and lows. They just somehow hit the jackpot because it seems like they were blessed with a pretty chill baby.

Though, there are those occasional nights...

Lev’s cries echo throughout the halls and into their open door, not to mention the baby monitor doubling the sound closer.

“Ilyaaaaa.” Shane just nudges Ilya through the blankets. “He’s awake. I know you can hear him.”

“You are closer,” Ilya mutters even though he was already getting up.

“You named him.”

Ilya doesn’t argue back. That part is true.

Ilya just waddles down the hallways, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes as he opens the door for the nursery.

Sometimes, they’re really helpful. But at choice times, Ilya’s not really sure how good those parenting books really are when they recommend giving the baby their own room. One of these days, Ilya is going to convince Shane to just put Lev in their room just to make things easier.

It’s just more convenient, and safer, and Ilya won’t have to go on a small journey just to stop hearing their precious son cry from the monitor AND from the other room down the hall.

Ilya walks towards the crib and just looks down at his very awake and very alert son squirming around his should’ve-been very cozy bed. “I still can’t believe you are so small but your voice is already this powerful.”

Ilya leans over the crib, carefully bringing a crying Lev over to his chest with practiced precision.

Ilya gives him a pat or two and sways him around, just like he knows Lev likes before pulling him a closer and whispering, “Lyovushka... I am very proud to be your papa.”

“You can act like this with me. Is okay,” he lowly goes on, never stopping to sway around the room. “But please. Be kind to your dad.”

“He has not slept in days. He keeps waking up to feed you, Зайчик (little bunny).”

“Just a little quiet, okay?” Ilya smiles as he sees Lev slowly calm down, knowing he finally got him to understand. “Yes, like that. Just shhhh...”

“You are already like your dad, ah? Just a few words from papa and you quiet down. Heh... Don’t tell him I said that.”

With a few more steps here and there, Ilya finally sees Lev flutter his beautiful little eyes closed. He presses a small kiss on his forehead as he walks carefully towards the crib. “We love you very much, Lyovushka.”

“Shhhh...” Ilya finally gets him down on the crib, all peaceful and asleep, before he turns to book it out of the room.

But just as he is about to make his grand escape, Ilya sees a familiar face over by the door.

“Shane? Why are you up-“

Ilya hears a little whine from the crib.

Ilya quickly and quietly rushes out of the nursery, nudging Shane out of the way as he softly closes the door.

“Go. Go. He is asleep. We should get some sleep too while we can-“

Shane kisses him. Right out of the blue. Right there against the door of their newborn son’s nursery.

Ilya returns the kiss, letting Shane slip his tongue and grip his hair for a good moment. Now, maybe he's still lightheaded from the lack of sleep, but Ilya stupidly pulls away.

Shane, confused by the action, tries to chase after Ilya’s lips but his own eyes already formed their own question.

“What’s with the face?”

“Am thinking.”

Shane is just getting more confused. “Thinking about what?”

“How tired we are.”

“Okay??... and?”

Ilya looks like it physically pained him to say the next few words. “Shanya. We can’t.”

“We can’t what?”

Ilya seems like he’s going to cry. “We can’t fuck right now. Sleep is more important. You need to be healthy. Doctor said so.”

Shane could laugh so hard right now. If only he wasn’t in front of his baby’s room and he wasn’t already so fucking horny about how good of a dad Ilya was being a few minutes ago.

Shane saw the whole thing. He felt really guilty waking Ilya up when he knew both of them were tired. So he stood up and followed him just a minute later, just enough time to watch Ilya expertly handle their son. And at that point, Shane shouldn’t be held accountable for his next actions.

“...We can do it for five minutes. Then sleep right after. Just five.”

Ilya turns his head over, surprised to even have this option.

“Are you sure?”

Without even answering that question, Shane just takes him by the hand and brings Ilya back over to their room to show him how sure he is.

Ilya now understands why their son needs to stay in his own room a few doors down.

There is the sound of running- no, rushed walking down the hall.

“Shane. Shane. I think Lyovushka said something and-! What are you doing?”

Shane quickly gets up from his position on the floor, wiping away the sweat on his forehead.

“Just some stretches,” he answers coolly, acting as if he just wasn’t caught red handed doing what Ilya explicitly told him not to do several times.

Shane’s eyes flicker up to his husband who is holding their smiling baby and just staring at him, eyes wide, face serious, looking as though he is waiting for the actual explanation.

“The- The doctor said it’s good for my body to start being more active. So I’m starting with stretching.”

“Please. I stretch you better than- are those barbels. Shane!”

Shane glances down at the unracked set scattered on the floor. He purses his lips.

He could lie to Ilya. He really could. He could deny everything.

But one more look at his scandalized worrywart of a husband and their clueless bright-eyed 3-month-old, Shane couldn’t bring himself to. Lev doesn’t need to learn that from him.

“...I just needed some weight.”

Ilya’s jaw drops in pure disbelief, expertly moving little Lev in his hold so that the little boy would be sitting on Ilya’s palm.

“The doctor said no strenuous activities! This is strenuous!” Ilya gestures to the things on the floor with the baby.

“You cannot do this!”

Shane just smiles.

“Wow. Strenuous.”

He knew Ilya would immediately cling onto that word the exact moment the doctor first explained it to them. “Like what you do to me isn’t already that.”

“Yes.” Ilya nods with no hesitation, still serious, simply adjusting his hold on the baby who was happily munching on his own fingers.

“Shane. You can’t do it.” Without even looking, Ilya removes Lev’s fingers from his own mouth as he pointedly scolds Shane, whose eyes are flickering from Ilya to the baby every now and then.

“The doctor said-“

“-said I can start conditioning my body.”

“Not with barbels, Shane.”

“I need to firm up.”

“You are already firm.” Ilya gets closer to him, eyes scanning over his body like he should catch a case from it. “Very firm every night.”

Shane chuckles, shaking his head a bit as he also leans over to whisper, fully encouraging this behavior. “Shh. Lev can hear.”

“What do my two babies want anyway?” Shane lowers himself a bit and presses a big smooch on Lev’s chubby cheek before turning towards Ilya, lips still primed.

Despite the disapproving pout on Ilya’s face, he still offers his cheek for Shane’s kiss. “This is not over yet.”

Then a wide grin transforms his face as he raises their bouncing baby boy.

“But our Lyovushka said a word.”

“He did? Holy-“ Shane stops himself. “Isn’t that too early? What word?”

Ilya happily raises the smiling baby up to his face. “He said. WAH.”

A normal person would have just blinked and chalk it up to doting parents being suckers for their kids.

But Shane is the other dad. So he's just as fucking stoked as Ilya.

"Wow. What word is that?"

Ilya just lowers him back down, looking at Lev curiously as well.

"... do not know. But I think it's because I interrupted him. He said it just like that and I panicked and brought him here."

Ilya just laughs, giving Lev another bounce in his hold, just enough for the boy to laugh in that sweet tone again. "He is so cute."

"Yeah. He is cute," Shane agrees. They may have the smiley-est baby out there.

"He looks like you," Ilya points with a smile, "so cute."

"I'm not cute."

"Do you not see what I see?" Ilya practically jiggles the baby to his face. "Proof."

Everyone around them says Lev is just like a baby Shane. But Shane thinks he resembles Ilya more. Those curls look like it was practically plucked from Ilya's head.

"Sure," Shane just yields, simply nodding over at his husband. "Adorable."

"Yes," Ilya sighs, bringing Lev over to rest in his chest and so he can look at how adorable he is when a certain thought hits him.

"We should try for a girl," Ilya blurts out, just shrugging at Shane. "You know. Next time."

Ilya just grins, fully expecting Shane to curse him out, or to talk about the pain of childbirth. About how maybe he should be the one to do it if he thinks it's such a good idea. (Ilya is open but he's not sure how that's gonna happen when his bottom husband refuses to do anything but bottom.)

"That will be nice."

"I know, but we never know what future hol- what did you say?" Ilya's head snaps back over to Shane, unsure of what he just heard. "Seriously?"

Shane just shrugs as he gives Lev's cheek a little pinch. "I think it would be nice for Lev to have siblings. And I'd be really happy if we get a girl too."

"We've babysat Hayden's girls. And as much as he keeps complaining about them, he loves taking care of them. Would be nice to have a girl too."

Shane finally raises his head from his baby to face his other bigger baby, stifling his own laugh when he sees Ilya's shellshocked face. "What? What's with that look? Change your mind already?"

Ilya just shakes his head, practically forcing his brain to wrap around what Shane just said.

"No. Is great. I just didn't think you would agree so fast."

"I mean we just got this one, and he's amazing." Shane just tips his head to the side, eyes just landing back on their precious boy. "No reason to just stop there."

The grin that slowly spread throughout Ilya's face is one for the ages. Oh, Ilya really just keeps winning.

"Yes. That's nice. We get one of each."

To that, Shane's actions stop, face scrunching up at that statement.

"Don't... say it like that."

Now Ilya's back to being confused. "Like what?"

"Like we can just order the kid's gender." Shane laughs, somewhat blown away over the fact that he's actually even having this conversation.

"What if we get another boy? What? You're just gonna push him back into me?"

"No." Ilya's face turns serious. "I will still love him. He will be our kid."

"You won't be disappointed?"

"Not disappointed. Never. I will never be disappointed in our kids."

"Uh huh. But you want a girl."

Now it was Ilya's turn to be a little offended.

"... A girl is amazing, Shane. No one would not like having a girl."

"I know that." Shane shakes his head, unsure how to start explaining it to his husband.

"But the way you're saying it, it sounds like you're just gonna keep getting me pregnant until I pop out a girl. Like that's your plan. Do you get what I mean- What? What's with that look now?"

Ilya had this face that can only be described as sensually holding in diarrhea.

"I know... I know the answer should be no... And that it is the right answer." Ilya looks over to Shane with a somewhat dangerous look in his eyes that it got the freckled man swallowing his own spit.

“But idea of keeping you pregnant is just-“ “WAH”

They both glance at the smiley baby in Ilya’s arms, who somehow manages to completely dissipate the tension in the room. The past conversation disappeared like that it never happened. They had bigger fish to fry.

“He did it again.”

“Is that Russian? That sounded like it could be Russian.”

“Maybe. Maybe. But it’s supposed to be va- have va sound.” Ilya turns Lev over at him, eyes holding such strong belief.

“C’mon, Lev. You can do it. VA.”

The two just watch as Lev just blinks once before laughing at the both of them, making them both smile despite the slight disappointment.

“Maybe Lev can’t make that sound yet.”

“Bout you? Is that English? Or French?”

“Uh... I don’t know. Could be any of them.”

They both stare at the wide-eyed baby for a long time, but the boy just giggles, waving his chubby arms up and down at his parents’ attention. They practically melt at the sight.

“Or...” Ilya starts.

“Or?”

“Or maybe he just want to talk to us? Just anything? I hear babies like getting included even when small,” Ilya offers, repeating back the words he remembers from that one parenting book he finished just last week.

Shane nods, already accepting the information as truth.

“That makes sense. We are already talking about having more kids when he can’t even walk yet.”

“Well, maybe he just wants to be included in plan.” Ilya puts down one hand so he can place the other around Shane’s waist, bringing him closer to the both of them.

“The only thing I learned from being with Shane Hollander is that his family really likes having a plan.”

Shane just shakes his head, knowing he couldn’t argue with that one. “We just like to be ready.”

“Though happy surprises are welcome.” Shane pokes his son’s cheek which elicits another smile on the baby. “Obviously.”

“And it’s not like we know when I’ll get pregnant anyway.”

“Can be a long time. Can be never.” Shane shrugs. “Maybe Lev would be an only child, who knows.”

Ilya hums, casually thinking it over. “Yes. But I think you would though. I bet you would.”

“You might lose your bet.”

“Oh, I think my dick will disagree.”

“WAH”

Ilya laughs. “See? Lev also thinks so!”

Shane can only shake his head at his ridiculous family.

But Shane does get pregnant though.

In just two years.

By the end of their thirties, Shane and Ilya ended up having three kids, fully cementing their reputation as that one overachieving gay couple.

That’s all while setting and creating quite possibly the most decorated trophy room (wink) the entire MHL could ever lay their eyes on.

They get pregnant with their fourth in their early forties. Shane has threatened Ilya with a vasectomy. Ilya suggests they can try starting to pull out first. (Both options are not used. They freakily love each other way too much. And they wouldn't have it any other way.)

Chapter End Notes

why yes this entire fic did hang on the fact that I really thought it was funny for them to have a son just so Shane can ragebait Ilya by possibly naming their son after Hayden. Everything else came after.

I hope everyone enjoyed the fic as much as i enjoyed squeezing it out of my sleep deprived brain

Also I’m thinking of having fics about their kids as well cause let’s be honest Hollanov will be amazing parents but the genetic makeup of them kids would ensure chaotic fun with or without good parental upbringing so yeaaaa

also i finished the HR book (loved it) but imma hol back on reading the others for a sec
cuz ive been told theyre painful and imma just stay in happy land for a lil while longerrr

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