

talk to me

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/83407681) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/83407681>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander , Harris Drover , Troy Barrett , Ottawa Centaurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers)
Additional Tags:	Mpreg , Male Pregnancy , Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Alpha/Omega , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Omega Shane Hollander , Established Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Married Couple , Married Life , Slice of Life , Autistic Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Series:	Part 36 of hollanov parenthood adventure ✨
Collections:	Anonymous
Stats:	Published: 2026-04-19 Words: 2,346 Chapters: 1/1

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by Anonymous

Summary

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Except there was just one problem with that — she was still in his belly (lucky girl).

Ilya took that as a literal challenge as he normally would so it wasn't that outlandish that he had started talking to his belly...about everything.

Everything.

Notes

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

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It all started around breakfast when Ilya made blueberry pancakes and began telling the baby how many Shane was going to eat.

"We are having pancakes this morning, your daddy keeps asking for pancakes and he will cry if they are not blueberry, last time there was strawberry in them and he cried like a little baby," Ilya pressed a kiss to the curve of his swell, feeling movement from within as if their baby was already paying attention to every word he said.

"Is it necessary you tell her how much I'm eating?" Shane raised a brow, piece of pancake on his fork as he looked down at his husband who was crouched down, talking to his belly that had been exposed after Ilya pushed his hoodie all the way up. "And I didn't cry because they were strawberry! I cried because they were so good..." He grumbled with pancake now in his mouth filling up his cheeks like an angry chipmunk.

"Well...yes, yes it is. She has to know obviously that you are eating for her too." Ilya made it sound like it was just fact that their pup had to know exactly how much food she was getting to eat through him. "And do not let your daddy fool you, he cried because of pancake."

Shane simply shook his head, continuing on with his pancakes because *nothing* was stopping him from eating his food.

It continued on to practice too — not that Shane was shocked in the least bit.

At first when the team heard Ilya talking they didn't think it was to Shane's belly but more so to Shane.

Ilya zipped over to Shane who was currently sitting on the bench just watching from the sidelines with a calculated gaze as if he were analyzing everyone's performance until he felt a hand circle his waist, resting on top of his midsection.

"You need to go focus on practice instead of staring at me over here," Shane teased with a smug smirk as he was cut off with a kiss to his lips and then he felt those same lips against his belly having tugged up his old team Canada fleece pullover. It *barely* fit and was rather snug nowadays but he wore it because it was warm and because deep down he insisted he wasn't *that* big yet.

"I am focusing, this is our most important player right here in your belly. Isn't it right, solnuyshko?" Ilya rubbed where their pup seemed to be kicking the most as if following the sound of her papa's voice.

Harris made his way over from where he had been snapping quick pictures of practice, listening to Ilya talk to Shane's belly. It was adorable and he would be lying if he said he didn't snap a quick picture of the sweet moment — Ilya crouched lips pressed to the gentle curve of Shane's belly, looking up at him like had hung the moon and the stars.

"Cute! I got a good picture of that if you guys want it for anything," Harris turned his camera around to click through some pictures he had taken earlier finally landing on the one of him and Ilya.

Shane's cheeks were flushed a soft shade of pink, his eyes practically sparkled when he looked at Ilya talking to his bump.

"Yeah please send that to me if you would. He uh, he's on this thing today where he's telling the baby about *everything* we do. She's not going to know what to do when he *doesn't* talk to her for even a millisecond. I think she's either going to think that I should sound like her papa or she's going to cry until she gets him, either way I'm doomed." Shane wouldn't have it any other way.

Troy skated over, noticing that they were clustered at the bench. He looked down at their captain who was on his knees telling Shane's belly something about his weak backhand.

"Oh come on uncle Troy is the best! You tell her you take that back!"

The team had decided they would grab lunch with each other at the bar and grill just down the street from the practice arena. It was one of their favorite spots to all chill at after games or practices. It was a twin peaks themed gay bar — Wyatt always said it should have been called 'Twink Peaks' and that it was a missed opportunity on a damn good pun.

"Okay so, you're actually telling the baby about everything that happens? Like you're just telling her from start to finish what you guys do with your day? That's so cute! Oh that's such a good idea, she's going to learn *so* much," Harris took a sip of his drink, watching as Ilya yet again dipped down to talk to Shane's ever growing swell.

"Yeah he uh- I challenged him this morning that he couldn't talk to my belly all day long—he's proving me wrong." Shane should've known better, Ilya could most definitely do this all day long and he *would* do it all day — it was important that their baby memorized the sound of her papa's voice.

Shane listened in on Ilya's conversation with his belly, smiling softly whenever he felt his lips brush against a cluster of stretchmarks, his alpha kissing every one of them.

"You are so lucky to be inside mama's belly, you are so safe there. I'm so excited for you to come out and play, you'll love lunches like this. I can't wait to bring you here and show you off." The gentle hum of Ilya's voice against his belly had Shane relaxing his shoulders,

leaning against the booth just listening to his alpha while he ran his fingers idly through his golden curls.

He wanted to remember this forever.

That evening they had to take care of some business for the foundation over at his parents' house, go over some information to fill out for the upcoming camp year and Shane's feet ached as did his back but he kept going.

"And now we are at grandma and grandpa's house watching daddy write boring words and numbers down for camp."

"You talk like she can actually understand you," Shane felt the baby roll again, using her feet to push against the sides of his stomach. She could most definitely hear him, she had been doing that *all* day long. Her papa wouldn't let her rest but for whatever reason Shane didn't think she minded. He didn't, actually he really enjoyed it.

"She can, you understand papa don't you my sweet solnyshko." A kick followed shortly after.

Oh they were in cahoots against him.

"I think it's adorable quite frankly, she might even come out speaking Russian from the womb with how much he speaks to her," Yuna teased, rubbing her son's upper back trying to ease at least some of her own baby's discomfort. She wasn't blind, she could see how Shane masked how his body was really feeling.

Pregnancy wasn't easy but knowing her own child, he would try to make it seem as though it were.

"She'll definitely know his voice," Shane wished he could speak out loud to his bump, it was just sometimes...sometimes he got stuck in his head. It was hard to describe but he would talk in his head towards his daughter, just not out loud. It was when words were too much, when his brain refused to make his mouth work — he just hoped she wouldn't feel like he didn't care.

It was something he needed to get better about before their pup arrived, Shane would have to get better about talking out loud.

That was another reason Ilya was such a good father already, Shane knew he would talk to their little one constantly. It was a proven fact that babies when listening to people around them talk learned from that, especially benefiting from infant directed speech apparently called 'parentese' which he also wasn't very good at.

There were a lot of things that he needed to get better at before the baby came, things that were harder for him than they were for Ilya.

"Shane, honey you will do *just* fine. Your father was the same way, it was harder for him to talk to you when you were tiny. It wasn't that he didn't want to it was just that he felt like

being with you and holding you said more than words could." Yuna explained, gently brushing a few hairs from Shane's eyes holding his gaze for a moment before giving him a reassuring squeeze on his upper arm. "Everything will fall into place, I promise."

Ilya reappeared with some new board games from his dad, the biggest smile on his face. "*Moya lyubov*, we have more games to play, Candy land looks very promising." For whatever reason their family board game night had sparked a new interest in his husband to play all the games from his own childhood.

It was adorable and utterly cheesy — he was well on his way to becoming a dad.

"Baby, we have games now do not worry papa got the best ones for our game night."

"You're still doing this?" Shane shook his head playfully as he headed to the car, to-go plate full of spaghetti that Yuna insisted they take because Ilya might waste away without it.

"Yes, we still have to read her a bedtime story."

Of course they did.

Bedtime rolled around, Shane had done his skin care routine and was laying in bed reading up on ways for parents that had trouble talking out loud to get used to talking more and narrating for their babies. It was scaring him that he just didn't feel the need to do what Ilya had been doing all day.

But the thing was, he just felt like the baby *knew* what he had to say which was probably even weirder.

Ilya had finished up in the gym downstairs and showered before bed, making his way out of their bathroom with just his boxer briefs on. The alpha could tell right away that *something* was bothering his omega he just wasn't exactly sure what.

"You have that look,"

"What look?" Shane folded his arms against his chest, resting them on his belly.

"The look, is the one you get when you are concerned about something that you may or may not be able to control— it looks almost like you need to solve the world's problems," Ilya crossed the room, hopping into bed beside his husband.

Shane sighed, moving his arms so that Ilya could do his own nightly routine of kissing his belly and rubbing his belly cream into his stretched skin. "I just...I can't do what you do,"

"Well of course not."

"*Ilya*, I can't talk to the baby like you do. You just talk so naturally to her all the time- like today you were narrating to her like it was just second nature and for me it's harder I don't know why but it just is. I'm in my head a lot and I find it hard to make the words come down to my mouth if that makes *any* sense at all."

It wasn't even that he felt stupid about talking to their pup.

"Lyubimyy, it is okay. Listen to me, I know you have a tough time believe me even sometimes I have to figure out what you mean just by your looks but I know what you want to say even the words. Sometimes words are just hard, take it from me." Ilya teased, pressing kisses into the stretch marks that had freshly appeared before rubbing the cream into them.

"She knows you love her, she knows what you mean even if the words do not come all the time." Ilya leaned up to press his lips against Shane's, cradling his face gently in his hand.

The omega leaned his cheek into his alpha's touch, trying hard not to cry but his hormones were really getting out of hand.

"I think you talking to her all day today really was an eye opener though for me, I'm going to try to talk more to her out loud," Shane placed his hand on top of Ilya's — a promise.

Ilya shifted around like he was looking for something, retrieving a board book in Russian, it had a round little yellow circle like character on the front and it looked like it said *Kolobok*.

"No more sad for today, you can help me read this to her. Sound good enough?"

"Ilya, I have no clue what half of that says, I mean the most I can make out is *Kolobok*."

"Lucky for you I have the english version too, it's classic" The alpha produced another version from the pile at the edge of their bed where apparently Ilya had brought about five or more books when he had came back from their gym to take a shower.

Shane rolled his eyes playfully, taking the book to rest it on the peak of his belly.

"Of course you do, *of course you do*." Shane sighed, shaking his head with a fond smile at the edge of his lips.

So they read the story of the small round bun to their little pup nestled in her warm space as if she were right there earthside with them and Shane felt like he could do this, step by step.

End Notes

💌 hey everyone! i got busy for a few days (aka the playoffs - GO PENS) but this idea was just like sitting there nagging at me 😂 so i had to write it! anyways i thought about ilya talking to the baby and just talking throughout the day to shane's belly and the idea made me so soft 🥺 he literally yaps sofi's ears off when she's a baby and in turn she becomes a yapper by nature LMAO like father like daughter! hope you guys enjoy! <3

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