

traffic jam

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by Anonymous

Summary

Shane knew he should have waited to drink any fluid at all given the fact that every thirty or so minutes he felt the sensation to use the bathroom. It didn't even take much movement at all from the baby, she could quite literally hiccup and he would have to race to not pee himself.

Or Shane is so pregnant and there's a baby on his bladder.

Notes

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

Shane knew he should have waited to drink any fluid at all given the fact that every thirty or so minutes he felt the sensation to use the bathroom. It didn't even take much movement at all from the baby, she could quite literally hiccup and he would have to race to not pee himself.

There had definitely been a time or two (embarrassingly) that he hadn't been able to make it and he was mortified the entire day following it. It was the worst when the baby would *roll* this way and that. She was strong and could give sudden kicks that felt like weights were being pressed into his bladder.

It was one of the reasons he was cutting back on his water for the day at least because there was absolutely no way he was stopping five thousand times along the road just to pee.

They were headed to Hayden and Jackie's for her baby 'sprinkle' not a shower because apparently those are only for the first baby. Nonetheless, Shane and Ilya were going because it was being held at their house and they were long overdue for a visit to the Pike household.

Everything got harder the bigger Shane got, not that he was admitting that to *anyone*. He was around thirty weeks and this baby wasn't getting tired at all of moving around. It did however seem like she was running out of space but again, she made sure she was able to stretch out when she needed.

"Where is your water bottle? You're supposed to be drinking a lot of water and I have been seeing none of this," Ilya looked over at Shane as if he wanted him to take a sip since they were now at least a few miles from home. He had gotten thirsty and Shane had insisted on a straight shot to Montréal.

"Right here, it kept rattling in the cup holder driving me crazy so I put it between my feet." A lie. It was just fine in the cup holder, he just wanted to put it out of sight out of mind to get Ilya to forget about it so that he wouldn't be forced to drink every. five. seconds. He was so tired of feeling like he was going to float away by drinking the amount of water that he was 'supposed' to be drinking.

It would be way more efficient use of their time if they didn't need to stop every thirty minutes or less just to find a bathroom — so, he cut out the middle man and decided to just not drink.

"You need to drink, right now take a sip for me, Hollander." Ilya leaned down when they rolled to a stop light, quickly reaching around for it half blindly trying to find the cool metal of the water bottle. He needed Shane to drink the entire water bottle worth of water and then when they stopped they could fill it back up and he would be good on his water intake for the day.

Except, Shane was *not* about to do any of that.

"Ilya, if I drink anymore I'm going to pee in the seat— I have had enough fluids for right now. I hate to tell you, your daughter isn't the most forgiving when it comes to staying off my bladder and right now she's actually behaving so I don't want to test my luck," Shane shifted

carefully in the seat, making sure he didn't make any sudden movements, afraid to wake the seemingly sleeping pup inside his swollen belly.

It wasn't not like Ilya didn't worry for no reason, Shane was well aware of *why* he worried about him. It was actually his fault that Ilya was like this because of his carelessness about a month or so prior, Shane had decided to not drink water before one of Ilya's games since he didn't want to miss a moment of it. *However*, it proved to be a not so great thing because one moment he was watching the game from his seat and then the next he was in the staff medical room being evaluated by Lexi their trainer with EMTs making their way in behind her.

Shane would never forget the look of worry on Ilya's face, he looked scared. Genuinely scared that something bad was going to happen to him and it had been completely preventable if he had been drinking water like he should be.

Ever since then, Ilya had been staying on top of Shane's water intake. He had bought special labeled water bottles that would ensure he met his goals and would do a 'water check' to see if he had been drinking like he should be. Today was no different and Shane wasn't sure what he was thinking honestly, there was no getting out of drinking.

Traffic had started to accumulate as they started to hit the aforementioned traffic that they were warned about on their maps app. The cars in front of them started to slow down, creeping to a halt and Shane was starting to wonder when they would even start moving again.

"You know you should be drinking more, is what Dr. Park said at our last appointment. We can not deprive the baby of water-" The look he was receiving could have killed. Shane was so stubborn about this—he could understand in a way but at the same time he just wanted him to stay well hydrated.

"I just hate having to stay within five feet of a bathroom at all times, I would be so hydrated if it weren't for that little detail," Shane honestly admitted, sighing softly when traffic started to roll again.

It had been at *least* ten minutes since traffic had just stopped.

Shane had miraculously found the water bottle and had been taking sips of it subtly every so often when Ilya encouraged him to do so. He didn't feel like he needed to pee for once so it seemed like things were looking up even when traffic being to *finally* move.

That's when he needed to pee.

The sense of urgency hit the omega like a bag of bricks suddenly making Shane begin to fidget in his seat with the pressure slowly building. "Listen, I was not the one that wanted to drink all that water, okay? Take it easy on me, please." He pleaded with their pup who could care less, stretching this way and that one his bladder doing her usual gymnastics routine inside his bump.

One more move and it was all over but the crying. Shane breathed in through his nose, squeezing his legs together afraid if he didn't he would pee everywhere. "There's a gas station like a mile from here if we could just start moving I think I can make it," He could see their little dot was beginning to move again which gave him hope.

It was looking like they might just make it to a bathroom when it began slowing down again.

This had to be a cruel joke by the universe, it just had to be. Shane gripped the edges of the seat with his fingers, trying to think about *anything* other than peeing. The pressure on his bladder felt like nothing he had ever felt before and he was going to pee— oh god he was going to if they didn't start up again.

Shane could see the headline now:

'The Shane Hollander, former captain of the Montreal Voyageurs has peed himself in public, more at 8'

They *had* to get to a bathroom and fast if he was going to avoid that. Except it wasn't moving like he wanted.

"Oh come *on*! What's the hold up? I mean my god, I don't understand why we're moving so slow!" Shane whined, tossing his head backwards against the headrest in defeat trying again not to think about rivers, lakes, or running water.

"*Solnyshko*, it will be okay, we will find bathroom and traffic will start to move- oh wait, we could get out right now and you can use bush over there." Ilya pointed to the bushes alongside the highway much to his husband's look of astonishment it seemed like a good idea in theory.

"Ilya, I am *not* using the bathroom when there's a line of cars all around us. They would have my picture plastered all over twitter for public indecency."

There *had* to be a gas station close, there just had to be.

Traffic had begun to improve slowly but surely after about five or so minutes, the cars all started to roll again and it actually was beginning to look like Shane was going to make it after all.

There was a convenience store on their next right if Ilya could just maneuver over to the right lane they could get there.

"Finally! Okay we are almost there, soon you will be able to pee and you will also be thanking me for keeping you hydrated." Ilya earned the whack to the back of his head for that one, Shane was in *no* mood.

Shane bounced his leg restlessly, trying his best to hold himself together until Ilya had finally had enough of these people and their useless waiting around— he pulled over and somehow

managed to get to the right lane with some not so legal tactics and they were pulling into the store parking lot before he even knew it.

"I'll be right back, oh my god I could suck your dick right now with how grateful I am that you got us here!" Shane shouted over his shoulder as he waddle ran into the store, mission in mind — make it to the bathroom before peeing himself in public.

Ilya had to actually park so it took him a hot minute to go inside but he too had to empty his own bladder so he figured he would meet Shane inside and help him pick out a few snacks.

Not even three minutes later, Shane was already out of the bathroom shuffling through the aisles with a basket in hand filling it up with every kind of snack known to man.

"I got the pickle flavored chips and they even have pickle flavored popcorn, this place is great. Oh and they have slushies! Oh my god I've been craving a cherry slushie— red forty food dye here I come." Shane was having the time of his life picking out his snacks, compensation for having almost peed himself in the car.

Shane had earned every snack he wanted and then some.

"I texted Hayden and told him we'd be a little late, that we hit some traffic. I feel *much* better now," The omega was acting more like himself now that he wasn't about to explode.

"Maybe we just don't go, that would not hurt my feelings at all."

"We have to go, Jackie said the kiddos were so excited we were coming to see them. I think Arthur would never forgive you specifically if we didn't go," Shane pulled the 'uncle Ilya is Arthur's favorite card' knowing it would work everytime. Arthur was rather particular about who he liked and didn't like and uncle Ilya was his person and Ilya wore the title with honor.

"Fine, fine we will go but only for Arthur."

"I'm picking snacks for the kiddos while we're here- oh and shirts, they never come to this store and these shirts are just too cute," Shane was busy picking out t-shirts with the store's 'mascot' moose on it. They headed out to the car shortly after and Shane had started texting Hayden as they were pulling back out onto the road to start their journey once again.

Shane: sorry gonna be late, had to stop to use bathroom

Hayden: it's all good, the kids are napping right now

Hayden: they'll be ready for you whenever you guys come

Shane: oh trust me ilya is equally excited now that i told him arthur wanted to see him

Hayden: dude he made me buy uncle ilya's jersey the other day

Hayden: he has warped my kid

Shane: i have only improved your pike child, he will grow up to be cool 😎

Shane: this is ilya by the way

Hayden: ...

Hayden: shane, throw him out on the side of the road i'll make it worth your while

Hayden: i'm serious

End Notes

✉️ hey everyone! playoffs have consumed me 😭 my poor pens sniffle sniffle ANYWAYS here's my latest snippet into the hollanov household, the baby shane is pregnant with is sofia <3 she is a menace in the womb but that's only because her papa is LMAO anyways i hope you guys enjoy this and sorry it's been a hot minute

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