

a little innovation goes a long way

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by Anonymous

Summary

Shane was exhausted and as it turned out waddling around the house and being this heavily pregnant was actually quite tiresome. That and wrangling a toddler who insisted that she wasn't going to nap because she had to stay awake to see papa's game on TV.

Or Shane and Sofia stay up to watch papa and Shane needs a snack.

Notes

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

Shane was exhausted and as it turned out waddling around the house and being this heavily pregnant was actually quite tiresome. That and wrangling a toddler who insisted that she wasn't going to nap because she had to stay awake to see papa's game on TV.

Which was fine, it wasn't too late actually and they weren't really doing anything other than seeing his mom for lunch the next day so they could sleep in if needed *but* Sofia really didn't need all that much sleep to recharge her battery.

"Daddy, there is papa!" Sofia squealed, jumping up to hug the TV from his lap where she had been dozing off against his belly using the rounded mass as a pillow. Shane had been dozing off with her, the warm glow of the TV and the soothing sounds of ESPN acting like white noise.

It was a national broadcast (his worst enemy) so naturally the puck drop was never on time. They had promised Ilya they would watch, more so his biggest fan *needed* to see her papa in action. This was a home game and they had just flown in earlier that day so she hadn't really gotten to see him.

And Shane had been solo parenting, not that Sofia was any trouble at all. She was actually a dream, they couldn't have gotten any luckier.

"I love you papa!" Sofia called out, air hugging the TV while also blowing kisses like she was taught because once she almost tackled it — Shane had almost had a panic attack that day because all he could see was it toppling off the mount from the wall — Ilya had bolted it to the wall mount for safety reasons but he still had his own fears.

Ilya had skated across the screen, the cameras were panned in on him specifically for a minute or two talking about his skills as a captain moving forward with the playoffs this year being halfway through the season. They also of course couldn't go without mentioning him, his absence and how he was away on paternity leave and of course the nat broadcast would of course go into great detail of how it affected the team — always making him feel small, useless, almost like he was dooming their team.

It was the reason why Ilya had begged him to watch them on mute, to tune into their CHN (Centaur Hockey Network) broadcast and just listen to their kind broadcasters which he had started to do instead. They were way nicer and had nothing but kind words to say about him.

Of course he unmuted whenever Ilya was on screen for Sofia, she got so excited about seeing her papa — honestly so did he.

They won 3-1 an almost shutout, Ilya got a goal and two assists and of course did a special celly for Sofia that only she would understand, their own little code.

Their toddler was trying her best to keep her eyes peeled open,glued to the screen during his post game interview. Ilya looked absolutely exhausted but he had that after game glow, a big

grin on his face, curls pushed down by his helmet against his forehead now that it was off. His chain was glistening and Shane had to control himself.

"I bet your biggest fan is watching right now, huh?" Emilyynn the reporter for national broadcasts held the mic up to a very sweaty Ilya.

"Oh yeah I know she is definitely awake, her daddy will not win the fight on this one she stays up to watch most games." Ilya chuckled, pushing his curls from his eyes that had fallen.

It was around midnight when Ilya got home having texted Shane that the guys wanted to grab a quick drink after to celebrate which was more than fine with him. Ilya earned it and Sofia had already since passed out at the very end of the third period when she was certain that her papa had won this game.

Shane was scrolling through his phone, still waiting up for his husband because he just...he needed to see him. He wanted him to hold him, it would make him sleep a lot better though it was a little embarrassing to admit and he might not admit it out loud to Ilya because he would never let him live it down.

The sound of the front door opening caught Shane's attention though he continued to scroll, bowl of chips propped on his belly, a new fun skill he had acquired again now that his belly was bigger. It was the little wins, that was what he had to tell himself.

Ilya loved when he got to this point in his pregnancy — well he loved any point in Shane's pregnancy but that was just a given.

Harris had mentioned Ilya had something called 'cuteness aggression' and they even did a video challenge called 'Rate this picture of Shane from cute to super cute' which all of the pictures were super cute and Ilya ended up biting one of the pictures — it was rather endearing but also made Shane want oh so badly for his husband to bite him.

"Your biggest fan fell asleep, she made it to the end though," Shane gestured to their sleeping bundle in footsie pajamas with a 'Rozanov-Hollander' custom jersey on over it. Her little curls were sticking up, thumb in her mouth having replaced her pacifier.

Ilya brushed a few of her wild curls out of her face, leaned down and kissed her forehead, *"Sleep tight my little bear."* He murmured, scooping her up to help Shane take her to her room knowing she wouldn't get much rest even if she was already sound asleep.

Shane didn't budge from his spot, continuing to eat his snack as he scrolled through the ESPN app making sure there wasn't anything else he missed from this game. He switched over to baby names by the time Ilya returned from tucking Sofia into her big girl bed, a bed they had to bribe her with in order for her to sleep in her room.

"Mm, you smell like pickles and is that cotton candy?" Ilya wrinkled his nose at the scent that hit his nose, noticing the empty cotton candy wrapper alongside the empty chip bag. He wasn't even sure where Shane had stashed the cotton candy at, it definitely was somewhere their pup couldn't lay eyes on it because she would be certain that it was hers.

"Yup and yup, I gave into the cravings and here we are. It surprisingly isn't a bad combo, salty and sweet is actually really underrated." Shane shrugged his shoulders, adjusting himself on the couch which of course woke up his passenger who had been dormant the entire time he was watching the game — it was like the sounds were white noise to her. It made him wonder if this baby too would fall asleep during games like her big sister did.

Ilya bullied his way gently in between Shane's legs, exhaustion slowly but surely catching up to him. He knelt down in front of him, laying his head in his omega's lap just scenting him there. "Love when you have little shelf belly, is very cute. Very useful too, I'll miss it when it is gone *but* it can always come back." He wagged his brows up at his mate, risking the smack to the back of his head — worth it.

"Yeah no, I think I'll settle for a normal tray after this belly table goes away," Shane rubbed the side of his 'table', earning a nudge to the hand in return. "Oh and normal trays don't get me up every hour to pee at night and they tuck away all nice and neat."

Ilya was going to enjoy this belly table for as long as he could, kissing it and rubbing it every chance he got. "Maybe I eat my dinner off of it? I think it would only be fair since you already used it."

"You're going to eat your cold spaghetti off my belly?"

"Well in a bowl of course unless you are into me eating off your bare belly." Ilya grinned big, dodging another whack to the back of his head, returning the gesture with a kiss to Shane's belly. "Kill them with kindness, da?"

"You better live it up, you've only got a few more weeks to eat off my belly- wow okay that just sounds weirder than I thought it would." Shane muttered to himself as he shook his head hearing how dumb that sounded out loud.

Shane was already counting down the weeks, even though he would miss his built in table. And Ilya would miss it too, if not even more than his husband.

There were always ways of fixing that — if Shane would let him.

End Notes

✉️ hey guysss! 🙌 so i was writing this while i was nervously watching the pens BUT they weren't swept so hooray for the little wins! ❤️🐧 anyways this one just came to me with the thought of shane using his belly as a table LMAO i just love the idea! hope you guys enjoy!

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