

Miracles Happen All The Time

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Miracles Happen All The Time

by [mkfreckles](#)

Summary

Hayden ran up, grabbed his hand and said in his dad-of-a-kid-having-a-meltdown voice “Hey, hey, it’s going to be okay Shane. They’re going to take good care of you. That appendix is going to come right out and you’ll be back in no time.”

Shane’s teary eyes widened and then narrowed.

“What?” he gasped out between shallow breaths.

“Fuckin' hell, I told him not to say that.” the doctor muttered.

“What do you mean? It’s not his appendix? What’s going on?”

“Hollander is in labor and the baby is coming very soon, so Pike please let the EMT’s load him up. He’s going to Montreal General. We called his parents and they’re on their way.”

Shane Hollander had been under a lot of stress lately, coming out to his team, supporting his secret boyfriend, ect. So something may have slipped through the cracks and was now going to make itself known right here on the ice of this Ottawa vs. Montreal game.

Chapter 1: Prologue

Chapter Summary

The not-at-all-calm before the absolute shitstorm.

Chapter Notes

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

Shane has been feeling like shit for months now. He never knew stress could take such a fucking toll on his body. He'd won 3 Stanley Cups, which is pretty fucking stressfull, but he'd never felt this shitty outside of IR-level injuries. He was tired all the time, a few months ago he just kept throwing up (luckily only in the mornings, before practice and games). That had stopped, but now he was just swollen all over. The team doctors had been concerned about his fluctuating weight, but Shane hadn't bothered them with any details. He knew that this was most likely stress, but he couldn't really sit with that thought because then he would have to reckon with the source of that stress. He would have to reckon with his team of 10 years icing him out for being gay.

He had told the team first in a pre-season practice. Hayden and J.J. had clapped him on the back and congratulated him and a few more guys muttered their "good for you's" from the benches. Then Comeua had casual as anything asked him if he was a "fucker" or a "cocksucker" and Shane had to tell him to fuck off immediately and couched the idea of telling them about Ilya into the next century. He had a tense meeting with Coach Theriault and the GM afterwards. They seem assuaged by the fact he wasn't planning on coming out publicly anytime soon, but insisted he start showering last "to protect the team from lawsuits". He knew they had taken a risk, signing a half-asian, omega hockey player all those years ago and while it had certainly paid dividends for them, here he was, adding another label for them to deal with.

Hayden said it was homophobic bullshit. He was determined to be a good ally no matter how much the more asshole-ish members made snide remarks about him leaving his wife to be Shane's boyfriend. It's like they had forgotten that Hayden and Jackie were the picture perfect dream of an Alpha-Omega couple. He was sad that Shane hadn't told him sooner, but hell Shane had barely known himself. He was a better ally right now than J.J. who with all the love in his stupid heart was trying to set Shane up with any single gay guy he knew. He knew he should probably be nicer about that, maybe even entertain one and cancel last minute, but he just barely had the energy for that kind of deception right now.

He was just so glad they were playing Ottawa tonight and he would be able to see Ilya. Things were tense with them too, Ilya was obviously lonely in Ottawa and maybe taking the losses of his team a bit to heart. Shane really didn't know because Ilya was frustratingly not talking to him about anything like that. He had to hear it second-hand from his parents. But

they would see each other tonight at Shane's place in Montreal and fuck it out. God, Shane was so ready to get on his knees for Ilya, or on his back, or front, he really didn't care. He just didn't want to think for a while and feel the fucking glorious closeness he felt since he and Ilya decided to try and have a future together. It was the end of the season, and while Ilya was going home soon, Shane maybe had a few more weeks of playoffs, maybe the final. Shane obviously always wanted another cup, but he was also a realist. (The team had not been playing at a cup-worthy level as some assholes he used to call brothers seemed to forget that he was on the ice to pass to and protect from checks.) Then they could be together 24/7 again at the cottage. Just a few more weeks.

Jesus fuck, if only he would stop cramping in his stomach. He never had cramps this bad outside of heats.

Chapter End Notes

Ya girl loves a comment btw.

Chapter 2: Prologue

Chapter Summary

Therhault is an ass right off the bat and Hayden is doing his best, which is the arena of having babies is actually pretty good.

Chapter Notes

I know very little about hockey or having babies, but that's what's google is for.

“Hollander is out for the game” Coach Theirhault announced through gritted teeth.

The locker room erupted in “what the fucks?” and “he was fine!”. Hayden shot up to his feet.

“Hey, shut up, is he okay? What happened?”

Shane had been fine during warm-ups and most of the first period. He had been powering down the ice, gracefully getting the puck from his pass, twisting to shoot, then he crashed. He just fell on the ice and screamed, stick still in hand. He had tried to get up, but the medics were already on him. He seemed better, but then whatever it was hit again and the medics swept him off the ice. It was so shocking even Rozanov froze solid until the refs cleared the ice.

‘Nothing even touched him? How could he be out for the rest of the game?’ Drapeau followed up. Drapeau had been shitty to Shane of late, but it seemed like even an asshole could see how losing their captain and best player mid-game would be bad, even if it was just Ottawa.

Theirhault crossed his arms and looked away from his confused players.

“Burst appendix”

“Burst appendix? Isn’t that serious?” Hayden says.

“He’s getting put in an ambulance right now, he’ll be fine. Gagnon, you’ll be filling in. Let’s adjust our plays for next period” And Theirhault turned to the assistant coach at the whiteboard like that was it.

Something smelled like shit. That couldn’t be it. Hayden grabbed his phone and sat down to unlace his skates.

“Pike what the hell are you doing?!”

“I’m going to go check on him and get Jackie to go to the hospital till his parents can get in.”

“I said he’ll be fine!”

“I’ll be right back, I promise!” and he was out the door.

The med room was down the hall to the right, but if Shane was being put in an ambulance he would be at the staff entrance to the left. Hayden hustled that way, hoping and praying he would catch them before they got out. He was getting close and his stomach dropped, he could hear sobbing.

He turned the corners and there was Shane, hyperventilating on a gurney with the team doctor at his side, trying and failing to get Shane to calm down, as an ambulance pulled up.

Hayden ran up, grabbed his hand and said in his dad-of-a-kid-having-a-meltdown voice “Hey, hey, it’s going to be okay Shane. They’re going to take good care of you. That appendix is going to come right out and you’ll be back in no time.”

Shane’s teary eyes widened and then narrowed.

“What?” he gasped out between shallow breaths.

“Fuckin’ hell, I told him not to say that.” the doctor muttered.

“What do you mean? It’s not his appendix? What’s going on?”

“Hollander is in labor and the baby is coming very soon, so Pike please let the EMT’s load him up. He’s going to Montreal General. We called his parents and they’re on their way.”

“From fucking Ottawa! Fucking 2 hours away! A baby? Right now? What the fuck Shane, you’ve been playing pregnant?!”

He turned back to his best friend who let out a new sob, eyes squeezed shut. Another contraction must be hitting Hayden thought distantly.

“We don’t think Hollander knew” the doctor said soberly.

The siren was still ringing out, as the ambulance doors swung open and very quickly the EMTs were indeed pulling Shane up and away. The doctor turned and started rapid fire sharing all Shane’s vitals with an EMT. Hayden had never seen Shane so scared, so fucking small. He grabbed the side of the ambulance and lifted himself up.

“Okay buddy, we’re going to do this together. I’ve got you until re-enforcements get here. I know I said I wanted you to have kids too and I’m really surprised you took that to heart right before play-offs.” he said, grabbing his hand again.

Shane let out a wet huff and released the tiniest bit of tension. Truly Hayden was going to murder Theriault when he saw him again. That absolute rat bastard was going to let his captain and star go through one the scariest things you could go through by himself.

The short red-headed EMT hooking heart monitors on Shane said, “Okay Mr. Pike, buckle up. We’re heading out. ETA 20 minutes. Please help Mr. Hollander breathe. You’ve had kids, right?”

“Oh yeah, I’ve got kids. I’ve got this. Time to hee-hee-who this bitch”

Shane was obviously still distressed but at least he was verbal again, so Hayden could ask some follow-up questions. He had managed to text Jackie with one hand to get the Montreal General ASAP with “extra baby carseat and ect”. Jackie had responded with a bunch of exclamation points, then a “Yes, of course, anything for Shane” and then a “Please get deets”. She constantly complained that Hayden was a terrible information gatherer about the lives of friends and the only way she found out anything was the WAG chat.

Yeah, it was time for the million dollar question.

“Hey Shane buddy, I can call your parents as soon as we get to the hospital. But um is there anyone else you want me to call?”

“Farah?” Shane said, confused, still panting in recovery from his last contraction.

“Yeah, you should probably let your mom handle calling your agent. I mean you know, *the dad*?”

And shit, there were the waterworks again. And the hyperventilating. The EMT closest gave him a glare as some machine started beeping rapidly.

“We...we just figured it out. We had a plan, Hayden. I’ve ruined the plan.”

Okay, so it sounded like a serious partner at least.

“Yeah, life gets in the way of plans all the time, like Amber, you know? It’s going to be okay. He’s going to be delighted, I just know it.”

He better be delighted, Hayden thought, or he had another man to add to his kill list. Maybe J.J. would help.

Shane turns his head from Hayden, and whispers “He.. he fucking loves kids Hayd.”

“Okay perfect, get me his number and I’ll call him right now.”

“I’m going to give you his number, but you have to promise not to freak out.”

“Me freak out? Me? He’s the one about to become a dad?”

Shane full on bitch-faced him for that one. Then full on crushed his hand as another contraction hit. He panted twice and blew out one long breath just like Hayden had taught him in his lightning-fast Lamaze 101 course about 10 minutes ago. Hayden checked his phone real quick. It was probably just hitting the team that he was not “going to be right back”. Hopefully the team doctor could cover for him.

“You hate him.” Shane grabbed his attention back.

“I KNOW him?”

“Yeah, it’s... It’s Ilya Rozanov.”

Hayden stopped breathing. The EMT’s eyes went wide as they met his over Shane’s prone form. Then she looked away quickly, typing into the ambulance ipad thing. Lucky her, she could ignore that insane statement Shane just made.

“Ilya Rozanov? Like captain of the Centaurs, guy we were just playing, fucking menace on ice, Ilya fucking Rozanov? Your rival Ilya...”

“Yes, fucking that Ilya Rozanov, now call him, the number is XXX-XXX-XXX”

Hayden looks at the desperation shining in his friends eyes, the hope that hadn’t been there a second ago. He types it in with shaking fingers. This couldn't be real, right? The dial tone barely rang before a very memorable Russian accent cut through.

“If this is not about Shane Hollander, I will fucking kill you”

Hayden hung up.

“What the fuck Hayden?!” Shane yelled.

“I know I know, I was just surprised” he said like Shane hadn’t told him exactly who was picking up. He dialed again and took a steadying breath. He could do this, he wasn’t the one having a baby or receiving some life-changing news, he was just delivering it. Thankfully Rozanov had the good sense to pick up a random number with a Montreal area code a second time.

“Who the fuck is..”

“This is Hayden Pike. I’m in the ambulance with Shane, he’s having your baby.”

Shane winced at the bluntness of his delivery, but he had to say it all at once or wasn’t going to be able to say it all.

“What. What are you talking about?”

“Yeah um, he didn’t know so I guess you didn’t know, but yeah, it’s happening right now. He collapsed because he went into labor”

"Fuck, what? Montreal said it was burst appendix, they want us back on the ice? Yuna and David said it's not and I should go to Montreal General?"

"You know Yuna and David? What the, you know what now's not the time, yeah, Montreal being a big bag of dicks right now, You need to meet us here as soon as possible."

"A baby? Moya lyubov is having a baby?" Rozanov's voice was breaking. Goddamit, he could only handle one man's breakdown today and it wasn't a former captain of the Bears.

"Hey, hey, who is this?" a new voice on the phone took over after a short rustling sound.

"Who is this?! I was talking to Rozanov, he's got a fucking job to do!"

"Yeah, play hockey. Look, this is Zane Boodram, who are you and why is Rozy on the ground panicking right now?"

"Because he just found out he's going to be a father by the end of today, maybe the hour."

"Bad fucking time dude, we're in the middle of a game and Rozy is freaking out about his friend, Shane Hollander, you know, his Irina Foundation partner, wants to know how he is before we get back on the ice?"

"Fucking shit, yeah, umm this is Hayden Pike and I've got Shane right here. He's uh the one having the baby."

"What the fuck? Rozy's baby?"

"Yeah that's what I said. Look this doesn't leave this phone call, any of it, but I need Rozanov to get his shit and get over to Montreal General pronto."

"Yeah, uh we're in the hallway, so it's just us, but..", Boodram is replaced once again by an angry Ilya Rozanov.

"Put Shane on right now, Pike."

"If you don't believe me Rozanov, you can..."

"Hayden, please" Shane interrupts. "Give me"

He hesitates but puts his phone in Shane's other hand. Shane presses it to his ear and quietly, but firmly says "Ilya", then a pause.

"Yes, the doctor says so and um I can feel him Or her now, fucking pushing down my pelvis" Another contraction was coming on, Hayden braced his hand. Shane breathed harshly through his exercises. Whatever Rozanov was saying, Shane was nodding his head.

"I love you too. Get here soon baby, please."

Hayden could have gone his whole life not knowing that his best friend called Ilya fuckin' Rozanov "baby", but it just wasn't that kind of day.

Chapter 3: The Stork Delivers

Chapter Summary

Ilya POV of the birth of Shane's and his baby.

Chapter Notes

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

Every second it took Ilya to get himself to Montreal General felt like agony. He was finally on the premises and was working his way through the fucking labyrinth that was the path from the emergency room to the maternity ward. He wanted to get to Shane's side and never leave again. He wanted to throw up and run because how could he be a father? How could he hold back the darkness? The depression from his mother, the anger from his father? This baby deserved nothing but the best and he was nothing. Galina said he shouldn't trust the voices in his head that spoke like this but what could a therapist he had seen 3 times really know?

He turned a corner and finally saw what he needed to see, Hayden Pike, 15th best player on the Metros, pacing in front of a door. He had texted him every step of the journey so he could update Shane whose phone was still tucked away in a locker room. The other man looked up at Ilya and his eyes went dark.

So this is how it's going to be, thought Ilya, hands curling into fists as he power walked closer and closer. Pike matched him step for step, but instead of swinging, grabbed the front on his shirt and shoved him into a wall. Ilya bared his teeth and growled.

"Shut the fuck up Rozanov and calm down!"

"Get out of my way, Pike" he responded, grabbing his hands to shove him off.

"No fucker, this is the scariest day of Shane's life and you can't go in there like this."

"Like fucking what?"

"You're fucking vibrating nerves and look like you want to punch someone, you NEED to shove that shit into the backseat. Rozanov, Shane's have a baby, a baby he didn't plan, you have to know how fucked up that is for him? Right? Cause he seems serious about you so you better fucking know that shit."

All the blood dropped from Ilya's face. His boring Canadian man loved plans, loved to be in control in a world that made little sense to him off the ice and he had ruined that for him. Some slipped condom 8 or 9 months ago and he had taken what Shane held most dear.

“Yes, fuck, yes I know” His hands hand on Pike’s wrist were now lifelines. “How, how do I do this?”

“Okay, okay, I know scared dad look when I see it and you and I are going to hash out what the fuck you’re doing with Shane later. But right now, you need to know that you can do this, you may not think you deserve any of it or that you’ll just fuck it up, but the mother of your child doesn’t want to hear any of that shit, alright? He is in pain, his whole life is changing, he needs a rock to hold him steady. YOU are the rock, YOU will take care of him, okay?”

“Okay, okay, I will do this.”

“Good man, it’s go-time in there, make sure to tell him to breathe. The Hollanders and I will handle everything else out here.”

Pike released him from the wall, and Ilya stumbled but straightened. Pike went to pat him on the shoulder, but Ilya brushed him off. Pike had helped him, but they were not going to be buddy-buddy best friends now. His future was waiting for him and he really hoped it involved less of that man being right.

Shane’s face looked like he had just finished playing the hardest 60 minutes of hockey of his life. He had been cut out of his gear and was now in a bland white and gray hospital gown with his legs up, with a doctor in-between. Nurses were on either side. He was panting and crying and whined high and loud as soon as he saw Ilya, making a grabby-hand motion at him from his hospital bed.

Ilya rushed to him, he thinks he may have jostled a nurse, but he couldn’t really remember. He grabbed the offered hand and blindly reached behind him for a chair so they could be eye-to-eye.

“Moya Lyubov, my Shane, everything is going to be okay.”

Having Ilya here seemed to finally give Shane permission to break down.

“No it’s not ‘lya, we never planned this, everyone knows now. I’m never going to play hockey again, YOU'RE never going to play hockey again.” he gasps "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry."

“Shhh shhh shh, nobody knows but friends and doctors, people we can trust. And omegas play sports all the time after babies, you will play so beautifully my love.

“Not male omegas, not fucking gay omegas and coach hates me now.”

“You are Shane Hollander and you will be the first and you will make it look easy. Theriault is fool, always too hard on you, never saw what a gift you are” A dead fool too, Ilya thought.

“I’m going to have a baby, Ilya, after all this”

“WE'RE going to have a baby, moya lyubov and we can do anything, we are the best hockey players in the world”

“We?”

“Yes, we. Always we” Of course, Hollander's terrible nervous brain would worry that that he was going to leave. It's true they had only thought about kids in a vague distant future sense, like something so impossible to their daily lives it was not worth talking about yet. They were struggling to see each other in-person more than once or twice a month. But whether Ilya was ready or not, it was always going to be “we”. He would make sure of it.

“Sorry to interrupt” the doctor they had been completely ignoring piped up, “but you are fully dilated, Shane, it's time to push.”

A mere hour later, their baby girl had been born. Far too small, far too red, to Ilya's eyes, but she had opened up her lungs and screamed to life as the older nurse in yellow scrubs smacked her on the back. She then placed the newborn in his Shane's arms. He held her tentatively, unsure but transfixed. Ilya's eyes stung at how beautiful they were together.

“Oh my god Ilya, we're parents.”

“Yes, you were perfect, she is perfect, our little angel.” Ilya replies, kissing Shane's sweaty temple.

“Baby is looking good and healthy, but we recommend doing a full screening due to the nature of the pregnancy.” The doctor, Dr. Khan apparently, tells them.

“I was playing the whole time, did she take any of the hits? Did I hurt her? Did I eat enough? I don't drink during the season, but what if something else hurt her?” Shane whispered, almost entirely to himself

“Mr. Hollander, by my first impression diagnosis, you have just had an enigma pregnancy. You couldn't have known because your body was hiding this from you and you didn't know to look for it. You are not to blame, you did nothing wrong and most children of enigma pregnancies live long and healthy lives. As an added bonus, as a professional athlete you may in fact be healthier than most people giving birth in this ward right now. She may have been roughed up now and again but she's looking miraculously good right now”

Ilya liked this doctor. He was going to make a big donation to this hospital as soon as he and Shane's worlds stopped spinning.

“Okay” Shane responded and after a moment of hesitation, placed a kiss on their baby's head of straight dark hair. It was so shy it reminded him of their first kiss all those years ago.

The older nurse gently took their baby and reassured them, “We'll be back soon”, and left the room. The doctor left with her and the other nurse, a short man in green, turned to them and said, “Okay, you've been through a big shock, Shane, and your body is high off adrenaline

but you are going to crash soon, so we're going to give you a sedative to help you to sleep peacefully and start healing, is that alright?

Shane agreed and within moments was asleep. Ilya stroked his hand with his thumb. The nurse pattered a round a bit more then faced Ilya.

“Okay Mr. Rozanov, Shane’s parents are in private waiting room B as well as some friends, why don’t you give them the good news?”

Ilya could see everyone take in and hold their breath as he stepped in the room. The Pikes had an empty car seat and several bags next to them. Yuna had a death grip on David’s hand.

“Shane is okay and it’s, I mean, she’s agirl” he said lamely. This was so foreign to him, being a family man.

“Oh my god Ilya, a girl!” Yuna sobbed, leaping to her feet. She enveloped him in a tight hug, followed by her husband. Ilya could see David’s tears and beaming smile from where he was enveloped. He had come to love Yuna and David, but David was still confusing to him. He was just so gentle and kind. But if he could cry, Ilya could let a few tears go, quickly and quietly.

The lady Pike was next.

“Hi, I know we’ve never met, but I’m just so happy for you guys and so surprised! We always joked about Shane being married to hockey but I think he actually figured out how to be married to hockey, have a hockey baby anyway” she said, face buried in his chest. The idea of marriage made Ilya’s heart pound as he patted her on the back. Shane was his on such a profound level, he had forgotten that they should probably move up the marriage timeline. He’d add that to his list (his take-care-of-Shane-and-baby list, it was very long). Luckily Pike did not attempt to hug him. They exchanged manly nods.

Lady Pike detached herself and asked, “So do you have a name?”

Chapter End Notes

Heads up, I’ve edited and added a lot to this chapter since posting.

Chapter 4: A Blessing and a New Plan

Chapter Summary

Yuna's POV of some important post-baby decisions being made.

Chapter Notes

This fic was supposed to be funny, but serious shit keeps sneaking in. Anywho ya girl still loves a comment!

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

Yuna's granddaughter is named Emiko Shanovna Hollandar-Rozanov. Once Shane had been cleared for visitor's, they had all piled into his hospital room with many teary hugs and coo's at the new arrival dozing in her basinet. The Pike's had walked the new parents through their new carseat, baby onesies (Montreal onesies, Yuna chuckled at Jackie's choice to lightly needle Ilya on her husband's behalf), swaddling blankets and whatever else baby Amber had to spare for her new "cousin". Then they had parted, promising to follow the lead of whatever they decided to do as a family. Yuna had always been neutral on Hayden Pike, never saw him as the best line partner for Shane or sharpest crayon in the box. But he was very loyal and Jackie had a good head on her shoulders, so she was grateful for that.

The first big decision they had needed to make was her name. Her boys had first bickered over her last name, each advocating for the other's family legacy. They were so stupidly in love it made her sigh and laugh at the same time sometimes. They got into the silliest fights trying to take care of each other. David had gently reminded them after about 10 minutes that hyphens exist and that was put to bed. Next came her middle name. Shane asked Ilya to remind him of the traditional Russian middle-naming convention worked. Ilya kissed his hand and spurted off some most likely extremely sentimental declaration for Shane in Russian. Shane blushed.

"Well, Ilya, what is it and how does it work?" she pushed after they had been staring wistfully at each other for a bit.

"Russian middle names are patronymic" he said after searching for the word, "boys are named for their father's with a "vich" like my middle name Grigoryvich, but girls are named for their mother's with a "ovna", so if you want, my love, she can be proper Russian-Canadien and be named Shanovna Hollander-Rozanov"

“Hmmm that works for me” Shane responded with a smile then a frown, “but she’s Japanese too”

Yuna was surprised. Shane had always been a bit distant from his Asian heritage, despite carrying her grandfather’s name, Osamu, as his middle name. She supposed he had followed her lead. She worked hard to be properly Canadian after immigrating to Ottawa, to fit in. She only ever really even spoke Japanese when she called her mother and sisters. She coached Shane on what she had learned smoothed things over quickest and easiest. In recent years she realized how much he had taken her safety precautions, implicit and unconsciously implied, to heart. It made her chest tight to think that her desire for Shane to have the best and be the best had implied straight over gay, Canadian over Japanese. She was lucky Ilya had broken down the walls around Shane’s heart in his brash whole-hearted manner. Now Shane was opening the door back home.

“Yes, mama Yuna, what name would you have used if Shanya was a girl?”

“Oh goodness, Ilya, that was so long ago. David, did we even think of girl names?”

“Yes, I think we did” he responded, scooting back in his chair and looking up into his memory. She remembered hockey stats, owner and coach names, and contract negotiations, and it was David’s job to remember the rest. He frequently had to remind her of their anniversary. He really was the perfect man.

After a moment. He turned and looked her in the eye, “Emiko, we loved the name Emiko, Emi for short”

How could she have forgotten that? “Oh honey it’s perfect”

She faced the boys, “When we were thinking of a girl, we picked Emiko, it means blessing and your little miracle against all the odds is here and healthy and so loved, a perfect blessing. It’s perfect if you think it is” She was really working on not making decisions FOR her son and his boyfriend, but instead making decisions WITH them. It was a work-in-progress.

Shane says “Baby, can you get me our ...uh baby?”

“Of course, solnyshko” Ilya replies and stands to gently pick her up, not waking her, and places her with care in Shane’s arms. Shane wraps one arm around her and places his other hand on her little cheek.

“Emiko, Emi, Emi Hollander-Rozanov” he whispers to his sleeping daughter, staring intently at her face. “I think it works” he concludes, turning to Ilya “What do you think?”

“Is perfect, you two are so cruel to me, I’m going to cry again.” Ilya pouts, making them all laugh.

So, Emiko Shanovna Hollander-Rozanov it was. Now came the hard part.

“How bad is it out there?” Shane asks nervously, after the jubilation of naming their newest family member died down.

Yuna glances at David, his grimace matching hers.

“As far as the public knows, you had a burst appendix and Hayden and Ilya both had to leave for family emergencies. There have been no leaks from the hospital. You are getting well-wishes from everyone including the brands. Some commenters are suspicious of the timing of 3 players leaving a game at the same time and getting it cancelled. The team, however.....”

“We don’t have to do this now Shane” David interrupts.

Shane’s eyes sharpened.

“No, tell me now”

“The team believes you violated your contract, specifically the birth control clause.”

Shane goes red, embarrassment and anger hand in hand.

“I didn’t, we didn’t”

“I know, honey, birth control is not 100% effective, but it’s also a *delicate* thing to prove that you never went off birth control.”

Ilya interjects “So what? The Metros want to punish Shane for having baby? To kick him off the team?”

Yuna purses her lips, “They haven’t set out an ultimatum yet, but the tone of the calls Farah and I have been getting from the Metro’s legal department look like they are tryin to build a case to do just that. Truly spectacularly stupid on their part. Shane has been nothing but a generational talent who has rebuilt their entire brand and could easily play another 8-10 years. We are looking into the best omega right lawyers to contest this honey, don’t worry about anything, we’ll take care of it. Hayden might also want to contact his union rep, they’re not happy he went with you to the hospital.”

“Fucking assholes” Ilya growls, protectively grabbing his boyfriend’s hand.

“Maybe you don’t have to take care of it.” Shane mumbles.

“What? What do you mean?”

“Maybe you don’t have to take care of it mom, I don’t think I can play for the Metros after this. I didn’t want to tell you, but it’s not been great in the locker room, I know you’ve seen how it is on the ice. If I ever play again, I would need so much help and I just don’t think I’m going to get it in Montreal. And when the season starts up again, she’ll be what? 6 months old? What kind of parents would we be if I was in Montreal and Ilya in Ottawa and she’s what? Being shuttled in-between? It’s been hard for us and we’re adults, she’s just a baby. So uh Ilya, I think I want to amend the plan?”

Ilya huffs incredulously, “Yes my love, the plan is in need of adjustments, I think.”

“Would it be alright if I move in with you in Ottawa, me and Emi?” I know it will be harder to for us to hide, but if we let Montreal void my contract, what’s the point anymore? You’ve been saying that the Centaurs are good, that they would be like the Admirals, able to make the adjustment for you. And if the team stands by your work visa, you should be safe from Russia, even if you can’t visit anymore and ummm maybe in a year or two, I can find a job, maybe coaching or commentating or something?”

Yuna could see Shane fighting so hard to calm, but his breath was coming in quicker with every word he spoke.

Ilya grasps her son’s face with two hands, “Shane Hollander, I am going to marry you. Of fucking course you and baby can move in with me. I would burn Montreal to the ground, if you didn’t. And you will play again, you are Shane Fucking Hollander”

“You want to marry me?” Shane laughs in delight, ignoring the arson threat and the rest.

“Yes, right now in hospital chapel, if you let me. Emi will be flower girl.”

“Hmmm I think Rose would kill me if I didn’t invite her, so maybe a bit later.”

“ So you are saying yes? Then if you must, we marry at cabin in Ottawa, one week from today with your ex-girlfriend.”

“Do I get a ring, Rozanov?”

“Yes moya lyubov, you get everything.”

Shane hiccups his retort and slumps down in his hospital bed, “Ilya stop being romantic right now, I can’t handle it.”

“And Ilya is right, Shane. You will play again. It’ll be different and it’ll be hard, but hard is not impossible.” Yuna adds, grabbing Shane’s other hand. David sees her teary eyes and puts his arm around her shoulders. He is also a goner.

She looks at her baby and her future son-in-law and suddenly an idea hits her.

“Ilya, do the Centaurs have any big contracts planned for next season? Aside from yours? Would they have cap space for Shane? I know they already have you as a center, but having the depth of line of having both you and Shane would be absolutely something else.”

“Mom, what are you talking about?”

“Shh honey I’m thinking” Her brain was going a mile a minute. Since Ilya was already captain, Shane’s salary would be more manageable as an alternate. They would be on the same schedule, David and her could fill in for Emi with the assistance of a nanny on roadies. The team was still in its rebuild, so Shane’s talent really couldn’t be ignored. Yes, yes, this could work. She needs to call Farah.

Chapter End Notes

1. Ilya will be smug that his sperm overpowered their birth control at a later date
2. I'm aware that Hayden is catching strays from Yuna, but I just feel like Yuna and Ilya would bond over not being that impressed by Hayden.

Chapter 5: Attention All Centaurs!

Chapter Summary

This is the chapter I first had in my mind when I thought of this fic.

Chapter Notes

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

Zane Boodram had been freaking out for 48 hours. Ever since he learned that historic rivals Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander were queer, in love, and had a baby together. Truly earth-shattering stuff and he couldn't tell ANYONE. Who would believe him? The whole world had seen Shane Hollander collapse on the ice and while the Metros were walking back their "burst appendix" cover-up to a generic well-wishes for Hollander to recover for his "major health concern". Only the most online and fringe of hockey fans would guess the actual truth.

He couldn't let anyone know what he knew, but he felt Barret knew something. He just wasn't as bamboozled and openly confused as everyone else. Maybe he had secret insight as Rozy's new bestie. They had gotten on the plane without him though and now Cassie was getting fed up with how twitchy and glued to his phone he had been, even though she was worried too. It had been complete radio-silence from Rozy in the team group chat and/or any direct message. He was just sitting on his couch post-practice, doing his best not to fold under his wife's questioning as to why he was deep-diving on old Montreal vs. Boston games.

Bzzz bzzz bzzz

Zane's hand flew to his phone

Pony Boys + Harris

ROZANOV: Attention All! Chiron is no longer Centaurs most amazing mascot, our beautiful boy has been overthrown

CHOINARD: he liiiiiiiiiiiiiives!

BARRET: What the FUCK Roz? Where are you?

HAAS: Omg are u ok?

LAPOINTE: da fuq? Wat did Chiron do to you?

LAPOINTE: Also wats goin on man?

Hayes: Rozy please elaborate on what the fuck happened in Montreal?

ROZANOV: Emi Hollander-Rozanov is new mascot - much cuter, much more perfect, is angel, Chiron should accept defeat gracefully

ROZANOV: [image: Small dark-haired, pink-faced newborn, swaddled in light purple blanket with matching fleece beanie, lying in hospital bassinet, yawning with eyes squeezed shut.]

BOODRAM: THIS IS HOW YOU'RE ANNOUNCING?

YOUNG: is that a baby?

YOUNG: a REAL baby?

DYKSTRA: What the fuck? HOLLANDER - Rozanov?

HARRIS: Ilya, are you saying what I think you are saying?!?!?

BARRET: Fuck you Bood! I KNEW you knew something!

BOODRAM: yeah yeah yeah Barret, you knew something too!

BARRET: I knew he was bi, guessed he was fucking Hollander, but a baby?!?! A baby, Roz?!?!

LAPOINTE: Rozy's bi?

HAAS: Our captain is sleeping with SHANE HOLLANDER?!?!?!???

HAYES: Wait a minute, is this why Hollander was med-evaced at the game?

CHOINARD: Holy shit, pull of the fucking century

HARRIS: Regroup boys! ILYA ROZANOV, are you the father of an adorable 1 day old baby girl?

ROZANOV: yes I become father of second sweet baby girl yesterday, Anya is proud big sister

ROZANOV: yes I am part-time gay, what you call bisexual, but full-time lover of Shane Hollander

ROZANOV: Narsy is correct, I made pull of the century before any other fucker got in, I am boyfriend/fiance of second best player in the league and if any one of you has a problem, you are dead to me

BOODRAM: No problem here and I'll deck anyone who does

HAYES: We got your back Rozy

LAPOINTE: yea cap love is love

HARRIS: YOU'RE GETTING MARRIED?!?!?! I need to sit down (of course, love you and Shane so much, give him our best)

BARRET: Congrats Roz, seconding Bood

DYKSTRA: Thirder!

CHOINARD: Yes, seriously thanks for trusting us and congratulations!

HAAS: Herzlichen Glückwunsch!!!!!!

YOUNG: Happy coming out and having a baby?! But also boyfriend/fiance? Are you not sure?

ROZANOV: I am 97% sure, last few days have been a lot. I still need a ring (AKA a house, Hollander has real-estate fetish and no taste in jewelry) to make case I am best husband, which is why I need you assholes to lock-in, Shane and baby are coming home to Ottawa tomorrow and I need troops on the floor. Nurses have told me many things I will need to be ready.

YOUNG: aye aye captain

LAPORTE: aye aye cap

BOODRAM: Anything you need man!

CHOINARD: Aye Aye captain!

Hayes: *troops on the ground and yes, of fucking course

DYKSTRA: A man with a plan, let's goooooooooo!

BOYLE: Holy fuckballs, what a day to miss out on the chat, but yeah, congrats on the baby, being bi, and getting engaged to Ottawa's own Shane freaking Hollander. Whatever you need man, Me and Stephanie are in

BOYLE: I already told Steph, is that alright?

ROZANOV: For being late Boyle, you are on rookie duty. Boyle and rookies, you buy and build furniture. I need crib, rocking chair, changing table, and whatever else baby needs. Do NOT get cheap shit. Babyletto is acceptable. All this will go in 1st floor guest room, bed is up for grabs (rooks!). My house code is **** and I will text Boyle credit card info.

BOYLE: Jesus ok, I'm on it. This baby is going to be the princess of Ottawa.

ROZANOV: Yes, she is princessa. Bood and Cassie, I need baby-proofing, whole house. Throw away anything dangerous. Babygate to separate Anya and baby for now.

BOOD: On our way to Rideau Centre now. We'll cover it btw.

ROZANOV: No, I will cover everything. Bag skates for anyone who pays. I will text money to you Bood.

ROZANOV: Hayes, you are on baby books, lots of books, and bookshelf. English, French, Russian and Japanese.

HAYES: Fuck yeah! I am so on it.

ROZANOV: Barrett, baby toys. Buy Emi anything with choking hazard and you will wish you were never born.

BARRET: Obviously. Can you sound less like a mob boss please?

ROZANOV: No

ROZANOV: Choinard, you have children. You and your wife are on formula and diapers. Best formula. Best diapers. She is a Hollander.

CHOINARD: You want the instant bottle cleaner tool too? It was a total life-saver for Chloe and I.

ROZANOV: Yes. This is cup-winning thinking Narsy.

ROZANOV: Dykstra, you are on baby clothes. She is 3.2 kg. Talk to Stacey in marketing for proper Centaurs gear, but also regular clothes and socks and hats. She only has Pike onsies right now and this is unacceptable

DYKSTRA: And baby pjs! This is taking me back to when Chelsea and Jack were small, OshKosh B'Gosh won't know what hit them.

DYKSTRA:Boyle, I'll get blankets but I don't know what crib you're going to get, so get sheets too! Lots of them, babies wet the bed constantly, and a mattress protector.

BOYLE: Sure thing! (Nursery shit is so cute, I wanna die of cuteness, Pointy has already bought himself a dinosaur lamp.)

ROZANOV: This is what I'm fucking talking about.

ROZANOV: Harris you are up and most important, I am calling Weibe next. My Shane will need trainers, post-pregnancy specialist, male omega specialist, and food prep. You will find me list of specialists, location does not matter, I will fly them out. Please have macrobiotic post-partum recovery food in fridge in tuppawares by tomorrow. I know it is a lot but I trust you with my life.

HARRIS: I was hoping to be on baby toys with Troy, but of course! Love you too babe!!!!

HARRIS: Out of curiosity and this will not leave this chat. Shouldn't Montreal by setting up Shane's post-partum recovery with their trainers?

LAPOINTE: Yea, that's a little weird. Centaurs will pull through obvs, but wats their deal?

ROZANOV: Their deal is that they are idiots who never deserved him. Montreal is our enemy until the day we all die, understood?

ROZANOV: He is one of us now

HAAS:Wait a minute, Hollander is joining the Centaurs?!?!?!?

YOUNG: This is the most insane day of my life. I am feeling insane. Aliens would need to invade to top it.

BOOD: IDK what your talking about, this is the most insane 30 minutes of my life. Thank god Cass is driving.

Chapter End Notes

ROZANOV: No one tell Hollander about mommy blogs!!!!

BARRETT: Bold of you to assume he doesn't already know

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