Things We Fought For

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by Anonymous

Summary

Short story of Shane and Ilya's first ultrasound

Notes

Thank you Zoé for beta, and Hazel for influencing me to go back to writing.

I hope you all enjoy.

See the end of the work for more notes

"Hollander?"

"Is Hollander-Rozanov…" Shane shushed Ilya's complaint down before it had a chance to leave his mouth properly. Trying to control the shaking of his hands he gathered the folder from the seat next to him, now with the addition of various brochures Ilya collected while waiting. *Best Prenatal Vitamins For You and Your Baby!* did they even *need* that*?*

Shane didn't have time to consider the importance of said vitamins. Instead, he gripped the file in both hands, surely creasing the contents, and followed the voice of a nurse into the examination room. Rushed rustling behind him told him Ilya was following right behind. It felt… weird, to say the least. Shane wasn't sure if Ilya ever accompanied him to the doctor's. He did, once, after a particularly nasty high stick almost got Ilya in the eye. Shane told Ilya it's so they're sure Ilya can understand everything the doctor is saying. Ilya chose not to tease him for it, but his smile told Shane everything.

It should be scary, to be read so easily by another person. Instead, Shane found it thrilling. That's *his* person. He can read Shane's mind all he wants. They've come too long of a way to be where they are now.

"Hi." Shane instantly chastised himself in his mind. Who in their right mind says *hi* to their doctor? What is he, an awkward teen?

Brain helpfully brings back a memory of his first encounter with Ilya. How did he manage to land a hot Russian while behaving like he did was going to forever be a mystery to him. Ilya said that's actually what got his attention. Shane refused to accept that by principle.

"Hello. Please, make yourself comfortable." the doctor ignored his awkward greeting, or Ilya's lack thereof. She was a kind looking woman, with fair hair clipped in the back. Shane took no time in taking the chair right across her, resting his file on the empty desk. "Mr Rozanov, you can put your coats over there." nothing. For a short moment, Shane wondered if Ilya even got *into* the room with him. A man like him was too big for life, too loud in his existence, and even after years Shane never got so used to him to ignore him the moment Ilya entered a room. He just felt the air shift, whatever. And the air wasn't shifting right.

"Ilya?" Shane needed just one look at his husband to get his answer; Ilya tended to brick up whenever he was stressed out, his eyes getting that weird glassy stare. It explained the lack of vocal greeting. Ilya probably just nodded instead, not trusting his mouth to form a coherent anything. Shane knew English still tended to fail Ilya in emotional moments, despite his proficiency and years of use. And, well, how else would one call getting to accompany your husband at his ob-gyn for the very first time?

"Thanks."Ilya managed before hanging their coats and taking a seat next to Shane. Shane took his hand and squeezed lightly, one, two, three times, and smiled when he saw some of the tension leave Ilya's shoulders.

"How are you feeling, mr Hollander?"

"Shane is fine. I'm… good. Been feeling pretty tired lately, but other than that nothing."

"That's to be expected. Lethargy is common at this point of pregnancy," Shane felt Ilya shift in his seat at the word, "you should be kind to yourself. Don't push your body, it's working very hard to accommodate to this new situation." the doctor smiled and pointed at the file. "I believe this is what I asked for the last time?"

"Uh, yeah." Shane silently cursed Ilya for sticking all those brochures into the file as he tried to fetch his last check up report. She mentioned wanting to compare his chart now to how his body was before.

Before he was pregnant.

God, that still felt insane to think about.

She took a look at the chart, but didn't make any comments on what she saw.

"Today's gonna be pretty simple. We look at the baby, I take some measurements, see how they're growing. Maybe we listen to the heartbeat if I can get reading clear enough. Remind me, please, do you want to know the gender of your baby?"

"Ah, we're not… It's fine if you tell us."

"Great. Now, if I could ask you to move over here… You to, dad, sit on the other side right here…"

"She called me dad." Ilya whispered.

"Well, that's kinda what you are." Shane teased as he tried to get himself comfortable on the examining table.

"Shirt up." the doctor instructed. Shane raised the fabric, exposing his stomach. "Pants a little lower, here, let me… Great." she praised as she helped Shane shimmy his jeans a little lower. "Next time you might want to wear sweatpants. Or anything with elastic will do. That's gonna be your routine for quite some time now."

"This is gonna be cold." despite being literally told to prepare, Shane still let out a hiss as the cold gel made contact with his skin. The pressure of the wand hurt a bit, especially since his abdomen got sensitive a few weeks ago. The cold sensation got a bit better as the gel warmed up from his skin and the doctor spread it with the wand.

"Let's see… amniotic sac looks good… yolk sac is good… and here," the wand moved, relieving the pressure slightly, "is your baby."

The picture looked like… nothing, really, white and black and gray and blur. Shane couldn't tell what he was looking at. Ilya did, if the way his grip on Shane's hand got stronger was anything to go by. He turned just in time to catch his husband let out a silent sob. Shane felt his own eyes wet a bit. He blinked fast, trying to chase the emotion away.

"I'm going to try to take some measurements." there was more pressure, the doctor now focused on the ultrasound. Ilya took the opportunity to shower Shane's hand with kisses, a public display of affection that once would have Shane sick with anxiety. Now, he felt the overwhelming love for his husband. He adored that man, so much.

"Я тебя люблю." Shane squeezed Ilya's hand in response. He made a mental note to remind Ilya not to use Russian in public because his hormones were too all over the place to handle it.

"Don't get startled." the doctor warned them before she clicked something and, oh, okay, now Shane *was* crying. That sound was like nothing they've heard before. "Good heartbeat. Fast, but that's normal at this stage. You're about 9 weeks, all is good. Here," the doctor handed Shane a bunch of tissues, "wipe your stomach. I'm gonna set the next appointment, I'll be right back with the pictures." with that, the doctor left.

Ilya let go of his hand, gathered the tissues, and began to wipe the gel off. He worked methodically, gathering most of the gel into few tissues before throwing the bundle into the garbage. What concerned Shane was the intensity with which he focused on the task; his eyes reminded Shane of moments on ice right before the puck drop.

"Ilya?"

"Sorry… sorry." Ilya raised his hand to wipe at his nose. Shane didn't have it in him to remind him to use a tissue; not when his eyes were glossy with unshed tears.

"Hey." He extended his hand. Without missing a beat, Ilya took it. "What's wrong?"

"I guess… It finally hit me. The, ah…" Ilya raised his free hand in a movement that supposedly was a physical explanation of whatever it was that he wanted to say.

And, because Shane Hollander had a degree in Understanding His Husband, he could guess what he meant.

"The realization?" Ilya nodded. "I guess it's not gonna feel real, truly real, until I get to hold them."

"Fuck, Hollander…" Ilya sniffed, and stole one of the tissues Shane was given to wipe his stomach with to dab at his left eye. "You can't say things like that." Shane laughed at him, and was rewarded with a very adult behavior of Ilya sticking his tongue at him. Because he was a very self respecting adult, Shane responded with the same.

"I love you." There was something in Ilya's eyes whenever he said those words, in his voice. The complete and utter adoration Shane would never understand how he came to deserve.

"I love you, too.

End Notes

Thank you for reading

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