got 'em lookin' like you

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got 'em lookin' like you

by bespelled

Summary

Shane is 40 weeks pregnant with their first child and is a few days past his due date. Ilya Rozanov reacts in a predictable fashion.

Notes

Inspired by the brilliant tweets of @aerihidalgo, written just in time for Ilya Rozanov's 35th birthday.

Happy birthday to my favorite bisexual Russian terminator, I hope you have the family you've always wanted.

See the end of the work for more notes

I just want you
Have a couple kids, got the whole block lookin' like you
We tell the world to leave us the fuck alone
And they do

The day began slow.

The gradual spill of sunlight across haphazard sheets.

The familiar loose tangle of limbs made a touch more awkward in recent months.

Eventually, Ilya roused to full consciousness—

—but only to an empty bed.

He threw an arm across Shane's vacated side, feeling the lingering warmth his husband had left behind.

"*Moya lyubov*?" Ilya called out, stifling a yawn. His eyes tracked across their empty bedroom. He strained his ears for any sound of movement from the adjoining bathroom.

Just the trill of birdsong. The distant bark of a dog.

"Shane?" Ilya padded down their hallway barefoot. His breath tasted minty fresh, but his curls remained mussed and tangled.

There was only so much he could accomplish at this hour.

"Shane?" Worry began to creep in when his husband still failed to respond.

Ilya slid to a panicked stop the moment he entered the kitchen.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," Shane said, amused. He was standing in front of the stove, the sizzle telling Ilya he was cooking, the smell telling Ilya he was cooking something *delicious*.

"*Sleepyhead*? Congratulations, *moya lyubov*. You have graduated from boring to lame." Ilya grinned and pretended to duck as Shane waved a spatula threateningly in his direction. "Is that—" Ilya sniffed the air like a dog, his eyes widening in shocked recognition.

"—is that bacon and eggs?" Ilya asked, disbelieving. "Who are you and what have you done with my husband?"

"No, the question is: what have **you** done with your husband?" Shane made a face in his direction as he began plating their breakfast—a generous helping of crispy bacon, fried eggs and a short stack of pancakes to share between them. "It's ***your*** fault I'm craving this first thing in the morning."

Ilya moved closer to take the plates from Shane's hands. He leaned forward, grinning, puckering his lips in expectation

Shane rolled his eyes, shifted his stance slightly, and met him a quarter of the way.

"Sit down, *solnyshko*," Ilya spoke softly. "I'll finish up."

Shane opened his mouth, an instinctive protest on his lips that Ilya swallowed with another kiss.

"Go," Ilya ordered once their mouths parted.

Shane blinked, once, twice, before he made his slow, careful way to their dining table.

Waddled, Rose had once helpfully said.

Shane blew out a breath as he settled in his seat. He grimaced for a second and Ilya made a mental note to purchase better cushions. Clearly the one Shane was using was not comfortable enough.

"Ginger ale, *moya lyubov*?" Ilya was pulling a cold one from the fridge before Shane even answered.

He couldn't resist and planted another kiss on Shane's forehead as he slid into his own seat after having set the table.

"*Fuck*—" Shane moaned around a mouthful of bacon.

Ilya ignored his body's own, predictable response to the sound, distracting himself by reviewing their schedule for the day.

"Are you still okay with lunch with Svetlana?" Shane nodded, his cheeks bulging slightly from his last, generous bite of pancake.

Ilya had to physically hold himself back from doing something drastic.

"Dad said he could come over later, to help with the—" Shane paused and visibly winced.

Ilya was already moving.

"*Solnyshko*, what's the matter? Do you feel anything?" he demanded urgently, his gaze darting over him frantically.

"No, I'm fine." Shane waved off Ilya's concern, taking a deep breath as he cautiously reevaluated himself.

"I think *someone* just found my ribs again," Shane said fondly, gently running a hand down his stomach.

It was hopefully enough to reassure his husband, whose anxious hands still hovered around him, as if he was ready to scoop him up and run.

"Promise, baby, I'm *fine*." Shane cupped the side of Ilya's face, running his thumb across his cheekbone. "But could you get me a glass of water, please?"

Ilya stood instantly, his body programmed to listen to Shane's every request, though his brow was still furrowed in concern.

The moment Ilya turned away, Shane pressed a hand to the curve of his stomach, silently counting through the tightening ache before releasing a slow, controlled breath.

"Water, *solnyshko*. With six ice cubes." Ilya returned barely a minute later and carefully set the glass down in front of Shane.

Shane took his hand and pressed a kiss to his palm.

"Thank you. And I'm fine I promise," he reassured him once more, seeing the worry Ilya still telegraphed in every line of his body. "Come on. Let's finish breakfast."

It was not time to tell him, not yet.

The contractions had to be longer and closer together, or at least that's what his doctor had advised them.

Shane didn't want to worry Ilya needlessly. His husband had been as taut as a wire the past few days, ever since Shane's due date came and went.

But now, it seemed, their day had finally come—just as his mother had reassured them it would.

Shane felt a stirring of his own anxieties, an undeniable excitement, but he tucked both carefully away for now.

For now, Shane was content to enjoy this one last slow morning together.

"Oh."

A sharp spike of panic shot through Shane.

"*Oh shit,*" he cursed under his breath as a sudden warmth rushed down his legs.

Shane’s eyes remained fixed on the spreading wetness on the bathroom tile, his mind suddenly filled with static.

That was how Ilya found him a moment later.

The silence was loud as they stared at each other—a pause filled with so much tension it felt as if the entire house itself held its breath.

Shane bit back a whimper at another, stronger wave of pain.

Ilya exploded into movement a second later.

“Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.” He rushed forward, helping Shane step carefully over the wet tiles, his hand trembling in Shane’s tight grip. “We have to—” Ilya broke off, looking around frantically.

Shane exhaled slowly, steadying himself against the rising panic. “Help me change first, Ilya. Then I’ll message my parents.” His husband nodded jerkily.

Ilya carefully helped him to the bed and Shane couldn't help his slight grimace as he sat, staining their sheets with his wet clothing.

“Here, *solnyshko*.” Ilya darted away and returned a heartbeat later. He handed Shane his pre-selected hospital outfit, which was actually Ilya's favorite, over-worn sweats.

Shane felt his pulse slow a beat once he was enveloped in the soft cotton and his husband's familiar scent.

"Load the car with the hospital stuff, Ilya. I'll tell mom and dad." Shane was trying in vain to reach for his phone on the side table when Ilya pressed his into his palm.

"Use mine. I will be quick, *solnyshko*. Stay here." Ilya spun on his heel and dashed out.

Where else would I go? Shane's mind uncharitably snipped back, but he focused instead on typing his husband's lock code.

8-1-2-4. He mouthed.

"Oh, I forgot."

Shane blinked as Ilya reappeared in front of him.

Tears pricked in the corners of his husband's eyes.

He leaned forward and cupped Shane's face in his hands.

His voice shook with quiet awe.

"*Ya tebya lyublyu, malysh*. *Ya tebya lyublyu*."

Shane swatted at his chest with a watery laugh.

"God, I love you too, you idiot. But we have *to go*."

Ilya grinned down at him, wide and open—like sunlight. He planted a smacking kiss against Shane's cheekbone, over his favorite freckle, before running out of their bedroom once more.

Shane shook his head, his chest aching.

His fingers fumbled slightly as he opened their family chat.

Team Hollander

The Favorite Son
Mom, dad, this is Shane
I'm using Ilya's phone

Mama Yuna
Hi honey
Why are you using Ilya's phone?

Papa David
Hi son!
How's my little trooper doing?

The Favorite Son
Please don't panic
But my water just broke
Ilya and I are leaving for the hospital

Mama Yuna
Oh honey, what amazing news!
Don't forget your hospital bags
Your dad and I will handle the rest

The Favorite Son
Thanks mom
Yes, Ilya is loading them in the car
You'll meet us there?

Mama Yuna
Yes honey, don't worry about us
How are you feeling?

The Favorite Son
The contractions are longer now
It's painful but I can manage

Mama Yuna
My brave boy
I'm so proud of you

The Favorite Son
Thank you mom
Where's dad?
Did he go to get the car ready too?

Mama Yuna
Don't mind your father
He had to sit down for a minute
He was just like this when I had you
I bet Ilya is doing a lot better than he did back then

Shane was about to type out a reply when the whirlwind that was his husband burst through the door.

Shane jumped slightly, staring wide-eyed at a windswept Ilya.

"*Moya lyubov*, car is ready. Bags are loaded. I am dressed—"

Shane forced himself not to stare at Ilya's colorful, mismatched socks.

"—do you need me to carry you, *solnyshko*?" His husband's entire body was thrumming with jittery energy.

Shane's mind was bombarded with a sudden image of Ilya maneuvering his considerably larger frame down the stairs and he stifled a hysterical laugh.

“Oh god no. Just help me to my feet and to the car, please.”

And though Shane could make his own way down the hall, Ilya still hovered two steps behind.

And though Shane could easily adjust his own seat in the car, Ilya still fussed over his comfort, muttering about proper spinal alignment as he buckled him in.

His husband was *finally* rushing to the driver's side after Shane insisted he did **not** need another pillow, when his cellphone vibrated in his hand.

Shane immediately checked—maybe his mom had texted—but he was shocked to see a different screensaver than what he was used to: instead of a photo of Ilya, it was of his own face pressed up against Anya's.

"Ilya baby, my phone! I left it upstairs," Shane spoke frantically as soon as Ilya slid into his seat. "We have important documents there, we can't leave without it."

Ilya bolted out of the car without another word.

Shane would have spent the moment admiring just how *quickly* his husband could move, when his bladder inconveniently made itself a problem.

"*Seriously*? Now, *lunochka*?" Shane groaned.

He glanced toward the front door.

He calculated their travel time to the hospital.

He looked down once more.

"Ok sweetheart, I got it. I got it. Please stop using your dad's bladder as a soccer ball."

Shane sighed in absolute relief after a quick trip to their downstairs bathroom.

His little soccer star had settled down as well, but he now had to grit his teeth against the force of each contraction.

Shane was slowly but surely making his way back out of the house, pressing his hand against the wall for support, when he heard the rumble of an engine starting.

Shane's eyes widened.

No.

He wouldn't.

The squeal of tires over asphalt.

Shane waddled to a halt, just outside their front door.

He must have looked a sight—forty weeks pregnant, dressed in loose sweats and fluffy slippers, standing outside with his mouth hanging wide open as he watched his husband hightail it out of their drive way.

It took Ilya approximately ninety seconds to notice his husband was missing.

Ninety seconds too long.

"Shane—"

Ilya’s entire body locked the moment he turned and saw the empty seat beside him.

Panic crested like a wave.

The steering wheel seemed to jump in his hands.

“Shane, Shane, Shane,” Ilya chanted as the car made a sharp turn, wincing at the screech of tires on asphalt. He was grateful they lived along a wide, private road.

Ilya practically leapt out of the driver’s seat the moment he parked outside their house.

His long strides ate up the distance.

"*Moya lyubov*—"

Shane stood exactly where Ilya had left him, arms crossed over his huge belly.

"Forgot something, baby?" His tone was as dry as the desert.

Ilya considered falling to his knees.

"*Solnyshko*, I'll apologize any way you want me to, I'll accept any punishment you give me —" Ilya reached out beseechingly, Shane shying away in a huff. "Hell, I'll even let you win at scrabble—"

"*Hey*!" Shane barked, offended. "I can win at scrabble *without* your help."

Of course that's what he'd focus on.

"Yes certainly, *moya lyubov*, I will give this to you even if past events say the opposite." Ilya finally got his hands on Shane, tugging his heavily pregnant husband into his arms. Shane went willingly, though he was still muttering under his breath.

"Forgive your foolish, panicked husband for leaving without you and let him bring you to the hospital?"

Shane wrinkled his nose.

Ilya tilted his chin up, pressing a soft kiss against said scrunched up nose.

"—I am holding you to ***all*** of these promises Ilya Rozanov-Hollander," Shane said finally.

"Except for the scrabble one. I don't need that one."

Ilya grinned, a warm, tender smile, before carefully supporting his husband as they made their slow, measured way to the car.

"—since we're still here, maybe you should bring our travel scrabble board too, so we don't have to wait for me to prove you wrong."

Oh, he was definitely falling to his knees later on.

"Let me check off the most important item on the to-bring list first, *then* I'll go back for it."

"Hello, we called ahead. My husband, Shane Rozanov-Hollander, is in labor. I am Ilya Rozanov-Hollander, his husband."

Shane squeezed Ilya's arm. It was supposed to serve a dual purpose—part reassurance, part distraction from the pain of his next contraction.

"He is in *pain*." Clearly, the reassurance did not go over well.

"Don't worry, Mr. Rozanov-Hollander. Your attending, Dr. Rojas, called us as well. We'll be bringing you directly to Labor & Delivery and she will assess you there."

Shane focused on his breathing as he was wheeled down the hallway to their destination.

"I'm here Shane." Ilya pressed a loving kiss to the back of his husband's hand—a hand that tightened spasmodically when they arrived at the examination room.

"I'm right here *solnyshko,*" Ilya promised once more, seeing the flash of trepidation on his husband's face. "I will not leave your side for even a second."

And Ilya took that promise very seriously.

"Mr. Rozanov—"

"It's Rozanov-*Hollander*," Ilya interrupted.

The baby-faced resident—who introduced himself as Dr. Cody—blinked once, then nodded.

"Mr. Rozanov-Hollander, I'm here to do some preliminary examinations on your husband before I refer him back to Dr. Rojas," he explained as he snapped his gloves on.

Shane was nodding already as he adjusted his position on the bed.

Ilya was not having it.

"*Nyet*." Ilya's Russian accent thickened. "No need. We will wait. I only want Dr. Rojas to examine Shane."

"It'll be fine, Ilya." Truthfully, Shane wasn't entirely sure—the resident doctor looked painfully young—but he just wanted to get it over with. "It's just a quick look."

"Shane, *look at him!*" Ilya at least *tried* to whisper. It was utterly useless, given the doctor was standing right in front of them, but at least he tried. "He is a fetus in a white coat. He is a rookie."

Ilya suddenly gasped, as if he just realized something horrifying.

"We do not even know if he is the best rookie, like our Luca. He could be like *Young*."

"Ilya *stop!*" Shane chastised him, though he looked momentarily appalled at the thought of an Alex Young-equivalent examining him. "I'm sure Dr. Cody knows what he's doing."

"Yes, please do not worry. I've been doing this for 3 years and running," Dr. Cody assured them both, as he rolled his chair closer to the examination table. "You're welcome to stay Mr. Rozanov-Hollander, but some partners prefer not to be present for this part."

Shane winced slightly, knowing exactly how his husband would take that.

"*Some* partner?"

Ilya rose to his full, impressive height.

"I am not just *some* partner." Ilya visibly bristled at the mere suggestion. "I am handsome, loving, *devoted* husband. I will stay."

He stared at the baby-faced doctor, as if daring him to challenge him.

"Ilya stop it—" Shane swatted his husband's arm. "—he did not mean it like that."

"I apologize, Mr. Rozanov-Hollander. I simply meant some partners get squeamish when we move on to the more invasive procedures," Dr. Cody explained, blithely unaware he just dug himself a deeper hole.

Shane closed his eyes.

Ilya puffed out his chest.

"I am *Russian*—" He began, but was thankfully interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Shane, Ilya. I apologize for being late." Dr. Rojas smiled warmly as soon as she entered. "What did I miss?"

Shane squirmed when Dr. Rojas pressed something cool to his thigh. She had explained earlier—it's so he could get used to the sensation, though she still offered a murmured apology at his first sign of discomfort.

Ilya inched closer and closer, hovering protectively.

Dr. Cody seemed to decide he had suddenly become unnecessary and slipped out of the room.

"You're doing so well Shane," Dr. Rojas praised, voice soft and patient. "*So well*."

"You're doing so well, *solnyshko*," Ilya parroted, eyes misting over. "*So well*."

"Everything is progressing just as planned," Dr. Rojas continued matter-of-factually.

"Everything is progressing just as planned, *moya lyubov*," Ilya exclaimed in absolute awe.

"We have to wait and see still, but I believe you may be meeting your baby soon." Dr. Rojas smiled warmly.

"Did you hear that, Ilya?" Shane said tearfully, craning his neck towards his husband. "We'll be meeting our—"

Shane's voice hitched, unable to finish his sentence.

He found himself engulfed in Ilya's strong arms a heartbeat later.

"Yes, I heard it *solnyshko*," he whispered softly. "We'll get to meet her soon."

"I'll give you two some privacy," Dr. Rojas murmured, carefully rising from her seat.

Ilya caught her eye just as she was about to exit the room.

Shane's face was still buried in his chest. Ilya ran a soothing hand up and down his back.

Thank you. He mouthed, before all his attention was singularly devoted to the man in his arms.

"Oh, thank heavens, you're here."

Yuna blinked and next moment she knew, she was engulfed in a slightly desperate hug.

"Of course we're here." Yuna squeezed him back gently. "David and I had to see our babies." She patted Ilya on the shoulder, before gently easing him into David's arms - to receive the second hug he seemed to sorely need.

As soon as Ilya moved aside, her eyes landed immediately on her son in the bed.

"Oh my sweet boy," Yuna said tearfully, walking over to brush Shane's hair away from his face. "How are you feeling?"

"*Horrible!*" Shane snapped. His face was set in a mulish expression.

Yuna's eyes widened a fraction.

"I feel grimy. I feel too hot, then too cold. I am in pain." Shane's tone was irate, though his lower lip visibly trembled.

"It's all Ilya's fault and I *hate* him."

Ilya made a wounded sound from right behind her.

"I'm so sorry, honey. I know it's terrible, but I'm here. Your dad's here." Yuna was smart enough not to draw attention to Ilya as of the moment. "Has the doctor advised if you can eat something?"

"He can, but only clear liquids. He had some broth and juice earlier," Ilya replied, tone careful, as he slowly approached the bed. "I can get you some more if you want, *solnyshko.*"

"*Nyet*." Shane glared.

Ilya deflated.

"I want jelly."

Ilya sprung into immediate action. "Yes, of course. I will go ask the nurse's station."

And though he was in a hurry, he still closed the door behind him with exaggerated care, to avoid startling Shane.

"It seems Ilya is taking good care of my little trooper." David walked to the other side of Shane's bed as soon as Ilya left, his smile soft and gentle. "Isn't that right, champ?"

Shane's eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"He's the *best*, dad," he whispered.

He quietly accepted David's hug, burying his face into his side.

"I wouldn't be able to do this without him," he confessed, voice small.

On the other side of the bed, Yuna squeezed her son's hand, her own eyes smarting.

"*I love him so much.*"

Yuna caught David's gaze over their son's head.

She saw it clearly in his face. His trembling smile.

The same, quiet acknowledgement she felt deep in her chest.

Their son was no longer just theirs now.

"*Solnyshko*, I'm back—" Ilya froze at the doorway.

Three pairs of tear-filled eyes looked in his direction.

"*Ilya*." Shane's face shone, the most open expression Yuna had ever seen on her son.

"*Moya lyubov*," Ilya did not spare a moment and rushed over.

Yuna ceded her spot next to Shane, Ilya throwing her a look of utmost gratitude.

"You took too long," Shane informed him, his voice thick.

"Yes, I'm so sorry Shane. But here, your apple jelly, *solnyshko*." Ilya offered him the cup with careful hands. "You love apple."

Shane's face twisted.

Yuna bit her lip, seeing Ilya's expression of absolute panic.

"They have other flavors, I can—"

"I *do* love apple." Shane sniffed, making grabbing motions with his hands. Not for the jelly, but for his husband. "You know me so well."

Yuna took Ilya slightly aside a few minutes later, leaving David and Shane to their in-depth discussion about the regional variation of jelly flavors.

"How are you holding up, Ilya?" She touched his shoulder gently. "This is hard for Shane, but it isn't easy for you too."

"I am okay," Ilya said firmly, his eyes on his husband the entire time. "He should be the only focus of today. No one else."

"Oh sweetheart, that's not true at all!" Yuna scolded, cupping his chin and forcing him to meet her eyes. "*You* focus on taking care of Shane, David and I will worry about taking care of *you* too."

"Thank you, mama." Ilya let out a wet laugh. "But he seems to be in a much better mood, *da*?" He said hopefully.

"Oh sweetheart," Yuna said sympathetically, patting his cheek in commiseration. She hated to break it to him.

"I'm afraid this is only the beginning of your day."

Ilya visibly paled.

Ilya wasn't certain he'd finish the day with all ten fingers left intact.

"That's it, Shane. You're doing great!" Dr. Rojas called out encouragingly, the nurses echoing her sentiment. "Hold. *Hold*. Let's wait for the next contraction. Okay, deep breath for me. Now push. Push. *Push*."

"*Ugh*!" Shane grunted, his hand tightening around Ilya's like a vice.

It's alright. Ilya didn't need his fingers.

He was probably due for retirement anyway.

Shane could easily support him and his lifestyle, and Ilya knew he would thrive as a trophy househusband slash leader of the WAGs.

“Fuck you, Ilya Rozanov!” Shane yelled, sweat pouring down his face, cheeks flushed an angry red. His eyes were livid, his lips pulled back in a snarl. "Fuck you and your giant Russian genes that make giant babies!"

"Yes, *solnyshko*. It's all my fault. I will do better next time, use different genes," Ilya promised solemnly, brushing his lips across Shane's damp hairline. "Forgive my foolishness, *moya lyubov*."

Ilya saw the medical team duck their heads, shoulders shaking.

"*Next time*?" Shane huffed. "As if I'll ever allow you near me next time without a condom. Or a vasectomy!" He threatened.

All Ilya's mind registered from that statement was that they'd still be having sex, and that was fine with him.

"Fucking six-foot, two hundred pounds—" Shane continued to rant. Ilya's hand continued to be his personal squeeze toy.

"Big dick," Ilya offered helpfully.

One of their nurses let out an unholy snort behind their mask.

"Oh—" Shane's eyes glittered dangerously. "—not anymore when I'm done with it."

"Ok Shane, I can see the next contraction coming!" Dr. Rojas interrupted. "Same thing. You're doing great. Hold. Hold. Deep breath. Now, push! That's it, Shane. *Push*!"

Shane screamed.

"There—" Dr. Rojas shouted.

The team moved together seamlessly. Dr. Rojas reached forward. One nurse supported Shane. Another moved equipment into place.

The precision reminded Ilya of hockey at its highest level—chemistry, trust, familiarity.

"Almost there, Shane—"

The next few moments were snapshots, memories Ilya would carry in his soul forever.

"Baby's out!"

Shane's sob of relief.

A small, bright, piercing wail.

Dr. Rojas looked up, eyes shining.

"Congratulations, you two. You have a healthy baby girl."

Something loose in Ilya's heart finally slotted back into place.

"Which one is she—"

Ilya's gaze jumped from bassinet to bassinet.

His fingers tightened around his mother’s cross.

"—ah of course. There she is. The most beautiful one of the bunch."

It felt like a vise around his chest this time, though it was only his heart expanding with every breath.

"Hello, *lunochka.*" Ilya stepped up to the glass. His eyes were riveted.

A pillowy, pink face. The smallest tuft of dark hair. One small hand peeking out of her swaddle.

The single placard, proudly announcing: Baby Girl Rozanova-Hollander.

"*Look at her, maman. Isn't she the most precious thing you've ever seen?*"

The metal was cold and familiar against his palm.

There were times when the necklace felt too heavy to wear around his neck, a golden loop of haunted memories.

Most times it was Ilya's tether, a lifeline, his last string of connection that allowed him to believe his mother was still within his reach.

"Shane was so brave, maman. So brave. It was so hard for him, the entire pregnancy, but somehow we got through it together." Ilya did not need to remind her, he already told her every story.

The way Shane looked when he handed Ilya the positive pregnancy test, his face caught between fear and elation.

Anya, little genius that she was, sensing things immediately and sticking to Shane's side throughout the entire nine months.

The way David had to catch Yuna as she nearly fell, overcome with happiness when they told them the news over dinner.

Svetlana and Rose booking flights the moment they heard and inadvertently starting a friendly competition between themselves on who would be the favorite aunt.

Hayden bursting into drunken tears and hugging Ilya, of all people, telling him he still hated him but he would make an excellent father.

The entire Centaurs team screaming in pure excitement right before a game, when they had to explain why Shane couldn't play for the rest of the season.

They'd won that match, naturally.

Harris post on the team's official socials becoming an instant, viral success, a flood of well-wishers in the comments.

It was a photo of him and Shane on their home rink, facing away from the camera in their Centaurs' jerseys, a small pair of skates sitting on the ice between them.

Harris captioned it: "The First Husbands of Hockey are adding another player to the line up."

The memories washed over him, softening his expression even more. Ilya then continued speaking, his voice barely carrying down the hallway, the message just for him and Irina.

"There is a phrase many use in sport, maman. They say 'this is our year' when they want to win the Stanley cup, for example. This is usually not the case, unless you are Shane or me." Ilya grinned smugly to himself. "*But I guess it is a good way to boost team morale."*

Ilya flushed slightly when a nurse approached from the other side of the window, wondering if she caught him apparently talking to himself.

But she smiled kindly in his direction, pointing questioningly at his daughter's bassinet, miming a slight pushing motion.

"*Yes*." Ilya nodded fervently.

The nurse gave him a thumbs up, before carefully bringing his baby girl closer to the glass.

Ilya's eyes drank in every feature, for what must have been the dozenth time already.

"*This*—" Ilya placed his fingers, thankfully unbroken, against the glass.

Joy, unfiltered, suffused his entire being, when her little eyes fluttered open.

"*—this year is definitely mine.*"

The hospital was blissfully quiet.

A hush only achieved in the earliest hours of morning.

Shane's labor ended just an hour after midnight. Thankfully, Ilya had insisted on a luxurious, private suite for his husband, so Yuna and David were permitted to stay beyond visiting hours - at least until the first room-in with the baby.

Shane almost insisted they sleep at the hospital with them, not wanting to send his parents away, but Yuna whispered quiet reassurances, smoothing his hair back like she did when he was young.

"Oh honey, you and Ilya deserve your time alone with your baby. Your dad and I just want to see her, then we'll go."

"Are you sure mom—" Shane began, but he was immediately distracted by a small knock on their door.

Ilya was at his side immediately.

"Hello everyone, sorry to disturb." The same nurse Ilya saw earlier wheeled the bassinet in carefully. His eyes flickered to her name tag—Nurse Laurel. "I’m here to help you with your first hold."

Shane nodded nervously. "Can my husband sit next to me while I hold her?"

"Of course he can." Nurse Laurel smiled approvingly as Ilya slid carefully onto the bed, mindful of Shane's comfort. Shane immediately reached for his hand.

“I’m just going to help you position her in your arms,” Nurse Laurel said, steady and practiced. “Yes, that’s perfect, Mr. Rozanov-Hollander. I’ll support her head while you settle. Don’t worry— I’m right here.”

"Oh, she's so heavy!" Shane blurted out in surprise, flushing when everyone let out a laugh.

"I'm sorry, *solnyshko*. It's those hated Russian genes at work," Ilya joked lightly.

"*No*—" Shane's brow furrowed. He twisted to look at his husband. "—I'm sorry, I said it in the heat of the moment. I will never regret the half of her that is you Ilya. *Never*." Shane whispered fiercely.

Ilya's answering smile was soft. "I know, *moya lyubov*. I know."

Shane, his arms cradling their first born daughter, slowly leaned back against his husband's chest, a deep sigh of contentment escaping them both.

Once Nurse Laurel confirmed they were comfortable holding her on their own, she quietly left the room. "Just page us, if you need anything."

And finally, it was just them. Family.

"She looks just like you Shane, when you were a baby." Yuna sniffled, pressing herself deeper into David's embrace.

"A little of Ilya in there too. Look at that little curl at the top of her head," David pointed out, his voice thick with emotion.

"As long as she has Shane's freckles," Ilya spoke, running his thumb across his husband's cheek. "But I draw the line at his weak backhand."

Shane predictably twisted in Ilya's embrace, glaring at his husband.

"Oh yeah? Then she can have my shot accuracy—"

"Oh you just shaved one second of my record, big deal—"

The little bundle in Shane's arms made a small, protesting sound.

Shane and Ilya froze.

"Serves you boys right, already arguing in front of your baby," Yuna teased lovingly.

"It's fine boys, just rock her back and forth until she goes right back to sleep," David advised.

The pair watched quietly as Shane swayed her gently, Ilya murmuring soft endearments in Russian.

The boys then looked at each other in awe as she eventually settled down.

"I think that's our cue to leave, grandpa." Yuna turned to her husband, smiling up at him.

"Lead the way grandma," David replied softly.

Two rounds of tearful goodbyes later, Yuna was packing up her things, picking up her phone from the counter.

“Oh—” Yuna’s voice broke slightly. “I didn’t realize today’s date.”

David's gaze lingered for one moment longer on his two sons as they cradled his precious granddaughter between them, before looking down at his wife's phone screen.

Familiar numbers blinked back at him.

David remembered the exact moment he wrote that date on their family calendar.

They were having dinner, just the three of them, while Shane was out of town for an away game.

After much cajoling, Yuna successfully wheedled the information out of Ilya.

He didn't want to tell them at first, saying it was no big deal, that at his age he no longer really celebrated.

All the more that Yuna, David and Shane were determined to make it special for him.

The date read *June 15.*

"We should bring a cake when we come back. Do you think the hospital will allow for streamers?" David was surprisingly the most excited when it came to birthday celebrations. Yuna found it utterly endearing.

"Yes, my love. We'll do all that and more. But for now, our sons need rest."

Yuna watched as Shane carefully placed their baby in Ilya's arms for the first time.

Ilya’s face was filled with quiet awe.

Her son looked at them like they were his entire world.

Yuna smiled at David through her tears. “Now we have two things to celebrate,” she said softly, as they stood there a little longer than they should have.

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this fic!

Kudos and comments are always welcome.

You can also scream with me about hollanov on either Tumblr/Twitter @hudconova.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!