

try to capture every minute, that feeling in it

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try to capture every minute, that feeling in it

by [imbihesgay](#)

Summary

“If the plums are good, we will get them,” he assures her and she smiles in relief.

“Kay Daddy.” She goes back to looking at the numerous, colorful brands of cereal around them in the aisle. Shane sighs, one hand pressed against the underside of his swollen belly as a barrage of movement steals his focus momentarily.

He’s so distracted by the movement of their baby within, that it takes him a second to realize the gentle presence of his daughter has disappeared from his side. He turns, so quickly that it makes his hip muscles pull uncomfortably, trying to spot her in the aisle.

His heart lodges in his throat when he realizes she is no longer even in the same aisle.

“Ren?” he chokes out, feet moving in the direction of the aisle’s edge, hoping to god she’s somewhere extremely nearby and he’s just missing her. The hurried waddle to the end of the aisle feels like it takes an eternity, his heart racing, sweat beading on his forehead, pulse stuttering.

Fuck, what is she wearing right now? What color is her shirt? Oh, fuck, what if he has to tell the police what she was last seen in? What if he- what if she’s-

-aka a pregnant shane has a scary day with their older daughter-

Notes

just some fluff :P

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enjoy xxxx

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

“Daddy, we can get plums?”

A tiny fist tugs on Shane’s pant leg, and he glances down over his protruding belly at the excitable face of his three-year old daughter Ren. She’s looking up at him with those big, warm brown eyes that he finds impossible to say no to. The spray of freckles across her nose, mirroring his own, wrinkle up as she grins hopefully.

Even halfway through his second pregnancy, Shane has yet to cease being amazed as he looks down at their daughter. A seemingly perfect combination of himself and his husband. His eyes and freckles, the weird curve in his upper lip that he used to hate on himself, but loves looking at on her. Ilya’s wild, curly hair texture, though darker than his. Ilya’s big, mischievous grin, the little bump in his nose, the warmth of his features. Shane sees it all on this little face.

As if annoyed with being forgotten, their younger child pounds a foot into his ribs, and he rubs the side of his stomach with a huff. He’s only twenty-six weeks along, but showing a lot more than he did with their first. The OB says it’s totally normal, his body knows exactly what to do this time around, but it’s been an adjustment. Especially considering his workout regiment has softened significantly since retirement.

“We will see if they have any ripe plums, it’s not the right season, honey,” he says softly to their hopeful daughter.

Her expression morphs into one of confusion. “Wha’s *ripe*?”

“Mm, it means ready to eat. It’s gone through all of its natural life cycles, and its perfect texture and flavor.”

Ren blinks uncomprehendingly.

Shane’s never been great at the baby-talk stuff. He usually just talks to their daughter like she’s his intellectual equal. He isn’t sure if that’s good or not, but it’s who he is. He can’t help it. If nothing else, she’s got a pretty decent vocabulary for a toddler, so he considers it mostly a win.

“If the plums are good, we will get them,” he assures her and she smiles in relief.

“Kay Daddy.” She goes back to looking at the numerous, colorful brands of cereal around them in the aisle. Shane sighs, one hand pressed against the underside of his swollen belly as a barrage of movement steals his focus momentarily.

This baby is *so* Ilya Jr. Rambunctious little shit. Doesn’t like to give Shane peace of mind for more than a few minutes. Ilya likes to rub his belly in the evenings when she’s especially rowdy and say, “*you make Papa proud, little footballer.*”

So annoying. So adorable.

He's so distracted by the movement of their baby within, that it takes him a second to realize the gentle presence of his daughter has disappeared from his side. He turns, so quickly that it makes his hip muscles pull uncomfortably, trying to spot her in the aisle. It's not like Ren to just take off like that. They've had so many conversations about *stranger danger* and how to act in public, but he knows it's hard for a toddler to fully grasp.

His heart lodges in his throat when he realizes she is no longer even in the same aisle.

"Ren?" he chokes out, feet moving in the direction of the aisle's edge, hoping to god she's somewhere extremely nearby and he's just missing her. The hurried waddle to the end of the aisle feels like it takes an eternity, his heart racing, sweat beading on his forehead, pulse stuttering. Fuck, he wishes he was faster right now.

Fuck, what is she wearing right now? What color is her shirt? Blue sweater, black leggings, purple Crocs. Oh, her favorite Crocs, with the little dinosaur poke-ins.

Oh, fuck, what if he has to tell the police what she was last seen in? What if he- what if she's-

"Ren?" he repeats, circling the corner of the next aisle, fear momentarily assuaged as he sees the familiar bright purple of her shoes. His relief is short-lived, though, as he spots the man in the aisle bending down to talk to her.

"Hey!" Shane doesn't know if his voice has ever sounded so frightening, so much so that both Ren and the man look at him with startled alarm. This time, Shane has no trouble at all moving faster than he thinks he's ever moved. "Get the hell away from her!"

The next moment, Ren's bicep is in his hand, and he's yanking her back toward him. She makes a startled sound, and the man quickly straightens up.

"Oh hi, I was just going to ask her if she-"

"You should know better than to ask someone else's child a fucking thing," Shane snarls, positioning himself protectively in front of her small body. His nerves are on fire, every blood vessel in his body burning with fear and rage.

"I swear, this isn't-"

"You're lucky I don't fucking end you right now," Shane seethes, and he knows it probably looks like an empty threat, standing there with his big swollen belly, tears bubbling at the corners of his eyes, Ren hiding behind him like a frightened little squirrel.

That doesn't change the fact that it is *not* an empty threat. Shane has half a mind to brain this man right there on the shelf of canned soups.

"I meant no harm," he says, carefully backing away. "Just seeing if she needed help. I've got two kids of my own. I swear, I wasn't-"

"Just get the fuck away," Shane snaps, his voice an ominously low octave.

The other man wisely scurries off.

Shane is left standing there, pulse racing, heart thundering against his sternum so hard it's almost painful. The baby kicks him in the side, but it's a gentler tap this time, almost like she's checking if he's okay.

Then, he hears a small snuffle, and looks down. Ren's face is flushed red and tears are streaking down her cheeks.

"Oh, baby," he stammers, reaching down to scoop her up. With a small grunt, he hikes her up on to his hip and presses her close, kissing the top of her head as he fights off tears of his own.

"You yelled scary," she weeps into his neck, dampening his shirt collar with hot tears.

"I know, I'm sorry, I'm sorry." He begins walking them out of the aisle, toward the front of the store, grocery cart abandoned. The cold fall air hits his face like a brick, and he tucks Ren closer to his body, one hand splayed across her back protectively.

Once they're in the car, heater blasting, Shane untangles them. Ren is sitting on what's left of his lap, crying big fat tears.

"Baby," he coos gently, rubbing his thumbs over her tearstained cheeks, "breathe, honey, it's okay. I promise."

"You mad at me?" she asks through wet sobs.

"Oh, no honey." Shane kisses her forehead, closing his own eyes for a moment to keep tears at bay. "Not at all, Daddy is *not* mad at you. You just- you can't- you can't run off like that, Ren. You scared me."

"I wan' to get you pitsos!" Ren wails.

Shane sighs. *Pitsos* are what she calls pistachios, Shane's favorite go-to snack lately. The baby makes him crave salt like crazy.

"You know I love pistachios," he says, "and thank you for thinking about me and what I like. But when we are out in public, at the store, or the park, or the museum, *anywhere* that isn't home, you *have* to stay with me or Papa. You cannot go run off on your own. Do you hear me, Ren?"

She just cries harder, tiny hands coming up to cover her eyes.

Maybe she's too wound up for the lesson to set in.

"Do you wanna go home?" he asks her gently. She just nods, and continues to cry.

The drive home is tense and quiet. After a bit, Ren's cries soften to a snuffle, and then slow, gentle breathing. By the time they're home, she's fallen asleep upright in her booster seat, neck craned at an awkward angle.

He parks the car in the driveway, hands shaking as he grips the steering wheel and tries to settle himself.

The terror had been immeasurable. Those few moments of not knowing where his daughter was- utterly horrifying. There aren't words for the kind of coldness that enshrouded his heart at the mere thought of what could have happened.

He's sure, somewhere in the more logical part of his brain, that the man in the aisle did have altruistic intentions. He probably had a hormonal, pregnant, crazy blow up on an innocent guy. But that small possibility that he *wasn't* just some good samaritan, it makes Shane's entire body tremble.

What if he'd been slower? What if she had gotten further? What if the man in the aisle had made her promises she isn't old or wise enough to understand she shouldn't accept? What if- what if he'd had to tell the police what she'd been wearing? What if he had to *identify* her, cold and limp in her purple Crocs?

The thought makes his breath catch. His body is cold, hair on his arms standing upright. Shakily, he opens the car door and quietly shuts it, leaving the engine running so the heater keeps Ren warm. He stands beside the car door, trying to catch his breath as the lingering panic begins to overwhelm him.

He knows, somewhere deep inside, he's catastrophizing. But he can't help it. For a few suspended moments in time, he hadn't known where his baby was. She was in the open embrace of strangers, without him there to protect her. If something had happened-

God, he can't even *comprehend* that.

And it would be his fault.

Shane leans against the car door, shuddering breaths morphing into gasping sounds. Hands shaking, he removes his phone from his pocket, dialing the number of the only person who can ever calm him down when he's in a state like this.

Please answer, he thinks desperately.

It's three rings later that a familiar voice says, "*Rozanov's sex hot line, what is your desire today?*"

Normally, his husband's antics would make him laugh. What kind of asshole answers the phone like that, in front of his team, no less? Assistant coaching the Centaurs has made Ilya marginally more respectable, but not so much that he'd ever lose his spark of playfulness.

Normally, Shane loves it.

Right now, it feels like his heart is going to explode out of his chest like some fucked up Alien film.

"Ilya," he wheezes into the phone, clutching at his chest to try and settle his breathing. It's not working. He just feels *overwhelmed*.

“Shane.” Ilya’s voice switches in an instant, now deadly serious. “Shane, what is wrong? Are you hurt? Where is Ren?”

“Fine,” he gasps, “I just- can’t- can’t calm down. Please. I need you.”

“I am here, *solnyschko*, I am here. I am walking to my car right now. I am coming to you. What is going on, Shane?”

He hears muffled voices in the background, Ilya shouting something, a murmur of concerned replies, and then the sound of a door opening.

Shane tries to get the words out, but they fail him. “Something- happened-”

“*Where* is Ren?”

“She’s right here, in the car, she’s taking a nap, she’s okay, but-”

“What happened?” The sound of a car starting breaks through the other line. The familiar roar of Ilya’s SUV, the one he’d complained about endlessly at the dealership until they got home and he saw how roomy it was for the carseats, and how much Ren liked the little DVD players that lower from the ceiling.

“We were at the market, and Ilya, I don’t know how but she slipped away. I didn’t realize until she was in the next aisle and- then there was this *man-*”

“*What?*” Ilya’s voice is a growl, burning with instantaneous, protective fury.

“Nothing happened, she’s alright but I freaked out.” Shane rubs small circles on his chest in a surely futile attempt to soothe his erratic breathing. “I’m still freaking out. About what could’ve- and it was *my* fault- I-”

“Shane, Shane,” Ilya’s words are gentler this time. “Hey, *breathe* sweetheart. You are okay. Ren is okay, da? Just breathe. Think of *malyshka*. She needs you to breathe so *she* can breathe.”

Shane’s exhale stutters. He hadn’t even been thinking about that, that the baby inside him is desperately relying on him to keep his shit together and keep her healthy. Fucking hell, is he the worst father in the world?

“I can’t-” he gasps.

“Shh, yes you can. Put your hand on your belly. Feel her. I know she is kicking you.”

Shane almost cracks a smile at how correct Ilya somehow is. He presses his free hand over the low side of his belly, feeling her little limbs push back against his stretched skin.

“Breathe with me, for her, come on.” Ilya takes a big, slow, deep inhale over the line.

Shane follows his example.

“Good boy. Keep breathing with me.”

They do this for a while, Ilya talking Shane through something as basic and rudimentary as *breathing*, while he tries to listen and settle himself. Thank god their house is a close drive from the rink, because Ilya is there in mere minutes.

He parks his car behind Shane’s and flies out of it, going first to open the back door and check on Ren. He touches her little cheek with two fingers, finding her still content and asleep. Then, he quietly shuts her door again and takes Shane in his arms.

“Is okay,” Ilya murmurs, “I am here.”

Shane sobs into his neck, and allows himself to cry.

Ilya rubs his back and lets him get it out, before he quietly says, “it is cold, *moy lyubimyy*. Let us get inside, mm? You will turn into a Shanepop.”

Shane snorts, wiping at his eyes roughly until they feel dry. “No I won’t.”

“Mhm, you will, and do not get me wrong, I will still lick you up and down. Would be delicious. But you would probably be uncomfortable, so cold.”

Shane rolls his eyes, stepping back so Ilya can open the car door again. Gently, he removes Ren from her booster seat, sighing contently as she rests her cheek against his shoulder and makes a small, muffled noise of protest.

“Is okay, *dochenka*,” he whispers, kissing the top of her curly hair. “Papa is here.”

“Papa?” she coos, lifting her head slightly to blink up at him. “Papa!”

“Mm, hello beautiful. Did you have good nap?” Ilya asks her, as he wraps an arm around Shane’s waist and walks them all up toward the front porch.

“Nuh-uh,” she tells him with a shake of her head.

“Oh no, I am sorry to hear that.” Ilya opens the front door, and tenderly ushers Shane inside before he and Ren step in behind him. The sound of paws shuffling over hardwood comes next as Anya barrels their way, boofing loudly.

“Nanya!” Ren reaches her little arms out, seeking the pup. Ilya sets her down and allows her to race over and be tackled gently by their fluffy beast. Shane smiles at the sight, chest warmed by his daughter’s joyful giggles.

He tries to replace the image of her and the strange man in the aisle with this. Her here, safe, secure. Home.

The baby inside of him sends a rough kick to his ribs, and he curses quietly, rubbing a hand over the spot with a wince. Ilya notices immediately, because of course he does, and reaches over to replace Shane’s hand with his own, stroking gentle circles. It does little to settle her restless movements, but it feels nice on his itchy, stretched skin.

“Are you hungry?” Ilya asks softly, glancing up from where their two girls are playing.

“I didn’t get any groceries.” Shane rubs a hand across his face with a quiet groan of frustration.

“We will order in,” Ilya replies without missing a beat. “Ren, do you want salty birds?”

“Yes!” She squeals and jumps to her feet. “We can get sauce?”

“Of course my love.”

Shane smiles against his will at the familiar misappropriation of words. *Salty birds* being chicken wings, their daughter’s official favorite meal. It is a meal that makes Shane anxious, but he’s always careful to help her clean the meat off the bone before she eats them, ensuring no risk of choking. She yearns to hold them in one hand and rip the flesh apart like Papa and Daddy do, but they tell her that is for big kids. Someday soon.

“Go and sit down, *dorogoy*,” Ilya says, rubbing his hand between Shane’s shoulder blades. “I have it from here.”

God, that sounds good. Just sitting down and letting Ilya handle things.

Shane submits to the suggestion, heading for their sofa while Anya trails behind him, Ren following. Ilya steps into the kitchen to place the order, and Shane settles himself between the decorative throw pillows, opening his arms for Ren, who climbs up on his lap.

“You mad at me?” she asks him, looking up through her eyelashes with a contrite expression.

Shane’s brow furrows, heart wrenching at her small voice. “No, baby girl. I’m not mad at you at all. You just scared me, running off like that. You won’t do that again, right?”

She shakes her head. “I promise.”

“You know why you can’t, don’t you?” he asks.

At that, she looks a little uncertain.

“Stranger danger, *malyshka*.” Ilya re-enters the room, plopping down beside Shane on the sofa and patting for Anya to jump up beside him. She’s really not allowed on the couch, but Shane doesn’t say anything as she curls up against Ilya’s thigh.

“Wha’s that?” Ren looks at Ilya with her forehead wrinkled. Shane smiles in spite of himself, brushing his fingertips along her rosy, plush little cheek.

“It means, people you do not know.” Ilya gestures to himself, then Shane. “You know Papa and Daddy, da? We are your parents. You know Grandma and Grandpa, they are your family. You can trust us all.”

“Trust?” she prompts.

“Mm, yes. Trust means you know you are safe with us.” Ilya reaches out and takes her tiny hand between two fingers. “We will never ever hurt you.”

Ren nods along, big eyes locked on Ilya’s face.

“You can not always trust people you do not know- *strangers*,” he adds. “That is why you have to stay with us always. Do you understand me, Ren?”

She nods again.

“What are you not going to do?”

“Not gonna run’way at the store.”

“Who are you going to stay with?”

“Daddy and Papa.”

“Good girl.” Ilya nods at her firmly. “Go and wash your hands, salty birds will be here soon.”

Ren scrambles off the couch, trilling down the hallway about her salty bird excitement, while Anya plops along behind her, likely offering no help but wanting to be involved anyway.

“I’m sorry,” Shane says before the moment can marinate.

Ilya turns to him with a frown, bringing his fingertips up to trace the slope of Shane’s jaw. “Why would my beautiful husband be sorry?”

“I let her-”

“You did not.” Ilya interrupts him with a more stern tone of voice. “She ran off because that is what little kids do. You ran right after her. You kept her safe. You are the best Daddy.”

Shane bites down on his lower lip to keep it from wobbling. “I think that’s you, actually.”

Ilya hums a quiet sound in response, and kisses the top of Shane’s head. “You do not say more sorries. Just relax, *solnyschko*. Everything is okay now.”

Shane exhales heavily, letting Ilya’s words wash over him. He rubs a hand over his belly, feeling their little one’s firm kicks, and tries to ground himself in the feeling. Ilya is here, now. Everything is okay.

Dinner is nice, quiet, and uneventful. They eat their salty birds and Shane lets Ren and Ilya feel the baby kicking. She always gets rambunctious after a big meal.

Bathtime is a ritual Shane looks forward to every night. It helps settle his nervous system just as much as it does for Ren. He dims the lights in the large master bath he shares with Ilya, because she likes having bathtime in theirs for some reason. He plays instrumental music quietly in the background, humming under his breath as he lowers himself to his knees beside the tub. The movement is getting more awkward each day as his belly grows, but he refuses

to give up their little ritual. When she hit her two year sleep regression, this routine saved their lives.

He washes over her soft little curls with warm, bubbly water, and smiles at her as she arranges bubbles across her mouth like a mustache. His rambunctious little goofball.

Once she's dry and smelling like kiwi body lotion, Shane helps her into her jammies. Ilya enters the bathroom just as they're getting the hair dryer out.

"Mm, I smell a clean baby." He hustles in and plops down beside Ren on the bath mat, leaning in to obnoxiously sniff her hair.

Ren squeals with laughter and playfully pushes him off. "No sniffies!"

"What?" Ilya lays a hand over his heart in faux offense. "Papa cannot have sniffies?"

"Nuh-uh! My hair!" Ren covers her hair with her tiny little hands and shakes her head, grinning mischievously.

"Fine, I will have to smell Daddy's hair instead." Ilya leans over, and before Shane can shove him off, gets a huge whiff of his hair. "Mmm. Daddy does not smell as good as you do, *malyshka*."

"Asshole," Shane retorts as he kicks a leg out in Ilya's direction.

"Yeah! Ass hole!" Ren repeats.

Shane's face heats up as Ilya falls backwards with boisterous laughter. Okay, that one is on him.

"Baby, don't use that word," Shane says. "That is a grown up word."

"Ass?" she inquires.

Ilya busts up laughing again. Shane rolls his eyes.

"Yes, that word. That is for grown-ups only."

"How come?"

"Because it might hurt someone's feelings if it's not used right."

"How is right?"

"Like calling your loving husband an asshole?" Ilya teases with a smirk.

"Enough." Shane plugs the hairdryer in, and quiets them with the loud whirl. Ilya just goes back to cracking up.

Ren somehow coaxes two bedtime stories out of them. Shane, resting his head on Ilya's chest, curled up between his spread legs as they perch on the end of her bed. Ilya has one

hand on the book, the other laid gently over Shane's swollen belly. Shane turns the page for him when it's time to move on to the next one. The baby kicks relentlessly, excited by the sound of Papa's voice as he reads from the colorful pages.

Once her head is flat against the pillow, they turn out the lights, leaving on the illumination from her tiny little dinosaur plug-in, the day is finally over.

They end with a hot shower, letting it steam up the bathroom. It's quick and perfunctory rather than lingering, because they're both a little bit exhausted by the day's events.

Shane must not look as relaxed as he's starting to feel, because when they lie down in bed, Anya curled up at their feet, Ilya reaches over to massage his thigh gently.

"You are still thinking about earlier?" He guesses without Shane having to say it.

Shane nods. "It was just scary."

"I know *moy sladkiy*. I would have been scared too. Not having eyes on her for even a second is scary. And if it was *me* who came across her and that man..." Ilya clears his throat. "Well, I am glad it was you."

"We'd be at the jailhouse otherwise," Shane says with an arched eyebrow.

"*Jailhouse*? No they do not still say this. Are you one hundred years old?"

Shane snorts out a blunt laugh. "People still say jailhouse!"

"They really do not, Hollander."

"Okay enough making fun of me." Shane playfully nudges him away, smiling when Ilya forces his way back in with a kiss to his jaw. He submits, eyes fluttering closed at the comforting touch of his husband.

"She is okay," Ilya whispers against his skin. "You are okay. Everyone is okay. Let us just be grateful for that, da?"

Shane exhales. "You're right. I know you're right. I just can't shake the feeling that it's my fault and- and it could have been *so much* worse."

"Is not your fault," Ilya says. "It could have been worse, but it was not."

He glances over at Ilya's gentle expression. "Does it ever get easier, you think?"

"Does what get easier?"

"The *worry*." Shane runs a hand over the stretched t-shirt on his belly, feeling tiny feet push back against his palm. "I worry about her constantly. She's out of my sight for half a second and I start thinking I'm going to have to call the police. When does that get easier? When she's older?"

Ilya winces. “I do not think it ever gets easier, *moy lyubimyy*. How is it going to feel when she is getting in the car with her friends as a teenager?”

“She’s not getting into cars with her friends.”

The other man arches an eyebrow. “Ah, so she is going to be boring and lonely? No friends?”

“She’ll have friends!”

“So just boring? Like her daddy.”

“You’re such an asshole.”

“Sweetheart, as long as we are here, we are going to worry about them.” Ilya leans over and presses his hand beside Shane’s over the belly, stroking his thumb in gentle motions as she kicks. “It is our job, forever. Kind of part of the deal.”

Shane sighs, looking down at Ilya through his lashes. He chews on the inside of his cheek contemplatively.

“Well, that sucks.”

Ilya lets out a surprised laugh. “Sort of, yes. But we get so much in return.”

Shane can’t help, as Ilya says this, but to think about their daughter. Their beautiful, chaotic, ridiculously wonderful little girl. She is the most perfect thing to ever exist. She has given their lives more meaning than Shane ever thought he’d be able to comprehend.

“We are raising girls in a world that can be very scary for girls,” Ilya murmurs, his touch softening against Shane’s swollen belly. “But we are going to protect them. We are going to raise them to be strong, smart, and to know they *always* have somewhere to run when they need it.”

Shane’s eyes burn with unshed tears. He looks down at Ilya’s earnest face, teeth grinding together as he tries to hold back more emotion.

“I love you.” The words stutter from his chest, heavy and thick with affection.

“I love you, *solnyschko*.” Ilya presses a kiss to his belly, patting it gently before he scoots back up and kisses his lips. “Okay, enough big scary world talk. Please. How about a back massage? And maybe you get horny and want to ride me into the mattress, da?”

Shane laughs quietly. “Someone’s optimistic.”

“I just know my husband.”

His face feels warm, but as Ilya reaches over and carefully threads his fingers into the hem of Shane’s shirt, he has to admit. Ilya is right. He does know him very well.

It was a scary day. It can be a pretty scary world. But he is never facing it alone.

Alright. Ilya definitely deserves to get ridden into the mattress.

End Notes

BE NICE! IM NOT A PROFESSIONAL, THIS IS FICTION ABOUT A PREGNANT MAN, AND WE'RE ALL JUST HERE FOR FUN!! KEEP IT COOL!

IM SENSITIVE AUBREY!!!

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