

The Shape of Home

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The Shape of Home

by [ChinaGirl15](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya have been through this before. They know that labor hurts, babies have a habit of arriving on their own schedule, and that it's all worth it in the end. Knowing what's coming doesn't make it any easier. Hours later, the Hollander-Rozanov family turns into a family of four.

OR

Shane and Ilya welcome their second baby into the world.

Notes

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

The pregnancy had not been easy on Shane. Compared to their first, this baby was hell. He'd had morning sickness pretty much through his entire second and now third trimester. He was constantly craving inedible foods, and his emotions were all over the place. One second he would be thrilled about having the new baby, but other times he would be balled up, crying on the bedroom floor, cursing the Gods.

By his 39th week, he was ready for this baby to come out. His belly was enormous, and the pressure on his bladder sent him to the bathroom almost every hour. He was awoken in the early hours by the baby kicking his ribs. He was exhausted and ready to meet this baby,

Shane had been having random contractions throughout most of the evening. The pain wasn't too bad yet, more just annoying. They kept him awake for most of the evening, but he was sure they were just braxton hicks, so he didn't say anything to Ilya.

Fast forward to around 3 am, Shane wakes to a strange sensation. It's a mix of pressure and pain. Then, he feels a sudden warm rush. For a moment, he thinks he's wet the bed, which wouldn't be surprising, then he realizes it's his water.

"Oh!" Shane whispers.

He sits up carefully and continues to feel a trickle of warm liquid. This is definitely happening.

"Ilya, baby, wake up," Shane says, nudging Ilya awake.

"What baby? Is it time?" Ilya asks, wiping the sleep from his eyes.

"Yes! Finally! My water just broke."

"Fuck, now?"

"Yes, now Ilya."

"Are you sure?"

"No, I'm just waking you up for fun."

Ilya scrambles out of bed, nearly tripping on the pile of laundry on the floor.

"Okay, okay. This is great! Baby number two," Ilya says, pacing back and forth in the bedroom.

"Ilya. Relax."

Shane's calming voice brings Ilya out of his spiral. A contraction tightens over Shane's belly. It's not painful yet, just a firm squeeze.

The baby had been sitting pretty low for weeks now. He was hoping this baby would come any day now, and the baby had listened.

Ilya checks the clock on the wall. 3:11 am. He takes a steadying breath. He needs to stay calm for both this baby and for Shane.

“I will call the midwife and start setting up the pool.”

“Thank you, baby. I'm going to call my parents to come pick up Lily.”

Shane and Ilya move around the house quietly, careful not to wake Lily. Around 4 a.m., Shane's mom comes. Shane kisses Lily goodbye and promises they will be back together soon.

The inflatable pool is filling in the living room, now about half full. Towels were stacked neatly on the kitchen counter. Shane's contractions are now closer to ten minutes apart.

“Ugh. My back is killing me,” Shane whines.

“Do you want me to push on your back?”

“Yes, please.”

Ilya pushes the heels of his hands into the small of Shane's back, instantly providing relief.

“Better?”

“Bet-ter.”

Shane continues working his way through contractions, and Ilya encourages him through each one.

“This Russian baby is splitting my back in half.”

Shane looks over to Ilya, who has a smirk on his face.

“Don't say anything.”

“I was not,” Ilya says.

“Yes, you were.”

“Okay, maybe. But I did not.”

Around 4:30 a.m., the midwife Monica arrives.

“Congratulations, it's go time! How are the contractions?” Monica asks.

Shane leans against the counter, gripping the marble countertops with his hands, rocking his hips back and forth. Ilya stands behind Shane, applying strong counter pressure on Shane's hips.

“Okay, right now. Every eight to ten minutes or so?”

“That’s great.”

Another contraction rolls through, this time stronger. Shane closes his eyes, focusing on his breathing. He’s been tolerating labor well, and the contractions are still manageable.

“That one was stronger, but still not too bad”

“Things are moving along well! That’s great to hear.”

Later in the morning, it’s clear that Shane is progressing quickly. Contractions were closer together, and Shane spent most of them groaning and leaning into Ilya.

“You’re doing so well, Shanya,” Ilya coos.

“God, I hate this. Can we move to the bedroom? I don’t think I’ll make it up the stairs if we wait much longer.”

“Okay, let’s get you up,” Monica says.

Ilya stands behind Shane as he slowly, but surely, makes his way up the stairs into the bedroom. They make it to the top when another contraction rolls over.

“Mmmmp!”

“Breathe. Baby.”

“Trying,” Shane winces out. “Okay, they’re getting a lot stronger.”

The contraction releases Shane, and he continues waddling down the hall into the bedroom. Monica lays out pads on the bed while Shane moans through another contraction.

“Close to two minutes now, Shane,” Monica says.

“You’re doing so well,” Ilya says, rubbing Shane’s shoulders.

“Fuck!” Shane shouts as the pain peaks. “So much fucking pressure. This baby is huge.”

Monica had been made aware that this baby was definitely larger than their first. She was sure that Shane could still deliver safely at home, but it would take work.

Ilya helps prop Shane up against the pillows on the bed.

“Do you mind if I check you?” Monica asks.

Shane nods.

“Feet together and let your knees fall to the sides,” Monica instructs.

Another contraction hits Shane, and he fights to keep his breathing in check. Monica slides a glove on and inserts two fingers into his opening. The pressure of Monica's fingers makes Shane flinch.

"Sorry, I know this isn't very comfortable."

Shane pushes his head back against the pillows and finds a spot on the ceiling to stare at.

"Looks like you're at about an 8. Transition should start soon. You're progressing very well."

Shane nods. The contractions are no longer something he can talk through. They require all of his focus.

"Oh my god, I feel like I need to push!" Shane yelps.

"Deep breaths. Just a little longer, don't push. Let your body work your baby down," Monica says.

Thirty minutes go by, with no change. Then suddenly, the pressure shifts into something unbearable.

"Ahhhh! I need to push! Please!" Shane shouts, starting to bear down a little bit.

"Hold on! Don't push. Breathe," Monica coaches.

Shane's hips lift off the bed as he fights the urge to push. He grips onto Ilya's hand and lets out a low groan of discomfort. "Fuck, fuck, fuck this hurts!"

"Doing so well. You're almost done," Ilya says.

"I'm going to check you, hopefully for the last time."

Monica slips on gloves and pushes her finger in. She lets out a breath of relief as her finger hits the baby's soft head.

"Ow!" Shane cries out at the pressure.

"I can feel the baby's head; she's very low. It's time to start pushing!" Monica cheers.

"Need to be on my hands and knees," Shane says.

The new position takes some pressure off Shane's hips. Another contraction surges through, and Shane feels the unbearable urge to push.

"I want you to bear down with that pressure, let your body do the work," Monica encourages.

Shane bears down, leaning into his push. The pressure is unbearable. He feels like his back and hips are separating.

"MMMPH! Oh my god, it hurts!" Shane cries out, pushing his face into a pillow.

“That’s it. Doing so well,” Monica says, watching as Shane’s body starts to stretch.

Shane continues to focus on his breathing and grips onto Ilya's hand with one hand and the sheets with his other.

“You’re doing so well, baby,” Ilya encourages.

“Can I go back onto my back?”

“Of course, whatever you need,” Monica replies.

Another contraction comes, and Shane pulls his knees back towards his chest as he bears down.

“Let go of your push, Shane. Just going to help you out a little bit, deep breaths, okay?” Monica says.

Monica slips her fingers in and works them, massaging his tensing cervix. Shane’s hips jerk at the sharp shooting pain.

“Ouch! What are you doing?!?”

“It’s going to be a tight stretch, I’m just helping you relax a little bit.”

“I would not call this relaxing!”

Ilya lets out a weak smile and continues rubbing Shane's shoulder with one hand, and holding Shane’s hand with the other.

Another contraction fades, and Shane takes a break. He takes a few sips of water before another wave comes crashing in. Another hour of pushing goes by before a sliver of the baby’s head starts to show.

“I can see the top of the baby’s head,” Monica says.

“Fuck, I can feel his head. This is so much pressure,” Shane whines as his hand shoots down to his crotch, desperate to ease the pain.

Ilya wipes Shane’s forehead with a damp towel. He looks down between Shane’s legs and winces at his swollen rim.

“I know, you’re doing so good though.”

Another contraction starts, and Shane pushes hard.

“Ah, ah, ow! It hurts!” Shane shouts, moving to close his legs.

“Keep those legs open, Shane,” Monica says.

“I can’t, I can’t.”

“Baby’s right there! I can see her head, you’re doing so well,” Ilya says, pressing a kiss to Shane’s forehead. “She has your hair, Hollander.”

As soon as Shane lets the push go, the baby slides back in.

“Okay, the baby’s head is a little big. I want you to push for longer on this next contraction. Let’s see if we can get this baby crowning.”

Shane prepares himself for that damned wave and pushes. The burning pain intensifies, and Shane can’t hold it in anymore.

“FUCK! It burns so badly! OUT!” Shane cries, pushing even harder.

The baby’s head slips forward, stretching Shane wider. Monica slides her finger between the baby’s head and Shane’s thigh, and slides it back and forth, helping Shane stretch.

“MMMPH! OW, OW, OW!”

“Okay, now slow! The baby’s head is right there,” Monica says.

“I can’t!”

“Yes, you can. Almost done, baby,” Ilya says.

“Ilya, you are never touching me again!”

Shane reaches his hand down and feels his baby’s head. It feels good knowing he’s made some progress. Shane bears down into another push, his legs trembling with the effort. The baby’s head slides out to the widest part. Shane feels like his genitals are being torn apart.

“It burns! Ilya- fuck!” Shane shouts, throwing his head back onto the pillows.

“I know it’s hard, but don’t push! Let her stretch you,” Monica says.

Shane fights the urge to push. He jerks hard at the sensation of Monica applying a warm compress to his rim.

“Sorry, don’t want you to tear.”

The baby’s head now stays peaking out between contractions. Ilya continues to whisper words of encouragement into his husband’s ear. Shane pants in between contractions.

“Oh my god, it burns so badly. Please,” Shane pleads.

“I know, I know. Your baby is stretching you pretty good. Keep breathing.”

Shane can’t fight the primal urge to push any longer. He gives a firm shove, and a white-hot pain shoots through his bottom. He grips onto Ilya’s hand. He is sure Shane is going to break a bone in his hand.

Monica tuts as he sees Shane tear. She presses her hand firmly against the baby's head, trying to slow the baby down.

"Fuck! I think I tore, fuck, fuck fuck," Shane cries out, the pain turning him into a mess.

"It's okay. You did a little bit. I'm going to try and help you stretch now, it's not going to feel good, but the baby needs out," Monica says.

Monica works his fingers between the baby's head and Shane's tight skin.

"OW! Stop, stop. You're hurting me!" Shane screams out as the pressure becomes too much.

Monica works his fingers over the baby's head, trying to stretch out Shane's opening.

"Big push now!" Monica says.

Shane drops Ilya's hand and pulls his legs back, trying to make room for this baby. His nails dig into his thighs as he screams through the excruciating burning pain.

Suddenly, this is blinding pain, and then a rush of relief and fluids.

"Baby's head is out! Hardest part is over." Monica checks for the cord, and everything looks good.

"Oh, my god. I'm never doing this again."

"You said that last time," Ilya says.

"Shut up. You did this to me."

Shane's bottom is still burning. He swears he will never be the same down these, but he's said with Lily. This time, he means it.

"Don't push on this contraction, let baby turn."

Shane gasps as he feels the baby's shoulders rotating in his sore birth canal.

"Doing so well! So good!" Ilya says.

Shane feels another contraction start and bears down.

"Big push!" Monica says, pulling firmly on the baby's head.

"Ah! Don't pull!" Shane shouts, his body jerking from the pain.

"I know, I'm sorry, baby needs out now."

Shane wails as Monica starts pulling down hard on the baby. It pains Ilya to see Shane in so much pain. All he can do is hold his husband's hand and hope this baby comes out.

Then the baby's first shoulder pops out, followed by the other.

“Oh my god! Ow, ow, ow!” Shane yelps.

Monica hooks her fingers under the baby’s armpit. She gives a good tug.

“OUT!” Shane screams as the burning pain hits an all-time high.

Then, relief. The baby slides out with a warm gush of fluids.

“This we go! Baby is here! It’s another girl!”

Shane reaches down and grabs his baby. He looks up at Ilya, who has tears in his eyes. He's not sure if it's from breaking his hand from squeezing too hard or if he’s just emotional.

“You did it, you did so well,” Ilya says through tears.

Shane can’t believe this baby just came out.

“She's huge,” Shane comments.

“My guess is a nine-pounder.”

“Sure felt like it.”

“Do you want to cut the cord, Ilya?” Monica asks.

Ilya looks at Shane.

“Go, we are okay,” Shane affirms.

After the cord is cut, Ilya goes right back next to Shane’s head.

Shane feels another contraction, but this time not as strong.

“Give me a big push for the placenta, now,” Monica says.

Shane feels something slippery push out, then relief.

“Looks fully intact. You did great!”

“Do I need stitches?” Shane asks.

With Lily, he had been lucky and hadn’t torn at all. It did help that she was an early baby and a pound smaller.

“I think we might be able to get away with just packing it. You have a few internal tears and a minor tear on the outside.”

“Fuck, is that going to hurt?” Shane is sure he can’t take much more.

“I won’t lie, yes. Try to focus on the baby,” Monica says.

Ilya rubs Shane's shoulder and tries to distract him.

Monica begins to work, stuffing gauze into Shane's raw opening.

"Ow, ow, ow!" Shane groans.

"I know, stay still, almost done."

"Oh my god, it hurts!" Shane says, squeezing his eyes shut.

"All done!" Monica says, removing his tools.

Shane lies with his baby on his chest. Shane is exhausted, but he's so happy, and he'd do it all over again for this moment.

"Okay, why don't you rest for a bit while I clean up?" Monica suggests.

"Come sit," Shane says, patting the spot on the bed next to him.

Shane and Ilya lie on the bed, in awe of their beautiful daughter.

"I am so proud of you, baby!" Ilya whispers.

"She has your eyes," Shane says.

"She has Shane Hollander frown," Ilya replies.

Shane punches Ilya in the shoulder.

"Fuck you."

Monica comes back and helps clean up Shane and the bed. Ilya holds the baby while Shane gets himself decent with Monica's help.

"I'm exhausted."

"I bet. You pushed whole baby out," Ilya responds.

Shane naps with his new baby resting on his chest, while Ilya sees Monica out.

A little bit later, Shane's mom brings Lily in to meet the new baby. Shane and Ilya are so happy to be a family of four.

Instagram Post

@shane24hollander is with @therealilyarozanov

**picture of the new baby on Shane's chest captioned This morning we welcomed our baby girl, Irina Hollander-Rozanov.*

End Notes

Hello!

First mpreg fic, kinda nervous. Let me know what you guys thought, and if you want to see more of this? Check out my other fics, too!

I hope you enjoyed!

*Note: I am not a medical professional, so there may be inaccuracies. Sorry!

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