

Stuck

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Stuck

by [aveerrss](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander is very tired at 37 weeks pregnant with his and Ilya's third child. He also happens to be stuck in a rocking chair due to his big baby.

Notes

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

Shane was tired, extremely fucking tired. He was 37 weeks pregnant with their third child. He doesn't think he has ever been larger in his life. The entire internet along with all of their friends have accused him of being pregnant with twins, but no. It was just one big ole baby in him. At least if it were twins he would have a reason to be so big and would have been mentally prepared for his size. Their oldest, Anastasiya, was a big baby, weighing in at just under 10 pound at birth, but he was at least a good 15 to 20 pounds bigger now than then.

Shane was sitting in their kids' rocking chair while taking a break from organizing the new nursery. He has been unbelievably tired this pregnancy and all he wanted to do at this moment was to take a long nap, but he wanted to finish getting the nursery organized first. Reluctantly, Shane tried to push himself up, but he barely budged. He planted his hand on the seat behind him to give him more power coming up off the chair. It didn't help.

"Well, fuck" Shane says before trying again and again. After trying about ten different ways to get up, Shane relents. Sinking back into the seat before staring ahead at the wall for a minute to compose himself. He takes a deep breath before finally accepting he needs help getting up.

"Ilya", Shane screams out. He hears nothing, absolutely nothing in response to his distress. "Ilya!" He yells louder, hoping wherever his goddamn husband is, he can come and get him out of this fucking chair.

Instead of his stupid husband who got him in this whole situation finally coming in the nursery to rescue him, Shane hears the pitter patter of little feet rushing to his aid. Five year old little Anastasiya comes in, with wild curly black hair with her monkey plushie dragging on the ground.

"Hi Daddy!" She says with the enthusiasm and loudness only a little kid is capable of having.

"HI Nastya. Can you go get Papochka for Daddy?"

"Are you stuck?" She asks back.

"Yes baby, that is why I would like you to go get Papa for me."

"Is it because you're so fat? Is that why you're stuck?"

Shane has to close his eyes for a second and take a deep breath before trying to respond to that.

"Nastya, Daddy is growing your little sister in his tummy, so he's a little bit bigger now."

"You're really big Daddy!"

"Anastasiya" Shane says firmly. "Please tell your father to come in here to help Daddy."

"Okay!" Nastya screams before running off in search of her papa. Shane closes his eyes and does his breathing exercises to recenter himself. Seven seconds in, hold for five, exhale for

seven. He runs through the routine a few times to remind himself of how happy he is to be pregnant for the last time and how much he loved and appreciated his children. When he finally calmed himself down to see his beautiful, annoying ass husband who got him pregnant in the first place, Shane heard the familiar pitter patter of little feet on the ground approaching the nursery.

“Daddy!” Nastya exclaimed. “We are going to get you up!”

“Ilyusha, thank god-“ Shane said before seeing their almost two year old coming through the door.

“Look, I found Mei Mei!” She said while smiling and pointing towards her little sister waddling through the doorway with her thumb in her mouth.

“Hi Dada!” Mei Mei said before sticking her thumb back in her mouth.

“Baby, where is your papa?” Shane asked his oldest as calmly as possible.

“I don’t know”, Nastya responded. “Me and Mei Mei will get you up Daddy.”

Before he can respond, both girls (at the direction of Nastya) grab each of Shane’s hands and try to pull him up with all their might. Shane doesn’t budge an inch. They try again before Shane can stop them.

“Girls, thank you for your help, but where is Papa?”

“He left” Mei Mei plainly stated.

“Where did he go sweet girl?”

She stared back at her dad thumb in her mouth while Shane waited for a response.

“Mei, honey, can you please tell Daddy where Papochka went?”

“Um, Anya go potty”

“Did she poop?” Nastya asked her little sister.

“Poop, funny”

“Sweet girls, we need to wait for Papa to help get me up.”

“Why you, why you not get up Dada?” Mei Mei asked.

Before Shane had the chance to answer, Nastya quickly responded, “Because Daddy is super fat”

Mei Mei let out a sweet little giggle “Fat Dada”.

“Okay”, Shane says before letting out a long breath. “Nastya, can you please go open up the back door and yell for Papa to come here and help Daddy?”

“Okay!” she says before running off downstairs.

Shane motions for Mei Mei to come towards him. She shuffles up to him, putting her head on his knees, and looks up at him with her big brown eyes.

“Baby, do you want to come up and cuddle with Dada?”

She lets out a squeal before clamoring up onto Shane's lap. He grabs her, slotting her in on one of his hips.

“Mei Mei, do you want to say hi to your little sister? You might be able to feel her move around.”

Mei gently places her hand on top of Shane's belly, staring at it in wonder.

“Daddy is big because I'm keeping her safe in my tummy until she's big enough to meet you. Mei Mei, can you say something to baby sister?”

“Hi baby” she whispers right into Shane's stomach. “I'm Mei Mei. I love you baby.”

Shane can't help but tear up a bit and reaches down to gently grab Mei's face to kiss her on the forehead.

“That was very sweet of you honey. She is very excited to meet you.”

“Dada, what's baby's name?”

“Papochka and I haven't picked her name yet, what do you think her name should be?”

“Baby!”

“Yes, Mei Mei the baby, what should her name be?”

“Her name is Baby,” she says very seriously while giving Shane a very stern look.

“Oh” Shane lets out a small giggle. “Baby is a very nice name.”

Mei Mei lets out a big smile before snuggling back into Shane's side and closing her eyes. He pulls her closer before closing his eyes and rocking them back and forth in a steady rhythm. After a few moments of peace he hears loud, quick footsteps approaching the nursery. He opens his eyes to see Nastya barreling in and running into his knees before placing her hands on top of Shane's knees and jumping up and down.

“Daddy, Daddy, I found Papochka!”

“Good job sweetie, where was he?”

“He was outside with Anya!”

“Is he coming here now?”

“No!”

It took everything in Shane to suppress the urge to roll his eyes, “Anastasiya, where is your father and why is he not coming up here?”

“Papa said he needed to clean Anya’s paws.”

“Why does he need to clean Anya’s paws?”

“She was digging in the dirt.”

All the annoyance he had for his husband at the moment left his body and Shane gave a small smile. As much as he loved Anya, he always hated the mess that came with dogs (and children). Ilya cleaning up messes for Shane warmed his heart. He was content to wait for his husband for as long as it took.

“Sweetie, do you want to come up here and cuddle with me and your sister? We were just talking about what the baby’s name should be.”

“Baby time!” Nastya yelled before climbing up on Shane and squishing herself on Shane’s other side.

“Mei, can you tell your sister what you want to name her?”

“Baby! Her name is Baby.”

“That’s a silly name.”

“That’s not a very nice thing to say to your sister, she really likes that name.”

“Sorry Sissy.”

“Now what do you say now that she apologized Miss Mei?”

“It ok, I love you Big Sissy.”

Shane gathers both girls in his arms and pulls them as close to his body as possible. Nastya places her ear towards his belly and rests her head, listening for the baby. He softly rubs her back while he carefully strokes Mei’s hair with his other hand.

Shane barely closes his eyes before he hears his husband quietly enters the room and bends down to place his hands on Shane’s thighs.

“Solnyshko, I am here to rescue you.”

“Hi Ilya, girls look Papochka is here.”

“Daddy” “Dada” the girls say on top of each other.

“I heard you need help from your big strong Papa”

“Me, me” Mei Mei squeals, putting her hands up in the air for Ilya to pick her up.

“Yes moya printsessa,” Ilya says before wrapping his hands around Mei and picking her up and placing her on the ground. “Who is next?”

“Papochka me, Papochka me!”

“Oh yes moya zayka, Papa is here to help!” He declares before picking her up and placing her next to her sister.

“Now who do we have left?” Ilya jokingly asks.

“Papochka, please help me up” Shane flatly asks.

Ilya turns around and crouches to face the girls. “Should we help Daddy and little sister up?”

“Yes”, they say in unison.

“Ok but I’m going to need help from you girls to get your daddy up.”

“Because Daddy is super fat,” Nastya helpfully adds.

“Yes Daddy is very big right now,” he says before slowly turning to Shane with a little smirk on his face. “Ok one of you on each side, help me grab Daddy’s arms.”

Ilya grabbed Shane’s hands while each daughter held onto one of his wrists. They tugged as much as they could while Ilya was feigning weakness barely pulling Shane up until he cocked his head to the side and gave Ilya his angry kitten face and Ilya finally pulled him up.

“We did it Daddy!” Mei shrieked before latching onto Shane’s leg.

“Da, moi printsessy are so strong!”

“Yes girls, thank you so much for the help up and all those cuddles.”

“You’re welcome Daddy!” Nastya piped up.

“Sweeties,” Ilya said bending down to their level. “How about you both go and see what Anya is up to. I bet she would love to play with you both.”

At the mere mention of their dog, both girls quickly turned around and bolted out of the room, leaving Shane and Ilya alone. Ilya gives his husband a little smirk before wrapping him up in his arms.

“Sorry you are so big my Shanya.”

“You should be sorry it’s your fault I’m so big I can’t get myself up out of a fucking chair.”

Ilya begins to not so subtly chuckle in Shane’s ear. “You asshole this isn’t funny. You put your goddamn fat baby in me and I was stuck in that rocking chair for ten minutes and all I had were a five and two year old to help me up.”

“You have to admit it is very funny.”

“It is not. Okay maybe a little.” Shane says as he receives a soft kiss on the cheek. “I’m trying to enjoy my last pregnancy, but every part of my body is swollen. I have kankles for god sakes.”

“At least they are very sexy kankles.”

Shane turns around to slap Ilya on his arm before returning back into his embrace. They slowly rock together. Shane places his head into the crook of Ilya’s shoulder, slowly breathing him in, grounding himself in the moment.

“Thank you for cleaning up Anya”, Shane says muffled.

Ilya places a small kiss on the side of Shane’s head, “I know you hate when she tracks dirt in the house. Solnyshko let me take you to bed I know how tired you are.”

“But the nursery isn’t finished and I just want it to be done. And the girls, someone should be watching them now.”

Ilya carefully removed Shane from his neck and looked directly at him.

“They will be okay for a few minutes while I take care of their beautiful father” He says, earning himself a slight blush creeping up on Shane’s face. “I’m going to help you lay down in bed and get comfortable. I’ll put on Moana for them and then I’ll fix us all some borscht. And tomorrow during nap time, you can tell me exactly where everything goes in baby girl’s new room while you are sitting down on your pretty little ass. Okay?”

“Okay.”

Ilya takes his hand, leading him out of the nursery and into their bedroom. Ilya places Shane down on the foot of their bed while he gets everything perfect: getting all the throw pillows off their bed, situating the pillows to how Shane likes it, grabbing the pregnancy pillow, and opening up the sheets to beckon Shane into the bed. With a stark blush overtaking his face, Shane gets in bed. Ilya makes sure to place the pregnancy pillow around him and in-between his legs before placing the covers over Shane and tucking him in.

“All good, zaychik?”

“All good.”

“Okay. Please sleep and I will see you in around an hour.”

“Ya tebya lyublyu,” Shane says, earning himself a small kiss on the forehead from his husband.

“Ya tozhe tebya lyublyu” Ilya says before getting up from Shane’s bedside to head downstairs. He has a small smile on his face while closing the door, leaving Shane alone in their bed. He slowly closes his eyes, to rest.

End Notes

hiiii, my very first finished fanfic. i've been obsessed with heated rivalry since it first came out and i just love the idea of pregnant shane and all their little babies :P

loosely based on [Medrawawi's](#) adorable drawings of all the Shanelings

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