

Legends Aren't Born, They're Made ®

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Legends Aren't Born, They're Made ®

by [Yeo_Mama](#)

Summary

“Lyubimiy, do you want me to push the seat ba—?”

“JUST FUCKING DRIVE, ILYA!” Shane shouted, effectively cutting him off with a roar as he fumbled for the handle along the Cherokees’ ceiling.

OR: Babies are unpredictable. Especially those whose other father happens to be one, Ilya Hollander-Rozanov, the king of all wild cards.

(And apparently the jack of all trades, midwifery now included.)

Thank god Jeeps are made to Do Anything ®.

+Now with art! (and an announcement)

Notes

I started writing this on DECEMBER 21ST, 2025. The series hadn't even finished, nor had I picked up the books yet. Now here I am, eight months later (and right on the dot might I add!) with a back pocket full of knowledge and lore to manipulate to my heart's desire mwahaha 🐱✨

AKA the season 2 castings/general resurgence got me hyped af and I needed to drop kick this baby out of my notes and into the real world before I went crazy~

I hope you all enjoy 🍷

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Updated with fanart: 9/17/2026 (+announcement in end notes)

I DO NOT OWN THESE CHARACTERS.

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

“Ilya, we have to go. *Now*,” Shane called out in a low moan, his voice easily carrying through the cottage as it rose in urgency.

Ilya swiftly descended the stairs without preamble, nearly slipping in his haste to reach the bottom at his husband’s command. He was relieved to find Shane where he left him, hunched over the foyer’s console table. Although, he was notably paler than he’d been ten minutes previously, when Ilya had run off to quickly start the Cherokee and pack the trunk before they left. He’d thankfully installed their daughter’s car seat two weeks prior upon Shane’s insistence. It felt excessive at the moment, but only his husband would go into (what was looking like) spontaneous labor three weeks earlier than expected. They’d literally come to the cottage to stop this exact scenario from occurring.

Still, Shane’s contingencies 1 : Ilya 0

He immediately placed a steadying hand to the small of Shane’s back when he was close enough, swooping down to smudge a kiss across his furrowed brow. The skin beneath his lips was hot and discernibly sweaty.

“Ready?” He asked, quickly surveying his husband from top to bottom.

Ilya frowned when he realized he didn’t have any shoes on, just socks. He opened his mouth to say something, but stopped as a loud splash echoed across the wood below him. He didn’t even have to look down to confirm what he already knew to be true. Shane simultaneously pitched forward into his arms, choking back a stuttered cry as he buried his face into the fabric of his sweatshirt.

His water had broken. All over himself *and* Ilya’s sneakers.

He needed to get them to the car. And fast.

“Can you walk?!”

Panic swiftly bled into his tone as he worked to keep Shane upright, the crest of his bump squished in between them. Ilya should’ve realized that was a stupid thing to say when a hand wrapped around his forearm, squeezing. *Hard*.

“Do I *look* like I can walk, Rozanov?”

Fair point.

Without another word he scooped Shane up, hurling the both of them out the door and into the sticky summer heat. Ilya wasn’t even sure if the door clicked shut behind them as the gravel drive crunched loudly beneath his shoes. He found that he was so adamant on making it to the hospital without the risk of a road-side delivery that he didn’t even care. Shane hadn’t installed all of those complex security measures just for the hell of it.

Anya would be fine, even if the front door was left wide open. In the middle of the night. While everyone was gone...but Shane’s parents were only ten minutes away! *And* she was microchipped for a reason. Right?

Ilya tried not to think about it too much. His husband made that thought significantly easier to forget by practically screeching into his ear, calmly reminding him of the bigger problem at hand.

He got Shane settled into the Cherokee with little hassle, leaving him to quickly round the car and dive behind the steering wheel. Ensuring seat belts were on, Ilya didn't hesitate to throw the car into drive, yet one look to his right had him stalling.

Even in the dim glow of the console lights, the sweat on Shane's skin was evident. His breathing had also become audible, leaving him panting through and between contractions. The planes of his face were tense, the curve of his spine taut underneath his shirt. When he wasn't shifting in his seat, he was curled around his middle like a clenched fist.

He looked miserable.

"Lyubimiy, do you want me to push the seat ba—?"

"JUST FUCKING DRIVE, ILYA!" Shane shouted, effectively cutting him off with a roar as he fumbled for the handle along the Cherokees' ceiling.

He gripped it tight, lifting himself up in search of relief, but his current contraction wasn't waning. If anything it only grew worse, the wave fading right into the next.

Shane threw his head over the shoulder of his seat, the tendons in his neck straining as he fought against the pain. A faint shimmer rolled down his cheek, his eyes clenched shut.

Ilya had already wasted enough time as is. At the first sight of his husband's tears, he swiftly put the pedal to the metal and fucking *drove*.

Time lapsed between them, measured only by the shortening of Shane's breath and the speedometer's steady incline. Ottawa's countryside quickly blurred outside, but Ilya kept his foot heavy on the gas. It felt as though they were moving through molasses.

He placed his hand on the center console—a silent offering. His husband was eager to grab on, squeezing with all of his might, as he used him like a human stress ball. Squeeze, release, squeeze, release. Soon Shame was just holding on for dear life, and Ilya knew their time was running out.

He eventually couldn't take it anymore and shattered the silence between them.

"Shane, sweetheart. Talk to me."

Was he pleading? *Yes*. Ilya would get on his knees and grovel for an answer if he had to. He'd spent enough years with Shane to recognize what was going on. Silence was always bad in a context like this, where his beloved was hurting, yet refused to say it out loud. He didn't have a name for the behavior until Galina called it "bottling-up" during one of their sessions. Ilya had never heard of such a phrase before, but now he understood the significance behind it. Shane had a habit to "bottle-up" his emotions until he exploded from the pressure, leaving him either angry or distraught, but typically the latter.

And Ilya *hated* to see Shane cry.

He listened now as his husband sucked in a shaky breath, his teeth chattering as his head lolled from side to side against the seat. He couldn't tell if that was a means to ward off the pain or a silent "fuck you, I'm busy", but he spoke up after a minute.

"*Keep. Driving.*"

Shane's words were strained like he was holding onto every last bit of self-restraint he could muster, which he probably was.

Frankly, his statement was the last thing Ilya wanted to hear, but he listened nonetheless. What else could he do? *Ignore* the man in charge of delivering their child? An angry Shane was almost as bad as a sad Shane, so Ilya continued driving, his knuckles white against the steering wheel.

But not five minutes had passed before his husband was changing his mind.

Ilya could barely hear him over the growl of the Jeep, but a low chorus of "*No, no, no*" was leaving Shane's mouth, and it only seemed to be picking up in volume with each passing second. He quickly looked away from the road and fixed him with a concerned stare.

"Sha—"

"Pullover."

He said it with such finality that Ilya thought he was hallucinating, yet Shane's voice never wavered. He even fixed him with a harsh look when he failed to respond, the corners of his eyes pinched with both annoyance and pain.

"Ilya, fucking pullover!"

And he did just that, screeching to an abrupt halt on the side of the road. He might've been a little aggressive in his actions because Shane lurched forward in his seat, falling back with an audible thump as Ilya quickly shifted the Cherokee into park.

"What is wrong?"

He couldn't keep the panic out of his voice as he looked at his husband. He was nearly in Shane's lap as he leaned over the center console, cupping a hand to his forehead. The skin underneath his palm was creased in thought and hot to the touch.

"I just—I just need you to check," Shane groaned out, licking his lips as he heaved for breath. His eyes squeezed shut with a grimace, but Ilya didn't understand his request.

"Check? Check what?" he asked, quickly searching his mind for why that might be needed.

All he's done so far is ask questions for Shane to answer. He was supposed to be the supportive one—to hold his husband's hand and tell him everything would be okay. Except *Ilya's* hand was the one being held throughout this entire process and he hated it. But Shane didn't answer this question, no. Instead he fanned a hand out over the bottom of his bump, pushing and prodding along the surface until he hissed through clenched teeth. Ilya watched as he massaged the area, slowly moving down the front of his sleep shorts, before he stilled. Shane went green, then white, and a panicked expression quickly took over his face.

Something in Ilya's brain seemed to click at the display.

"Do you need to push?"

When Shane flinched at the question, he knew that he was right, yet his husband still managed to throw him a heated glare in return.

“I don’t know *what* I am feeling, Ilya. I just know that I need you to check. To see what’s—“ He stalled, his face flushing red, before finally saying, “—what’s happening. *Down there.*”

Ilya was quick to obey. Now was the time to help and he wouldn’t waste a second of it.

Without another word he slammed on the overhead dome light and slipped out of the driver’s seat to get to work. He quickly grabbed their go-bag from the back (he had a sneaking suspicion they might need it) before rounding to the passenger’s side. Shane looked at him with wide eyes as he pulled open the door. The look only doubled when he grabbed the bottom of his seat, relayed a quick “*Hold on*” and smoothly shoved him all the way back. Now there was more than enough room to fit himself and their bag within the footwell, a trait Ilya’s Porsche could never possess. Stupid Jeeps and their stupid functionality.

Shane was already pawing at his waistband, so Ilya quickly reached up to help him with the rest. Despite the fabric being soaked, he managed to pull off his shorts and underwear in one go, tossing them aside. They hit the leather of his abandoned seat with a wet *slap*. His husband grimaced at the noise. Ilya apologized.

“Okay,” he placed his hands atop Shane’s thighs, “Can I look, *lyubimiy?*”

His husband had snapped his legs closed the minute he was bare, which Ilya found odd. He’d asked him to do this after all and Shane was not usually embarrassed by his body, especially around him. Ilya would know after years of seeing him both clothed and completely naked. But he was no stranger to his beloved’s need for careful words and gentle touches. Everybody needed a bit of encouragement sometimes.

Shane nodded, yet second guessed himself as soon as Ilya moved to guide his knees apart. He quickly grabbed his wrist with a frantic “*Wait!*”.

In a rare moment between contractions, Ilya could easily spot the shallow heave of his husband’s chest as he sat stock-still in his seat. He’d been panting through the pain, but this was different. This type of movement was prompted by anxiety, and typically the aura before a panic attack.

“Sweetheart, you are hyperventilating,” Ilya pointed out quietly. He carefully pried Shane’s grip off his wrist so he could lace their fingers together instead, offering a point of contact so his husband could steer himself back to earth. Galina had called this “grounding”.

“I am *not* hyperventilating,” Shane pouted, but there was a tremor to his lips, his eyes growing glassy and far away. Ilya cupped the side of his face to keep him steady, urging him to focus on his face rather than his fear or thoughts. He soothed a thumb along his cheekbone and Shane responded without hesitation, relaxing underneath his touch like butter to a hot pan. Ilya smiled.

“Everything will be okay,” he started, affection practically dripping in his tone, “We still have time. I can call your midwife. Ask for advice. Maybe she can even meet us at—?”

But all words died on his tongue the minute he caught a glance between his husband’s legs. It was an accident, really. A mere instinct to Shane unconsciously shifting in his seat, his knees falling open as he accommodated for the ache in his hips. Whatever the reason, it didn’t lessen the blow of his discovery. *At all.*

There, right between two tan thighs, was a slick, dark curve pressing out from swollen skin. It took Ilya a moment to realize that it was hair. Their *daughter’s* hair, a top of her *head*.

Holy shit.

For one well-deserved heartbeat, he allowed himself to consider every possible option he could think of to handle this situation.

Hospital? The nearest one was thirty minutes away if he drove like a maniac.

Ambulance? Would take even longer to reach them, especially since they were stuck on a country road with not a mile marker in sight.

Shane? Already shaking and looking on the verge of throwing up, passing out, or both. Ilya was voting for the first option.

And their daughter? Coming out right now whether they liked it or not. It was the closest thing she could get to a metaphorical middle finger without being born. Ilya was proud (and simultaneously horrified) that their little girl was already shaping up to be just like him. It was adorable, yet super inconvenient. Although the need to be early was definitely Shane's fault.

Ignoring the blatant facts, he could barely believe what he was seeing, both mystified and terrified by the sight, his brain short circuiting as he took it all in.

"Baby is uh—" Ilya's mouth opened and closed a few times, not unlike a fish, as he thought for the right word.

"Golovka prorezalas," he stated like it was the most obvious thing in the world, but when Shane stared at him blankly, he realized his mistake.

"Fuck! No, I mean—" He growled out in frustration, smacking a hand to the side of his head.

"What is translation?!"

But Ilya didn't have time to answer his own question because things were *happening*. Whoever controlled the TV remote of Life had hit fast forward and he was scrambling to keep up, both mentally and physically.

Whether it be from a new contraction or Shane pushing without realizing, more of their daughter's head was suddenly edging out.

"Ilya—?"

"Tam golovka malysha, you know?!" He blurted out with all the grace of a...what is saying? Bull in china store? Or was it Moose because Canadians are strange? It was something dumb either way, Hayden probably told him incorrectly (asshole), but Ilya was still freaking out nonetheless.

In an effort to keep himself from spiraling out of control, he resorted to one of the many comforts in his life: American soap operas. Was *Grey's Anatomy* even remotely accurate, let alone appropriate, to reference when it came to the medical field? No, but the doctors *did* wear gloves (sometimes) and that gave him a task to focus on. He needed gloves because proper sanitation was key, and he'd rather die than infect their brand new baby girl with some unearthly disease.

He somehow managed to jerk open the glove compartment behind him and was pleased to find a First Aid Kit front and center. He nearly kissed his husband's feet in relief.

Shane's contingencies 2 : Ilya 0

His husband was less pleased by this discovery. While rifling through the kit's contents, he jabbed Ilya's shoulder with his heel, urging him to look up. His brown eyes were ablaze.

"No, Ilya, I *don't* know. Please enlighten me!"

Shane looked positively pissed off now with his lack of communication, not to mention he was trying to raise himself off the seat again in the process, the pressure getting to him. Possibly burning too. Their daughter's head was literally *right there* and he didn't even know it. How did he not know!

Well, if Ilya couldn't tell him, then he'd just have to show him.

He grabbed Shane's hand, leading him down by the wrist to where their daughter lay. He was met with resistance, but one pleading look had his husband loosening up, albeit with a stricken expression. Maybe Shane wasn't as oblivious as he previously thought. He seemed to understand what Ilya was doing, his eyes growing to that of dinner plates as soon as his fingers made contact. A strangled noise punched its way out of his chest.

"*Oh fuck me,*" Shane said so in a horrified whisper, his breath picking up speed until he was hyperventilating. For real this time.

Ilya blanched. That...is not what he intended to do.

"Hey, hey, no—is okay!"

He tried and failed to soothe his husband, murmuring out encouragement as he reached for his face, his knee, or really any part of him that he could touch and squeeze reassuringly. Except Shane didn't appreciate this sentiment at all and slapped him away each time.

"SHUT UP!"

Uh—yeah. He could do that. Officially shutting up.

Now silent, he watched as his husband continued to flail around in his seat, offering no thanks or any indication that he'd even noticed his obedience to begin with. He was too busy trying to find a good foothold, his limbs seeming to go in every direction as he struggled. Ilya, feeling rather daring, took the initiative to lean forward and undo his seat belt.

Shane sagged forward as soon as he was released, keening loudly as he dug his fingers deep into Ilya's clavicle.

"Don't—!"

His husband gasped out, his head hung low between his shoulder blades as he drew in a ragged breath. Sweaty black bangs fell over his brow and obscured his face, not unlike the girl from *The Ring*. The groans he was producing were vaguely horror movie-ish as well; something deep and guttural and sounding vaguely like it needed to be exorcised from within him. ~~Was childbirth always this terrifying?~~

Ilya simply swallowed down his fear as Shane looked up at him through his hair, breathing heavily.

“Don’t fucking drop her, Rozanov.”

And that was all the warning he got before his husband was hauling his knees to his chest and bearing down.

Ilya blinked, realizing that—*Oh*. He’s just going for it. He quickly abandoned the First Aid Kit in his lap and braced himself. Fuck the gloves, they were doing this old school.

Shane was already red from the force of his push, the veins in his neck and temple straining underneath his skin. He barely allowed himself a minute of reprieve, sucking in a short breath before bearing down again. The crown of their daughter swiftly blossomed under his guiding force, but much too quickly for Ilya’s taste.

“Fuck! Easy, *easy!*” He scrambled to apply counter pressure, something he vaguely remembered their midwife mentioning, but was too late.

Shane, despite every aspect of his nature that said otherwise, didn’t listen or slow. No. Instead he powered through (rather stupidly, Ilya would point out later) until their daughter’s head was bursting out of his body with a gush of fluid. Eyes, ears, nose, and mouth: the complete package. All these things fixed on a tiny face that was now cradled in Ilya’s long fingers.

What the fuck?!

Above him, his husband deflated like a balloon from the loss of pressure, going boneless in his seat. Although Shane didn’t hesitate to reach down and touch her, just one finger to the top of her head. Back and forth it moved, like petting a newborn kitten or puppy, the contact almost fleeting, like he was scared she would break if he pressed too hard. But Shane smiled, a breathy “*Hey baby girl*” spoken between hearty gulps of air that practically had Ilya melting. The urge to cry was suddenly *very* tempting.

Within the next moment Shane was wincing, a new round of pain ramping up as he palmed the underside of his belly with a groan. Ilya watched as their daughter slowly rotated, her little face looking skyward as his husband grimaced at the foreign sensation.

“If I tear, I swear to God I will castrate you myself.”

Ilya laughed, but carefully positioned his hands around his angry skin in preparation for the shoulders. Not because he was scared of ~~emasculation~~ his husband, but because it was the right thing to do. Obviously. *And* he wanted to make their midwife proud.

“We can limp together, lozhka. It will be very romantic,” Ilya said, rather matter-of-fact, which earned him a small huff of laughter from Shane, just as he intended.

“Spoon? Really?”

“What? I thought laughter is best medicine?”

Shane scoffed, but the sound was fond. “That’s so cheesy. You’ve been spending way too much time with my da—”

But he didn’t get to finish as he peeled off into a scream, the loudest one yet.

It was more a roar than a scream, but still scary nonetheless as Shane's body gave one final heave. Ilya barely blinked before their daughter was tumbling out of him, blood and fluid crashing down with her. He swiftly caught her in both hands, so perfectly that, for a brief moment, he questioned his career. Maybe baseball was his calling? Either way he deserved a point for that awesome save.

Shane's Contingencies 2: Ilya 1

(He could handle a loss, but just this once. It was a special occasion, therefore it accounted for special circumstances.)

Their daughter was crying in the next moment, a wet whimper that blossomed into a hearty wail. It was so pure of sound that it immediately snapped Ilya out of his head, forcing tears into his eyes instead. He sniffled alongside her, rubbing her tiny chest as he urged out the mucus from her nose and mouth with a watery smile.

"Privet, printessa. Ty takaya khoroshen'kaya. I gromkaya. Ty pokhozha na papu."

She responded with a scream. Ilya laughed loudly, his face wet with tears, before leaning up to offer her to his husband.

Shane was in a similar state to him, his shoulders trembling from the force of his sobbing, eyes and nose running like a river. But he latched onto their daughter readily, his hands never wavering as he cooed and kissed her blood-dampened hair.



“Hi, sweet girl. Oh—I know. *Shh*, I know.”

Like a pro he pulled down the worn collar of his t-shirt to rest her against the base of his throat, initiating skin-to-skin. She was quiet within seconds, her tiny hands tucking themselves close to her body, getting cozy.

Her fingers were quite long, Ilya noted. Maybe even a bit knobby. She may have Shane’s face, but she had his hands. The thought made him cry even more. And chuckle. So much for being cute and dainty. She had the fists of a hockey player.

And possibly the attitude. As if to prove his point, their daughter suddenly reeled her arm back to smack Shane in the chin. His husband’s eyes went wide with shock as he quickly grabbed her small hand to keep it steady. Ilya couldn’t help but snort at the display, which then descended into a bout of laughter, so delirious, Shane couldn’t help but join in as well.

Lungs aching, Ilya eventually wiped his eyes of tears and looked at the time on the dash behind him.

3:17 am.

Ah. No wonder everything felt like a dream.

He dug around in their go-bag to find one of the swaddles they’d packed for the hospital. White flannel with little ladybugs. It probably wouldn’t be white after this, but what’s the difference between cheesy baby substances and spit-up? The answer being: nothing.

Ilya handed the fabric to Shane, who wiped down their daughter with gentle touches and soft coos, getting all her nooks and crannies. He could tell that his husband was starting to cramp again in preparation for the afterbirth, though Shane said nothing of the matter himself, too invested with their baby to notice.

Ilya excused himself for a second to grab the old blanket they kept folded up in the backseat. It was Anya’s for when she rode in the car so she wouldn’t scratch the leather seats. He figured she wouldn’t mind if he used it to catch the placenta. It was Montreal merch anyway. Shane would probably be happy to see it go, as would Ilya. Their eldest daughter only deserved to sit on Ottawa’s finest.

The afterbirth arrived quickly and calmly, a welcome change to their daughter’s chaotic entrance. Ilya wrapped it up in the blue and red fabric, setting it down in the footwell beside him. He couldn’t exactly throw it away. Not when they didn’t have the necessary tools to cut their daughter’s womb-mate from her. Ilya was good, but he’d let the professionals handle that one.

“Ever thought you’d be a midwife?” Shane asked as Ilya wiped down his thighs as best he could, his head lolled to the side with a dreamy grin.

Their daughter was fast asleep now, her skin dry and notably pinker as she was content to snooze against her daddy’s chest, her lips pushed out into a pout. *Shane’s* pout. No longer stewing in her own personal jacuzzi, she was finally coming into her features and losing the senior citizen special. But those features belonged entirely to his husband, Ilya was pleased to find out. She also had lots of hair. Thick, dark strands that stuck up in tufts like a mohawk. Yuna had been right about all that heartburn.

“You married very talented man, solnyshko. What did you expect?”

He pressed a kiss to Shane’s bare knee, hiding his smirk. His husband rolled his eyes, shaking his head with a quiet “*asshole*”.

With everyone safe and tended to, Ilya finally returned to the driver’s side, slamming the door shut behind him. For a moment the cab was quiet, only a rogue loon call or their daughter’s sleepy grumbles breaking the silence. Ilya turned to look at Shane, but his husband had already beat him to it, his brown eyes like amber underneath the overhead light. His hand was laid across the length of their daughter’s back, protecting her itty bitty spine as he rubbed at it over the flannel swaddle. Ilya watched him and swallowed, suddenly unsure of what to say. Cat got his tongue, or however the stupid saying goes.

“You were right,” he eventually settled on, whirling his finger around the Cherokees’ interior. Shane’s brow creased like it always did when he was confused. Ilya hoped their baby girl would have the same look. It was really cute.

“Jeep. Is practical,” he clarified, stealing a low huff from his beloved.

“Fuck you,” Shane smiled, closing his eyes as he leaned his head back into the seat.

It was easy to see how tired he was, not to mention sweaty, but he was still perfect nonetheless. Everything about Shane was effortless—the way he played hockey, his beauty, how he held their baby like it was second nature. And maybe it was. Ilya didn’t know the science. He traded textbooks for concussions and fake teeth. All that mattered was that he couldn’t stop staring at him. Not like he’d ever stopped since Saskatchewan, but the feeling had only increased now that their daughter was safely tucked underneath his husband’s chin, content and undeniably real. A physical representation of their love and the journey it took to get here. To have *her*.

Ilya would cry at the thought if he hadn’t already wept himself dry. For now he simply gathered Shane’s hand within his own and squeezed, pressing his lips to the peaks of his knuckles and staying there.

“*Ya tebya lyublyu.*”

But Shane had other plans in mind. He shook off Ilya’s grip (ouch) before he was suddenly wrapping his hand around the back of his neck and tugging him forward to—*oh*.

“I love you too,” Shane breathed as they broke apart, his breath fanning across Ilya’s mouth.

Even halfway across the center console, the emergency break digging into his hip, Ilya was right where he longed to be. He pressed another kiss to his husband’s lips, then another, and another until long presses turned into short pecks to every inch of skin he could reach. And Shane let him, preening at his affection, but their daughter wanted in on the action too. She suddenly cried out, forcing them apart as she was clearly displeased by the lack of attention; frowning in miniature. Ilya didn’t know it was possible for someone so tiny to hold such big emotions.

“Papa’s sorry, printessa. You can have all the kisses too.”

He ducked down to press his lips to her downy head, breathing in her fresh baby scent. That alone had his eyes watering (again!), but the way she calmed at his touch, his voice, had him choking back a sob. He swiftly realized that he would give her anything she asked for. The moon. The stars.

Scott Hunter's soul. The options were endless; his moral compass nonexistent so long as she was here to boss him around.

Was it possible to love someone this much?

Ilya sniffed loudly, slowly pulling himself away to settle back into his seat. He'd have time to deal with those feelings later. Right now they had places to be and people to see: i.e Dr. Matthews, a lumpy mattress, and an underpaid employee at the Tim Hortons' drive thru. If Shane was up to it that is. Although, he wasn't one to say no to a hash brown on a regular day, even at three am, pre or postpartum. But maybe it would be best if David and Yuna grabbed them some instead—which *shit*, they still needed to tell people.

Later, he reminded himself quickly. They could keep her a secret for a few more hours. She was theirs after all. They got to make the rules now, *ha!*

Ilya reached for the Jeep's keys to turn on the ignition, the engine rumbling to life as the headlights flooded out across the road past their windshield. He heard Shane's seat belt click into place. He fastened his own.

"Hospital?"

He asked, looking over to find his husband smiling, their entire future sleeping soundly in the crook of his neck. He nodded once, just as eager to greet what awaits them, and Ilya had never felt so in love.

"Hospital."

End Notes

Translations (Please take them all with a grain of salt)

-Golovka prorezalas = “The head has crowned”

-Tam golovka malysha = “The baby's head is right there”

-Privet, printessa. Ty takaya khoroshen'kaya. I gromkaya. Ty pokhozha na papu. = “Hi, little princess. You're so cute. And loud. You look just like your dad.”

Jeep ✨ sponsor me ✨

Baby girl doesn't have a name because (I personally think) naming Hollanov children is an art I've yet to master. It literally toes a line of utter perfection or “They would not do that”. If anything I'll just revert to [@Medrawawi's](#) names because...that's canon lore at this point ✨

But naming aside, would yall want to see more of this? Like...midwife Ilya? Cuz I got a few more ideas cooking up in the old noggin. Just let a girl know 🙄🙄🙄🙄

Added 9/17/2026 First off ✨HELLO? ✨I cannot thank you guys enough for supporting this wacky little story! Secondly, more is coming!!! I've heard you and I can promise...I'm cooking up two more courses (as of now) ALTHOUGH! I've got 2-3 wips to finish first, so bear with me! But I am writing! Slowly but surely! And I can confirm that the next two installments will focus on ✨Troy ✨ and ✨Luca ✨I know, I know, it's almost too much to handle! Wips may or may not be posted to my twt...So be on the lookout!🙄🙄

Art Credit: ✨me ✨

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