

Surprise! It's a... baby?

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by [MenoiMhmm](#)

Summary

Who knew male pregnancy still existed? Shane and Ilya certainly didn't.

Notes

Story created for the #pregnantshaneweek | @pregshaneweek organized by @holland_dayze & @onyxnigh1989 on Twitter. Go check their accounts!!

Pregnant Shane Week, day 1: Finding Out.

"Just what I thought... Mr. Hollander, you are pregnant." The doctor said.

"Excuse me?!"

Life had been great for Shane in the past year.

He was happily married and living full-time with his husband. They had the cutest dog on earth, Anya Hollander-Rozanov (or Rozanov-Hollander, according to Ilya); they were living a peaceful life in their home. Shane enjoyed getting back from practice and cooking with Ilya while they talked and talked and talked. There was nothing Shane enjoyed more than their little domestic moments. He was so happy that he was able to love Ilya out loud; he wanted to give everything to the man he fell in love with all those years ago.

He had great parents who loved him immensely; who loved his husband just as if he were also their kid. He had great friends, Hayden and Jackie were a constant in his life since he was a rookie, and Shane adored their kids. They visited every time they traveled to Montreal and even visited each other during the off season.

Rose and Svetlana were constantly around being a great pillar in their whole commune of support.

Shane enjoyed it so much when Svetlana came around because she would teach him some of Russia's culture. Their food, which he then would cook for Ilya and tear up whenever he got that soft expression and the little chin quivering.

J.J. was still a part of his life. They had a rocky moment when the video got leaked and he accused Shane of throwing games for the Boston Bears, but they had worked it out. J.J. texted him all the time, and he actually got along great with Ilya.

They had their summer camp, which made Shane so happy and proud. He also secretly loved seeing Ilya around kids. He was so patient and so lovely to them. They would get back home

and Shane would bask in the shiny eyes and the little anecdotes Ilya would tell him.

He was finally playing alongside his now-husband, Ottawa's Captain Ilya Rozanov. He was part of the Ottawa Centaurs, who were nothing but great to him and to Ilya. Shane realized just how bad it was in Montreal only after experiencing the warmth and kindness of the Centaurs. The locker rooms were shocking for Shane, as he was used to certain words, certain slurs, and certain behaviors from the Voyageurs.

It was a tough change for Shane; he was unable to fully relax for the first month of being in Ottawa, until he went to the first barbecue Bood hosted after becoming a Centaur. Just then, after seeing them actually enjoy each other's company and seeing the camaraderie the team had with each other, Shane was able to let go of his fears.

"I told you you would love them." Ilya had said once they were back home, and Shane had spent the entire drive home talking about just how funny Wyatt was and how welcoming all the WAGs were to him. About Bood's pepper sauce and how he talked to Troy for what felt like hours about his whole social media presence and the stuff he went through after he was traded from Toronto. He was able to relate so much to Troy in so many things that he totally let go of the little tint of jealousy he hadn't been able to fully shake off.

"You were right." He rolled his eyes when Ilya gave him that stupid, absolutely attractive grin of his.

Ilya peppered several kisses on his face and lips; he hugged him and walked him back onto the couch until they were a tangle of limbs on each other. They were giggling once they let go of each other.

Ilya looked at him intently, eyes roaming all over his face.

"I have never been this happy." He whispered. Shane's heart did a flip.

He kissed the top of Ilya's head when he hid his face on Shane's neck.

Everything they'd lived seemed so worth it during these times, When he was able to lay down with his husband and just feel him near him.

So, Shane had been living a pretty great life.

Until he wasn't.

It started with just some tiredness that was kind of unusual. Shane attributed it to his age, he wasn't a 20 year old anymore.

He was still able to perform as the hockey star that he was, but he was getting tired faster. And his feet would get swollen at the end of the day.

That had never happened before.

He didn't think much of it, and if Ilya noticed, he didn't say anything either.

The third thing he felt was nausea. He stopped eating salmon because the smell alone would make him run to the bathroom.

Same thing happened with all kinds of sea food, which was saying something since he'd loved sea food since he was a kid.

"Let's go to the doctor." Ilya said one morning after Shane threw up at the smell of cooked egg.

Ilya was stressing. This was the third time he'd offer to take him to the hospital this week.

Shane hurt at causing this uneasiness on his husband but had decided it wasn't a huge deal that he had caught a stomach flu or something.

"I'm okay." He'd said for the third time.

"You have not eaten more than rice since last two weeks." Ilya pointed.

He was watching Shane from the door of the bathroom as Shane was resting after throwing up.

"I promise I'm fine."

"Hm."

Two more weeks went by and he had gotten just a little better. In the sense that he was only throwing up once in the day instead of two or three. Small wins.

Ilya was not happy.

Another thing happened as well. Anya was following Shane every second of every day they were home. This, in itself wasn't so weird, she was a dog who liked routine and she loved Shane. But since the first day of Anya being Ilya's, she was her favorite person.

On their days off, Shane would go for a run early in the morning and then he would work out in their home gym. Or he'd do yoga.

Anya did join him on his runs but then once home, she'd go cry at the foot of their bed in hopes of waking Ilya up for food, Shane would work out alone and by the time he finished, Anya would be running with Ilya.

She was a big, active dog, so the vet told them there was no issue if she had that much exercise now that she was young. Eventually she would be needing less and less but right now, she was young and needed to burn energy that way.

The rest of the day would be of her playing with Ilya home, or swimming with him, or following him around the house fixing things that Ilya liked to fix himself instead of asking for help, Shane would watch them from inside or would handle stuff at home.

Even if they were both just watching tv or laying on the couch, she would follow Ilya if he went to the bathroom or to receive the food.

So it was definitely something when she started following Shane around instead. Not only would she go run with him, but now she stayed with him while he worked out or did yoga. Shane had to change his routine to add feeding Anya in the mornings now because she would just not leave his side.

She wouldn't join Ilya on his run or his workout. She stayed with Shane the whole time, even if Shane was just answering emails or talking on the phone with Farah.

She would sniff him constantly, she would lay next to him, with her head on his stomach or chest.

The only moment she seemed to stay with Ilya was if Ilya and Shane were on the couch doing nothing, or swimming in the pool. She would play with Ilya then, but the moment Shane got up to do anything, she would stop playing and follow him around.

"What the fuck did you do to my baby?" Ilya would complain, faking anger. His big smile and sparkly eyes told a different story, though.

Shane would laugh and taunt him, "She can probably tell I'm the best parent."

Ilya would throw him a pillow to the face and they'd both laugh until their bellies hurt.

They were rough housing once, pushing each other a little. As it normally does, it soon turned into their flirting language. They'd leave kisses on the other's neck or cheek.

Ilya once pushed him against the door with the idea of pressing himself to his husband and make out and grope him but they stopped when Anya growled at Ilya.

She never did that. She was the friendliest dog, she never growled at people. Let alone to Shane or Ilya.

Ilya laughed back then and pressed kisses to Shane so she would forgive him.

And then everything got worse because Shane started feeling nauseous not only at food, but he suddenly couldn't stand the smell of certain people.

Luca was the first one it happened with.

They were having practice in the morning, as was usual. Shane was still getting tired, more tired every day, even. He was unable to finish practice at the same level as Ilya anymore, he'd get exhausted and would sweat within the first 2 seconds of doing drills.

No one said anything, but he noticed the stares and the worried eyes on him as it was becoming more obvious. He imagined Ilya had told them not to comment on it.

So that morning as he joined the group on the ice, everything was going "normal" until he felt it. A strong smell hit his nose, it was a mixture of wood and cigarettes and musk. He tried to ignore it for a minute or so, but then he couldn't. Luca walked to the middle of the circle to show his latest technique and as Shane got a whiff of his smell, he sprinted to the bathroom. Hand in his mouth and all his energy focused on making it to the bathroom.

He heard murmurs from his team but he couldn't stop running.

Later that day, once they were home, Ilya told him nothing in the smell of Luca was different from the day before. Shane tried to explain that yes, it was different. It was stronger and it was bad.

But then it also happened with Rose. She was filming a show and drove to Ottawa to stay the night.

Shane hugged her and then ran to the toilet at the smell of her. Something sweet mixed with the same kind of musk he felt on Luca daily now.

Ilya had explained to Rose that Shane wasn't feeling great and had some issues with certain smells. He then joined Shane on the bathroom and helped him get up from the floor.

"She is in guest room."

"I'm sorry." Shane said and he was shocked to find himself tearing up.

He suddenly felt awful at having had this reaction to Rose and Luca. And feeling sick. He felt so sad at making Ilya worry about him and being a bother.

He didn't want to feel like this. He couldn't understand why he was feeling like this and secretly, he was scared he was really, seriously ill.

Ilya held him when he saw the tears.

"Sweetheart, what is the matter?" He asked.

"I'm sorry." He said in between sobs. He pressed himself to Ilya as close as physically possible.

“Nothing to apologize, baby.”

”But I’m all weird and tired. And you’re worried and everything I want is to give you comfort—... but now, I have caught something that’s making me sick. And I’m scared.”

Ilya held him strongly against him. He started breathing slowly and Shane understood he was trying to help him out, so he copied Ilya’s pace.

”It’s okay. I know, it’s scary. To feel so disconnected from your body. But I’m here, Anya is here, Rose is here. We are here for you, baby.” He kissed his forehead and rocked them back and forth on the bathroom floor.

Shane felt hot and he felt the sweat dripping down his forehead and into his face. But he didn’t want to get away from Ilya. He buried more his face in Ilya’s neck and stayed there.

Ilya must have felt the sweat because he did detach Shane from himself. He saw him and removed the wet hair from his forehead. He dried the sweat with his hand.

He was furrowing his brows at taking notice of Shane’s face.

”We’re going to the doctor now, yes?” He asked.

He was so worried, he was biting his lip and his hands were running up and down on Shane’s back and arms.

Shane didn’t have the heart to say no anymore.

”Okay.”

Ilya drove them to the hospital after Shane took a shower and then apologized to Rose. She assured him she understood but urged him to go to the hospital as well.

She agreed to babysit Anya until they came back. Anya who was whimpering at Rose's feet, trying to get to Shane.

Shane felt like crying when he noticed it, and he did sob once he was in the car.

He was anxious the whole way to the hospital. Ilya held his hand the entire drive there and would whisper encouraging words, he would ask him how he was feeling and would tell him to let him know if he felt like throwing up or dizzy.

After doing all the tests and exams known to man, the doctor finally came to the room.

Shane was resting his head on Ilya's shoulder when the doctor came in. She was smiling once she saw them.

She cleared her throat and moved the chair to sit down in front of them.

"Sorry for the wait."

"Is okay. What is wrong with Shane?"

She smiled at them and made a complicated expression.

”So, I want to preface this by saying you’re not sick. Something *is* happening to your body but nothing that is actively threatening your life.”

Shane let out a long sigh in relief. A lot of the tension on his shoulders gone and he felt himself get finally some hope.

He also felt the same kind of pressure leave Ilya’s shoulders and back. He found Shane’s eyes and kissed his forehead right then and there. Shane smiled at the action, he held his husband’s hand in between his own and returned his attention to the doctor.

She was still smiling at the scene, which was always nice to see whenever they have public displays of affection.

”You said something is happening?” He asked after a bit.

She nodded, “yes. Listen. This is really something that I studied during my years as a medical student, my mom also studied these cases but neither her or I have actually witnessed it. Until today.”

”You said he was not in danger, yes?” Ilya asked, worried again.

”He’s not.” She assured them. “During a couple of centuries, a part of the medical curriculum was dedicated to the study of male pregnancy. It’s been less and less with every year because male pregnancies are so rare nowadays. Just in the past couple of decades, there was only a handful of documented—...”

Shane stopped listening at the mention of those two words. A buzzing loud in his head as he tried to wrap his mind around the concept.

Of course he’d heard of male pregnancy before. At being something so strange for teenage boys, it was common for his friends to talk about it. About how they heard of a friend of a friend of a friend of their parents being pregnant.

He had heard it, had believed it but then he had just forgotten about it. After all, he never met a man who was pregnant. He didn't think about it anymore.

He figured if the cases incremented, he'd think about it again and then he would form another opinion on the matter.

And now...

"So when you guys told me the symptoms, I thought there might be a chance. We did an ultrasound which showed you have a rare structure that is uncommon in men; we ran special blood exams for these cases and yes," she handed them the paper on his hand. Shane took it after a second. Ilya was frozen in place. "the test results show a high level of hGC, which is a hormone we normally associate with pregnancy."

Shane didn't understand anything on the paper. Anything besides the big POSITIVE at the bottom of it.

"T-that can't be right." He decided.

"I know this comes as a shock—"

"There's just no way." He got up, letting go of Ilya's hand. He started pacing around the room and rubbing his hand on his face. "I've been having sex with men for over a decade and I never—"

Ilya's eyes were just following him around the room. Shane was unable to read his expression. What was he thinking? What was he feeling?

She stayed silent until Shane stopped pacing and started breathing normally.

“I know this obviously wasn’t planned and that I’m probably giving you the most insane news you could have heard. The ultrasound also let us see the fetus. It’s rare, but not impossible. You are pregnant.” She said calmly.

The room was silent for what felt like hours. Surprisingly, it was Ilya who spoke first.

”Why now? We have had sex a thousand times” He asked with hoarse voice.

She hummed at the question before answering.

”It seems Shane’s reproductive tissue has been inactive until recently. Something may have triggered it.

”I can’t really know for sure. Chronic stress can suppress reproductive function. Things like changes in your sleeping habits, nutrition, cortisol, activity level and even long-term emotional stress can affect your endocrine system.” She explained. If anything, she at least looked in awe of what she was witnessing with them. “Whatever was keeping the tissue inactive has probably changed.”

”Are you saying I’ve always been able to get pregnant?”

”Yeah.”

”And I just never knew?”

”Why would you? This is a rare condition.”

“I get tested for many different things constantly due to my work. How come they never saw this reproductive tissue in me?”

She thought about it for a few seconds, “they wouldn’t see it. It’s a very small tissue, it’s extra tiny when it’s inactive as it has been for the last decade. And since it wouldn’t show up in normal blood tests, there was no reason to look for anything abnormal in you.”

“Are you saying him being happy is why he got pregnant?” Ilya asked, stoic. Like he still couldn’t believe it.

“I’m saying him being in a different hormonal environment in years is what made the switch in his body.”

Finally, Ilya found Shane’s eyes. His eyes were loaded with incredulity and confusion. But he looked somewhat hopeful and emotional; and finally relieved now that they knew Shane wasn’t dying or anything of the sort.

“So my body just decided to switch on.”

”That’s the simplest way to put it, yes.”

”And now what?” Ilya asked.

”Now, we talk about it. There are always options for you Shane, we will continue as you want. I can definitely help out during the pregnancy if you decide to keep it. And I can also arrange for a termination if that’s what you decide. We also have a family planning program in case you want to study more options.” She explained easily.

Shane found Ilya’s eyes. He saw those precious blue orbs looking back at him. He imagined those eyes and those curls on a tiny person and his heart jumped inside his chest.

”Can I think about it?”

”Of course. I’ll schedule the follow up for next week if that’s okay?”

They both nodded and thanked her when they left.

Ilya kissed his hand as he drove them back. Shane asked time to think about it but he already knew what he wanted. He knew since he understood what was going on.

He thought of all the times he saw Ilya with kids and how the image made his belly flutter. He thought of a little baby in Ilya's arms as they were all sitting on the couch, he thought of Anya at the foot of a baby crib, watching; protecting a little person day and night.

A kid was always an option for the both of them. They both knew they wanted to raise a kid together. The fact that they were given the opportunity now to have one that biologically theirs, of the two of them was miraculous. It was impossible. But it was happening.

He already knew he wanted to keep this baby. He was sure Ilya would also want to keep it, but he wanted to have a moment alone with his husband to talk about it.

"How are you feeling?" Ilya asked when they reached a red light.

"So happy." He said with a big smile.

Ilya saw him and once he studied his face and believed his words, he let out a huge smile himself and his eyes turned glassy. He moved to capture his lips with his own and it tasted like honey.

"I cannot believe we managed to get you pregnant."

Shane laughed.

"If someone could do it, of course it had to be us."

Ilya let a loud laugh at that and it was so beautiful. He looked so happy and so free and so light.

Shane was euphoric to give his husband a baby.

Their own little baby.

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