

The Ottawa Centaur's Newest Draft Pick

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The Ottawa Centaur's Newest Draft Pick

by [Nina_Renee_Rob_35](#)

Summary

Shane's first season as a Centaur is different... to say the least.

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My humble offering to the #PregnantShaneWeek gods

Chapter 1: Finding Out

Shane's first season with the Centaurs is going really well. The team worked effortlessly to absorb Shane into the group with ease. He feels lighter than he has in a long time. Last season with Montreal had drained him both mentally and physically. This perpetual exhaustion that seeped into his bones, only relieved slightly by the comfort of Ilya's arms.

It's not until the end of March that Shane starts to feel that ache again. He tries to ignore it, summing it up to the team's hard work trying to keep their spot at the top of their division. Everyone on the team is starting to feel a bit roughed up so Shane doesn't bring it up, not with the training staff, not with his coaches, not even with Ilya. Whenever the staff asks if he's okay he just blames the sleep he had the night before.

Ilya isn't a fool. He can see the slightly darkened circles under Shane's eyes. He can tell something is going on by all of the naps Shane takes during the day, how instead of getting up at the asscrack of dawn to go on a run Ilya himself has to rouse Shane from sleep some days. No matter how much sleep he gets at night, when he wakes up the next morning he feels like he didn't get any sleep the night before.

Ilya has seen this before, has felt this before, but every time he asks Shane if he's okay all he gets back is 'I'm fine Ilya'. He doesn't push him though, knowing that if he himself had been pushed at the beginning of his depression journey that he would have probably have closed down and he doesn't want that to happen. It's not until they get back from their west coast road trip that Ilya takes a stand, practically begging Shane to see Terry before their next game. Shane agrees, just to get Ilya off his ass. He's fine.

"You are sure you don't want me to come with you?" Ilya asks him as they unpack from their roadtrip. Shane wraps his arms around his waist and rests his forehead on his back, leaving a quick kiss. Ilya turns in his arms and leaves a kiss of his own on Shane's forehead.

"I'll be fine. I'll let you know what they tell me, okay?" Shane says, rubbing away the concerned wrinkles on Ilya's forehead.

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Shane makes it to the Centaur's training facility in record time. Knowing he only has a couple of hours before everyone starts to make their way in for practice.

"So how are you feeling Shane? I know over the phone you said that you've noticed an overall decrease in energy and appetite right?" Terry asks. Shane nods and gives him the rundown of how he's been feeling the last couple of weeks. Terry listens intently and notes down all of his symptoms. By the time Shane has finished his spiel his hands are nervously shaking, Terry gives his hands a reassuring squeeze.

"I think I have an idea of what's happening. I can either draw some blood from you or I'd need a urine sample. It just depends on how long you want to wait for the results." He

explains. Shane has never liked needles so he chooses the urine sample and gives it back to Terry.

“Alright kiddo, give me 20 minutes and I’ll figure out what’s going on.” He says. Shane leaves the room, taking a walk around the complex with a 20 minute timer on his phone. He makes his way to the fitness room, planning on wasting the time running on the treadmill. Opening the door though he sees Wyatt Hayes riding on one of the bikes with his headphones in. When he notices Shane he nearly falls off of it, he would have laughed if he wasn’t so nervous.

“Hey, what are you doing here so early?” He asks, climbing more gracefully off the bike.

“Visit with Terry doing some tests and stuff.” Shane says, sitting down on one of the benches.

“Cap didn’t come with you?” Wyatt asks, sitting down beside Shane. He notices Shane fidgeting with the bottom hem of his shirt so he wraps his arm over his shoulder.

“Nah, it’s probably just exhaustion. I didn’t want to worry him over nothing.” Shane says. His phone alarm goes off.

“Do you, would you come with me?” Shane asks him nervously. Wyatt nods and leads him out of the fitness room. The two walk back to Terry’s office, Shane goes to knock but Terry opens the door first.

“Good, I was worried I was going to have to come and find you. Wyatt, do you need something?” He asks.

“I asked him to come with me.” Shane says, He nods and leads them back to the chairs at his desk.

“So Shane. I ran your urine test through for some different things, testing for an insufficiency of iron, Vitamin B, things like that to see if we can explain how you’ve been feeling recently.” Terry explains, Shane and Wyatt nod along.

“I think it’s better to just show you.” He says, sliding the results over to Shane. He picks up the paper and scans over it, dropping it when he sees the ‘POSITIVE’ beside the ‘urine pregnancy test’ line.

“Now you’ll have to have an ultrasound to confirm but these test results show that you’re pregnant.” Terry says in an unsure tone. Shane has frozen in place, so he doesn’t know if this is good or bad news.

“That’s amazing!” Wyatt says excitedly, snapping Shane out of the spiral he caught himself in. And with that the tears Shane didn’t know he was holding back.

“I can do the ultrasound right now if you’d like Shane, just to know for sure.” he offers, Shane nods and wipes the tears off his cheeks.

“Could we wait for Ilya? He should be here soon.” Shane asks, Terry nods.

“Of course, he’ll want to be here for this. Meet me in the imaging room when he gets here.” He says before taking his leave, leaving Shane and Wyatt in silence.

“Dude, could you imagine if Cap thinks this is just some really elaborate April Fools joke?” Wyatt says, desperately trying to lighten the mood. He gets loud laughter from Shane so he’ll take it as a win. But before long he starts to cry again. Well, you can’t say that Wyatt didn’t try. He squeezes his arm before standing up to call Ilya from Shane’s phone.

“Hey Rozanov.” Wyatt greets. Ilya is immediately on edge. Nobody usually ever calls him that unless Ilya has done something to royally piss someone off, and he can’t think of anything that would elicit the use of his last name.

“What’s wrong?” Ilya immediately responds.

“Nothing, I don’t think. I can’t really tell. Just -. When you get here can you come to the imaging room?” Wyatt asks, Ilya gets even more worried.

“Is Shane okay?” He asks worriedly, tightening his grip on the steering wheel, stepping harder on the gas.

“I don’t know. It’s nothing bad, nobody is dying or anything.” Wyatt tries to joke, it doesn’t work. 0.5/2 today, great job Hayes.

“I’ll be there as soon as I can.” Ilya says before hanging up, giving the engine a little more gas.

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When Ilya gets to the imaging room he sees Shane and Wyatt sitting on the chairs outside. As soon as Shane sees him he sprints over, throwing his arms around Ilya.

“You okay?” He asks, squeezing him before pulling Shane back to see his tearstained face. He nods and gives him a quick kiss before taking his hand.

“Let’s do this. Hazy, you coming?” Shane says. Shane hasn’t known Wyatt Hayes very long, but in all that time he has never seen him speechless before. Normally he wouldn’t shut up.

“Do you really want me to? I feel like this should be just you two.” He says finally.

“I wouldn’t have asked if I didn’t want you there Wyatt.” Shane says unusually sassy, Wyatt looks at him confused for a moment before he sighs and follows them into the room.

Terry has the ultrasound machine set up, patting on the bench for Shane to climb up. Hauling himself up he gets settled onto his back, lifting his shirt. Terry gives Wyatt a look to turn off the lights.

“This is gonna be a little cold Shane.” He warns before squeezing jelly onto Shane’s stomach, guiding the doppler until she finds what she’s looking for.

“I haven’t had to do this since my residency. Ah, there it is.” He says, turning the screen towards Shane and Ilya. Shane starts to cry again, taking Ilya’s hand in his.

“Is that?” Ilya can’t even finish his sentence. Shane looks at him and just nods, squeezing his hand.

“Congratulations Dads, I’d say you’re about 6 weeks pregnant Shane.” Terry says, wiping the jelly off Shane’s stomach. He gives a kind smile to them before asking Wyatt to turn the light back on.

“Let’s give them a minute alone Wyatt.” He says, leading them out of the room. As soon as the door shuts Ilya gathers Shane in his arms. They stay there, in embrace for a moment before Shane pulls away to see the widest smile on Ilya’s face, happy tears in his eyes.

“You’re pregnant.” Ilya says, still in awe. He gently lays his hand on Shane’s stomach. Shane places his on top of Ilya’s, their matching wedding rings laying there together.

“I’m pregnant.” Shane says, happily.

Chapter 2: Glowing/First Kick

Chapter Notes

I know its hella unrealistic that Shane would continue to play after finding out about the baby. But in a world where he can get pregnant, he can play hockey at the same time.

After all of the meetings with management, medical staff and coaching Shane is given the okay to get on the ice. Management wanted to know when and how they should tell the public. Shane and Ilya want to leave it until they are finished with the playoffs, however long that might be.

A lot of back and forth happened between Shane and the medical staff on how to ensure the safety of the baby while he's playing. Ilya knows better than to try and change Shane's mind about anything, so all he can do is be supportive.

One of the equipment staff came up with a new chest protector that goes down all the way, attaching to the top of Shane's hockey pants. It's a pain in the ass to get in and out of but if he wants to keep playing he will just have to suck it up.

"You've got 3 weeks to figure out what you're gonna do for the playoffs Shane. We're gonna support you as much as we can, but you gotta be careful." Wiebe says in his office before they take the ice for practice. Shane gets it, of course he doesn't want to put his baby in danger. But there is no way in hell he is gonna miss the playoffs. This is the first time that he and Ilya are in the playoffs together, he is not going to miss it for the world.

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They make it to the playoffs, because of course they do. Although Shane does know from experience how different the playoffs are. Harder, faster, more physical. His work is only going to get harder, trying to avoid checks, no extended periods of ice time.

Thank god that he's finally getting over his energy and appetite issues. The trainer makes sure that he always has access to gatorade and granola bars on the bench to keep his energy up. He almost makes it through 3 games uneventfully, avoiding checks as best as he can and makes sure he stays out of the hot zone if scrums ensue. A perk of being 'Golden Boy' Shane Hollander.

They're almost done the third period, sending the game into overtime. Shane barely has the puck on his stick before he is sent flying, skates swiped out from under him. He lands hard on the ice, laying there stunned before getting up and skating right over to the bench. With a minute and a half left in the period he doesn't even sit down, heading straight for the locker room.

He sits down in front of his cubby, hands in his hair, hoping and praying that the baby was okay. This. This is exactly why the medical staff didn't want him to keep playing. He hears the men filing into the room but keeps his head down, pats on the back as the guys pass him. A hand runs through his sweaty hair before Ilya squats down in front of him.

"You two okay?" He asks in a quiet, worried voice so nobody can overhear them. Shane shrugs, wiping the tears from his face.

"I don't know." He admits, scared. Ilya nods worriedly before getting up to sit beside Shane, taking his hand and squeezing it. Nobody bothers them until Wyatt comes over with Terry soon to follow.

"Follow me guys. I sweet talked Detroit's medical team into letting us use their imaging room." Terry says, Shane and Ilya both breathe a sigh of relief. All eyes are on them now, seeing them talking with a team doctor.

"I'll field questions. I know you wanted to keep it under wraps but I think you're gonna have to let the cat out of the bag." Wyatt says. Shane follows Terry out of the locker room, hand in hand with Ilya. Once they get to the room Ilya helps Shane remove his jersey and chest protector. He lies back and Terry gets right to work. Shane clutches Ilya's hand in his as they wait.

"Is something wrong?" Ilya asks her, squeezing Shane's hand in his.

“There they are, the little one was hiding from me.” Terry says, turning the screen so the other men can see. They both let out a sigh of relief, seeing their baby moving around in Shane’s stomach. Terry presses a button and a long sheet of paper prints out from the side of the machine

“Baby Hollander-Rozanov’s first picture.” He says, passing the photos over to Ilya before giving a tissue to Shane to wipe the jelly on his belly. Ilya runs a finger over the pictures. A knock on the door shatters the moment. Wyatt pokes his head around the door.

“You guys got 5 minutes before we gotta get back on the ice.” He says, disappearing back into the hallway. Ilya helps Shane off the table, putting his chest protector and jersey back on and they make their way back to the locker room.

As soon as they open the door they are flooded with questions, concerns, one on top of the other. Shane looks at Wyatt, who is wearing a knowing look matching Coach Wiebe’s and the training staff.

“Hey!” Ilya’s captain voice silences the room.

“So, we have some news we would like to share. But you guys have to promise not to tell anybody, and that it won't affect our games.” Shane says, clutching Ilya’s hand in his. Ilya squeezes his hand, relaxing him ever so slightly. Shane takes a deep breath and unravels the sonogram pictures. It takes a long moment before they see lightbulbs go off.

“Wait, is that what I think it is?” Bood asks. Shane and Ilya look at each other before nodding, wide smiles on their faces.

“I’m pregnant.” Shane says. A loud cheer fills the locker room. Guys come up to them, giving congratulatory hugs. The lights overhead flash, letting them know that there is one minute until puck drop.

“I know you guys probably have a lot of questions but let’s go out there and win this thing!” Shane says. Everyone files out, Shane and Ilya are out last, a new tradition they started when Shane joined the team. Shane takes the sonogram pictures and tucks them into his bag before heading to the ice for overtime.

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They made it to the second round, beating Detroit swiftly in 5 games. Shane stairs up at their bedroom ceiling the night before round 2. They are going up against Montreal, the team that has had Shane’s name at the top of their hit list every game this year. He’s managed to escape the games this season with some bruising and a scar under his eye from an ‘accidental high-stick’ ... sure.

Ilya comes out of their en-suite, wiping the little bit of toothpaste residue from the corner of his mouth. The two of them settle down to fall asleep, Ilya turning his bed side lap off before rolling over to face Shane who is still propped up against the headboard lost in his thoughts. He stares at Shane for a long moment, admiring his gorgeous husband. Sometimes he has to pinch himself just to remind him that this is real, that he’s not living in a dream he doesn’t want to wake up from.

“You’re so beautiful.” Ilya says, louder than he probably needed to, but it shakes Shane out of his head.

“What?” Shane asks, turning to face Ilya. Had he been talking to him this whole time and he wasn’t listening? Ilya only reaches out his hand, cupping Shane’s cheek.

“You know how in that book it says that pregnancy makes people ‘glow’. I didn’t know what they meant, but now I do. You are glowing солнышкоSunshine.” Ilya says, the nickname Ilya loves to use to make Shane blush working like a charm. Shane tries to deflect, rolling his eyes in mock annoyance but Ilya knows he won.

“It’s the lamp.” Shane says, pointing to the lamp resting on his bedside table that is currently filling the room in a soft yellow glow. Ilya shakes his head. Ilya knows that Shane has worked really hard to break out of the headspace of strict eating and exercising to maintain his supposed ‘athletic’ body. Shane has worked hard to love his body the way it is, not needing to starve himself literally and figuratively from the things he likes or wants. But

when Shane first started to see the slight curve of his stomach his head started to think back there, without his permission.

“No, it is not the lamp. It’s you. You are...” Ilya breaks off, he doesn’t have a word in English or Russian good enough to describe just how beautiful Shane is. How beautiful he’s always been, his pregnancy glow only elevating it. He thinks by the look on Shane’s face that he knows what he means.

“I can see them more.” Ilya almost whispers, softly running his thumb over the freckles that have indeed gotten more noticeable on Shane’s face. Shane turns his face slightly to press a kiss to Ilya’s palm.

“I think there are even some new ones. I will have to do a recount.” Ilya says, sitting up to better see all of Shane’s face. He presses a kiss to one of the freckles near the corner of Shane’s eye. And another one. And another one. Shane giggles with each kiss. Ilya presses a final kiss to Shane’s lips before pulling back.

“Ya tebya lyublyu.” Ilya whispers. Shane whispers it back before reaching out to quickly turn the lap off. He rests his head on his pillow, feeling Ilya’s arm wrap around him, pulling him flush against his chest. He whispers one last time just how beautiful Shane is before Shane fades off to sleep.

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They go back to Montreal up 3-2 in the series. The games are getting more and more physical as they go on. They are losing 1-0 with 3 minutes left in the third period. Trying to tie the game, Wiebe puts Ilya and Shane on the same line. Ilya skates down center ice with the puck, Shane and Troy on his wings. He passes the puck over to Shane, who quickly shoots it over to Troy who tips it over the leg pad of the Montreal goaltender.

Hayden and J.J. had threatened bodily harm if anyone tried any shit against Shane. So they didn’t, yes he still got to hear all of the vitriol that they spewed but he didn’t get so much as an extra check, no rougher than any other game Shane has ever played. So instead they turned their sights to Ilya.

Ilya is making his way over to his linemates when he gets blindsided with a shoulder check right to the center of his chest. All of the air gets knocked out of him as he lands on the ice, thankfully not hitting his head on the way down. The other Cens players on the ice rush to the Metros players but Shane makes a B-line to Ilya's side. Terry gets to Ilya's side shortly after Shane does.

"Oh my god. Are you okay?" Shane asks, ripping off his gloves to run his hands over Ilya, checking for injuries that aren't there. Ilya is a bit out of it, not really focusing on all of the questions the trainer is asking him. Shane grabs Ilya's cheeks, making sure to lock eyes.

"Ilya Rozanov, answer me! Are you okay?" Shane demands, his scared tone snaps Ilya back into his surroundings.

"I'm fine Shane, I'm fine. I just got the wind knocked out of me." Ilya explains, trying to sit up with Shane and Terry's help.

"There's only 2ish minutes left, I wanna send you to the room, just to give yourself some time, take the intermission and we'll see about you going out for OT." Terry says. Ilya doesn't want to leave but reluctantly agrees when he sees the scared look in Shane's eyes.

Once Ilya is off the ice Shane turns his focus back to the game. At least they get a powerplay out of all of that. They could win the whole thing if they score. Shane wins the draw, passing the puck back to Troy. They have to reenter the zone a couple of times before getting some good passes, surveying for shots that could possibly get in the net. Shane swings behind the net with the puck, open ice between him and the goal.

Shane loads up to take the shot when he feels it. A little nudge from the inside of his stomach. He shoots the puck wide, sending it all the way back down the ice to Wyatt. The timer runs out, horn sounding to take them to overtime. Shane doesn't know what it was. He rests a hand over his chest protector, knowing he won't be able to feel anything through it.

They leave the ice, heading to overtime. Ilya is already sitting in front of his cubby once everyone gets into the room. As soon as he sees Shane he jumps up, ignoring the headrush he gets.

“You okay?” He asks, bringing Shane in for a quick kiss. Shane nods his head, taking Ilya’s hand in his.

“I have to show you something.” He says, pulling him out of the room. He brings him to the visitor’s training room, which is thankfully empty.

“What’s wrong?” Ilya says worriedly as Shane tenses but fails to take off his jersey.

“Just... help me get these off.” Shane says with a huff. Together they take off his jersey and chest protector. Once topless Ilya takes a moment to admire Shane's topless form.

“You look breathtaking.” Ilya claims. Shane just laughs at him.

“No, I think you’re feeling like that is because Comeau landed you flat on your ass.” He says, Ilya laughs back at him. He takes Shane’s hands in his.

“So what did you want to show me, with your shirt off. We already made a baby.” He jokes, trying to stem the nervousness running through him.

“Oh, shut up. Just... feel.” Shane says, resting Ilya’s hands on his belly. He waits, trying to move them to the right spot before-

“Is that?” Ilya asks, tears of joy welling up in his eyes. Matching tears run down Shane’s face as he nods.

“Did you wonder why I missed the shot? Well someone decided they wanted to join the play.” Shane jokes, the baby responds back to the dig by kicking again. Ilya laughs when he feels it again. Pulling him in for a quick kiss before falling to his knees, Ilya lays a kiss on Shane’s belly. He gets a kick back.

“Come on, you’re gonna need to help me get back into this thing.” Shane says, bringing Ilya back to his feet. They get him suited back up and make their way back to the locker room. As soon as they open the door all eyes turn to them.

“What’s everyone looking at? Let’s get out there and win this thing!” Shane yells. Everyone joins his rallying cry, snapping up to get back to the ice.

Chapter 3: Gender Reveal

Chapter Notes

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

They make it all the way to the Stanley Cup Final, game 7 has been set for the Canadian Tire Arena. The night before they set up a little team get-together celebrating how far they've made it, how close they are to winning the whole thing. The public still doesn't know about the baby. All of the teams so far have been good at keeping in underwraps. Now that they've made it to game 7 it's time to figure out how to tell the world. The team is scattered around their house, most congregated to the living room

"Okay so I have a 2 pronged plan for the whole baby announcement for you guys." Harris says. The announcement project has of course been assigned to Harris, who has taken the honour very seriously.

"So I know that Wiebe is gonna have you both starting the game tomorrow? So when they announce the the starting line up they're gonna say '*expecting #1, #24 - Shane Hollander-Rozanov!*'" He explains. Shane and Ilya look at each other and smile.

"It's cute. I'm not 100% sure everyone would understand what it means though." Shane says, resting his hands on the top of his belly.

"I've thought about that too, plus everyone who isn't in the arena. So I had your mom help me to draft a statement to send out on all our social media platforms." Harris tells them, passing Shane his phone so he could see the announcement draft. Shane is so lucky and grateful to have such an amazing and thoughtful group of people around him. Thankful that Harris had included his mom in all of the announcement planning, Yuna Hollander loves a good plan.

"By the time the game ends everyone should be up to speed. And when you guys win-" He says. All of the players in earshot knock on any wooden surface they can reach. No jinxing.

"You're gonna do the gender reveal. We've got one of our equipment guys filling up these balloons with powder, 3 with white and one coloured. You guys can decide between yourselves who's gonna pass the pucks and who's gonna shoot them, just make sure you don't miss." Harris finishes. By this time tomorrow night the whole world is going to know.

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Walking into the arena for game 7 Shane does not even try to hide his belly. Before he would wear slimming black shirts, oversized coats, anything he could to keep it hidden. But everyone is going to find out before the game anyway, so he doesn't see a reason to hide anymore. He wears his favourite suit, the pants thankfully still fit. He had to wear one of Ilya's dress shirts because his didn't button up over his belly. He couldn't button up the suit jacket either so he just left it open. He knew the photographer and cameraman were there, so

hopefully with the video on TV and the walk-in photos posted on social media that it would help share the news.

Shane is sure to soak up each moment, not just because it's the Stanley Cup Final, but because today is the last time he's gonna play before the baby is born. By the time preseason games start he is going to be too pregnant to play. So he is taking every moment he can. Lacing up his skates, taking the ice for warm-ups.

For the cup final they announce the starters right before the anthem starts. The standard boos ring out for the Vegas Knights lineup. The announcer changes the way he announces the lineup. First announcing Wyatt, then the defencemen Chouinard and Dykstra.

"The forwards...

From Vancouver, British Columbia #17 Troy Barrett.

From Moscow, Russia #81 Ilya Hollander-Rozanov.

And, from right here in Ottawa, Ontario expecting #1 #24 Shane Hollander-Rozanov."

The fans cheer separately for each player but after they announce Shane the arena goes wild. Ilya nudges his shoulder during the anthem.

The game goes into overtime, because of course it does. The baby is moving like crazy, feeding off Shane's high energy. Shane gets the puck and swings behind the net, he could have taken the shot but instead he passes it to Ilya. The puck on his stick only for a moment before it finds the back of the net.

They did it. They won the cup. Gloves and sticks and helmets are all getting thrown into the air. Shane makes a B-line towards Ilya, just beating out the rest of the team as he throws his arms around his husband. The building is deafening but all Shane hears is "We did it" into his ear before Ilya pulls back and kisses him. They pull apart to wolf whistles by their teammates. Hugs are passed around to everyone on the ice. The new league commissioner Grant Brettmen brings out the Stanley Cup and Conn Smythe trophy.

"For scoring 38 points in their playoff run, all while expecting, the Conn Smythe trophy goes to... Shane Hollander-Rozanov!" Brettmen announces. Shane is in shock, he can't believe it. Ilya can, nudging him forward to accept the award. After holding it for a picture he skates back to Ilya. The cup gets passed around from player to player, kisses gently pressed to its silver skin.

Harris slowly makes his way on the ice, careful not to slip in his shoes. He takes the microphone from Brettmen while one of the equipment managers ties four black balloons to the crossbar of the home team net. He brings over four pucks, including the game winning puck.

"If everyone could hold on for a minute. We need Shane and Ilya at center ice." He announces, all of the fans trying to leave stop in their tracks. They both slowly skate to center

ice, for dramatic effect. They decided that Shane would be the one passing the puck over to Ilya.

“Shane, please pass Ilya the puck. Ilya you will shoot the puck at the balloons from left to right.” Harris explains. Shane snaps the puck over to Ilya. He shoots, hitting the first balloon. It pops, a white powder explodes out. A disappointed awe is let out throughout the crowd. Puck 2, pass 2, shot 2, white powder. Anticipation grew when balloon 3 popped.

This is it. With the next shot they’re gonna find out if they’re having a boy or a girl. Shane passes the game winning puck to Ilya, the crowd goes quiet. He shoots the puck. Pink powder explodes, and with it the crowd and their team. Ilya skates over to Shane, lifting him up and spinning him around in excitement. The team speed over piling around Shane and Ilya. A girl. They’re having a little girl.

Chapter End Notes

F*** the V**** *****kinghts, however I needed a west coast team to be the opponent.

Also Gary Bettman=Grant Brettmen, not that much of a reach lol

Chapter 4: The Cottage / Decorating The Nursery / Baby Names

Chapter Notes

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

After all of the celebrations, the parade downtown Shane and Ilya head to the cottage for some much needed R&R. They spend the first few days lounging around. Bonfires, walks on the hiking trails, dips in the lake. And sex... lots and lots of sex. The morning of day 4 Shane wakes up to an empty bed, very unusual. So far in this pregnancy he's been able to get over the exhaustion, waking up before Ilya on most days. So when he wakes and Ilya's not there he gets worried. He lays on the bed for a couple of minutes, finding the gumption to get up from the bed. It's not until he hears a loud 'FUCK!' followed by a heavy thump that comes from down the hall that he gets up. What the hell is Ilya doing?

Shane waddles his way to the source of all of the noise, the guest bedroom closest to their room. Through the doorway he can see Ilya sitting in the middle of the room, boxes and styrofoam surrounding him. In front of him he has what looks like the beginning of the crib, but Shane can't really tell. Ilya doesn't notice him standing at the door, too engrossed in the building instructions. When Shane clears his throat Ilya jumps, dropping the paper to hold his chest.

"Fuck Hollander, you scared me!" He says, taking in a deep calming breath. Shane rolls his eyes, letting out a heartfelt laugh as he walks into the room, careful not to step on any potential screw landmines. He sits down in the thankfully already set up rocking chair they had bought. The same one that is currently sitting in their nursery at home. Ilya picks the manual back up following the next step, becoming very confused as to why the pieces aren't going together like they should. Shane can't help but burst into laughter.

"Flip it Ilya, it's upside down. No, give it to me." Shane says once he can finally breathe again, reaching out his hand to take the booklet from Ilya's hands. They stay that way for most of the morning, Ilya putting the crib together piece by piece following each instruction Shane gives him. By lunch time they have almost the whole nursery set up.

After they have lunch Shane decides that he wants to go for a walk. It's not like Ilya is going to refuse. He values his life, thank you very much. They walk down the path hand in hand. Shane thinks back to the first time Ilya came to the cottage, how back then they never would have done this. He squeezes Ilya's hand at the thought.

"What made you want to start the nursery today, and so early in the morning?" Shane asks. With the amount of pieces put together before he came into the room, Ilya would have had to have been in there building for a good 3 hours. Shane woke up at 9:07. In all of the years he's known Ilya the only times he's ever seen him out of bed before at least 7:30 and that's on a game day. When they're not needing to get up for morning practice or a game Ilya is most of the time not up until around 10.

"I uh, I had a dream." Ilya says, not elaborating. Shane squeezes his hand, encouraging him to go on.

“We were bringing her here for the first time. She was so small. Her little hands, her little hat, her little freckles. We were giving her a tour around, just like you did when I came here for the first time. She was in my arms, I could feel her warmth against my chest.” Ilya explains. Still feeling the small weight of his daughter resting against his chest, right over his heart. The little hand that wrapped around his pinkie. Ilya quickly tries to wipe away the tear he can feel ready to drop from his eye, hoping that Shane doesn’t notice it. He doesn’t. His eyes are closed, probably picturing what Ilya is explaining to him.

“When we got to the nursery it was all finished. When I woke up I guess my head forgot I was not in the dream anymore. I went to check on her, and when I opened the door and turned the lights on...” Ilya trails off, voice tinged with sadness. Shane opens his eyes to see a tear roll down Ilya’s cheek. He stops them in their tracks to wipe the tear away.

“She wasn’t there.” Shane finishes his thought for him. Ilya nods, another tear escaping down his face. He pulls Shane to his chest, really just needing to feel close to his husband right now. Shane rocks them side to side, just like he was doing to their daughter in his dream. The thought just makes Ilya want to close his eyes, hoping his subconscious will take him back to that room. He takes a deep breath, breathing in Shane’s favourite shampoo from their shower the night before.

“There was a sign above her crib, with her name on it.” Ilya says quietly, pulling away from Shane to see quiet tears running down his cheeks too. They haven’t talked about names yet. He’s only 20 weeks, they still have time to decide. But if this name has rooted itself so deep into Ilya’s subconscious that he’s seeing it in his dream then maybe, just maybe... Ilya can see the wonder on Shane’s face.

“Elina. Russian name, it means bright light.” Ilya explains. Bright light, one of the things that Ilya has called Shane in their wedding vows. His bright light that is always there to guide Ilya out of his darkness. Shane smiles softly, pulling Ilya in for a gentle kiss. When he pulls back he sees a matching smile on Ilya’s face.

“It’s perfect.” Shane whispers, the smile on Ilya’s face grows wider. Shane can’t help but lean in and kiss him again before turning them back, heading back home.

Chapter End Notes

In this household we hold the belief that Shane and Ilya would both have devastatingly loving and heartfelt vows at their wedding. Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov are anything but "standard", there ain't no way they're just using standard vows... NOT ON MY WATCH!

Chapter 5: Baby Shower

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late post, inspiration struck a little later than it should have.

Shane had decided to let Ilya plan their baby shower, with the guiding hand of his mother of course. From what he's heard from his mom though it seems like Ilya has done most of it by himself. He scheduled it for one week before training camp, wanting to make sure that everyone was around to attend. He made sure to invite everyone, even 'Rose Landry' and Montreal's 15th best player, along with his beautiful wife and adorable children of course. Well, now that Shane's not there anymore Ilya guesses that Hayden is allowed to be promoted to 14th best.

Ilya was being very secretive about the whole affair. He made sure to hide the custom decorations he had ordered hidden at David and Yuna's so that Shane wouldn't be tempted to go snooping. He tried to find them, looking in a couple of different places to no avail. The morning of the party David and Ilya did a custody exchange of Shane and Yuna bringing over the decorations to help set up.

There was one decoration that Ilya had to hide in his car, so nobody could find it but him. They hadn't told anybody about the name they chose so Ilya thought it would be cool to reveal it to everyone. He hand made a poster, covered with the party theme and Elina written in big letters. He's quite proud of his creation actually. When he retires from hockey maybe he should become a painter.

With their backyard all decorated, food all delivered and guests starting to arrive, Ilya texts David to bring Shane home. When Shane walks into their backyard he's blown away. All around the backyard there are fireflies, not actual fireflies of course it is the middle of the day. But little firefly cut outs, mason jars filled with string lights to make it look like there's fireflies inside. A big balloon arch with different shades of yellow. Well, Shane could not be more impressed.

The party goes on, teammates catching up about how their offseason went. Friends talking with Shane about how he's doing, sure to ask him before just randomly touching his belly.

They play the stupid party games Ilya picked out, which when you're playing any sort of game with professional athletes it tends to get very competitive, which makes it more entertaining to watch.

"Okay everyone, present time!!" Ilya exclaims, clapping his hands together to get everyone's attention. Everyone gathers around Shane and Ilya sitting surrounded by a whole bunch of gifts. They take turns opening the different gift bags and wrapped boxes.

Shane opens a bag with a couple of really cute onesies and different outfits from Svetlana. Troy and Harris, well more Harris, gifted them a matching set of custom Ottawa Centaurs bib and blanket with 'Hollander-Rozanov' stitched underneath the team logo. They got about 8 boxes of diapers and wipes.

"If they didn't know what to get I told them to just bring diapers or wipes instead of junk. We are millionaires Shane but that doesn't mean don't refuse things that we get for free." Ilya explains when Shane asks why they got so many boxes. Shane opens another bag to find something he doesn't know what the hell it is.

"It's a baby carrier. You strap her to your chest and you can carry her around without having to hold her in your arms all of the time. It's versatile too, we're still using the one that we got when Arthur was born." Jackie explains. Every bag or box that was opened was brought directly up to the nursery, all of the wrapping paper put into a garbage bag David was holding like it was Christmas morning. Yuna writes down what each person gave Shane and Ilya, making sure that she sends out thank you cards to everyone.

The next bag is addressed to Ilya specifically from Cliff Marlow, who wanted to be there but the Raiders training camp had already started and he couldn't get away. He opens it to see a T-shirt with '*BDE (Big Dad Energy)*' written on the front. Everyone laughs, Shane's heart warms when he sees the proud look on Ilya's face. It takes him a second to realise that the reason he looks so happy is because of the other connotation that 'BDE' has associated with it. Shane just rolls his eyes.

Shane gets the next bag, opening it he finds a crib mobile. It has a little centaur hanging from the middle. Hanging around it are little skates, a puck, a hockey stick and two little jerseys. Shane tears up when he turns them over to see '24 - Hollander' and '81 - Rozanov' on the back of them. Even though when they got married they both legally changed their last names

to Hollander-Rozanov, both Shane and Ilya agreed that on the ice they would still use their own single last name.

The final gift sits in his lap, Shane gratefully thanks everyone who brought them something before opening it. He opens the bag to find a tiny sized Centaurs jersey. He tears up again, thinking about how small his little girl is going to be to fit it. The tears don't actually start until he flips it over to see Hollander-Rozanov stitched on the back in tiny letters so they all fit onto the little jersey. When he bursts into tears Ilya and Yuna react simultaneously, Yuna passing over a box of tissues while Ilya brings Shane into his arms. Ilya doesn't want Shane to see his own misty eyes, knowing that if Shane sees tears in his eyes too that it will just set him off again. It takes him a moment but Shane pulls back, gratefully accepting the box of tissues from his mom. He's slightly embarrassed by his emotional breakdown but looking around to see the emotion in everyone else's faces he doesn't feel as bad.

"Why 105?" Ilya asks, his hand continuing to run up and down Shane's back in an attempt to help him calm down.

"Well she's a bit of both of you right? $24+81 = 105$. Both of you together make her." Wyatt says. Shane places the little jersey on top of his rounded belly, laughing when he receives a little kick in response, as if in approval of the gift. Before people get ready to leave they want to make their announcement. Shane and Ilya had been asked numerous times if they decided on a name yet, multiple people giving their thoughts on what it should be. When Hayden offers the name Jane Shane almost chokes on the ginger ale he was drinking, Ilya laughs so hard he starts to cry. Hayden doesn't even want to know.

"Before everyone starts to head out we just wanted to thank you guys for coming. We've been quiet on names, mostly because we didn't really have any clue but we did end up choosing the name, well it ended up choosing us I think." Shane explains, squeezing Ilya's hand at the reminder of his dream at the cottage, the little sign. Ilya squeezes back. Everyone counts down before Ilya takes the sheet covering his sign. Simultaneous cheers and awes break out in the backyard when people read the revealed name. At the sight of all of the happy faces around them, Shane is overwhelmed with a warm feeling burning in his chest. His daughter is going to be so loved, she is already.

Chapter 6: You're getting big!

Coming back from the off-season Shane had made the decision that he shouldn't be playing any more. 26 weeks pregnant marks the end of Shane Hollander playing hockey for the foreseeable future. He's still going to training camp, practices, and games. Only this time instead of being on the ice he's sitting in the stands. It had taken some time to not feel any jealousy when he saw the team on the ice, but Shane knows that he's not on the ice for a really good reason. He's keeping his daughter safe. So he'll do what he needs to.

Shane isn't even at the game when it happens. His back had been hurting more than usual today, so he decided to stay home, for one game. Ilya had thought that the world was coming to an end, Shane Hollander choosing to not come to a game when he's not even playing... the sky must be falling.

He's watching the game on TV when he sees the second defencemen of the New Jersey Demons slam Ilya into the boards, hard. He falls to his knees, when he tries to stand up on his own he stumbles. If it weren't for Bood, Ilya would have faceplanted onto the ice. Shane's heart stops momentarily, feeling sick to his stomach. He feels a flutter of kicks, Elina sensing the anxiety of her father. Is this what Ilya felt like when he got hit by Marlow, helpless to do anything except watch it happen. He jumps when his phone rings, Terry's name popping up on the screen. He answers it on the first ring.

"Please tell me he's okay!" Shane begs, taking longer to get off the couch than he wanted to with his growing stomach. Walking around the living room picking up what he might need before jumping into the car. Terry didn't have much he could say, just that nothing seemed broken and that Ilya is on his way to Ottawa General. He was awake and talking when they put him in the ambulance so that's a good sign, right?

Nothing is broken, no sprains, only a minor concussion. How the hell he managed that with how painful the hit looked Shane will never know. When Shane gets to Ilya's hospital room he's asleep. The doctor had warned Shane that he might be napping for a little while so he decided to try and take one too. He takes Ilya's hand in his, gently and carefully so as not to wake him.

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The first thing Ilya notices when he wakes up is the dull pounding in his head. The second thing he notices is the warm heavy weight in his left hand. It takes him a minute to open his eyes, stopping the ceiling from spinning. When the ceiling stills Ilya looks over and sees a familiar head of hair resting on the side of the bed. Shane doesn't wake up the first or second time Ilya calls his name so Ilya squeezes Shane's hands a couple of times, it does the trick.

"Oh my god, you're awake. Do you remember what happened?" Shane says, jerking awake to sit up a bit straighter. Ilya can tell that he still looks tired, but the smile on his face distracts him.

"New Jersey... You look pretty." Ilya says, finishing with a smile. Shane is taken back to a time before. Before everything. Before 1410, before the cottage, before Ottawa.

"Thank you Baby." Shane says, squeezing Ilya's hand. Baby. Ilya's cheeks turn a bit red before his eyebrows pull together in confusion.

"Why are you calling me baby?" Ilya asks him. Shane froze. The silence that followed is as pregnant as Shane is right now. Ilya just looks at him expectantly, waiting for him to explain.

"Because you're my husband?" Shane says slowly, as if Ilya should already know this information. Ilya just stares at him for a moment before he laughs. In what universe did he wake up in that Shane would have ever wanted to marry him? Shane doesn't know what's happening right now. He's had his own fair share of concussions, he knows the brain fog. But forgetting they're married, what?

"Do you remember getting married?" Shane asks hopefully, Ilya just stares at him. Something inside his chest hurts but he didn't know why. Shane rubs both hands over his face when Ilya notices it. There was a ring on Shane's finger. A simple, silver wedding band. Ilya's drugged up brain struggled to process what he was looking at. Shane says they're married. Shane is wearing a wedding ring, on his ring finger, his left ring finger. Ilya's gaze dropped to his own hand but there was nothing there.

"Where's mine?" Ilya says disappointingly. Ilya can't read the look on Shane's face, it crumpled for half a second before he got it under control. Shane reaches into his pocket and pulls out Ilya's ring he was given when he got there.

"They took it off you when they sent you for your MRI." Shane explains, taking Ilya's hand in his before putting the ring back in its rightful place. He places a kiss on the ring before looking up to see Ilya smiling. The smile that he gets every time he does that. Through his drug addled haze Ilya can see it, his backyard with no chairs, Rihanna playing in the background as he and Shane dance. Shane lets out a sigh of relief at the recognition dawning on his husband's face. He remembers. He sits back into the chair more comfortably. That's when Ilya notices the shape beneath Shane's shirt. The unmistakable curve of his stomach. Ilya's eyes widened. He looked at Shane, then at his stomach, then back at Shane.

"Whoa." Ilya says in shock. He can't look away from Shane's stomach. Worry fills Shane's chest again.

"What?" Shane asks worriedly. Not this too, Ilya can't have forgotten this too. Shane is gonna have to find the Demons defenceman and maybe put his head through the ice. We'll see. Ilya just points at Shane's middle.

"Your stomach, it's huge." Ilya says, putting his foot in his mouth. Shane's eyebrows shot up, eyes going wide.

"Excuse me?" He asks, quite offended at that statement. Geez. Ilya just blinks innocently back at him.

"It's very big." Ilya explains, eyes wide with fascination before putting his foot back in his mouth. He is such an asshole.

"Wow." Shane says with a huff, putting his hands protectively over his belly.

"Whose baby?" Ilya asks, hopeful for the answer he wants it to be. Shane's lips tremble. All the fear he'd been trying desperately to hide came rushing into his eyes. He remembers him, he remembers the wedding, but he doesn't remember their baby? Shane should page for the doctor.

"Ours." Shane says quietly, not certain if that's the answer Ilya wants to hear. By the look in Ilya's eyes though he knows it's the right one. He takes one of Ilya's hands and rests it on his stomach, waiting for a moment before it happens. Shane watches Ilya's face as he feels their daughter kick. Ilya's eyes filled with emotion as the memory hits him like a wave. The nursery, fireflies...

"Elina." Ilya remembers. Shane thinks he stopped breathing for a second before letting out a choked sob, leaning down until their foreheads touched.

"Don't fucking do that ever again. You scared the hell out of me." Shane says, tears running down his face. Ilya presses a kiss to his lips before pulling back, wiping the tears away as they run down Shane's face.

"I'm sorry. I won't let it happen again, I swear." Ilya promises. Shane wipes his face, glad that Ilya remembers everything again. Until he remembers what he said earlier.

"You called my belly huge, you fucking asshole!" He says, offended all over again. Ilya looks at him with complete seriousness.

"I mean it is getting pretty big." Ilya says honestly, clearly just to ragebait Shane into a response. Shane shoves his shoulder.

"I hate you. Go back to sleep." Shane says, annoyed but so relieved that Ilya remembers them.

Chapter 7: Family And Friends Meet The Baby

Chapter Notes

We're just gonna go with Terry being the doctor there when Shane has the baby. I ain't gonna create a whole new character for 5 seconds lol.

Also, they had a homebirth for Elina, in case you can't tell.

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

Terry softly knocks on the door before walking in to see Ilya sitting in the middle of the bed, a sleeping Shane tucked into his side and a sleeping baby laying on his chest. He doesn't notice him enter the room, too deep in thought staring at his new daughter on his chest. Terry lightly rests a hand on Ilya's shoulder, trying to not have him jerk both Shane and Elina out of their slumbers.

"You know you need rest too, right?" Terry tells him as he gently lifts Elina off his chest. As soon as she loses her dad's body heat and heartbeat she wakes, letting out a high scream. Shane jerks awake as soon as he hears it. Terry quietly shushes her as he quickly takes all of the information for her birth certificate.

"She's got a strong set of lungs in her. She's probably hungry, want to give feeding her a try?" Terry says, laying Elina on Shane's chest. It takes a moment for both of them to get the hang of it, the position of the baby, Shane's posture, but eventually Elina latches on to him. He lets out a gasp at the sensation, waking Ilya from the little cat nap he was taking.

"You are so amazing, you know that?" He asks, in awe of his husband feeding their daughter. Shane rolls his eyes as he leans for a kiss, one that Ilya is happy to provide. After burping her, the two new fathers learn how to put a diaper on their daughter. After a couple of failed attempts they manage to put the diaper on correctly and dress her in one of the purple onesies that was gifted to them by Svetlana

"Okay, I think it's time for me to go, I'm always free if you need to call about anything. By the way you have a whole bunch of people downstairs wanting to meet this baby girl. So when you feel ready they'll be waiting for you guys to introduce her. Congratulations boys." Terry says. Shane gives Elina to Ilya and slowly stands up with a hand from Terry. He brings him into as tight of a hug that he can give right now.

"Thank you for everything." Shane says, pulling back with tears in his eyes. Terry just nods, knowing that if he says anything right now everyone will be crying.

"Well I guess we'd better go greet the masses since I'm already standing, cause when I lie back down I'm not getting back up." Shane says, breaking up the emotional tension. Everyone laughs and wakes Elina but she doesn't cry. Thank goodness. They make their way

down the stairs together. Terry goes first, making sure that Shane gets down the stairs without falling or hurting himself and Ilya pulling up the rear with Elina in his arms. Walking to the living room they hear chatter that silences when they enter. The whole team is there, along with his parents. Everyone looks at Shane and Ilya, and then down to the bundle in Ilya's hand.

"There she is!" Wyatt says, jumping off the couch first. He knew about her first so he's gonna be the first one to meet her too. One after another come up to meet and coo at the awake but quiet baby. Her eyes are wide as she meets the faces of all her uncles. Instead of going to meet the baby, Yuna comes and helps Shane to sit down on the couch sitting down beside him.

"Oh my baby. I'm so proud of you." Yuna says, carefully wrapping her arms around him, mindful of every sore muscle and every tender place. Shane let out a tiny, shaky laugh as he hugged her back. David comes over to the couch, carrying a plate from the kitchen.

"I know you're probably starving so I made you something simple, throw it back in my face if you don't want it. How you feeling Shane?" He asks, helping Yuna to get Shane situated, cushion behind his back, grabbing the water bottle and PB&J sandwich from the coffee table.

"Really sore, but I'm so glad she's here it doesn't even really matter." Shane says after inhaling the sandwich, he didn't know how hungry he was until now. Thank god for his dad. Elina starts to cry so Ilya brings her over and places her in Shane's arms. Without thinking he brings her to his chest, figuring she must be hungry again. None of the guys even pay attention, his dad grabs the blanket from behind them and carefully places it over Shane's shoulder for privacy. The chatter starts back up, talking about last night's game that Shane was a little bit too preoccupied to watch, new baby stories from the other fathers on the team. After burping and getting her back to sleep, Mitch passes her over to his mom, gently placing her in her arms. Yuna tears up, thinking about Shane when he was this small. She has his nose. She immediately starts rocking gently wanting to keep her asleep.

"So we wanted to formally introduce you guys to the newest addition to the Ottawa Centaurs. Everyone, meet Elina Yuna Hollander-Rozanov." Shane says. All eyes go right to Yuna who lets out a small gasp, arms tightening around Elina, not hurting her. Her tears running down her face now, clearly shocked at the news.

"Really?" She says, not completely sure that she wasn't hallucinating.

"Really Mom." Shane says, tears in his eyes now too. Yuna just nods, staring at her sleeping granddaughter who was named after her. She opens her eyes and stares back up at her. She passes Elina over to David before bringing Shane into another hug. Shane gives his mom a tight squeeze before letting go with a wince, still sore from birthing an entire human being just hours ago. Yuna makes notice.

"Alright guys. I think we should let Daddy and Papa here get some rest, we don't want to overstay our welcome." Everyone clears out, one by one coming over to say goodbye to Elina now resting back in Ilya's arms. They give Shane a gentle hug, making sure not to hurt him. Yuna and David are the last to leave, helping Shane back upstairs, moving the bassinet into the main bedroom so Elina can sleep in the same room as her dads.

“Can you believe she’s actually here? We’re actually dads, we made a whole person.” Shane says, still in awe as he gets as comfortable as he can. Ilya lays Elina into her bassinet before climbing into bed beside Shane, gently pulling him to lay on his chest.

“I am so proud of you.” Ilya says. Shane hums, already half asleep in his arms. Ilya is soon to follow him. Knowing that they will probably be up in the next hour or so to take care of their daughter, and then for the rest of their lives. They thought being a professional hockey player was hard? Parenting is going to be a whole new game, but they’re professionals, they got this.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sad pregnant shane week is over :(

I hope everyone liked my story, thanks for all of the love and comments, they brighten my day.

If you want to read more Mpreg!Shane I do have another story that I am currently still working on, I just took a bit of a hiatus to write for this week - <https://archiveofourown.org/works/79946611>

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!