

for all the things my hands have held, the best by far is you

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Characters:	Troy Barrett , Harris Drover , Original Children of Troy Barrett and Harris Drover , Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Anna Drover , Margot Drover , Sam Drover , Marlene Drover , Zane Boodram , Wyatt Hayes , Evan Dykstra , Brandon Wiebe
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by [canadianwolfbird](#)

Summary

“Has your flu gone away?” Troy draws back up, brushing Harris’s bangs gently to the side. His skin is warm, but not hot, and it doesn’t feel like he has a fever from what Troy can tell, but he wants to make sure.

“Mmm, well, it turns out it wasn’t the flu.”

“No? What was it?”

A smile splits across Harris’s face as he reaches into the pocket of his hoodie, drawing out a thin, white object, passing it to Troy. “See for yourself.”

Notes

A few things before we get started:

Thank you to both [dntat](#) and [fullsunsets6](#) for betaing and your wonderful insights to make sure this fic was as accurate as possible. You both are amazing!

A special thanks to [shanehollandertwentyfour](#) for not only betaing, but also creating the pregnancy announcement graphic with Chiron featured in the first group chat message, and the birth announcement at the end. Your skills are unmatched.

This fic would not be what it is without any of the three of you and I am so very grateful for each and every one of you! Any errors leftover are my own.

Please use the creator's skin while reading, as there are some inlaid graphics (the phones scroll!) throughout the fic.

Finally, it should be noted that while I consider myself to fall somewhere on the non-binary spectrum, my lived experience under the trans umbrella is very different than what Harris's is in this fic. I am AFAB and I acknowledge I can never truly, entirely know what a trans man's experience is, in terms of pregnancy or otherwise. Despite this, I have done my best to be sensitive to what a pregnancy would be like for a trans man and I hope I have done it justice. In this same vein, I have deliberately written Harris's family and doctors, along with the entire Centaurs crew, as being supportive, sensitive to, and accepting of Harris being a pregnant trans man. I know that unfortunately, this is not always the case when it comes to real life, but I hope this fic can provide an escape in that regard.

Thanks for reading!

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

*for all the things my hands have held
the best by far is you
if i could fly, then i would know
what life looks like from up above and down below
i'd keep you safe, i'd keep you dry
don't be afraid, cecilia, i'm the satellite
and you're the sky*

Andrew McMahon in the Wilderness - Cecilia and the Satellite

Five Weeks

Troy is exhausted down to his bones as he walks into the entryway of the home Harris and he share.

He's just getting back from a week long, three game road trip — one that had been particularly difficult with more losses than wins, and Harris feeling too under the weather to do more than text a handful of times while Troy had been away.

For whatever reason, Troy had also found himself simply *missing* Harris himself on this trip. It happened occasionally, even though it had been a few years since Harris had travelled regularly with the team — the obligations of his Director of Communications position kept him in Ottawa more, with less freedom to join on roadtrips. He's proud of his husband and the amazing things he was doing in his job for not only the players, but the organization as a whole. It's just that sometimes when he's away, Troy still feels a little nostalgic ache for when they had more time during the season together.

But now Troy is back home, eager to make up for his time away and make sure Harris is feeling better.

"Troy, is that you?" A familiar voice calls from their bedroom as Troy sets his duffle bag down, and he can't help but smile. Harris.

"Yeah, it's me — be right there!" Troy toes off his shoes and shrugs off his jacket, leaving it on the back of the couch as he passes by. He'll get it later. He needs to hug and kiss his husband.

When Troy enters the bedroom, Harris's lower half is tucked under the comforter, a book in his hands and Chiron curled up at his side, his large head resting squarely on Harris's stomach. Troy approaches the bed, the exhaustion of the road trip melting away with each step towards his husband.

"Hey babe — how are you feeling?" Troy asks, leaning down and pressing a gentle kiss to Harris's lips.

Harris sets his book down, tracing over the stubble along Troy's jaw that has grown in during the long day of travel from the west coast. "Hmm, better now that you're here," he sighs contentedly, looking up at Troy.

"Has your flu gone away?" Troy draws back up, brushing Harris's bangs gently to the side. His skin is warm, but not hot, and it doesn't feel like he has a fever from what Troy can tell, but he

wants to make sure.

“Mmm, well, it turns out it wasn’t the flu.”

“No? What was it?”

A smile splits across Harris’s face as he reaches into the pocket of his hoodie, drawing out a thin, white object, passing it to Troy. “See for yourself.”

“What is this?” Troy asks, furrowing his eyebrows as he turns the item over in his hands. It doesn’t take long to figure out what he’s looking at, however.

Two distinct blue lines stare back at him. Troy reads the key on the item to be sure.

“Holy shit. Harris...you...you’re...”

Harris nods. “Pregnant. Yeah...I am.”

Troy holds a hand to his mouth, tears of joy pricking at the corner of his eyes. They’ve been trying to get pregnant for months, and now...it’s happening. His husband is pregnant with *their* baby.

“Fuck, I’m just...this is just...” Troy’s never exactly considered himself good with words, and when he’s emotional, coming up with the right thing to say is even harder. So instead of continuing to stammer, Troy sets the test down on the nightstand and lies down next to Harris, careful as he does. He presses a long, loving kiss to Harris’s lips, and when he pulls back, Troy can see tears in his husband’s eyes. “I love you so much.”

“I love you, too,” Harris hums. He rests their foreheads together, closing his eyes. They sit there for a minute holding one another in content silence, before Troy speaks again.

“When did you figure it out?”

“Earlier today. I had a hunch after I went to breakfast with Margot and Anna and couldn’t keep it down,” Harris murmurs, carding his fingers through Troy’s hair. “I picked up a test on my way home and took it about an hour ago so I’d know for sure before you got here.”

“Does anyone else know?” It wouldn’t bother Troy if Harris had already told his immediate family — they were all so close.

“No. I wanted to tell you first.”

That makes sense to Troy. If Harris had only taken the test about an hour ago, there was no way Harris could have called his family to tell them because they would probably *still* be on the phone.

“But I won’t lie, it was so hard to not call you.” Harris lets out a quiet hum. “I wanted to tell you in person so I could see your face. So as hard as it was to wait, it was so worth it.”

“I’m also glad you waited to tell me in person.” Troy says, his left hand coming to rest just near where Chiron’s head rests. Holy shit. He’s going to be a *dad*. Although Troy has long wrestled with doubt about his ability to parent, here, in this particular moment, he feels like he can do this. With Harris, he can do anything.

Chiron's wet nose presses against his hand and Troy laughs. "Can't forget you, can we? You are a good boy for protecting our guy. And now it looks like you'll have one more to look out for soon."

The dog's low, affirming *woof* makes both Troy and Harris grin.

—

Ten Weeks

Troy and Harris are at a team charity dinner and Troy is sure he's going to lose his mind. All night, Harris has been leaning over at random intervals and whispering *very* suggestive things in his ear.

How long do you think you'd last if I dragged you into the nearest bathroom and had my way with you?

The second I get a chance, I am going to fuck you until you can't walk straight.

Will you please suck my cock until I come so hard I forget my own name?

And on, and on, and on.

So when Wyatt is on stage and Harris's hand makes its way up Troy's thigh, ghosting just shy of the bulge in his pants, he grabs Harris's wrist and looks him square in the eyes. Troy's voice goes low, barely above a growl as he speaks.

"Babe, if you don't stop it right this second, I'm going to have a real problem here. In fact, I *already* actually have kind of a real problem here, in case you hadn't noticed," Troy says, gesturing with his eyes to his lap before looking back up to Harris.

Harris's eyes flick down — the irises are a dark shade of green that only appears when he's turned on — and a wicked, playful smirk crosses his face. "I had noticed, as a matter of fact. But that looks like a 'you' problem, buddy."

"A *me* problem you helped create — don't play coy and pretend like you didn't."

"I'm sure I have no idea what you're talking about," Harris shrugs innocently, trying to take his hand back. Troy holds fast, however.

"Oh, oh, oh, no you don't." Troy says playfully as shakes his head. "You don't get to tease me all night and then drop it."

"Well, dropping it definitely wasn't my plan." Harris replies, leaning back over. His breath ghosts along the shell of Troy's ear and fuck if Troy doesn't almost grab his husband, bend him over, and start fucking him on the table they're sitting at — whoever is watching be damned. "What if I told you I booked us a room here tonight and my plan actually is to take you up there and fuck you until you can't walk straight?"

Troy's mouth goes instantly dry and he does his best to keep his voice at a level that won't give him away to his teammates sitting nearby. "Harris Nathan Drover, you had better not be kidding right now."

Harris parts his lips, sucking on Troy's earlobe for the briefest of seconds before speaking again. "If I was any more serious, you'd be calling me Shane Hollander."

Troy snorts and sits up straighter in his chair, releasing Harris's wrist from its hold. "Okay, so you're not kidding." He takes a sip of champagne from the flute in front of him in an attempt to quench his parched throat. "When exactly do we get out of here?"

"The minute Hazey is done with his speech."

Okay. Troy can wait a few more minutes — he hopes.

—

"Fuck, Troy, don't stop...please don't stop," Harris breathes, his head dropping back against Troy's shoulder. Finally, *finally*, they're in their hotel room and Troy is a man possessed. Once Wyatt's speech had ended, Troy had grabbed Harris by the hand and dragged him to the elevators, not even bothering to acknowledge or say goodbye to any of his teammates or coaches on their way out of the ballroom. Harris hadn't stopped Troy, only telling him to press the button for the fifteenth floor once they got inside.

Troy lets out a needy growl, nipping at Harris's ear as he moves to undo his pants. "Fuck babe, need you so bad. It was *diabolical* of you to make us wait until Hazey was done talking — you know he loves to go on and on."

"How was I supposed to know he was going to go on for another ten minutes when he had already been talking for fifteen?" Harris mumbles, his hand reaching back to thread through the locks at the nape of Troy's neck. "Besides, I was suffering just as much as you were out there."

The pregnancy has made Harris unfathomably horny — his Google searches and Reddit deep dives have assured him being more keyed up than usual is normal at this stage given the flood of hormones his body is producing. He was so on edge tonight that if Wyatt had talked even a second more, Harris would have gone on stage himself to shoo him off.

"I don't know about that —" Troy lets out a low moan as Harris's fingers tighten in his hair. "But enough about Hazey — tonight is about us — what do you want to do?"

"Hmm," Harris purrs, rolling his hips back and grinding against Troy's erection, earning a muttered *shitfuckfeelsogood* from his husband. "I mean, I *did* pack your favorite cock in my overnight bag...it would be such a shame if I brought it all this way for nothing."

"Jesus, yeah, okay...can't let that go to waste," Troy agrees readily and Harris laughs.

Harris lets his fingers fall from Troy's hair. He turns around so he's facing the other man and takes in the sight in front of him. Troy, whose cerulean eyes are on fire with lust, looks like he would let Harris do anything to him. And that's just what Harris wants.

"I'm going to need to fuck you as many times as I can before this..." Harris guides Troy's hands to either side of his stomach. "Gets in the way." As excited as he is to be pregnant, Harris is going to miss getting to fuck his husband, at least in that way, until after the baby is born, and he doesn't plan on wasting any opportunity he gets before then.

"Oh no," Troy drolls, a mischievous smile on his face. "*However* will I stand being fucked by my gorgeous husband?"

“I know, I know...” Harris says seriously, his hands wrapping around Troy’s tie and tugging at the smooth grey silk. “A true hardship for us both — but someone’s gotta do it.”

“*Somehow*, I think I’ll survive,” Troy laughs, brushing his nose against Harris’s and pressing a soft kiss to his lips. “In that case, where do you want me? The bed? In the shower? On the floor? Against the door?”

Harris chuckles, shaking his head. Troy is incorrigible. “The bed will do just fine to start — why don’t you get undressed and get yourself *ready* for me?” Troy shudders at the instruction. Good — that’s exactly how Harris likes his husband in moments like these — pliable and obedient. “And in the meantime, I’ll freshen up and slip into something a little more...”

“Deal,” Troy interrupts. He kisses Harris again at the corner of his mouth and Harris can feel his husband’s smile against his skin. He watches as Troy moves back across the room, and can’t help but think he’s so fucking *lucky*.

Troy’s movements are fluid as he takes off his jacket and undoes the cufflinks at each respective wrist, setting them down one by one on the nightstand next to the bed. Then off comes his tie, a quiet *woosh* of fabric against fabric as Troy pulls it from his collar and lays it on a nearby chair.

It’s all Harris can do to not whimper as Troy’s hands move to remove his shirt. Troy’s wedding ring catches the light of the lamp, glimmering against the relative darkness of the space as his nimble fingers undo each button, each undone one revealing the expanse of Troy’s chest and torso until his dark, curly happy trail is exposed.

“Fuck,” Harris whispers, and *God*, he’s so turned on, wetness pooling between his legs as he watches Troy.

“See something you like?” Troy chides as he shrugs the shirt off his shoulders. With this gesture, Harris does whimper in response, the rippling muscles of Troy’s arms and pecs almost too much for him to behold while he’s *this* horny.

“I seem to remember that you were going to go slip into something else so I could get ready for you to fuck me? Or did plans suddenly change?” Troy licks his lips and palms his cock through his pants, never breaking eye contact with Harris. “Because I’m on board for whatever you want tonight, babe.”

“No, no change to the plans — um — I’m going, I’m going...” Harris says, picking up his overnight bag and heading towards the bathroom. He pauses just outside of it, rummaging around in the bag before he finds what Troy will need, and closes his fingers around the bottle. “Just... wanted to enjoy watching my husband start to get naked, that’s all. It’s a shame I won’t get to see the rest of the show though.” He sticks his tongue out at Troy, and tosses the lube towards his husband, who deftly catches it and grins once he realizes what it is.

“You’d better be ready by the time I get out there, or you’ll be sorry, Troy Drover.” Harris winks, disappearing behind the bathroom door.

—

Troy chuckles to himself as he takes off his pants and lays them over the back of a nearby chair. His boxers follow, kicked haphazardly under the same chair.

He flops down onto the bed and pops open the top to the bottle Harris had thrown to him. Troy slicks up his fingers generously before recapping the lube and setting it down on the nightstand next to his cufflinks. The material of the comforter is cool across his back, and Troy lets out a quiet sigh as he plants his feet and spreads his knees.

Troy lifts his ass up off the bed and lets out a quiet hiss as he reaches underneath and grazes the first of his fingers across his hole, working it inside. Troy's cock is still as hard as it was when Harris started teasing him in the ballroom, leaking pre-cum against his stomach. He had been so close to starting to throw things at Wyatt to get him off the stage before finally, mercifully, he had finished his question and answer session. Fucking goalies.

But Wyatt doesn't matter now, Troy thinks, curling his toes into the lush fabric of the comforter as he continues to work himself over. They're here, in a beautiful hotel room, and Harris is about to fuck him. Things could not get any better — well, aside from Harris *actually* fucking him.

He's unable to stop his mind from drifting to thinking about his husband. Harris is constantly all over him any time he walks in from practice or when he stops by Harris's office before a game, or even in the car on the way to the weekly Drover family dinner (Troy had almost crashed during that particular tryst). Harris's increased sex drive is far from a problem — in fact, it's something Troy is always more than happy to oblige, especially in instances like this one.

Troy slides a second finger in, biting his lip and pausing once it's inside. He's already long been on the verge of coming; it feels like with one wrong move, he'll come before Harris gets the chance to take him apart. Troy *has* to pace himself. With his free hand, Troy squeezes his cock roughly. He swallows down a groan, his breath shaking as he tries to turn his mind to anything besides his husband getting ready on the other side of the bathroom door.

Inhaling deeply through his nose, Troy gives his cock another hard squeeze. Time for another tactic. "Babe, you'd better get out here, or I might come without you!"

"Troy, do you hear me? Don't you fucking *dare*!" Harris calls back and Troy laughs to himself. He wouldn't come without Harris, not tonight, but Troy loves how even after almost six years together and three married, he can still tease Harris and Harris still takes the bait.

As Troy is sliding a third finger into himself, the bathroom door opens and Troy stills at the sight greeting him from across the room. Harris is standing there in one of the hotel robes. It's tied at his hips and is open *just* enough that Troy can see the dusting of curly, red-blond hair across his husband's sternum.

"Fuck, Harris..." Troy breathes in awe, watching him saunter across the room, one of his hands on the belt of the robe.

"Are you ready for me?" Harris asks, a seductive lilt to his voice as he starts to pull at the loose knot at his hip.

"Yes, god, yes *please*..." Troy babbles as Harris approaches the bed — he couldn't be more ready if he tried. The knot comes undone and the robe falls open, revealing Harris's cock. Troy immediately lets out a quiet keening noise at the sight. "Please, babe...I need you so bad."

"Patience, love," Harris says as he fully shrugs out of the robe and lets it fall to the floor next to the bed. Troy can't help but watch from his back as Harris kneels on the bed next to him. He loves

seeing his husband like this — and loves letting go of control and being completely at Harris's mercy.

Harris strokes his cock once, twice, three times before letting the head settle against Troy's lips. Troy lets out a whimper, looking up at Harris for permission. Harris weaves his fingers through Troy's hair, tugging just enough to bite at Troy's scalp. "Go on, love — get it nice and wet for me."

Troy doesn't need to be told twice.

He parts his lips and whimpers at the satisfying weight of Harris's cock on his tongue. Fuck, Troy thinks, adjusting his neck so he can get a better angle. Troy laves at the head, enjoying himself as Harris stays mostly still, fingers still woven through Troy's hair. Troy can feel his husband watching him, and there's very little he likes to do more than show off when Harris has his eyes on him.

After a moment, Troy pulls off Harris with a *pop*. He slides his own fingers from himself, letting out a quiet moan at the loss. Shifting so he's on his knees, Troy's hands make their way to Harris's hips, brushing over the harness bracketing them. He takes Harris's cock back into his mouth, sinking deeper down onto the shaft.

"Fuck, love — you look so gorgeous," Harris breathes in awe, his thumb moving over Troy's cheek, near the right corner of his lips. "Such a pretty mouth — could watch you all night."

And Troy would *gladly* suck Harris's cock all night. All Harris would need to do is ask.

Troy takes Harris down fully now, his throat relaxing as Harris's hand shifts so it's between Troy's shoulder blades, drawing abstract patterns across the skin.

"Shit," Harris whispers, and Troy's fingers dig in at his hips. They've already become fuller and rounder, and it's another version of Harris's body Troy gets to love. He knows he'd bow down to his husband in any form, but even in the early stages of pregnancy, what Harris and his body are doing is something entirely different to behold.

Troy pulls off Harris's cock so he can take a second to catch his breath and admire him from this angle. He reverently traces over Harris's hips and stomach, pressing a kiss to the crease where Harris's hip meets his thigh and there's a prominent tiger stripe of a stretch mark, pale and gleaming even in the low light of the room.

"You're so beautiful, babe." And that's another thing Troy would do all night — pay homage to every inch of Harris's skin until his own body gave out. Troy presses kisses along Harris's hip, his pronounced stomach, lips working his way up Harris's torso to his top scars and then to the one in the middle of his chest.

The scars are works of art to Troy — the position of the one on Harris's sternum intersects the trajectory of his top scars, forming a segmented cross on his chest. Troy's never been much for religion, but he'll worship at the altar of Harris Drover for as long as his husband will let him.

Harris lets out a muted chuckle, his hand moving to cup Troy's jaw as he kisses over the faded white lines. "Fuck... Troy..." Harris's head lolls back as Troy sucks one of Harris's nipples into his mouth, teeth grazing it *just* so. "As much as I love the idea of you telling me sweet things and doing *ahh, that* with your mouth... I kind of had this plan to fuck you *sometime* before our little one makes an appearance."

Troy pulls back, a small smirk on his face. “Well, I can’t deny you that.”

Taking Harris’s face in both hands, Troy relishes the feel of the gentle scratch of the reddish-colored beard underneath his palms. “How about we make a deal? You fuck me — and then we spend the rest of the night in the bath — because I *know* you wouldn’t book yourself a room without access to a bath —” Troy trails off, kissing Harris’s forehead. “And then I tell you how amazing you are until I run out of things to say or until we fall asleep — whichever comes first.”

“I’d say you drive a hard bargain, husband of mine,” Harris says, dragging it across Troy’s thigh, smirking as Troy shudders at the contact. “I’d also say get on your knees right...now.”

Troy scrambles so he’s on all fours as fast as his body will let him. Beside him, Harris’s weight shifts as he reaches for the lube. The click of the bottle top being undone is music to Troy’s ears. There’s a brief pause before Harris gets into position, and Troy thinks he might die from the anticipation. He *needs* Harris inside him.

But before Troy can say anything else to move his husband along, Harris’s cock nudges up against Troy’s entrance, and he barely keeps himself from bearing down on it right away.

“Good boy,” The words go straight to Troy’s dick as he feels it give a twitch. “So gorgeous on your hands and knees for me, ass in the air for me to just...*take*.”

On the last word, Harris slides his cock in a couple of inches, and Troy can’t help but moan. The stretch is delicious — and the sensation of Harris’s cock inside him is something that Troy will never tire of.

“Yes, take it, please...take me, please...” Troy begs, his fingers tightening in the fabric of the comforter. With Harris inside him, Troy can barely remember his own name, but somehow he manages to continue speaking. “Please — more, I need more.”

“Greedy boy,” Harris teases, shifting on his knees and running a hand over Troy’s lower back. “But since you asked so nicely...”

Harris pushes fully inside Troy, and Troy lets out another moan, arching his back up, up, up. “Fuck, babe, you feel so fucking good, don’t stop, please don’t stop.”

“Don’t worry...” Harris purrs. “I won’t — need this as bad as you do.”

Troy is about to say his husband is mistaken, because he’s certain no one needs anything as much as he needs Harris to fuck him right now, but that thought is silenced when Harris rolls his hips. His cock drags inside Troy, deep and satisfying, and once again, Troy loses his ability to do anything but beg.

“Shit...Harris...that’s it, yes...please...” Troy murmurs, letting his head loll down and rocking his ass back to meet the pace of Harris’s hips. “Feels amazing.”

“You always take my cock so well, darling,” Harris says lowly, starting to increase the pace of his thrusts. The sound of skin slapping against skin fills Troy’s ears and a shudder courses through his body every time Harris’s hips drive against him. “Love the way you look like this.”

It doesn’t matter how many years they’ve been together — Harris praising him always undoes something inside Troy. Heat crackles through his veins and a familiar swooping sensation builds in

his stomach as his husband fucks him until Troy is curling his toes so hard in pleasure, he thinks they're going to break. Harris can play his body better than the best virtuoso plays their instrument, and Troy loves him for it.

He wants to hold out, wants to make this last because soon they won't be able to fuck, or at least fuck like this — Troy fully intends to keep giving Harris orgasms, so long as he's up for it, throughout his pregnancy.

"I can tell...you're trying...not to come..." Harris pants out, as if reading Troy's mind. "I promise this won't be the last time I fuck you like this, so don't hold back..." The next words that come out of Harris's mouth, breathy and ethereal, break the dam of Troy's resistance.

"Come for me."

At those words, a loud cry escapes Troy as the orgasm he's been on the verge of all night ripples through him like an earthquake. His back arches and body trembles, a desperate, repeated chant of *fuck*, Harris falling from his lips as he rides his climax out until his arms can no longer support him. Troy comes to rest against the mattress, and Harris eases his rhythmic thrusting movements, following Troy's trajectory, until he too, is still, his body hovering just above Troy's.

The room is silent, save for the combined noise of soft tandem panting — both he and Harris trying to catch their breath as Troy lays there, spent.

It doesn't take long before Troy can feel Harris lowering himself more, letting his weight settle fully on Troy's back, warm and solid. There's a gentle kiss to the top of his spine, and Troy can feel the smile on Harris's lips against his skin.

"Fuck..." Troy breathes, taking Harris's left hand in his and kissing his wedding ring. "That was perfect — you're perfect."

"Thanks, buddy — you weren't so bad yourself." It's Harris-speak for *you were perfect too*, and Troy grins to himself.

"How did I get so lucky?" Troy asks, starting to kiss each of Harris's fingers.

Harris nuzzles at the side of Troy's neck, nipping at the skin. "I'd argue I'm the lucky one."

"I'm serious," Troy insists. "You just fucked me basically speechless, while carrying our baby. Find a luckier person on Earth than me. I dare you."

Harris chuckles under his breath as his teeth continue to graze over Troy's pulse point. "Hmm, okay — I'll give you that. I am very talented, and you, of course, are benefiting from those talents." He eases his cock out of Troy with a muted popping noise — much to Troy's chagrin — and lays on his side. "So yes, husband, you are very lucky."

Troy looks at Harris as he settles down next to him, studying his face. Like his hips, the apples of Harris's cheeks are a little rounder, and since he's stopped his testosterone, his beard and moustache aren't as thick, but the way his husband looks now is further proof he is stunning in all forms.

"I am." Troy says, propping himself up on one elbow. "I really fucking am."

A mischievous smile tugs at the corners of Harris's lips, his finger tracing along Troy's back. "Good – now, why don't you show me just how lucky you are by going to draw that bath you promised and making *me* come while we're in there?"

11:29



The Stampede



The newest apple of our eye arrives June 2026.

Ilya Rozanov

Holy. Shit.

Evan Dykstra

IS TROY PREGNANT?

Husband ❤️🖤🖤

...no, Harris is.

Wyatt Hayes

Congratulations! 🎉🎉🎉

Also, Dykstra, remind me to give you the birds and the bees talk the next time I see you. Again.

Shane Hollander

Congratulations to you both. You'll make excellent parents.

Ilya Rozanov

Damn, I want one.

A baby, not a dog.

Though maybe a dog too.

Shane Hollander

No. At least to the dog. We'll talk about a baby in a text thread that's not this one.

Ilya Rozanov

You're no fun.

Harris, Troy - what are you going to name the baby? Ilya for boy, Iliana for girl?

Shane Hollander

Ilya.

Ilya Rozanov

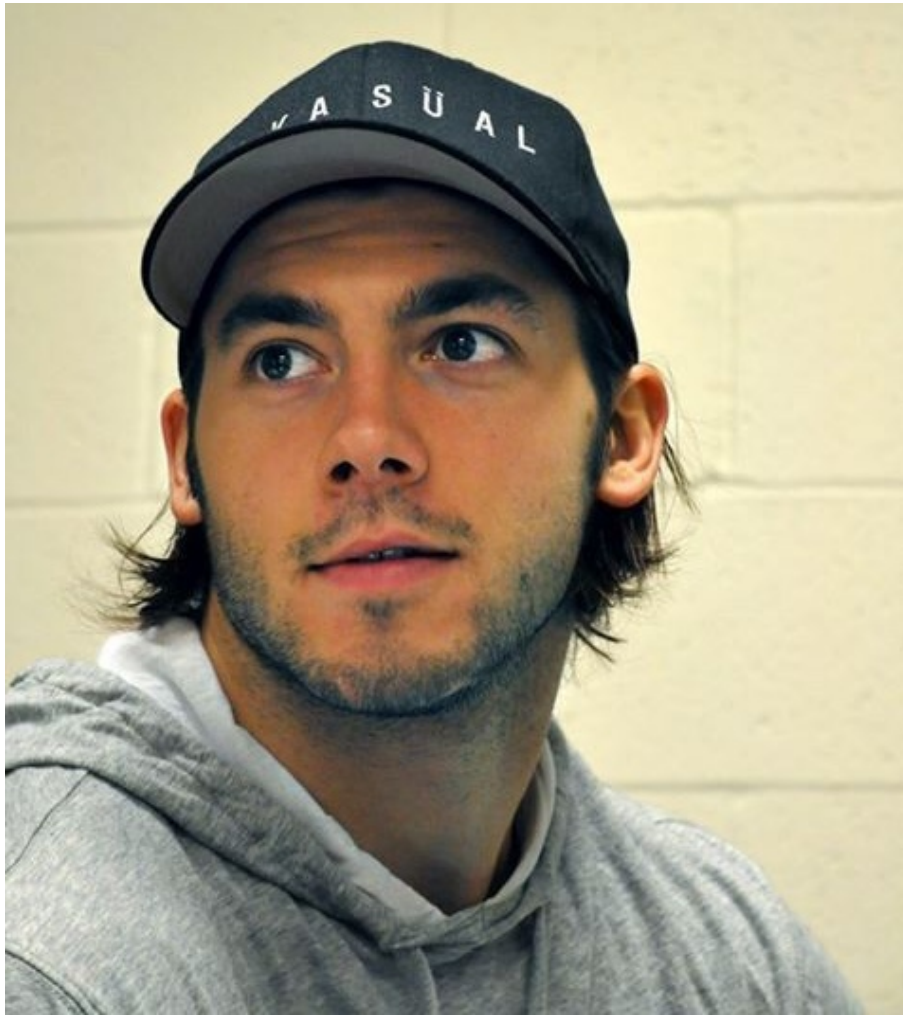
What? These are nice names.

They're very nice names, Ilya. We haven't talked or even thought about names yet - we're just enjoying knowing a baby is on the way.

Ilya Rozanov

Hmm. I suppose this is reasonable. Just keep them in mind, yes?

11:42



Husband ❤️🖤🖤

So...we're in agreement right? We are not naming our baby Ilya or Iliana?

We're in agreement. Besides, you know he's done this before with Zane and Cassie, and Nick and Serena - I think he's trying to see who might cave and name a baby after him.

In that case, let's hope none of the rookies' partners end up pregnant - he might actually end up persuading one of them.



Eighteen Weeks

It's a rare joint day off for the two of them — Troy has no team obligations and Harris is caught up with his work for the week. They can take it easy, and that's what they intend to do.

They're lying on the couch together after finishing their lunch — salmon and fresh asparagus for Troy, and vanilla bean ice cream topped with peanut butter and hot sauce for Harris. His cravings have gotten stranger and stranger as his pregnancy has developed — when he asked for today's combination, however, Troy barely batted an eye before pulling out the carton from the freezer and the toppings from the pantry.

Harris has his back to Troy's chest, a homemade quilt from Harris's mother tucked around them and a movie they've both seen a million times playing on the television. Troy has dozed off — he always does when he's had a decent meal and a chance to be still after. Quiet snores reverberate through Harris as Troy naps, and Harris is sure things can't get more perfect.

That's when it happens for the first time.

There's a soft flutter — one so small that at first, Harris thinks he's imagining it and almost writes it off as his stomach having an adverse reaction to his lunch. But then it happens again and Harris can't help but bolt up, a joyful noise of surprise falling from his mouth.

Troy startles awake, his face scrunching into a look of concern as he looks at Harris. "What's going on? Are you okay? Is something wrong? Do you need a doctor?"

"Yeah — I'm okay — um, and nothing's wrong, no doctor — I think it's something great, actually. Here, come feel this."

Taking Troy's hand in his, Harris positions it over the spot low on his belly near where he felt the first two flutters. It doesn't take long before there's a third, light movement and Troy freezes, looking at Harris.

"Is that...?"

Happy tears form in Harris's eyes and he nods. "Our baby is kicking."

"Holy shit," Troy whispers, swallowing a lump in his throat. "That's...holy shit." He repeats with a laugh. "That's our baby."

Until now, their baby had been something that could only be visualized and measured through pictures on screens and numbers relayed to them by Harris's doctor. All those things were important, of course, but they were nothing compared to this. Nothing could compare to the sensation of feeling their baby move for the first time.

"That's our baby," Harris repeats, turning his head to look at Troy.

The baby kicks again as Harris speaks, and he can't help but take in the emotion written across his husband's face.

Troy makes a little 'keep going' gesture with his hand. "I think they like the sound of your voice. Say something else."

"Hi, sweet baby, I'm your papa," Harris coos, and much to his delight, there's another quick succession of flutters.

Harris looks up to Troy, who has tears in the corners of his eyes. "Are you okay?"

"Of course," Troy says, rubbing lightly across Harris's belly. "I...sometimes I can't believe this is happening, you know?"

Harris does know. They had been trying for nearly a year to get pregnant, and he had been on the verge of asking Troy if he wanted to try another method like in-vitro fertilization or forgoing having a biological child altogether and adopting. Troy wouldn't have been disappointed in any

method — he had assured Harris repeatedly he wanted a child with him, and no matter how a child came into their lives, that child would be theirs, whether conceived by them or not.

But then, Harris had peed on that test, and it had *finally* shown two lines, and now, they're here, feeling their baby kick for the very first time.

Harris leans over to kiss Troy. "This makes it feel so much more real and not like something we only dreamed about. Not that it wasn't real up until now, but you know what I mean."

"I do," Troy hums in agreement, his hand stilling against the spot where he had first felt their baby's kicks. They seem to have settled after having made their pronouncement that yes indeed, they were there. "Lay back down with me?"

Shifting a little, Harris pulls the blanket back around them, and settles against Troy's chest once more.

The baby doesn't move again — at least that Harris can feel — for the rest of the afternoon, but Troy's hand stays put.

Just in case.

—

Twenty Weeks

The obstetrician moves the transducer through the gel on Harris's stomach, the steady *whump whump whump* of the machine reverberating through the room.

Harris doesn't say a word as he sits there, gripping Troy's hand, a low current of anxiety running through him. Harris hasn't said anything out loud, too afraid to manifest his fear, but he just hopes their baby's heart is healthy.

It's something he's long been afraid of passing on.

"Well, everything looks normal here," the doctor says with a smile. "Everything we'd want to see at this stage in the pregnancy."

"A—And their heart?" Harris dares to ask. "What about their heart? It's...I was born with a heart defect and I..." He trails off, squeezing tighter to Troy's hand. "I want to know if there's anything we should be worried about."

Harris knows what it's like being in and out of hospitals — to require surgery after surgery and procedure after procedure, and it's not a life he would wish on anyone, especially not his own child. He watched it wear on his family. Although they never complained, there were times when his mother's steady facade would falter when the doctor informed her of yet *another* surgery Harris needed, or his father would come into Harris's hospital room with deep bags under his eyes, despite the smile he'd put on so his son wouldn't know anything was wrong.

Harris never let his family know that he knew the toll his health took on them...but he *did* know.

Medicine may have come a long way since Harris's childhood, but Harris's worry is less about the medicine — it's the autonomy their child would lose with a heart condition similar to his. Harris

doesn't lament the life he has now by any means, and even if he never got to play hockey, he still found a way to make it a part of his life.

But even with the success Harris has created for himself despite his condition, it doesn't mean he wants their baby to share his health struggles — he's hoping beyond hope this baby has Troy's heart.

The doctor changes the angle of the transducer, a kind smile on her face as she studies the sonogram.

"Well?" Harris asks — he doesn't mean to push or be difficult, but he needs to know. The doctor appears unfazed by all the questions — and Harris takes a little comfort in knowing she must deal with plenty of parents like him.

"You see this tiny flutter right here?" She asks, pointing to an area on the baby's chest, where it almost looks like there's a miniature butterfly on the screen.

Harris nods, holding his breath as he waits for the doctor to continue.

"It's about as perfect as you could want. The heartbeat is strong — exactly within normal range and there's no obvious defects I can see here. Given your own heart history, we'll continue to monitor your baby's heart closely as the pregnancy continues to progress, but from what I can tell right now, all is in perfect working order."

Perfect working order. The words bring a fresh set of tears to Harris's eyes. Their baby is okay. Better than okay, even. *Healthy*.

—

"Oh my god, Troy — did you hear that?"

Harris's voice brings back Troy from his brief dissociative state. He was busy looking at the different waves of grey against the black background on the screen next to the examination table.

"Y—Yeah, um, sorry. I got a little distracted there," Troy admits, his voice catching slightly. He didn't mean to get lost in the image — it's not even the first image he's seen of their baby, but it's the first time the image looks like something other than an amorphous blob. He can make out the head, the body, the arms, the legs...and now the heart. A healthy heart, according to the doctor.

"Everything is okay though?" Troy presses, one hand intertwined with Harris's, the other running through his husband's hair. "Our baby is okay?"

The doctor nods her head yes, her smile unwavering. "Yes, you've got a thriving little one in there, alright."

It's a relief for Troy — because it's a relief for Harris. Troy leans down and kisses Harris's temple, repeating the doctor's words. "A thriving little one."

"There's one more thing we can offer to share at this stage of the pregnancy," The doctor says, freezing the frame on the screen and removing the transducer. "Would you like to know the sex of your baby?"

The doctor starts to wipe the gel on Harris's stomach away as he turns to Troy. "What do you think, babe? Do you want to know?"

"I think I'm going to be happy no matter what." He says to Harris, squeezing his shoulder. "So we can find out now, or we can wait until they're born, but I'm okay with either option."

Shifting a little, Harris's eyes move back to the rendering on the screen. The image of their little boy or girl or person remains up, and Troy watches as Harris wipes at the tears on his cheeks.

"I think I want to be surprised. One of the last true ways a person can be surprised in this day and age, right?"

Troy laughs fondly. "Very right, indeed." He turns to the doctor. "Thank you for asking — but I'm with my husband. We'll wait until they're born."

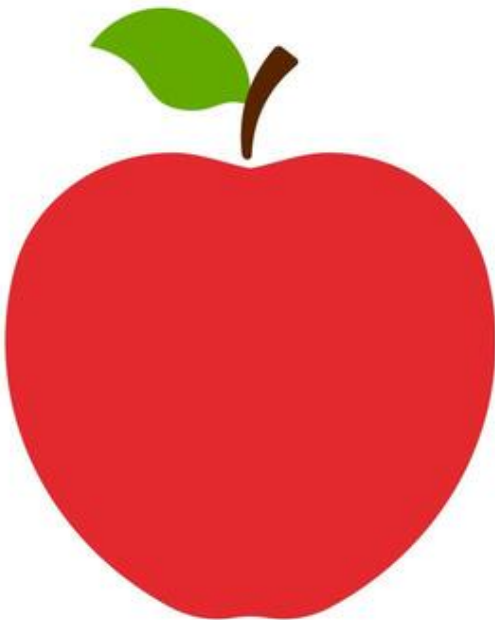
The doctor nods.

"Well, even with a surprise, that doesn't mean you can't go home with a little souvenir." She taps a few buttons on her keyboard, and in a matter of seconds, she hands Harris a printout of the sonogram.

Troy watches as Harris holds the photo of their baby like a treasure. And it is a treasure — knowing even in all the chaotic mess of the world around them, their baby is there, inside Harris, growing and thriving like they should.

He twines the fingers on his left hand with Harris's right, nodding towards the sonogram photo. "We should tell your family that all is safe and sound. They'll be so happy."

3:24





Baby Drover is healthy and everything is normal, according to the doctor!

Marlene Drover

My grandbaby is already adorable!

Sam Drover

So precious — can't wait to meet our grandbaby in person!

Anna Drover

Look at that cutie pie. They have your nose already, I can tell.

Margot Drover

Definitely has your nose. Looks like they're waving too.

Ilya Rozanov

Cute baby, Harris. Have you chosen a name yet?

Anna Drover

Wait — who is this and how in the world did you get onto our private family group chat?

Ilya Rozanov

We've met before, Anna. This is Ilya Rozanov 🙋

Anna Drover

Ilya — how are you in this chat? Troy isn't even in this chat!

Ilya Rozanov

Mrs. Drover added me a couple of years ago. Hello, by the way, Marlene. Thank you for the apple turnover recipe you sent me last week — I made it tonight for dessert and it was delicious.

Anna Drover

Mom??? You added Ilya to the family group chat

Marlene Drover

Must have been a mistake — you know I can barely work this damn thing.

Also, hello Ilya — glad you enjoyed the recipe. Say hello to Shane and Anya for me.

Ilya Rozanov



I'm going to step in here and say — Ilya, for the millionth time, you absolutely do not get to know the baby's name before anyone else. No one besides Troy and I get to know, and that includes this family group chat.

Ilya Rozanov

You are incorrigible, Harris.

I should have never taught you that word.

Anna Drover removed Ilya Rozanov from the conversation.

Anna Drover

That takes care of that.

Twenty-Five Weeks

“Well, um, I guess we'll come right out and ask. Shane, Ilya — will you be the godfathers to our baby?”

There's a beat of silence as the two men digest the question Harris has asked them over their brunch.

“Are you sure?” Shane asks after a moment, his thumb tracing over his wedding ring, turning it on his finger absentmindedly.

“We are — we’ve been talking about it for a while, actually.” Longer than Harris had cared to admit, but Shane and Ilya didn’t need to know those particulars. After Troy had proposed the idea and Harris had time to think about it, he had realized it made perfect sense.

For as nonchalant as Ilya was about certain things, children gravitated to him like moths to an enigmatic Russian flame, and there was never a time when Harris had seen the man deny a child his time.

Harris had lost count of the times he had observed Ilya stay after a practice or game, chatting and signing virtually anything children brought him (the one time Harris had ever seen Ilya refuse a signature had been when a young fan offered a Hollander Voyageurs jersey. But even in that case, Ilya had told the child and his parents to wait there before he disappeared, and moments later, had returned with a brand new, child-sized Centaurs jersey that he signed and passed along, much to the delight of the family. To this day, Harris *still* doesn’t know where Ilya had found a new child’s jersey so fast, and he’s never asked, preferring to enjoy the mystery.) Ilya was also always a favorite during team hospital visits — from participating in the now famed Mario Kart tournaments to taking countless photos with anyone who asked him for one to giving away authentic items like pucks or sticks from his personal stash of memorabilia.

Shane, meanwhile, was sensible and smart, and even though the man could appear robotic or cold at times to the untrained eye of an adult, Harris had gotten to know Shane over the last several years in his time with the Centaurs, and knew that wasn’t the case. By observing the way Shane loved Ilya, it was clear he was anything but what people often assumed him to be on the surface. Shane put his all into anything he was serious about, and Harris was sure Shane would take parenting as seriously as he did loving Ilya. Even if Shane may not have been as outwardly drawn to children in the way Ilya was, he was sure to still be an excellent parent, and the two of them in tandem would make the perfect couple to raise Harris and Troy’s child, should something ever happen to them.

“Wait — y-you really want us to be godfathers to your little one?” Ilya asks, the slightest wobble in his voice.

“I know the whole team will pretty much be honorary godfathers, but we wanted to ask you in a more...formal capacity,” Harris says, taking Troy’s hand in his. “We’d like to know someone is there for our baby, god forbid we can’t be there for them.”

Troy nods in agreement, squeezing Harris’s hand as he speaks. “Also, If it’s too much or you don’t want to, or even if you need more time to think about it, we’d understand.”

And they do — they both know what they’re asking Shane and Ilya isn’t small.. There’s a contingency plan in case they say no, but Troy and Harris both are hoping they don’t have to use it.

Ilya turns to Shane, who is still turning his wedding ring on his finger. “What do you think, *solnyshko*? Do you want some more time to think about it?”

Shane looks at Ilya, and Harris can see them having a conversation without speaking. It’s something he’s witnessed between them what feels like a thousand times — in the locker room, at team gatherings, and on the ice. It’s the product of having known each other for almost twenty years, Harris is certain — he admires it beyond reason.

“No, I don’t think I need more time.” A little smile crosses Shane’s face as he turns back to Troy and Harris. “I think it would be an honor. We’d love to be godparents to your child.”

“Really?”

“Yes, we’d love to be—”

“Bah, bah, bah — we will be godfathers on one condition.” Ilya reaches out and puts a hand on Shane’s chest to interrupt. He narrows his eyes ever so slightly in Troy and Harris’s direction. All three men look at Ilya as an impish smirk crosses his lips. “You tell us the name you have chosen for our godchild.”

This prompts a restrained groan from Shane and a loud, simultaneous *NO* from Harris and Troy.

“*Blyat*,” Ilya mutters under his breath, leaning back in his chair and taking his hand off of Shane’s chest. “Okay, okay, okay, fine.” He holds his hands up, paired with an exaggerated eye roll. “None of you are any fun at all. But was worth a shot.”

“So seriously, you’ll do it?” Troy asks, squeezing Harris’s hand, and Harris is glad he asked. As much as Ilya loves to joke, Harris wouldn’t *entirely* put it past Ilya to need to know the baby’s name before anyone else as a condition of being a godfather.

“Yes, of course we will do it, with or without the name,” Ilya says, and this time, there’s no playfulness or teasing — in fact, there’s another level of emotion Harris has only heard one other time from Ilya — when he had said his half of the vows at his and Shane’s wedding.

“Then...” Harris lifts his glass of water, and Troy follows with his iced tea, Ilya with his mimosa, and Shane with his ginger ale. “I’d like to make a toast to the two of you. There’s no one else we’d rather have as godparents, or as friends. You both have been such an important part of our lives the last few years, and we are so grateful to know you’ll continue to be an important part of our lives and our baby’s life. To you, Shane and Ilya.”

The four men clink their glasses together and take sips from their respective drinks.

Troy and Harris both notice the tears in Ilya’s eyes, but neither of them say anything.

That can be a moment for Ilya alone.

—

Thirty Weeks

It’s about an hour after the baby shower is over. All the guests have gone home, even Troy’s mom and Harris’s immediate family. They all insisted on helping to clean up despite Troy’s protests that he would take care of it all and Harris wouldn’t have to lift a finger.

As Troy is putting the last of the dishes in the dishwasher, he realizes he hasn’t seen Harris for a while.

Frowning a little, Troy looks out to the back patio as he dries his hands with a rainbow-colored dishtowel hanging from the handle of the oven. No one is out there.

He then peeks into the living room. Not there either. That's odd. Harris isn't usually so scarce, even and especially after parties. Parties and social gatherings energize his husband, not make him disappear — vanishing from social gatherings is Troy's default setting.

As he makes his way down the hall to see if Harris has gone to lie down in their room, Troy hears a small snuffle that sounds like it came from the nursery and hurries in, scared of what he might find. Is Harris hurt? Is the baby?

When Troy opens the door to the nursery, Harris is standing in the corner of the nursery in front of the full length mirror. His arms are wrapped around himself above his baby bump and there's a sad look on his face.

Harris turns his head as Troy enters, wiping his eyes and letting out another snuffle. "Hey, um, sorry I disappeared. I'll be out in a minute to help finish cleaning up."

"Don't worry about that. Your family and my mom helped before they left and I took care of the rest." Troy shakes his head and takes a few careful steps towards Harris. "Are you okay though?"

Harris turns back to the mirror, his arms tightening even further around himself.

"I don't know. Maybe it's ridiculous, but I guess it's really hitting me today that I'm pregnant. It's all anyone focused on during the shower and I'm so happy and grateful for them, and of course so happy and grateful for the baby...but I guess...I don't feel like myself after all that."

Troy's heart lurches and he takes another step closer, wrapping his arms underneath Harris's belly. He lifts the slightest bit and Harris lets out a subdued noise of relief as some of the weight is taken off his hips.

"Listen," Troy whispers, his breath fluttering across Harris's temple. "I can't pretend I know exactly what it's like to not feel at home in my own body, and I'm sorry you're not feeling like yourself," He pauses, meeting Harris's emerald eyes in the mirror. "But I can tell you what I see when I look at you right now."

"Yeah, okay." Harris nods, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand before tucking his arm back against himself.

"What I see..." Troy trails off, letting his hands splay over the underside of Harris's belly. "Is my strong, wonderful, brave husband who's doing something most men, myself included, would be too afraid to do." There's another pause as Troy lets his words sink in. He rubs his thumbs along the bump stretching out Harris's shirt, waiting another brief second before he continues. "I see someone, who for the last eight months has made his body a perfect home for our child, who is safe and happy inside him — I'm sure of it."

Harris cracks a small smile at those words. "Keep going."

"Most importantly, I see someone who I love more than words can say. This is all big and scary, but soon, we'll have our own little one here with us, and they're going to love their Papa Harris as much as I do."

As if in agreement, their baby kicks, hard enough they both feel it.

Harris lets out a wet laugh, unfurling his arms and shaking his head as he rests his hands on the top of his belly. “How do you always manage to do that?”

“Do what?”

“Say the perfect thing.”

Troy snorts, shaking his head. “I would think you, better than anyone, would know that’s not true. Remember when I made the mistake of telling your sister that I thought last year’s winter batch of cider tasted a little off?” He shudders at the thought.

Sometimes he still thinks Margot hasn’t entirely forgiven him for that with the way she narrows her eyes at him behind Harris’s back any time she sees Troy. Today at the shower, she had given him a subtle, yet effective glare over the cake, even if Troy would never divulge that suspicion to his husband, or any other member of the Drover family.

Harris laughs again, leaning back more of his weight against Troy’s chest. “Okay, so maybe not *all* the time. But every time you’re with me, you do.”

A smile crosses Troy’s face as he kisses Harris’s cheek. “Well, what do you think about me saying I’m going to draw you a warm bath so you can get off your feet and relax a little? You must be exhausted.”

“Mmm, I say yes, but *only* if you join me. You did a lot today too.”

Troy doesn’t exactly feel like that’s true — he had really just lingered around, picking up stray plates and cups and keeping the punch bowl full and keeping an eye on Harris while he socialized. But Troy isn’t going to turn down an offer like the one Harris is making.

“You drive a hard bargain, husband. It’ll be *so* tough,” Troy teases, and it has the desired effect of making Harris smile again. “But for you? Of course I can do that.” Troy eases his arms away from Harris and lets his belly settle. “Now — go get yourself ready and I’ll be there in a minute.”

Harris wipes his eyes once more and nods. “You don’t have to tell me twice.” He turns, heading out of the room, but stops in the doorway and turns to look back at Troy.

“Everything okay?” Troy asks.

Harris’s fingers curl around the trim of the door and he nods again. “It is now. Thank you...for all you did today.” And then, he’s gone down the hallway towards their bedroom.

After Harris leaves the room, Troy smiles to himself and walks over to the crib he assembled last week with Chouinard’s help. He picks up a crocheted blanket his mother had made for the baby draped along the frame of the crib. The blanket is soft, made up of Centaurs colored yarn — red, black, and grey, and it’s one more thing Troy is grateful to have for their child.

After he makes sure the blanket is returned to where it had been placed before, Troy then looks around the nursery where Luca has painted a variety of animals and plants on the walls as his gift to them with direction from Harris. The details of the flora and fauna are stunning — Troy didn’t expect anything different from Luca — and he can feel his heart pull. They’re lucky — so lucky — to have the proverbial village that they do, and today and every day since Harris announced the pregnancy to the people they love and who love them has proven that.

“Hey babe, are you coming?”

Speaking of Harris.

“Uh, yeah, be right there!” He calls back, flipping off the light switch and heading towards the bedroom where Harris and their baby wait for him.

—

Thirty-Nine Weeks

10:49



Husband ❤️🖤🖤

You promise you're okay?

Aren't you at intermission right now? Shouldn't you be stretching or something?

I am at intermission but I wanted to check on you after yesterday.

Thanks for checking, but I'm fine. Remember, the doctor said it was just false labor. Nothing to sound the alarm over yet.

Okay...

Troy...

Sorry. I don't want anything to happen to you or the baby.

It's sweet you're worried, but I promise I'd tell you if something was really wrong or if you needed to come home right now.

How's Phoenix?

Jesus, it's hotter than Satan's asscrack. How anyone was allowed to build a city in a place that gets this hot in June is ludicrous. Even Haze is ready to snap, I think.

Ugh, maybe I'll tell Coach you're in labor so I can leave early and go back to where the summer doesn't make me feel like I want to die.

Troy, don't you dare. Ready as I am to have this baby, I don't need you jinxing us when you have to play the next game there, and maybe game six too.

You're right. I take it back. But I still miss you both. I'd like that noted for the record.

So noted.

Okay babe - gotta go. Keep our little one safe.

I always do. Score a goal for us!



—

It's several hours before game seven of the Stanley Cup Finals and Troy isn't convinced he wants to go.

Sure, it's the biggest game of Troy's career thus far, but Harris's due date is days away and he could go into labor any second. Troy is standing in the living room behind the couch, his backpack slung over his shoulder, but he's *still* not sure he can leave Harris. The three games the Centaurs had played in Phoenix over the last week had been agony for the simple fact that it was about as far away from Ottawa as one could get without leaving the continent. Not to mention it had been so hot, Troy was convinced his shoes were going to melt to the sidewalk entering the arena.

"Troy Andrew Drover," Harris says lowly from the couch Troy is standing behind, and Troy's whole body freezes. Since they started dating, Troy can count the number of times Harris has used his full name on one hand, so he knows his husband means business.

"I can hear you thinking, and you're thinking you're not going to go because I'm a million weeks pregnant." Troy snorts at Harris's words, but still doesn't move from his spot behind the couch. Harris groans dramatically. "I mean it. *Go*. You've worked hard to earn this, and I'm already annoyed I can't be there. Please, so one of us will be there? The baby and I will be home and here waiting for you the second you get off the ice from winning the Cup."

Troy looks at Harris, raising a skeptical eyebrow.

“I *promise*, I’ll be fine. Anna will be here any minute to watch the game with us.” Harris rubs one hand over his belly and waggles his phone with the other. “And if anything happens during the game, we know how to get a hold of you and Coach Wiebe.”

Sighing, Troy scrubs at his chin. He doesn’t like this — he can *feel* something in his gut — but Harris is asking him to go, and he wouldn’t ask Troy to go if he didn’t mean it, right? And Troy feels a tiny bit better knowing his husband won’t be alone in case something does happen.

So Troy concedes.

“Okay, babe. But *only* because you’re asking me to go.” Troy means it — the Finals be damned, he’d rather be spending the night on the couch, keeping an eye on Harris and their baby.

“I am...but don’t you dare come home without the Cup,” Harris says, a mischievous look in his eyes.

Troy scoffs playfully. If he’s going to go and leave his very pregnant husband, he certainly doesn’t plan on disappointing Harris or their baby.

“Yes, love,” Troy laughs, pressing a soft kiss to Harris’s forehead. “And you promise Anna is on the way, you’re not only saying that to get me out of here?”

“I swear, she’s on her way. Now...scram.”

“Fine. But only if you don’t have our baby until after I get home!”

“Deal!” Harris calls after him.

—

The game is a hard fought battle.

A little over midway through the third period, Phoenix is playing a tough game and the score is tied 2-2. Troy still can’t help but worry about Harris, and already, all of his teammates have checked in with him at some point to see how he’s holding up.

Troy isn’t sure.

Something still feels off in his gut — but how could he have explained that? Between each intermission, he had checked his phone and the only thing that had been there between the second and third period was a picture of Anna sitting on the couch in the background with Harris’s baby bump in the foreground and a text saying *All is well here. Keep up the good game* 🙄

So Troy stays on the bench and takes his shifts when they come, trying his best to focus on the game without being too distracted.

“Alright, you guys are up,” Coach Wiebe taps him and Ilya on the shoulder as the line out on the ice approaches the bench for a change.

Troy jumps over the boards – a move he’s done a million times, gliding over to assist Ilya, not that he needs it. Almost as soon as he’s on the ice, Ilya takes control of the puck in what can only be

called robbery from a Phoenix player, who scrambles after him — too little, too late.

They sprint across the ice, and before Troy knows it, it's a two on one with him and Ilya.

“Drover!” Ilya hollers, and Troy looks up in time to see Ilya make a crisp pass across the ice out of the reach of the lone Phoenix defenseman. The puck makes contact with Troy's stick and all he needs is one beat to square up his shot. Everything goes quiet around Troy as he cradles the puck, then fires towards the goal.

He watches as it floats in slow motion through the air — Phoenix's goalie reacts, sticking his glove up too late. The puck lands cleanly in the back of the net, over his shoulder.

3-2, Ottawa.

The whole arena erupts and Troy can't breathe as the other four Ottawa skaters out on shift swarm him on the ice.

“THAT'S FUCKING RIGHT!” Ilya yells, bumping their helmets together.

Holy shit.

Troy scored in game seven of the Cup Finals to put his team ahead.

If someone had told him this would be his life a few years ago, there's no way he would have believed them. And yet, with this goal, Troy is now on the verge of two huge life accomplishments: winning the Stanley Cup and becoming a father.

They just have to hold on this lead.

—

There's under a minute left in the game and the entire corps of Ottawa skaters is exhausted.

Phoenix pulled their goalie almost a minute and a half ago. Despite six skaters and a flurry of shots on goal, their onslaught has been unsuccessful, thanks to Wyatt all but standing on his head.

The frustration is mounting and it's starting to show with Phoenix's desperate attempts to take shots and set up screens in front of the net. As both teams are scrambling, one of the Phoenix forwards set up at the blue line takes a crisp pass from one of his teammates and makes a beautiful shot on goal. Troy watches as Wyatt makes another brilliant save.

He then looks up at the game clock — ten seconds left. They only have to hold on for ten more seconds.

Nine...Phoenix's center tries to pass to one of their defenseman.

Eight...Boodram gets his stick on the puck and taps it enough to disrupt its trajectory.

Seven...the puck wobbles across the ice and lands on Hollander's blade.

Six...Hollander whips the puck in a haphazard maneuver out of the Ottawa zone, desperate to clear it away.

Five...six Phoenix players turn and give chase, but it's no use as the rest of the clock ticks down.

Four...three...two...one.

The arena, already roaring, goes nuclear as the game clock strikes zero.

They did it. They fucking won the Stanley Cup.

Troy can't help it. Tears of joy fall down his face as he jumps off the bench and onto the ice, tossing his gloves and helmet in the air along with the rest of the teams'.

Instantaneously, he's pulled into a swarm of his teammates that's so loud, Troy can't even think. His ears are buzzing and his heart is going a million miles an hour in his chest. He's not sure how long he's stuck in the scrum — time feels like it has both stopped and is flying as he's finally able to break away enough to get some air and take the victory in.

Troy's stomach drops a little as he sees Addison, the intern who had taken over Harris's role after his promotion, holding their phone up and starting to record the celebrations for social media. If there's one thing Troy wishes could be different, it's that Harris should be here too. Rubbing his face, Troy looks to where he knows there's a camera mounted for interviews on the bench and skates over so he's in its frame. He blows several kisses at it — if Harris is still watching, and Troy can guarantee he is, he'll know those were for him.

—

Once the on-ice celebrations have been completed and the Cup has been passed to every member of the Centaurs's team and coaching staff, the locker room celebrations commence.

Troy still has his phone in his pocket despite the chaos — there had still been nothing when he checked it after he had come off the ice, and maybe Harris had been right, and there was nothing to worry about.

It's about when Ilya is pouring champagne down Troy's throat that he feels a little vibrating kick on his thigh. He doesn't think too much of it right away — a handful of people had texted him congratulations right after the game — but he still pulls his phone out, just in case. Almost as soon as he does, two notifications light up his screen.

Anna Drover: Get to the hospital now. Harris is in labor.

Harris Drover: Before you start freaking out — my water broke and I'm having contractions. Anna's taking me to the Civic Campus. I'm fine, the baby's fine...but come as soon as you can, okay?

Holy shit.

Troy reads the text from Harris once, twice, three times before it hits him. Harris is in *labor*.

"You okay there, Drover?" Ilya asks. Troy nods, holding his phone up for the other man to read. A smile breaks out on Ilya's face. "Mind telling the rest of the team why you're about to ditch us right after winning the Cup?"

Troy shakes his head — this is one time he doesn't mind the attention being drawn to him.

As only he can do, Ilya positions two fingers between his lips and lets out a shrill whistle. “Hey! Listen the fuck up — Drover has something to share!”

The noise in the room lowers to almost nothing, and Ilya nudges Troy in the side.

“I’ve got to run, boys — Harris is in labor!”

The collective roar that follows is almost as loud as what came after the clock struck zero on their win, and Troy can’t help but feel a swell of pride in his chest as he makes his way to the stall with his name on it — teammates and staff patting him as he goes, offering well wishes for both him and Harris.

Troy gets to his stall and digs through his bag, making sure he has his keys. As he does, there’s a tap on his shoulder. He turns to once again find Ilya, a knowing smile on his face. Ilya — who has been there for Troy ever since he came to Ottawa, and has watched Troy come into his own. flourish. Ilya, who Troy has never quite figured out how to thank for giving him a nudge towards Harris in the first place. Ilya — who without, Troy wouldn’t be anywhere near the person he is now.

“You will give me update on my godchild when you get a chance, yes?”

“Of course,” Troy nods, swallowing down the building lump in his throat. “Try to make sure the guys don’t have too much fun without me.”

“No promises.” Ilya winks, pulling Troy into a tight hug. “Congratulations, to you and Harris both.” He says, patting Troy on the shoulder before disappearing back into what can only be described as the mosh pit that’s picked back up in the center of the locker room. He gives himself a second to look at the horde of hockey players, coaches, and other personnel, and the joy radiating off of them.

It’s a beautiful thing — but not as beautiful as what’s about to happen.

Troy shakes his head as he shoulders his bag and heads out of the locker room. He doesn’t care that he’s doused in champagne and beer and god knows what else. That can be dealt with later.

All Troy knows is he needs to get to Harris and their baby.

Now.

—

Troy storms into the hospital room as fast as he can. All eyes turn to him — Anna, Margot, Marlene, and Sam are all there with Harris, and Troy is certain he must look ridiculous judging by the way their eyes widen as he enters. Between the soaked hat and clothes he’s wearing, he’s now also realizing as he looks down at his feet that he somehow managed to put on Shane’s slides in his hurry to get out of the locker room, the embossed 24 staring up at him.

It doesn’t matter what he looks like or what he’s wearing, however — all Troy cares about is Harris and their baby.

“Nice of you to finally join us,” Margot drolls — but Troy ignores her as he steps fully into the room, approaching the bed.

Harris is lying there, dressed in a hospital gown and a sheepish smile on his face. “Sorry to pull you away from the celebration — our little one wanted to join in on the fun too, I guess.”

Troy laughs, shaking his head as he sits down in the plastic chair Anna had been occupying seconds before. “Screw the celebration — there’s nowhere else I’d rather be right now.” He takes Harris’s hand in his and presses a gentle kiss near the IV taped to the back of it. “How are you doing?”

“Better, now that you’re here. But I’m guessing Anna’s maybe even more happy to see you than I am. Her hand has been taking a beating between the game and my contractions.”

“I mean, I was happy to take one for the team,” Anna says as she makes an exaggerated gesture of rubbing her hand. “But I’m also happy you’re going to take over as the new sentient stress ball, Troy.” She nods at him, and Troy laughs again.

As if on cue, Harris’s hand tightens tightly around Troy’s as his body is hit with a contraction. Troy lets out a yelp, more out of surprise than anything before he leans in, brushing Harris’s bangs away from his forehead with the hand not clasped in his husband’s.

“You’re so brave...you’ve got this, papa...” Troy says softly, watching as the contraction courses through Harris’s body, his face contorted in pain. Troy can’t take that away, much as he wishes he could, but he can do one thing. He can sit there, and hold Harris’s hand and talk his husband through it.

“Breathe, breathe, breathe...it’s okay. I’ve got you.”

After a few more seconds, Harris’s body relaxes, and his grip on Troy’s hand does also.

“You know — my first real contraction came after you blew those kisses to the camera?” Harris says after he settles, tapping the bill of Troy’s hat.

“Really?” Even if he’s happy the kisses landed as intended, Troy raises an eyebrow. “And you waited until *after* we did the celebration to tell me?”

“I didn’t think anything of it until my water broke — I was actually about to tell Anna to go home so I could sleep it off and be at home after you won like I promised.” Harris murmurs, a sheepish smile on his face. “You held up your end of our deal by winning the Cup. Our little one and I didn’t quite hold up our end.”

If this is one deal in their marriage Harris doesn’t fulfill, Troy can live with that.

“You know what, babe?” Troy prompts, clearing his throat. “I’m okay that you both didn’t hold up your end...because it means that soon, we’ll get to meet the person we’ve been waiting to meet for the last nine months.”

—

Ten Minutes Old

Nerves prickle underneath Harris’s skin as he tries to breathe. He feels antsy knowing their baby is nearby, but that he’s not holding them yet, and is doing his desperate best not to outwardly freak out.

The birth had been routine, according to the doctor — one of the easiest she had ever been a part of. Harris was a little skeptical about that last part — pushing a human being out of his vagina was certainly not *easy*, but he would rather it be called easy than the alternative.

Baby Drover had passed their APGAR tests with flying colors — the cry they had let out when their lungs had been cleared was one of the most beautiful noises Harris had ever or would ever hear. Now the only sounds in the room are of the nurses working to clean the baby up, punctuated by the beeps of the machines monitoring Harris's vitals.

"You did so good, babe," Troy's voice cuts through his worries. While the delivery nurse is cleaning up their baby and doing the last of the post-birth examinations, the rest of Harris's family has stepped out of the room to send texts and make calls to alert the rest of the Drover family tree of its new addition. It's him and Troy alone for now.

Troy's fingers running through Harris's hair are like a balm — grounding and reminding him it's okay — only another minute or two and he'll get to hold their baby properly for the first time. "I'm so fucking proud of you, you know that, yeah?"

Harris hums, leaning into Troy's touch. His husband really always does know the right thing to say.

"Thanks..." A small smile tugs at Harris's lips as he watches Troy watch him. He may be nervous, exhausted, and on the verge of tears every minute he doesn't get to hold their baby, but as long as he has Troy, he'll be okay.

"Are you ready to meet your daddies, little one?" The nurse's kind voice comes from somewhere beside them. Harris shifts as much as his body will let him as she approaches them, a tiny bundle tucked securely in her arms.

It's like the world stops as she bends down ever so slightly, lowering the baby until they're being held by Harris. The breath leaves his body as one of their baby's tiny cheeks presses into the skin of his chest that's exposed by his slightly open gown.

As Harris holds their baby for the first time, it's as if everything else around them besides Troy falls away.

The baby they made — the baby who has been growing inside him for the last nine months is here, swathed in a white blanket with pink and blue stripes. Atop their head is the tiniest blue cap Harris has ever seen.

A boy.

Harris shifts the baby in his arms ever so slightly, tears of joy streaming down his face as he cradles the newest member of their family.

"I can't believe he's here," Troy utters, his voice choked with emotion. "Our little guy is here."

Harris pauses, looking down to study their baby's scrunched up face, rocking him gently. "He's our little guy until he tells us otherwise," Harris says with a grin, causing Troy to let out a quiet chuckle.

Troy nods in affirmation, running a finger over their baby's rounded jawline. "Until he tells us otherwise."

Sixteen Hours Old

Troy stands outside Harris and their baby boy's hospital room. Once the post-birth excitement had finally settled down, Troy had managed to find a shower and get changed into a fresh (well, *fresh-ish*) pair of clothes from his bag. When Troy had returned, both his boys were fast asleep. He's now been standing here for the last hour, just watching his family.

The battle to keep his eyes open is now turning into a losing one. The last twenty-four hours had been some of the most chaotic and thrilling of Troy's life, but now he's getting a moment to breathe, and the adrenaline keeping him going is fading fast.

Even so, Troy can't pull himself away from the hospital room door. The fact that his and Harris's son is *there* and *real* — it's something Troy doesn't ever think he's going to get over.

Their son is perfect — fast asleep in the hospital bassinet, a stuffed giraffe that's a perfect facsimile of Mr. Neck-Neck tucked near his feet. Troy is certain he's never seen anything more peaceful, and he's already wishing he could freeze time right here so the three of them can stay in this pristine moment where the world hasn't had a chance to take its toll on one of its newest humans.

Troy is about to turn and finally make himself go find somewhere to sleep, when he hears a familiar voice.

"Hey there, kiddo."

Troy looks up to see his mom, Julia, with a warm smile on her face as she approaches. She gives him the kind of hug only a parent can — reassuring, strong, and comforting — before she, too, turns to look inside.

"How's my grandson doing?"

"He's good. The doctors think he'll be able to go home tomorrow."

"That's great," Julia says, looking up at Troy. "And you? How are you doing?"

That's a more complicated question. Troy is feeling a million things and has been ever since he found out Harris was pregnant. He's been doing his best to keep the negative thoughts at bay, not wanting to stress out or worry Harris too much. It's not as if Troy has been hiding his feelings from Harris — he learned long ago that hiding does him no good. He just hasn't been able to figure out how to articulate this particular deep-seated fear that's been lodged in his brain. It's been there ever since he first saw those two blue lines nearly nine months ago.

"Is it bad to say I'm scared?" Troy asks, chewing on his lip. Tears build behind his eyes as he wrings his hands together. He hates that he's scared — he doesn't want to be. He wants to be confident and sure, like Harris is, and yet, this insecurity lingers.

"Oh sweetheart — not at all. It's normal to be scared." Julia says quietly, resting a hand on his shoulder. "As someone who has now been a parent for over thirty years, I'll let you in on a little secret — if you're not at least a little scared by parenthood, you probably aren't doing it right."

Troy lets out a weak laugh, wiping at his eyes and shaking his head.

“I mean, I’m not *just* scared — I’m so happy he’s here and healthy, and he’s everything I could have ever dreamed of, and more.” He swallows hard. “But — I don’t want to mess up...or mess him up. I’m worried I’m going to end up being a terrible dad...” *Like mine is*. The unsaid words hang heavy between them, but Troy doesn’t have to say them for Julia to know what he means.

She stands there for a moment, silent, then looks from Troy to his sleeping baby, gesturing at her grandson. “You know how I know you’re going to be an excellent dad?”

Troy shakes his head, sniffing.

“Because you’re worried about being an excellent dad. When I look back, your father never worried about how he was as a parent or how it might affect you...” She trails off, looking back to Troy. “And I’ve always been sorry for how your father treated you because you deserve one who loves you no matter what and your dad...is an asshole, to put it nicely.”

A watery laugh bubbles out of Troy before he can stop it.

Julia continues, a sheepish smile on her face. “Sorry — I know I shouldn’t be talking about him like that, not this many years on, and especially not in front of your own little one.”

“No...” Troy says, wiping at his eyes. “You’re right, Mom. It’s a fact — he was and still is an asshole.”

It’s a fact that makes Troy uncertain how, or even if, he’ll introduce his child to his father. Troy and Curtis had barely spoken in the years since Troy had come out, much less seen one another. Curtis hadn’t bothered to come to the wedding, and when Troy had taken a chance and told Curtis he was going to be a grandfather, the only thing Troy had gotten in response was a one word text: *Thanks*. It had been radio silence ever since.

“Listen to me, sweetheart — I can’t promise you won’t mess up — we all make mistakes as parents. God knows I made a few along the way.” She holds up her hand as Troy tries to protest. “But I’ll let you in on another little secret I’ve learned over the years.” There’s a fondness in her eyes as she looks up at her son. “Even if you mess up and make mistakes as a parent, as long as you show up for your child, that’s what’s important. And I *know* you and Harris both are going to be there for your boy every step of the way. Your son is going to be loved by you and Harris, the Drover and Frasier families...and not to mention an entire hockey family that will be keeping an eye out for the three of you.”

Troy nods, wiping at his eyes. His mom is right — she always is.

“And listen — I may not have all the answers — no one does when it comes to being a parent — but...I am always here if you need anything. Or Harris. Or your little one right there.”

The knot in Troy’s chest loosens a little at Julia’s words. This journey wouldn’t be easy, but one thing was certain — they would never be alone, especially if his mother had anything to say about it.

“Thanks Mom...I love you,” Troy murmurs, pulling her into a tight hug.

“I love you too, Troy.” Julia draws back, patting Troy on the shoulder. “Now go get some rest, okay? You must be absolutely exhausted.” She nods towards Harris and the baby. “I’ll keep watch.”

Thirty-Six Hours Old

A significant handful of the Centaurs have gathered in the waiting room, eagerly awaiting their chance to meet the newest member of their team. Troy said he and Harris would be out any minute with their new baby boy. Ilya checks his phone again to see if Troy has sent anything since his last message to the team, but nothing.

He's getting anxious. Even if he knows this isn't about him, he's ready to meet Shane's and his godchild. He's *been* ready.

Without even looking up from his own phone where he's checking Irina Foundation business or answering any one of his hundreds of boring e-mails, Shane places a hand on Ilya's bouncing knee. "Patience, Ilya."

"Patience," Ilya scoffs. But he stays quiet after that — he knows better than to argue with his husband...most days.

As they're waiting for Troy to come out to the waiting room, Bood approaches Shane, handing him a thick stack of colorful bills rubber-banded together.

"Here you go Shane — your winnings."

The stack is by far the largest payout Ilya has seen in his time with the Centaurs — that made sense to him. Ilya was fairly certain even Coach Wiebe and many of the team spouses had entered the running as well, given the flurry of activity he had observed around Bood (the unofficial head of Centaurs' betting pools) at the baby shower.

What *didn't* make sense to Ilya, however, was how Shane, of all people, had won. Ilya turns to his husband first, then to Bood, wide-eyed.

"Excuse me, his *what*?" Ilya is dumbstruck. Shane hadn't ever bothered to enter one of the pools — at least not that Ilya knew of.

"His winnings. Shane was the closest in guessing the time and day that Troy and Harris's baby was born." Bood shrugs. "Come on, Roz — you've won these before, you know how this works. Just so happens your husband had a better guess than you did this time. Congrats, Shane."

"Thanks, Bood," Shane says, gesturing with the wad of bills before Bood walks back to where his wife Cassie is sitting across the room.

Ilya sets his gaze back on Shane, narrowing his eyes. "You *won*? I remember you told me betting on anything was silly and a waste of money."

Shane smirks, pocketing the cash. "Oh, I did, did I?"

Ilya's mouth drops open. He huffs, crossing his arms and sinking down in his chair. "Asshole."

"You love me," Shane retorts, poking Ilya in the side.

Ilya makes a sound between a growl and a yelp, attempting to squirm away from Shane, only to be stopped by the chair's armrest. He swats at his husband and rolls his eyes.

Shane laughs, leaning over into Ilya's space. "Come on, don't be mad. Once I start a college fund for Baby Drover, I'll take you out for a nice dinner to celebrate our godchild being born."

"Ugh, you would want to do something boring with your winnings," Ilya grumbles out of the side of his mouth as his husband kisses him on the cheek. "Even if it is sweet of you."

A moment later, someone clears their throat and every person in the waiting room turns towards the sound.

Ilya's eyes fall upon the small bundle in Harris's arms as Troy wheels them into the waiting room. Despite the controlled commotion in the room, the baby is asleep, wrapped in a red, black, and grey blanket — Ilya recognizes it as the one Troy's mother had given them at the shower. It pairs well with the miniature Centaurs beanie covering most of the jet black hair on the baby's head, save for the few visible tufts sticking out.

Immediately, a lump builds in Ilya's throat as he stands. That's his godson.

Ilya approaches slowly with Shane, a tear falling down his cheek as he gets closer. He doesn't care who sees him cry — this is without a doubt one of the best days of his life.

The rest of the team slowly fills in the space around them, forming a half-circle around Harris and Troy. There's a cacophony of excited murmurs and chatter from the group as they take in the newest, littlest member of their team, until Wyatt finally asks the question on everyone's mind.

"So...Troy, Harris...how should we be addressing this future Centaur?"

Harris looks up to Troy, a tired, but happy smile tugging at his lips before he dips his chin back down to look at the baby.

"Well, everyone, we'd like you to meet..."



hello!

Introducing the newest member
of the Centaurs family

Noah Sam Drover

born on

June 12, 2026

at 11:17 pm | 42.4 cm | 3.81 kgs

in Ottawa, Ontario

Happy parents

Harris and Troy Drover



End Notes

To see the pregnancy announcement in a larger format (recommended to catch all the lovely details included) check it out here: [Best Big Brother Chiron](#).

Credit for the phone graphics/code here: [fanfictemplates.com](#). Thanks for making it easy for an inept English major to have some awesome coding!

Title credit to "Cecilia and the Satellite" by Andrew McMahon in the Wilderness.

You can find me spiraling out about the GCU elsewhere on [Instagram](#), [Threads](#), or [Tumblr](#)!

I had fun playing in this universe - perhaps a spinoff of godfather Ilya and baby Noah's adventures is imminent? Let me know what you think/if you want to see more in this world!

Thank you again for reading - this was a labor of love (pun intended), and remember, Chiron gets a treat from Harris or Troy for every comment and kudos you leave!

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