

Iliy

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Iliy

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Summary

They'd had months to prepare for this– Hell, they planned for this, but Shane almost can't believe that their baby is just...

“Here,” Ilya's voice breaks through his thoughts as he gently offers their baby forward.

Suddenly, their baby is in his arms, warm just like Ilya but his scent is softer. Sweeter. He still smells like Shane. And he's so, so tiny pressed against Shane's chest, the weight of him fills him with something he can't exactly put into words.

Love.

After welcoming their first child, Shane and Ilya share a quiet moment together as a family.

Notes

Happy to post my first work for this fandom! It's short and sweet but I'm missing these two like crazy, so I needed to write something for them lol I'm still figuring out some of the lore for this particular a/b/o AU and the timeline since I've only seen the TV series so far but for now, here's some post finale domesticity!

Happy reading! ❤️

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

The very first thing Shane realizes when his eyes *finally* begin to flutter open is that the sun's gone down.

He vaguely remembers looking out at the bright blue sky above their bedroom, at the trees swaying in the breeze, and the warmth of sunlight washing over their bedroom as he held Ilya's hand through the pain, trying to soothe himself. And his nerves. But really, who wouldn't be nervous welcoming a tiny human into the world?

Shane is suddenly very aware that something is missing from the room— That gentle, sweet scent of milk and vanilla.

He sits up a little more against the pillows, ignoring just how fucking sore he is as he peers into the bassinet beside their bed.

It's empty.

Panic rises in his chest, Shane feels it hitting the back of his throat, sitting up straight, "Ilya—Ilya...!"

Soft, quick footsteps march up to the door before it swings open with Ilya standing there shirtless, a small, onesie clad bundle pressed to his chest.

Shane breathes a heavy sigh of relief at the sight of him— At the sight of their baby's crown of light brown, wispy hair. *Safe, he's safe*, Shane thinks, and he isn't quite used to just how protective he is of someone who's only been alive for seven-ish hours.

"Are you alright?" Ilya asks, concern plastered over his face, "Do you need me to get the doula or your parents—?"

"No, I— I'm okay, I just... I looked over and the bassinet was empty and I kind of freaked out," Shane says, easing back against the pillows.

"Is okay, he is okay," Ilya says, walking over; he turns to the side so Shane can get a better look at the chubby cheek pressed against his skin, "See? Still asleep. He was making weird little noises so I brought him to the nursery for his bottle."

"And... Did he eat okay? I know he had some trouble with his first feeding even though those bottles are supposed to be easy for him to latch onto..."

"Shane, *liubimiy*, he is okay, I promise."

"Yeah...?"

"Yeah," Ilya says, a soft smile on his lips, "He latched on like champ, downed the whole bottle. He has his papa's appetite, don't you, *malysh*?"

The mattress dips as Ilya sits beside him; the warmth of his body, the scent of him— deep oak and a softer note of lavender— all around him, soothing the anxiety left in Shane's chest.

Shane almost thanks him but Ilya seems to be one step ahead of him with another gentle smile, one that simply says, ‘It’s alright. I’ve got you’ as he adjusts their baby in his arms.

A look of gratitude crosses Shane’s features for just a moment before his warm eyes catch on the bundle in his husband’s arms. They’d had months to prepare for this– Hell, they *planned* for this, but Shane almost can’t believe that their baby is just...

“Here,” Ilya’s voice breaks through his thoughts as he gently offers their baby forward.

Suddenly, their baby is in his arms, warm just like Ilya but his scent is softer. Sweeter. He still smells like Shane. And he’s so, *so* tiny pressed against Shane’s chest, the weight of him fills him with something he can’t exactly put into words.

Love.

A different sort of love than the one he shared with Ilya– This is something purposeful, something *instinctive*, yet just as strong as the bond he shares with his mate. And Shane feels it, that love filling every inch of his body as he looks down at their son.

Their baby boy who’s still sound asleep; eyes already shaped like his, lips curved like Ilya’s, cheeks round and rosy.

“We really make the cutest babies, huh, Rozanov?” Shane says, rocking their son gently in his arms.

Ilya raises a brow, amused, “*Babies*?”

“Fuck off,” Shane says between a soft laugh, “You know what I mean.”

“Yes, that you wish I put twins inside of you.”

“You’re such a– I’m not even going to say it, I’m too fucking tired,” Shane rolls his eyes.

Ilya grins, almost triumphantly, leaning in to kiss his husband’s cheek. But he doesn’t quite pull away, not entirely at least, blue eyes finding their way to their little boy and for a moment, it’s just the three of them. Shane tilts his head, breathing in the scent of his mate and the scent of them all wrapped up in this tiny person they created together. It feels like they’re the only ones in the world that really matter.

It’s a selfish thought, he knows somewhere in the back of his mind that it must be. But after all these years– all the secrecy, the heart ache, longing for just this, *this* life, Shane reasons that it’s okay to be selfish for once. It must be.

“He looks like you when he sleeps,” Shane says, lifting a finger to gently tap against their baby’s parted lips.

“Does he?”

“He does. I didn’t notice it earlier but... He already looks so much like you, Ilya.”

“He looks like wrinkly potato, Shane.”

“Well, yeah— But he still *looks* like you.”

“He’s got your eyes.”

“He’s got your everything else. Even your appetite, apparently.”

“He is Hollander Rozanov through and through.”

Hollander Rozanov.

They’ve been married a little over a year, and Shane still feels his stomach flutter at the sound of their names pushed together. On the ice they were still Hollander *and* Rozanov, but here, in their cottage, they were *Hollander Rozanov*. And there’s something so deeply moving about someone else sharing the name they’d fought for. Someone that’s half of him, half of Ilya.

“That he is,” Shane finally says, a small smile tugging at his lips, “Vasiliy Hollander Rozanov, remember?”

“How could I forget? You woke me up in the middle of the night with that baby book of yours to tell me.”

“Right, sorry.”

“Is okay, it suits him.”

Ilya leans in, cupping their baby’s head against his gentle hands, a soft kiss pressed to his even softer hair. Shane can only watch through his lashes, adoration blooming in his chest.

“I was thinking... We could call him ‘Iliy’ for short.” Shane says, each word slow and careful.

“Iliy?” Ilya repeats the name, sitting up straight, “Sounds too close to my name.”

“Well, yeah. That’s the point,” Shane grins, lightly nudging Ilya’s shoulder with his own.

Ilya says nothing for a long moment, but he doesn’t have to. The smile that spreads across his lips— the look in his eyes says it all. Then he leans in again, pressing yet another gentle kiss to their baby’s head.

Shane hears the name whispered against their son’s hair, said with so much love, it makes something ache within him, “Iliy...”

Vasiliy— *Iliy*— rubs his little fists against his cheeks, nuzzling his head against the warmth of Ilya’s skin.

Nothing else seems to matter.

End Notes

More to come in this series! 🤗

Thanks for reading, leaving kudos, and comments, I really appreciate it and hope you enjoyed!! ❤️

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