

Chamomiles in Bloom

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Chamomiles in Bloom

by [ImEasyEitherWay](#)

Summary

Oh, god. It was almost time. They were going to be parents soon.

OR

The future-fic where they become fathers — nay, *daddies*.

Notes

Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays!

Who's ready to go to the cottage??

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

Shane wouldn't—or couldn't—stop pacing, and Ilya was going to lose his mind.

“Shane, *please* sit. You are freaking out the nurse.” *And making me dizzy.*

“Sorry, sorry. I just—how do you think it's going?”

Ilya shrugged. “Probably fine. Why wouldn't it be fine?”

“Why—? Ilya, there's so many things that can go wrong here. They asked us to step out, that's not nothing. Did you not read the pamphlets I left for you?”

Ilya levelled Shane with a look that had the other man sighing in exasperation.

“Ilya, there's important information in those!”

“English is second language, you want me to read your pamphlets, give me Russian ones.”

The unimpressed look on Shane's face was, frankly, hilarious. “You can read English perfectly well, and we both know it.”

Ilya shrugged. “Just saying, not very inclusive of you. What kind of husband are you?”

Shane's frown melted into something soft and sappy like it did every time Ilya pulled the husband card.

“I'm serious, Ilya. What if something is going wrong?”

“Look, do you see anyone running this way? No, because nothing bad is happening. Doctor, nurse, and Michelle are all that is needed because it is *fine*.”

Shane opened his mouth to argue some more when the door opened and the nurse smiled at them. Ilya jumped to his feet, hoping he hadn't just lied to his husband.

“It's almost time, dads. You can come back in now.”

Shane let out a breath and moved to follow her into the room, and something odd happened.

Ilya just... stood there. Frozen.

Oh, god. It was almost time. They were going to be parents soon.

They had spent the last nine months preparing for this moment, and yes, he'd even read Shane's dumb pamphlets. But this was real, this was happening. Right now.

“Ilya?”

Breathing was suddenly difficult, when did that happen? He was trying to draw a full breath, but not enough air was entering his lungs.

Ilya never panicked, Russians do not do this, but he felt like maybe this was what Shane sometimes felt, when Ilya had to breathe with him and talk to him until his heart rate returned to normal.

“I—” Okay, maybe a bit of panic. “I can’t—”

Shane’s palm was warm against Ilya’s chest. “Hey, hey. You’re okay, it’s okay. Talk to me, what are you thinking?”

What was he thinking? Too much, obviously. He’d been working on this at therapy, getting out of his head and rationalizing his thoughts with logic and reason. But this, this had a grip on him, too tight to shake off or ignore.

Ilya worked to get his breathing back under control, focusing on Shane’s hands on him, his steady breaths, and the smell of his shampoo.

“Sorry,” he muttered once he could speak again. His cheeks burned with embarrassment.

“What was that about? Talk to me.” Shane was so gentle, so earnest—it made Ilya’s heart ache.

“What if—what if I’m bad at it?” His voice was small and a bit hoarse, like the fear was fighting to stay inside and strangle him.

There was a moment’s silence and Ilya watched Shane’s brow furrow, that little wrinkle appearing that Ilya loved to kiss away. “Bad at what? We’ve been to the classes, we’ve practiced everything, you’re a pro at the car seat, what—?”

Ilya shook his head, steadfastly ignoring how blurry his vision had suddenly become. “Being a dad. What if I’m... what if I’m bad at being a dad?” he finished in a whisper.

Shane’s face moved through a myriad of expressions before landing on one that Ilya didn’t want to call heartbreak, but looked an awful lot like it.

“Sweetheart...” Shane gathered Ilya into his arms and Ilya went willingly, letting his weight rest against Shane’s sturdy frame. “You’re going to be a great dad.”

“I have shitty genes, what if it’s genetic?” Ilya mumbled into Shane’s neck.

“Genetic, eh? What, are you feeling a sudden urge to become a cop and never tell our daughter you’re proud of her?”

And sure, that was part of it. Ilya had never had the best relationship with his father—it ashamed him to admit that his father having dementia had actually made Ilya fonder of him. But no, he knew he’d never, ever be the kind of parent his father was.

“No, Shane, what if... what if I—” Ilya took a deep, centering breath. He didn’t want to cry, not here. Not today. “What if I turn out like my mother?” he asked on a breath. “What if I get bad, so bad I can’t do it anymore? What if I leave her? What if I leave you?”

Shane stiffened for just a moment, before he pulled back to look Ilya in the face. “Do you want to leave us?”

God, no. “No, never, but—”

“Then, I won’t let you leave, Ilya. I’m always here for you, you know that. You can talk to me about anything you’re thinking or feeling. You’ve worked so hard on yourself, and I’m so proud of you. You have a great therapist and coping mechanisms in place, people you can turn to. You’re not alone.. We’re in this together, okay? Partners. Teammates.”

Ilya nodded, letting Shane wipe the rogue tears from his cheeks. “Teammates. We are good at that.”

Shane’s smile was blinding as he nodded, his eyes shining wetly. “The best, I think Hockey News said.”

“Pretty sure they were talking about me when they said that,” Ilya joked, trying for a smug smirk.

Shane just patted his cheek, letting the tease pass. “Sure, big guy. I’ll let you have that one because you’re crying in the hallway like a big baby.”

“I am not baby! You are—”

The same nurse from earlier poked her head out of the door. “Gentlemen, if you want to be present for the birth of your daughter, I suggest you get in here!”

The grip Shane had on Ilya’s arm turned vice-like. “You ready?”

Ilya took one more deep breath. “Ready. Let’s go meet her.”

Thirty minutes later, Ilya found himself staring at the perfect, scrunchy face of his daughter. Their daughter. His and Shane’s.

She was lying on Shane’s chest, asleep after making her way into the world screaming loud enough to wake the dead.

“Loud, just like her father,” Shane had joked through his tears.

She didn’t look like Shane, if Ilya was being honest, but he chalked that up to her being freshly born. Babies were notoriously... squishy, upon entry. But Ilya thought she was beautiful all the same.

“Congrats, dads,” the nurse, Shawna, whispered as she snuck into the room. “Michelle is doing great, I just finished checking up on her.”

Ilya made a mental note to have a fruit basket hand delivered to Michelle's front door every week for the next year to thank her for all she'd done for them. He'd throw in some good, Russian vodka as well, now that she could drink again.

"Now, have we decided on a name?"

Shane looked at Ilya and smiled, giving him a nod.

"Yes," Ilya said, clearing his throat. "Cami Hollander." He made sure to pronounce the words clearly, so there was no room for error.

"No middle name?" Shawna asked, pen poised above her clipboard.

"Yes, there's a middle name," Shane cut in before Ilya could answer.

Ilya frowned, confused. They hadn't discussed that, what—?

"Ilyinichna, please," Shane continued, looking at Ilya as he said the words. "For her father."

Fuck, Ilya really didn't want to cry again, but his vision was going blurry and his throat was closing up. There was no panic this time, only overwhelming love and gratitude for the man in front of him.

"That's perfect. I'll give you guys a bit more time before we get set up with feeding and everything, okay?" Shawna glanced at Ilya as she made to leave, putting her hand gently on his arm. "It's okay, dad. It's a hospital, crying is sometimes encouraged."

And now Ilya had to add Shawna to the fruit basket list.

"You didn't—We didn't discuss—" he stammered as the door shut and they were three once more.

"I know, but she has my last name, my DNA—she should have a part of you, too. And you a part of her."

"Hollander..." Ilya didn't know what to say. He was genuinely at a loss for words—he hated the feeling.

"Don't 'Hollander' me, Rozanov. Just say 'thank you, Shane. I love you, Shane.'"

Ilya sighed. "I love you, Shane. And I love you, Cami," he whispered, leaning down to kiss them each on the head. "We're a family," he said, in awe.

"We're a family, Ilya. You'll always have a family."

End Notes

They're girl dads, what can I say?

Cami is a play on chamomile, the national flower of Russia, and kami, which are deities, spirits, etc. in the traditional Shinto religion of Japan. I wanted something that played to both characters' backgrounds and upbringings.

Ilyinichna is the patronymic of Ilya for a daughter (according to my research, please correct me if I'm wrong!)

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