

Ring Swing

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by [Skunkatey](#)

Summary

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“Nyet, am fine.” Ilya waves Shane off with his free hand before pressing it into the mattress to balance on. “Okey, okey, now we focus.” That makes Shane laugh, his belly bouncing with the action before he’s being shushed by his husband. “Stoppit, ring won’t know if you are moving.”

Notes

Hello! please enjoy!

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

“Goodnight!” Shane giggles as he uses one arm to hug Cliff and Carey Marlow and keeps his arm locked around Ilya’s, practically holding the alpha up as they make their way out to where the uber is going to pick them up. Shane likes visiting Boston. He likes visiting Cliff and his girlfriend - *wife*, they’re married now - he likes the city in the summer and traveling with his husband. It would be easier if he wasn’t six months pregnant, well past the unsafe mark but definitely tired of lugging around his belly. It would also be easier if Ilya didn’t get absolutely *blasted* at the reception after his best man speech.

“I love Cliff,” Ilya slurs as he leans on Shane’s arm. “My best friend in the whole world. He should un-retire. Play with us. We’d be unstoppable.”

“I think he should focus on his honeymoon with his wife, Ilya.” Shane laughs at Ilya who grabs his face to turn and kiss him squarely on the lips. He tastes like beer. Shane *misses* beer. He never liked it much to begin with but since he crossed into the second trimester of his pregnancy it’s *all* he’s been craving. “And having pups of his own instead of speculating on ours.” He giggles again when Ilya kisses him again, trying to push his tongue into his mouth.

“Mmmm I think Carey is right, you know. Baby will be born on the ice. Splat.” He makes a motion like dropping something on the floor between his legs and Shane rolls his eyes, not giving his husband any kind of reaction beyond that. “Middle of game, baby on the ice.”

“I haven’t played a regulation game since I missed my period and I don’t think that’s gonna change before the baby comes.” Shane checks his phone for when the uber is going to arrive. *Not soon enough*. “Honey, I love you, but can you stand up without falling? I’m carrying your baby I don’t think making me carry you too is fair.” That makes Ilya snap upright.

“You are right, sweetheart. I should be carrying you.” He makes like he’s going to scoop Shane into his arms but Shane is just half a step quicker than him, sliding out of the way. “What?? What you don’t want me to carry you lyubov??? You do not want my love???”

“Ilya, you’re drunk. You’ll drop both of us.” Shane presses a hand firmly to Ilya’s chest, shaking his head and tucking his phone back into his pocket. “You can hold me all you want when we get back to the hotel and we’re in bed, okay?” He strokes his thumb back and forth across Ilya’s pec through his unbuttoned shirt.

“You hate me, I see.” *He’s so dramatic*.

Shane rolls his eyes and leans forward to press a firm kiss to Ilya’s lips, squeezing his pec firmly before pushing back and holding Ilya back from kissing him more.

“I love you, stop being dramatic and please get your big, drunk ass into the Uber.” The car pulls up just as he pushes Ilya gently away. “Get in the car and I’ll let you do that stupid ring thing you were talking about with St Simon.” Ilya had spent almost an hour talking to his former teammate at length about a “sure fire way to tell the baby’s gender” after Shane had revealed that they didn’t want to actually find out what they were having.

“Yay!” Ilya squeals as he almost jumps into the back of the Uber, scooting all the way in before leaning back over the seats to offer Shane his hand and help him in. He doesn’t *need* the help, of course, but he loves when his overly excited lover shows even an ounce of chivalry. Usually it’s much more than an ounce, holding doors and Shane’s hand any chance he gets.

“Keep your hands to yourself until we get to the hotel, Ilya and we can do more,” Shane murmurs into his husband’s ear once he closes the door to the SUV, kissing Ilya’s cheek and patting his leg. “You can touch my belly but that’s it. Baby has been wiggling, I think they want their papa.” Shane does grab Ilya’s hand, pressing his palm to the swell of his belly even as Ilya pouts at him. The baby kicks right under Ilya’s palm and his eyes light up and grow to the size of saucers at the sensation, distracted from his moping by the little flutters.

“Hello, malysh.” Ilya bends over the seat and presses a kiss next to his hand to which the baby responds by kicking out hard and dragging it’s foot across the wall of Shane’s belly, making it move like something is trying to burst forth from his womb the wrong way. Ilya chuckles and starts to murmur in Russian, it’s so slurred Shane can’t understand it but he can feel the love and adoration behind the words as he strokes Shane’s belly tenderly.

They stay like that, with Ilya’s hand pressed firmly to Shane’s belly and Shane’s hand tangled into his hair for the duration of the twenty minute drive to the hotel, only separating long enough to get inside and up to their room. Ilya immediately reattaches himself to Shane as soon as they’re both able to toe out of their shoes by the door, wrapping his arms around his husband’s waist and kissing his neck gently.

“I love you so much, Shane.” He kisses and nips and noses at Shane’s mating bite and wraps his hands under his belly before gently lifting it. Shane is a professional athlete, his body is very strong, but he’s also not used to carrying extra weight around one hundred percent of the time. So when Ilya so gingerly lifts his belly after Shane has been on his feet for way too long and he feels all of that extra weight lift off of his back and hips he just sighs and turns to press his nose into Ilya’s hair.

“I love you too.” He murmurs, nipping and kissing Ilya’s neck softly. “Do you still wanna do the ring thing?” He asks softly into Ilya’s skin, closing his eyes as he feels Ilya start to rock them side to side, shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

“In a second.” Ilya’s lips press into his shoulder as he continues to rock from foot to foot. “I want to stay here and hold my loves a moment longer.”

“Romantic.” Shane chuckles, resting one hand over Ilya’s on his belly and bringing the other up to cup his head. “This feels so good.” Ilya doesn’t stop the rocking motion as he kisses up Shane’s neck to his ear.

“I know. You looked so nice tonight at the wedding you deserve a treat.” That makes Shane scoff.

“I’m not the one in an Armani suit.” He pinches Ilya’s hand gently. “I’m ready to get out of these shoes though, can I please go lay down and you can do the ring thing and then cuddle me all night?”

“Okay, okay, because you are so pretty and so pregnant.” He nips Shane’s neck gingerly before kissing behind his ear and letting his belly and the baby settle back into their natural position. “Go lay on the bed. I do the thing.”

“Take your clothes off, you got beer spilled all over you, remember?” This might be a hotel, but Shane will *not* allow his husband to get into their *shared bed* with beer-stained clothes. “No funny business, Ilya. Clothes off, down to your underwear before you touch the bed.”

“Even socks?”

“Yes, Ilya. Take your socks off, they stink.” His pregnancy has made his sense of smell almost as strong as when he’s in heat, he can smell *everything* all the time. It’s disgusting. The wedding had been overwhelming every single one of his senses. “And put them in your suitcase, please.” He doesn’t want their hotel room smelling like feet the last three days that they’re on this trip together.

“Okey, bossy, jeez.” Ilya puts his hands up before he sits at the desk to remove his socks. Shane takes the opportunity of not having his husband attached to him to strip out of his clothes, stuffing them into the plastic bag that has been acting like the dirty clothes hamper for the week.

“You like it,” Shane groans as he is finally able to lay down in bed, dressed in nothing but his briefs and belly, sat up against the headboard in the only comfortable position he’s been able to be in since his belly really popped. “Okay c’mere, what’re you gonna do to me?” He motions to Ilya as he starts taking his necklace off, holding it up by the orthodox cross before he slips his wedding ring onto the chain.

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“Sure, okay, I’ll stop moving.” Shane rolls his eyes and takes a slow breath as he stares at the ring. It takes Ilya a moment to settle himself and get the ring to stop swinging but once everything is set Shane can start to see it swing slightly back and forth in relatively straight lines across his belly. “No cheating, Ilya, you can’t make it swing the way you want it to!” He knows his husband is *itching* for a daughter, Shane is pretty sure he doesn’t care either way, as long as his baby is healthy he’ll be happy.

“Not cheating! Is doing that on it’s own!” Ilya argues and makes a move that has the ring swinging a little bit more wildly. “Ugh look now you make me mess it up!” He gathers up the

chain and ring into his hand, making a face at his husband before Shane is reaching his hand out to him.

“Let me do it. So I know you’re not cheating.” He makes a grabby motion for the necklace and loops it around his finger once Ilya deposits it into his palm. “Don’t go around telling people we’re doing this either. I don’t want people to start getting us gendered baby stuff.” He’s been *very* particular about keeping the nursery and everything for the baby neutral, wanting to focus more on the excitement of *having* the baby than anything else.

“Me? Tell people? *Never.*”

“*Always.* You nearly spilled to Troy four times before we were even sure I was actually pregnant,” Shane scoffs before lifting the ring over his own belly. “Now don’t move, you’re gonna make it swing if you move the bed.” Ilya holds his breath, definitely not something he needs to do to make sure the bed doesn’t move but Shane isn’t going to call him on it. He just stares at the ring until it starts to swing back and forth across his belly again, diagonally this time and Shane can almost tell that that’s now the baby is laying in his belly from the shape of it. “What? No.” He stops the swinging with his free hand, getting it to still before watching it swing that same direction again, back and forth, diagonally across his belly.

“Ah you see? Girl.” Shane stops the swinging again, switches hands and holds the ring a little bit higher. It does it again, swinging ever so slightly, diagonally, across his belly.

“Sweetheart, I don’t think you need to keep trying,” Ilya laughs as he takes the ring back from Shane.

Okay, so *maybe* Shane had been hoping for a boy. He knows how to handle boys, he knows he can take it. A girl though... That’s uncharted territory for Shane, even after babysitting for the Pikes for years he has no idea what to do with a girl.

“How did it do that?” Shane watches his husband slip his wedding band back on his finger and latch the necklace around his neck, still laying on top of the blankets, confused by it all.

“Magic,” Ilya slurs as he gets under the blankets, curling himself up to lay his head on Shane’s belly, feeling his *daughter* press her little hands against his face. “Princess.” Shane can’t help his fond sigh as he pulls his husband off his belly for a second so he can get himself under the blankets and get situated for sleep.

“Y’know, I... I was thinking about names?” Shane starts quietly, the idea out as slowly as it had formed when he first started showing any kind of baby bump. “If... If it *is* a girl I really like the name Rhiannon.” He’s not going to take a wife’s tale at its word but this little thing has given him an ounce of bravery.

“Rhiannon,” Ilya repeats slowly, the name coming out slowly as Shane feels the baby kick her feet out in time with her hands stretching long in his belly in a way that’s almost painful. “I think she likes that.” Ilya turns to kiss Shane’s bump, stroking his hand over it in slow, purposeful motions. “Mmmm what about Dasha?”

“Dasha...” Shane tastes the name slowly, repeating it to really feel it in his mouth and shrugging. It’s a good name. “Does it mean something?” He keeps running his hand through

Ilya's hair, savoring the way the curls feel between his fingers.

"God's gift." Ilya kisses the belly again and Shane feels his eyes burn a little bit. "She is eh... What is it called? Baby after miscarriage?" That makes Shane actually start crying, the tears falling quietly, only a few as he tries to bend down to kiss his husband's hair.

"She's our rainbow baby." His voice is thick and Ilya snaps his head up, eyes sparkling with tears as he presses in close enough to kiss Shane over his belly.

"Mmmm rainbow baby." He presses his forehead to Shane's still stroking his belly before pressing his hands into the mattress on either side of his hips and just hovering over him.

"She is God's gift after so much hurt."

"She is." Shane can't stop his pout as he pulls Ilya down for another kiss, wiping both of their tears gingerly when they separate. "Our little Dasha."

End Notes

Stay tuned next week to see if Ilya was Correct!

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