

All Natural Hat Trick

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All Natural Hat Trick

by [Skunkatey](#)

Summary

“Is this a good thing? You’re acting crazy.” Ilya starts slowly, his hand resting on Shane’s hip.

“I think it is. I think it’s a really good thing.” Shane turns to wrap himself around Ilya, holding him close and pressing his nose into his husband’s scent gland. This would be a good thing.

Notes

This is for Pregnant Shane Week!

Excited to be writing it and finally have this out in the world!

That being said I do not accept critiques and am not afraid to delete fics!

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

“Dash! Slow down, baby!” Shane has been chasing his daughter around on the ice all morning. She’s so much faster than he ever was at her age. She’s four. She has no business being this coordinated on the ice. “Wait for mama Rhiannon!” Now, he’s not out of shape, he recovered really well after his pregnancy with his daughter, but he has been chasing a six-year-old and a four-year-old at the same time all evening, he’s tired and every part of him is aching like he played thirty minutes of playoff ice time.

“Mama catch me!” Dash doesn’t seem to understand how much Shane needs her to stop skating off. She’s giggling and smiling as wide as she can. Shane can’t be upset. She looks so cute with her chubby cheeks squished even bigger with that smile.

“Dasha! Дай своей маме передохнуть!” “Dasha! Give your mom a break!” Ilya comes to save the day, scooping Rhiannon up in his arms with a squeal from her as he kisses her cheeks. “Маме нужен перерыв.” “Mom needs a break.” Shane chuckles as he skates up to both of them, panting softly as he bumps into his husband to stop.

“You’re so fast, my baby. You gotta slow down a little, okay? You can get hurt if you go too fast and mama and papa aren’t there to catch you.” He adjusts her little helmet, making sure it’s sitting right on her head before skating back a few strides.

“Okay, mama.” She tucks her chin, sheepishness clear in the way she pouts at them. Shane sighs and feels something in his chest squeeze and his throat tighten up. He frowns softly and reaches out to scoop his daughter into his arms and kiss her cheek.

“I just wanna make sure you’re safe, my baby.” He kisses her again, and squeezes her again, fighting the way his eyes are starting to burn with tears. “Cause I love you so much, my baby, I don’t wanna see you get hurt.” He always cries when he thinks about his babies getting hurt, anyone who really loved their children would cry at the thought of their kids getting into accidents.

“I’m sorry, mama.” Dasha pulls back to place her hands on Shane’s face, holding his cheeks before leaning forward and pecking Shane on the lips and wrapping her arms around his neck in a tight hug. “I’s jus’ havin’ fun.”

“I know, my baby, but you don’t know how to stop yet.” He chuckles and turns his head to kiss her shoulder gently, scenting her as he starts to skate toward the doors of the rink. “Now let’s take a break, okay? Mama’s feet hurt.” They’ve been hurting more than usual lately, not fitting into his shoes as well. As a matter of fact, he’s been gaining a little bit of weight too, which isn’t surprising, he no longer has such a bad relationship with food. He’ll eat what he wants and isn’t so diligent at counting his macros as he once might have been, often just having whatever dinner the kids are also having which is, more often than not, Mac and cheese and Dino nuggets.

“You okay, lyubov?” Ilya skates up behind him as Shane exits the ice with Dash, leaning on the boards as he watches them go.

“Yeah, just need a breather. My back and feet are killing me.” Shane sets Dash down next to him on the bench, bending down to start unlacing his skates and peeling them off his feet. “Jesus, these things are fitting so bad, I didn't think my feet changed *that* much since having Dash.”

“Maybe you’re just getting old, mm? Getting your old man feet,” Ilya teases as he leans his elbows on the boards, looking Shane up and down as he brings his right foot up onto his left knee to start massaging the sole gently.

“I’m not that much older than you,” Shane scoffs as he kneads his thumb along his instep and the pads of his toes gingerly. “I might call it a day for skating, give myself some rest.”

“You sure you’re okay, miliy? You’ve been getting so tired lately.” Ilya doesn’t move from where he’s standing next to the door, tilting his head as he keeps eyeing Shane. The scratch of another pair of skates joining them at the boards brings Shane’s attention up to his son, as he runs into the boards harder than he really should have. “Спокойно, Сейка, ты навредишь себе.” “Calm down, Seyka, you’ll hurt yourself.”

“Я в порядке, папа. Ты в порядке, мама?” “I’m okay, Dad. Are you okay, Mom?” Lee tilts his head the same way Ilya does and Shane can’t help his smile.

“Я в порядке, Сейка, вы оба перестаете так сильно беспокоиться обо мне.” “I’m okay, Seyka, you both stop worrying about me so much.” He goes back to untying his left skate, dropping it on the ground and flexing his toes before going to rub at the bottom of his foot with his thumb.

“Ты пахнешь по-другому, мама.” “You smell different, Mom.” Shane thinks he’s probably just sweaty, they’ve been skating for hours to get some of the kids’ energy out before bed so he’s been moving and getting himself just as worn out.

“О? Как я пахну, Сейка?” “Oh? How do I smell, Seyka?” Shane laughs as he leans on his knee, watching his son who is barely able to hook his arms over the boards enough to hang by them.

“Ты пахнешь так же, как когда у тебя была Даша.” “You smell the same as when you had Dasha.” The statement makes Shane stop massaging, sitting up a little bit straighter and pinching his brow together as he stares at his son.

“What?” He’s not... one hundred percent sure he understands what Yelisey just said. “What did you say, Seyka?”

“You smell like you did when you had Dasha.” Yelisey repeats himself in English and Shane feels his head start to swim. He smells... pregnant. Pregnant? No. He can’t be. Ilya got a vasectomy. Shane has been taking his birth control *religiously*. It’s been four years since Shane drove Ilya to get snipped. There’s *no* way he's pregnant *now*.

“That’s... not possible, Seyka.” Shane shakes his head, going back to massaging his feet. “Your dad got a vasectomy, I can’t get pregnant anymore.”

“Okay.” Lee shrugs and drums his feet against the boards before letting himself fall back to the ice and glides off, leaving Shane and Ilya staring after him with dumbfounded looks on their faces.

“We should get a test on the way home.” Ilya speaks quickly and Shane dumbly nods, blinking slow as he feels his heart start to beat a little bit faster in his chest and the world tilting just a little bit around him.

“Yeah...” Shane barely answers, not moving as he stares at the boards and wonders *how* in the *world* he could’ve gotten pregnant *four years* after Ilya’s vasectomy. His symptoms are making sense, unfortunately. The aches and pains, the weight gain, how run down he’s been feeling, his lack of energy. A month ago he’d been violently sick for a week straight and had blamed it on Dash, who’d been throwing up for days before he even kind of started to feel sick.

“Shane.” Ilya’s hand is in his hair, giving it a tug and pulling his attention back to him. “You’re spiraling. Relax. You might not be pregnant.” The hand pulling his hair changes to soothing over his scalp instead, gently kneading back and forth across his skin and Shane leans into it. “Could be nothing, maybe your heat is coming.” He is due for one soon.

“Yeah... yeah maybe it’s just my heat...” He’s not a hundred percent convinced, that ebb of anxiety still churning away inside him as he turns to mindlessly start to help Dash get her skates off. “Seyka! Come on, let’s wrap up, bud!”

“Aw, I wanna skate some more!” Yelisey whines as he circles just behind Ilya, pouting at his parents.

“Мы закончили, Сейка. Не спорь со своей матерью!” “We’re done, Seyka. Don’t argue with your mother!” Ilya barks, his voice coming out stern and firm in a way that gets Yelisey to drop his shoulders and skate to the door, a petulant little frown on his face. “Я так и думал. Помоги своей сестре с ее обувью, пожалуйста.” “I thought so. Help your sister with her shoes, please.” Shane is already shuffling through the bag they put all their shoes in when his son comes and take his sister’s in hand, helping her put the pink sparkly sneakers on one foot at a time.

Shane is barely able to get his own sneakers on, hands feeling numb as his heart continues to hammer in his chest. His throat feels tight as he sits up and presses both his hands to his knees, staring at the spot where the boards meet the floor but unable to focus on anything at all. He feels sick, anxiety bubbling up his throat with that sickly bile sensation burning at every part of his throat.

“Shanya.” Ilya presses his fingers into Shane’s scent gland, his thumb digging in hard as he pinches, a warning that he’s starting to smell like cyanide. “It’s okay. Deep breath, my love. We don’t know yet.”

“Ilya, my symptoms are saying otherwise.” Shane is trying to keep his voice from shaking as he turns to press into his husband’s hand. It’s all too much like his second pregnancy. The way his body behaved with the very beginnings of each pregnancy has always been

consistent. With Violet, with Magnolia, with Seyka, and Dash, they were all the same. “We need to take you to the doctor, make sure your vasectomy didn’t fail.”

“Okay, we can go tomorrow, my love. And take you too. But for now let’s go home, we can grab you a test on the way.” Ilya’s hand comes up to drag through Shane’s hair, scratching his scalp tenderly to try to calm him down more. “We get confirmation tomorrow and then we figure out what we want to do.”

“We should get a couple.” Shane finishes tying his shoes, bending down and out of Ilya’s touch before turning to scoop Dash into his arms. “And—” He stops and bites his lips together for a second, not wanting to admit that he wants something sweet. “Something to feel better.”

“Okay. How about I take us home and you run out while I put them to bed?” Ilya stands back, somehow already changed into his shoes with the bag of skates slung over his shoulder with his free hand holding Yelisey’s.

“Okay. Yeah, or... I might just DoorDash what I need.” He doesn’t want to go out. Not at the beginning of the season when he’s got eyes on him again in a way he hasn’t for a few years. He wants to stay at home, curled up with his husband and his pups and he wants *so* desperately for things not to change. His life is good now, his two kids are fantastic, he’s not... sure he can handle another baby, really.

He feels numb as they go to the car, a million questions running in his mind as he buckles Dash into her car seat, taking his hoodie off and draping it over her legs to keep her warm as they make the drive. His mind is swimming with thoughts of what kind of risks he would have if he *is* pregnant. He’s thirty-seven. It’s not the ideal age to be having a baby at. Not to mention four previous pregnancies, two to term, raised risk for a *slew* of issues as a result.

The radio getting cut shocks Shane out of his lists of risks and worries and he looks up from the dashboard in front of him to see they’ve made it home. Ilya is reaching across the center console to cup the back of Shane’s head, kneading his neck tenderly before scenting his wrist against his husband’s cheek.

“We’re home, my love. Let’s get the kiddos in, mm?” Shane takes a slow, deep breath, nodding and unbuckling his seatbelt. When he opens the door next to Dash’s car seat she’s passed out, face pressed into the side of the car seat and drool seeping into the fabric. Shane smiles and hums as he starts to undo her buckles and straps, bringing her into his arms with a quiet shush when she starts to stir a little bit. He lays his head against her as he feels her weight on his chest, she’s getting so big now, he feels a little bit of that ache in his chest that comes with missing when she was really little. He turns to kiss her cheek as he unlocks the front door and lets Ilya in first with the bag. Yelisey is also asleep in his husband’s arms, his cute little head laid on Ilya’s shoulders and his arms hanging loose at his sides. Getting the kids back up for a shower is gonna suck a little bit.

Shane sighs once they’re in, taking Dash to her room and setting her on the bed gently.

“Dasha, baby, we gotta get ready for bed.” He runs his hand through the hair falling into her face, pushing it back and massaging her head gently. Her face scrunches up when one of her

curls tickles her nose and she whines as her eyes blink half open. “Hey, my baby. We gotta brush teeth and wash up.”

“Mmmm...” She whines, pushing herself into Shane’s hand and reaching out to try to hug him. “I don’t wanna mama.” Her voice sounds wet in that way it gets when she’s tired.

“We gotta, baby, you’re gonna be all stinky if you don’t.” He chuckles and starts to help her get her jacket unzipped. “Come on, Dash, we just gotta brush teeth and do a sink bath okay?” One night without an actual shower will be fine.

“Mkay...” Dash grumbles as she lets Shane lift her up and carry her to the bathroom. She doesn’t help him at all as he undresses her and gives her a very quick scrub down with a washcloth on the edge of the sink. She gets whiny when he tries to brush her teeth and he gets as far as touching the toothpaste to her lips before she starts to cry so he gives up, getting her dressed in fresh pajamas and curled up in bed with the plush polar bear Wyatt gave her for her birthday this year. He gives her head a little kiss, lamenting not being able to braid her hair before bed and goes to check on Ilya and Yelisey.

The shower in the master bedroom is running and Ilya is getting pajamas out of their son’s dresser in his room, so Shane is comfortable with the end of night headcount. He lets out a slow sigh and comes to lean against Ilya’s back, to try to get himself to stop feeling so wired with anxiety.

“She go down easy?” Ilya asks without turning away from the dresser, still rifling through the drawer with the pajamas in it.

“Without brushing her teeth, yeah.” Shane grumbles and straightens up, taking a slow breath before trying to force Ilya to face him with a pair of hands on his shoulders. “I’m so scared, Ilya.”

“What for, miliy? You know you don’t have to have another baby if you don’t think you can handle it.” Ilya lets himself be turned, lifting one hand to wrap around shane’s shoulders and hold him close. “Let’s not think too hard about what we’re going to do until we find out if you *are* pregnant. You might not be. Seyka said he smelled hot dogs yesterday when there were no hot dogs, his nose isn’t so good.”

“I know, I know but my symptoms are... like I’m gaining weight, my back’s been aching a lot, I was sick—”

“Okay, okay.” Ilya squeezes Shane before pulling back to hold his arms and rub his hands up and down slowly. “Okay, my love. Let’s get you the tests and *then* we start making our plans, okay?” Shane takes another slow, deep breath, nodding and swallowing thickly. He doesn’t want to be this scared of a baby. A baby wouldn’t be the end of the world, it would just be a new challenge.

“Okay, yeah, you’re right I’m getting ahead of things.” He brings his hands up to rub his own face, sighing again before shaking his arms out and rolling his shoulders back. “You mind if I shower after Seyka? I feel disgusting.”

“Yeah, do whatever you need, my love. I’ll put the order in mm? You want the usual tests you get? Anything else you need?” Ilya lifts an eyebrow, looking down at Shane in a way that makes him blush sheepishly.

“Can you get me cookie dough ice cream? And Oreos?” He keeps his voice low so their son doesn’t hear his request.

“Not just Oreo ice cream? *Wow* you really must be pregnant.” That makes Shane roll his eyes as he steps back and goes to their bedroom. He trades places with Yelisey as he shuffles half awake out of the bathroom with his father’s too-big robe draped around his shoulders, stopping just long enough for Shane to kiss his cheek and wish him goodnight.

When he strips out of his clothes he checks himself in the mirror, looking over his body with a level of scrutiny he hasn’t used in a long time. He’s bigger than he’d once been, his chest a little bit softer and face rounder than his younger years but he’s no less strong with firm muscle beneath the layer of fat he’s accumulated. Except his middle. It’s a little bit rounder than it should be and when he turns to the side it’s sticking out more than he expects it to be. He cups his hand around it as he stares in the mirror, trying to rationalize that no, it’s not a baby, he just ate too much at the team dinner and his stomach is distended from that.

The door opens behind him and Ilya steps in, holding his phone up before striding over to lay his hands on Shane’s hips. Shane can see in the mirror how Ilya’s eyes roam over him, taking in every inch of him slowly until they land on his stomach where his hands still rest.

“You know...” Ilya starts slowly, bending to rest his chin on Shane’s shoulder before kissing his neck. “A baby wouldn’t be so bad, I don’t think.” He cups his hand over Shane’s thumbing at his stomach in slow, mesmerizing circles. “I’ve missed having a baby in the house.” Shane just stares at the mirror, watches Ilya stroke his stomach, pretending that his mate is pregnant before they have proof. He *does* miss being pregnant sometimes. He’s thought about maybe getting pregnant again, maybe stopping his birth control. But he’s never been brave enough to do it, usually because the decision not to is preceded by one of his two current children having a meltdown.

“Yeah?” He does miss having a little baby, a wiggly, squirmy little lovebug that will sleep on his chest all day and squeal and belly laugh and the little pitter patter of tubby baby hands and knees crawling around the house. “Let’s not decide until we know.” He lays his head back against his husband, turning to look Ilya in the face and pucker his lips, wordlessly asking for the kiss that comes. “Let me shower, according to your son I stink.”

“Mmmno according to my son you smell delicious.” Ilya hums as he pecks Shane’s lips again, kissing from his lips to his neck where he pauses to nip gently at his bond mark. “I agree, you do smell pregnant actually. Like milky, sweet, marzipan.” He buries his nose into Shane’s neck, inhaling deeply before pulling back. “Oh my god you smell pregnant.” Shane’s frown deepens and he looks at his husband with his brows pinching together.

“How long until the order gets delivered?” Ilya pulls his phone from his pocket and sets it on the counter, tapping the screen awake to see the timing for the delivery.

“Ten minutes. Enough time for a shower.” Ilya kisses his neck and Shane just stares at the phone on the countertop, watching the car driving across the screen toward the house. He can take ten minutes to forget the impending change in his life. He can forget for ten minutes. He’ll be fine.

Shane sighs and tears his eyes away from his husband’s phone, looking at them in the mirror again. Ilya is kissing and nuzzling at his neck gingerly, humming as he cups the underside of Shane’s stomach. It doesn’t take much for Shane to worm his way out of his husband’s hands and get himself in the shower. He takes his time, really cleaning himself diligently just to eat up the minutes, distracting himself with the soothingly warm water and repetitive motions of scrubbing away the dirt of the day.

When he can no longer rationalize standing under the spray he turns the water off, shaking his head out once the shower stops and flicking water off his hands before grabbing the spa-soft towel from the hook by the shower door. He comes back into the bedroom to find his husband laying in bed, looking handsome as he lounges lazily against the pillows.

“How was your shower?” Ilya doesn’t look up from whatever email he’s typing as Shane dresses himself, throwing on a pair of pajama pants that he’s pretty sure were Ilya’s at some point.

“Not enough.” He still feels wrong. Like he isn’t himself. He lays on the other side of the bed, pulling back the sheets and rolling to snuggle against his husband. “Can you touch me?” He doesn’t want anything sexual. He just wants to feel some kind of touch other than his own hands for a little bit.

“My needy omega, always begging to be touched.” Ilya understands, wraps an arm around his husband and pulls him closer, kissing Shane’s head as he lays it on Ilya’s chest. “I’ll touch you all you want.” Ilya moves his hand to cup Shane’s side, dragging his fingers in slow, purposeful circles across Shane’s skin in a way that leaves goose bumps in their wake. A pleased shiver rolls through Shane’s spine and he hums low, letting his eyes drift closed as he melts into Ilya’s touch, turning to press a kiss to his chest. “This good?”

Shane hums wordlessly, feeling the day starting to catch up to him as he melts further into the bed. He could fall asleep here, wrapped in his husband’s arms, as if there isn’t anything in the world to worry about anymore. He stifles a yawn, fighting the sleepiness in his lids as he lays tiredly against him. He feels good and soft, returning to himself with each stroke of Ilya’s hands across his skin.

“Don’t fall asleep just yet my love.” Ilya murmurs tenderly into Shane’s hair, scratching his back gently. “You should take the tests before you go to sleep.” Shane whines and takes a slow breath, lifting his head off Ilya’s chest to look him in the eye.

“Are you sure we can handle another baby?” He feels too old for another baby. Like he won’t be able to give as much of himself to his child as he was able to with his other children.

“I think we can.” Ilya shrugs, still petting Shane’s skin in slow, delicate movements. “Is scary, sure, but I don’t think it would be terrible. We know what we’re doing now, I think we can handle it just fine,” Ilya chuckles as he moves his hand to cup his husband’s chin

tenderly. “The bag with the tests is in the kitchen. You want ice cream before or after you piss in a cup?”

“After. This sucks a little bit.” Shane leans his head into Ilya’s palm, tipping his head to the side so he can kiss him. “I love you. Thank you for talking me down.”

“Any time, my anxious baby.” Ilya smiles down at him and squeezes Shane’s chin gently. “Go pee, I’ll get your ice cream all soft for you.” Ilya leans down to kiss Shane’s lips, pecking him once then twice before patting his back gently. “Go, go lazy.”

“Okay, I’m going.” Shane laughs as he pushes himself up, giving Ilya another kiss before leaving the bed to grab the pregnancy tests from the kitchen. He rifles through the cabinets for a red solo cup and locks himself in the downstairs guest bathroom. In the silence accompanying peeing in a cup Shane feels himself starting to get nervous again. He’s almost forty. His labor with Rhiannon had been long and hard. Could he do that again? It’s been almost four and a half years since then too, will his body be conditioned enough to have an easier time? Not to mention he’d be pregnant all through the season, Seyka and Dash would have birthdays while he’s pregnant. Could he handle a five-year-old and a seven-year-old alone while heavily pregnant? He had a hard enough time with Seyka while pregnant with Rhiannon.

He finishes and sets the cup on the floor next to the toilet, staring at the floor for a second before getting the test unwrapped and open. He holds it in the cup for a second, watching as it soaks into the stick before capping it again and setting it aside. He stands and cleans up before grabbing the test, turning it upside down so he doesn’t look at it before he gets to Ilya.

“Hey, all done?” Ilya coos from his place in the kitchen where he’s got two bowls of ice cream made up with two Oreos each.

“Yeah.” Shane holds the test up, still covering the result window. “Just gotta wait now.” He sets it on the countertop face down and takes the bowl Ilya nudges toward him. “I’m so fucking scared Ilya.”

“Jeez I leave you alone for five minutes and you spiral again.” Ilya teases as he comes over to scruff Shane gently, digging his fingers into his scent gland. “Is okay, whatever you’re scared of, my love, we’ll be okay.” Ilya lays against Shane’s back, wrapping his arms around his waist.

“What if... what if I have a harder time this time with-with the kids? And what if I... what if I have a harder time with the birth? Dash was so rough, what if it’s even harder this time?” He’s rambling and ranting but he’s *so* scared, he can’t help it.

“Sweetheart, slow down. Remember what your doctor said? Every baby it gets easier.” Ilya kisses Shane’s neck gently, kissing and nipping at his scent gland to try to get him to calm down.

“I don’t think it counts if the first baby was a fetal ejection, Ilya. I had such a hard time with Rhiannon.”

“But you did it by yourself. You did so good, my love.” Ilya keeps kissing him, stroking him gingerly to try to keep him calm. “I think you can do it, Shanyechka. But if you *really* don’t think you can do it we can go to a clinic.” That makes Shane feel worse; his stomach turns a little bit and he nudges the ice cream away.

“I... maybe.” He’s not sure he can go through with an abortion. “I mean... maybe it won’t be so hard. It could be fine. Maybe I’m freaking out over nothing. Maybe I’m not even pregnant and just mirroring Troy’s scent right now.”

“Yeah, who knows.” Ilya shrugs and kisses Shane again before standing upright and shuffling back to his own bowl of ice cream. “Here, let me look, maybe you’re not—” He flips the test over and stops, staring at the screen with a serious face before turning it to show Shane.

Pregnant.

“Fuck off.” Shane snatches the test out of Ilya’s hand and shakes it as if that would change anything. “No fucking way.” He shakes it again, staring hard at the screen before dropping it on the countertop. “Oh my god.” Something in him feels... lighter knowing this now.

“Hey. It’s okay.” Ilya starts, shoving the rest away from Shane before he reaches out to snatch it off the table. He flips it over and keeps staring at the positive result.

“Yeah... yeah it’s okay.” He taps the test on the counter a couple of times before taking a slow breath. “It’s okay. Your... your vasectomy failed and I’m pregnant again.” He sighs and takes another slow breath, nodding before a smile starts to tug at his lips. “I’m pregnant again.” He chuckles and feels a sparkle in his chest as he rubs his face. “I’m pregnant again.” He can’t stop saying it, staring at the test in his hand and laughing almost manically.

“Is this a good thing? You’re acting crazy.” Ilya starts slowly, his hand resting on Shane’s hip.

“I think it is. I think it’s a really good thing.” Shane turns to wrap himself around Ilya, holding him close and pressing his nose into his husband’s scent gland. This *would* be a good thing. A baby is a good thing.

End Notes

I'm so emotional to finally be able to introduce the youngest Hollanovling(s) to the family!
Keep an eye out later for their ultrasound and the discovery that they're twins!

As always Comments and Kudos are appreciated!

I'm not looking for critiques or wise-ass comments! I'm not afraid to delete fics!

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