Five Times Ilya Thought Of Having A Baby With Shane

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Five Times Ilya Thought Of Having A Baby With Shane

by Amee19

Summary

Five times Ilya thought of having a baby with Shane + one time Shane talked about having a baby with Ilya

Notes

Thank you guys so much for the positive response to my last fic 🥰❤️🥰

So here I am again with more Mpreg. I wrote this in twelve hours because today was my day off and I had nothing to do 😅

I hope you guys will enjoy this story as well ❤️ Please let me know what you guys think ❤️ comments and kudos make my day❤️

Enjoy ❤️

I

Although it would take years for Ilya to acknowledge it, even more so to admit it out loud, the first time he thinks of having a baby with Shane is embarrassingly soon.

The first time they meet in that fucking Saskatchewan parking lot.

It's stupid; he doesn't know at this point if Hollander is an omega as every player is on scent blockers through the tournament. He doesn't even like the Canadian anyway!

He just thinks his freckles are adorable and would be even more cute on a baby.

More preferably a baby that looks like him.

Or rather maybe a mix of them both.

Maybe his curls and Hollander's freckles.

Yeah…

They would make cute babies.

But then Hollander declares he has to go so they shake hands and Ilya kinda wants to slap himself.

It's so fucking stupid!

They're rivals.

They're going to play against each other during the finale.

It's not the time or the place to imagine having babies with Hollander!

Or ever!

Fuck off!

Maybe it's the fucking blockers fucking up with his system.

Yeah.

That must be it.

The thought comforts him for a moment that day. Then, the next day, when he finds himself watching the Canadian team practice, he tells himself again it must be the blockers but it doesn't sound so true anymore.

Even less so later the same day when he looks up during practice and he sees Hollander up there in the stands.

Maybe Hollander's own blockers are messing him up too.

Fucking shitty Canadian blockers!

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They beat Canada, obviously, but Ilya has to admit Hollander is good. Very good. Not as good as him of course but very good still!

It leads him to wonder that if they ended up having babies just how fucking amazing those kids would be! They would grow up to be legends! They would beat every record in the league! They would-

Fuck!

He's got to stop thinking about this.

At least, the tournament is over which means no more stupid Canadian blockers fucking him up!

II

Six months later, they meet again at the draft. Ilya is picked first, of course, and Hollander gets second place which clearly pisses him off, only making Ilya's victory taste even sweeter.

They don't talk, only smiling for the hundreds of cameras being pushed into their faces but then that night, his steps lead him to the gym where Hollander is already on the stationary bike so what is Ilya supposed to do but sit down on the bike next to him.

They don't need words.

They ride until they're both breathless and their thighs are burning. The air smells like sweat but underneath it, Ilya can clearly make out Hollander's scent now that they're not on blockers and there's no crowd around them to dilute it.

An omega's scent.

And somehow, it's exactly what Ilya had expected; something fresh and cool that surprises a little at first. Nothing too sweet like those fake omega perfumes every store is selling, pretending it's the real deal.

They always reminded Ilya of candies, nothing to be turned on by.

But Hollander…

Hollander smells like icy mint gum.

Ilya's favorite gum flavor.

It's all he can focus on once they've stepped off the bikes and sat down facing each other. They talk about Boston and Montreal and about seeing each other often but then Hollander's eyes drift down to Ilya's lap who smirks and spreads his legs wider.

Ilya loves a good game so if Hollander wants to play, then they will play.

It won't lead anywhere, not tonight at least, but if the way Hollander tries to conceal his smile when Ilya winks at him, then next time they see each other might end up quite differently.

In the elevator back to his room, he comes across one of the players he has seen earlier at the draft ceremony. He's with his wife who is obviously very pregnant, looking like she could go into labor any moment now.

His mind drifts back to Hollander and Ilya pictures him just as heavily pregnant as the woman, his belly rounded up with a freckled baby that would inherit their hockey skills.

If it's the image he jerks off to in the shower, that's no one's business but his.

It's only when he lies down in bed though that he realizes that this time, there's no shitty quality Canadian scent blockers to blame.

The fantasy is entirely from his own imagination.

He's so fucking fucked!

III

The next time doesn't happen before a few more years although a lot of things happen in between.

He suggests to CCM to have him and Hollander do a photoshoot together, not because he misses him no matter what a tiny voice in the back of his mind keeps telling him.

Then, they share a moment in the showers which confirms Hollander is into him if the way he keeps staring and even gets hard just looking at him is anything to go by.

It all leads them to meet in Hollander's room that night and despite having no experience with men, Hollander's mouth is just as good as his slapshot although Ilya would never admit so out loud. He's not one to be outdone though so he reciprocates, swallowing when Hollander ends up coming embarrassingly fast before flopping down beside him in bed.

It's quick and practical; they both get each other off, no strings attached, no feelings.

However, now that Ilya has had a taste of Hollander, he can't get him out of his head, not that he truly could before anyway.

He wants to see him again, he wants to do more with Hollander. He wants to hear the sounds Hollander makes when he's got something in his ass, he wants to feel him clench around his cock.

He must be heavenly warm and tight and the most feral part of Ilya's brain is glad Hollander told him it had been his first time with a man because if someone else had gotten to feel this before him…

But no one did and Ilya is going to fucking ruin Hollander for everyone else! No one is going to make him feel as good as Ilya is planning to.

They meet again seven months later at the All Stars Game in Nashville but they don't get to much more that time because of Scott fucking Hunter.

Ilya promises himself to break all of his old, creaky bones and force him into a well overdue retirement next time Boston plays against New York.

But the night isn't entirely lost though.

He and Hollander still get each other off, they plan to meet in Montreal two weeks later while they trade numbers under the names of Jane and Lily.

Then the problems start.

The game in Montreal is canceled because of a fucking snowstorm and even though he ends up spending the night with Svetlana and it's great, it doesn't scratch that itch that has made itself home underneath Ilya's skin since the first time he kissed Hollander.

They meet in Vegas on the hotel rooftop but it turns into an argument and a desperate kiss that doesn't fix much but just enough for Hollander to reply to him later that summer when he asks him if he's still mad at him.

They're not back to where they were before but he will take that small victory.

Ilya wonders if Hollander thinks he's going to get tired and give up because if that's what he expects, then he's in for a big surprise!

Ilya has nothing against a little chase, especially if the reward is Hollander.

So he persists and spends the next two seasons suggestively texting him, from the shittiest innuendos he can think of to straight out sending him a dick pic one night he felt particularly cocky.

Hollander's answers might not be overexciting but he keeps answering him so Ilya will take that small victory.

Baby steps.

Then, during a round of playoffs opposing Montreal and Boston, Ilya decides it's time.

Hollander is nothing if not competitive so he knows exactly what to say.

He offers Hollander a deal.

If Boston beats Montreal, then Ilya gets to finally fuck him next fall.

And what do I get if Montreal wins?

Ilya smirks when he sees Hollander's answer.

Same thing 😘

Hollander replies in his own way.

A few days later, Boston defeats Montreal at the seventh game so all the players end up lined up on the ice to shake hands.

It pains Ilya to admit it but Montreal really did play a good round this time, and not just Hollander so his smile is sincere when he shakes their hands. Then, when he finally reaches Hollander, he squeezes his hand a little tighter, pulls him closer and whispers for him and him only.

“I'll expect my price this fall,” he teases before moving to the next player in line but he doesn't miss the way the corners of Hollander's lips twitch almost imperceptibly.

Almost.

But that's all Ilya needs to know he won more than a game or a round of playoffs tonight.

He can't wait for this fall!

***

After months of waiting, it's finally time to play against Montreal so Ilya texts Hollander as he's getting ready for the game.

It takes a moment but eventually Hollander replies that he can maybe come twice in an hour which makes Ilya snicker.

He'll make sure Hollander comes at least three times.

Then, when Ilya asks for an address Hollander turns him down so Ilya texts him a crying emoji which has the estimated effect.

Boston loses but Ilya doesn't care because a message is waiting for him.

An address.

Marlow teases him again about blushing and all Ilya can do is flip him off as he walks out of the locker room.

Hollander is pissed when they meet at the back door but he still goes up the stairs like he's expecting Ilya to follow him so he does and they end up racing each other to Hollander's place.

It is a nice looking place but Ilya is only half-listening to what Hollander is saying.

He looks so gorgeous and he smells so fucking good and there's so many places in the apartment Ilya cannot wait to fuck him in.

He imagines Hollander bent over his kitchen counter with Ilya on his knees behind him, eating him out.

He imagines Hollander on his back on the table with Ilya between his spread legs.

He imagines Hollander riding him on the couch, blowing him near the front door.

But his imagination pales to what it actually feels like the moment he slides into Hollander after thoroughly preparing him in bed.

Hollander is not the first omega Ilya fucks but he's nothing like he has ever experienced before.

He's so fucking hot and tight around Ilya and he makes those heavenly sounds when Ilya's cock presses against his prostate.

A fucking dream come true!

Not really though.

Because Ilya never could have dreamed of something so good.

“Fuck, Hollander!” he groans as his third orgasm of the night approaches, leaning forward to kiss the omega's shoulder. “I-I got to-”

Each time Ilya had made sure to pull out so he wouldn't knot Hollander, they've only got so much time tonight.

“N-No,” Hollander whimpers, shaking his head and blindly reaching behind him for Ilya. “Please! Just once! Wa-wanna know how it feels!”

And what's left of Ilya's self-control shatters with Hollander's next sentence.

“Please, Alpha!”

Ilya is pretty sure he blacks out as he comes deep inside Hollander, his knot binding them together. He's distantly aware of Hollander coming totally untouched underneath him, letting out those heavenly sounds and Ilya stumbles forward, peppering kisses all over the omega's back while gently running his hand through his hair.

“So fucking good, Hollander!” he whispers in Russian against the omega's skin. “You were so good! So fucking perfect!”

He waits until Hollander has stopped shivering in his arms before gently maneuvering them so they can lie down on their side, Ilya's knot slowly deflating inside Hollander.

“That's three,” he teases as he places a hand over Hollander's thigh and squeezes it.

“Three what?” the Canadian manages to ask, his voice hoarse.

“I made you come three times in an hour,” Ilya proudly explains as he playfully nibbles on Hollander's earlobe.

The omega snorts and shakes his head.

“Fuck you,” but there's no venom to his tone so Ilya just smiles and begins peppering kisses down Hollander's side.

His neck, his shoulder, his bicep.

He has reached his side just below Hollander's armpit when the idea hits him for the third time.

What would happen if they hadn't used condoms? If he hadn't stopped himself from knotting Hollander?

He would have come inside Hollander so much already there's no way he wouldn't be pregnant with their future freckled hockey legend.

The thought causes his cock to twitch and a whimper escapes Hollander's mouth.

“I'm sorry,” Ilya whispers, pressing an apologetic kiss to the omega's shoulder.

“It's fine,” he replies with a sigh as he leans back against Ilya's chest, trying to make himself comfortable.

Ilya hums in response and moves his hand from Hollander's thigh to his stomach, delicately stroking it.

“Rozanov!” Hollander warns him half-heartedly, causing Ilya to smirk.

“I didn't say anything,” he defends himself, tightening his arms around the omega.

“But I know what you're thinking!”

Ilya chuckles, pressing another kiss to the Canadian's warm skin.

“And what am I thinking?” he innocently wonders, punctuating each word with a kiss.

Hollander turns his head and gives him an unimpressed glare over his shoulder.

“Fuck you!”

Ilya smirks.

“Only if we still have condoms! Wouldn't want you to-”

He thrusts into Hollander, causing him to moan and throw his head back.

“-get pregnant.”

He clicks his tongue and begins slowly thrusting back and forth as much as his knot still buried deep inside Hollander allows him.

“Shame!” he dramatically sighs, shaking his head. “Our babies would be cute. And so fucking good at hockey!”

“Rozy!” Hollander tries to groan but it comes out more like another moan as he clenches around Ilya.

“You think they would put both of our names on the jersey?” he keeps teasing, his hand still gently stroking Hollander's stomach. “Hollander-Rozanov? Rozanov-Hollander?”

This time, the Canadian doesn't even try to hide his arousal, rocking back against Ilya, meeting his thrusts halfway while his own cock is fully hard again and leaking pre-come all over himself.

It doesn't take much afterwards for Hollander to come again, definitely ruining the sheets, and Ilya follows soon after, screaming Hollander's name.

Later, as he's putting his shoes back on in the staircase while waiting for his cab to get there, he can't help but stare at Hollander who's sitting down on the stairs. He looks so fucking blissed out as he holds Ilya's jacket that it does something funny to Ilya's heart and he cannot help but kiss him softly.

“Bye,” he whispers against his lips before walking away, still grinning on the entire drive back to the hotel.

He's so, *so* fucked up but he's not alone in this though.

Hollander also was into the idea of having Ilya's babies!

IV

If he thought the two years that had followed the All Stars Game were messy, what follows that night is so much worse.

The Olympics, Vegas once again, the whole fucking ordeal with Rose Landry.

Ilya's father dies and he has to go back to Russia.

He confesses to Shane he has fallen in love with him and how that terrifies him and he ends up taking the decision to end things between them although he suspects it's already too late.

He might have wanted to ruin everyone else for Shane but Shane did the same thing to him.

Then, before he knows it, he's playing against Montreal and Marlow slams Shane against the board and Ilya is pretty sure his heart stops beating as he watches the man he loves lying still on the ice.

In that moment, he wants nothing more than to drop to his knees right there and hold Shane. He needs to make sure he's still breathing. He needs to make sure his heart is still beating.

Fuck their secret!

But before he gets to do it, the medical team rushes onto the ice and he finds himself being pushed back as they begin working on Shane.

Time seems to slow down and Ilya can't do anything but watch and hold his breath, his fists clenched so tightly his knuckles must be turning white inside his gloves.

For the first time in years, he finds himself praying.

This cannot be how it ends.

No.

No, no, no!

Shane…

Then, after what feels like forever, Shane begins fidgeting on the backboard and he even speaks and Ilya whispers a quiet “Thank you!” to whichever higher force out there has given Shane back to him.

There's a long break after the medic team has taken Shane away, probably to an ambulance towards some hospital here in Montreal, but then the game resumes and Ilya blacks out entirely.

Even years down the road, he can't remember how the game ended or even who won it.

Not that it matters though.

Shane is okay.

That's all that matters to him!

But he cannot visit him until morning.

He spends the night pacing around his hotel room, probably wearing down the carpet while he smokes his way through more than half a pack out of stress.

Shane is okay but he almost wasn't.

An inch to the right, a second later and he could have-

No.

He can't be thinking of those things.

He just got to make it to morning and he will get to see Shane.

He wouldn't be able to fall asleep even if he tried so instead he ends up at the hotel's gym, blowing off some steam on the stationary bike.

It reminds him so much of that night years ago but this time, when he looks to his right, Shane isn't there and there's not this enticing smell of mint filling up his nostrils.

There's tears welling up in his eyes but he desperately tries to blink them back.

He will not cry.

He won't.

He can't.

So he goes back to his room, showers and tries to pass time by scrolling on his phone but every video, every article is about Shane's injury and the last thing he wants is to see Marlow hitting Shane in six different angles.

He ends up tossing his phone in frustration, breathing heavily through his nose as he desperately tries to calm down.

He has to remind himself several times that Marlow isn't a goon, that he would never purposefully hurt another player like this, even a Montreal one, that he looked like shame was eating him alive in the locker room after the game. Or else Ilya would probably march down to his hotel room down the hall and-

No.

He can't let it show how much Shane means to him.

He can't.

Shane would never forgive him if he did.

Eventually, he decides to sit down at the edge of the bed and turns on the TV. It's on a news channel and Ilya quickly changes to a random kids one before he has to see the horrific scene from earlier again.

It's in French and Ilya can't understand shit the characters are saying but at least, it's safe, the cheerful voices filling up the silence in the hotel room.

Finally, morning comes and with it, the visiting hours at the hospital.

He feels like he's in a daze until he's finally standing in Shane's hospital room and he gets to see him with his own eyes.

He's alive.

He's okay!

A concussion and a fractured collarbone.

“You look like shit,” Shane laughs, high off his ass on painkillers.

And Ilya can't help but laugh as well because with the night he's had, he's pretty sure that shit is an understatement.

“I couldn't sleep,” he confesses as he runs his fingers through Shane's hair. “I was worried about you.”

Shane tries to look apologetic as he tells Ilya he's sorry but there's this little twitch at the corners of his lips that betray just how fucking high he is right now.

Will he even remember this conversation later on?

“Let's make a deal,” Ilya suggests with a smirk. “You're not allowed to ever end up at the hospital again unless it's to give birth to our babies."

“Babies?” Shane repeats after him, clearly amused. “How many times are you planning to knock me up?”

Ilya pretends to think about it.

“Well there's three positions, forward, defense and goalie but it's not just the league I want our kids to dominate but also the women's league so we need three sons and three daughters to break all the records.”

“Six?” Shane cackles. “You're fucking crazy!”

It's not a no though so Ilya can't help but press a quick, gentle kiss to Shane's lips.

“I need to go,” he whispers against the Canadian's mouth although there's nothing he wants less than to leave this room.

“I know,” Shane sighs, nodding in understanding but he looks dangerously close to tears now so Ilya quickly kisses him again.

Then twice.

Three.

Four.

Five.

Six.

“One for each of our future babies,” he teases, trying to light up the mood. “So no one is jealous.”

And it seems to work as Shane smiles tiredly at him and Ilya kisses him one last time.

“Seven?” Shane wonders, raising an eyebrow.

Ilya laughs and shakes his head.

“This one was just for you,” he explains as he steps back. “I'll text you.”

Every step he takes on his way out of the hospital physically hurts him, like his pain was growing exponentially with the distance separating him and Shane.

He's so, *so* undeniably fucked!

V

Ilya can't fucking believe he has Scott fucking Hunter to thank for this!

He's not sure he could have brought himself to accept Shane's offer about the cottage if it hadn't been for Hunter kissing his boyfriend after winning the cup.

So many emotions couldn't have been good for his old heart!

But that was so fucking brave to do live on TV and that's what lead Ilya to where he is right now so he guesses Hunter isn't just some old fossil that should be retired already.

Not that Ilya would ever tell him that though because the last thing Hunter needs is to know he was the trigger to Ilya and Shane officializing their relationship.

They're boyfriends now!

They have been at the cottage for three weeks and they've done basically nothing but fuck in every room, properly christening the place, but there's more.

He has met Shane's parents and although they were pretty surprised, they seem to like him.

They also have a plan now.

Ottawa. A foundation together. Hockey camps. No longer rivals in their daily life and only on the ice.

It will take a while but if it eventually allows them to be openly together and married, then Ilya is all in!

There's just one more detail they have yet to go through.

“And kids?” he asks one night, his knot still buried as deep as he can inside Shane as he rests in between the omega's spread legs.

His boyfriend shivers in his arms and Ilya quickly presses a reassuring kiss to his lips.

“I thought we had agreed on six,” Shane points out, clenching around him. “That was your idea, no? Three girls and three boys so we have a forward, a defense and a goalie in both leagues?”

Ilya's heart does something funny in his chest.

“You remember that?” he asks, awestruck.

The omega nods, smiling tiredly up at Ilya as he runs his fingers through his curls.

“But I can never have more than four kids,” he clarifies with a blissful look on his face. “I'll never hear the end of it from Hayden otherwise.”

“Maybe it's a good thing,” Ilya agrees as one of his hands finds Shane's belly and begins stroking it. “We don't want to be too outnumbered.”

It's an absolute lie though.

Shane could tell him he wants a dozen kids and Ilya would immediately start working on giving him those kids.

“Two?” the omega suggests, his own hand coming to cover Ilya's on his abdomen and squeezing. “It's more manageable.”

“It's a good number. And what do you want?”

And if Ilya had thought he couldn't love Shane any more than he already did, his boyfriend proves him wrong with his next sentence.

“A boy and a girl,” Shane admits with a mischievous smile on his lips. “So they can still beat records and be the greatest players in both leagues!”

“They're going to be fucking legends!” Ilya chuckles as he tries to bury himself even deeper into the omega. “And they're going to be so cute too!”

“I want them to look like you,” Shane whispers, wrapping his legs around Ilya's waist to keep him close. “Your eyes and your smile."

Ilya sighs happily and leans forward, brushing their noses together.

“I want them to have your freckles,” he confesses, the words tumbling out of his mouth. “That's what I always wanted.”

“Always?” Shane repeats after him in disbelief. “When was the first time you thought about that?”

A blush spreads across Ilya's cheeks and he quickly buries his face into his boyfriend's neck, making him giggle.

“When was it?” the omega insists, squeezing the hand Ilya still has on his belly. “Tell me!”

A minute passes.

Then another.

“The prospect cup,” he eventually confesses, his voice nearly muffled by Shane's skin.

His boyfriend tenses underneath him and for a moment, Ilya fears he might have fucked everything up but then-

“Holy shit, Ilya!” Shane swears as he cups Ilya's face and pulls him into a desperate, passionate kiss that leaves them both breathless. “I can't fucking believe it! That long?”

Ilya nods vividly and kisses him again just as desperately.

“I thought I was losing my mind,” he breathes into Shane's mouth. “Thought it was the blockers they were giving us that were fucking me up!”

The next kiss has too much tongue and teeth to be a proper kiss but it's probably one of the best they've ever shared.

“And you?” Ilya wonders as he presses onto Shane's abdomen, feeling where he's still buried deep inside him. “When was it?”

“That night at the gym after the draft,” Shane pants, throwing his head back against the pillow. “You were smelling so fucking good and I just wanted to climb on top of you and ride you! I imagined what it would be like to have your babies inside me.”

“Fuck!” he swears loudly, his cock twitching with renewed interest.

“Promise me!” Shane begs, clenching around him. “Promise me it will not take us another fucking decade! I don't want to wait ten more years to have your kids!”

“It won't!” Ilya assures him, breathless as he vividly shakes his head. “I promise, Iyubov moya! As soon as you're ready, as soon as you want, you just tell me and I'll knock you right up! You know I never miss my shots!”

Shane gasps and crushes their lips together and Ilya knows it's only a matter of time.

But until then, it never hurts to practice.

+1

Of course, nothing goes as they planned. It shouldn't even surprise Shane anymore because when in their life has anything ever gone as it was supposed to?

After moving to Ottawa, Ilya begins struggling with depression while he struggles with food. Jade and Ruby marry them in the middle of the Pike living room, the Centaurs’ plane almost crash and Hayden accidentally outs them to the world. Shane proposes to Ilya surrounded by

a hundred of candles, Montreal accuses him of purposefully tripping, Ilya nearly punches Cromwell in the face.

But then Shane signs a contract with Ottawa, they move in together and they finally get married for real, although they would never say so to Jade and Ruby.

On Shane's first year with the Centaurs, they win the cup. Then another the next year and so on until they brought home no less than four cups in four years.

That fourth cup changes something inside Shane.

In recent years, with all the expansions in the league, it's been getting harder and harder for teams to win cups back to back and yet he did it four times!

Four fucking times!

Plus the three he won back in Montreal!

How many players have seven rings to show for themselves?

No one under fifty and yet he does, at thirty-four!

He will go down as one of the greatest players of his generation, he knows that now.

So even though he loves hockey and always will, the morning after the Centaurs win their fourth cup, when he wakes up naked with Ilya plastered all over his back and his soft cock nestled in between Shane's cheeks, he realizes that there's something he wants more, much more than to go five for five.

And he doesn't want to wait one more minute.

Groaning, he pushes his husband onto his back, waking him up, before straddling his lap.

“Morning to you too,” Ilya greets him with a smirk, still half-asleep as his hands come up to squeeze Shane's hips.

“You told me you never miss your shots,” Shane points out, tilting his head to the side. “Wanna prove that theory?”

His husband's eyes grow wide as realization sinks in.

“You want?” he asks, completely flabbergasted. “Now? You serious?”

And Shane can only smirk and nod before he starts rocking back against Ilya's slowly hardening cock.

“Yes, Rozanov,” he cannot resist teasing, a mix of lust and bliss and excitation settling inside him. “I want to have a baby with you! I don't want to wait anymore!

Ilya's lips stretch into a grin and his hands tighten on Shane's hips.

“How long does it take? Once you stop birth control, how long it takes to be out or your system?”

“In between a few months and a year,” Shane replies because it is something he has searched through the past years.

But the answer isn't the one Ilya wanted clearly as he blows a raspberry and shakes his head.

“Bullshit! Watch out for how long it will take us!”

***

Exactly a month later, Shane begins feeling nauseous in the morning.

One week later, the three tests he insists on taking for accuracy all turn out to be positive and Ilya drags him back to bed to celebrate and doesn't let him up all day.

The next day, the doctor confirms he really is pregnant and everything is going as it should.

When Shane reaches the second trimester, they announce the news on their Instagram accounts and even though there will always be frustrated, homophonic assholes in the comments, most people are genuinely happy for them, saying that after leading the team to four cups, they deserve this.

At eighteen weeks, they learn they're having a daughter and both of them burst into tears as they hear their little girl's heart beat.

“Strong and fast!” the technician tells them with a smile. “A future athlete, just like her dads!”

At twenty weeks, they begin working on the nursery which is pretty early according to their friends but they just want to make sure everything is ready for their princess.

At twenty-six weeks, some goon from Minnesota slams Ilya hard into the board even though he didn't have the puck with him before calling him a faggot. Unfortunately for the bastard, one of the cameras was on Ilya and they can clearly hear the slur on footage. Cromwell is furious but he has no choice but to suspend him for the rest of the season.

Then, the footage gets leaked, destroying the guy's reputation for good as it wasn't his first hate related incident.

He will never play in the league again.

As for Ilya, he has to get major surgery for his shoulder but the doctors are confident he will be as good as new next season.

“Maybe it's a good thing,” Ilya confesses the night he is discharged after the surgery as he and Shane lie in bed, his good hand protectively resting over his omega's bump. “That way I will be with you while we get ready for our little gold star!”

Ilya snorts and covers his husband's hand with his own.

“That's a way to see things I guess,” he smiles tiredly at the alpha.

“I don't want to miss a single moment,” Ilya insists, grinning back at Shane. “We both have waited so long for her!”

But they still got a few more weeks to wait.

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Lily Hollander-Rozanov is born at forty-one weeks and two days and Ilya falls in love with her as soon as he sees her.

Black hair like Shane but curls like him.

Shane's nose and his own smile and eyes.

But most importantly, she has Shane's freckles.

Just like Ilya has always dreamed of.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!