

Ilya Rozanov's Biggest Prank (and His Best Gift)

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by [maoli_min](#)

Summary

Ilya posts a pic of baby shoes on Instagram stories as a joke for April Fool's and Shane is incredibly angry.

or Shane Hollander is actually pregnant on April Fool's, but was planning on telling Ilya on April 2nd.

Notes

Hello, everyone!!

This plot is an original idea from @bambishane_ on (their account in both twitter and AO3). They are going to develop this plot as well, but I was authorized to do it too, so thank you very much Geo 💕💕

Please, go check out their profile as well!!

Ilya Rozanov had never been more proud of himself.

He stood in the middle of the produce section, phone in one hand, a bag of avocados in the other, watching the chaos unfold with the serene satisfaction of an artist admiring his masterpiece. Twenty minutes ago, he had posted a single photo to his Instagram story: two tiny baby shoes he had seen in the baby section, side by side, with nothing but a simple emoji and a due date for mid-winter. No caption. No explanation. He let people draw their own conclusions.

And *oh*, had they drawn conclusions.

His phone hadn't stopped buzzing. Messages were flooding in from every corner of his contact list. His DMs were a war zone.

Troy: bro????? BABY?????

Troy: SHANE IS PREGNANT???

Troy: congrats man holy shit

Svet: Ilya omg!!! about time!!!!

Svet: It's April 1st... If you are joking I will end you.

Luca Haas: congrats ilya!!!!!! 🎉🎉🎉 can i send a gift?? i already picked something out but i don't wanna overstep. let me know!! 😊

Marly: I'm assuming this is an April Fool's thing but also... you two have been insufferable lately so honestly? wouldn't surprise me

Marly: if it's real congrats and what's the due date? if it's fake I'm blocking you

Bood: Rozy!!!!!! Congratulations, man!!!!!!

Bood: Cassie saw your post and she's already knitting a baby sweater

Wyatt: holy shit Ilya!!!! congrats!!!! fatherhood is wild man best thing ever. call me if you need advice. or just someone to drink decaf coffee with at 3am. been there done that.

Harris: Ilya 🥹 I just saw the post 🥹 I'm sitting here in my kitchen and I can't stop smiling 🥹 Me and Troy are so happy for you both 🥹 Like genuinely so happy 🥹 You and Shane are going to be the best parents 🥹 Okay I'm getting emotional 🥹 Congratulations. Really. ❤️👶🍼👦

Ilya shoved his phone back into his pocket and tried to focus on the task at hand. He forced himself to take what was still missing from the list Shane gave him earlier. Avocados. Milk. Chips. A bag of dog food for Anya, their dog. The ordinary routine of his ordinary life, a life that Ilya loved very much.

He and Shane met in college. Both sophomores, both too young to know what they wanted, except that night at a mutual friend's party, Ilya had walked into the kitchen and found Shane standing by the fridge, arguing passionately about the ethics of sports journalism with someone who clearly had no idea what they were talking about. Ilya had stood there for five minutes just watching and listening to him while making himself some drink, something in his chest clicking into place like a lock finding its key. By the end of the night, he had Shane's number. By the end of the month, he was gone. Completely, irrevocably gone.

They fell in love quickly, the kind of quick that should have been reckless but instead felt like coming home. Shane was sharp where Ilya was easygoing, organized where Ilya was chaos, but they fit together in a way that made everyone around them believe in the idea of soulmates. They dated for five years, navigating the chaos of finals and internships and the terrifying uncertainty of post-grad life, always with each other as the one constant. When they moved in together in Montreal, it was less a decision and more an inevitability. When Ilya proposed, nearly five years ago, on a random Tuesday, with no fanfare, because he couldn't wait another second, Shane had said yes before Ilya even finished the sentence and hugged him so hard they almost got themselves concussions.

They had talked about children a few times, of course, while dating, while engaged and after marriage. In the quiet moments, lying in bed on Sunday mornings, walking Anya through the park, curled up on the couch watching terrible reality TV, the conversation would surface.

Do you think we'd be good at it? Shane had asked once, early in their marriage, and Ilya had answered without hesitation: *Of course, but you will be the responsible parent and I am gonna be the fun parent.*

They both wanted children, that much was clear. But they had never sat down to plan it, never mapped out timelines or discussed the logistics with anything resembling organization. It was one of the only things they hadn't meticulously planned, and somehow that felt right too. Some things, Ilya thought, were meant to surprise you.

They had built a good life. Shane had graduated with his journalism degree and climbed the ranks at ESPN with the same fierce determination he'd had in college, now serving as chief editor. Ilya had opened his veterinary clinic four years ago, a dream he'd carried since he was a boy, and it had become a fixture in their neighborhood. They had Anya, a dog with a perpetually wagging tail who Ilya had rescued during his final year of vet school and who had immediately decided Shane was her favorite person.

The truth was, from the very beginning, Ilya had loved Shane with a depth that still startled him. Not the fiery, consuming thing people expect from an alpha, but something quieter, steadier. Something that felt less like a storm and more like the ground beneath his feet. Shane was his home. Had been since that night in the kitchen, since the first time Shane had looked at him with those sharp, knowing eyes and his beautiful freckles and Ilya had understood, with absolute certainty, that his life had just divided into two parts: before Shane Hollander, and after the love of his life, Shane Hollander.

Back in his car, with all the groceries stocked in the trunk, his phone continued to buzz, but he ignored it with a laugh. Thinking it would be really fun reading those messages with Shane, who would probably get angry... and then horny... and then the groceries would be forgotten in the kitchen counter waiting to be stored inside the cabinets and the refrigerator.

By the time Ilya got home, he was riding the high of total victory. It was really an amazing and funny plan, Ilya thought to himself before picking up his phone and after parking in the garage.

Rose Landry: I'M SORRY WHAT

Rose Landry: ILYA ROZANOV IS THIS REAL?????

Rose Landry: I'M GOING TO BE AN AUNT?????

Rose Landry: Ilya...

Rose Landry: Shane just texted me "Ilya is going to die" and won't elaborate...

Ilya grinned, anticipating the very angry and cute little kitten he would find in a minute.

He wrestled his way through the front door, hands packed with every single grocery bag since he had refused to make two trips from the car like a normal person, and a carton of eggs balanced precariously on his left forearm. He managed to kick the door shut behind him just as he heard Shane coming down the stairs.

Shane appeared in the doorway wearing an oversized shirt and sweatpants, his feet, clad in white socks, rested against the hardwood floor. He stopped in the middle of the living room, phone in hand, and looked at Ilya with an expression that Ilya knew very well. The *I am*

going to murder you expression, which Ilya had predicted when he read Rose's message earlier.

Ilya's arms were already straining under the weight of the bags, but he still managed a grin.

"Hi, *moy lyubov*! I bought all the vegetables you asked this time. Even the chayote."

Shane didn't move to help. He just stood there, phone clutched in his hand, jaw tight.

"Why," Shane said, voice clipped, "is everyone congratulating me on the pregnancy?"

Ilya's grin widened. He couldn't help it. The look on Shane's face, the absolute audacity of his own prank, the avalanche of messages still pouring in. He laughed, full and loud, still struggling to maneuver toward the kitchen, but now completely taken by the urge to have his husband cuddled against him. He tilted his head toward the carton of eggs balanced on his arm, signaling for Shane to take it.

Shane crossed his arms and stayed exactly where he was.

"Ilya."

"April Fool's," Ilya managed, shifting the bags again. "I got our friends and you at the same time. I wish I had been here when you started receiving the messages, though, but I had this idea when I was already in the supermarket."

Shane's jaw tightened. His scent, usually cool and crisp like winter air, was sharpening with irritation, filling the entryway with the familiar bite of his temper.

"You posted baby shoes, Ilya. *Baby shoes*." Shane took a step closer, phone raised as if to prove a point. "Rose called me asking about our gender reveal party. Cassie is knitting fucking *baby clothes*."

Ilya perked up, momentarily distracted. "Wait, really? What color?"

"Ilya!"

The sight of Shane angry like this was really doing something to him. Something that made higher cognitive function very difficult, although he was very aware of his body responding below the belt. His alpha was paying attention now, humming with interest at the fire in Shane's eyes.

Shane took another step forward. "What if my parents saw it?"

Ilya shook his head, shifting the bags again. "Close friends' story. They are not on the list."

Shane's eye twitched. "Close friends."

"Da." Ilya nodded toward the kitchen. "Can you grab a few bags? My arms are—"

"Who is on the close friends list, Ilya?" Shane asked, ignoring him completely.

Ilya's grin turned sheepish. "...People."

"People?"

"Rose, Svetlana, Troy, Marleau, friends from college—"

"How many friends?"

"A few friends. Maximum thirty people."

"Thirty??"

"My barber too. And a few of Anya's friends' parents from the dog hotel."

Shane made a sound like a kettle about to boil, his hands coming up to gesture wildly. Ilya took the opportunity to step closer, his arms now screaming in protest, the bags digging into his fingers.

"Baby, can you grab the carton of eggs?"

"No, I can't." Shane's eyes were blazing. "Why did you do that?"

"I did not want to go to the car two times—"

"No, Ilya!" Shane threw his hands up. "Why did you tell people I am pregnant?"

"Is funny. And I did not tell people you are pregnant, I just posted a picture of baby shoes." Ilya tried to adjust his grip on the bags, leaning slightly toward Shane. "You will laugh later when we start reading the messages together in bed after amazing sex."

Shane's expression flattened. "We're not having sex, because I'm going to kill you."

"Hm, nasty." Ilya leaned in to press a kiss to Shane's lips, but Shane caught his face with one hand and crushed his cheek, which made Ilya pout, his lower lip jutting out.

Shane's anger was sharp and hot, and Ilya's alpha was eating it up, purring at the challenge, at the fire in his mate's eyes. Even with his arms full of groceries and his cheek stinging, he couldn't stop smiling.

"You are so pretty when mad," Ilya murmured, his voice muffled by Shane's hand still crushing his face.

"I am not having sex with you when you just told everyone I'm pregnant as a joke," Shane said flatly.

"I did not—"

"Shut up! You did mean for people to think that! And stop making that face! You get the same look every time I'm annoyed with you. It's pathological."

He released Ilya's face and stepped back, turning his back on Ilya. Before Ilya said something, though, Shane stopped walking, breathed deeply, turned again to face him and said:

"Oh, and I am actually pregnant, by the way," Shane said in the same monotonous tone he'd used to announce, "I'm going to finish the laundry now, excuse me" before turning away.

Ilya laughed.

He couldn't help it. The flat delivery, the way Shane had already turned back toward the laundry room like he'd just mentioned the weather. It was good. Really good. Shane had clearly been saving that one, waiting for the perfect moment to fire it back at him.

"Okay, okay," Ilya said, still grinning as he finally made his way toward the kitchen. "Very funny. You almost had me for a second." He said a little too loud for Shane to hear him.

Then, silence.

"Shane?"

Ilya shifted the grocery bags in his arms, the plastic handles trying to cutting into his already red fingers. The carton of eggs was still balanced on his forearm, and he was trying to maneuver everything onto the counter without dropping anything, but it was awkward. He couldn't free a hand to grab the eggs without losing his grip on the bags, and the counter was just out of reach.

Before he could figure it out, footsteps returned.

Shane appeared in the kitchen doorway. His face was calm, unreadable. Without a word, he walked past Ilya and set five white-and-blue sticks on the counter, neatly and deliberately, then turned and walked back toward the laundry room.

Ilya stared at the sticks.

Pregnancy tests. Five of them. And every single one had two very clear red lines.

His arms went slack.

The bags began to slip. He lunged to catch them, but in his desperation to hold on, the carton of eggs slid off his forearm and hit the floor with a crack. He stepped back, straight into the mess, his foot coming down on an egg, the shell giving way beneath his heel. He lurched, grabbing for the counter, his momentum carrying him forward as he fought to stay upright. His hip caught the edge of a chair, sending it clattering to the floor, and he barely managed to steady himself against the counter before he went down with it.

He stood there, breathing hard, eggs crushed beneath his feet, the chair overturned beside him, and five positive pregnancy tests staring up at him from the counter.

"Shane," he called again, voice cracking. He cleared his throat and started to get up from the floor. "Shane, sweetheart—"

"I'm folding socks, Rozanov," Shane yelled from the other room.

Ilya's feet carried him down the hallway without permission. He stopped in the doorway of the laundry room, where Shane was indeed standing over a basket of laundry, aggressively folding socks and refusing to look at him.

The socks were being folded with *vengeance*.

"Shane."

"Socks, Ilya."

"You are joking."

"Okay, I'll let you think that for today. Then tomorrow I'll shove the five tests in your face again."

"Shane..."

Slowly, Ilya's smile began to grow. Then came a strange, floating sensation, like the ground had shifted slightly beneath his feet. A little dizzy, he blinked, and that was when he noticed it. Something different about Shane's scent. Something so faint he had missed it before, buried under the sharpness of anger and the familiar warmth of home. But now that the word pregnant had lodged itself in his brain, his alpha was waking up properly. Not the lazy, amused hum from before, but something deeper. Something ancient and aware.

His alpha was scanning, cataloging, knowing. The slight change in Shane's chemistry. The almost imperceptible sweetness beneath the usual crisp pine and ice. The way Shane had been sleeping more. The way he had pushed away his morning coffee last week without a word. The way his body had been softening, just barely, in places Ilya had held a hundred times. How had he not noticed? His alpha rumbled low in his chest, equal parts awe and accusation.

And Ilya realized, with a sudden, crashing clarity, that he could have known. Maybe he should have known. Or maybe deep down he knew and that was why he did that stupid prank. The smile on his face wasn't teasing anymore. It was wonder. Pure, unfiltered wonder.

"*Moy lyubov?*"

Shane's hands paused. He looked up, still not facing him, and for the first time, Ilya saw it. Not anger, but something softer underneath. Nerves. A small, vulnerable crease between his brows.

But then his expression shifted to something close to worry, and he rushed to Ilya.

"You're bleeding, Ilya!"

Shane put his hand on Ilya's forehead, and Ilya hissed at the contact, finally noticing the sting of a cut he must have gotten when he fell. Shane reached for the paper towels stacked in the top cabinet, pulled a few from the roll, and pressed them against Ilya's forehead.

“And why the fuck are you covered in eggs? Was that the noise I heard from the kitchen?”

Ilya stood there, barely registering the words or pressure, his eyes fixed on Shane's face. The furrow between his brows, the way his jaw was set with concentration, the gentle firmness of his fingers holding the paper towels in place. Ilya couldn't look away.

"I was going to tell you tomorrow," Shane said quietly once he'd stopped the bleeding. "After April Fool's was over. Because I knew you would be..." He gestured vaguely. "You about it."

Ilya stared at him.

"You are... we are..."

"Yes, Ilya." Shane's mouth twitched, fighting a smile. "Congratulations. You're going to be a father. And you got to tell everyone before I even told you."

Ilya's hands moved to Shane's hips, then stopped, hovering just before touching his stomach. Suddenly terrified.

"Can I—"

Shane sighed, but it was fond now. He grabbed Ilya's wrists and pulled his hands flat against his stomach.

Ilya waited.

Nothing happened. Obviously, nothing happened. It was too early for anything like movement. But still. He stood there, palms pressed against the soft fabric of Shane's shirt, feeling the warmth of his skin beneath, and something in his chest cracked wide open.

"Shane."

"Mm."

"You are pregnant." He couldn't find any other words. Instead, he pulled Shane forward, burying his face in his neck, breathing him in.

Shane's arms came up around him. "Yeah. I'm pregnant."

Shane huffed a laugh against his shoulder. His hand came up to cup the back of Ilya's head, fingers threading through his hair.

"Ilya."

"Mm."

"Don't ever do a prank like that ever again on April Fool's or I will leave you for a boring beta with normal hobbies."

Ilya pulled back just enough to look at him. Shane's cheeks were pink, his eyes bright, his mouth doing that thing where he was trying very hard not to smile.

"I will not prank you ever again, Shane."

Ilya said with determined seriousness and kissed him. Soft, then deeper, then soft again.

"No more pranks," Ilya promised against his lips. Then paused. "...Until next year?"

"*Ilya.*"

"I am joking! Is joke! See? You do not like when someone jokes? Jokes are not pranks."

Shane shoved him, but he was laughing now, and Ilya caught him, held him, pressed his palm flat against Shane's stomach again.

"So," Ilya said, his voice going rough. "Anya will be an older sister now."

"Anya is a dog, Ilya. Our baby is not a dog."

"I will teach our baby how to bark so they can talk to Anya. They will be our Dr. Dolittle."

"Our what?"

Ilya stared at him. At the furrow between his brows, the genuine confusion pulling his mouth into a slight frown. Shane had no idea what Dr. Dolittle was. Had probably never seen the movie, never read the books, never once in his life wondered about a man who could talk to animals. His world was sports stats and laundry schedules and the precise angle required to fold a fitted sheet. He was practical and grounded and so completely himself that Ilya sometimes forgot other people existed.

And Ilya loved him. Loved him with a fierceness that made no sense, that defied logic, that had only grown in the ten years since he first saw Shane. He loved the way Shane's nose scrunched when he was confused. Loved that he had no idea what Dr. Dolittle was but would probably spend twenty minutes googling it later just to understand the joke. Loved that he was standing here, in this laundry room, with Ilya's hands back on his stomach and a baby growing inside him, still looking at Ilya like he was the most ridiculous person he had ever met. Ilya wanted to spend the rest of his life being ridiculous for him.

"I love you so much." Ilya said.

"I love you too. Even though you're an asshole." Shane let out a breath, shaking his head. "Fuck, Ilya, we've been together for ten years and you had to do this prank now?"

"Next year I will make a prank about us getting another dog, and then we will get another dog."

"Do you want me to leave you for a beta—"

"No more dogs! Just Anya is fine."

Shane laughed despite himself. "Fuck, I'm still mad at you." He pressed closer, resting his head on Ilya's shoulder, his voice softening. "But I'm so happy too."

Ilya pulled him tight, a smile breaking across his face even as tears rolled down his cheeks.

Ten years together and Ilya had thought he knew the full shape of what they were, the boundaries of his own heart. But now there was this: the most welcomed future neither of them had exactly planned for unfurling between them like a thread pulling loose from a sweater. Their love had always been fierce, always been hard-won and carefully kept, but this was different. This was something new taking root in the space they had built together, something that would grow whether they were ready or not.

And standing there in the laundry room, surrounded by half-folded socks and the quiet hum of the dryer, Ilya realized that loving Shane had never been about knowing what came next. It was about standing in the middle of the mess – the broken eggs, the prank, the fear, the joy – and choosing each other anyway.

Now they would have someone else to choose, too. And that, Ilya thought as Shane's arms tightened around him, was worth every dropped grocery bag in the world.

Nine months later

GROUP CHAT

Ilya: our baby girl is here.

Ilya: she's tiny and beautiful and healthy 🥰

Harry: I'm so glad to hear it guys! Congratulations!!!

Rose: I'M AN AUNT I'M AN AUNT I'M AN AUNT

Svetlana: finally!

Svetlana: I was starting to think I would have to fly there and induce her myself.

Ilya: and our baby boy is here too, he is also very tiny and beautiful and healthy 🥰🥰

Harris: WHAT???

Rose: I'M A DOUBLE AUNT I'M A DOUBLE AUNT OMG OMG OMG

Ilya: this is not april fools.

Troy: bro it's january.

Ilya Rozanov: i know. but you never know with me. 🤔

Troy: you have twins now??? wtf???

Marleau: congrats you two

Marleau: still blocking you if this is a bit though

Shane: is not a bit.

Shane: you literally saw my enormous belly last week

Shane: And yes, it's twins!

Shane: That's why my water broke so soon.

Svetlana: Send pics, I want to see them!!!!

Hayden: holy shit. congrats!!! how's Shane doing? And what will you name them??

Hayden: please name the babies after me thanks 🙏

Ilya: unfortunately, we have already named them after troy.

Troy: WAIT REALLY?

Ilya: no.

Shane: why would we name them both Troy???

Shane: her name is Catherine and his name is Benjamin 🧡💙

Ilya: our little Kitty Cat 🐱🐱 and our little big Ben 🕒🇬🇧

Bood: Welcome to the world, little Cat and big Ben!

Wyatt: fuck yeah! congrats guys.

Wyatt: TWO Rozanov-Hollander babies!! I'm genuinely terrified and so excited for her.

Cassie: STOP I'M SOBBING.

Cassie: I'm gonna knit another baby sweater as fast as I can!!

Cassie: And Shane, I hope you're resting and letting Ilya do absolutely everything for you.

Shane: I'm resting well and Ilya is perfect and sexy and gorgeous

Shane: gorgeous

Shane: gorgeous

Shane: difficult word.

Shane: Sorry, that was Ilya. He was typing for me, but apparently he was just born too.

Shane: But yes, he is doing everything. Don't worry, I'm in good hands 🥰 And thank you for the extra sweater ❤️

Ilya: 🥰🥰🥰🥰🥰💪💬❤️

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