

my heart, it pours and pours

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my heart, it pours and pours

by [SimpforLinBeifong](#)

Summary

Shane goes down on the ice, hard.

Ilya spirals in the locker room.

Yuna makes a phone call.

Somehow, it ends well.

He hears a sharp breath being sucked in and a cold, decidedly female voice states “Ilya Rozanov.”

It feels like a bucket of ice-water has been dropped on his head, chilled tendrils crawling down his back.

"Who-who is this?" he manages to get out.

“Yuna Hollander,“ the woman, Yuna fucking Hollander, hisses, like an angry cat. “Shane Hollander’s mother!”

Notes

this was the vibe while writing:

‘I don't know what's going to come out of me. It has to be perfect. It has to be irreproachable in every way.’

‘Why?’

‘To make up for it. To make up for the fact that it's me.’

- Suzanne Rivecca

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

It's been hours since the game ended.

Ilya is alone in the deserted locker room, his teammates having left in a while of cheers and shouts, to celebrate their triumph against the Voyageurs. Ilya can barely contain his disgust for them, thinking they deserve to celebrate such a pitiful win. The Voyageurs were crippled without Shane, beating them is not dissimilar to stealing candy from a comatosed child.

Had it been any other win, Ilya would have celebrated right beside them, dancing and drinking before he slipped away to celebrate in a more private way but right he knows that if he doesn't focus all his willpower into breathing he will erupt into wailing, agonizing flames. His canines dig into his lower lip, filling his mouth with blood but he savours the metallic taste.

He hasn't been able to retract them since Shane was taken away.

The pain grounds him as he breathes mechanically. In and out. This is all he is doing now, breathing. That is all he *can* do.

In his hand, his phone is clutched; it's a miracle the screen has not cracked under the immense pressure of his grip. The screen is still lit up with the latest update he managed to find, a tweet by some useless, pathetic sports account he couldn't care less for but who was the first to announce it. No one else had dared, sending meaningless well wishes instead and congratulating Boston on their win.

Like it fucking matters.

@HockeyNews24 had dared to put it out into the world first. Perhaps it is because they are the only ones crass enough, or because they genuinely believe the world deserves to know that Shane Hollander was taken to Montreal General and his- his...

The condition is unknown as of yet, that is what the tweet said.

Ilya had texted '*Jane*' the second he was off the ice, shooting into the locker room as fast as he could in his skates. With shaking fingers he had written several messages, begging Shane to reply, to tell him he was alright.

His texts are still firmly on delivered.

Shane is alive, this he knows. Ilya heard him before the medics whisked him away, mumbling and groaning in pain. Even if he hadn't, he would still know it because his heart would split in fucking two the moment Shane's stops. They may not be mated but they are intertwined, connected body and soul and *he is alive*.

All else is unknown.

The moment Shane went down replays in his mind, over and over on a tortures loop. Shane turned back, his beautiful grin wide and eyes bright as they sought out Ilya's. Ilya had never felt more alive, flying across the ice as he chased after him. This is what he had hungered for

all these years, to be with Shane. This is what they were made for, not as alpha and omega, but as Shane and Ilya. Shane is the sun: blinding and brilliant and Ilya's forever doomed to orbit him, soaking in his vibrant glow. He couldn't envision a more beautiful fate.

Ilya was closing in on Shane, soaring across the ice in his hunt for the puck when out of the corner of his eye, Marlow appeared. Not unlike a car crash, Ilya couldn't tear his eyes away as Cliff slammed into Shane, hurling him to the ground.

Ilya's heart froze in his chest. The crowd's cheers and hollers abruptly cut out, as if someone sucked out all the noise in the arena. For a moment, Ilya swore the entire Bell Centre held its breath as Shane laid unmoving on the ice.

Ilya stared at Shane's crumpled form, waiting for him to heave himself up and shake the hit off. That's the way it goes, in hockey. You get hit and you get up. Break bones and spit out bloody teeth, yeah, but you get up.

Shane didn't so much as twitch. Cold, sickly dread crawled up his esophagus with spindly fingers and wrapped itself across his windpipe, bearing down until he couldn't breathe.

Shane wasn't getting up.

The Voyageurs' medics rushed out on the rink and knelt by Shane as they began to work. Ilya didn't register the fact that he was skating towards them until the ref appeared, shoving him back into his teammates' waiting hands. They encompassed him, pulling him away from Shane's still form. Ilya snarled, his canine dropped but somehow he let himself be dragged back to the bench. He never took his eyes off Shane as he was hauled off the ice, his knees turned weak with relief when he managed to catch a weak groan tear itself from him.

Alive, but condition unknown.

That is all Ilya has now, that knowledge. It tastes cold in his tongue, like melting, grey snow and callous violence; it mixes well with the blood leaking from his torn lip. Ilya doesn't know anything else. He doesn't fucking know anything because he is nothing to Shane: not his boyfriend, not his alpha and certainly not his fucking mate. Nothing. He could sprint into Montreal General right this second, howl and claw and fight every last hospital staff to find Shane and it would change *nothing* because that is what Ilya is.

Nothing.

That is all they can be, officially, because of this stupid fucking rivalry. The promiscuous and volatile alpha pitched against the disciplined and commendable 'beta': forever locked in a battle for the number one hockey player. As if hockey fucking matters when Shane, his *solnishko*, is in the hospital and Ilya is still in the fucking locker room and not by hi-, *no*, the omegas side. Shane Hollander is not Ilya's omega and he will never be.

The world cannot ever know that Shane Hollander, Canada's golden boy, one of the best players in the entire fucking league, is an omega. There is no official rule that states omegas aren't allowed in the NHL but Ilya knows better. For all the social media posts promoting

inclusivity and money donated to various omega charities every year, the fact is there is not a single omega in the entire league.

Well there is, there *has* to be. Shane managed to slip through the cracks, there must be others like him who are forced to hide their nature, pretending to be something they are not, just for the chance to play. All because the world is not ready for omegas to be anything other than pretty, feeble babymakers.

Shane Hollander is an omega and he is a hockey player. Those two cannot go hand in hand. If the truth was to come out, Shane would be painted as nothing more than his secondary gender. A fragile, little omega: far too delicate for the ice. Not the fucking best player in the league, the only one good enough to stand his own against Ilya fucking Rozanov.

That is why Ilya allowed himself to be dragged back to the bench as Shane was taken from him and then played like shit the rest of the game, missing goals he could make since he was seven and nearly tripped over his own skates during the second period.

Yeah, he played like shit but he still fucking played. What else could he do? He has no other way to protect Shane than pretend they were nothing more than rivals, keep their secret hidden beneath indifference.

Even now, he cannot go to Shane. That's why Ilya still sits in this disgusting locker room that reeks of stale sweat and alpha pheromones, every fiber of his being howling in misery because he is *nothing*. It's killing him, to stay away from Shane, he swears he can feel his cells deteriorating every second he stays in this fucking locker room but he can't do anything else. It would be suspicious for him to visit Shane before there was official news regarding his condition. People would start asking questions Ilya would not be able to answer. He can't make himself leave the arena either; terrified that the moment he does, the second his shoes hit the asphalt and he breathes in the mild Canadian air, he will break into a thousand jagged pieces. All that will be left is a broken, twisted man with the ugly, blind truth painted across his heart for all to see.

He loves Shane.

He has tried to deny it for years, shove it down and lock the feelings away in a little box placed besides his everlasting grief for his mother. He pretended his compulsion to be near Shane; it was nothing, just a fascination with a player who finally matched his skill. When that no longer worked, he told himself it was simply lust, the thrill of hiding such an enormous secret from the rest of the world. Ilya is a great liar but he could never, truly fool himself when every bone in his body yearned for Shane's touch.

After the All Stars game he stopped lying, to himself at least. He had broken down in front of Shane; held up the jagged, torn pieces of his heart and Shane had taken them carefully into his hands without hesitation and held it like it was precious. Like Ilya mattered. He had not reared back in disgust, instead he had hugged Ilya as he cried and he had *stayed*.

No one has ever stayed before.

Ilya startles when a shrill ringing noise suddenly cuts through the stale locker room air, tearing him out of his head. His phone slips from his hand and bounces into the rubber floor. For a moment, Ilya stares dumbly at it and then he registers the caller ID.

Jane.

He lunges to the ground, snatching up the phone. “Shane, *solnishko*, you scared me,” he gasps out when he answers, heart racing. His accent is thick, the words heavy and awkwardly on his tongue. “You are okay?” For a few seconds, there is no sound on the other end of the receiver. Frowning, he checks just to make sure he has not hallucinated the call out of sheer desperation. He brings it back to his ear. “Shane?”

He hears a sharp breath being sucked in and a cold, decidedly female voice states “Ilya Rozanov.”

It feels like a bucket of ice-water has been dropped on his head, chilled tendrils crawling down his back. “Who-who is this?” he manages to get out.

“Yuna Hollander,” the woman, Yuna fucking Hollander, hisses, like an angry cat. “Shane Hollander’s *mother!*”

Ilya’s eyelids slide shut, his guts turning hollow and raw, as if someone has scooped out all his organs and left an empty husk of skin and blood.

She knows.

Ilya says nothing. *He is nothing.* His eyes are stinging and his nose throbs, a sensation he has long grown accustomed to. Yuna barrels on, her vitriol thick enough to choke on as she snaps, “You listen to me right now. You are going to come to Montreal General, *now*, and explain exactly what you have been doing to my son. Do you understand?”

Ilya nods before he abruptly remembers she can’t see him. “*Da*, I will.” He presses a palm against his eye, a pathetic attempt to force his tears back. ‘*Russians do not cry*’, his father’s cold voice echos in his mind but Ilya has always been a disappointment. “Please,” he whispers, “*pozhaluysta*, tell me. Shane, he is okay? Please, I- I must know this.” He chokes back a sob. “I cannot breathe, I know nothing. Please.”

Yuna sighs but mercifully, she seems to take pity on him. “He is awake and responding well,” she admits and Ilya feels lightheaded with relief. “It could have been far worse.”

“Marlow is sorry,” Ilya says, unsure why but the words spill out of him anyway, “did not mean to hurt him.”

“I don’t care! My baby is in the hospital because of him. He could have-” She cuts herself off sharply, and takes a deep, strained breath. “Just hurry.”

“Sorry. I will come to hospital, I will take an uber.”

“We’ll be waiting. Make sure no one sees you, the last thing Shane needs now is more publicity.” She rattles off Shane’s room number and promptly hangs up without so much as a

goodbye.

Ilya does not blame her, he does not feel very deserving of common courtesy right now. With shaking fingers he opens the uber app before he snatches his bag and races outside. The ride to the hospital is an overwhelming blur; one moment Ilya opens the car door at the Bell Centre and the next he's closing it outside of Montreal General. Stumbling into the hospital, he heads to the reception and asks in horribly stilted English which floor Shane's room is on.

Only when he is standing outside the door to Shane's private room does it register with him that he hasn't showered and is still dressed in his sweaty compression clothes. He hasn't even taken off his scent patch. Shane despises when he is like this, always grumbling about hygiene and forces him shower before they fuck. He had admitted once, sleepy and satisfied, that the only sweat he wants on Ilya is what Shane can fucked out of him.

He could sneak off, wash up and make himself presentable. Take off his patch so Shane would be able to scent him properly. He should take a moment, attempt to retract his canines and clean the blood out of his mouth. His dufflebag is with him, there are semi-clean clothes in there somewhere mixed in with his gear but Ilya just... He can't bring leave now, not when Shane is right behind the door. His *solnishko* pulls him forward, an irresistible gravitational pull and Ilya is powerless against it. He's going to meet Shane's mom for the first time and he's a fucking mess but it doesn't matter. He raises his hand and knocks twice before sliding the door open and he slips inside.

Yuna Hollander sits by Shane's bedside, his hand clutched tightly in hers. Her eyes narrow when she spots him and she rises from her chair, rounding the bed to stand at Shane's feet. Despite her delicate stature, she reminds Ilya of a fiery knight, protecting her pup from the big, bad villain. Ilya has seen her before, at games and in pictures, but he's never been this close to her. "Rozanov," she states, crossing her arms. Her presence is commanding, the air around her fraught with tension as she glares at him. He feels like a butterfly, pinned beneath her gaze. Ilya cannot help but notice that her eyes are same beautiful, brown shade as Shane's.

"Hello," he replies, awkwardly. He shuffles on the spot, unsure if he should offer to shake her hand. He forgets it the moment he is able to take in Shane for the first time since he was whisked off the ice and his heart clenches at the somber sight. Shane is asleep in the hospital bed, a blooming bruise decorating his temple and his arm is in a sling. Instinctively, Ilya takes a step forward, the need to touch Shane is staggering, to feel his warm skin beneath his fingers and confirm, irrevocably, that he is alive.

Yuna snarls, showing off her sharp but straight white teeth. She may be a beta, unable to drop her canines or release pheromones but nevertheless, the message is clear. 'Stay the fuck away from my son,' every fiber of her being is screaming. Because Ilya is nothing. He is the enemy, the shithead alpha that slams her son into the boards, hard enough to bruise and insults him openly to the press before their games.

The bastard alpha that's been fucking her precious son.

"Do not look at him," she growls, nostrils flaring. "You look at me, Rozanov."

Ilya obeys, displaying his neck and keeping his eyes on her. If his brother could see him now, an alpha submitting to a beta, he would beat the shit out of him and then some. Not that Ilya ever really cared for his brother's opinions, they were all shit anyway.

"Shane and you, how long..?" she trailed off, frowning.

Ilya hesitates momentarily but decides that there is no point in lying to her. She already knows about them anyway, her vitriol will not be soothed by lies. "Since rookie year," he whispers. Sniffing, he adds, "Summer before."

He can practically see Yuna deflate, as if his answer has burst the bubble of her entire reality. "Jesus Christ." She runs a hand through her hair, her shoulder sagging. "All these years you've been together?"

"No, not together. We, um..." Abruptly, Ilya realizes just how out of his depth he is without Shane. How do you tell your arch rival's mom that you have been sleeping with her son for close to a decade but never dared to admit to each other you were falling in love because there was too much at stake? It would absolutely ruin Shane's career if the truth were to come out. Ilya had far less to lose, true but fucking your rival was never ideal for him either. "Lovers," he settles on, wetting his lips, "is that right word?" He almost wishes Shane would wake up and save him but then immediately scolds himself. Shane needs to sleep, so he can heal properly.

"Lovers..." Yuna rubs her temples, considering the word. Abruptly, her head snaps up, her expression wild. "Did he ever throw a game?" she demands, taking a step towards him. She is practically vibrating with suppressed anger.

"I- What?"

"Shane, did he ever throw a game for you? Let you win?"

Ilya's lip curls into a snarl, his bloody canines on full display. Fury curdles in his stomach, molten and wild. How dare she accuse Shane of this, her own flesh and blood?! "No, fucking never!" he hisses, pulling himself up to his full height. "Hollander is- *Shane* is Shane! He would never! Do not say such things!"

Yuna is unphased in the face of pure alpha rage, clenching her fists and meets his gaze with the same intensity. She is remarkably composed for a beta. "Did you throw games for him?" she inquires.

The question snaps him out of his anger. He blinks, momentarily feeling off balance that she would even care to question his integrity. "No," he repeats and clears his throat. He runs his tongue over his bleeding lip. "No, I would not and Shane would not let me. He would be angry, yell at me. Hockey is..." he frowns, searching for the right words in a language he often finds fails him. "Is, um, better when we play each other? Makes me want to play better. He is best hockey player, yes? I am best too. When we play, is magic. He is the only challenge, everyone else are shit. There is nothing like it."

Yuna studies him as he stumbles through his speech, tilting her head as she considers his words. After a few awkward moments, she sighs and admits "I believe you."

Ilya's breath hitches as she steps aside, no longer shielding Shane from him. The knight deems the dragon no longer a threat. He swallows and gives her a paltry smile, unsure of how to convey his gratitude.

"How did you... how did you find out?" he dares to ask, the questions having nagged at him since he left the Bell Centre. "About us?"

"Shane kept asking for you," she confesses with a wet laugh and voice so incredibly fond, Ilya's heart aches. "He is on strong painkillers, I am not sure he knows exactly what he is saying. Thankfully, I managed to get the nurses out before they heard him."

Ilya nods, eyes trailing Shane's unconscious body. He looks peaceful like this and Ilya cannot help but to drink the sight of sleeping in, committing every detail to memory. He so rarely gets to see Shane asleep, one of them always having to rush off in the middle of the night, long before they are ready to part. "What is... prognosis?" he asks, the word clumsy on his tongue.

"Concussion and a broken collarbone, among other things." She studies him, her expression unreadable.

He cannot shake the feeling that there is something she is not saying, but he ignores it as he considers Shane's injuries. "He will be out for playoffs," Ilya concludes.

"Lucky you."

He frowns, unable to stop himself from giving her a dirty look. "No. Not lucky, is bad. Always bad when Hollander cannot play. He will be very grumpy and whiny. Will complain about my playing and try to make me eat sad diet."

"Rozanov... Ilya, I have to ask," she gestures to Shane's sleeping form, "did you know?"

"Know what?" he questions and then, like a lighting strike, it hits him. Blood drains from his face and he displays his neck. Yuna is asking if he knew Marlow was going to hurt Shane. "No, absolutely not, no," he insists, pleading for her to listen. "I did not know, I swear. Is hockey and Marlow is good player! He did not plan to hurt Hollander, it was accident!"

"That is not what I'm asking. I know it was an accident," Yuna reassures him gently, so unlike the woman Ilya spoke with on the phone. She returns to her seat by Shane's side, taking his limp hand in hers again. Looking back at Ilya, her expression is pained. "You really don't know," she murmurs, more to herself than anything. She tilts her head upwards, her eyes glistening as she admits, quietly "I wish David was here."

Ilya inches closer to the bed. "Your husband, *da?*"

"He's stuck at work. He'll be here in a few hours." She gives him a self-deprecating smile. "You will like him far more than me. He is the more diplomatic one out of us."

"I like you, you are good mother," Ilya insists. He is not lying. Yuna is scary and sharp, yes but Ilya found himself admiring her from the moment she stared him down in his alpha rage to protect Shane. "Shane speaks highly of you. Always says 'I love you' on the phone. Is sweet."

Yuna's lips twitch into a tiny smile and opens her mouth but to say what, he does not know. Before she can even get a single word out, a low groan cuts through the air. Yuna snaps her head towards Shane. "Baby, I'm here," she chokes out, brushing a stray lock of hair from his face. "Mommy is here."

"...Mom?" Shane slurs, stirring beneath the thin hospital blanket. He blinks a few times, his eyelids sliding shut as if against his will. Ilya remains frozen by the foot of his bed, transfixed by the mere fact that Shane is alive and will be okay. Marlow did not hurt him irreparably, and will not have the end of Shane's career stamped across his legacy.

Shane will skate again.

Yuna leans down, pressing a kiss to his forehead. "Yes, baby, I'm right here." She sneaks a peak at Ilya, a mischievous glint in her eyes and she continues, squeezing Shane's hand before she lets go and stands, "You have a visitor."

Shane finally manages to get his eyes open, his pretty brown eyes dazed but so incredibly rife with life. He twists his head around on the pillow and Ilya has the privilege of seeing his entire face light up when he spots him. "Ilyaaaaa!" Shane beams, so adorable Ilya turns weak in the knees. He's so gone on this man, it's not even funny. "You came!"

"Hollander," Ilya croaks, a sob clawing at the back of his throat. Tension he wasn't even aware he was carrying disappears, like a massive boulder has been lifted from his chest. "Hello."

Shane, grinning from ear to ear, his eyes clouded by drugs yet brimming with light, lifts his free hand and clumsily makes grabby hands towards him. Yuna smiles and steps aside, giving him a chance to take his place by Shane's side. He has never been more terrified in his life. "Hey," Shane says, his voice light and happy. When Ilya doesn't move immediately, he pouts, wriggling his fingers in the air. "Heyyyyyy," he whines, a tiny furl developing between his brows. Two scent patches are nestled across his glands. Ilya would bet all the money in the world that beneath them, Shane is leaking sweet omega pheromones like a faucet.

Ilya snaps out of himself, shooting forward and laces their fingers together. Shane's hand is warm against his own. Shane squeezes his hand, his grip weakened by the drugs and lets out a triumphant purr. "Yessss! Bet-ter!"

Ilya takes the opportunity to stroke his cheek, running a finger across his beautiful freckles. "You scared me, Hollander," he admits, quietly.

"I'm sorry."

"No, no sorries, hm. How are you feeling?"

Shane leans into his touch, purring like content kitten, or in this case, content omega. “I’m soooo good Ilya, I’m amazing. Do you know why I am good?”

“No, *solnishko*, I do not know.”

“Marlow didn’t ruin my plans!” Shane announces and then abruptly pouts. It is adorable.

“Well, he did but this is much better!”

“Plans?” Ilya repeats, glancing over his shoulder at Yuna in bewilderment. Noticing his questioning look, she shakes her head minutely and shrugs.

Shane goes on, oblivious to his confusion. “I was going to ask you to come to my cottage for the summer but now I won’t have to! Ilya, you don’t have to go back to Russia anymore! Isn’t that great?”

“Um...” Ilya blinks, staring down at Shane. “Hollander, I must go home. I always go home, *da?*”

“Yes, I know but not anymore. You are moving in with me! Yay! It’s gonna be great.” He wiggles his eyebrows and continues in, what Ilya thinks is supposed to be, a seductive voice “Think about it... we can fuck every day, in the kitchen, in the bathroom, in my actual bed and-”

His cheeks heating up, he hurries to shush Shane, placing a finger over his own lips. “*Shane*, please,” he splutters, “your mother is here.”

Shane, blessedly, shuts up only to let out a tiny giggle. “Oh my goood,” he stage whispers, his eyes widening comically, “are you blushing? Mom, mom! Ilya’s blushingggggg!”

The heat on his face spreads like fire, crawling down his throat and Ilya clears his throat. “No, is lie,” he denies, pretending he does not know how childish he sounds. “I tell you this, Russians do not blush.”

Shane lets out another peal of laughter and behind him, Yuna snorts. Deciding the best course of action to avoid more humiliation, Ilya instead begins coaxing an answer out of Shane.

“*Solnishko*, why do you say I will be moving in with you? I don’t-... What are you talking about?” He sends Yuna another questioning look. “He’s on good drugs, yes? Is why he is speaking funny?”

“Oh, he’s high as a kite but Ilya... I think you should listen to him.”

Ilya frowns, feeling utterly lost, like he has been dropped squarely in the middle of an already ongoing conversation and expected to contribute. “Shane,” he murmurs, cupping his cheek, “What do you mean, hm?”

“You are moving in with me,” Shane repeats, looking up at Ilya with wide, expectant eyes. His pupils are blown wide, almost entirely eclipsing the brown irises. “You have to, Ilya.”

“Hollander, you must explain *why*. I do not understand.”

“Because I’m pregnant, Ilya! We are having a pup,” Shane sing-songs, flopping down on his pillow with a blissed out smile. Then he lifts his head up again and adds, almost as an afterthought, “It’s yours. Obviously.”

“Obviously,” Ilya echoes, faintly.

Pregnant. Shane is pregnant with a baby, *his* baby. Ilya is going to be a dad. The word bounces around his brain, echoing through his mind. Pregnant. Pregnant. Pregnant. Shane *is* pregnant, they are going to have a pup.

The world tilts abruptly and Ilya crumples to the floor with a pained grunt, slumped in a kneeling position. He’s faintly aware of a pair of delicate hands that settle against his biceps, a soothing pressure that steady his swaying body.

“Ilyaaaaa,” Shane whines, his sweet voice is distant yet it tugs on Ilya’s mind as Shane clumsily paws at his cheek, his hand having slipped out of Ilya’s. “Say something.”

Ilya opens his mouth, always wishing to give Shane what he wants but nothing comes out. Vaguely, he registers that it’s Yuna behind him, her firm grip on his biceps attempting to ground him back in reality but it is like he has been plunged underwater, separated from the rest of the world by an invisible, sluggish barrier. There is a shrill ringing sound in his ears, a siren of terror, wailing as Ilya’s mind replays the moment Marlow crashed into Shane. It was a brutal hit, the impact broke his collarbone. It gave him a concussion, despite his protective gear and Shane is a grown man, hardened by muscle and years of vigorous training but the pup — *their pup* —, only has the protection of Shane’s belly. He whines, a low, broken noise deep in his throat as he settles a shaking hand on Shane’s stomach. If it wasn’t for the scent patch, the entire room would reek of distressed alpha pheromones. “Pup,” he gasps, his voice strangled and desperate as his mind breaches the surface of reality, “is our pup okay? The hit, was bad.”

His eyes are stinging with salty, unshed tears threatening to break free and his vision is blurry but he doesn’t care, not when there is a possibility that his best friend has accidentally killed his baby, his pup. Marlow would never forgive himself, it would destroy him, and Ilya is terrified of himself, of what he would do if Cliff has caused the death of his child.

“The baby is fine,” Yuna hurries to reassure him, her hands squeezing his arms firmly, forcing him to listen. “The doctors have checked everything, the pup is perfectly healthy.”

Ilya’s eyelids slide shut in utter, blissed relief, a tear, finally, *finally* escaping. It feels like freedom. “*Slava bogu*,” he whispers, his hand cupping Shane’s still flat stomach. Behind the protective layer of fat and muscle, there is life, hiding away from the world. Growing, thriving. “A pup.”

He swallows and then hesitates before he decides he must ask, knowing he would hate himself for the rest of his life if he does not. “You are sure?” he whispers, his voice small.

This child will change his life, yes, in the best way possible. It is all he has ever wanted, all he has dreamed and longed for. A pup, a family with- with Shane, his *solnishko*... but Shane will be the one to suffer the hard, grueling consequences of it all. His body will change and

warp, his career will be put on hold — if not cut short entirely — and he will be the one with his secret bared for the world.

“Yesss, the doctor showed me a picture and everything,” Shane smiles brightly, not clearly understanding what Ilya is asking. He reaches out, whipping away his tears gently and Ilya is struck by the fact that is perhaps not the ideal conversation to have when Shane is high out of his mind. “It’s like, the size of lime right now. Or a pear. I think it depends on which nurse you ask.”

“No, no um.” Ilya leans into Shane’s touch, soaking in his warmth like a flower soaks in the sunlight. Mentally he ransacks his mind, searching for the right word, needing to make Shane know what he is asking. He hates this language barrier between them, yet another obstacle in their relationship already fraught with hardships. “You are sure you want to- to keep?” He speaks carefully, tasting each word before he says them. “You don’t want to... remove? Stop being pregnant?” He sighs and admits “I do not know the word.”

Shane tilts his head, confused yet still supplying him with the word he has been looking for, like he always does. “You mean abort?”

“*Da*. That.” He covers Shane’s hand on his cheek, squeezing it. “This could ruin your career, take hockey from you. We won’t be able to hide anymore.”

“I know,” Shane groans, tugging his hand free from Ilya’s to rub at his eye. “I won’t be able to play for at least a year with sucks, probably two which double sucks and even then, I doubt the league will just let me pick up where I left off. But, Ilya, I want to keep my pup. *Our* pup. I want us to be a family.” He sets his jaw and nods towards Yuna. “Besides, mom will figure out a way for me to get back on the ice, she’s like crazy smart. Right, mom?”

“Right,” Yuna echos softly.

Shane gives her a dopey smile when suddenly he frowns, biting his lip. Ilya tries to catch his gaze but Shane stubbornly refuses. “Do you want...?” he trails off and begins to fiddle with the blanket.

Ilya’s heart breaks at the pitiful sight and he trips over himself in a rush to reassure him. “Yes, yes, *da!* I want, more than anything, *lyubimyy*, I want. This is great news, you could not give me a more precious gift.”

Finally, Shane meets his eyes again and he grins. “Ilya,” he murmurs excitedly, “we are having a baby.”

“*Da, lyubimyy*, we are.”

“You will move in with me,” Shane demands, poking his cheek. “And you won’t go to Russia, I forbid you. You are always sad there.” He pauses and tilts his head as if thinking, an adorable pout on his lips. Then he breaks into a mischievous grin. “You can’t leave me, I’m pregnant,” he announces smugly, with an air of finality.

Ilya gets the distinct feeling this is how many future disagreements will end in the near future. He doesn't mind.

"Never, I will stay," Ilya promises. "I am yours. You will not get rid of me. Will get annoyed with me, I am with you so often."

"Impossible, I always want you close to me," Shane replies and fuck, if that doesn't break Ilya's heart. For almost a decade they have only had stolen moments in cities that weren't their own. They have had to claw and plan and lie for just a few hours in each other's arms each year, surviving off texts and phone calls. That ends now, Ilya vows to himself. From now on, he and Shane will never have to steal another moment, no, they will have what is rightfully theirs: each other.

Behind him, Yuna gives his arms a final squeeze and then she lets her hands fall away. "I'm gonna go get a coffee and call your dad, okay?" she murmurs. "I'll be right outside, baby."

"Kay, mom. Love you."

"I love you too," Yuna replies before she slips out of the room.

As the door closes behind her, Shane takes Ilay's hand, tugging at it weakly. "Come here," he orders and wiggles like a worm to make room in the tiny hospital bed. "Cuddle with me."

Ilya hesitates. "I have not showered yet."

"I don't care, I want you to hold me."

Ilya bits back a grin and obeys, gingerly climbing into the bed. He maneuvers Shane so he can lay on his chest with his side, careful as to not jostle his collarbone. The hand rail digs into his hip and his left foot is hanging off the edge but, with Shane splayed across his chest, he's never been more at ease. He presses a soft kiss to his hair. "So," Ilya starts, hugging him close, "you were going to invite me to cottage?"

"Yes, yes! I had a plan and everything."

"Shane Hollander had a plan, I tell you, I am shocked," Ilya chirps.

"Shut up," Shane whines, scrunching his nose and Ilya swears he will die from cuteness overload. "I was going to suck your brain out of your cock and then I would ride you while telling you about all the amenities until you agreed," Shane states, playing with Ilya's fingers. Ilya sends a quick thanks to god that Yuna has left. "It was gonna be great. Stupid Marlow."

"Yes," Ilya agrees with ease, "stupid Marlow."

"But I guess forgive him because now we know about the pup."

"Perhaps we should send him flowers, yes? Tell him thank you."

Shane laughs. "Ilya, that's sooo nice."

"I am always nice, Hollander."

"Nooooo," Shane giggles, tugging on Ilya's hand. "You can be very mean."

"Maybe." Ilya leans down, rubbing his nose against Shane's, just to hear him laugh again. "You like it when I'm mean."

"Yeah, I do," Shane says, closing his eyes. Silently, to himself he mumbles "Stupid Marlow."

Ilya bites the inside of his cheek to avoid laughing because it's rude to laugh at your pregnant, high omega.

They stay like that, intertwined until Yuna returns with a coffee in hand. She raises an eyebrow at Ilya's new position, but doesn't comment. Instead she settles in the uncomfortable hospital chair without a word. She pulls out her phone and Ilya realises she is offering the only semblance of privacy she can.

"I'm sleepy," Shane abruptly announces, his voice terribly serious as if he was delivering news of national importance. His eyes are still closed.

Ilya grins, kissing his forehead. "Then sleep, *lyubimyy*."

"Stay?"

"*Da*, I will stay. Told you, you will not get rid of me."

Shane yawns, scrunching up his nose and snuggles into Ilya's chest with a content sigh.

"Take a nap," Yuna says. "Dad will be here when you wake, baby."

"I love dad."

"Me too."

A few seconds pass and then Shane startles suddenly. Ilya tenses, worried something is wrong but all Shane does is lift his head to look at his mother intently. "I love Ilya too, mom, but you can't tell him, okay? I'm gonna tell him at the cottage."

Ilya inhales sharply, his skin tingling. Beside him, Yuna attempts to cover a laugh with an extremely fake cough. "I won't say a thing, I promise."

"You are the best," Shane beams, closing his eyes and lays back down. "Night."

He settles against Ilya's chest and immediately falls asleep, as if he hasn't just dropped an atom bomb on Ilya. Shane loves him, every heartbeat slams against his ribcage, Shane loves him. Blood rushes in his head, singing with joy as Ilya lays there, his *solnishko* draped across him and Shane *loves* him.

"*Ya tebya lyublyu*," spills from his lips and for the first time in years, the words free and unbidden by sorrows. Shane loves Ilya and Ilya loves Shane. Nothing else matters. "*Ya tebya*

ochen' lyublyu."

For the first time in a long while, Ilya is not nothing. He is loved.

End Notes

Kudos and comments will be impregnated.

Like half the internet, I am obsessed with Heated Rivalry so I banged this out with intense enthusiasm. I am already working on more fics bc these mfs are my current bread and butter

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