

Hat Trick

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Hat Trick

by [penpen_xo](#)

Summary

“A baby.” Shane breathed out. “Can you believe it?”

“Yes, I can,” Ilya said, voice croaky and muffled against Shane’s chest. “We have a lot of sex.”

“Asshole.” Shane swatted him and Ilya finally drew back, meeting his husband's smile with one of his own.

“So that food poisoning you had last month.” Ilya considered.

“Not food poisoning I guess.”

“That means we can add Al’s Sushi back into our rotation! Their spicy Salmon roll is so fucking good.” Ilya asked, his mouth practically watering.

“Ahh, probably not any time soon, and I'd really love to not talk about raw fish right this second if that’s okay.” Shane’s eyes drifted down to his abdomen, a flash of queasiness crossing his face.

Ilya let his hands fall to Shane’s belly, spreading them wide across the warm skin. “A baby.” He murmured and Shane sighed into him. “God I love you so much.”

or

Shane and Ilya attend All Stars weekend, fully intent on just enjoy versing each other for the first time in years, only to leave with much more than broken records and the chance to revisit their old rivalry.

Notes

I just really wanted to write something sweet and from Ilya's standpoint- ya boys pathetically in love with Shane. Also, any chance to use the "Ilya Rozanov is a Menace" tag.

This is

xoxo

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

“Wait,” Shane squinted down at his phone, grabbing Ilya’s arm as he passed him to the kitchen, the man in question jolting in place. “We’re not playing together.”

“What?” Ilya squawked, leaning forward over his husband's shoulder to read the email. Sure enough, the League had decided to revisit an old theme for the upcoming AllStars weekend, Europe Vs North America, meaning Shane and Ilya, for the first time in several years, would be playing opposite each other and not on the same team.

“But...” Ilya straightened, confusion running across his face, his mind trying to add it all up. “I am Canadian citizen now?”

Shane shrugged, his hand finding Ilya’s and squeezing it reassuringly. “I know babe. Even if you can’t sing the national anthem properly, we Canadians still claim you entirely.”

“Stupid French version.” Ilya grumbled as he continued on his way to the kitchen where he had been chopping up some pumpkin to roast for their dinner.

Shane followed him, sinking into one of the island stools, eyes soft and twinkling with something a little mischievous as he watched his husband cube the pumpkin perfectly.

“You know,” He began and Ilya glanced up, immediately clocking the drawn out, sly tone to Shane’s words. “We could have some fun with this, like old times.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah,” He nodded so fucking earnestly it made Ilya swoon. “I mean, think how fun it used to be to compete against each other. And let’s be real here, my team will completely destroy yours, you know that right?”

Game. Fucking. On.

“You wish, Hollander.” Ilya just grinned at him and dropped the knife he was holding, purposefully ignoring as it clattered onto the counter as he rounded the counter and spun Shane to face him, his husband wrapping his legs around his middle and allowing Ilya to pull him in, their mouths crushing against each other with a blazing heat.

The pumpkin, and consequently their dinner, lay forgotten.

3 months later in New York they were skating next to each other during warm up, wearing different coloured jerseys, but both still bearing the coveted C.

“You ready for this?” Ilya bumped Shane’s shoulder, winking as Shane shot him a cheeky smile.

“Am I ready to win this thing you mean? Well yes, yes I am.”

“And you’re feeling okay?” Ilya pressed, not caring who saw as he reached for Shane’s hand, clasping it through their gloves so he could squeeze.

With the break in their schedule, they’d been able to fly in a few days earlier and enjoy wandering around the city, getting lost in ridiculously touristy things, shopping, and Ilya even convinced Shane to go to a show with him.

But Shane had woken up that morning with somewhat of an upset stomach, and had thrown up a few times. In Ilya's opinion, he still looked a little peaky, but after forcing him to stay in bed with him all day, Shane was looking, and claiming to be feeling better.

Unfortunately though, he’d been complaining of mild nausea for a few weeks, on and off, and Ilya was feeling anything but comforted by Shane waving him off, insisting he’s fine.

“Yeah, I promise,” Shane squeezed back, “Look, I better go rally the team together, and you should probably do the same.”

He nodded off to Ilya's gaggle of teammates who were either stretching on the ice or standing watching this very interaction. Ilya was definitely closer to a lot more of Shane's team at this point and though he would never admit it, he was pretty sure his own team was not going to win tonight. Doesn't mean he won't try as hard as he can or throw as many chirps as possible in his husband's direction though. What would make this even better, and even more like old times, was if Scott Hunter hadn't retired at the end of the previous season— for Ilya still had a plethora of great dinosaur jokes he could have used tonight.

“Okay, to the best player then.” Ilya agreed.

“Aww, see I knew you thought I was the best.” Shane clasped a hand to his chest and Ilya just winked as he skated backwards away from him, touching two fingers to his lips in their ‘I love You’ sign.

The game was going pretty much as well as Ilya expected it to. His own team played hard, and even though he tried to guide them and whip them into the right shape to beat the North American's, they just weren't up to the same level. They at least had a few goals on the board all thanks to him, but for every goal he scored, his team let 2 past. He was frustrated and trying not to let it show as he approached every face off with his stupid, beautiful husband who was skating so damn good.

And then in the 3rd period, only a handful of minutes before the end of the game, Ilya approached Shane for the faceoff and immediately frowned, noting the pale skin, clammy forehead and Shane's laboured breathing.

“*Moya Lyubov*, what is it?” Ilya ducked his head to try and catch his gaze.

Shane merely huffed out though, his stick dropping to the ice as he pitched forward, eyes rolling into the back of his head. Ilya caught him quickly and let them sink carefully down so that he wouldn't fall.

“Shane!?” He yelped, turning him over in his arms, panic rising as he noted Shane's closed eyes— He'd completely passed out.

Barely seconds later, medics skidded to a stop by their side as Ilya lowered him carefully to a lying position, fingers stilling over his pulse, his own breathing returning as he felt the dull throb of his husband's heartbeat.

“What happened, did he hit his head?” The medic asked immediately, gently pushing Ilya out of the way so they could access Shane.

Ilya shook his head, dazed. “No...no, he just fainted.”

Shane hadn't taken any hits that night, no one keen to get too messed up at an All Stars weekend and jeopardize their season, so what the hell had happened?

The medics started asking questions, rattling off things as they got him onto a stretcher and off the ice, Ilya skating along behind them.

Someone handed him his skate guards as he stepped off the ice, barely glancing back at the players they were leaving behind, everyone a little in shock and wondering what had happened to the great Shane Hollander.

The medics kept asking him questions though as they moved, and Ilya's head was a whirl of fear and too much English.

“Has he been feeling okay today?”

“He umm...” Ilya tried to ground himself by picking up Shane's hand as they sat in the back of the ambulance. “He threw up a few times this morning, but seemed to be feeling fine after that.”

The medic just nodded and made a note in their file. As they pulled up at the hospital, Shane's eyes fluttered open and he sighed, head slowly rolling over to face them all.

“Shane fuck...” Ilya smiled down at him, entirely surprised by the warmth that hit the back of his eyes. “You scared me.”

“What happened?” He asked quietly, his eyes fluttering back shut, but Ilya could tell they were just resting, he hadn’t fainted again.

“You passed out,” Ilya explained. “We’re on our way to the hospital.”

Shane just nodded, humming something and curling towards Ilya as he ran his fingers soothingly across Shane’s freckles.

An hour later, Ilya paced back and forth in front of Shane’s hospital bed, his hockey gear feeling too bulky and out of place, but bringing him a weird sense of comfort with all this unknown clouding overhead. He’d ditched his skates and was just in his socks currently, much to Shane’s disgust, if the way he wrinkled his nose up was any indication. His own Hockey gear had been bundled up into a bag, replaced by a thin hospital gown.

“Ilya, will you come sit down please.” Shane asked, holding out his one free hand from where he sat, settled against the sterile, scratchy pillows, the other was hooked up to an IV.

Ilya huffed dramatically but did as he was told, throwing himself down into the plastic chair by his husband's bedside, offering forward his hand when Shane made grabbing motions.

“Good, now we will be calm.”

“How can you be calm, we have been waiting forever and...” Ilya grumbled as he trailed off, Shane rubbing circles into his palm, just like he knew Ilya liked. It made him start to feel a little calmer...but only a little.

Once they’d arrived they’d been shown to a private room and the doctors had swooped in, asking more questions to try and get the full picture, which was a lot easier to do with Shane now awake. They ordered a series of tests and told them to sit tight while they waited for the results. And it was the waiting that Ilya was struggling with, he’d never been so good at waiting. Especially when it concerned Shane.

“Everyone seems far too calm for my liking.” He mumbled, but his bite was beginning to fade as Shane worked away with his thumb.

“Do you want something to be wrong that they need to be rushing around for?” Shane raised an eyebrow.

“Of course not!” Ilya cried out. “But don’t they know who you—”

“Mr Hollander Rozanov?”

Both boys snapped to attention. “Yes?”

A woman in her 50’s entered, a smile on her face as they both answered to the name. “I’m Dr Novak. Dr Brown who saw you upon admission is having to deal with something elsewhere, so I’ve taken over your case. My team has brought me up to speed and we have your results back as well.” She closed the door behind her and flipped through Shane’s chart once more for good measure. “Firstly how are you feeling Mr Hollander Rozanov?”

“Shane, please. And tired, to be honest,” Shane admitted and Ilya frowned. “A little weary.”

“Weary? You did not say *Moya Lyubov*.”

“Yes, you are quite dehydrated actually,” Dr Novak nodded, ignoring Ilya flapping in his chair. “The fluids you’re working through currently should help you feel better soon, but I’ll get someone to hook up a new bag, see if we can get some more into you before you leave tonight.”

“Okay, thank you,” Shane nodded. “Wait...leave tonight, so is that it? I was just dehydrated, there’s nothing wrong with me?”

Dr Novak perched on the end of his bed. “Well no, technically there isn’t anything *wrong* with you, but we did find something.”

Ilya's eyes went round, dread coursing through him as Shane's thumb stilled.

"Shane," Dr Novak continued, voice a little gentler this time. "Your hCG levels were very high. It looks like you're pregnant, about 3 months approximately, but we can do an ultrasound to confirm and get some initial measurements. You most likely *did* pass out because you were dehydrated, I'm guessing you've been struggling to keep fluids down? Well...this is the reason why."

Ilya turned towards his husband, heart thudding in his chest as he took in the equally shocked look on Shane's face, his mouth hanging open in what Ilya hoped was just surprise and not horror.

"I'll give you boys a few moments to let that settle, and I'll go see if I can rustle up an ultrasound machine. Congratulations, you two." She squeezed Shane's leg gently and left the room.

"Holy shit." Shane whispered, and his hands instinctively dropped to his stomach. "Holy shit."

"Sweetheart." Ilya croaked out, and he suddenly realised he was crying. This seemed to snap Shane out of his own daze and he beckoned him forward, Ilya collapsing into his chest as they held each other tightly for several minutes.

"A baby." Shane breathed out. "Can you believe it?"

"Yes, I can," Ilya said, voice croaky and muffled against Shane's chest. "We have a lot of sex."

"Asshole." Shane swatted him and Ilya finally drew back, meeting his husband's smile with one of his own.

"So that food poisoning you had last month," Ilya considered.

“Not food poisoning I guess.”

“That means we can add Al’s Sushi back into our rotation! Their spicy Salmon roll is so fucking good.” Ilya asked, his mouth practically watering.

“Ahh, probably not any time soon, and I’d really love to not talk about raw fish right this second if that’s okay.” Shane’s eyes drifted down to his abdomen, a flash of queasiness crossing his face.

Ilya let his hands fall to Shane’s belly, spreading them wide across the warm skin. “A baby.” He murmured and Shane sighed into him. “God I love you so much.”

*

“Uncle Ilya?”

“Yes little Pike?” Ilya glanced up at Ruby Pike, who was clearly taking a small break from her mission to hustle him bad at cards.

“I think Uncle Shane has fallen asleep.”

Ilya straightened, abandoning the card game and barely even noticing when the twins took full advantage of his drawn gaze to look at his hand of cards, giggling to themselves.

Sure enough, Shane, 4 days from his due date, was asleep on the couch, head tipped back at a weird angle, mouth hanging open. Arthur and Amber were still happily nestled into his side, their gaze never leaving the tv where The Little Mermaid was playing.

Shane’s very large stomach rose and fell evenly, but the soft snores that started up had the children all giggling like crazy.

“Shhhh,” He hushed them with a smirk, standing up to gently wedge a pillow under Shane’s head, knowing if he slept too long at the angle his neck would be killing him, and god knows enough parts of Shane’s body were killing him right now. “Little ones, we must let him nap, he’s very tired.”

“Why?” Jade asked, coming to stand beside him to get a good look at Shane’s sleeping form, as if examining a specimen under a microscope.

“Well,” Ilya began, suddenly unsure how much he should tell the children about pregnancy. “Carrying a baby is very hard on the body, uses up a lot of energy, so makes you very tired.”

Thankfully, the girls seemed to just accept this and he was able to get them back into their game.

As much as he loved the Pike children, he can’t exactly say he had been fond of the idea of babysitting mere days out from Shane’s due date. But Jackie and Hayden had had a few important appointments come up last minute and had been a little desperate for the help.

He’d tried to get Shane to stay home while he came into Montreal to look after them, but he’d refused, not wanting to be home alone. He was oscillating right now between full on nesting mode, and being unable to bear leaving Ilya’s side for a moment, like he was a human velcro man. Of course if Shane clung on to Ilya and then proceeded to get too hot in the summer heat, that was Ilya’s fault, naturally, and honestly, he was happy to be wrong.

So they’d trekked the two hours from their home in Ottawa, Ilya biting his lip the entire way as he tried to distract himself from the groaning sounds his husband was making next to him, unable to get comfortable in the front seat of their boring new SUV.

Ilya thinks Shane is quite possibly the strongest person he’s ever met though. He can tell how much pain he’s in and while Shane is happy to be honest about how he’s feeling when it matters, he also keeps a lot to himself still.

Shane has always been a chronic internaliser, and that’s something Ilya has had to get used to over the years. But it’s also made him an expert at reading all things Shane. So Ilya noticed all the tiny nuances of Shane’s aches and pains, even if he didn’t voice them. He made it his mission to make sure his husband had everything he needed, and that sometimes included his hands, kneading into every weary, swollen limb on his body. Sometimes that included his

mouth, taking up his swollen, weary limbs. Anything Shane needed was his really, and Ilya was a happy little soldier, waiting, ready to serve.

While this pregnancy had been a surprise, a few years earlier than they'd been planning for, they couldn't be happier.

And Ilya...well he was just in complete awe of Shane, and the way he'd taken to the pregnancy over the last 6 months. He knows how hard losing control of his body has been for him, but Shane pushed through it all, setting his mind on the end goal, the biggest goal either of them could have for their family— a child.

But it had still been hard, and Shane was just about ready to pop now.

He was uncomfortable, and hot and ready to have his body back.

“Opphfhh.”

Ilya's head shot up again from where he was hopelessly losing to the twins— he's lucky they weren't betting on these games, making a mental note to never teach them poker— to see Shane wincing, hand digging into his side.

“Shanezhka, are you okay?” He shot up, cards falling to the floor.

Shane sat up a little and chuckled, waving him down. “Yes, they just kicked me in the ribs, hard. Caught me by surprise.”

That got the children's attention.

“In the ribs?” Ruby asked, outraged at the thought.

They drifted over to where Shane was sitting up a bit more now, his hands rubbing across his belly in a soothing motion.

“They are moving around?” Arthur asked carefully, sitting back a little, clearly unsure if he was disgusted or intrigued. The twins surged forward though, crawling up on the couch around them.

“Can we feel?” Jade asked and Amber nodded at her side.

“Sure,” Shane agreed more amicably than Ilya had been prepared for. He hadn’t been great about people touching his stomach other than a few chosen close family members and friends, but he also had a soft spot for the Pike kids, just like Ilya. “They seem to be awake so —”

“How *do* you make a baby?” Ruby asked all of a sudden and Shane’s eyes widened in surprise as he was cut off by the question every adult dreads to be asked.

“Uhhh...” he started, glancing desperately at Ilya for help.

“Well, “ Ilya began, equally a little unsure where to start with this topic when it wasn’t your own kids. Thankfully Shane cut in.

“Oh okay, they’re moving around again, here quick.” He pushed his shirt up and indicated for their hands, and the four children reached forward and pressed to Shane’s firm, rounded belly as instructed. They were immediately rewarded with an impressive roll and the kids all gasped in surprise.

Ilya just sat next to them, pulling Arthur into his lap and letting Ruby climb over him, and enjoyed the show. Their baby was evidently done with napping and was putting on a good show for the kids.

“Does it hurt?” Amber asked, eyes a little fearful as Shane grunted once more.

“No, it's just a very weird feeling sometimes.” He told her kindly, not wanting to scare her. Not like when a baby kicks you square in the ribs and leaves you winded. Or even when they...

The kids shrieked suddenly, jumping back as a clear view of the baby's foot emerged, pushing Shane's skin to the limit, and even Ilya had to admit that moments like that felt like he had an alien trying to break through. Shane bit back a groan, and Ilya rubbed his shoulder comfortingly as the kids continued to lose their minds. They caught each other's eye and couldn't help but laugh it off, Shane's still tinged with pain he couldn't do anything about.

“Whoa, what is happening here?”

Hayden and Jackie Pike made their way inside, confusion on their faces as they took in the scene before them. Amber ran to her mother, planted her head into her legs at full speed.

“Baby is trying to make escape through Shane's skin.” Ilya provided, entirely unhelpfully, when none of the kids answered.

“Jesus.” Hayden looked ill at the thought, dumping his keys and wallet on the counter.

“How are you feeling Shane?” Jackie came over, Amber hitched on one hip, her free hand trailing over the back of Shane's shoulder gently.

“Tired.” He huffed out, replacing the fabric of his shirt, stretching it tightly over his bump. “Ready to be done.”

“I bet.” She smiled sympathetically. “Did you guys want to stay for dinner?”

Ilya was about to protest when Shane replied. “Thank you, but no, we better get home to Anya. And I think I need to get to bed”

Ilya smiled across at them with a shrug. Couldn't have said it better himself.

"Thank you so much again for coming to our rescue, we love Uncle Shane and Uncle Ilya don't we kids." Jackie reached out to squeeze Ilya's arm in thanks.

"We had fun, didn't we little Pikes?" He asked, standing in front of Shane and pulling him gently to his feet as the kids chorused their agreement, gushing to their parents about all the things they did that day with their honorary uncles.

Shane exhaled deeply as soon as he was upright, hands pressing into the small of his back as the muscles immediately protested, the weight of his belly dragging everything down.

"Long drive my love, are you sure you want to make it?" Ilya's hands wound around to his back where he kneaded into the tight muscles.

Shane merely nodded, face clouded over with exhaustion and the ache that never left him these days. "Please take me home."

They said their goodbyes to the kids and Jackie before Hayden walked them to the front door.

"Gosh Shane, you've really dropped hey." Hayden commented as he waddled slowly, and Ilya just scowled at him.

"Oh gosh, I'm sure he hadn't noticed." He said with entirely more snark than was probably necessary, but entirely warranted in his opinion.

"Ilya, it's okay my love, he's just making an observation." Shane said to him, switching to Russian which pleasantly surprised Ilya and just confused Hayden.

“He is big buffoon who needs to mind what he says.” He replied and Hayden looked back and forth between them, brows furrowed.

“You’re talking about me, aren’t you?” He asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Yes.” Ilya said dryly.

“No.” Shane said at the same time, a blush spreading across his cheeks. He stepped forward to hug his friend. “We’ll see you soonish okay, and we’ll let you know when the baby is here.”

“You better,” Hayden grinned. “Just don’t have them on the way home today yeah, I don’t have anyone to babysit the kids.”

“Yeah, I’ll try.” Shane shook his head and made his way to their car, slowly easing himself into the front seat.

Hayden turned back to Ilya and jumped a little, recoiling at the glare he was receiving.

“Unhelpful Hayden,” he growled. “If you jinxed him, I will personally come and murder you. There will be no car babies happening today.”

“Okay jeez man, I’m sorry.” Hayden yelped. “I was just joking.

“Hmmm,” He hummed in reply, then thought of something brilliant. “Did kids not ask about babies when Jackie was pregnant with Amber?”

“What? Why? I mean well yeah, the twins did, but I didn’t tell them anything, obviously.” Hayden replied, incredulously.

“Children,” Ilya called back into the house. “Ask your dad about where baby’s come from, he knows everything!”

“You mother fu-” Hayden mouthed in horror.

“Bye Haydennnn.” He sang out to cut him off from swearing, legging it to the car before he got punched.

“You look like you just did something bad.” Shane raised an eyebrow, not letting the fake innocent look Ilya shot him deter his mind in any way.

“Me, never, I am always sweet and nice to Hayden.”

“Uhuh,” Shane laughed. “You torment him too much.”

Ilya just shrugged in amusement, not feeling bad at all for the predicament he just left Hayden Pike in. “I am beat from being hustled all day by those twins. Let’s get McDonalds on the way home.”

Shane didn’t respond at first, and Ilya wondered if he’d fallen asleep on him (wouldn’t have been the first time he’d drifted off mid sentence). “You know what, yeah. I want fries and a strawberry shake badly. The baby really wants one of those baked apple pie things too.”

“Baby does huh?”

“Yes. Oh, and a Strawberry Cheesecake McFlurry, and some nuggets.”

Ilya reached for Shane's hand, bringing it to his lips and pressing kiss after kiss to it. “You just say the word and I will get anything for you sweetheart. You and the baby. We buy whole McDonalds if we need to.”

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“I’m starting to understand how animals at the zoo feel.” Shane looked up in the mirror from where he’d been slumped forward, washing his face, catching Ilya in the reflection before he could shrink back behind the door.

Now caught, Ilya ambled into the bathroom sheepishly, standing behind his husband and letting his arms wrap around his middle as much as they could.

“You have to stop watching me, it’s making me feel like this baby is going to drop out of me at any second and you’re running around waiting to catch them.”

“They might.” He grumbled softly, burying his face into Shane’s neck.

Shane just shook his head, leaning back into Ilya, letting him take some of the weight. “Really doesn’t work that way babe.” He patted his face dry on a towel before turning in Ilya’s arms to face him.

“Baby really has dropped a lot haven’t they.” Ilya ran his hands over the tight swell. “Is running out of room in here little love, time to come out.”

Shane hurrumphed in agreement. “I’m getting ready to send an eviction notice.”

“Let’s have a relaxing day today my love, get you off your feet.” Ilya said, but Shane shook his head.

“I mean we can, but I want to finish some things in the nursery first,” He said, eyes softening a little. “Could you help me put on my compression socks first though?”

Ilya brightened at this, leading Shane back through to the bedroom, helping to lower him down onto the edge of the bed. He'd not been able to reach his feet properly for a few months now, and after one particularly hard struggle where he almost rolled off the couch, he'd succumbed to Ilya's help in all things feet related.

Ilya took his time, opting to give him a foot massage while he was down there, and by the content little moans coming out of Shane's mouth, he didn't seem to mind in the least.

Even though he'd been exhausted from their afternoon with the Pikes, he'd spent the night tossing and turning, trying to find a comfortable position as much as he possibly could at this stage, and in some ways Ilya kind of was just following him around waiting for something to happen, because the suspense was just killing him.

Massage complete, Ilya rolled the compression socks up and helped Shane to his feet.

"Quite the look." He snorted and Shane rolled his eyes. He didn't protest though, knowing exactly what his knee high compression socks, short shorts and old T-shirt of Ilya's that was hiked up over the top of his belly looked like.

Shane just waved him off, waddling off to the nursery and leaving Ilya to shower and dress. When he was making his own way through to the kitchen he paused at the nursery doorway and almost felt himself melt into a puddle at the sight of Shane in the rocking chair, folding onesies and carefully setting them on his belly. He rocked back and forth every so slightly, humming something sweet under his breath, as light as a spring breeze.

He isn't sure he's going to handle all the love he has for this man when the baby comes, if he's already reduced to this pathetic mess right now.

He wandered outside with Anya and sat in the sun for a while as she foraged around, sniffing everything she passed, stopping occasionally to pounce after a bug that dared to settle on the odd wildflower. She'd been more attentive to Shane these past few months as well, ever since they found out about the pregnancy and Shane was forced to call his season short. Ilya had been grateful for the Australian Shepherd though, his sweet girl, and that she stayed by his side through it all.

He closed his eyes for a moment, letting the heat of the morning rays overhead warm his face. He revelled in the quiet and almost felt himself drift off a little when Anya barked. And then he heard it too.

“Ilya?”

It was unmistakably Shane’s voice, calling out for him, and not in a casual way either. No, there was a hint of worry there.

Ilya leapt to his feet and dashed back inside, Anya hot on his heels. He skidded to a halt at the nursery and peered inside, immediately frowning at the sight.

“Okay no. No Shanya. No ladders,” He sighed. “You are 9 months pregnant, I can’t believe I have to tell you that.”

Shane glanced down at him defiantly from where he was perched on top of the step ladder. “I was fine.”

Ilya huffs out a chuckle. “Oh yes?”

“I was just hanging a picture, see. Got it up all okay.” He pointed to the large framed photograph he’d wanted to hang in the nursery for a while— a landscape of the lake up at the cottage that Ilya had taken the year prior.

“Did you now?”

“Fuck you.” Came the reply, but there was zero bite.

“And now?”

“Well I just...” But Shane’s voice trailed off as his defiance morphed into something more sheepish. He mumbled something under his breath that Ilya didn’t catch.

“What was that?” He stepped closer.

“My balance felt a little off,” He mumbled a little louder. “There’s so much pressure in my pelvis right now, it’s making me feel weird. I didn’t feel safe climbing back down.”

Ilya took pity on him, shaking his head in amusement as he held out his hands— Shane took them immediately, and he helped his husband carefully step down from the ladder. He let him grumble about how he was a capable man and could do anything. Let him put all his weight on Ilya as he took the final step to the floor.

Back on solid land, Shane took a deep inhale and let it out shakily. The tail end of that exhale though was met with a quick gasp and a slight hitch forward, and suddenly both of their feet were soaked with warm liquid.

“Was that?” Ilya tried to hide his involuntary wrinkle of disgust, but Shane clocked it immediately, his own brows furrowed in discomfort.

“Fuck,” Shane panted. “Oh my god, tell me I didn’t just pee myself.”

“It doesn’t smell like pee.” Ilya sniffed the air.

“Eww. Fuck, it’s still coming out,” Shane dropped his forehead to Ilya’s shoulder and let out a shaky breath. “I think it was my waters.”

They both glanced down at the growing puddle around them, both of their feet in the immediate splash zone. Shane’s shorts were dark, and the clear liquid still trickling down his leg suddenly made Ilya’s panic about the situation return at full force.

“We need to call Judy.” He said immediately.

Their midwife, Judy. The most no-nonsense, middle aged lady Ilya had ever met in his life.

Shane had spoken to her for a total of 30 seconds before deciding that she was exactly the type of person he needed to guide him through labour. Said she reminded him a little of Yuna, and he needed that kind of energy if he was going to give birth unmedicated and at home.

They’d toured several birthing centers, and the bright lights and sterile environment had made Shane just feel on edge, and not at all calm in any sense of the word. If they hadn’t been cleared for homebirth, they would have ended up there, of course. But thankfully everything had looked fine at their recent appointments, and so ‘relaxing’ home birth it was. Well, that was the plan at least. Shane had promised Ilya that at the first sign of something being wrong, he could cart him off to the hospital.

They were also not under the assumption that this *would* be relaxing, but Shane had begged everyone not to burst his bubble. He just wanted to feel at ease in what was probably going to be the most stressful moment of his life. And that was at home, with Ilya.

Shane shook his head, purposefully trying to steady his breathing. “I mean yes, eventually obviously. But nothing has happened yet. You can tell her my water broke, but she won’t come until contractions are much closer, and that could be many hours away.”

“Okay.” Ilya agreed, huffing out a nervous puff of air, trying to think about what to do next. It was actually happening. They were having the baby...today!

“Ohhhh whoah...” Shane gripped Ilya’s arms tightly and ducked his head, his breathing lapsing into something more intentional.

“Contraction?” Ilya asked sympathetically and the man gripping onto him for dear life just nodded in silence.

As it eased up, Shane straightened and melted a little into his arms. “Fuck, this is really happening.”

Ilya smiled at him softly. “Yes sweetheart, it is.”

*

Ilya has seen his husband in pain several times over the years of knowing him. He’s seen Shane concussed twice, broken ribs once, sprained ankle, sprained wrist and unfortunately, after a night out where he got caught in the cross fire of a badly aimed punch at someone else (Ilya), his nose. He’d really paid for that one.

But this was whole new territory for them both. This pain was with purpose, there was a reason for it, an outcome that demanded attention, and Ilya couldn’t do a damn thing to help relieve it.

Shane puffed out and released the low moan, his cheeks far too rosy, beads of sweat prickled across his forehead as he rose from the yoga ball he’d been slumped over. Ilya was perched on the edge of the couch seat behind him, elevated enough that he could apply pressure to every inch of his bare back when needed.

“He’d be a good player in the NHL,” Shane nodded at the screen, as if he hadn’t just endured something strenuous and incredibly painful. “Needs a little work on his back hand, but really beautiful skater. Quick too on his edges.”

Ilya shook his head in amazement.

Shane Hollander everyone, doing probably the toughest thing a human can do and still able to scout from the floor.

“I’ll get Wiebe onto it.”

Shane had managed to nap for most of the morning, and even allowed Ilya to feed him something good and full of things ideal for ‘baby pushing energy’ as Ilya had dared to phrase

it, earning himself a glare. But when he was no longer able to rest, and the contractions grew longer, closer together and far too intense to ignore, he'd moved the labouring party to the tv room.

They'd found an AIHL game playing on one of the international stations, which had been a nice surprise considering it was July, and it had been enough to pique Shane's interest and keep him focused on something else for the last little while. Ilya would have been happy to watch whatever, but he was enjoying the Australian commentators and the funny chirps the Australian players threw at each other, so this is where they'd stayed.

"I still can't get over how violent it all is." Judy winced from her seat in the armchair, pausing where she sat knitting to watch three players crash into the boards and then proceed pick themselves up like nothing had happened.

Shane just shook his head as it dropped to his chest, the familiar intake of air as another contraction hit. "This....is...worse...oh fuck..."

He actually cried out this time, reaching for one of Ilya's hands, clenching on to it so hard it nearly broke Ilya's heart.

Judy set her knitting down completely and moved to the floor next to him. "I think it's time for another check, okay Shane?"

He nodded, breathing sharp and far too quickly, and Ilya leant forward to run his other hand soothingly across his shoulder blades. "Slow breaths Moya Lyubov, count them out with me..."

Shane followed his voice and soon found his rhythm again, his hand shaking where it hung on to Ilya. When the contraction eased up, Judy snapped on fresh gloves and made quick work to perform her exam, before sitting back on her heels with a satisfied smile.

"You're at 8cm's Shane, you've hit transition, and hopefully won't be far off from pushing." She told him, discarding her gloves and rubbing his arm reassuringly.

Shane however looked more distraught than reassured, and Ilya couldn't help but fall to his knees in alarm as tears started to stream down Shane's face, his cheeks flaming red.

"Shane?"

"I can't do this," he shook his head, his voice so small and shaky as he sobbed now. "It hurts so much, I can't do it Ilya, I change my mind."

"Oh sweetheart," Ilya pulled him up into an embrace, and Shane melted heavily into him. "You can do it, because you already are doing it."

Shane's reply was incoherent and muffled, but Ilya knew he was listening.

"We're so close to meeting them and you're working so hard, and so beautifully. Just think of our baby at the end of all this, think of holding them."

Shane just gasped in response as another contraction hit him, and he gripped onto Ilya even tighter than he had before, his whole body quivering with pain. A long deep moan overtook the tears and Ilya just held him as he worked through it.

"You are so incredible. So strong," Ilya told him. "Just breathe through it."

"I don't feel like it," Shane admitted when the contraction tapered off. "I feel like I'm about to split right open."

"Well..."

"Fuck you," Shane huffed out and punched him right in the pec, before flashing a look over at Judy. "Sorry."

“Shane, if I was offended by a simple fuck, I would not be in this business my dear.” Judy merely glanced up from where she had started getting supplies laid out, ready for this next phase. “It’s highly possible you will yell many worse things before the night is out.”

“Fair point.”

“You can yell at me as much as you need.” Ilya pressed a kiss to his forehead.

30 minutes later, Shane shifted suddenly, his back straightening a little weirdly. “I need to push,” He announced, eyes widening in panic. “Holy fuck the pressure is insane, it feels like they are wedged between my thighs.”

Judy leapt into action and moved forward, fresh gloves on as she confirmed that Shane was indeed ready to push. “Are you comfortable here Shane?”

Shane just squirmed where he sat and nodded, eyes finding Ilya’s. “I don’t think I can move.”

“Do you want hockey on still?” Ilya raised an eyebrow in question, getting his husband to focus on something else instead of the panic he could see starting to cloud over his beautifully dark eyes. “Or we find you some music for in the background.”

“Music.” Came the uneven reply.

Ilya found something he knew Shane would like, dimmed the lights a little more and returned to the floor where Shane was now propped up back against the couch, cushions stuffed behind his back. Judy had laid out some towels over the top of pads, and Ilya was grateful, knowing Shane would never forgive him if they let him stain their lovely rug.

The sky outside was a wash of pinks and lilacs as nighttime crept closer, and the glow of the lamps around them made it feel cosy and everything Ilya knew Shane would have wanted for this experience. Anya sat in her bed, overseeing it all.

And then Shane started pushing, and Ilya was reminded once more how fucking incredible his husband was.

He sat next to him, propped a little more forward so he could see the progress being made, but close enough to still provide comfort and a hand to break.

“The pressure is insane.” Shane panted, eyes clenched shut as their baby’s head began to bulge. “Oh fuck....FUCK...it’s fucking burning.”

Ilya almost cried as he saw the small oval of hair appear, inch by steady inch. And Shane actually did cry as the head began to crown, his body recoiling slightly at the sensation.

“Oh my god Shane.” Ilya laughed as the head was born in a rush of liquid, Shane collapsing back into the cushions, spent and breathing hard as Judy quickly checked for the cord.

“I’m so tired,” he whispered out, struggling to catch his breath. “I can’t do this...”

“Shane, give me your hand,” Judy called to him gently, taking his hand and guiding it down to cup their baby’s head. “Feel your baby, you’re so close, you *can* do it.”

Shane just cried out in disbelief as his shaking hand clasped over the top of their baby’s small head. “Oh my god, oh my god.”

“They’re so fucking cute Shane.” Ilya just marvelled at their kids sweet little scrunched up face.

“Oh..” Shane moaned in pain as the baby shifted, the head beginning to turn.

"Everything's clear Shane. You've worked so hard, give me one more big push and you'll have your baby." Judy told him, getting him to lock his focus in and complete the demanding task at hand.

Shane just nodded in response as he locked in, panting heavily up at Ilya who could only shake his head in amazement. He could see how exhausted Shane was, and he was so in awe and even more in love—which he didn't think was even possible before this point.

"One more my love, time for hat trick, yes," Ilya told him. "You, me...we just need them, time for third goal now."

"Will you...catch...them.." Shane panted, shifting his position just a little to ease up the pain in his back.

"I am not goalie, far too good looking to be, but I will make exception this time." It showed how far gone Shane was that he didn't respond to his stupid comment, and Ilya was almost glad.

Just instructed Ilya forward, showing him what to do as Shane whimpered again.

The contraction rolled over Shane and he cried out, bearing down like nothing before. And Ilya could tell he was giving it everything he had, he'd seen that determination on his face before, and knew only magic could follow when he got that look.

Ilya watched on as Shane stretched and cried out as the shoulders jolted free, their baby slipping into his waiting hands. And holy fuck, Ilya was holding their baby, their squirmy, wet, warm little baby.

"Oh my god," Shane sobbed, immediately reaching for them, his hands cupping over Ilya's as Ilya guided their little one up to his chest. "Oh my god."

With their baby safely in his arms, Ilya pressed kiss after kiss into any section of skin he could find on Shane. "Thank you, holy fuck, thank you Shane."

Shane just cried, turning his face up to Ilya so they could kiss properly. He broke off to let out a little grunt though.

“Just the placenta dear, give me a little push.”

Shane delivered the placenta with a wince, and Ilya smoothed back the hair from his forehead, his eyes never leaving their newest addition as he curled into Shane's stomach, eyes clenched tightly shut, face screwed up in protest.

“It’s okay little one.” Ilya murmured to him in Russian.

“They’re so perfect.” Shane commented when the task was done and he could finally exhale.

“What do we have boys?” Judy asked as she started to clean up.

“Oh..” Shane laughed as he realised, lifting the little body a little so they could peak. “It’s a boy, Ilya...we have a son.”

And they were both sobbing again.

10 minutes later both Shane and baby boy were cleaned up, clothed (or swaddled) and settled into the couch. Judy bustled around, packing up her things and filling out reports while they just existed in their little cocoon of love.

Ilya had his arm around his boys, and he never wanted to let go.

“He’s so cute.” Shane murmured after a while of them just staring down at their little boy, and Ilya let his hand drift up to run through Shane's hair.

Shane let his fingers glide gently over their babies face, his touch as light as feathers as he stirred in his sleep, a comically wide yawn taking over his face before it settled again. It was enough to set Shane off though, and he yawned as well, sighing deeply into Ilya's side.

“Would you like me to take him for a while, and you sleep?” He offered, and Shane nodded in confirmation, eyes already half lidded.

“Think of a name...in the meantime.” Shane said sleepily.

They made the transfer quickly, and Ilya took the little boy in carefully, tucking him into the crook one arm, beckoning Shane to lean into his other side. Shane just smiled happily, a look of pure drunk love crossing his face as he sank down to rest his head. Ilya tucked him in close as well, pressing a kiss to his hair, before adding one to their little boy's forehead.

“I love you.” He told Shane, who hummed in response, already on the cusp of sleep.

“Ya...tebya...lyublyu..”

Ilya couldn't help the ridiculous smile from edging up into the corner of his lips, or the warm salty tears from sliding down his cheeks as he watched over his boys, so wonderfully in love with them both and more at peace than ever before.

End Notes

Did I go too hard with the silly hockey references from Ilya...maybe. They're cheesy and we'll let him have it.

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