

Круг жизни

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by [feralpuckbunny](#)

Summary

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The next wave of pain hits and Shane folds forward, falling from his teammate's grasp as he screams.

Notes

what to note for this fic: this occurs during the game where shane canonically gets run over by cliff

Круг жизни is what is used for the russian title of the lion king's circle of life

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

The first warning sign is so insignificant that Shane almost ignores it.

A faint pull low in his back when he wakes up, the kind that could be caused by anything: bad sleep, a hard practice, stress he refuses to name. He stretches carefully on his bed, slow and deliberate, in the hopes if he treats his body gently enough it won't betray him later.

He doesn't feel another pull, no sharp pain, so he tells himself he's fine. He gets up to start his morning routine, rubbing at his eyes as he stares at himself blurrily in the bathroom mirror. He wrinkles his nose at the minty smell of his toothpaste, something churning in his gut, before he forces himself to take a deep breath and will the nausea away. This is his favorite brand of toothpaste, with great reviews and recommended by Shane's dentist; he's not changing it out for something new, especially not when he has such an important game tonight.

Boston is in town. Ilya is in town and he'll be seeing him across the ice in only a few hours. Shane needs today to go smoothly, needs his routine to be exactly the way it should be, so that tonight will be perfect. He deliberated for days, weeks even, over whether he was going to bring up Ilya coming to his cottage, and he's finally decided that tonight is the night.

He's going to ask Ilya to come to his cottage this summer. If Ilya says yes, they can relax together, for the first time ever. No deadlines or need to rush. No social obligations that tear them apart.

Shane spits into the sink and washes the toothpaste away. He takes his daily suppressants from from his cabinet and shoots one back, dry. It's part of his routine and has been for years; take his suppressants, roll some scent blocking gel on his neck and wrists, and finish it off with a scent patch, just to be safe.

By breakfast, the ache has returned and refuses to go away. Morning practice is short, as it is most game days, and his pre-game breakfast smoothie, carefully calculated to give him the exact nutritional value he needs on such busy days, is handed off to him without any issues. He grimaces as he drinks it down, a throbbing in his lower back distracting him for several seconds before he shakes his head, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

The ache sits there, persistent and unwelcome. Shane shifts in front of his locker, uncomfortable, and he can't stop himself from flinching when Hayden drops down next to him. Shane has to breathe through the sharp jolt of pain that the flinch causes, electricity racing up and down his spine.

He presses his palm briefly to his lower back, but removes it quickly when Hayden turns to him, eyes running down Shane's hunched figure.

"You good?" Hayden asks.

"Yeah," Shane says immediately, trying to sound calm and put together. He learned long ago how to make himself seem fine, to wave away any discomfort that may keep him from doing

what needed to be done. He keeps himself contained, his dynamic completely under control, anything and everything necessary to be where he is, doing what he loves. "Just slept weird."

Hayden watches him closely. "You sure? You look a little pale."

"I'm fine," Shane cuts in, sharper than he means to. Silence follows his sharp retort and he has to hide a grimace when he notices J.J. sneaking a worried glance at him from where he was chirping Miity across the room. Shane forces himself to soften, to cover his discomfort up before it becomes something bigger. "Seriously. Don't make it a thing, Hayd."

It's not a thing and Shane is fine. There is no reason for anyone to worry and Shane is ready for their game tonight; he's prepared to face off against Ilya, to win against him, and to invite him to his actual home for the first time. To greet him at the door and kiss him in his actual bedroom, invite him into the one indulgence Shane allows his inner omega to have: a structurally sound nest that contains the scents of his loved ones, even if Shane can't really smell it while on suppressants.

Shane is fine because he needs to play and he needs to ask Ilya an important question. He doesn't have time for the odd stirring in his chest, the way his head faintly pounds as his nose itches, the smells of the locker room almost too much. Shane is fine and nothing is wrong. His suppressants keep any telling scents to himself, Shane basically a beta from his constant use of them.

The pain is worse by warmups. It's not just a dull ache anymore. It moves. Builds and tightens, then eases just enough to make him think he imagined it. It comes in waves, a rhythmic pulsating pain. Shane skates harder, jaw tight, as he pushes through it. He's good at ignoring discomfort, enduring pain, and this will be no different.

Except, inexplicably, it is. Different, that is.

Every time the pain crests, something deeper twists with it; something instinctual, something that makes his breath hitch and his chest feel too tight. He feels dread over nothing, like his senses are trying to warn him about something, but he's too far away to hear what they're screaming at him. He feels off as he stretches on the ice, his hips set wide and aching.

The first period passes in a blur of deep breaths and controlled movement. He's told Ilya the code to his front entrance, convinced Hayden he was only giving his condolences over Ilya's father's passing, and successfully won the first faceoff of the game. He's watching his steps carefully and this allows him to successfully out maneuver Cliff Marlow when the forward tries to bully him off of the puck. The period ends 1-0 in Montreal's favor.

The second period starts to crack his composure. The pain is closer together now, waves of pulsating heat in his back and hips. His stomach cramps several times as well and he can't stop a grimace from forming in front of Ilya's sharp, watchful gaze. The other man frowns at him, concern on his brow, but Shane powers through. He catches a whiff of Ilya's scent, heavy with something, and Shane shakes it away. He can't actually smell Ilya right now, not while on suppressants. He's imagining it, the way the scent drifts over and invades his senses.

By the third, he's barely holding himself together. The pain is even stronger now: deep, consuming, and something he has never felt before in his life. It feels wrong. It pulls at his body in a rhythm he doesn't understand, leaves him shaky between waves, like something inside him is building toward some grand finale. His hips ache, his lower back aches, and there's a sharp incessant feeling building in his chest.

On the bench, he folds forward slightly, glove pressing into his side.

"You okay, Capitaine?" J.J. mutters as they shift down the bench, a line change briefly making J.J. press against his side.

"I'm playing," Shane says, too fast, his voice too obviously tight. "Drop it."

He can feel eyes on him; from Hayden, J.J., his coach.

From Ilya.

He knows Ilya is watching his face, tracking his wincing and tracking the way his jaw tightens in response to each painful pulse traveling through his body. The knowledge Ilya can tell something is wrong makes everything worse. Shane doesn't want Ilya to see him struggling over a little discomfort, doesn't want him to worry about Shane when nothing is actually wrong.

Shane is fine. Shane is fine and he'll see Ilya after the game, will look Ilya in his stunning eyes and ignore the way his chest aches as he asks him if he wants to take this next step forward in whatever they hell they are.

Shane shakes his head, letting out a shaky breath. He needs to focus, pay attention to the game. Sometime during his mind wandering, someone on Boston's third line scored a goal, tying the game 1-1.

The clock continues running down. Everything starts to simplify in his mind, narrowing down as instinct takes over. Puck on his stick, pass left, receive a pass in return, pass right, rinse repeat until he dumps it into the far boards and makes his way off the ice as his shift ends.

The pain surges again, sharp and blinding, and for a split second Shane almost groans out loud. He bites it back and struggles against the whimper threatening to come up and out of his throat. The pain has slowly been shifting downwards and his hips are really feeling it now, a pressure building as he shifts. He feels a tap on his shoulder that feels far too soon.

Shane hops the boards and gets to it, time ticking down as the puck finds its way onto his stick. Shane is sweating as he skates, racing along the ice and deking past a rookie defenseman that should've left the ice during the last line change.

Three seconds left in the third and Shane shoots the puck.

The arena explodes. Hayden is the first teammate that mobs him, shouting with excitement as he shakes Shane. Someone else is shaking his head, glove covering his helmet, and Shane

feels like he might faint from the rush of joy at scoring.

For one fragile moment, he feels weightless. There's almost no time left on the clock, they can run it out without any issues. He's scored the game winner and Ilya is going to come to his home and complain about the score tonight, will bitch and moan just to tease Shane into arguing with him, before he grasps the back of Shane's neck and pulls him into a heated kiss.

The next wave of pain hits and Shane folds forward, falling from his teammate's grasp as he screams.

There's no catching it, nor pushing through the pain; his body simply gives out beneath him. The world tilts violently as he hits the ice, a different kind of pain crashing over him as he settles, the air stolen from his lungs in a sudden, violent rush.

This isn't something he can hide. This has escalated into something he can't control. Hands are on him immediately, his teammates and possibly trainers, and something deep inside him snaps at the contact. It rushes up and out of him, his senses suddenly bombarded with an overload of information he hasn't had to experience since the first time he presented as an omega.

"No—!" His voice tears out of him, raw and terrified. He shoves at them, panic flooding his system so fast it makes him dizzy. He can actually smell his own scent now, sour omega stress pouring out of him. "Don't—don't touch me—!" His hands shake as he shoves everyone away, anxiety choking him. He's in pain, the pulsating escalating as his hips ache, and he doesn't want anyone touching him. They're not safe, their presence feels wrong. His omega, loud and fully present for the first time, bulks.

His next breath brings hundreds of conflicting scents to his lungs and Shane fully cries out as he is overwhelmed. His omega surges forward, wild and unrestrained, rejecting every unfamiliar scent, every hand that doesn't belong to his alpha.

"Ilya!" The name rips out of him before he can stop it, his omegan cry injecting Ilya's name with pure need and distress.

Shane's looks wildly around the ice, peeking past the intruders who still surround him, and he meets Ilya's wide eyes. He cries out, reaching for his alpha. Pain explodes, concentrated between his thighs, and something wet cascades out from him.

The scent hits him moments before he sees it register on his alpha's face.

Blood.

It is sharp and metallic, watered down with some sort of fluid that leaves Shane prone and aching.

Ilya slams past the intruders within seconds, snarling as he bullies his way to Shane's side. Shane grasps onto his alpha tightly as Ilya kneels beside him, terror leaking into his slowly spreading scent.

Shane is horrified. His heart slams against his chest as another rocking pain threads through his lower half, sending him keening into Ilya's arms. Shane curls into his alpha's arms, whining. "Ilya," he gasps.

"I'm here," Ilya says immediately, voice softer than he's ever heard, hands hovering before settling carefully on him. "Shane, what is wrong?"

Shane clutches at him like he's drowning. He has avoided thinking of it too deeply, but his cunt aches, and not in a good way. He's bleeding through his hockey pants right onto the center dot, displayed before every single person who has attended tonight's game.

"Something's wrong down there, Ilya," Shane croaks out as he shifts in Ilya's grasp, teary eyes begging for something he can't name. "I'm bleeding and it's so much, alpha."

"What?" Ilya's voice tightens. "Shane, we need to get you off the ice. Now."

"Ilya, I need you to check," Shane says, ignoring his alpha's words. Shane understands the logic, if only barely in his current state, but his instincts are going haywire. He wants to hide away, wants to retreat to a secluded place where no one but his alpha can see him, but something is driving him straight past that concern into something new altogether.

"Okay," Ilya says quickly. "Okay." For a lack of anything better to do, Ilya ignores the shouting going on around them, startled officials and arguing teammates, and he simply slips his hand under Shane's jersey until he finds the top of his hockey pants, sliding his hand down to cup Shane in a move that wasn't totally unfamiliar to them.

Shane barking out a cry and Ilya paling rapidly in response is new, though.

"Shane," Ilya croaks out, staring at him with wide-eyes, "милый, I think you are dropping pup—"

"I'm what?" Shane interrupts him with a screech.

"You are in labor," Ilya states, removing his shaking hand and staring at the blood and what Shane now realizes must be amniotic fluid. "The pup is—*fuck*. Показывается головка."

Shane doesn't understand what Ilya just said, but he's wracked with a violent contraction, his opening clearly stretching to accommodate the head of his surprise pup, so he gets the general gist: Shane is pregnant and actively going into labor at center ice, the pup's head crowning as he lays prone before thousands of people.

This can't be happening, Shane thinks, delirious as he involuntarily starts to push for the first time, his awakened omega taking over even without his conscious input.

He can't be...he shouldn't...Shane isn't ready! He's not ready to give birth to a fully formed pup, not in front of so many, not when he doesn't know where he stands with the pup's other father, and not when he's struck with the thought that he carried a pup to full term while playing a contact sport.

Shane feels nauseous at the thought. How could he not have known? Was he sick at all the past nine months and ignored it? Had he had any pains that might have indicated he was carrying? His body looked the same to him every time he checked the mirror; had he not paid close enough attention?

"Alpha," Shane sobs out, feeling feverish and teary-eyed. Shane has felt pain before, has suffered through plenty of injuries while playing a physical sport like hockey, but he's never felt something like this. He struggles to breathe through the pain, as well as the rising guilt he feels; their pup isn't even here yet and Shane has already screwed up. Shane feels something inside him ripple, a stabbing pain making his muscles contract without his input. He can feel himself baring down, pushing involuntarily.

"I am not going anywhere," Ilya tries to reassure him, grabbing his hand. He uses the hand that's covered in fluid, but Shane can't even bring himself to be upset at the mess; he's starting to feel light-headed.

Ilya sounds panicked as he says his name several times, pulling Shane closer. He tries to gather Shane to his chest and Shane feels vaguely grateful that his alpha is trying to hide Shane from the rising noise, the chaotic crowd ringing loudly around them.

"I have got you, omega," Ilya croons, his whole body flinching slightly when Shane lets out a choked groan as another contraction flows through him.

Shane's breathing is growing ragged, the rhythm heavy and uneven.

His whole body trembles as his contractions inch closer together, the pain radiating through his body for a full minute as he groans loudly. He cries out when it finally stops, a desperate sob leaving him as he clings tightly to a panicked Ilya. "It fucking hurts!"

"I know," Ilya whimpers along with him, his gaze snapping from Shane's face to lock onto something behind him, his head nodding, before he turns back to Shane. "Do not worry, солнышко, help is coming."

"I didn't know, Ilya," Shane says, pulling away in order to see Ilya's face fully. "I swear I didn't."

"You didn't do anything wrong," Ilya shushes him, his clean hand coming up to cup Shane's cheek gently. "It will be fine."

An athletic trainer appears from behind them and Shane almost snarls, his omega's hackles raising immediately. Ilya rumbles at him, a soothing sound, and he pets at Shane's hair to try and calm him. "Boston trainer is here to help, солнышко, I promise."

Shane hates the idea, is tense and on edge at the thought of someone getting near him while he's in such a vulnerable position, but he has enough logical thought left in him to know that he's in some serious shit at the moment. All of the staff for Montreal are alphas, including the medical staff, who would *not* be welcome near him, but this athletic trainer from Boston seems to be a beta, so Shane forces himself not to snap at her.

"Hello, Hollander," the trainer says calmly, approaching slowly until she's kneeling at his side. "Where are you hurt?"

"Fuck," Shane grunts, shifting slightly. He doesn't want to say it, doesn't want to name what's happening out loud. A new contraction hits him the next second, a scream tearing out of his mouth.

"He is giving birth!" Ilya shouts, hand tightly wrapped in Shane's.

"Jesus Christ," the beta trainer mutters before she clears her throat. "Hollander, we need to get you off the ice."

"I can't move," Shane says immediately, jaw tight as he rides out the painful wave. He involuntarily pushes again, wet tears starting to slide down his cheeks. "The pup is already coming."

"What?" the trainer snaps, whipping to look up at Ilya.

"Yes, is true," Ilya nods frantically. "Could feel head."

"*The pup is crowning?*" the trainer's voice is incredulous. "How long have you been in labor?"

"Pain started this morning," Shane admits through a groan.

"Okay, okay," the train mutters to herself. She glances behind her before turning back to Ilya. "I'm going to go grab some towels. If he's not moving, we're gonna have to do this here. Rozanov, get the bottom half of his gear off. Hollander, please try to keep from pushing until I get back."

"Too late," Shane mutters as the beta takes off, rushing back to the benches to speak rapidly with the other gathered trainers.

Ilya leans above him, his scent heavy with worry as he pulls Shane's face towards him. "I am sorry, солнышко, but I must take pants off."

Shane sniffs, a slight nod the only acknowledgement he can give. His face is already flushed from pain, so no one will be able to tell how his cheeks burn at the humiliation he feels. He can't move, can't leave the ice, and he feels embarrassed knowing he's about have his lower half be bare naked on it.

Ilya unlaces his skates first, slipping them off, before unraveling the tape on his socks and taking those off too. His shin guards are next, his legs exposed to the cold air. Shane shivers, his stomach cramping once more. He watches Ilya lift his jersey to get to his pants and he can't quite hold back the sob or the way his scent leaks with distress. Ilya pauses, his own distressed whine leaving him, his teeth digging into his lips as he meets Shane's gaze. He stares for another moment before he leans back and strips his own jersey off of his body.

Shane blinks at that, confused, but Ilya is quick to drape the jersey over his lower half, finally tugging his pants and underwear swiftly down. Ilya props Shane's legs up, resting his feet

deliberately on his discarded pants, and then is quick to scramble forward so he is resting in between his legs, using his larger body to block Shane from sight.

The jersey starts to slip and Ilya reaches up to make sure it stays draped correctly, meeting Shane's shocked eyes. "I am sorry I can not cover you more," Ilya says, frowning.

Shane feels twisted up inside, feeling so grateful for Ilya's quick thinking and genuine care, but his next contraction makes itself known, pushing his gratitude quickly to the back of his mind. The beta trainer returns right in the middle of Shane once again pushing involuntarily, his cunt on fire.

"Towels, towels, towels," the trainer rushes forward, reaching around Ilya to place some of them on the ice around Shane. "Rozanov, move aside and let me see what's going on."

"No!" Shane snarls, his omega jerking inside of him. His rational thought doesn't win the battle with his instincts this time, his inner omega hissing loudly at the idea of anyone else seeing how vulnerable he looks down there. "Only alpha can see! Only alpha can touch!"

"Hollander," the beta starts, tone pleading, but Shane growls grow louder, his scent shifting into something threatening, and the beta scoots back a little, hands raised in surrender. "Okay, your alpha will stay right where he is. Rozanov, take a look and let me know how far along he is."

"Um, okay," Ilya stutters. "Hold please," he asks the trainer, waiting for her to hold the jersey in place before he lifts it a bit, glancing down between Shane's legs. His eyes widen, a gasp leaving him, before he looks back up in panic. "The pup's head is almost all the way out!"

"Fantastic," the trainer says, tone indicating clearly that that is not at all true. "Shane, it looks like we need you to push again. You ready for that?"

"What's your name?" Shane pants out, staring blurry-eyed up at the ceiling.

"What?" The trainer asks.

"What's your name?" Shane repeats himself, turning his head slightly to look at her bewildered face.

"Uh, Donna," the beta answers.

"Thanks," Shane mutters, his face scrunching as the pain starts to rise again. "No, Donna, I'm not fucking ready to give birth on the fucking ice, but I'm guessing at this point *I don't have a fucking choice!*" Shane's words grow in intensity with his pain, his first intentional push sending flares of heat through him. His cunt contracts again, the burning pain feeling overwhelming as he screams.

"Right," Donna says, nodding, "fair enough."

Ilya takes that moment to look back between Shane's legs, his hands going down below the jersey. Shane gasps, his breathing shallow, as he feels Ilya's hands tentatively stroke his sweaty thighs.

"Shoulders," Ilya says, his voice shaky, "Keep pushing, Мой любимый, I can see shoulders."

Shane has nothing better to do than listen, so he puts everything he can into the next push as his cunt feels like it's splitting open, his cries rising sharply in the arena. He feels like he's dying, cracked open and raw, and then a pop of relief hits him. Ilya's gasp matches his own, his alpha fully concentrated on the pup emerging from between Shane's legs. Another contraction hits, though the pain isn't nearly as jolting this time, the final push before he feels the pressure of their pup leave his body.

A shrill cry rings out in the surprisingly quiet arena.

The trainer is quick to hand Ilya some towels, his alpha openly crying as he does something with them. Shane feels delirious from the relief of no longer pushing a human out of him, so he doesn't pay much attention until Ilya looks up at him, his arms raising to show their pup wrapped up in a towel.

It has the Boston logo on it.

Shane can't help the wet laugh that leaves him at the sight, his pup's face scrunched up and red, and Shane falls in love.

"Is girl," Ilya says, cradling the pup to his chest.

"I love you," Shane says, unable to stop himself. "I love you both so much."

Ilya whips his head up to look at Shane, eyes searching his smiling face. He stares for a moment, then two, before he sniffs, tears coming once more. "Я тебя тоже люблю," he says, keeping eye contact. "I love you too."

Shane's smile grows, the sound of cheering from the crowd barely registering as it finally occurs to others what they just watched happen. This isn't over yet; Shane needs to get off the ice without flashing anyone or bleeding everywhere, and they both need to get their pup to a hospital, but all he feels in that moment is a pressing sense of love and relief. His pup is here, crying out loudly, and his alpha is staring at him with such devotion Shane can feel it in his bones.

He's not worried anymore about asking Ilya to visit his cottage. He's not worried that Ilya will say no or tell Shane it won't work. Ilya loves him and he loves their pup. Everything is going to be just fine.

End Notes

two alternate endings:

"okay lets get me off the ice" shane says

"uh" ilya stutters, looking between shanes legs

"what is it?"

"there is second pup"

and thats how shane hollander gives birth to twins on home ice

or

ilya kisses shane and then raises his baby into the air, someone starts playing circle of life on the speaker, and people lose their shit as they gaze upon the perfection that is baby hollander-rozanov.

this was very silly and also hard to write lol

милый sweetheart

Показывается головка the head is showing

солнышко sunshine/little sun

Мой любимый my beloved

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