

You Found Me

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You Found Me

by [hollanddays](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya can handle the pressure of playing professional hockey.

They can handle overtime, the stress that comes with being famous, the photoshoots, everything.

They can handle a pregnancy with ease.

They cannot, apparently, handle naming a human.

Surely picking a name for their son shouldn't be harder than winning a Stanley Cup.

Notes

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

Shane wishes he could sleep. He's twenty-six weeks pregnant, wired and uncomfortable already. His hip aches. His back feels like it's on pins and needles.

He's tried everything by now. Counting sheep. Switching sides and using that god-awful pregnancy pillow Ilya bought for him, because it would help with his sleep. Propping himself up with an extra pillow, then a second, before shoving the pillows off the bed while his beautiful husband slept like a log beside him. Shane even got up at one point and stood in the dark kitchen, staring at the contents of the fridge like they might offer an answer or a cure for insomnia, or really anything.

The baby shifts - slow and deliberate now. The pressure no longer feels like flutters, but real, solid movements that make Shane press a hand to the bump without thinking twice. The baby doesn't feel hypothetical anymore. He's real.

Shane smiles down fondly at his stomach. Twenty-six weeks. He has thirteen weeks left, eleven if he's lucky, and the baby inherits his perfect time management skills. Maybe less than ten if he's not as lucky.

That's when the thought hits him.

Fuck... we don't have a name.

It wasn't as though they hadn't thought of a name; Shane had. There was an entire list of names in his head. Names he loved. Names he wanted to hear Ilya say before he decided it was right or wrong. Names that he could imagine whispering early in the morning with a hug or yelling as he chases after a curly-haired boy with a crooked smile at the playground.

The nursery, the former guest room down the hall, is filled with partially completed furniture. Shane's laptop bookmarks had become overflowed with car seat and baby wrap recommendations, and he was so close to finally narrowing it down to which car seat to buy for his Jeep. There was a robe and a newborn swaddle in his Amazon cart that he still needed to buy for the hospital.

At maximum, there are fourteen weeks left until they meet their son.

Shane knows that babies rarely come on their due date.

He knows that statistically, realistically, and logically, they have enough time.

The baby kicks now - hard this time. Shane inhales sharply and pushes himself up with his elbows, wincing as his hip protests.

They have time. They should have time, but what if they didn't have time? Didn't most couples have their child's name picked out shortly after they found out the sex, if they didn't already have an option? He and Ilya never talked about boy names before Shane got pregnant - hell, he's not sure if Ilya has thought of a boy name at this point!

Shane turns his head and looks at Ilya in the moonlight.

Dead asleep. Mouth slightly open, drool slightly pooling at the edge of his mouth. Completely at peace. One arm flung over his head like he didn't have a single worry in the world - unlike his mate and husband.

Shane stares at him for what feels like a long time. He remembers when he used to be a heavy sleeper... and when he used to be able to sleep in general.

Another kick - this time softer.

Okay, that does it.

Shane reaches over and gently shakes Ilya's shoulder. "Ilya," he whispers. "Ilya, wake up."

A low noise escapes Ilya's throat, but he doesn't wake.

Shane sighs, shifting carefully closer despite the protest in his hip. Turning on the lamp beside his bed, he stares down at his sleeping husband. He slides his hand up Ilya's bare chest and begins gently shaking him awake.

"Ilya," he says again, a tad louder this time. He shakes Ilya's chest again with his hand. "Ilya, baby, I need you to wake up right now."

That seems to do the trick.

Ilya groans, eyes blinking as he sits up quickly. He looks around the dark bedroom as if he's expecting someone - or something - other than Shane to be in their bedroom.

"What is wrong?" He asks, still halfway between sleep and alertness. His voice is rough, concerned before it's conscious. "Are you hungry again? Is little baby kicking? Is the house on fire?"

"No." Shane says flatly. "The house isn't on fire. Yet."

Ilya stares at him, eyebrow raised. "Then what is it?!"

"Ilya, " Shane says, more serious now as he bends in closer to his husband's sleepy face. "We need to name the baby."

There's a pause. A long enough pause that Shane can hear the hum of the air vent and Anya's snoring from her dog bed.

"What? Now?" Ilya asks, his voice raspy with sleep. He looks around the dark bedroom as though the sun is magically going to appear from the corner. "What time is it?"

Shane leans over just enough to check his phone on the bedside table. "2:14." He deadpans. Not as early as he thought it was, but still early. Maybe a bit too early for such a conversation.

There's another long pause, followed only by the thud of Ilya's head falling back onto his pillow.

“Jesus, Shane. Can we name him next week?” Ilya mutters and drags a hand down his face.

“No.” Shane says immediately. Too fast. Too sharp. He presses a hand onto the highest curve of his stomach. The baby shifts, almost as if he agrees with Shane. “What if I go into labor next week, Ilya? What do we do about him then? We can’t leave the hospital with an unnamed baby.”

“If you go into labor, we have bigger issue than naming the baby!”

Shane knows. God - he knows. A few weeks ago, Shane found himself in a deep dive into what would happen if the baby were born by a certain week. He passed the viability week already, and there were no signs that their baby would be earthside any time soon.

But still, if the baby were to be born early, what would they name him? What names would they have on a list? They hadn’t talked about it at all other than what they wouldn’t name him. Shane had names, but did Ilya? Had Ilya spent as much time as Shane had thinking about what names he liked?

“Shane,” Ilya begins, rubbing his eyes with a loud sigh, “we cannot name baby at 2 in the morning. That is not how you name baby. That is how you get bad name like Scott Hunter.”

Shane decides to ignore that comment.

“What? And you’ve named so many babies before, Ilya?”

“Maybe there is baby or two named after me in Boston. Hopefully, more than two. At least twenty.” Ilya smirks and then leans up to give Shane a small kiss on the lips.

“Not funny,” the pregnant omega pouts.

Ilya laughs - tired, warm, fond, and so in love with his husband. He reaches out automatically, hand pressed on Shane’s thigh as he moves in closer to him. It’s only a small action, but to Shane, he melts into Ilya’s touch. It’s insane how Ilya still has him wrapped around his fingers, even after all these years together.

“I already have a list.” It’s in his head, but Shane can easily write each name up on his phone in the morning... or now, seeing how the baby is officially awake with a hard kick.

Despite the pain of their unborn son’s kick, Shane smiles. It’s another sign that he’s real, that their son will be in his arms in only a few more months. Those first weeks that Shane spent in a fear that he might never get to meet him were long gone. The fear had been replaced with excitement after the first trimester ended.

“I just don’t want him to be born, and we don’t know who he is,” Shane confesses in a whisper. I

That one sentence makes Ilya soften immediately.

Ilya’s hand moves to where Shane’s sleep shirt has ridden up, his thumb dragging back and forth on Shane’s warm skin. He smiles softly at the baby bump and then to Shane.

“He is ours,” Ilya says quietly, eyes shimmering in the barely lit bedroom. “We will know.”

He leans up to press a kiss onto Shane’s temple. Ilya lingers there for a moment, letting his omega bask in his sandalwood scent for just a second longer.

“Tomorrow,” Ilya continues, his eyes slowly closing as he begins to drift back to sleep as he speaks. “I make list too. We talk. We come up with something. We can share our list and agree to a name.”

Shane exhales slowly and nods. Tomorrow. His son won’t be born tomorrow, at least. They’ll still have time, even if it takes them a few days. He has an idea, a pretty good idea if he has to admit it himself, on how to find that perfect name for their boy.

“It is important,” Shane says the next morning, pacing their kitchen with a mug of tea like he’s conducting a press conference. “We have to say the name out loud. See if it fits him before we even make a decision.”

Ilya chuckles and flips the egg in the pan. “You have list ready?”

“Yeah.” Shane blushes and takes a sip of his tea. After Ilya fell back asleep, Shane couldn’t sleep. He laid there in the dark, phone glowing against the sheets, typing name after name until the birds started chirping outside their bedroom window. “I made categories.”

“Categories?” Ilya repeats cautiously, one brow raising.

“Russian. Canadian. Neutral. Ones that I just want to hear you say to see if it even fits for our son.”

Ilya laughs, shaking his head. “Ah. Then what is plan?” He asks, a cheesy grin spreading across his face.

“We try a new name each day. Use it all day. Morning to night. If it feels wrong by bedtime, we cut it. If it doesn’t...” Shane pauses for a moment, letting out a sigh as the baby kicks. It’s a hard one this time, but it just serves as another reminder that they’ll be parents before Shane can fathom it. “If it doesn’t feel wrong, we add it to another list. And then, when we have a good amount of data, we try them all again with our last names.”

“This seem serious.” Ilya hums as he plates the egg on a plate.

“Well, we can’t keep calling him ‘the baby’ or ‘little baby’. He needs a name. A real name that we can use and tell my parents and our friends. Besides, it’s best if we try a couple first before we make an actual decision on his name.”

And, Shane hopes, it doesn’t take until the baby is in their arms for their son to have a name.

“It isn’t like we’re naming a dog that we adopted.” He continues, coming up behind Ilya at the counter and resting a hand on his husband’s exposed hip. “With a dog, we could change the name if it doesn’t fit after a week. For a baby that’s already here, that would be a lot of paperwork.”

“You would change Anya’s name?” Ilya jokes, putting a fresh strawberry in front of Shane’s mouth.

Shane stares him down before taking a bite of the strawberry. Usually, a strawberry, his most recent pregnancy raving, would make him moan in delight, but he was annoyed now and the berry tasted sour on his tongue for that reason.

“Is joke, Shane. Do not get upset.” Ilya jokes, kissing his pregnant husband’s cheek.

There’s a pause as Ilya considers it. A determined crease forms between his eyebrows. His hand rests on the top of Shane’s stomach. He stares at the bump, saying nothing for a beat.

“Okay,” Ilya says finally. “One name. One full day. No switch halfway.”

“No switching,” Shane agrees with a nod.

“And when you complain before noon?”

Shane narrows his eyes. “I will not complain before noon, Ilya.”

“But when you do.” Ilya smirks.

“Can you not be a dick about this, Ilya?”

Ilya smirks. “You will complain before noon if you do not like the name we use.”

Shane narrows his eyes, but the deal’s already made, and he can’t back out of it now.

Every morning, no matter if Shane is in the bed, kitchen, bathroom, or doing anything that doesn’t require Ilya, Ilya kisses Shane on the lips and then slides down onto his knees to the bump, planting a soft kiss to their son’s current home. To the bump, Ilya whispers the name.

“Good morning, Nikolai.” Ilya whispers the first morning they officially start their new routine. He presses another gentle kiss to the side of Shane’s belly, but the baby kicks just right underneath where he’s placed his left hand.

Shane wrinkles his nose. He’s not sure if he likes Nikolai, but maybe it will grow on him as the day continues. It has to, right? They’ll use it all day, and by the time they’re getting ready for bed, Shane should like it.

By the time Ilya kisses him goodnight and curls protectively around him in bed, murmuring, “Goodnight, Nikolai,” into the dark, Shane knows. It doesn’t fit their son. It’s a wonderful name, a great name, but to Shane, it doesn’t feel right.

In the morning, after Ilya whispers the following name to Shane’s belly, Ilya moves Nikolai to the top of his list.

Shane doesn’t.

“Mikhail,” Ilya whispers as is the ritual. His lips linger a few seconds on the bump as he kisses his unborn son good morning. “Good morning, Mikhail.”

Ilya loves it. Shane does not.

“Sounds like an accountant.” Shane deadpans by noon that day. He takes a massive bite out of the turkey and cheese sandwich, nearly eating it in two bites. God - pregnancy made him ravenous. Whatever this kid was doing to him was going to be a problem for him later. “It’s too boring. Too strict. Mikhail makes me imagine a guy who owns too many scarves.”

“What? And you do not need an accountant?” Ilya jests, flicking a crooked smile. “Did we pay taxes last year?”

Shane rolls his eyes dramatically, a playful grin spreading across his face as he reaches over to snag the pickle from Ilya's plate. He snaps the pickle in two with his teeth, taking a satisfying bite. “I pay our taxes each year, dumbass.”

“And *Mikhail* help last year. See? Good name, already fit him.” Ilya quipped cheerfully.

“I wasn’t pregnant with *Mikhail* when I did our taxes, Ilya.”

Ilya shrugs, but he doesn’t wipe that damn smile off his stupid face.

Fuck.

The kitchen is warm - the curtains are open, sunlight cutting across Ilya’s broad shoulders. Ilya is wearing a fitted, white t-shirt that stretches across his chest when he reaches for his water glass. His forearms flex. His wedding band catches the light, the gold glistening in the afternoon sunlight.

One second, they are arguing about a hypothetical future for their son, and the next, Shane is very aware of the way Ilya’s thigh brushes his under the table. Very aware of how he would look bent over the very same table.

Very aware that he is twenty-seven weeks pregnant and somehow still desperately, stupidly turned on by his stupid husband.

Shane wants to push the plates off the table. Hook his fingers into Ilya’s collar. Kiss Ilya until he forgets how to form words. Make him remember exactly how Shane got pregnant. Make him mark Shane as his, all over again, as if the proof that Shane is Ilya’s isn’t growing inside him this very moment.

Forget about lunch, Shane’s hunger is for something else entirely now.

“Mikhail can help next tax season.” Ilya scoots the jar of pickles closer to Shane. “And we can get him little tax uniform. Dress him up like accountant. Oh, like your dad!”

The image of a newborn in a beige three-piece suit crashes into Shane’s mind. Tiny tie. Tiny briefcase. Tinier loaders. Oddly looking similar to his dad and not Ilya like he so wanted.

“Assign boring at birth,” Ilya adds proudly, clearly pleased with himself for such a stupid joke.

Who even taught him that joke? Was it Harris? The internet? A mix of Harris and the internet?

Shane stares at his husband (his gorgeous, sexy, usually irresistible husband) in disbelief.

The flexing forearms are still there. The broad shoulders. The beauty that is the man whom Shane is lucky enough to call his husband and alpha.

But now there is also the mental image of a baby in business casual and his sex drive has disappeared.

Shane sighs dramatically and reaches for another pickle, because apparently that’s what his life has become.

Maksim only makes it to 10:17 AM.

They’ve been at it for a week now, and Shane was positive that Maksim was close to the top contender. It was strong, sounded great with their last name (especially Rozanov), and sounded even better when Shane said it out loud.

That was, until he tries to text Ilya after his yoga class.

Shane: Thanks for checking in, babe. Masking and I are doing okay.

He stares at the screen.

Maksim. Not Masking. What a silly mistake.

*Shane: * Man skim*

*Shane: ** Maksym*

*Shane: *** Maksi*

He lets out an exasperated huff, his frustration rising with each attempt to spell the name correctly. Every time he types it out, his iPhone stubbornly refuses to accept his efforts. Maksim shouldn’t be this challenging!

“It’s six letters,” he mutters to himself in the car as he tries again. “Six.”

*Shane: **** Maksic*

Shane’s gaze fixates on the three typing bubbles bouncing on Ilya’s end of the conversation, anticipation building as he waits. When the bubbles suddenly disappear, he can’t help but feel

even more impatient. Shane fights the overwhelming urge to text Ilya, to vent about how utterly ridiculous this whole name situation is; which Shane came up with himself.

And if Ilya is laughing at him on the other end -

Baby : Maksim

Perfectly spelled. No misspell. No red line.

Shane: You had to Google the spelling, too?

The typing bubbles pop up instantly this time.

Baby : No.

Thirty seconds later, Shane's phone buzzes again.

Baby : Shut up.

Shane stares at the name again.

Maksim. It's unique, different than the usual Russian names that Ilya had suggested. It was a good name. Strong name. But it feels incorrect now that autocorrect can't get it right.

He sighs dramatically and drops his phone into the Jeep's cup holder.

"Disqualified," he tells the bump.

The baby kicks once, whether in protest or agreement, Shane isn't sure. But at least he's sure of one thing.

"Sorry Maksim." Shane says solemnly, rubbing the spot where his son had just kicked in a circle. "You fought well, but modern technology beat you out."

"Hudson? Like the fucking river?"

Shane shrugs. He finds it a pleasant name, certainly easier to pronounce than many of the Russian options on Ilya's list. Besides, when Ilya says it with his accent, it sounds lovely. It's also a name that would be simple for doctors or teachers to spell.

"Hudson Hollander has a nice alliteration to it," Shane remarks.

He woke up late this morning. It may have been Sunday, but Shane had spent years waking up at a specific time every day for training or working out or just because he was a creature of habit. The pregnancy left him more exhausted than an intense game of hockey ever had. He found himself taking more short naps in the day or sleeping in on the weekend in the last to weeks.

Ilya, startled, nearly drops the plate he's holding. "What the fuck - alliteration?"

Shane raises his mug to his lips, taking a sip of tea. He misses coffee, or beer, or really anything other than tea, water, and the occasional ginger ale because somehow, that's given him heartburn this week.

"You don't know what alliteration is?" Shane teases.

"I know what fucking alliteration is," Ilya exclaims, his grip faltering on the plate once more. "Little baby's last name is Rozanov-Hollander."

"Hollander-Rozanov," Shane corrects with a slightly mischievous grin.

"Rozanov," Ilya insists.

Shane frowns. "I'm doing all the work." He rests a hand on his twenty-eight-week belly, where *Hudson* kicks again, a familiar rhythm against his palm. It was like Hudson always kicked whenever Shane felt a little annoyed at Ilya, as if he was trying to argue back with his father. "Hudson agrees with me."

"Hudson." Ilya scoffs as he repeats the name, rolling his eyes. "What happen to him having Russian name?"

"Thought we could experiment today." Shane says defensively, rubbing the side of his belly where the baby's heel presses insistently. "And Hudson kicks when I say it."

Ilya's annoyed glance turns soft at the mention of his son. "He is kicking again?" He asks, his voice filled with nothing but love for the unnamed child he would be meeting soon.

"Yeah, *Hudson* is kicking up a storm."

Not because of the name, but Shane doesn't tell Ilya that. It might ruin the moment.

Ilya quickly makes his way across the kitchen, the sunlight glimmering across the wooden floor as his bare feet practically skip to his pregnant mate. His large palm spreads over Shane's stomach.

Almost as if it were on cue, the baby kicks again where Ilya's hand is resting.

"Strong." He murmurs, grinning like a madman at just one small movement from his unborn son. "You are very strong, *Hudson*."

"Hear that, Hudson Rozanov-Hollander?" Shane says smugly to his stomach, resting a hand on top of Ilya's.

"He sound like he wears sweater around his neck." Ilya grimaces faintly, the image stuck in his mind. Disgusting. Oh god - he might die if his son looked like that in the future.

Shane snorts. "No, he does not. Hudson sounds like he is fashionable and cool and pretty good at hockey."

But not as good as his Papa.

”He does, but I will put up with Hudson.” He leans up to steal a kiss from Shane’s lips. “For today. For you, lyubimiy.”

Shane smiles as Ilya presses another kiss to his lips, before kissing his stomach.

The baby rolls lazily beneath their hands.

Hudson barely makes it past dinner, but it doesn’t matter. Not to Shane, not to Ilya, not to their son.

Tomorrow, he’ll be someone else entirely.

3 days after Hudson, Shane picks ‘David’ as the name of the day.

David feels... wrong as a first name. Too heavy with expectations. A little confusing. Each time he says ‘David’, he watches the wheels in Ilya’s brain turn as he has to remind himself that David is the baby’s name for today, not his father-in-law.

Shane loves the idea of naming his son after his father, but it doesn’t feel right. His father did so much for him growing up, gave him everything he could, came to every home game, even when it meant driving two hours in a Canadian snowstorm. He was there every step of the way. Every fallback, every achievement, every moment. He welcomed Ilya into the family easier than his mother did. He adored Ilya. He adored Shane.

And he already adored his grandson from the moment Shane told him he was pregnant. To name his first child after his father would have been special.

And yet, it still didn’t feel right, because naming his son David felt less like a gift and more like a quiet expectation to live up to a man Shane himself still looked up to.

He doesn’t want that for his son. He wants his son to look at David the same way Shane had when he was a child, not like he needed to compare himself to his grandfather.

Shane wants him to carry his own name. Maybe it could fit better as a middle name, but right now, Shane was more focused on finding that perfect first name for his son. It was far easier to pick out a middle name than it was to choose the first one.

Shane deletes ‘David’ from the list.

The screen feels lighter immediately, and he smiles softly to himself.

It takes three weeks.

Three long, stubborn weeks.

Shane’s twenty-nine weeks by now, large and exhausted as their still unnamed baby has settled perfectly in between his ribs. Heartburn was relentless this week. Shane could barely eat a piece of toast with jam without regretting every choice that led him here.

The nursery is nearly finished, minus another load or two of laundry and some frames that need to be hung on the wall. The rocker sits in the corner beneath the window, angled just right for late-night feeds. The car seat is installed in Shane's Jeep and has been inspected twice.

Ilya's car remains a project that Ilya will swear he'll handle that weekend.

There's a swing set up in the living room in what Ilya insists is "optimal placement," close enough to the couch and within view of the kitchen. Anya sniffed it once, unimpressed, and decided that it was unworthy of her attention.

The house no longer feels entirely like theirs.

And they still don't have a name.

By this point, Shane is done.

They've gone through twenty-one names. Twenty-one. Fifteen more than what Shane thought they would test out.

Naming a girl would have been so much easier. They would have had something by now, maybe even a middle name too.

At this point, he's ready to name the baby "Stanley" and call it a day.

Shane yawns, waddling into the bathroom where Ilya is brushing his teeth. Ilya looks radiant, and once Shane catches his eye in the mirror, he beams. The toothbrush is soon forgotten as he comes to Shane's side, giving him a soft, minty fresh kiss before bending down in ritual to kiss the bump.

"Good morning, Lev," he whispers with tenderness.

Shane pauses. *Lev*. The name is simple enough - Lev. It's easy to pronounce, easy to spell. Only three letters, and a 'v' can't be that hard for a toddler to learn how to write, right? He rolls it in his head over and over.

Lev.

Lev Rozanov-Hollander.

What a nice name. It fits well with their joint last name. It's short, which is something that Shane can't help but smile at.

"Lev." Shane repeats after him, gently hooking a finger under Ilya's chin to lift his face. "I didn't have that on my list. Was it on your list?"

Ilya shakes his head once, curls gently bouncing in the morning sunlight.

"No," Ilya confesses, his voice quiet in a whisper. "I think we try something new today. I found it last night. The meaning is good, you will like."

“Oh.” Shane exhales, something unclenching in his ribs that has nothing to do with heartburn. “What’s the meaning?”

And with that, Ilya grins up at his husband.

“Lion.”

By the end of the first hour of the day, Shane loves ‘Lev’.

He smiles as he writes up a response to an interview about the Irina Foundation, and he imagines a little boy wedged onto his lap while he works, tiny fingers slapping at the keyboard. Drool on his shirt and soft babbling as he works alongside his daddy. Ilya complaining about sticky hands on his laptop five minutes later, before kissing Lev on the cherub like cheek.

By lunchtime, he’s saying it on purpose.

“Lev, if you make me crave pepperoni slices for lunch again, I will ground you for two months.”

The baby responds immediately with a nudge. Shane chuckles, the smile that follows doesn’t feel like

By dinner, every other word is ‘Lev’.

By the time they go to bed, Shane imagines a little boy on his first day of preschool, proudly pointing to his cubby that says “Lev” in bright red marker and whispering, “that’s me, daddy!”

The same curly-haired, blonde, dark-eyed, grinning boy that he’s been envisioning since the ultrasound confirmed they were having a boy.

The next morning, he is still thinking about ‘Lev’.

The name is something new. Russian, like usual, but Shane can barely remember it after lunch. Lev lingers for the afternoon, never leaving even as he sits

Every time Ilya calls the baby the day’s name, he has to remind himself that they never confirmed his name as Lev.

The second day after they use Lev, he stops catching himself.

“Lev and I are hungry.”

“Lev is kicking - do you want to feel?”

“Lev won’t stop rolling. He’s hurting my back. Ilya, tell Lev to quit it. Lev always listens better to his Papa than to his Dad.”

That last one was more of a whine than a demand.

And every time Ilya hears him say Lev, he doesn't react. He doesn't tease him or make fun of him or remind him that they aren't using Lev that day. He only smiles and then uses the right name.

That is, until five days after the first time Shane hears Lev.

"Lev was up all night again," Shane says with a loud sigh as he drapes himself over Ilya's broad shoulders. His arms loop around his neck, his weight settling carefully. On instinct, he leans in and kisses Ilya on the lips, his alpha's growing facial hair tickling his own smooth face.

Ilya doesn't say anything. He accepts the kiss, placing a large hand on the curve of Shane's back.

It isn't until Shane pulls away that his brain finally remembers exactly what had started this tradition every morning.

"Fuck - shit. Ah, fuck. Shit. Fuck." Shane exhales. He scrubs a hand over his face, hoping that his cheeks haven't turned pink from embarrassment. "Whatever his name is today."

Ilya nods as if he understands, before bending down and kissing Shane's belly, as he's done for the last few weeks.

"Good morning," Ilya whispers, without saying a name for the first time in weeks.

They don't use a name that day. Ilya says it's to give themselves a break and to finalize their categories before they start narrowing down the choices, but Shane can't help but still feel a little anxious that it's his fault for not using a name.

Hayden: What's the name today?

Shane: Elijah. It's the English form of Ilya.

Hayden: Well, I've heard the name Hayden has been taking off lately. You should try that tomorrow lol

Shane rolls his eyes at the text. He told Hayden a week ago, after Hayden caught him and Ilya calling the baby "Feliks". At first, he felt embarrassed to have been caught in such a delicate situation, even though other people in their lives already knew about their idea. Now, he was just annoyed by the daily texts from Hayden, asking what name they happened to be using.

Shane: We tried David, but it didn't feel right. We may use it as a middle name, though. Ilya thinks it'd be a good middle name.

Shane: But we're still testing out names so don't get attached.

That should shut Hayden up for now.

Hayden: Hayden David has a nice ring to it 😊

Fuck.

Shane wants to rip out his hair. He pulls his hoodie drawstring up to his mouth, chewing on it absentmindedly as he types.

Shane: Actually, I think I want him to have a Russian first name. You know, for Ilya.

Hayden: Oh. Well, that's nice.

Hayden: Boy names are hard. It took us until we were leaving the hospital to agree on Arthur's name. Mostly because Jackie said I couldn't name him HJ for Hayden Junior.

Hayden: Probably good that we didn't name him HJ because Arthur fits him to a T

Hayden: Anyway, you got Russian names you like?

Shane stops himself from typing a reply for a brief moment.

Should he tell Hayden about Lev? Would that be bad? It wasn't like Lev was his name or that they were anywhere close to agreeing on the baby's name.

He places a hand on his bump, grounding himself as he types up a response.

Shane: There's this one name

Shane quickly deletes it. Too real. It's not like Lev isn't even in the top ten of names on Ilya's list. He's the one who keeps saying it. He's the one who keeps repeating the name over and over again, like it was some kind of blessing that he was too scared he would forget shortly after saying it out loud.

Shane: There are a few more I need to try before Ilya and I make a decision.

Hayden: So, that's a yes?

Shane exhales, resting a hand on the top curve of his bump. The baby doesn't move, doesn't kick like he normally does whenever Shane feels slightly anxious. He's silent, for once in his brief existence, and Shane bites his lips.

Shane: It's stupid.

Hayden: It's not stupid if you love the name 😊

That's his problem. Shane has loved the name since the first time Ilya uttered 'Lev'.

One morning, at thirty and a half weeks pregnant, Shane wakes up before Ilya.

It's raining, it's been raining nearly all week. Shane can hear Anya's tags jiggle as she rolls on her dog bed across the room. Ilya snores beside him, completely knocked out, one arm flung across Shane's hip as he had fallen asleep while singing a Russian lullaby to the bump.

Shane stares at the ceiling for a moment, blinking awake. Then, he looks down.

The bump is round and undeniable now, rising high beneath the thin cotton of his sleep shirt. Pale stretch marks streak across his stomach, thin and silvery in the early light. Soft proof of how much their son has grown inside him.

A timeline he can't ignore. The due date is nearing as the days pass. Doctor appointments have become more frequent in the final trimester.

He traces a stretch mark absentmindedly with his thumb.

The nursery is finished, perfectly decorated for their son when he arrives. The tiny drawers are filled. A bassinet stands ready in the corner of their bedroom. The crib stands ready down the hall, though they both know it won't be used right away.

All that's needed now is a sign with his name on it, hung with care in their son's bedroom.

They've tried countless names. More than Shane can count so early in the morning. Names that lasted until bedtime and names that they gave up on before they even gave it a fair chance. Names that Shane hadn't fallen for, but Ilya sure had.

He rests his hand on the curve of his stomach. The baby rolls slowly beneath his ribs, as though he's stretching as he wakes up.

"Good morning, Lev."

Shane doesn't mean to say it. The name slips out as easily as calling Ilya by his first name. It feels natural, like it was always meant to be.

The name settles in the quiet. It doesn't feel experimental. It doesn't feel like a test anymore.

It feels right, like he's calling someone by their actual name and not a trial name that never would have fit like Ivan or Yuri.

Suddenly, the baby presses outward - not sharp, not dramatic. Just one warm, rolling kick against Shane's palm.

Shane's throat tightens. He's not stupid. He knows babies kick for no reason while in the womb. The baby has kicked for fewer reasons, like when Ilya let out a proud screech when one rookie unexpectedly made a goal during the last Ottawa game. But this kick feels different.

It doesn't feel like he's testing the name anymore, or that he's forgetting.

'Lev' echoes in his chest, like he finally found the name.

“Okay,” Shane whispers, a small smile playing on his lips.

He swallows, suddenly aware that choosing makes it real in a way nothing else has. Choosing means this is the name he’ll yell from the stands in twenty years. The name he’ll write on hospital forms. The name he’ll whisper at three in the morning when neither of them can sleep.

It’s terrifying, yet perfect.

Shane presses a palm more firmly on his stomach, and the baby shifts again. Just one, small shift, but it’s enough to make Shane let out a shaky breath.

“Maybe you are, Lev.”

It’s still raining when they arrive at Shane’s parents’ house that evening.

It’s a tradition that they started about three years ago, before the idea of having a baby became anything more than dirty talk and a future idea. Every Friday at 6:15 PM on the dot, Ilya and Shane roll into David and Yuna’s house as if they owned it. Well, more like Ilya rolled in as if he owned the house, excited to be showered in nothing but love from his in-laws, as Shane trailed behind and rolled his eyes.

The house smells of chicken parmigiana and warm bread.

David cooked - he always cooked - and somehow he always knew exactly what Shane had been craving. Ilya pours an expensive bottle of wine that he brought into everyone’s (who is not currently thirty and a half weeks pregnant) glasses.

Shane’s mouth waters before he’s even taken off his jacket.

They sit. They eat.

Shane nearly cries over the strawberry salad once David sets it in front of him, because his father knows him too well.

Dinner is loud in the comfortable way that Hollander family dinners are. Ilya and Yuna speak for most of the dinner as Shane and David stay silent.

Halfway through his second serving of green beans, the baby kicks hard.

“Your son is being annoying,” Shane grunts, dropping his fork onto his plate.

“Oh, so he is my son when he is being annoying, but he is our son when he is being sweet?” Ilya replies smoothly.

Lightly, Shane taps his foot against Ilya’s in annoyance. A sharp kick in the wrong spot makes Shane grimace.

“It’s like he’s targeting my organs on purpose.” He hisses, rubbing the spot where the baby had just kicked hard.

Ilya grins. "Revenge." He quickly kisses Shane's cheek as he rests his hand on top of Shane's hand.

"You did the same thing when I was pregnant with you." Yuna comments, taking a sip of the wine. She's two glasses down - two more, and Shane will be lucky if she doesn't start pulling out his baby album again to show him just how cute his baby would be. "There was a week where I genuinely considered sleeping upright just so I could sleep."

Embarrassment washes over Shane, although he had no control over his own actions as a fetus.

(For a moment, Shane lets himself imagine the future. In twenty years, maybe thirty years, will he be making these same jokes to Lev? Will Lev be an alpha, an omega, or a beta? Will Lev have a partner with whom he wants to have children, too? Shane wants to imagine it - his son across the table from him, telling Shane and Ilya all about his future with the person he wants to marry. Telling Shane about his future hopes and dreams with a crooked smile and sparkling brown eyes.)

Shane shakes that image (and name) out of his head, but the name doesn't travel too far.

He leans back in his chair, hand resting on the top of the bump. He's now full to continue eating, a terrible reality for a heavily pregnant omega.

"So," David says casually, setting his own fork down, "what is the name for today?"

Shane doesn't think.

"Lev." He says, calmly and softly.

"Dmitri." Ilya says, at the same time.

Silence follows.

Ilya looks over at Shane, raising an eyebrow at his husband as he watches his face pale when he realizes he's said it again.

"Are you boys secretly naming twins?" David asks again.

"There is only one," Ilya speaks up because Shane is too flustered to speak. "From what I saw, but I am not doctor."

David chuckles softly at Ilya's joke, but Shane shoots his husband an annoyed glance.

"Which one is it?" This time, it's Yuna's turn to ask. She looks between her favorite son and her biological son, head slightly tilted to the side, "Dmitri or Lev?"

"We're testing the waters with Dmitri today. We did try Lev, what? A few days ago?" Shane asks, looking over to Ilya with a mouth full of chicken in his mouth.

"Week and a half." Ilya deadpans. Then he shrugs. "But who is counting?"

Shane stops himself. A week and a half ago? He could have sworn Ilya had picked out Lev only a few days ago. Sure, the pregnancy had given him a bad case of pregnancy brain since the third trimester began, but Shane was sure

“Fucking asshole.” Shane curses under his breath.

“So, just to confirm,” David starts, “you’re leaning on a Russian name?”

“Yes.” Shane answers. “I mean, yeah. I want him to have some kind of connection to his heritage in Russia.” And for Ilya, but Shane doesn’t say that out loud.

They’ll never be able to visit his husband’s homeland, but the best gift Shane can give their son is some kind of connection to the country his husband used to call home. It may not have been filled with warmth and love during the last years that Ilya was able to visit his homeland, but it was where Ilya was from, where he was born. Russia was important to Ilya.

And Ilya was so important to Shane.

It was truly the least Shane could do for them both.

“Lev is nice,” Yuna comments with a smile. “Your dad just thought you would name him after him.” Her voice switches to a teasing tone as Yuna nudges her husband.

“We tried. Shane said it did not fit.” Ilya announces before taking a massive bite of chicken. “Good chicken tonight, David. Seasoned well.”

“Didn’t fit?” David turns to look at Shane with a raised eyebrow. “David didn’t fit my grandson?”

“It just didn’t feel right, Dad! It wasn’t for any bad reason! We just thought it didn’t fit him for a first name!”

“Maybe the next one can be David.” Ilya muses, half-joking, but Shane can tell he’s somewhat serious. “But this one might be Dmitri.”

“Or Lev.” Yuna’s grin doesn’t disappear as she says the name.

Hearing his own mother say ‘Lev’ brings Shane a joy he never thought he would feel. The name even feels different on her tongue. Warm. Loving. Established. Like he’s always been Lev, and no one else.

He looks back down at the bump as his son kicks again. But instead of grimacing from the hard kick to his kidney, Shane grins.

Lev.

By the time dinner ends, Shane is half asleep at the table. Ilya has a hand softly placed on his husband’s neck, circling the mating mark with his thumb absentmindedly. Shane barely registers anything his parents and husband are talking about, going in and out of the conversation as his eyes begin to close.

Ilya kisses his hair, bringing him back to the land of the awake.

“Sleepy?” Ilya murmurs.

“Yeah,” Shane answers softly. “We are.”

He has to stop himself from saying “Lev and I” - it’s not his name, even if his mother says it’s nice. But fuck - Shane wants it to be his name even more now.

But Ilya stills, just for a second.

They say goodbye to Yuna and David. Yuna pulls Shane into a hug, careful of the bump, hands warm and lingering.

“Be safe on your way home,” she whispers to him as David and Ilya hug beside them. “You and Lev, okay?”

He nods, pressing his face briefly into her shoulder. She still smells the same as she did when he was small - apples and strawberry and something unmistakably home. The smell still grounds him, just as it had done when he was little and sacred.

The name lands gently. It feels perfect within their small family. David. Yuna. Shane. Ilya.

Lev.

So, Shane doesn’t correct her. He doesn’t roll his eyes and tell Yuna to call him Dmitri, just to try. He doesn’t laugh or brush it off, reminding her that it’s not a name and they’ll tell her the name once they *finally* figure it out.

He just nods a second time, eyes meeting Ilya’s as he stares at him with the softest smile he’s ever seen his husband give him.

The rain is louder in the car.

They don’t speak at first. Soft music hums low from Ilya’s Spotify playlist, some hype song that Shane barely listens to. Shane fights sleep, watching raindrops race each other like he had done as a child. Ilya drives with one hand on the wheel, the other rests warm and steady on Shane’s thigh.

“You keep saying Lev.” Ilya begins, his eyes still focused on the road. His thumb traces circles across

“Huh?” Shane lifts his head from the window. His cheeks turn slightly red, embarrassed for the second time tonight. “Oh. I guess I do.”

Ilya smiles. “You like Lev?”

Shane's cheeks warm at the mention. He looks down at his stomach instead of at Ilya. His hand slides over the curve of his bump, slow and absent-minded, watching as their son kicks underneath his clothes.

"It's pregnancy brain." He lies.. "I'm growing an entire being from scratch, so give me a break if I don't remember his name today."

"You keep saying it. You love the name."

Ilya is quiet for a moment. Then he reaches over, takes Shane's hand, and laces their fingers together. He lifts it, presses a kiss to Shane's knuckles, then rests their joined hands on Shane's belly.

"Your mom. She seem to like Lev." Ilya says softly, as if he's trying his hardest not to upset his husband.

Shane scoffs. "My mom would like any name we pick out. I don't think she has a preference if we name him one name or another."

"But," Ilya starts, his voice low and soft, "she like Lev."

"So what? We're naming him based on what my mom likes?" Shane rolls his eyes. "She also would like Dmitri, Ilya."

"*You* like Lev." The alpha argues back.

Shane feels the heat creep up into his face. He turns his head to look out the passenger window, even though Ilya can barely make out his freckles in the dark. "I do," he whispers. "I really like Lev."

"Tell me why you like Lev." Ilya says, briefly glancing towards Shane before his eyes go back to the road. His hand doesn't leave the spot on Shane's thigh, but he stops circling his skin.

"I don't know." Shane sinks back into the passenger seat. The baby shifts again, a slow roll that makes Shane inhale sharply. He stares down at the bump - down at their son's home for the last thirty and a half weeks.

Ilya waits in silence.

He always waits. He waited years to love Shane openly, fully, completely. He can wait a minute to hear Shane's reasoning.

"It's just... easy." Shane finally admits. "Three letters. One syllable. There's only one way to spell it. It's good with our last name." His fingers spread protectively over his bump, feeling as their son slightly shifts again. "Lev isn't too long. It feels like it fits him. Like that's what his name was meant to be."

Ilya hums in agreement, but he lets Shane continue instead of interrupting him halfway through.

“And,” Shane adds, quieter now as his gaze turns into fondness at the bump, “I really like how you say it.”

That pulls a large, cocky smile from Ilya. He doesn’t hide the grin, or even attempt to. His grip on his thigh tightens just slightly.

“Okay,” Ilya says quietly, thumb making small circles around Shane’s thigh. “We can name him Lev.”

Shane turns fully toward him, careful with the seatbelt to not hurt his stomach. “But Ilya, is it your favorite name?”

Shane can make out Ilya’s slight shrug. His face is still focused on the road, but Shane can just barely make out a lopsided smile on his face.

“It’s my favorite because it is *your* favorite.” He says calmly.

“Ilya -” Shane starts.

“I am not teasing, Shane. I like Lev. Is good name. Strong name. Good name for a center.” Ilya softly smiles to himself. “Can you imagine it on broadcast? Lev Rozanov-Hollander scored a goal for Ottawa. Just like his sexy papa, Ilya Rozanov, did when he played for Ottawa. Crowd goes wild.”

Shane scoffs. “Thought the plan was to train him to be a goaltender like Hayes?”

“Is joke, Shane. Is only a joke.” Ilya chuckles softly.

Ilya brings the car to a stop at a red light. Ilya reaches over without looking, finds Shane’s hand, and laces their fingers together. He brings their joined hands up, presses a slow kiss to Shane’s knuckles, then lowers their linked hands carefully until they are resting against the round firmness of Shane’s bump.

Ilya looks up, eyes warm and certain, “I love Lev. I love how you say it with smile on your face. When you smile, it feel like his name.”

“And maybe I pretended we had more time to find something else, but we found it.” Ilya’s hand drops to rest on the side of Shane’s belly, feeling as their son shifts.

The smile on Ilya’s face grows wider. The same smile that Shane’s been envisioning their son having from the very first moment they found out about him.

“Hello Lev,” Ilya whispers, right as the baby punches where their hands are resting.

Shane laughs through the tightness in his chest and cups Ilya’s jaw, brushing his thumb over his jawline.

“I love you.”

The words hang between them, tangible in the cool night air. Ilya's crooked grin widens, a flash of white against the ruby light. "I love you and him," he says, his voice thick with emotion, "I love Lev."

Hearing Ilya say 'Lev' - their son's name, his actual name - almost makes Shane burst into tears. He's wanted this for what feels like eternity, but it's only been a week and a half. Not even two weeks.

It's not a test anymore. It's not a name they're trying just to try.

It's his name.

Lev Rozanov-Hollander.

Fuck - Shane loves it.

The light turns green too soon for Shane's liking. He would have rather spent forever in the car, loving on his husband and saying their son's name over and over until it's old news.

As the car moves forward, Shane lets the silence sit for a full five seconds.

"So..." the omega says carefully, "time to start testing middle names?"

Ilya groans immediately.

"Shane," he warns, carefully making a left turn.

"What? We're on a roll tonight. Might as well get the whole name figured out this week."

"I will call Troy Barrett and ask him to give him middle name. "

Shane gasps dramatically as a joke, a massive grin playing on his face as he does. "You wouldn't dare do that to Lev, Rozanov!"

Ilya only grins back, glancing up at the rearview mirror. The empty car seat sits back there, straps folded neatly. Waiting patiently for the little boy who will soon rule their life.

In a few more months, it won't be empty. In only a few more months, they'll be driving back from family dinners with a sleeping newborn in the back, milk drunk and so loved by not only Shane and Ilya, but by everyone who knows him. Unaware of the headache he gave his parents for the last four and a half weeks, just over his name.

"Maybe not," he murmurs, bright eyes flickering to the mirror once more before returning to the road. "Not to our Lev."

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! 💕 It means so much to me that people enjoyed Landslide Brought Me Down so I just had to write more pregnant Shane. 💕

This fic took so long to finish because I was suddenly hit with a surprise busy season at my job. This was such a fun fic to write, though! Honestly, I could have written a 20,000-word fic about them trying every single name because it was fun to write! My apologies if the summary isn't the best this time, too - my brain is officially broken post-busy season at work. Whoops.

I should add - I love each name that I used in this fic! Hudson actually came to me while working out because I wanted to use a nature name and completely forgot Hudson Williams' name was... well... Hudson Williams. And then I couldn't get the alliteration joke out of my head. Sometimes, you just gotta go with the silly idea!

I have already started writing a longfic, detailing the whole nine months of Shane's first pregnancy (Lev) if anyone may be interested in that.

Feel free to follow me on Twitter - @holland_dayze. I need more people to talk to about pregnant Shane hehe 💕

Thank you again for reading! ❤️ I hope you have a beautiful day, dear reader! 💕

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