what a lovely way of sayin' how much you love me

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by pocketsofsun

Summary

Ilya looks at him, brushing more of his hair back while Shane holds the baby to his chest, kissing the top of his little head. "You did it."

"I did it," Shane breathes. "He's perfect."

"You're both perfect," Ilya says. "This is the best thing you could have ever done for my birthday, Shane. Thank you."

or: shane gives ilya the best birthday present

Notes

hello and welcome to baby’s first a/b/o mpreg fic

this fic is inspired by this lovely tweet that unlocked a vault in my brain i didn’t even know i had

very importantly, this is my first a/b/o fic and mpreg fic so many things might be wrong. if you see anything that need correcting pls let me know in the comments!

i also know nothing about birth giving and im sure a lot of scientific things are missing but this is also fiction so please take everything medical in this fic very lightly

thank you kenzie for the beta i love u downnnn

the title is a lyric from *(you’re) having my baby* by paul anka, aka that one song finn hudson sang on glee

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane wakes up on June fifteenth at eight in the morning, quickly turning off his alarm before Ilya wakes up to it. He sits up with a small grunt placing his hand on the lower part of his stomach just out of habit.

He heads to the en-suite as fast as he can, the need to pee the second he woke up urging him along. He does his business and makes quick work of getting ready for the day. Everything needs to be perfect before Ilya wakes up.

Ilya stirs when Shane pulls open the bedroom door and Shane freezes, hoping Ilya doesn't wake before he can prepare what he needs to surprise his husband.

There's a fluttering pressure on his stomach as he waddles down the stairs, and he smiles. "I know, it's so exciting," he tells the baby in his belly, walking into the living room. "It's Papa's birthday."

He feels Anya weaving through his feet, only being able to see her when he takes a step back. She barks, letting him know she wants to go for a walk, and he quickly shushes her, petting behind her ears before he grabs the leash.

When they comes back from their walk he unclips the leash from Anya's collar and heads to the kitchen, hearing her paws pattering behind him.

The cupcakes he stayed up making last night after Ilya went to sleep are sitting perfectly in the refrigerator. He pulls two of them out and sets them on a plate before grabbing the pack of candles, sticking one in each of them.

He hears the familiar sound of his husband's heavy footsteps descending the stairs. *"Malysh?* I woke up and my beautiful omega wasn't beside me with our sweet pup."

Shane rushes out of the kitchen before Ilya can turn the corner. He gently but firmly shoves his hands against Ilya's chest. "Go back up stairs! I'm not ready."

Ilya chuckles, pecking Shane's lips and holds Shane by his waist, sliding a hand over Shane's round stomach. "What?"

"Just go back to the room," Shane pleads, trying to turn Ilya back around by his shoulders.

"Sweetheart, what is going on?" Ilya asks, pushing against Shane's forcing hands before grabbing them by his wrists and bringing them to his lips and kissing the pads of each of his fingers.

Shane sighs and drops his head onto Ilya's shoulder, breathing his grounding scent of pine and sandalwood. "I wanted to surprise you for your birthday," he admits into the fabric of Ilya's shirt.

"My birthday that I said I did not want anything special for?"

Shane frowns and pulls back. "You said you wanted it to just be us, you didn't say I couldn't do anything special for it."

"But you *are* doing something special," Ilya reasons, kneeling down and lifting up the hem of his old *Raiders* t-shirt to pepper kisses across Shane's swollen stomach. "You are giving me a baby. Growing our sweet little pup for so many months. It is the most special thing."

He stands back up and pulls Shane into his arms. "My family is all I need, Shane." He mumbles into Shane's hair.

And as much as Shane loves hearing Ilya tell him how much he loves him and their baby every day, today Shane has a *plan.*

So, he does something he only does in dire situations. He sinks a little bit, just to make Ilya taller than him and looks up at him. His eyes widen and he pulls out his bottom lip. "Please, just go to our room so I can surprise you," he says, making sure his voice trembles.

It might be a bit mean, but he's pregnant, and it's for a good reason. It's not Shane's fault that Ilya falls for it every time.

"Oh, sweetheart, I'm sorry." Ilya folds immediately. "I didn't mean to ruin your plans. I will go back to bed and wait for you, hmm?"

"Yes, please."

Ilya smiles and presses a soft kiss to his cheek before going back up the stairs. Shane goes to the coat closet by the front door and grabs the bundle of balloons before lighting the candles on the cupcakes and taking everything up to the bedroom.

He pushes down the door handle with his help and nudges it with his foot so he can get in the room. Ilya is sitting back against the headboard with a grin. "Wow," he says, doing his to sound surprised. "Cupcakes and balloons from my perfect husband for my birthday?"

Shane giggles and walks to Ilya's side of the bed and sits next to him. "Happy birthday, baby."

Ilya brings a hand to the back of Shane's neck and pulls him in for a kiss. "Thank you. You made cupcakes?"

"I made cupcakes," Shane says proudly and hold the plate out. "Make a wish and blow the candles out."

"I already have everything I wish for." Ilya kisses Shane one more time before blowing out the candles. He takes one cupcake and hands it to Shane before taking the second one.

Shane laughs after Ilya takes the first bite and sees frosting stuck on his lips. "Can't you eat like a normal person?"

"Nope," Ilya says, popping the *p* dramatically. "Clean it off me."

Shane rolls his eyes but leans in and kisses off the frosting from one side of his lips. Before he can move to the other side, Ilya takes the cupcake out of his hand and sets it on the night stand, deepening the kiss.

He licks into Shane's mouth, and Shane can taste the cupcake on his tongue. Shane hums softly against Ilya's lips when Ilya carefully pulls him into his lap.

It doesn't take long for Shane to feel the heat bubbling in his gut and the slick forming between his legs. Being forty weeks pregnant makes him hornier a lot faster than he thought it would. It doesn't help that he can feel Ilya's cock hardening under him.

Ilya grabs his hips, thumbs digging into the bone on either side. He tucks his head into Shane's neck, inhaling deeply. "My omega is so wet for me, already, hmm? I should have known."

"Ilya," Shane moans, *"Alpha…"*

A large hand pats Shane's ass twice. "Get undressed."

Shane stands up, pulling his shirt off and shoving his sweatpants down, kicking them off his ankles. By the time his underwear is gone, Ilya is laying in the middle of the bed, naked.

"Come," he says his voice rough. Shane can smell the lust coming off of him.

Shane complies immediately, sitting on Ilya's thighs, careful not to put all his weight on him.

"No." Ilya shakes his head before tapping his lips. "Up here."

Shane shudders. He hasn't gotten to sit on Ilya's face in *so* long. Not since he got pregnant. "I'll crush you."

"Moya lyubov, it is my birthday. You're supposed to do what I want, yes? I want you to sit on my face so I can eat you out."

Shane just can't say no to that. He shuffles on his knees until Ilya's head his trapped between his thighs. He holds onto the headboard to keep his balance.

Ilya's hands come up to Shane's waist. He trails his fingers across the stretch marks on his large stomach before bringing one up, swiping it through Shane's glistening folds. "Such a pretty pussy," Ilya groans.

Shane feels Ilya's tongue licking up the inside of his thighs, cleaning up the slick that's dripped down.

He takes his time there, dragging his tongue across Shane's skin. His mouth brushes everywhere but Shane's aching pussy.

"Alpha," Shane whines, *"Please."*

Ilya wraps his arms around Shane's thighs. "Anything for my perfect omega." He guide Shane down over his mouth, the hot air blowing over Shane's clit makes him shiver.

Shane gasps when the tip of Ilya's nose brushes against Shane's clit as he licks a stripe up his cunt. "Oh, fuck."

Ilya hums in response as he practically makes out with Shane's pussy, swapping between sucking his clit into his mouth and pushing his tongue into Shane's entrance. All Shane can do is sit there and moan above his alpha and let him take what he wants.

It is his birthday after all.

"Smells so good," Ilya mumbles into his folds. "Tastes so sweet for me, Shane."

Shane can't answer, Ilya diving right back in. He puts all his weight into the headboard as Ilya licks up his arousal that still hasn't stopped dripping.

Ilya catches it all on his tongue with loud, obnoxious slurping sounds that Shane can't even be bothered to be annoyed by because two of Ilya's fingers pushes into his entrance.

"Oh, *fuck,"* Shane moans again, gripping Ilya's curls with one hand when Ilya brings his attention back to Shane's clit as his fingers brush up inside him.

The only thing Shane misses about this is being able to look down to see his alphas bright eyes under him, his stomach far too big for him to even see his own feet.

But that doesn't quiet matter right now because Ilya's mouth along with his fingers brings Shane to the brink already. "Fuck, Ilya. Alpha I'm gonna—"

Ilya moans underneath him and doubles his efforts, sucking and licking harder as he drives his fingers into Shane faster. Shane's thighs tremble, losing the strength to hold his own weight. Ilya pulls him down, smothering his own face with Shane's cunt.

Shane whimpers, his body lighting on fire from his toes to he tips of his ears. He clenches around Ilya's fingers, body seizing as he comes, *squirting* all over Ilya's face and into his mouth.

He can feel Ilya's smile spreading before Ilya guides him up and brings him back over his lap. He doesn't bother to wipe his face, pulling Shane in for a kiss.

Shane moans against his lips, feeling Ilya's cock pressed between their bodies. He swivels his hips, grinding his pussy against Ilya's hard length, desperate for another orgasm. *"Alpha,"* he whines into the kiss. "Need you— Fuck me. Please, alpha."

Ilya groans, parting their lips. "Yeah? You just squirted all over me, and you already want to come again?"

Shane nods with a whimper, wrapping his arms around Ilya's neck when he kisses between Shane's, swollen, tender breasts. *"Oh,"* he breaths, when Ilya's lips wrap around his sensitive nipple, tugging it softly between his teeth.

The graze of Ilya's mouth feels so good on Shane's skin, he can't help but keep him there with a hand curled into his hair. "My sweet boy," Ilya coos, one of his hands cupping the breast that isn't pressed into Ilya's face. "You just want to feel good, don't you?"

"Yes," Shane responds with a moan. "Please."

Ilya's hands slide to his waist, then to his stomach, his fingers gentle across Shane's skin. "You do not have to beg, *malysh,* I can will give you what you need."

Shane is lifted up on his knees and Ilya's lips crashes into his as Ilya guides him over his cock. The kiss doesn't last long when Shane gasps, sliding down onto Ilya's dick slowly. The stretch is perfect as he buries Ilya inside of him, his hole fluttering around the length.

It isn't exactly possible for Shane to bounce or fuck himself on Ilya's cock, so he rocks on it, slowly, his hands braced on Ilya's shoulder for support.

"Da, just like that," Ilya moans, helping Shane move with his hands on Shane's ass moving him back and forth. "Take what you need, omega. Make yourself feel good."

They take their time with it, Shane just barely sliding up and down Ilya's cock slowly. It feels so fucking good. It feels like this every time.

Ilya tucks his face into Shane's neck, sniffing and licking where ever he can reach. He grabs Shane's breasts again, massaging them in his hands. "Such a good omega, Shane. Carrying our baby, making me feel special on my birthday. Making me feel special every day. Always." The praises spill from Ilya's lips on a loop.

Shane's still sensitive from his first orgasm, so it doesn't take long for him get close. There's just one thing he needs. "Alpha," he whines. "Need your knot. Knot me, *please."*

Ilya lets out a soft growl and bites right into Shane's scent gland. Shane's head tips back from the pleasure and grinds his hips harder. "Fuck, Shane," Ilya grunts, bucking his hips into Shane's hole. "You're already pregnant with my pup and you want me to *knot* you. What a slutty omega you are."

"Yours," Shane whimpers, raising himself a little so Ilya can fuck up into him.

"Yes, sweetheart. *My* slutty omega. Only mine." Ilya moans, fucking Shane from underneath him.

"Yours," Shane babbles again, incapable of saying anything else. *"Yoursyoursyoursyours—"*

He drops his head onto Ilya's shoulder, kissing the skin against his lips before he lets out a gasp when Ilya pinches each of his nipples between his fingers. *"Fuck,* alpha, feels so good. Gonna come. *Gonna come, alpha.*"

"Yeah, baby," Ilya preens. "Always going to make you feel good. Come for me like my perfect boy."

Shane shudders as he comes undone all over Ilya's cock, holding Ilya into his chest, gripping onto him like his life depends on it. He lets Ilya fuck him, his thrusts becoming erratic as he reaches his own climax with a deep groan.

Ilya's come fills Shane up in hot and thick ropes. Shane feels the base of Ilya's cock growing and bulging inside of him and it feels so fucking good. Exactly what Shane needed. Ilya kisses Shane's jaw, moaning softly when Shane locks around him.

Shane presses kisses across Ilya's face. Pecking the tip of his nose and his cheeks, making sure to let his lips linger on his forehead. They sit like that for a while, kissing and whispering in each others ears.

Ilya gently pulls Shane off of him once they fully catch their breaths and lays him down. "Don't move, okay? I will clean you up."

Shane doesn't have it in himself to argue so he just nods with a smile. "'Kay."

He lets his eyes close, and just listens to the clutters of Ilya walking into the bathroom and running a rag under water. He hums when Ilya presses a kiss to his stomach as he wipes Shane down gently.

"I'm tired," Shane mumbles.

"Then sleep, *lyubimyy."*

"Stay with me."

Ilya's side of the bed dips and Shane feels warm around wrap around him, one of Ilya's hands sliding across Shane's belly "I will."

Shane wakes up, and just like this morning, Ilya is knocked out next to him. He can't help but smile at the sight of him.

Ilya's lips are parted, breathing slow and heavy—with some snores—as he sleeps. Shane gently runs is hands through is hair, curling the strands around his fingers.

It's only when he sits up that he feels the dull ache on his lower back. He sits on the edge of the bed for a minute and waits for the cramp to pass, standing up when it fades away.

It's been happening the last few weeks, but Jackie told him to watch out for them when he first told her and Hayden about his pregnancy. He's not so worried about it.

He heads for the kitchen after checking the time. He pulls everything he needs to make his moms chicken parm from the fridge and the pantry making sure he doesn't miss anything from the recipe she'd texted him earlier in the week.

It's only right he makes Ilya's favorite meal for lunch.

The water is boiled in the kettle after ten minutes and he pours it into the pot on the stove. When he adds the salt and pours the pasta in, the ache comes back.

He works through it, seasoning and battering the chicken and setting it in the oven once he layers the sauce and the cheese. Just as he closes the oven door the pain moves to his stomach, feeling more like a cramp than anything.

He grips the handle on the oven door and stands there, shutting his eyes and breathing through the tightness.

His eyes fly open when he thinks about it. A contraction. That's what this is.

A contraction on his husband's birthday.

Okay, he thinks, *it's fine.*

Many people experience contractions *days* leading up to going into labor.

That's what's going to happen with him, he's sure of it.

Besides, it was *one* contraction. It could also mean nothing.

Shane suspects he must be right, because by the time Ilya wakes up, and they eat their lunch —which Ilya thanks him *amazingly* for—there has yet to be another contraction.

The pain in his back is still there on and off but again, it's *nothing.*

But just after he finishes peeing for the millionth time in the last thirty minutes the cramp comes back. He braces his forearms on the sink and groans softly.

He rubs his stomach softly and whispers, "Keep it calm, baby. Let's just focus on Papa today."

Ilya opens his arms for him on the couch when he leaves the bathroom and closes the door behind him.

Shane smiles and settles in Ilya's arms and sighs, leaning into his chest. "Thank you for waiting. Movie time?"

"Of course, sweetheart," Ilya says as he hits play on the remote.

The film goes on fine. At some point Shane moves to lay on the couch, throwing his legs over Ilya's legs. Ilya runs his calves and his ankles, pausing to kiss his knees every once in a while.

Another contraction presents itself during the last scene of the movie. The third one in three hours.

Anya whines a confused little sound just as Ilya looks over at Shane when he groans sits up, holding the bottom of his stomach. *"Malysh,"* he says, following Shane's movement. "Are

you okay?"

"I'm okay," Shane answers. " Just a little cramp. It's nothing."

Ilya frowns, taking one of Shane's hands in his. He drops it, because Shane knows he knows that that's what he wants him to do.

Not that there's anything *to* drop, because it's not like he's going into labor. Not on his husbands birthday.

The baby can wait until after.

Shane has a plan to make this day about Ilya, and that's what he'll do.

"What do you want to do next?" He asks, playing with Ilya's fingers in his hand.

"You are making me pick everything today."

"Well, it *is* your birth—" Shane is cut off by another contraction, swimming from his back to his stomach. He has to let out a deep breath, but the time he does that, he forgets what he was saying.

"Sweetheart," Ilya says, a gentle but stern look in his eyes. "You said it's nothing."

Shane sighs and leans back on the arm of the couch. "It *is* nothing. It's just a little contraction. It's normal."

"You cannot say *nothing* and *contraction* at the same time, Shane."

Shane sits up again, struggling to bend over with his belly being in the way, and Ilya helps him wordlessly. "It's nothing, Ilya, I promise. Contractions don't mean anything until they're at least five minutes apart and I've only had four in the last—"

"You have been getting contractions *all day?"* Ilya asks, wide eyed. *"Lyubimyy,* why didn't you tell me?"

Shane looks at him and pouts tracing lines on on the fabric of his sweatpants. "Because today is supposed to be about *you.* I can't take over your birthday screaming in a hospital bed."

"Shane," Ilya says, pulling him into his side. "You know I don't really care what we do today. I don't care if we sleep, or fuck, or do *anything.* But I do care about you, and our baby. I care if he ends up being ready to make you scream in a hospital bed."

"We don't know if they're going to be a boy or a girl."

"I do know. I am magic, I can tell."

"No you can't."

"I can," Ilya says, finally. "Now. Are you sure, you are okay? No babies popping onto the floor?"

Shane nods with a smile. "No babies popping onto the floor."

"Okay." Ilya leans in, sweetly pecking Shane's lips. "Now, I will make you your boring red hair tea because it is three o'clock, and you always drink your boring red hair tea at three o'clock." He gently lifts Shane's legs off of his lap and standing up.

"It's *ginger,* and you're not making my tea, I am."

"Why not?"

"Because, it's your—"

"If you tell me it's my birthday one more time, I am changing it."

Shane scoffs. "You can't change your birthday, that's not a thing."

"I will make it a thing. *After* I make your tea," Ilya says, kissing the top of his head before disappearing into the kitchen.

Shane gratefully drinks his tea, and falls asleep for the second time on the couch, because he is forty weeks pregnant and it is *exhausting.*

He wakes up with a jolt of pain in his abdomen. "Oh, *fuck,"* he murmurs to himself.

Ilya doesn't answer when he calls out for him, so he checks his phone and finds a text from him from five minutes ago.

Taking Anya for a run

Will not be for long but I will miss you ❤️

Shane smiles and sends a quick, *Miss you too.*

He sits until the pain passes and sighs when he feels the sudden urge to use the bathroom with no forewarning, like it's been for the last few months. He splashes water on his face just to wake himself up before heading to the bathroom to make another cup of tea since he fell asleep before he could finish it.

He's stopped from soaking his tea bag in the hot water when another contraction wraps around his stomach, the pressure harder than all the other ones he's had all day. He groans, leaning over the island as his muscles tighten like a shoelace that just woke untangle.

It releases after a minute and he's finally able to take a breath. He taps the screen of his phone and checks the time.

Six minutes since the last one.

Good. Still not five minutes. He's not in labor. He doesn't care what Ilya says, he is not having this baby on his husband's birthday.

Ilya is nothing if the most important person in Shane's life, and he will do everything in his power to let him know that. Even if that means not letting himself go into labor until tomorrow.

Shane is sitting at the dining table, and drinking his tea when he hears the front door open. Anya appears beside him in just a few second, and she rests her chin on her lap. "Hi, sweet girl," he coos at her, scratching the side of her neck.

She barks in responds, nudging her face into his stomach. Ilya comes in and kisses the top of his head, pressing his nose into Shane's hair. "I didn't think you would be awake."

"A contraction woke me up." He shrugs, tipping his head back to look up at Ilya.

Ilya frowns. "Are you sure you don't want to go to the hospital?"

"I'm sure, Ilya. I promise," Shane says. "They're still not five minutes apart, and they don't even hurt that bad. It's like the Braxton Hicks contractions from a couple of weeks ago."

"Ahh, yes," Ilya sighs. "The practice contractions."

"Exactly. Are you having a good day?"

Ilya pulls out a chair, moving it next to Shane's and sits down. "The best day. I have my husband, and he's working so hard growing our pup, and I love spending time with him, even if it's just being at home."

"Really?"

"Really."

Shane smiles, but it doesn't take long for his face to contort, scrunching up in pain, his stomach cramping uncomfortably.

Ilya watches him with concern, and places a gents hand on Shane's stomach. His thumb rubs the fabric of Shane's shirt as he kisses Shane's temple. "Shane—"

Shane breathes again when it stops and leans back into his chair. "Ilya, I'm *fine,"* Shane tries to reassure him, the last word straining as he clenches his jaw with a groan as his abdomen tightens again.

"Okay, you are not fine. This not the practice contractions. We should call your parents and go—"

"No," Shane says, voice trembling. "We're not going to the hospital. I'm not having this baby yet."

"Shane, this is ridiculous. Listen to me." Ilya places a hand on Shane's shoulder, looking into his eyes. "If you are going into labor—"

Shane shakes his head. "No," he says again. "Not today."

"Why not?"

"Because, today is about *you,"* Shane groans. "It's your *birthday,* and I know you said you don't care, but *I* do." He has to stop to catch his breath, gripping the edge of the table as another contraction tenses his muscles.

"You were born on this day," Shane continues once he can think properly. "You were born, and brought into this world. Brought to *me.* You wouldn't be in my life." He realizes he's crying when his cheeks turn wet and it's stupid, but he doesn't care. "You wouldn't be here if you weren't born today. I wouldn't be who I am if you weren't."

He stands up, pulling Ilya up with him. "You are *so* special to me, Ilya Rozanov. You are my *mate,* and the love of my life, and you're important to me, and I'm also insanely pregnant so the least you can let me do is celebrate— *Fuck!"*

Shane groans, holding back a scream as he braces himself of Ilya's biceps when yet another contraction hits, this time stronger and more painful.

"Okay," Ilya says, his voice calm as he wipes Shane's tears with a soft thumb. "Okay. I'm sorry. I did not mean to make you think I didn't care, sweetheart. I do. I care so much, my *Shayna.* I love you so much, *moya lyubov."*

He guides Shane into the living room and helps him sit on the couch. Shane doesn't let go of Ilya's arms as the last of the contraction fades. He slumps into the cushion.

"I'm sorry," Shane cries softly, sniffling. "I don't know why I'm being like this."

Ilya kneels down in front of him, squeezing his knees to comfort him. "You are like this because you're Shane. And because you love me. And I love you. I love you *so* much."

Shane huffs out a breath but he smiles, leaning down to rest his forehead against Ilya's. He's about to close the rest of the distance and meet Ilya in the middle for a kiss when he doubles over Ilya's shoulder in pain.

"Okay," Ilya says, finality strong in his tone. "We're going."

But as much pain as he's in, Shane's a stubborn man. When he sets his mind on something, he does everything he can to make it happen. "No," he whines, pouting. "No, we can go later— Tomorrow. Tomorrow, *after* your birthday, we can go. I promise."

"Shane, don't make me drag you out of here."

"You can't," Shane argues through gritted teeth. "I'm too heavy."

Ilya sighs without a word and stands up, gently pulling Shane up with him.

Shane is getting ready to fight him again, to push him away and sit back down but all he can do is cry out when another wave hits him. And then he feels liquid trickle down his legs. "Fuck," he whines. *"Fuck!"*

"Sweetheart, what's wrong?"

"I think my fucking water just broke," Shane manages to say before he groans, loud. So loud it makes is throat hurt.

Ilya moves like a strike of lighting, jumping into action as if he's done this a million times before. Within a second he's on the texting Harris asking him to pick up Anya all while calling Yuna and David and running to the coat closet to grab the hospital back he and Shane packed towards the end of his first trimester.

All Shane can do is cry in pain on the couch as the contractions don't let up.

"Okay," Ilya says when he appears back at Shane's side, the bag slung over his shoulder. "Harris is coming to watch Anya, and your parents are going to be on their way as fast as they can. We need to go now."

Shane doesn't have it in him to argue against it anymore, so he just nods through his tears and lets Ilya slide his shoes on.

Ilya helps him up and takes him to the car, making sure the seatbelt is secure when he slides it across his body. He throws the bag into the back seat and drives as fast and as carefully as he can to the hospital. He lets Shane's doctor know they're on their way.

"Fuck, it hurts," Shane whimpers, and Ilya reaches over the center console to grab his hand, weaving their fingers together.

"I know, sweetheart. But it will be over soon. And I will be there the whole time."

"Promise?" Shane asks weakly, barely managing to turn his head to look at his husband.

"Promise."

The ride to the hospital is filled with fifteen agonizing minutes of relentless contractions joined with Shane's cries and string of curses as he squeezes Ilya's hand each time one hit.

Ilya gets Shane into the hospital and fills out the necessary paperwork and they're able to get a room just as he turns them in.

Shane finally lets himself scream after he's changed into a hospital down and in the bed. "I hate this. I fucking *hate* this!"

Ilya kisses his temple. "I know, I know. I'm sorry."

"All I had to fucking do was *not* have this baby on your birthday, and now here we are, and it *hurts* like a *bitch."*

Ilya only holds his hand and kisses him again. "It will be over soon, *malysh."*

"You know this is your fault, you know," Shane rambles. "You got me pregnant. You got the biggest star in the NHL pregnant."

"Oh, I am not sorry for that." Ilya says, softly just as nurse comes in.

She smiles brightly. Too sunshiny for Shane to tolerate right now with his hormones. She slides a pair of gloves on and sits in the rolling chair at the foot of the bed to check him out. "Okay, Shane! It looks like you're nine centimeters dilated, just about read to get that baby out of you. Doctor Bowers is on her way right now."

Shane nods with his eyes wound shut as groans. "How long?" He asks, roughly.

"I'm right here, Shane," another voice says, more authoritative than the nurse who he's sure is lovely, but not at this exact moment.

"Okay, good," Shane says with a strangled breath. "Can I push? I really need to push."

"Not just yet," Doctor Bowers tells him. "We have to wait a little while longer."

Shane whines, but he nods anyways, using the opportunity of not having a contraction to catch his breath.

Doctor Bowers takes over where the nurse was sitting. "Yes, Shane. Take a deep breath and push as hard as you can for me okay?"

Shane nods and screams as he pushes and Ilya holds his hand through it. Shane groans when he stop. He looks over at Ilya. "You know I love you, right?"

"I do."

"So you know that anything I might say is just because I'm in pain and getting a whole human pulled out of me?"

"Yes."

Doctor Bowers looks up at him. "Give me another one, Shane."

Shane's fingers dig into Ilya's hand. "Fuck, fuck, *fuck!"* He pushes again. He feels like his whole body is splitting in half. "This is so *stupid,* I can't believe I'm doing this. Why did I let you get me pregnant?"

Ilya kisses the top of his head and swipes a thumb across his wet freckled cheek. "Because we decided to start a family,"

"It was a stupid decision," Shane groans before he screams again.

Ilya rubs Shane's knuckles against his lips, kissing between each one. "I know. I'm sorry. But you're doing so well, *malysh."*

"Shane, that was perfect," Doctor Bowers says. "Just keep pushing."

Shane loses the ability to speak and just cries out in between short breaths. His grip on Ilya's hand is so strong, he's surprised he hasn't ripped it off.

Doctor Bowers has him push for god fucking knows how long before he gives out, dropping into the arm that Ilya has wrapped around his shoulder.

"You can't stop now, Shane," Doctor Bowers says. "Your baby is almost out. One more push."

"I can't," Shane cries, shaking his head. "I can't do this. It hurts too much."

He's sweaty, and tired, and it fucking *hurts.* His back aches, his head hurts from the overhead fluorescent lights in the room and he's pushing a fucking *baby* out of his body.

Doctor Bowers looks up at him from the end of the bed. "Yes you can, Shane. Just one more push for me and you're all done."

Shane shakes his head again. "I can't. I *can't."*

Ilya's hand comes up, pushing Shane's hair away off of his forehead, kissing the rolling beads of sweat off his skin. "Look at me."

Shane cries and closes his eyes. Ilya kisses the knuckles of the hand that's in his. "Look at me, Shane. I need you to *look at me."*

And Shane does. Ilya uses his free hand to cup his cheek before Shane changes his mind and turns away. "You are the biggest star in the NHL. You are the strongest man I have ever met. You are smart, and beautiful, and perfect and *I know* you can do this. I am right here. You can do this."

Shane chokes out a sob, nodding. "Okay. *Okay.* I can do this."

"You can do this," Ilya says again.

When Doctor Bowers signals with a nod her head Shane tightens his grip in Ilya's hands and hunches over, letting out one loud, final scream.

Then the room fills with beautiful little cries.

Shane falls back into the bed, letting out tired sobs himself. Ilya gives him a wet grin and kisses him softly.

"Congratulations," Doctor Bowers says, "He is a *beautiful* baby boy." She hands him over to the nurse to get him assessed before she comes back over to the side of the bed and places the baby in Shane's arms. "A healthy six pounds, three ounces, too. He is *very* strong."

Ilya looks at him, brushing more of his hair back while Shane holds the baby to his chest, kissing the top of his little head. "You did it."

"I did it," Shane breathes. "He's perfect."

"You're both perfect," Ilya says. "This is the best thing you could have ever done for my birthday, Shane. Thank you."

Shane looks at him with glossy eyes. "You're happy?"

Ilya chuckles at the ridiculous question. "So happy, *moya lyubov.* He is the best gift." He gently runs his hand across the baby's head.

"He has a lot of hair. *Your* hair," Shane says proudly.

Ilya smiles. "Well, he has your eyes. Hold him."

Shane passes their beautiful baby into Ilya's waiting arms, and he sees Ilya's trembling smile with wet eyes.

"Congratulations again boys," Doctor Bowers says. "Have you decided on a name?"

Ilya smiles down at Shane with a knowing look in his eyes, and Shane knows exactly what he's saying. "Nikolai," Shane says, turning to her. "Nikolai Hollander-Rozanov."

Doctor Bower smiles with a short nod. "Beautiful name. I will be back soon to check in, but for now, get to know your baby boy."

Shane slides over as best he can—not without a small hiss—to make room for Ilya to sit on the bed with him.

They hold Nikolai together. Ilya leans over, resting his head on top of Shane's. "Look at him," he says. "Our little Kolenka. We should get his skates."

Shane laughs with an emotional sniffle. "Maybe let's wait until he figures out how to walk."

Ilya nods. "Okay."

Shane rests his weight against Ilya's side, a wave of exhaustion washing over him. He can hardly keep his eyes open. "Happy birthday."

End Notes

you made it to the end! thank you for reading!

i hope you love nikolai as much as i (and shane and ilya) do

please let me know what you think in the comments i also wouldn't be opposed to yall sharing this with your friends

come be silly and horny with me on twt @bvddieshollanov ❤️

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