

bloom

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75798896) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75798896>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Omega Shane Hollander , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Unplanned Pregnancy , Miscommunication , Fluff , Domestic Fluff , Love Confessions , ilya and shane actually use their words , shane hollander cries a lot , Anxious Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Pregnant Shane Hollander , No beta we die like ilyas father
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-15 Words: 3,851 Chapters: 1/1

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by [kailovesharry](#)

Summary

The test very confidently displayed a positive result. Well—this test and the three others he'd taken just to be sure. He'd used the basic drug store one that showed only a plus sign, as well as the fancier ones with words and estimates of how far along you were. All of them were screaming at him, in unison, the words he hadn't wanted to hear. They echoed the thought that he'd been desperately trying to ignore despite the symptoms he'd been having for the past two weeks.

Shane Hollander was pregnant.

Notes

title inspired by bloom - the paper kites
please note that my research for if you can play hockey while pregnant consisted of one single google search so please don't come at me lol. Also forgive any mistakes I blacked out and wrote this so

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

This couldn't be happening. Not now. Not to him.

Shane glared down at the pregnancy test he held in his shaking hands. His mouth was far too dry, his heart pounding in his ears.

The test very confidently displayed a positive result. Well—this test and the *three* others he'd taken just to be sure. He'd used the basic drug store one that showed only a plus sign, as well as the fancier ones with words and estimates of how far along you were. All of them were screaming at him, in unison, the words he hadn't wanted to hear. They echoed the thought that he'd been desperately trying to ignore despite the symptoms he'd been having for the past two weeks.

Shane Hollander was pregnant.

“Fuck.” he huffed, scrubbing a hand over his face. He felt like he was going to pass out. He was pregnant. Worse than that, there was only one person who could be the other father.

Shane was pregnant, and Ilya Rozanov was the father.

“Oh fuck!” he shouted. It echoed, hollow, in the empty bathroom. This was bad— maybe the worst it could be. His career, everything he had worked so hard for, was being ripped out from under him. He steadied himself against the sink, eyes going blurry with panicked tears. How was he going to tell his parents? What would they think of him? To be pregnant was one thing— one huge thing — but then to explain the...the “*Rozanov*” of it all? God, it was going to be mortifying.

As he looked at himself in the mirror, he silently begged for the earth to open up and swallow him whole. He wouldn't be the first NHL player to take a season off for paternity leave; there were a few other omegas on his team and plenty in the league who'd had children. There weren't any other omegas in the league who'd taken paternity leave because they were pregnant with their rival's pup, though. That would definitely be a new one. The ricochet of that scandal had the potential to end his career.

He was lucky, in some sense, that he ever got to play in the league at all. He laughed humorlessly, glancing over the tests scattered around the room. This was not the sign of a lucky man. Shane heard his phone buzz in the other room, and his mind jumped to Rozanov. *Oh, god.* How was he going to tell him? *'Hey there, fuckbuddy, I know we kind of hate each other and should've never started sleeping together in the first place, but surprise! We're gonna be parents!'*

Shane groaned. This just couldn't be fucking happening.

jane: *we need to talk.*

Ilya smirked at the text before he began typing a cheeky reply.

He had just finished a mile run on the treadmill inside the hotel gym. They were in Montreal again and set to face the Voyageurs later this evening. It was unusual for Hollander to text Ilya the morning of a game against each other. Usually, Hollander was the one to scold Ilya for it, asserting that he didn't need Ilya trying to fuck with his head before they played. Maybe Hollander was finally mellowing out.

lily: *i can think of better ways to use our mouths*

jane: *ilya. I'm serious.*

Ilya.

Concern began to pool in the corners of Ilya's mind, and he could feel his eyebrows draw together in a scowl. Okay. Maybe Hollander had finally built up enough courage to end...whatever was happening between them, and *fuck* if that wasn't really disappointing.

Ilya knew, of course, that they would have to stop eventually. He knew they couldn't keep this thing up forever, but he had hoped that *eventually* was seasons away. Maybe, somewhere in the back of his mind, he had hoped that *eventually* would never come.

Hope was a stupid thing.

jane: *can we meet somewhere?*

Ilya sighed heavily. At least Shane had the decency not to dump him over text. He rolled his eyes to himself. Hollander wasn't dumping him because they weren't *anything* to begin with. Ilya tried—and failed—to ignore the way that thought stung, and it *stung*. His heart felt painfully tight, like something inside him was about to explode.

Ilya had been trying to ignore his growing feelings for Shane; he'd been trying to convince himself that what they had would suffice. It had to be enough. But now? Now Shane was going to take it all away from him. And then what? Would they never speak again? Would they go back to solely communicating through taunting comments on the ice? Ilya wasn't sure how he was supposed to just forget the taste of Shane's lips or the noises he made when he came. He didn't think he could. More importantly, he didn't *want* to.

lily: *I am available now. come to my room in 30?*

jane: *sure.*

He huffed out a breath and began to gather his things. He had time to freshen up before Shane arrived, and then he would...just tell him. He would tell Shane that he didn't want to end things because he was falling in love with him. It was stupid. Ilya knew it was shaping up to be one of the dumbest things he'd ever do, but if Shane was trying to end it, what did he have to lose?

Shane was pacing in the hallway across from Rozanov's room. He typically liked to be in the hallway for the shortest amount of time possible to minimize the chance that any of the other Boston Raiders saw him lingering in their hotel. This time, though, Shane wanted nothing more than to turn around, walk back to the elevator, leave, and never look back.

He and Ilya had been doing this *thing* for eight years now, and Shane would be lying if he said things hadn't shifted for him in that time, where feelings were concerned. He hadn't hated Rozanov for god knows how long, maybe he never had. Ilya was infuriating, possibly the most annoying man he'd ever met. And Shane was in love with him. He didn't know how long he had been, couldn't pinpoint when insufferability turned into endearment, turned into adoration. But the point was, yes, Shane was in love with Ilya Rozanov, and now he was pregnant.

Shane took a shaky deep breath and finally willed himself to knock on the door in front of him. Rozanov opened it after a brief moment. He looked gorgeous. Freshly showered, hair

still damp and pushed back. Shane inhaled indulgently, letting his eyes fall closed as he stepped into the room. He hadn't even meant to, really. The league required players to take scent suppressants for obvious reasons, so Shane rarely got to scent Ilya even during their rendezvous. Ilya smelt of smoke and pine, warm and sharp. It was intoxicating and actually doing a lot to quell some of Shane's anxiety.

When Shane opened his eyes again, he was met with Ilya's own, searching his features, worry evident in his expression. Shane took another deep breath. He had taken his scent suppressants before he left, knowing that if Ilya had caught a whiff, he would know Shane's secret immediately.

"We should sit," Shane said finally. Gesturing to the table and chairs in the corner of the room.

"No," Ilya replied. Shane froze.

"What?"

"No. I do not want to sit and talk." Ilya said curtly. Shane furrowed his eyebrows in confusion. Something was stirring in Ilya's eyes that he couldn't decipher.

"Rozan—" Shane started, but was cut off by a scoff.

"You called me Ilya," Rozanov said in a small voice that juxtaposed his previous intensity. Shane didn't know what to say. He didn't have much time to think of a response because Ilya continued. "You called me Ilya...and then you come here to—" Ilya's eyes searched the room as if he was looking around for the word he wanted. "To-to...*break up*, and you don't even say my name?"

Shane was shocked. For multiple reasons. He opened his mouth, unsure of what was going to come out.

"Ilya," was all his brain could provide. Ilya wouldn't meet his eyes anymore, and his lips were turned down into a deep frown.

“Well, I don’t want to break up, *Shane*.” He overenunciated Shane’s name. “I want the opposite. I want...” he trailed off.

The anxiety that Shane had let go of suddenly came flooding back. He couldn’t let Ilya say this. Especially not before he told him.

“Ilya, don’t,” Shane begged. It was already complicated enough. They couldn’t do this, not now. Ilya’s eyes flooded with hurt, and the scent of the room turned sour.

“Shane. I’m falling in lo-”

“I’m pregnant.” Shane blurted out. He felt like he couldn’t breathe. Ilya was just staring at him, expression unreadable. Shane’s eyes filled with tears. “I—. I’m sorry. I don’t know how this happened. I-” he broke down, sobs cascading out of his mouth.

Ilya closed the distance between them in record speed, scooping Shane up in a snug embrace. He petted Shane’s hair and whispered sweet nothings in his ear as sobs continued to wrack Shane’s body. Through his tears, Shane noticed that he felt warm, and safe, and held. It was...nice. The circumstances sucked, and Shane was sure the conversation awaiting them would be complicated, but it was still nice. It was nice to pretend for this brief moment that everything would be okay. That they had a chance.

Shane quietly mourned the thought that in another lifetime, he’d be crying happy tears getting to announce to his alpha that he was pregnant. They would both be emotional, thinking about the future they would have with their little family. Instead, he was being held by the man, the alpha, that he loved but couldn’t have, as they both came to terms with the child that was growing inside of Shane. The child that was conceived under the cover of night and would have to be cloaked in secrecy.

As Shane began to calm down a bit, the pair made their way over to the large bed in the center of the room, sitting on the edge. Ilya spoke first.

“Are you sure?” he asked. Shane chuckled.

“Uh, yeah. Unfortunately.” Ilya frowned in response, and Shane couldn’t help but feel hurt. Obviously, this was bad news, but it still hurt to see Ilya’s disappointment on display.

“I am in love with you, I think.” Ilya deadpanned. Shane snapped his neck to look at the man sitting next to him.

“You’re not,” Shane said with pleading eyes. The fantasy of their little family replayed in Shane’s mind, and he shuddered. It couldn’t exist. Even if Ilya loved him too.

“I am,” Ilya responded simply. “And is okay that you don’t feel the same. I will do whatever I can to help you with the baby. Whatever you decide to do, we will do.” Ilya, who usually was able to conceal his hurt, was wearing it boldly on his face. Shane realized Ilya wasn’t disappointed that Shane was pregnant; he was grappling with the information in tandem with what he perceived as Shane’s rejection. He believed that his feelings weren’t reciprocated.

“I love you, too,” Shane said. He didn’t plan on saying it, but it came out anyway. “I love you so much that it scares me. And now...” he placed a tentative hand on his stomach. He wasn’t showing yet, but he was able to feel the extra fat beginning to gather around his center.

Ilya covered Shane's hand with his own.

“We will figure it out. Together,” Ilya said determinedly. There was so much intensity in his eyes, and then Shane saw it come into focus, as if he was putting on a new pair of glasses for the first time.

Love.

Ilya was looking at him with so much love, it made Shane nauseous. He realized then that this was not the first time he’d seen this look on Ilya’s face. In fact, he couldn’t count the number of times over the past few years that he’d seen it— this look that had been unreadable to him before was now spelled out in technicolor. Ilya Rozanov loved him.

Shane leaned forward and connected their lips. The kiss wasn’t lustful or hungry. Instead, it was gentle, patient, *loving*. This was new, uncharted territory for them, something that made

Shane's stomach flip.

Shane pulled away and sighed dreamily. They had a long way to go, there was so much to figure out, so much ground to cover. But they were in love. The picture of their little family, of a future that might be within reach, brought a small, cautious smile to Shane's face.

"We should probably come up with a plan, then."

Two weeks after Shane had told Ilya, they were sitting side by side in Shane's Jeep parked outside of his parents' Ottawa home. They'd arrived almost 15 minutes ago now, not that Ilya was really keeping track. He was far too focused on Shane's tense expression as he stared out of the window towards the house.

After a week of deliberation, they had decided to keep the baby. Ilya had emphasized to Shane that whatever option he chose would be okay with him; he knew how big a choice this was and how many factors there were to consider. However, now that the choice had been made, Ilya couldn't deny that he was starting to feel excited. Scared shitless, yes, but excited, too. He was going to be a dad alongside the man he loved. It was a surreal feeling.

"Sweetheart?" Ilya breathed gently, trying to softly draw Shane out of his racing thoughts. While they'd only confessed their feelings for each other two weeks ago, not much about their dynamic had changed. Ilya had known Shane for the better part of a decade; he'd picked up on certain things. The only difference was that now he could act on them.

Shane blinked before letting out a breath and turning to face Ilya. The panic was written all over his face. Ilya gave him a small, knowing smile. This was going to be a lot regardless of whether the interaction was overwhelmingly positive or negative. Shane was revealing a lot to his parents in one go. He would be telling them that not only was he gay, but he also was pregnant and the baby's other father was his sworn enemy and known asshole, Ilya Rozanov. They were going to have a lot of questions.

Ilya held his hand out, open-palmed, and waited. Shane sighed and slowly placed his hand into Ilya's. "It's going to be okay," Ilya said, rubbing circles on the back of Shane's hand with his thumb. Shane took in a shaky breath.

"They're gonna be so disappointed in me," he muttered. Ilya frowned. Shane's eyes were brimming with tears, and Ilya wished he could take away all of his worries.

“Maybe, yes,” Ilya started, getting a low wet chuckle from Shane, “At first. But,” he continued, “they will get over it because they love you! And you are giving them a grandchild, they will be...” he stopped to search his mind for the correct English word. *Ah*. “Thrilled! They will be thrilled...eventually,”

In the midst of Ilya’s talking, Shane had let a few tears fall from his eyes. Ilya had to hold in his gasp. The wetness on his cheeks made them glisten in the sunlight, drawing more attention to the gorgeous freckles that dusted them. Shane was always beautiful, but there was something almost ethereal about him recently. *Pregnancy glow*, Ilya had seen it called online during the research he’d started in preparation. He could confirm that pregnancy glow was definitely real, at least for Shane Hollander.

“What about your career?” Shane recited, voice pitched up in a very poor impersonation of his mother. It was a topic that they had talked about extensively, obviously, given their situation. Shane was currently 8 weeks along. At his most recent prenatal appointment, his doctor had advised that he could safely continue to play hockey until he entered his second trimester at 12 weeks. So, the plan was for Shane to play until he couldn’t anymore, and then they would publicly announce their relationship and the pregnancy. Then, Shane would go on paternity leave.

“You will tell her that hockey will be there when you come back.”

They hadn’t fully discussed what the plan was for Shane after his paternity leave was over, but Ilya was under the impression that Shane would want to continue to play. They were still young, and Shane had plenty of hockey left in him. Ilya was a different story.

He anticipated the response to their coming out, and Shane’s pregnancy wouldn’t be the smoothest process in the world, especially not with his current team. He didn’t think any of the guys would be outwardly nasty, but he frankly didn’t really want to deal with it. So, he had made the decision to retire once Shane went on leave.

The choice had completely shocked Shane, who promptly began apologizing profusely for ruining Ilya’s life (as if he had inseminated himself on his own), but Ilya made his peace with it. He did like playing hockey. It had given him a lot to be grateful for, but his relationship to the sport was much different than Shane’s, and he knew that once the baby came, he wanted that to be his focus. He would have a family, then. One that deserved his full attention.

After another five minutes of silence with Ilya continuing to draw soothing shapes on Shane’s hand, Shane exhaled and said, “Okay,” before opening the door and getting out of the car. Ilya scrambled to exit and catch up to Shane. *Okay*. They were doing this.

The conversation with his parents had gone...better than expected. Of course, they had both been extremely shocked. Not so much about the gay thing, but definitely about the other stuff. Yuna had gone into a long rant about the importance of safe sex, which Shane tried to stress that they had been having (*"Well, did you take your birth control and heat suppressants at the same time every day? Then how did you expect them to be effective?!"*). After the shock of the revelation wore off, though, his parents *were* thrilled as Ilya predicted they would be. The conversation ended with a long hug between him and his parents, all of them wiping tears and sniffing. Shane knew he was so lucky to have them in his corner.

They had also taken surprisingly well to Ilya, especially after he'd explained his decision to retire once Shane started his paternity leave. It was a big decision to make, and it had not been taken lightly by his parents.

Shane was extremely grateful that the conversation went well, but he was also extremely exhausted. He'd been eating less than usual on account of the morning sickness, which no one had told him could become an 'all the time' sickness. He felt nauseous the majority of the day now while also craving foods he would never usually eat. It was torture.

They finally made it back to Shane's place, choosing to make the two-hour drive back to Montreal rather than having to also ask his parents to stay the night after the longest conversation of their lives. Shane couldn't remember when his eyes had fallen shut and was only brought back to awareness when he felt himself being lifted, bridal style, out of the car. His eyes shot open, and he was met with the view of a stubble-lined jaw and gorgeous pink lips as he leaned against Ilya's chest.

"Ilya," Shane whined. He was just over halfway into his first trimester, and if he could still play hockey, he could definitely still walk himself from the car to the front door. Ilya ignored him, but Shane saw the small smirk that spread across his face. "Ilya. Put me down, I can walk!" Shane tried again, hitting an open palm against Ilya's chest for good measure.

"I know you can, sweetheart," Ilya purred, and Shane felt his cheeks warming. Shane wasn't much of a pet name person, and he was still getting used to actually expressing the feelings he had for Ilya to him, but Ilya was a total lover boy. He had taken to calling Shane multiple pet names in both English and Russian, claiming he had to "test them out". Shane pretended that it annoyed him. Truthfully, it was incredibly endearing and made his heart soar every time.

Once they made it inside, Ilya gently placed Shane on the sofa. Shane played up his annoyance by giving Ilya an exaggerated eye roll. Ilya responded by kissing the tip of his

nose. Ilya plopped down next to him, opening his arms to Shane, who promptly nuzzled into his side. Shane inhaled deeply, sighing contentedly.

Since they had a rare couple of days off, they both hadn't taken any scent suppressants, and Shane was beyond pleased about that as he savored the strong earthy smell of Ilya—his *alpha*.

Ilya hummed blissfully above him, also drinking in Shane's smell— a light and clean scent with hints of maple. Then, he rested a hand on the center of Shane's stomach and pressed a kiss into his hair.

It wasn't planned, and it sure as hell wasn't going to be easy, but Shane was happy to be having this baby with Ilya—to be starting a family with him.

He shifted, trying to get more comfortable, and hissed softly when a dull ache tugged low in his back. Shane hadn't even realized he made an audible noise until Ilya stilled above him.

"You are okay?" Ilya asked, concern threading through his voice.

"I'm fine," Shane said automatically, adjusting himself again. "Just...sore. Everything feels weird." It was true. As the first trimester went on, he was beginning to notice small changes in his body, and also starting to experience some of the discomfort that went along with them.

Ilya's brow furrowed, but he didn't say anything; he just pressed another kiss into Shane's hair before shifting and gently guiding Shane upright.

"Come," he said softly.

Shane frowned. He had just gotten comfortable. "Where are we going?"

Ilya smiled at him, all fond and patient. "I am going to run you a bath. Nice and warm. Might help,"

Shane narrowed his eyes. "Ilya, I don't--" he started, reflexively bristling, "You don't have to do all that."

“I know,” Ilya said sincerely. He brushed his thumb along Shane’s jaw. “I want to. Will you let me do this for you? Please?”

Shane hesitated. But Ilya just kept looking at him like *that*. As if Shane had hung the moon and stars himself. So, he swallowed and nodded.

“Okay.”

Ilya took his hand, and Shane let himself be guided down the hall into whatever came next.

End Notes

i tweeted that there were far too few omega shane hollander fics and then this just came out idk what happened fr.

anyways any and all kudos and comments are extremely appreciated and you can find me on twitter dot com @kailovesHarry

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