

Whole Heartedly, In an Instant

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/88918876) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/88918876>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Game Changers Heated Rivalry - All Media Types
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , Lisa Hayes (Game Changers) , Original Child Character(s)
Additional Tags:	Trans Male Character , Trans Mpreg Trans Male Pregnancy , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Cryptic Pregnancy Character Didn't Know They Were Pregnant , Non-Graphic Depictions of Childbirth , Mostly Fluff , POV Shane Hollander , Trans Shane Hollander , Light Angst , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Unexpected
Collections:	Juliette Hollander-Rozanova
Stats:	Published: 2026-07-20 Words: 8,585 Chapters: 1/1

Whole Heartedly, In an Instant

by [Beastybugs](#)

Summary

After winning their first Stanley Cup as husbands, Shane is tired and achey. And yes, of course he knows giving his all for a game always felt draining, but this is a new type of ache. It isn't until the pain gets worse that he and Ilya find out they're leaving the hospital with more people they arrived with.

The one where Shane and Ilya are so super sappy, especially after Shane has a surprise baby.

Notes

Hi! Long time reader, first time actually posting any of the works that I hide in my docs

-Shane is a trans man in this and I write as a trans man myself :)

-If you click/hover on the Russian, a little translation blurb should appear!

-Please have fun reading!

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

As soon as he opens his eyes in the bright morning light, Shane immediately knows it's way past the time he had set for his alarm. But.. he supposes Ilya must have snuck behind him and turned it off, in their agreement to take it easy for the first week or two of the off season before camps start. They had worked hard in the playoffs and then during the final, clinching the cup after four rigorous games. This relaxation was hard earned.

The celebrations had lasted nearly two days between the dressing room, a club or two the Centaurs frequented after games, and the Boodram house because of course Bood had insisted he host a barbecue in honor of their cup win (Cassie had told him he was going to host the barbecue no matter what, he really didn't need an excuse to feed his boys). Shane assumed that was why he felt wrung out and weary, aching bone deep. He hadn't even had hardly anything to drink, much preferring to be the designated driver to a bunch of drunk rookies and his husband, who had probably celebrated the hardest out of all of them.

Or maybe it's because he hadn't been able to sleep at all last night, and that's why he was feeling really shitty. It was a lot of rolling around to try and ease the waves of aches in his back, enough that Ilya had muttered something about him being like a rotisserie chicken in Russian.

With tremendous effort, Shane threw an arm behind him-where Ilya would usually be tangled up and pressed up against his back in his constant need to hold onto him. The long line of him was gone, absent from him. But the sheets were still warm, rumbled and tossed aside. There was a distant pattering of their shower, Ilya's music playing softly on the bluetooth speaker that lived in their en suite. Glancing at the clock, it was doubly surprising Ilya had managed to both have him sleep past 8 am, but also had dragged himself out of bed to start getting ready. It felt like a role reversal and Shane didn't know how he felt about it.

Just as soon as he recognized the sound of the water, it was shutting off, along with the music after a few moments. The padding of Ilya's feet on their floor is soft, along with the shuffle of fabric before there was a dip in the bed beside him. A slow smile spread over his lips as a warm arm pushed under him to pull him securely against his husband's broad chest, comforting as ever. A tender brush of fingers against the nape of his neck had him shivering, pushing his hair away and to the side before soft lips pressed against the skin there.

(Not long ago, Shane had brought up the idea of cutting his hair to Rose and and Ilya at lunch. It was longer now that it had been since he was a little kid, and it was thrown in ponytails or held back in claw clips whenever not smushed under a helmet. Even if he was comfortable with it and how it frames his face, it would be more convenient if he could just wash and go instead of the longer routine of brushing and blow drying Ilya had insisted he followed through on wash days.

"Don't!" Ilya had immediately protested, much to Shane's amusement. His hand came up to curl a strand of Shane's hair around his finger, tugging a little to make Shane unconsciously lean closer. "It looks perfect, моя любовь. Особенно, когда я сдерживаю это, пока ты-"my love. Especially when I hold it back while you're-

Shane's hand swatted at his husband's arm, and laughed even as his face burned bright.

Rose smiled as she shook her head across the table from them. Ilya and was laughing too, and something in Shane's chest squeezed as he offered to grow his hair out longer too. "Like that gravy rapper" Ilya had said.

Shane had decided to keep his hair longer.)

"You slept like log this morning," Ilya laments, nipping at the soft skin behind Shane's ear, savoring the soft hum he earned. It was moments like this always had him going soft on the inside, gooey with feelings Ilya and Ilya alone could draw from him, endeared even at the hint of concern in his voice. "but better than last night. Kept tossing and turning. Your ribs still bothering you?"

"Mm.. yeah, and my hips? And back. Everything in general, honestly. I really just couldn't get comfortable, was all." And that was just it. Maybe it was just because he and Ilya weren't as young as they used to be, and he couldn't deal with the ache that sometimes lingered after a hard won game. This season had been particularly rough on him, and he was kind of glad it was over

Ilya hummed against his skin and nipped here and there, careful not to leave any marks. Sure, they were adults, but having to hide hickies from the kids at the camps—let alone his parents and all their friends so kindly working the camps with them—was humiliating in it's own right, even if they were out now.

"Any?" Shane asked softly, turning his head to try and look over his shoulder to Ilya. The glimpse he could get of him was as beautiful as ever; long eyelashes brushing his cheeks, still damp curls falling against his forehead, his playoff beard still there because god was Shane a sucker for it, scruffy as it was.

"Still with your parents. I will pick her up after seeing Galina today." His reply came evenly, just as his hand pushed under the soft fabric of his shirt to smooth over the skin of his stomach. A shiver ran up his spine at the touch, butterflies fluttering just below the touch.

Ilya had coaxed him onto his back, warm kisses pressed to the skin of his jaw on a steady trail to his lips. His hand had moved to his waist, fingers pushing beneath the waist of his sweatpants as he shifted to lean an elbow into the sheets. Shane couldn't help but grin as he captured Ilya's lips in a kiss, deepening by the second as his arms went around his bare shoulders. His own fingers traced over warm skin, relishing in how soft and slow they could be this morning.

Much to his chagrin, it doesn't last for much longer.

His stomach does a weird little flip as Ilya nips at his bottom lip, his pleased sigh turning into something of a whimper as the dull ache in his back grows more intense and radiates to his front. Before Shane could get a word in, to tell Ilya he was okay and that it was probably just a stomach cramp, his husband was pulling away with concern written all over his face.

The cramp lasted a longer time than Shane would have thought, his eyes closed and eyebrows drawn as his hand went over Ilya's against his stomach. God, he really needed to get back on his yoga routine-everything felt tight, especially in his core. Just as he was thinking about

how he could have been all stretched and relaxed by now if Ilya had just let him wake up on time, everything seemed to slacken in him bit by bit and then all at once. That wrung out feeling was back, heavy on his soul as he blew out a breath through his nose.

"Maybe we eat first." Ilya's voice is soft with a smile tinged with worry, a big hand moving to cup Shane's jaw and brush a thumb over his cheek. He didn't have the energy to argue, to insist he wanted Ilya for breakfast because he lucked out in the Hot As Fuck Husband department and he should be taking advantage of it every fucking day.

Too soon, Ilya was climbing off of Shane and making his way to the dresser, the towel around his waist hung over the side of the hamper to dry. Shane watched with a sad hum Ilya got dressed for the day, eyes lingering while his husband pulled on a muscle tee and basketball shorts. Catching Shane staring at him, Ilya shot him a grin and leaned to press a kiss to his forehead before helping him up with a soft grunt.

"You are easy to read, солнышко. After breakfast. We have all day." sunshine

"I didn't say anything!"

"Your face did, in your eyes." Ilya laughed as he booped Shane's nose with a finger, prompting him to scrunch his nose. And to be fair, Ilya could probably see something in his eyes. He always had been able to, in a way.

"Whatever. Come on, you keep talking about breakfast and I'm fucking starving."

Something feels.. off, as Shane walks out of their room. For one, something about his center of gravity feels wrong. It had felt off for months now, and he had just chalked it up to the amount of travel they were doing for the end of season, and then he thought maybe it was just his anxiety. But today it felt especially weird, an ache deep in his hips and his back that had him taking slower steps, a hand braced against the small of his back. Shane knows it probably looks like he's waddling about in their house, and he could hear Ilya snickering behind him only to be silenced with a look over his shoulder.

"I will cook. You need to relax, it looks like you pulled muscle." Ilya was already moving about the kitchen, grabbing a pan and rifling through the fridge. Shane can spy eggs and peppers and an onion before they're unceremoniously set on the counter. As much as he wants to protest, he doesn't. It's nice to let Ilya do things for him, to spoil him. It also helps he doesn't feel like doing much more than settling in a stool at the counter, thankful he doesn't have to stand for much longer.

Ilya was great in the kitchen, has been since Boston. Some part of Shane thinks maybe it's because he had to be, learning to take care of himself since leaving Russia. Maybe before that. Nowadays it was somewhat of a hobby of his, collecting recipes and presenting them to Shane like he was on a cooking show. Shane always gave him glowing reviews, of course.

While he cooked, they talked idly. About how the weather was supposed to be, what they were going to do this week before they had to gear up for camp, who they needed to organize dinners for and when. It was all domestic and warm, and Shane couldn't be happier with the

man he had married. Ilya was just starting to recount a very lengthy story about a dog he and Anya had met at the dog park when another cramp had come up on him.

Something about it felt different this time. A little more intense, immobilizing as he leaned heavy with his forearms on the counter. His head hung between his shoulders as he counted in in his head until it was over, his eyes shut.

"You are good?" Ilya had startled him a little, his voice suddenly at his side and his hand pressed between his shoulder blades. And it had occurred to him that he hadn't caught the end of Ilya's story, or even heard him put down his whisk to come to him. It felt silly—he was in *pain* and he was upset he couldn't give Ilya his full attention.

"I'm good, I promise." And he does not address how his voice shakes, and hopes that Ilya would leave it in favor of telling him just how well Anya played with that yorkie after being do scared of it.

Fortunately he does, for the time being. Maybe with a small frown, lingering a little longer than he ought to with the eggs and vegetables waiting to be cooked. But Ilya moves on anyway, a moment later after squeezing Shane's shoulder. Wordlessly, a ginger ale is slid across the counter in front of him, bringing a small smile to his lips.

It wasn't much longer before Ilya had plated up their food and set Shane's plate in front of him. The omelette looks wonderful, like always. And Ilya knew just how he liked it—but the smell.. Jesus, he's pretty sure this is record breaking, how fast bile burns the back of his throat. With a choked sound, Shane pushed his plate away, and away from the counter entirely to stumble off of his stool. Before he could think better of it, he was headed for the trash can and emptied what little contents of his stomach he had to give.

"You could just say you did not want an omelette," Ilya joked dryly, looking over from where he was doing dishes. Shane let out a huff of a laugh through his nose, blinking tears away as he stared down into the trash. He wasn't sure if he was done or not, and if he moved he was pretty sure that the world would toss him around.

".. I just think I might need something more.." Shane wiped at his mouth with the back of his hand, closing his eyes as he tipped his head to the side. The world had only just stopped spinning so bad, but he didn't want to push it too far with the moving visual stimuli.

"Bland." Ilya supplied, and Shane could only groan his assent before giving a slow nod. "I will make you toast and bananas, yes? Should be good for your stomach. BRAT, as they say."

"Who taught you BRAT?" Shane asks as he slowly walks his way to the stool once more. God, his back was tight. Maybe he could convince Ilya to take them to get massages—it would be a good treat, maybe something romantic they do for their anniversary next month.

"David! Last time I had flu and you sent me to your parents to deal with so you could decontaminate the house."

"Ugh, I remember. Sorry—that must have been so weird. It's just we had a big game and we couldn't be down both of us and—"

"Shane," Ilya stopped him with a little laugh, his hand rubbing over his back as he slid a plate to with some of his toasted grain bread that Ilya rarely touches and a cut up banana with a dollop of peanut butter to the side. Peak sick food, maybe he should ask Ilya for honey—except, Ilya had already thought about that, having drizzled it over his toast. "is alright. More than alright-felt like being kid again, being so taken care of."

"Well, you're their favorite son, so they probably enjoyed taking care of you," It was true; as soon as the his parents had gotten used to the shock of the two of them being in love, Ilya had been welcomed with open arms. There had been countless movie nights, family dinners, game nights; it was like Ilya had been part of their family from the beginning. Shane was glad his parents were there when he himself couldn't be while he was still with Montreal, even if the distance killed him at times.

"Ah, that is not true. But, I'm okay being second to you in this. Now eat so that you have energy for me to rock you back to sleep." Shane could only snort as Ilya waggles his eyebrows at him, rolling his eyes. It was ridiculous, but he chose this.

And there was absolutely no other place Shane would rather be right now, laughing at Ilya's dumb jokes and innuendos while picking at toast and banana slices. Even when they lapse into comfortable silence, Ilya all but scarfing down the abandoned omelette at a safe distance away from him, Shane is content. The morning light shone through the window above the sink, illuminating the soft gold of Ilya's curls in a halo around his head, his eyes sparkling when they catch Shane's.

And it happens again, but worse.

Shane was a professional athlete in a game known for fights and checks, and he was no stranger to pain. He'd had everything from sprains to breaks to concussions in his entire life in hockey since he was a kid. But right now it felt like someone had stuck a fork into his abdomen and was twisting his guts like spaghetti, unrelenting and all encompassing. His knuckles go white as he grips at the edge of the counter, vision blurring with tears before he squeezes his eyes shut tight. The pain was worse than earlier, where once it could have been mistaken for a cramp but now felt like a mutiny staged by his internal organs against him as a whole.

Even when the pain dissipates like it had earlier, it doesn't really, fully go away and Shane finds himself trying to brace for more like it was a hit on the ice. Dumbly, he's aware of Ilya holding his face and trying to talk him through some breathing exercises and murmuring soft praises. He ignores the shake in his hand as he presses it to Ilya's chest, the flutter of his heart under his palm grounding.

"I think.. I think something's wrong. Like uh," Shane's brain is foggy, thoughts scattered in the wind and hard to pin down. "appendicitis, maybe? Or gallstones. I think I read something about lower abdominal pain and how it starts in the back and it radiates to the front, and sometimes it-"

"We need to go to hospital." Ilya states firmly, cutting him off as he babbles and he can only nod gratefully.

Getting to the car was a blur-Ilya had made sure they both had coats, their phones, a portable charger, and wallets. Shane had struggled to slip his shoes on in the meantime, trying to stop himself from shaking with nerves. The hospital would go fine, they would find out what was going on and it would be fixed.

Hopefully.

They had chosen Shane's car; it was more practical, and less likely to get pulled over speeding because Ilya had told Shane in so many words he was not going to follow the speed limit. And he really couldn't blame him. If it were Ilya writhing in pain in the passenger seat, Shane would be flooring it.

"Just don't crash, okay?" Shane pleaded as he squeezed his eyes shut to how fast his husband had accelerated as soon as they were out of their neighborhood. His hand had already gone to the handle above the door, holding onto it for dear life as his other hand went over his stomach as if to hold all of his organs in.

They had made it to Ottawa general faster than Shane would have thought, and Ilya had parked surprisingly well for how harried he was. He also had a hand on Shane's thigh the entire time, trying to comfort him or make sure he stayed with him, he didn't know. Possibly both, and if he wasn't in so scared about this mysterious pain, Shane might have found it hot. Maybe it was a superpower of his, after watching all those Fast & Furious movies. Shane would have to remember to agree to a re-watch, next time he brings it up.

If he lives through the day, or course.

There was another cramp between the car and desk of the emergency department, and he vaguely recalls Ilya all but picking him up and carrying him to there to demand care as politely and clearly as he could with worry overtaking his entire being. Weakly, Shane tries to calm him down, but the effect is lost as he has to press his face against Ilya's shoulder, biting back a pained moan. And he doesn't know if it's the severity of his reaction to the pain or Ilya's intimidating demeanor that gets them seen almost immediately, but Shane could cry as soon as he saw the wheelchair being pulled up. Ilya hesitated before depositing him into the chair, letting out a startled noise when the nurses whisk him away and leave him in the dust. Shane, of course, protested. Loudly. Shifting in the chair even he was advised not to, looking back over his shoulder to Ilya as he tried to power walk after their little brigade.

"My boys!" A familiar voice follows them as soon as they were set up on a bed, Dr. Lisa Hayes letting herself in and swiping a card to allow her into the computer. She smiles at the two of them then, and Shane feels something inside of him loosen. They knew Lisa, she would help them. "What brings you two here? I'm going to be so disappointed if it's alcohol poisoning, I know I told Wyatt to make sure all of you stay hydrated."

"Dr. Hayes!" Ilya visibly relaxes as well, like he didn't trust anyone else in the world with his treatment. "It is my Shanya. We think his organs are exploding."

"We don't think that," Lisa is laughing as Shane gives Ilya a weary look. A small wince flashes across his face as he shifts on the bed, his hand going to his stomach. ".. we just think that there might be something wrong-I've got uh. Lower abdominal pain?"

"And when did it start?" Lisa had launched into Doctor mode, having Shane lay back and roll up his shirt so she could palpate his stomach. She hesitated a bit as his stomach flutters, her brows knitting together and her mouth pressing into a line.

"Well-it got bad this morning, around an hour or two ago? But also I've been having back pain since last night that I'm pretty sure is related." His eyes close as he recounts all of this as succinctly as possible, ignoring the nerves that have his hands shaking until Ilya takes one of them to hold onto.

"Could possibly be. We might have to call in an ultrasound to rule out anything big. Does it hurt when I press here?" Cold fingers press into a spot just below and left of his navel and he shakes his head. She nods, pulling her stethoscope from around her neck to put on. The cup is cold against Shane's skin as she presses it to various spots over his stomach, only flinching a little before he had gotten used to it.

She's quiet for a long moment, and Shane is too, trying to be a good patient and stay still as she follows through with her exam. Ilya's leg bounces as he watches on, and Shane could tell he wants to say something, to expand on what all was going on this morning or little things he had noticed in the weeks leading up to this because he had never not been in tune with Shane whenever they were together. But he doesn't, and Shane could only comfort him with a soft squeeze of his hand, to show him he would be alright because he's in good hands.

"I am going to, uh. Get an ultrasound machine and I'll be right back, okay? A nurse will be here to take vitals and some information for your chart while you wait." Lisa pulled back with a heavy sigh, trying her best to give Shane and Ilya a reassuring smile. Shane could tell she was holding something back and he didn't know if it was that or the thought of another wave pain crashing over him that made him more nervous. Her hands clap together before she ducks out, replaced by a nurse who went about getting his blood pressure, temperature, writing stuff down in his chart.

".. this is kind of crazy, no?" Ilya asks, looking from the door as the nurse had left out to Shane. His thumb brushes over his knuckles, soothing even with a crease of worry between his own brows. "I feel like we are not being told something."

"They probably just don't want to scare us, or make us even more nervous." Shane shifts to turn towards Ilya, rolling onto his side. It felt more comfortable like this, weight shifting off of his spine and hips. His free hand reaches out to tug at a curl hanging loose against Ilya's forehead, trying to pull him out of his own anxiety.

"Right, yes. Obviously."

"Obviously."

"And we trust Lisa will take care of you. If not, I make Hazy do bag skates until his legs fall off." Shane snorts at that, shaking his head. But Ilya seems to relax almost entirely, his gaze

going soft as he looked over him. It may not have been ideal, but at least they were together in it.

Lisa returns a few minutes later rolling in a machine with a screen and a few different probes on the side, smiling at both of them before having Shane adjust on the bed once more. She helped get his shirt pushed up and the waist of his sweats pushed down over his hips with practiced ease.

"Little cold, sorry about that." She apologized beforehand, and it was it. Shane flinched at the feeling of it at all, his brain betraying him and making him think of that brand of lube he and Ilya had tried once and got caught too much up on the feel of it to try it ever again. The probe was pressed to his skin not a moment later and it was all Shane could do to keep quiet and let her do her job.

"Is there anything specific you're looking for?" He couldn't help himself, the words leaving him faster than his brain could stop them. Lisa only looked from the screen where she had been frowning in concentration, giving him a small smile that was at least a little reassuring.

"Just ruling out any blockages. I'm pretty sure I know what's going on, but.." She trails off as she looks back to the screen, pressing the wand a little more into his lower abdomen and something in him twitches. Swallowing, Lisa nods and takes a few pictures in a few different spots wordlessly, taking the probe away to turn the screen towards the two.

Shane couldn't make heads or tails about what the grainy screen was about, and apparently neither did Ilya. Lisa stared at them for a long moment as she gathered her thoughts enough to start pointing at landmarks.

"So this," Lisa points to a blurry shape, connected to an equally blurry mass. "is a foot, and a leg. And, at the risk of sounding unprofessional.. a whole ass baby, guys."

She laughs nervously, looking to Shane and Ilya's shocked faces before ducking with a soft apology. Shane feels like the world has stopped turning at that very moment, and maybe words stopped having meaning. Maybe he hit his head again and they hadn't actually won the cup and he was in a coma in this very hospital. Everything seemed to have that dreamlike quality about it, unreal and intangible.

Ilya drags him back, his hand against his cheek to turn him, only aware he was starting to hyperventilate when his eyes land on his husband's lips. He's talking softly, trying to get him off the ledge in his head and it works, little by little. His touch was grounding, his own hand going to Ilya's wrist to have something to hold onto. Feeling slowly comes back into his hands and feet, the pins and needles of anxiety lifting off of him the longer his voice starts to come back into his ears.

"Hey hey hey, моя любовь. Breathe, Shane. You need to breathe, please милый мальчик. We will make everything alright." Shane gulps and nods, sucking in a shaky breath before letting it out and beginning the process all over again. Ilya holds him through it, his thumbs brushing over his cheeks. my love, sweet boy

Patiently, Lisa waits for them, her hands clasped in her lap as she sits on a stool to the side of the bed. When Shane turns back towards her, she hands him a tissue to wipe his stomach off with. She had more to say, obviously, because why else would she look so flustered?

"And uh. They measure pretty big and are pretty well developed to be just a few weeks, and the pain you seem to be having.. Shane, I'm sorry, but I think you might be going into labor."

Things move pretty fast after that.

Shane is admitted and moved up to Labor & Delivery, and in the time it take to move from the emergency room to the room up there, he has two more contractions. Because they have been contractions, he knows that now and it's both sickening and relieving in equal measure. Relieving because yeah, his appendix isn't about to burst, but sickening because it's, y'know, *labor*. At the end of this, there was going to be a baby and not some organ Ilya would no doubt have asked the doctor if they can keep.

Cryptic pregnancy, Lisa had explained it before she turned him over to the care of the obstetrics team and l&d nurses. It was a phenomenon most people don't catch until the very last minute, and he was part of that group now. Since he was an athlete, there was a lot of muscle in his core to pad over his organs. That combined with a anterior placenta, he probably wouldn't have felt much and the stuff he did feel would probably be mistaken for digestion or something.

So as of right now, Shane had a (small but healthy) baby cradled within him, and he was trying not to puke at the thought. He wished he had known, it was a thought that went through his head not for the first time as Ilya helps him change out of his clothes into a gown. It was thin and felt weird on his skin, slippery as he tried to keep it from falling off his shoulder while he paced around the room.

Or, paced as much as he could, with Ilya hovering. Not hovering, per se; Shane appreciated him, really. His hand on the small of his back was a steadying presence while the room was being set up around them. He couldn't panic with Ilya right there, and Shane was pretty sure that's what his goal was.

Upon being told to come to the bed, Shane did just that, lowering himself as the nurse explained what they were going to do; hook him up machines to monitor, get him on an IV drip to combat some of the pain, and measure just where he was at. That all earned a nod from Shane, barely holding any of this information and trusting Ilya to keep up beside him.

Until the trilling of a ringtone have the nurses going quiet around them, though they still worked. Ilya ducked his head sheepishly as he pulled his phone out, holding it up. Shane couldn't help but feel endeared, nodding. "Answer, baby.. it's probably Galina."

"I can ignore it, if you need me here."

"No, go ahead. I'm not going to spontaneously pop out a baby in the two minutes you're gone." Shane gives him a smile, showing him that he could be brave for the short time he'd

be gone for. Ilya nods and holds up two fingers as he backs up towards the door, his hand coming up to run fingers through his curls while he answers the phone with a soft greeting.

The nurse putting his IV in smiled at him as he clenched and unclenched his now free hand. Shane tried to return it shakily, suddenly feeling way less brave without his emotional support six foot three Russian hockey player at his side.

"I can tell he really loves you." She mused, going about motions Shane was sure she had gone through a million times before him. He's also pretty sure she was making conversation to calm him down too, also like she has likely done with plenty of other patients before him. "How long have you two been together?"

"We've been married for a year next month, but uh. Together?" Shane laughs a little, lifting a hand to scratch at the back of his neck. His nurse raised an eyebrow and he launched into the (most appropriate version) story of Shane and Ilya Hollander-Rozanov.

By the time Ilya comes back fifteen minutes later, this poor nurse who had no previous interest in hockey was now caught up on the the rundown of their earlier years and telling him she's going to watch all of his and Ilya's Voyageurs vs. Bears games just for the drama.

Once Shane is hooked up to several types of monitors (heart, pulse ox, fetal heart, something to track contractions? It was all a lot really), they were left to their own devices. Well, as much as they could be with a nurse left in the corner to type at his chart, watching all of the screens and papers around him like a hawk. Ilya has the hand not hooked up to the pulse ox monitor in both of his, holding it with his knuckles pressed to his lips as he looks over Shane.

"What's on your mind, солнышко?" He pulls back from Shane's hand slightly, his thumb soothing little circles against the back of it. sunshine

"I'm scared." Shane doesn't mean to blurt it out like he does, but it's the only thing that comes to mind. He was terrified-other people had months and months to prepare for this, to do research and make plans and brace themselves. The only plan he had was sit there and wait to see what the hell would happen.

This was basically hell.

"Is okay to be scared." Ilya nodded solemnly, the hand not holding his coming up to tuck a loose strand of hair behind his ear. Fingertips brushed over his skin, goosebumps raising in their wake as Shane sucked in a soft, quivering breath. "I will be brave for the both of us."

Shane swallows thickly as he felt the tears well in his eyes, already starting to shake his head. Because Ilya couldn't do that. But he was already speaking again, his hand warm against his cheek as he stilled him.

"You are strong for me for so long," Ilya's voice is soft and tender and so full of love, Shane was glad he was already in the hospital the way his heart flipped. "I can be strong for you now. To be the one you lean on."

"You can't-"

"I can," Ilya's hand squeezes his, his fingers calloused from all their training. "and I will. I made promise-to you, to Yuna and David, to my mama.. I will love you forever and be brave for you when you cannot, just like I know you do same for me."

Shane is quiet for a long time as he tries to bite back more tears, swallowing around the lump in his throat. His fingers squeeze Ilya's as he brings his hand up, brushing a soft kiss over his knuckles.

"I love you too, my baby."

"Hm.. I am not your only baby, not anymore."

"No, I don't think so." Shane smiled, his nose scrunching as his hand coming up to pinch at Ilya's cheek while he laughed.

There's a moment Shane briefly thinks "I'm genuinely going to kill him," bone tired and in pain, nurses and the doctor and Ilya all speaking at the same time. People telling him he's doing so good, to push, take deep breathes and then take quick small breathes and bare down. His head is spinning and he can't do it anymore.

"I blame you and your stupid fucking big head!" He says it in a growl, his eyes squeezed shut as he tries to breathe the way the nurse at his other side is doing as example. It's not helpful and does nothing but make him a little light headed, and a small part of him is crushed he hadn't been able to eat the omelette that Ilya had made him this morning.

"На самом деле, это из-за моей маленькой головы." Ilya replies, and laughs, like an asshole. On top of it, he murmurs it in Russian so that Shane has to explain it haltingly between breaths, glaring daggers at him all the while. And that's when he knows. Actually it's because of my little head

He is going to murder his husband.

"Oh my god, you are the *worst*—go away!" But Ilya doesn't go away. Mostly because Shane still holds his hand hostage, squeezing even harder now as he lets out a choked laugh through the pain. Shane is pretty sure his knees buckles bedside the bed at the sheer force of it. But he also doesn't leave because Shane needs him there, despite his jokes and his own anxiety.

As it turns out, incandescent rage does well for aiding things along because suddenly, on the next push, everything feels different.

Everything stops. The room is quiet, aside from his panting and beeping from the monitor beside him. It makes his stomach turn as the nurses shuffle, backs turning with the part of him he just let go.

"It's a girl!" Someone had shouted over their shoulder before there's a high wail, indignant. Shane's heart restarts and breaks all at once, tears coming to his own eyes as he had to bite

back his own cry. The nurses coo and praise her, telling her just how good her lungs sound for being so tiny while the doctor focuses in him.

"Ilya.." his voice is shot and thin and he knows it, but it doesn't matter when his husband looks to him and the anxiety visibly melts. It's replaced with a soft expression, his free hand coming up to brush strands of his hair away from his face.

"Shanya, моя любовь.. You did amazing, perfect."my love

And suddenly he has an armful of squealing newborn against his chest, and she's all wet and he's sweaty and she's all purple and the nurse tells him that that's perfectly normal and he doesn't know that much to contest upon it other than "it really shouldn't be"

And it's kind of perfect.

"Hi.." he says it soft, like he's scared if he speaks louder it will spook her, upset her more than she already is. But it does the opposite-she starts to settle, nestled against his chest like she could burrow into him. And he'd let her, to protect her from the cold she'd just been thrust into unexpectedly and cruelly.

"She knows you." The nurse mused, smiling down at the scene. His throat constricts and he was certain he was all out of tears earlier, but here they are again. A sniffle beside him draws his eye, a watery laugh bubbling up from his chest as he sees Ilya valiantly fighting off his own tears as he holds up his phone.

"Can I-pictures? I can take pictures?" Ilya sucks in a breath, all smiles and tears. Shane is nodding even before he gets the words out. After years of having to hide themselves, he didn't want to have to put Ilya through that again. Every chance to take a picture of then, Shane gave him the go ahead with no matter what.

Ilya had taken probably a million photos of him and the baby, and then the baby being carried off to be cleaned and wrapped up, and then of Shane alone after the doctor had made sure he was all taken care of. He didn't know if Ilya even had that much space left on his phone anymore, and he definitely won't after a week of this, let alone the next few days.

When they handed him the baby back, she was all swaddled, a little arm poking out to show off the matching ID bracelet she had with Shane. She was less purple now, thank god. Her dark curls are in a weird, half dried phase that stick out in all directions and sticks to her head. Her nose is small and reminiscent of Ilya's, before the breaks, and her cupid's bow is the mirror image of his too. Her eyes are all Shane's though, and the little scrunch in her eyebrows as she tries to get comfortable snuffling against his chest.

It's.. surreal. Looking down at her now, how tiny she is but how big at the same time. Just a little bit ago, she was in him! He was carrying her around everywhere he went for months, unaware of her and-

And he had still played hockey, and taken hits, and pushed himself too far, admittedly, on more than one occasion over this past season. Not to mention the vitamins he hadn't taken, how his diet wasn't structured for growing a whole other human being! And! Yeah, he doesn't

drink much but he had definitely had one or two drinks after particularly gratifying games so he had fucked up in that department too, and-

Ilya put his hand on his shoulder, and Shane turns his face up to him. He knew that expression, has seen it many times throughout the years. It was Ilya's "am I going to have to talk you off the ledge now" expression. The pit in his stomach shrunk just a fraction, but it still felt cavernous.

"We did not know.." Tension Shane didn't know he was holding in his shoulders bled out of him at that, because yes, of course, they didn't know.

"We should have." Despite all the anger and disappointment and anxiety he felt towards himself, he still manages to keep his voice quiet. The baby—his baby, his brain ever so helpfully supplies—was starting to fall asleep against him. He cannot fuck this up more by ruining what very well could be the beginning of the set of her sleep patterns. "I should have."

Her little eyelashes brush against her cheeks and it reminds him so much of Ilya it hurts. She should have been they had celebrated, anticipated, counted down the days for. They should've had pictures, thrown parties, fought over furniture for her.

"But we didn't," Ilya pointed out once more, tipping his head to the side as Shane huffs a little petulantly. He just had a fucking baby, he deserved to be a little petulant. "and doctors say she is fine. Little small, but healthy. She has big hockey dads, she will be big hockey player."

This made Shane splutter a little, a laugh bursting out of him unexpectedly before he stops to check to see if the baby was still asleep. She was, thank god. He guesses maybe she was used to raucous behavior; she has been hitching a ride in a Four Time Stanley Cup Champion, Shane Hollander-Rozanov for the better part of a year.

"You don't know she's going to want to play hockey."

"When did you put on your first pair of skates?"

".. when I was three." Shane smiles a little sheepishly, leaning back against his pillows as he adjusted his hold on the bundle in his arms. There were definitely photos somewhere in his parents house of him in his first pair of skates, swimming in a Centaurs jersey and his dad smiling huge at the camera. "But we don't know if she'll want to, still, even if she's got both of our genes."

"We will support her no matter what, hockey or no." Ilya shifted in his seat, moving closer and Shane gave him a long look before gesturing for him to join him on the bed.

There was a fair bit of shuffling and squeezing, but finally Ilya had managed to climb atop the sheets next to Shane without too much of a fuss between the both of them. Shane settled into Ilya's side, his head leaning against his shoulder. Suddenly he felt leaden, too heavy to hold himself up even if he wanted to.

"She looks a lot like you." Shane says it sleepily. He only looks up after a significant amount of silence, failing to contain a snort at the mock-offended look on Ilya's face.

"You think I look like mishapen grape?"

"Oh my god-she's not that purple anymore!" Shane laughs once more, still smiling as he cooed at the now awake newborn in his arms. The jostling had awoken her and now she fixed him with a look very much like his own baleful stare. It was hard not to laugh more, especially when Ilya gave him an owlish look when he offered to hand her to him. The movement earned them several indignant squawks before she was finally comfortable in Ilya's arms.

".. she is beautiful." Ilya's face softens as he gazes down to hers, shifting his hold to still her waving hand with his own. Immediately, her fingers curl around his forefinger and her scowl softens. A smile tugs at Shane's lips and his fingers itch to take a picture of him for once.

And he does, managing to get Ilya's phone from his pocket with minimal shifting from the other man. He deserved mementos, too-knowing Ilya, he was going to be printing out each and every picture to hang about their house, the cottage, and his parents house. Maybe some of their teammates houses, too.

His heart swelled as he continued to watch over Ilya and their baby-god, they really needed to give her a name. But his brain was too loud, his thoughts too jumbled as they fought over fawning over her and freaking the fuck out and wanting to go the fuck to sleep because god apparently giving birth was more exhausting than playing marathon hockey.

The more he looked at her and thought about it, the more freaking out seemed to win over in his mind. Shane loved her, almost instantaneously, but..

"I don't know if I want to do this again any time soon." Shane shifting to reach a hand towards their daughter in Ilya's arms, his finger brushing over her chubby little cheek. She was so soft and new—every movement he made, he was scared he would break her. ".. or at all, again. Would that.. would that be okay?"

Ilya doesn't speak for a long while and Shane doesn't move to look to him. He just stews in the silence, a knot forming in his stomach and a lump in his throat. Sure, they had talked about kids, but their hypotheticals had always been fostering or adopting or (maybe, god willing they work something out with someone they know or something) surrogacy. But now that Ilya could see what they could have if Shane.. If he could do this, would he want more of it? The thought has him starting to feel a little panicky, a cold sweat breaking out at the back of his neck.

He didn't even know his body was doing this without him, not until the very last moment. It felt like a betrayal, in a way. Shane didn't even know if he could do it again, if he knew.

"Is okay. More than okay-is your choice, after all, Мой дорогой. We will buy many condoms or-or maybe I will get what Hayden should have gotten, instead of making Jackie suffer." Ilya speaks with such determination that Shane had to blink a few times as he put the words together in his head. my dear

"A vasectomy?" Shane laughed tiredly, raising an eyebrow before shaking his head. "You're sure?"

"Of course. I am not weak like Pike."

"It isn't a contest, y'know. That isn't something you need to rub in his face."

"Yes, but have you considered that I am winning this not-contest?"

"You're ridiculous." And despite shaking his head in disapproval, Shane was smiling. This was the man he loved, who he fell in love with every single day.

The silence they fell into was a comfortable one, the both of them looking to the baby. Shane never understood how you could look at someone so small and new for so long even though they could do basically nothing. Jackie had told him there was just something about it that captivated you, when he had visited her and Hayden after Arthur. At the time he didn't get it, because then Shane had just seen him as a squirming little creature who was making it his personal mission to give Shane multiple heart attacks with the way he would cry in his arms before he gave him back the pacifier he had spit out.

But he gets it now, mostly. Shane was entranced by her everything, even as she lays there in yawning in Ilya's arms.

"I think I could retire." Ilya says it suddenly, and not for the first time it feels like Shane is getting whiplash.

"You've still got years left in your contract, though." Shane pushes himself up just a little bit, looking to Ilya with his eyebrows furrowed.

"But after, so that I can be with her. I want to give her all I never had, after mama and before you." Ilya doesn't look up to Shane, his gaze instead focused on the cooing bundle in his arms, her little fingers wrapped around of his own. "Love and care and respect.. I want to her to know she can do anything and I will stand by her, no matter what."

For probably the millionth time today, Shane tears up. At least now he knows he's got his own body to blame, stupid hormones coursing through him. It was almost as bad as the adrenaline crash he was very much going through, trying not to yawn as Ilya looked from the baby to him with shining eyes.

"Go to sleep, солнышко. We will still be here later." His voice is soft, a smile over his lips as he leaned to press a soft kiss to Shane's temple. Shane sighed softly, pouting as he nodded. sunshine

Then Ilya was getting up off the bed, slow enough to be careful with their daughter in his arms. Shane wanted to protest, he really did, because cuddling with Ilya seemed like a much better option than laying in the bed alone. But the bed was small and he was right to leave Shane alone it because as soon as Ilya was gone he had rolled over into an infinitely more comfortable position. His eyelids started to droop as he presses his face into the pillow, soft Russian reaching his ears before sleep could take him.

"Ты станешь самой любимой девушкой в мире. You will be the most loved girl in the world.

"Ты нас напугал, но я понимаю. Ты хотел эффектно появиться — ты прямо как твой папа. you scared us, but I understand. You had to make a dramatic entrance-you are just like your papa like that

"Не думаю, что когда-либо раньше я так быстро влюблялась в кого-то, за исключением твоего отца... Надеюсь, тебе понравятся его веснушки." I don't think I've fallen in love with someone so quickly before, with the exception of your father... I hope you get his freckles.

End Notes

Thank you for reading!

I know that Lisa probably doesn't work the emergency department but I really think we ought to have Lisa in more fics where Shane and Ilya end up in the hospital because I'm lowkey in love with her and Wyatt

They named their daughter Juliette Irya Hollander-Rozanova AND I've got a text-fic addition posted for you guys :)

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