

New Pregnancy Values

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/83946941) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/83946941>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Original Children of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov , Ottawa Centaurs - Character , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Mpreg , Male Pregnancy , Feral Behavior , Omega Shane Hollander , Non-Traditional Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Face-Sitting , Autism , Pregnant Sex , Family Bonding , Family Fluff , Pack Dynamics
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of NonTraditional OmegaVerse
Stats:	Published: 2026-04-29 Words: 6,753 Chapters: 1/1

New Pregnancy Values

by [newtntommy](#)

Summary

moments with pregnant shane and his babies! ilya is obsessed.

Notes

oh my gosh it's been awhile since i wrote about this adorable family! i would say this is probably going to be the last part. i wrote it bc i kept seeing adorable pregnant shane fan art. i wanted to write more about shane being pregnant and more moments with his babies. not many vicious scenes but shane is always ready to fight. it was also nice to fill in some blanks i might have left open. enjoy!!

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

Shane smells like cherry crisp one morning, and Ilya can't get enough of it.

Ilya was lured awake by the delectable smell. He blinks and squints at the sunlight streaming into their bedroom. Shane is still snoring quietly, allergies bad this time of year. He must've been too tired to take his allergy medication before bed. A little odd, considering Shane very rarely forgets or procrastinates anything. Shane has a large calendar that takes up the entire wall in the kitchen. He gets excited when he checks things off, and Ilya teases him about it.

Hence why it's a little strange for Shane to go to sleep instead of finishing his nightly to-do list. He's been doing that a lot lately, and he's irritable because of it. Ilya has made it a habit to complete tasks for him, soothing the overstimulated omega with kisses and shoulder massages.

Ilya was getting worried about him. He was going to bring up the topic today after practice. Shane was especially cutthroat at practice this past month.

Troy gets the brunt of it, often leaving the rink limping and red as a tomato from exhaustion. Shane had him repeat reps until he was barely standing and one hit away from throwing up. He flinched when Shane came anywhere close to him, and he didn't look him in the eye. He was horrified by the omega, too scared to speak or breathe around him.

Ilya did what he could. He comforted Troy and gave him an ear to talk to. He would never disrespect his omega and his choices, but they also can't work as a team with everyone terrified of Shane.

They're still a close, loving pack, and Shane is protective of them all. Shane and Troy are actually pretty close, and they hang out once a week. The first time they spent alone time together, Ilya found them cooking silently in the kitchen. They weren't talking, but it was clear by the calm look on Shane's face and the relaxed, collected body language from Troy, that they were having the time of their lives.

However, Shane wasn't a fan of Troy or anyone now. He snaps constantly, and he yells at the team. Ilya was worried about him, and he plans to talk to Shane about it.

Except Shane smells so fucking good.

Ilya carefully crawls on top of Shane. He stuffs his face in the omega's neck and takes long, greedy inhaleds. The smell of sweat and cherry that's sweet rather than its regular sour undertone. His scent is addicting, shutting off Ilya's brain to focus solely on his mate. His omega who smells like heaven.

Ilya's alpha rumbles in response to the delicious cherry crisp. He mouths at Shane's soft skin, growing his fangs to scrape them over the scent gland. He runs the flat of his tongue along the area, tasting him and further driving himself insane with ravenous need.

He needs to fuck his omega. He feels drunk, made stupid by Shane's potent scent. Shane is shirtless, and Ilya peppers kisses down his jaw and neck to the dip of his throat and clavicle.

Shane begins to stir, purring in content and pleasure, and Ilya bites and licks at his chest and sucks on his nipple.

Slick coats Shane's hole and thighs, and Ilya inhales sharply and kisses a line down the omega's sternum to his defined stomach. Shane clings to his hair, lightly tugging and whining at the obsessed treatment. Ilya slides off Shane's underwear, and he shoves his own to his thighs. He just needs his cock out, which was painfully hard in response to the slick pouring out of Shane.

Shane's eyes are gold and wet with tears. His mouth falls open when Ilya fucks right into him, bottoming out in one thrust. He pulls the alpha to him, wrapping his arms and legs around him to hold him close. Ilya drags his nose over Shane's neck, going back to licking and biting the mating mark there.

"Alpha!" Shane yelps. "*Shit*, yeah, just like that. Please."

Ilya can't talk, too caught in the hypnotizing cherry scent. His body runs on primal need and drive, more animal than human. All he can think about is his omega and making him feel good, pulling moans and cries out of him until his voice is hoarse. He wants to work Shane into a puddle of blinding pleasure.

Shane moans, overwhelmed and lost in alpha's dominating touch. Maybe it should be a little concerning that he wasn't biting Ilya back, but Ilya was too trapped in his mind. Shane's omega was calling for him, pulling him in and holding him hostage. Ilya licks Shane's fangs, sucking on them and his tongue, and swallowing his sobs.

Ilya thumbs Shane's nipple, and Shane arches his back. He was especially sensitive, and Ilya's hands roamed his body to see what noises he could earn. Ilya kisses all over his neck and shoulders.

"You are so sweet omega," he croons. Shane looks up at him, eyes wet with tears and cheeks flushed. His chest heaves. "Why are you so perfect? Hm? You are trying to drive your alpha crazy."

A tear falls down Shane's cheek. "Knot me, please. I-I need it. Alpha. *Please, please, please.*"

"You have been vicious lately. More vicious than usual to our pack," Ilya teases. "Do you deserve my knot, lyubimyy?"

Shane's gold eyes shine, and he bared his teeth. His fangs glisten, and Ilya is in awe of him. He fucks him harder, arousal escalated by his mean omega.

"*Knot me*," Shane hisses. The heat of his glare diminishes when Ilya snaps his hips, hitting his prostate with every thrust. The base of Ilya's cock starts to inflate, and Shane whines and clenches his hole.

"Fuck," Ilya curses. He nips at Shane's neck, and his omega claws his back and meets his thrusts. The obscene wet sounds fill the room, and Shane's scent spikes all over the house.

“Fuck, omega. My perfect mate.”

Shane screams when he knots him, and he comes hard between their bodies. He tilts his head and digs his claws in Ilya’s back, making him bleed. His slick helps with the stretch of his hole and snugly fitting the alpha’s knot.

It takes a moment to hear how loud Shane is purring. His whole body vibrates from the volume. Ilya presses soft, tender kisses to his neck and face, and he caresses Shane’s chest and thighs. Shane soaks it in, smelling like happy, satisfied omega.

Shane continues to smell like a cherry dessert, and Ilya can’t get enough of him. He follows the omega everywhere, touching and scenting him every chance he gets. Shane complains about it, shoving the alpha away when Ilya corners him in public or when he’s busy cooking food. Shane grins though, begrudgingly amused by Ilya’s antics and obsession with him.

At practice, everyone is falling over themselves when Shane gets close. The deliciously smelling omega throws them off, causing them to run into each other and forget what they’re doing halfway through a play. Bood, Troy, and Luca stumble over themselves as Shane fights for the puck from them. Luca openly stares at Shane, blushing and obviously affected. Ilya teases him for gawking, and Luca turns a deep red from attention at both ends.

They eventually recover, and they get serious. Troy trails after Shane, following him around closely. Ilya bitterly remembers the day Troy tried the first step of courting Shane. If Ilya didn’t know that Troy was completely and forever in love with Harris, and that he came to Ilya about his plan to propose, Ilya would be snarling at him. His territorial instincts are intense and wild, sparked by Shane’s state.

Troy is observant and must know something is up because an hour into practice, Shane goes suddenly still. He’s pale and sickly, with a frown on his face. Troy is there when Shane wobbles on his skates, and Troy catches him when Shane throws up on the ice.

Ilya is there in a blink of an eye, and he takes Shane’s shaking form and crumpled face. He shushes him and pets his hair. “You are okay, sweetheart. Let’s get off the ice. First step.”

Bood helps him get Shane off the ice and into the locker room. Bood brings over a trash can, and Shane throws up again. He clutches the rim, vomiting harsh and dry heaving. Ilya rubs his back and kisses his shoulder, doing his best to soothe his sick mate.

“Ilya,” Shane sobs. He squeezes his eyes shut.

“Shanya, you are okay. I have you. Bood has you. Troy has you. Your pack is here. You’re safe.”

Ilya works on untying Shane’s skates. Bood throws him a knowing look. Ilya recognizes it for what it is. A warning. A celebratory glance. A *‘I’ve seen this before twice in my own mate’* expression that causes Ilya’s heart to skip.

Ilya helps Shane into his own sweats and hoodie, craving for Shane to smell even more like him. He wants the whole world to know Shane Hollander is his. He’s mated and happily

taken.

And pregnant.

He got the Shane Hollander pregnant. The best player in the league with awards in every category. The official hottest hockey player. The most desirable, terrifying omega is tied down by him. No - not tied down. He would never describe it like that. This perfect omega let Ilya claim him. He gave Ilya the honor of mating with him. He let Ilya knot and breed him to make a family, and Ilya succeeded.

Ilya would fall to his knees if he wasn't already on them. Instead, he gets a wet cloth to cool Shane's heated skin and feeds him crackers and water. Harris gives him stomach medicine to help, and Ilya thanks him. Shane's hands shake, and he kisses Shane's sweaty forehead.

He wants to worship his mate from head to toe. For now, he'll massage his back and whisper encouragement as Shane throws up his breakfast and lunch.

"Ya tebya lyublyu," Ilya says, nuzzling his cheek into Shane's shoulder. Shane tries to weakly say it back, but he is the spitting image of misery. Ilya kisses his shoulder blade instead.

++++++

Everything becomes more real when they see their baby. The little one is the size of a raspberry, and Ilya's eyes water. The air is stolen from his lungs, and he stares in adoration and wonder at the small life formed on the screen.

They made a baby. They love each other so much, and they made a baby with that love. It wasn't any sort of obligation or role to play like Ilya's parents. Nobody was coerced or manipulated. Not a single ounce of resentment or tears shed, with the toxic expectation to continue a bloodline.

A broken pack forced to grow in a shattered home, led by a horrible old man with control over a beautiful young woman. His mama was an omega, who had her fangs and claws removed, and she couldn't protest herself in the hostile environment. She took orders because she had no choice to, going totally against her nature.

Ilya's brother was born looking like the exact replica of Grigori. An alpha with the bitterness and coldness of their father, and exactly what Ilya's father wanted.

Then Ilya was born, and he looked too much like his mother to be accepted by his father and brother. They hated him for it. He was lucky to be an alpha, or he wouldn't have had any chance at all of survival. His mama didn't tell him that, but it was clear by the way she cried in relief when he presented.

Ilya thinks of her in this moment, and tears escape over his cheeks. His heart is full and hurts where it sits in his chest. Shane is asking the omega doctor a billion questions. Topics like

nutrition, exercise, and what symptoms to look out for. Things Ilya should listen to, but he just can't look away from the screen. He can't stop imagining a baby that looks like Shane. Another omega who is Shane's twin, and Ilya can cherish and spoil so they'll never know how it feels to feel unloved or unwanted.

The doctor steps out, and Shane hugs Ilya while he explodes with emotion. Ilya has his hands on Shane's stomach, which was still flat with less muscle. Their baby is safe and tucked in his womb.

"A little omega," Ilya rasps.

"We won't know for a long time, Ilyusha," Shane says, amused.

Ilya shakes his head. "An omega that looks just like you."

Shane smiles, affectionately brushing Ilya's curls. "It could be an alpha that looks like you."

"Two alphas obsessed with you."

Shane rolls his eyes. "Great. Followed around by two alphas. Just what I need."

"See? Omega would be better," Ilya says, smiling. "With cute fangs and claws. Bloodthirsty and strong. A powerful menace with cute face on the ice. Unstoppable."

Shane shakes his head and nuzzles his face in his alpha's neck. He purrs, "She's going to fight everyone."

"Ill give her a piece of candy for every alpha she makes bleed."

++++++

Informing Yuna and David is done during dinner. Shane's leg bounces, and he wrings his hands under the table. David notices first, and he patiently smiles at his son. Yuna is busy talking to Ilya about another brand deal she has him signed up for. Some sort of swimsuit line, and the money is insanely good.

"I'm pregnant," Shane eventually says during dinner.

Yuna stops talking. Her eyes go wide, and her gaze drops to Shane's stomach hidden by the table. "Oh."

Ilya sees that exact same expression on Shane's face when he's taken back by information he doesn't know how to process. It doesn't mean anything is wrong. Shane sometimes needs a few minutes to think how he felt and put together a response.

David smiles. "Congratulations, boys. That's amazing."

Shane's scent has sweetened over time, and anyone who didn't know Shane would automatically sense he was pregnant. Yuna and David probably knew right away when Shane walked inside and hugged them, or they sensed something was different. Another week or so, and there would be no other explanation. They're due to announce the pregnancy next week.

Yuna is pulled out of her trance. The alpha parent looks between them, and her face softens. "That is great news. That baby is going to be very lucky to have you as parents."

The praise from a mother makes Ilya preen. Having her approval means a lot, and he knows it means a lot to Shane too.

"Thank you, Yuna."

Shane picks at his shorts. "Thanks, mom."

Yuna clears her throat. Her tone stays even and strong. "Is this a good time, honey? Are you taking this season off? I hope you spoke to your coach and made some sort of understanding."

"Yeah, we did," Shane says. "I'll take this season off, and then I'll play the next. Ilya and I will take turns."

"And everyone is okay with that? Your team understands?" Yuna asks. "And of course, are you alright with that arrangement? Being at home with the baby. The change can be... disorienting and difficult."

"Mom," Shane complains. Ilya puts his hand on his thigh. "That's what you want to focus on?"

Yuna's brows furrow. "I'm focusing on you, Shane, and how you may be affected. I don't want you to be overwhelmed by factors you might not have thought about."

"I have thought about it," Shane groans. "We talked to Coach Weibe and our teammates. They're happy for us. I'm still going to be a part of home games, coaching and contributing how I can."

"He offered that," Ilya chimes in. "It is not expected of him."

"I'm sure they're excited to have a baby around," David says.

"Wyatt and Lisa already bought us tons of diapers," Ilya chuckles. "Bood and his wife gave us their old baby clothes. The baby is the size of a pear, and has more clothes than I do."

Yuna doesn't look away from Shane. They're doing a staring contest. Shane on defense, slowly getting more angry. His scent sours.

"Your whole life is going to change," Yuna says carefully. "Change is hard for everyone, especially you, and you need to be prepared for the possibility that you may not like it."

"You don't think I won't like my child?"

Ilya's nose crinkles at his sharp, sour scent. He runs his thumb over Shane's thigh to comfort him.

"Parenthood is hard, and your career and lifestyle is incredibly busy and physically demanding--"

"You think this baby is a mistake?" Shane hisses. His eyes are gold and bright. His fists are clenched.

"No, of course not!" Yuna denies.

Shane is trembling with rage, and he storms out of the house. Ilya makes to go follow him, but Yuna gently guides him back down and goes after her son.

David and Ilya are quiet. Ilya sees Shane and Yuna arguing outside the window. Shane is frowning, and fuming with barely contained anger. He's shaking, breathing heavily. It physically hurts Ilya to stay inside and not comfort his pregnant mate.

"She's just worried, Ilya," David says kindly. "Shane is not good with change. She wants to make sure he's ready for this drastic shift, and there's a chance he might miss hockey more than he thinks."

"I understand," Ilya replies, still keeping an eye out for Shane and whether he needs to go get him. "We talked about it at great length. I will take care of him. I will look out for him and watch out for any signs that he's stressed. I am more than happy to stay home with the baby."

David nods, face complicated and serious. "Good. Don't want him to be overwhelmed when he doesn't need to. That's all his mother is worried about."

Ilya looks out to find Shane embraced in Yuna's arms. She's saying something, and he nods into her shoulder. She rubs his back soothingly to calm him down. Once he catches his breath, she steps back to cup his face with a wide, affectionate smile. Shane has his hands on his lower stomach. Her hand rests on his. They're both crying and smiling.

"I'm happy for you," David says, and Ilya can tell how much he means it. "I can't wait to meet my grandchild. You two are going to be great, loving fathers. This kid is lucky."

Ilya's eyes burn. "I hope so."

David pats Ilya's hand. "I know so, son."

The sincerity makes Ilya's throat bob. His own father died years ago, and his cold words still get to him. His father was never kind to him, and he didn't believe Ilya could do anything right. Nothing was ever good enough for his father or brother. He was the weak alpha asshole son and brother in their eyes, and they hated him for it.

He's known David Hollander for a handful of years, and he's shown Ilya more kindness than his father did when he was alive.

"Thank you," Ilya croaks.

David smiles and hands him the pitcher of lemonade.

++++++

Pregnant Shane is as vicious as Ilya expected him to be. He hates being touched by anyone outside of his pack, though some days he doesn't like anyone touching him but Ilya.

Unfortunately, Shane is a famous hockey player, and this for some reason makes people think they can reach out to touch his belly. Ilya has to prevent Shane from committing first degree murder on a daily basis because people forget how dangerous omegas are. Pregnant omegas and omegas in heat are the most dangerous predators in the world. Shane's sweet smell lures people in, and they almost get killed for it.

Shane's pregnancy takes a turn when he's five months along. His scent changes into a *back off* scent. He glares at everyone and everything. His claws are out constantly, on edge and perceiving danger in every corner.

He almost bites Luca's head off when he sits next to him on the bench. He yells at fans trying to talk to him in public. He breaks a server's hand when she touches Ilya's shoulder. He breaks the fingers of several people who think it's okay to touch his stomach.

Ilya falls more in love with his scary omega every day. Shane climbs into his arms when he's stressed and falling apart, and Ilya holds him tight while planting kisses to his hair and wet cheeks.

Ilya grins like a cat when Shane comes to him complaining about tying his shoes. He can't reach his feet anymore, and he hates it.

Ilya loves it. He loves seeing how big Shane is getting with their child. It's just more proof of what they made together. What Shane let him do to him, and what he continues to let do to him.

Shane doesn't get why Ilya gets horny when he sees him and his giant belly full of their kid. Ilya has no explanation besides the fact Shane looks glorious and sexy like this. Shane is big at six months, and the most comfortable position is Shane on his hands and knees. Ilya buys a body mirror and sets it by the bed, so he's able to see Shane from the side and see his round stomach while he fucks him.

It gets him off like no other. He can't get enough of his pregnant mate.

++++++

“I’m going to crush you.”

“Maybe. Hopefully. What a way to go.”

“Ilya.”

“Shane, get on my face.”

Shane crosses his arms, resting them on his bump. He’s very pregnant at eight months, and the doctor told him penetrative sex is not safe in his state. He is frustrated and horny, and Ilya was more than willing to get him off in other ways.

Such as lay on his back and have Shane sit on his face. Except Shane is worried about him being unable to breathe, which really isn’t that important to him.

“Get on the bed, omega,” Ilya says, tapping his chin. He licks his lips. “I am thirsty.”

“Fuck.”

Shane gingerly climbs on the bed and settles his thighs on both sides of Ilya’s head. Ilya encourages him to bring his weight down with nips and kisses to his thighs. He adjusts the omega’s position, pushing him forward to get to his ass.

“Wait, Ilya,” Shane chokes. He can’t see Ilya because his bump is in the way. Ilya’s giant hands shuffle him up the bed, guiding him into a better position. Ilya parts his cheeks and runs the tip of his tongue over his slicked hole, tracing the rim, and squeezing his ass.

Shane cries out and topples forward. He grips the bedsheets, jaw dropped and eyes rolled back. Ilya grabs his thighs, pinning him in one place, and sinks his tongue inside him. He puckers his lips, hungrily drinking the slick pooling out.

Ilya feasts on him. His fingers dig into Shane’s thighs, holding him hostage, and Shane has no choice but to take it. White hot pleasure rolls through him, making his skin and toes tingle. He breathes hard, gasping and crying out. Ilya eats him like he’s his last meal, swallowing his slick and driving him mad with blinding bliss.

“Alpha…”

Shane has tears in his eyes, gasping and moaning, and gripping the blankets for all their worth. His round belly sits halfway on the bed and Ilya’s face, suffocating him with his body. His thighs clench, trembling with rising pleasure, and his cock is rigid and leaking with precome. He has no control over his limbs, and one particular rough suck makes him collapse. He comes hard with a high yelp, and he whines into his elbow.

Shane is too out of it to move, and Ilya slides out from under him. Ilya breathes hard with a wide grin toying on his lips.

“We’re doing that again.”

Shane whimpers.

++++++

“You don’t have to, Mr. Hollander. It’s perfectly okay to do either method.”

Ilya watches Shane from where he sits on his hospital bed. He looks small, miserable and uncomfortable with the lactation nurse. They sent an omega in earlier, but the extra scent was too much, and Shane snarled at her. They sent a replacement.

The beta woman was kind and empathetic, taking things slow with explanations and strategies. Elizabeth latched nicely, learning quickly what to do. She was well-fed and sleeping in Ilya’s arms.

Shane is non-verbal, avoiding the nurse’s gaze, checked out mentally. His eyes are wet and far away, and his breathing is erratic.

“If you have any problems breastfeeding-“

“We will retrieve you,” Ilya interrupts dismissively. “Thank you.”

The nurse smiles and leaves. Ilya puts Elizabeth down with a kiss to her cheeks and forehead. She is beautiful and perfect, and she has Shane’s features. His lips and brows. Freckles. Ilya’s heart melts.

Ilya joins Shane in the bed. He pulls his mate to his chest, and he kisses his cheek. “What’s wrong, Shane?”

Shane doesn’t respond right away, soaking in his alpha’s comforting smell and touch.

“I don’t like it,” Shane says. “I don’t want to not do it either. It’s good for her and good for me. I-I don’t like how I feel. I feel like an object.”

Ilya nods, brushing his fingers through Shane’s hair. “We can do formula and you can breastfeed. Do both, so you can get a break. Or just formula if it gets too much.”

Shane shakes his head. He peeks over at Elizabeth, and he takes a deep breath. Ilya caresses his jaw, and tucks his head under his chin.

Shane's eyes soften at the sleeping form of his daughter. “There are benefits with breastfeeding. I want to do it; I just wish it didn’t make me feel...used? Empty. I don’t know.”

“You can watch TV, or I can distract you,” Ilya offers gently. “If it makes you feel more yourself. You can call me or your parents. Jackie and Hayden would be good too.”

Shane stiffens, and he rests his weight on Ilya. The exhaustion is getting to him. Tears fall. “Maybe. I should push myself and get over it. I’m supposed to feed her.”

“It is your body, sweetheart,” Ilya disagrees. “You do what you want. Breast milk. Good. Formula. Good. Both. Good. She will be fed and happy either way. You are perfect.”

Frustrated and anxious, Shane snuggles into his alpha’s chest. Ilya hugs him hard and scents him to soothe his uncomfortable mate.

They make a plan for Ilya to distract Shane by talking while he feeds Elizabeth. Either by being in the room or calling Shane to check on him if he’s not home. The adjustment period is difficult, and Yuna comes by to be there and make sure he’s not alone. Shane will feed Elizabeth, and then retreat to another room after handing her to his mom. Yuna will cook him lunch and do some chores around the house.

Shane doesn’t get used to the sensation of feeding his daughter, but he has various options to distract him with. It gets better, but it’s not great.

One night, Shane gets a clogged duct. After trying advice from online, Shane goes to Ilya for help. Shane doesn’t finish speaking by the time Ilya throws him over his shoulder and tosses him on their bed. Shane yelps in surprise.

Maybe it’s his eagerness that makes Shane hot and hard the second Ilya brings his nipple in his mouth. His warm, wet mouth has Shane squirming on the bed. He sobs when Ilya tears off their clothes and slides his cock inside him, going in easily with the amount of slick pouring out. His mouth still latched on Shane’s nipple.

It doesn’t fix his general discomfort but Jesus fuck he won’t say no to doing that again.

++++++

“I want to eat you,” Ilya says in divine awe.

Shane blinks groggily at him. He rubs at his eye and yawns, revealing his long, needle sharp fangs. He stretches his arms, causing his yellow sweater to ride up. His baby bump is subtle but there, showing off his surgery scars and stretch marks.

Shane bought oil for his stretch marks, to which Ilya proceeded to hide and throw away again and again. Shane threatened to bite him, but that didn’t help the matter. Shane gave up on the fourth try.

Ilya wants to lick and bite.

The open display softens Shane, creating the facade that he’s a sleepy omega who couldn’t hurt a fly. They’re both exhausted from Elizabeth keeping them awake, sick and unable to sleep.

A sweet, tantalizing smell spikes from the bed. Shane parts his legs and tilts his head to show off his marked neck. Shane watches Ilya.

“You can eat me,” he purrs.

Ilya snarls and joins him on the bed.

++++++

Little Elizabeth is obsessed with her daddy’s bump. She cuddles into Shane’s side with her arms around him and cheek pressed down, soaking in her omega parent’s smell. Shane is pregnant with their second, and she was relentless about wanting to meet her little brother. Ilya often catches her talking to Shane’s stomach while he sleeps, sharing secrets with the baby inside.

Ilya has taken hundreds of pictures of Elizabeth laying on Shane’s stomach and chest. Her small body hooked under Shane’s arm, and her legs dangled over the side. She was a perfect size, fitting like a puzzle piece.

Shane makes it a habit to do Elizabeth’s hair every day. He watched many videos on how to braid and other hairstyles for girls with long hair. It gets awkward later into the pregnancy with Elizabeth having to stand between Shane’s legs while he brushes her hair. Trying to convince a two year old to stand still takes magic and bribery, and it doesn’t help that she inherited a great bit of Ilya’s endless energy. She’s always giggling and spinning in her dresses, begging her daddies to dance with her at a moment's notice.

They get a break when their team comes to visit. Wyatt, Luca, and Bood drop everything they’re doing to dance with her, while Shane watches on with teary, alert eyes because everything makes him cry. He cried over the store being out of a specific yogurt brand. He cried over a video of puppies. He cried over fireworks scaring animals. He cried when he ran out of laundry detergent.

Everything makes him angry too, and it’s a complex, multi step game to prevent him from going feral. Ilya is an expert at it. He knows what needs to be done to keep Shane calm and protect his emotional state.

Shane spent most of his first pregnancy at his parents’ home or with Ilya when he played home games. He’ll show up to games with Ilya’s jersey on, which made it insanely difficult for the alpha to play with his mate standing there with his shirt struggling to cover his pregnant belly the further along he got. Smelling like a mesmerizing cherry dessert that made Ilya’s mouth and fangs throb.

Shane’s stomach is soft and firm instead of hard with muscle. A fact that annoys Shane and has him plotting his exercise routine the second he gives birth. On the other hand, Ilya never wants to stop touching and caressing where their baby is tucked safely inside.

Shane’s presence also made it difficult for Ilya to play when attention from any fans made the omega hiss and bare his fangs and claws. Ilya will have the urge to race over to stop Shane

from attacking any innocent person politely saying hi.

Ilya had to fight the arousal stirring in his belly. His angry omega baring his fangs and snarling with a protective hand on his round belly made Ilya want to get on his knees and lavish the omega with his mouth. If his mate yelled or bit him, Ilya's cock will go rock hard and that's an inconvenience during a game.

The Centaurs would wave at Shane, only to be glared at or coached. Shane's patience was limited, and his sense of smell was sensitive. He stepped in and lectured when he couldn't play, but he would keep his distance.

Shane was fully against having anyone over at their home because he only wanted scents that belonged to the four of them. He's not as territorial with this second pregnancy, which is a relief for the pack. They were sad they couldn't get closer to their pack omega, so they gave Ilya messages and baby presents.

They're taking advantage now, happy to come over and give Shane a dirty shirt and jacket for the pack nest. Shane and Harris worked on the nest together with Ilya away, and that's where they all were now with a movie playing.

It was deeply amusing watching them individually ask Shane if they could enter the nest. All of them had gifts to offer. Stuffed toys in the shape of hockey pucks, child hockey jerseys custom made with Hollander-Rozanov. Wyatt got Elizabeth a small stuffed dragon, and she didn't let go of it for an hour.

Ilya hates seeing Shane stressed, but he loves when he's fighting the urge to rip people to shreds. Having a baby in his arms made the urge stronger. His fangs and claws are out, and his dominant scent is sour and defensive. All while holding his daughter on his chest.

Elizabeth is asleep on Shane. She spent twenty minutes listening and poking at the baby kicking in Shane's stomach after hours of playing with her pack. Shane scents her, sweet and like cherries. Elizabeth smells like flowers, and lingering scents from the others. Shane has his face in her hair.

Ilya's heart squeezes at the sight, and he takes ten more pictures.

++++++

Ilya is on skype with Shane, who's sitting in the grass with Effie and Nikolai. Shane is ardently listening to Ilya about an idea he has about the Irina charity. Ilya is visiting Cliff in Boston, and he's regretting the trip the longer he's gone.

Effie is binding flowers in Shane's hair. He grew out his hair longer than he usually has it. Effie's own brunette hair is curly and long, refusing to let Shane and Ilya cut it. She has a

concentrated pout that looks exactly like the one Shane wears listening. Ilya is smiling, watching both of them. Effie tells him the story of a family of dragonflies in the park.

“Moya lyubov, where is my pchelka?”

“Stretching my shirt.”

Giggles fill the speaker, and Shane’s shirt is tugged and pulled in every which way. A face pokes out from the collar, and Nikolai sticks his head right through. His straight black hair is in disarray, and his blue eyes sparkle. He giggles harder when Shane gives him an unimpressed expression.

Nikolai bared his blunt teeth. He doesn’t have fangs yet, but that doesn’t stop him. Shane bares his long fangs in reciprocation, and he pretends to bite Nikolai’s cheek and nose.

Nikolai shrieks and bursts in loud giggles. “Daddy! No! Stop! Papa help!”

“Better than me,” Ilya says, grinning. “Your papa bites me very hard. He’s so mean.”

“Maybe you deserve it,” Shane retorts flatly. He nips at his son’s ear.

“Oh, I do. Put me in my place,” Ilya purrs. Shane’s cheeks go pink. Ilya winks.

Ilya tenses when there’s commotion nearby. Shane catches whatever it is, and fixes whoever with a dark, terrifying glare. His eyes shine gold, and his lips twitch to show off his fangs.

Effie is making the same face. She holds a cluster of dandelions, and her stare is sharp. Her fangs are out. “Go away!” she hisses.

Nikolai frowns, confused where he still sits in Shane’s shirt.

“What is it? What’s wrong?”

“Some alpha male with no children stalking around,” Shane explains bitterly. He hasn’t stopped challenging the stranger. “Got too close.”

Ilya scrunches his nose. “Did he pee his pants?”

“No, but he ran off.”

“My omegas are so scary,” Ilya coos. “I am so lucky.”

Effie smiles wide at him, holding her head high. “I could fight him.”

“You don’t fight anyone,” Shane corrects her. “I do.”

“You would be unstoppable, lisichka,” Ilya praises. “All alphas would be too scared to leave the house. You leave the fighting to your daddies for now.”

“Right,” Shane says.

Effie scoffs and rolls her eyes. Ilya laughs. That's Shane's attitude.

"But if you're alone, you have our permission to kill them."

"Ilya! I - Well, okay. Yes. If you are in danger, make them regret looking at you. Go for the neck and don't let go."

Effie spends the next hour doing karate moves in the park, while Shane watches proudly. He takes videos and sends them to Ilya.

Ilya really regrets leaving his family.

++++++

Millie was the spitting image of Ilya. She was intelligent like Shane, and social and sassy like Ilya but still mostly on the quiet side. She didn't say a word until she was fifteen months, but now she repeats phrases constantly. She needs to be read *Julia is a Mermaid* twice every night.

She will disappear when she's annoyed with her siblings and wants to do her own thing. She's picky with her food to the point Shane and Ilya have to cook a separate meal for her. She gets crabby and teary when her clothes don't feel right. She covers her ears during movie nights, in the car, and at hockey games.

David Hollander gently brought up taking Millie to a therapist.

Millie was diagnosed with autism six months later. It's not surprising to Ilya, since he saw the many similarities between her and Shane. Ilya didn't know much about it. It's a taboo topic in Russia, but if there are things he can do to make Shane and Millie happy and comfortable, he'll do anything and everything. He'll read the books, pamphlets, watch videos, and all the research needed.

It's a difficult, frustrating adjustment for Shane, who's too smart for his own good and connects the dots. The same mannerisms and ways of thinking. It's a lot to process and absorb, especially since it's something that affected him his whole life but he hadn't realized or had any way of knowing.

Five weeks go by before Shane picks up a pamphlet and reads from cover to cover. He reads the books Ilya bought from the therapist. Ilya thinks Shane might be a little relieved reading feelings he has troubles with, as well as the solutions to lessen the stress.

The therapeutic program suggests cooking as a pastime that builds skills and sensory integration, and Millie gets really into it. Cooking holds her attention, and she's four years old helping Shane cook breakfast and snacks. Ilya buys her an apron that reads 'Little Chef.'

Troy joins them sometimes, and he and Millie cook in silence, with him teaching and showing her things. She's his little shadow, and she loves going to Harris's family's house.

She bakes cookies for the team one afternoon at practice. She stands in front of them with the tray held high with her eyes downcast and smiling shyly.

Shane stares them all down, as if their pack would decline a cookie. His crossed arms and brows furrowed, and stood behind Millie like a rain cloud about to downpour.

She presents as an alpha when she's older, surprising nobody.

++++++

Millie was meant to be their last.

Artur was born two years later. Shane didn't find out he was pregnant until he was five months along.

Ilya walks into the recovery room and sees the little shape under the blanket beside Shane. He lifts the blanket and freezes.

A boy. Black hair. Tanned skin. Brown eyes. Freckles.

A mini Shane.

All the air leaves Ilya. Shane is dazed from the drugs, exhausted from surgery. Ilya doesn't care. He attacks Shane's face and neck with kisses, crying and whispering *oh my god* and *yes* and *you are perfect* and *I love you* and *thank you*.

"Your genes finally let mine win," Shane says groggily. His eyes are heavy, and he groans as Ilya continues to bathe him with kisses and praise. "Let me sleep, asshole."

Ilya wipes his wet cheeks and carefully picks up the baby. "*My little Shane*," he coos in Russian. "*I love you*."

End Notes

effie is with wyatt. nikolai is with luca. troy gets a duckling too!

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