

at the drop of a hat

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by Anonymous

Summary

Shane wasn't actually one to cry easily...or as easy as others. At least that was until the hormones kicked in and one day he cried at the drop of a hat just like someone had flipped a light switch on.

The simplest of things made him feel like he was going to unravel like the thread on his favorite yellow sweater. Tears came so easily to his eyes, it was like at the drop of a hat and he would just burst into tears.

This didn't go unnoticed by his poor husband who hadn't meant to bring home the wrong ginger ale one day. Ilya had been so unsuspecting to the dam getting ready to bust open — he just happened to get in the way of Shane's hormone fueled rampage.

Or 3+1 of the three times Shane cries 'at the drop of a hat' and the one time Ilya does.

Notes

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

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"Ilya, are there any more ginger ales?" Shane's voice sounded weird but Ilya dismissed it as him being tired and nothing more than that.

But boy oh boy was he wrong.

"I bought entire pack from the store when I went yesterday to pick my prescription up," Ilya furrowed his brows trying to remember if he had put them in the right spot — everything in their house had a place and if things weren't put in the right spot Shane got all cute and angry which wasn't such a bad thing for him.

There had been nothing wrong with the drinks earlier so what was wrong with them now? They hadn't magically changed into another brand of ginger ale and again, Shane hadn't even so much as mentioned that he didn't want them yesterday when he was presented with them.

But today, these cans were the source of his tears.

"Shanya, please do not cry. I will go to the store just to search for more ginger ales- the name brand, not store kind." Ilya would do anything to ensure that the tears went away and that Shane was smiling once again.

So he set out on a mission to go buy *specifically* the name brand ginger ale because if it wasn't good enough for his omega then it wasn't coming home with him.

Ilya wound up searching just about every grocery store within a 30 mile radius of their house for Shane's favorite brand *finally* finding it at his last stop. He must've looked like a man that had wandered the desert for years because the cashier offered to help him out to the car with his groceries.

What was there, a ginger ale convention in town?

The alpha started home with the prized drink of choice, a few special goodies in the backseat for his Shane bug for his troubles— not wanting him to cry anymore, if he could help it.

Shane was sitting on the back deck, reading a book on the history of the Titanic which he wasn't sure why he took such an interest in history but hey, at least he looked a lot calmer

than he had earlier.

"I am back carrying the goods, here you go boring ginger ale for my boring baby." Ilya tested, attempting to lighten the mood wanting a smile from Shane, he felt it would cure him probably.

Shane did indeed smile upon seeing the name brand drinks though it was quickly replaced by a small frown.

"Wait was this what you were doing all afternoon?" Shane hadn't really thought it would take that long to find them. He felt bad that Ilya had searched the world over for them.

"No, no it was not that big of a deal. Please do not cry I bought your snicker ice cream too- you have to eat before it melts so no more crying. You can't possibly eat it and cry at the same time," Ilya hurriedly grabbed the ice cream bar out of the bag, all but shoving it at his husband to make him happy again.

Was this a band-aid? Sure. But did Ilya take pride in making Shane happy over and over again? Also yes.

And he would continue doing it happily.

Shane was on top of his game today. He was really doing great, like he felt amazing for once — almost like he was an actual human being.

It almost felt like he was in one of those commercials advertising some new pregnancy medicine that allowed an omega to make it through all the downsides of being pregnant, to trudge through all the bad parts to make it to the other side where it was all shimmers and pregnancy glow.

He felt so good about himself that he decided he would go to morning skate with Ilya since he felt like he could withstand sitting there and not having to go throw up his entire breakfast or curl up in one of the arena seats for a nap — not saying this wouldn't happen because Shane could nap *anywhere* now but he was hoping to stay awake for the whole thing.

He had been able to run some early morning errands before it was time, walked Anya, made some banana bread, pancakes, *and* Ilya's favorite brownies.

It was for Ilya. Strictly for Ilya not for him because he didn't crave only sweets right now... nope not him.

Ilya had barely woken up for practice, just barely rolled out of the bed with his curls matted to the back of his head while somehow sticking up in every direction. They had a mind of their own and Shane didn't mind helping brush them out gently working to get some of the potential knots out while Ilya sleepily poured himself a cup of already brewed coffee that his husband had somehow also made.

The alpha smelled something sweet in the air, besides Shane's usual mouthwatering vanilla amber scent, it was something close to a bakery with freshly baked goods laying out on a window sill to cool.

"Have you been baking?" Ilya looked around for the evidence finally spotting it on top of the stove cooling minus the pancakes that were now sitting in front of him at the table.

"Mhm, I just decided to get up early and took Anya for her morning walk, popped into the grocery store, ran by the post office to mail some stuff for the foundation and then baked all this stuff," Shane shrugged as if this were just something he did everyday which for the last few months it was definitely *not* what he did everyday.

In fact, Shane had been barely existing the last couple of weeks his morning sickness had decided to come back for one final round. It stayed to torture him for a bit, the only place he could exist was in the bathroom curled up on the rug periodically hugging the toilet bowl.

But that had all passed and today he felt like a brand new man.

That was behind him and he was going to seize the day and he wanted to be around hockey again. He yearned to feel the cool air on his rosy cheeks, to hear the skates cutting into the ice, to hear the puck hit the posts — he wanted it all.

"I'm coming to practice, so I'm ready whenever you are." Shane sat eating his own stack of pancakes, working on his coffee and Sudoku puzzle book that fit rather well on top of his belly.

As they were getting ready to leave, Ilya saw something that he honestly should have said something about to Shane but he thought maybe he might have just been seeing things and so they kept going.

"Hollzy! Long time no see, bud!" Wyatt hollered across the ice, already having spotted him from a mile away when they made it to the arena.

Troy, Bood, Luca, and a few of the rookies were already on the ice just messing around but the second they saw Shane it was like they were all centered in on him. They had missed him coming to games and practices.

"There he is! Let's see the bump," Harris of course was the first to ask about seeing his bump as if his daughter was the real star here — she was, she most definitely was a favorite and she hadn't even been born yet.

Shane felt his cheeks warm up against the stark contrast of the cold arena, letting Harris feel his bump. This was their pack and Shane didn't mind any of them feeling his belly, in fact it felt nice having some attention showered on him.

"How big is she now?" Luca skated up to the glass, coming to skidding to a halt slinging ice.

"Pretty big, only getting bigger. I have the combination of my genes and Ilya's to thank." Shane shifted his weight to one side, leaning against the glass to take some of the pressure off

of his aching feet.

That was when Luca caught a glimpse of his shoes, tilting his head to the side.

"Does wearing two different shoes help with the swelling?" Luca asked genuinely.

Shane furrowed his brows with confusion creeping in, not understanding why he would ask something like that. He wondered if the poor rookie's concussion was getting to him but he followed his gaze downwards to his feet to see...two different shoes.

"Oh my god," The omega looked down at his feet again doing a double take just to make sure he wasn't seeing things but he indeed was wearing two different shoes — in his defense they were both navy colored nikes that were basically the only thing that fit him anymore since they were a little worn out and wider in their fit.

"I can't believe I did that- I walked around in *public* like this. I mean people saw me this morning and actually looked at my shoes and didn't say a single *thing*, how?!?" Shane was mortified with tears in his eyes, he had been seen out and about. He wanted to burst into tears right there at the thought of how many people were probably laughing at him.

They probably took pity on him because of how heavily pregnant he was and thought it was the only shoes he could get on or that he couldn't see his own feet which...both were true unfortunately.

But that was besides the point, the point was that he had worn two pairs of shoes all day basically and here he was at practice though thankfully it was a closed one and that the rest of the general public wouldn't see him halfway dressed.

"You have your slippers in my bag, you can wear those," Ilya offered trying to save Shane from a crashout having thought three steps ahead and packed a comfortable pair of slipper like shoes for his omega just in case he ever needed them.

"Why do you have my foam slippers in your bag? Better yet I don't wanna know I'll put them on."

Shane would rather be seen in slippers than two different pairs of shoes and that was a hill he would perish on.

Painting a nursery was a lot more work than Shane had initially anticipated it to be. He had everything they needed, the paint (obviously), precision brushes of every size, and of course painter's tape. It had actually gone rather smoothly at first and he was fairly pleased with himself at the job he had done thus far.

Ilya had opened every last window they had to let the room air out, not wanting the smell of wet paint to make Shane have a headache. He insisted he was fine, that the smell wasn't bothering him but it was starting to get to him though thankfully they had finished pretty much everything.

They were getting ready to grab some lunch and call it a day when Shane realized he had lost his phone, somehow letting it slip out of his pocket — it barely fit because of his belly so it made sense for it to fall out and hit the ground.

And with the carpet it probably dulled the sound so he didn't pay too much attention until he actually needed it.

"I'll be down in a minute, I have to grab my phone," Shane waddled his way back into the bedroom to grab his phone, leaning down with a crouching pose almost getting himself stuck on the ground trying to get the stupid thing. When the omega finally grabbed it, he reached for something to pull himself back up with and decided to use the small step ladder but that proved to be a stupid idea because right about the time he had almost *almost* made it back up onto his feet the ladder gave way and made him stumble forward.

He had time just enough to catch himself from fully face planting into the still drying wall of 'hazy lilac' in front of him and thought that everything was going to be okay especially since his belly hadn't made full contact with the wall — or so he thought.

With phone in hand, Shane made his way down the stairs still not realizing anything was wrong until he saw Ilya's face which of course said everything.

"What? What's wrong? You've got that look," Shane began looking all over himself until his hand made contact with a very damp patch of something on his midsection, on his favorite yellow sweater the only one that still fit in his entire closet.

Fat tears began welling up in Shane's eyes as he hurried to the kitchen and grabbed a damp washcloth trying his best to scrub it out of his sweater but to no avail it was already embedded in the fibers of the sweater.

"*Fuck*, this is the only sweater that really even fits my fat ass anymore!" Shane felt like throwing himself down in the floor, kicking and screaming.

This wasn't fair, his favorite sweater was forever ruined by his clumsy self almost running into the wall.

"Hey, it will be okay. I think it adds something special to the sweater." Ilya helped his husband shimmy it over his head carefully making sure none of the paint got in his hair and quickly began running it under water fully submerging the garment in the sink water completely.

The alpha googled how to remove a paint stain, determined to get this out of his omega's precious sweater.

"It's ruined..." Shane sniffled, wiping his tears with the back of his hand trying not to cry over something so stupid but he couldn't fucking help it. It felt like all he had been doing was crying over everything and anything.

Ilya's heart felt like it was being ripped out of his chest and stomped on in the street watching Shane cry. It didn't matter how many times it had happened that week he still couldn't help

but feel some sort of way watching his mate cry his eyes out over his favorite sweater.

"I mean I was just reaching forward to get my damn phone and I couldn't really get my balance a-and I was going to hit the wall if I didn't so I had to do it but ugh I didn't know I ruined it," Shane's voice wobbled with every word and Ilya knew another set of waterworks were on the way.

"But you saved our pup, yes?"

"Well yeah I mean she wasn't in danger exactly."

"But you were making sure you did not hit the wall with your face, to me that was saving her like the good daddy you are." Ilya smiled softly, pointing out the positives as he continued to rub the fabric between his fingers with some liquid dish soap after reading more up on it.

And that made Shane cry harder because he had put the baby in danger by almost face planting.

"Look! Most of the stain is gone, maybe if we keep doing this it will help."

Shane nodding shakily, wiping his eyes again. Here he was crying over his sweater and Ilya was trying his hardest to fix it.

"Thank you for trying, I know it might not be able to be completely the same but thank you for trying." Shane waddled over to Ilya, wrapping his arms around his waist inhaling his scent to comfort himself. He had to ignore the fact that he couldn't give his alpha a proper hug anymore on account of the pup being in his way.

That had been something else Shane cried about earlier that week.

Ilya and Shane were lounging around one evening looking at all their baby shower presents they had gotten from their Centaur family after the WAGs had thrown Shane the most extravagant shower known to mankind.

Harris had a huge help in making it happen but their pack had really celebrated their pup and they had to make several car trips back and from the arena to actually get everything home.

It made him weepy realizing just how loved they were and how loved their baby girl was with her not even being born yet. Everyone wanted to meet her so badly and she was the most talked about little girl there at the party.

The alpha had been helping Shane sort everything into piles by categories for instance there was the 0-3 month pile, 3-6 month pile, 6-9 month pile, and the 12 month pile. They were all then put into a subcategory — whatever that was — and organized even further than that by season, color, and material.

It was something to behold that was for sure.

There were apparently even little shoes and socks that Cassie guaranteed would *not* stay on but she insisted on getting the baby her first pair of shoes.

As Ilya was taking them out of the bag, he grabbed a pair of socks and laid them on top of Shane's belly while he was taking a breather, resting his eyes.

"Look *moya lyubov*, how will our baby have feet small enough to fit in these?" He chuckled, the size of the tiny socks looked small compared to the size of Shane's massive belly perched in his lap. It was comical really.

The more Ilya looked at all the socks though and the onesies, the smallest one being a newborn sized sleeper his eyes began watering — he was crying this time.

"Shanya, she's going to be so little how will she fit in this sleep outfit?" Ilya held the outfit in his arms, the size was even smaller compared to his arms that would soon hold her and rock her to sleep.

And then he heard it — Ilya was crying. Which okay that wasn't exactly the most outlandish thing because his alpha cried probably about as much as he did nowadays but still, it was sweet.

"Ilya, she'll fit believe me." Shane smiled sheepishly thinking about how exactly their daughter would more than likely be bigger than what they anticipated initially. That he was going to have to push an entire human being out of him.

Oh yeah, he started to cry too but for a very different reason — the reason being their pup who was measuring ahead on all his scans. Lucky him.

End Notes

✉️ it's been a hot minute but here we go! i just love the idea of poor shane crying over the smallest things that are like huge to him 😭 and like thought y'know what ilya would cry too, anyways hope you guys enjoy!

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