

let's win the cup, baby!

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let's win the cup, baby!

by Anonymous

Summary

Shane had to get out of the house. It was driving him stark raving mad and he could literally see the walls closing in on him.

Notes

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

Shane *had* to get out of the house. It was driving him stark raving mad and he could literally see the walls closing in on him.

Now, he didn't tell Ilya any of this because they've made it to the playoffs and they're so close he can taste it— still feeling the heft of the cup in his hands or at least how it had felt in years past.

That being said, Shane wanted to make sure Ilya had no reason to worry about anything at home that he can control.

Anya whimpering at the door caused him to put this extra fleeting burst of energy towards something productive. A thought entered his head— he could take her for a walk while Ilya takes his pre game nap. That way he would be helping his husband out and getting some fresh air while he was at it.

Yeah, that would be good. Shane would be killing two birds with one stone and Ilya could focus on the important things. He knew he was what was most important in Ilya's world, and now another person was included in that, making it all the more nerve wracking that he had the responsibility of growing said tiny person.

In a way, Shane felt the weight of the world on his shoulders because *he* was responsible solely for the wellbeing of their baby. He was to blame if anything went south.

That's what made it all the more rewarding though in a weird way. Shane felt Ilya's love bleeding over into his belly every time he felt his husband's large calloused hands resting on the peak of his growing swell dissolving most of his negative thoughts.

“Come on Anya, let's go walk, we need to hurry, I still have to get ready.” Shane pushed himself up from the couch with a light grunt, the weight of his stomach settling on his aching hips.

Now obviously he was an athlete, he stayed in peak fitness year round but that had been chucked right out the window the moment he got pregnant. The audacity Ilya had to actually be *excited* about him getting fatter over a course of nine whole months.

Shane was eight months along so technically there was only one more month for Ilya to poke fun at him. If someone told him he had to do this for any longer than that, he would've needed to be put out of his misery.

This was the heaviest he had ever been in his entire life and it was starting to really chip away at him and it wasn't like his diet plan wasn't an option at this point. Shane had basically become a prisoner in his own body to a tiny Ilya who wanted to eat what *they* wanted to eat.

“Maybe we can walk to the quickie mart down the block.” Shane quickly added toeing on his slides, the craving for a coke (of all things) and a snickers bar had suddenly hit him like a bag of bricks.

It hadn't really snowed too much the night before but the ground was still covered in a light dust that had frosted over onto the sidewalk making it extra slippery.

“Anya, wait up! We have to put these little booties on or Ilya will kill me.” Shane called out after the rambunctious little dog already made it half way to the door. It was a small feat to put his own shoes on, much less a dog's shoes. They were tiny snow boots, gifted to them from Harris for Anya's birthday along with a matching harness— yes, they celebrated her birthday because Ilya insisted she be treated like a princess that day. More like the princess of Russia.

“You're all set- ugh, if I can even get back up.” It was a pain in the ass anymore to get on the ground, especially with ten pounds (or more) holding him down.

Once Shane was finally back on his slowly swelling ankles— yet another fun perk of being pregnant, he was able to maneuver himself upright with the aid of the arm of the couch.

It was embarrassing rolling around on the floor like a turtle on its back. There were times Shane wanted to go sit on Ilya's sleeping face and smother him in his sleep because of what

he had done to him. He was just glad Ilya had been upstairs still snoozing away already knowing he would get an earful, maybe even a mouthful with the way Ilya had been almost too afraid to touch him towards the final months of his pregnancy.

‘The baby could come early, is not good for that to happen. But maybe if they come out in time-’

‘Ilya, we are not putting our newborn in the cup.’

‘Why not? Would be adorable!’

It was safe to say they would *not* be putting their infant in a cup.

The click clacking noise of Anya’s perfectly trimmed nails against their hardwood floor as she danced around his feet excitedly.

“You’re just as impatient as he is.” Shane clicked his tongue at Anya who more than likely didn’t have a thought in her happy little head other than being walked, getting to see their neighbor’s german shepherd Rocco, and of course her favorite speciality baked treats from some dog bakery in Quebec.

It was almost shocking to him that Ilya hadn’t woken up yet considering they weren’t exactly being the quietest. It was probably a good thing considering they would have to get used to having their own baby fussing at night– becoming their own tiny little alarm clock.

Shane managed to pick the leash up one handed while still maintaining his balance as he held onto the counter for support. It made him feel weak. It shouldn’t have been *that* hard to get back up off the ground yet he struggled to do the simplest tasks that shouldn’t even take any effort at all.

The cool morning air hit Shane’s face, feeling welcomed against his rosy red cheeks. He had actually worked up a damn sweat just getting Anya and himself ready for a simple walk

around the block. Yeah, this baby had to come out of him– the sooner the better.

“Okay Anya remember in and out, this is just a quick walk to the store and then we’ll be back before he even realizes.” Shane reiterated out loud, talking more so to himself than to Anya.

Shane opened the door, trying his best to soften the creak of the front door by slowly letting it fall open but in that instance Anya took the opening of the door to dart down the steps, thankfully he had her leash firmly in his hand and was able to give a gentle yet firm tug to make her stop where she was at the bottom step.

“Hey don't get ahead of me, I can't help that I've got an extra person to bring with us.” And at the mention of said extra person, the baby nestled within the warmth of his swell started to move. “Oh great now you're awake, huh?” Shane patted the side of his belly where their baby's foot was now pressed against the surface.

Paying attention to his unborn passenger who now found it her job to lodge her foot in his ribs, Shane hadn't realized that Anya's leash was now wrapped around his ankle just loose enough that it made him stumble and lose his footing– flailing around helplessly like he was freaking bambi.

No! No– he could find something to hold onto and– down he went onto the pavement with a thud.

All Shane could hear was his heartbeat thumping loudly in his ears as he assessed what had happened. Anya! Where was she?

“Ahh, fuck.” Shane winced, pushing his hands against the sidewalk, gravel pinching his hands as he felt it digging into his palms no where near matching the pain that was slowly creeping up his spine wrapping around him like a vine.

“Anya!” The omega breathed out the breath he had apparently been holding the entire time. Of course Anya was fine, she was busy peeing on the hydrant staring him straight in the eyes. “Oh you are *so* his dog.”

Falling on your ass in front of about five or so houses was pretty embarrassing, having your dog not have a care in the world while you were flailing around helplessly was pretty bad but the worst thing would have to be peeing himself in the process of getting back up.

“Oh you have got to be kidding me!” Shane quietly exclaimed, praying his neighbors were either at work or busy doing other things because he wasn't sure he could take the humiliation of all of these things combined.

The vibration of his phone against his hip grabbed Shane's attention once again. Ilya. Ah crap— he must've woken up within the time that it took Shane to walk Anya and then of course fall on his face losing all dignity.

“Anya, come!” Shane whistled for Anya which thankfully she came right away and he was able to secure her leash, careful not to slip again as they started back home.

Ilya was waiting by the door with sleep still lingering in his expression, a worried scent clinging to him. “There you are, was starting to think maybe you run away to new husband— of course he would not be Stanley cup finalist but maybe he would somehow afford your weird cravings.” He teased, a tired grin slipping onto his lips so easily.

“Please a new husband? I don't want another one, the one I have is already enough work.” Shane rolled his eyes playfully, letting Anya run up the stairs ahead of him so that Ilya could take her leash and harness off. He felt like if he bent over there was no way he could dream of getting back up which he hated thinking about.

Sure it bothered him that there were plenty of things that he used to be able to do that he could do easily before pregnancy that now left him feeling like he had just played a game in overtime. It was pathetic.

Despite having just fallen, Shane looked pretty decent considering his pants were still wet which Ilya was now definitely staring at.

They both stared at each other for a solid minute neither one of them saying a word because Shane's ego was nothing if not fragile and one wrong word could have him in tears—pregnancy was not for the faint of heart.

“Do you maybe want to get cleaned up? I need to shower still.” Ilya unsnapped Anya's harness hanging it up by the door in its spot. It was actually quite an innocent offer.

Shane definitely could use a shower especially now that he was covered in dirty tire track covered snow and possibly his own pee which god he hoped it wasn't that but if it wasn't that—no, it couldn't be his water that would be impossible.

Who would have their water break like that from a fall? Shane would never live it down because a little Russian devil on his shoulder named Ilya wouldn't let him.

“I'll just change and take a shower, I don't wanna make you late.” Shane felt gross but there was this small yet very evident hum of pain still sitting at the base of his spine. He attributed it to the fall, telling himself that he would definitely be sore tomorrow from it.

That was all it was and well...he probably just peed himself it wasn't *that* big of a deal. Pregnant people did that like all the time near the end of their third trimester—right?

It wasn't like he hadn't read every single pamphlet in the doctor's office, every article on the what to expect website and even had the app on his phone that indicated what the baby looked like week by week—no not him.

Ilya had been keeping track too with his own app on his phone. Every time they went to the store, the alpha would pick up a piece of fruit or a vegetable that was the 'exact' size of their pup. Shane didn't think they were that accurate, actually it felt like they were bigger than a small watermelon—there was no way especially with how his hips felt like they were going cave in on themselves.

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After a quick shower, it didn't take long for them to make it to the arena where they were playing against the admirals. It was game five and things were tense. It was a make it or

break it game which put even more pressure on Shane, you know as if there wasn't enough already. The centaurs were on fire. They were 3-1 so close they could taste it.

The walk to the press box was something to be left desired. Shane felt like he was smuggling a bowling ball under his cashmere sweater— it was actually Ilya's and one of the only things left that had a prayer of fitting.

Thankfully it was just him for the time being, wanting to get comfortable before the game started. What was comfortable though? This was the type of game where he would be holding his breath, sitting on the edge of his seat in anticipation.

Shane's heart yearned to be in the locker room with Ilya, to feel the ice beneath his skates again without the constant worry of slipping like he did earlier. That mishap only happened because of Anya's leash getting wrapped around his ankles, not that he could even see them anymore.

Harris, who so happened to be passing by, stuck his head in to check on Shane because of course Ilya had sent him. He was *always* making sure he was okay even if he insisted that 'Yes, the baby was fine- *he* was fine. Everything was fine.' That somehow hadn't been enough for his husband today so he had sent backup in the form of their apple scented social media manager.

Crisp apples and soft cinnamon alerted Shane of the other omega's presence so of course he had to look up, their eyes making contact right as Shane felt a bolt of lightning zing up his spine— or what felt like it and immediately doubled over in pain.

"Y-You didn't see that!" Shane stammered, breathing in through his nose out through his mouth, in through his nose out through his mouth and-

"I just was swinging by to see if you needed anything before the game started but clearly you have this under control." Harris was already by Shane's side, helping him back into a chair because apparently he had collapsed forward onto his knees at some point during that 'episode'.

Yes, he liked to call them ‘episodes’ because they were brief bouts of pain. They came almost just as quickly as they went. And no, it wasn’t labor. It was way too early for that (it was only three weeks ahead of time).

“Don’t tell him.” Shane blurted out, already pinpointing the moment the gears began shifting in Harris’ good hearted self.

“I mean- not now just let him play, I can figure out whatever’s going on with me.” With us.

Harris chewed his bottom lip in thought now burdened with the knowledge that Shane wasn't okay and that he more than likely needed medical attention.

“Could I convince you to let Lexi look at you? That way I can go tell Ilya- I mean so we can just know you're okay.” Harris slipped, smiling to distract Shane.

Seeing their medical trainer Lexi meant that there was a possibility she would figure out what he was trying to hide. Ilya *had* to play.

They needed Ilya out there so Shane was doing his part to hold it together off the ice– as if he were playing through an injury. How hard could it be?

Another wave of pain seized him like someone stabbing him in the lower back, twisting the knife in slowly. Shane was up and on his feet faster than he had thought possible given his current state.

“Fuck!” Shane bit his fist, the one that wasn't currently being used to grip the arm of the chair that he was now kneeling in front of somehow.

Slowly Shane turned his head just in time to catch Harris’ horrified expression and a blur of blonde as he darted out more than likely to go find their medical staff.

Moments later, Lexi appeared with a mildly disappointed look on her face. “Shane, please do not tell me you're here in active labor.”

“I'm not here in active labor.” Shane repeated, hell he would tell her whatever it took to just get through two and half or so hours of this. Babies didn't even come in that short of a span for first time parents anyways. He would be *fine*.

“You would tell me anything to get me outta here, huh?” Lexi pinched the bridge of her nose, letting out a knowing sigh like she just knew Shane was going to make her work for her money today.

Shane had a brief moment of clarity where he thought about going to the hospital but Ilya would be here. He was selfish. He couldn't do this by himself.

“Pfft no- I'm fine really. I've been having braxton hicks since like four but it's not a big deal. I walked Anya this afternoon, took a misstep and tripped. I caught myself.” Shane quickly lied about the last part, too embarrassed to admit to falling on the sidewalk.

“What was that?” Lexi arched a brow, a hand on her hip. “You fell?” That definitely complicated things.

Someone must've told his mom about what had happened because she was waiting down in the trainers room, not on her way to the press box.

Lexi had convinced Shane to come down to the medical room, to at least let her give him a quick check to ‘ease her mind’.

The anthems had been sung and now the puck had dropped all while Shane had been going back and forth with Lexi, immediately shutting up when he saw the ‘Yuna Hollander look of general disapproval’.

“Mom, it wasn't even *that* bad. I swear I caught myself.” Shane continued omitting important key factors to his story such as: he wet his pants. But not actually. It was his water and he was in a state of denial trying to buy himself more time.

“*Shane.*” Yuna could smell her son's distress scent from a mile away through the blocker he had been obviously wearing. “We're going to the ER, I want him checked out.”

“What? No! No- I can't go please just let me stay and i'll go get checked out after the game.” Shane bargained pathetically, trying to buy himself some more time because this baby wasn't coming out– not right now at least.

Yuna had already grabbed Shane's car keys and texted his father to go home and grab Shane's go bag by the door (he had insisted to make) just in case this was go time.

“Shane, please. If nothing is wrong, fine we go back and you can catch Ilya winning this thing. If not, you can watch Ilya from the tv in your room.” Shane caught how quickly his mom added the last part, narrowing his eyes.

Another jolt of pain, one that brought him to his knees was enough for Shane to begrudgingly agree to the deal. It wasn't much of one but he would be back just in time to see Ottawa win that final goal.

The wait was the worst part about going to the emergency room. Thankfully there weren't many people there. A mother with a small child who was running around the room as if there weren't a thing in the world wrong with him, an elderly man with a cough, and a guy on crutches reading a magazine. So basically he was the only pregnant patient there and on top of that there was nothing wrong with him either.

Yuna marched up to the desk about thirty minutes or so after they had been checked in to check on the status of Shane's wait time when the nurse *finally* appeared with a clipboard in hand.

“Shane Hollander?” The nurse called out and Shane pushed himself up out of the uncomfortable chair and promptly walked (waddled) over to the nurse with the intent to get

out of there in time to go back to the arena still under the impression he was making it out of there.

“Have you texted Ilya? I’ll go ahead just so he’ll know where to go when he’s done.” Yuna pulled her phone out of her purse, hot on her son’s heels not expecting Shane to whip around and yank the phone out of her hands risking getting himself in even more trouble than he already was.

Panic flooded Shane's system, there was no way Ilya needed to know about this right now, not when he was so close to winning the cup with their team. Their team that had busted their asses to get this far.

“He can't get distracted!” Shane argued which was shut down quickly with a simple look from his mom.

“Shane, he is your *husband*. I think he might want to know that you’re in the emergency room.” Yuna also wanted to add that her grandchild might be on the way and that her son-in-law might want to know about the very possible chance that he would become a father tonight.

It made the panic that was now coursing through his system bubble up until his throat and Shane had to find the nearest trashcan. He felt like he was going to pass out.

This was his fucking fault.

“So we’re going to keep you in a triage room for right now until we have a room up in the labor and delivery open up. It shouldn’t be long but i’ll go ahead and take your vitals right now.” The nurse, Alyssa began with the blood pressure cuff fastening it onto Shane’s left arm. She grabbed her tablet and began tapping a few things, taking a seat in front of Shane and Yuna.

“So can you tell me what happened?” Alyssa looked over at Shane who looked as pale as a sheet, staring at his phone.

They would definitely need to get him up to labor and delivery and soon.

Guess it was time to face the music. Shane knew he probably shouldn't hold back any crucial information because there was someone else to think about besides himself that was counting on him right now— well besides Ilya.

“I fell earlier. I um, I slipped outside when I was taking my husband's dog out and I think I fell harder than I originally thought?” Shane recalled, his lower lip wobbling slightly because it wasn't Anya's fault. He was taking sole responsibility for this one.

“How much earlier was this?” The nurse tapped in a few things on her tablet, standing up as she did to retrieve the cuff and take his temp. “Because I think I want you to go up to labor and delivery right now just to rule out some things.”

Shane shifted nervously in his seat, mostly trying to ignore the waves of pain that were building like a wave trying to crash against the shore.

“It was about five or so hours ago. I peed— or like I think I peed when I fell.” Shane's face turned bright red beneath the freckles that his husband adored.

Alyssa looked over at Yuna now before looking back at Shane, charting a few more things. “So Shane, I don't want to say for sure but I actually think you're in active labor.”

Which Shane pretty much knew but hearing the words from a medical professional other than their medical trainer hit a little stronger than they had before. This was happening. It was go time and he didn't have Ilya beside him.

“Mom, can you text Ilya?” Shane gritted out as he gripped the arm of the chair, feeling that wave of pain finally crash against the shore of his pain threshold and if he was given his phone right at this very moment he would either chuck it at the wall or crush it in his hands.

The game was now approaching the last ten minutes of the third period and as if Shane didn't have enough to worry about he caught Ilya take a slash to the face from some player on the Admirals just as he went to shoot the puck into the net.

"Oh that was dirty! O'Hannesy better get his ass to that box!" Yuna was all but standing on her chair practically shouting at the tv and Shane couldn't say he was much better than that. He was currently leaning over the edge of his bed that he was now all but strapped down to with his wires, fetal stress monitor on his stomach, and of course the pleasant IV in his hand because the nurse had blown a vein in his arm.

"Is he okay? Wait- oh god he's going down the tunnel." Shane chewed on his bottom lip, glad to have had something to distract him for the time being. Well that was until he felt his phone vibrating at the foot of the bed.

Ilya.

Before Shane was even able to get anything out of his mouth, Ilya was already speaking. "What do you mean everything is fine? You are in the hospital and you are in labor."

"Yeah so about that. I didn't mean to do it I swear- she's just kind of ready to meet us." Shane rambled, his nerves were on a tight rope right now from the medicine they were pumping in his IV- which were pretty good by the way. They were just enough to help him keep coherent even though he was ready to climb out of his own skin.

"She?" Ilya repeated, the only word he had caught ignoring the stitches that were pulling at his upper lip whenever he spoke, the smile growing on his face. "We are having a girl?"

Tears began welling up in the omega's eyes as he nodded softly, "Mm, yeah we are but she needs you to do something for her." Shane kept his eyes glued to the tiny tv screen in the corner of his room. "She wants you to win for her. For us."

"I know I wasn't supposed to tell you but honestly they could've gotten some government secrets out of me if they had really wanted." Shane gave a wet laugh as he wiped at his tears

that had escaped with the back of his hand. Yeah, he wanted Ilya there but first there was something his husband needed to do first.

“But you’re in labor, I can’t just go back out knowing this.” Ilya argued half heartedly, already picturing the look Shane had on his face right now.

“No- no is not fair you can not do this to me on phone and just get away with it.” Ilya started again, the thought of Shane laying in the hospital bed– like he had with his concussion had his heart leaning towards saying fuck it and leaving.

Oh it would be so easy yet so hard.

“Listen captain you go out there and you get that damn cup for your daughter, you hear me? And then you come as soon as you can and we’ll maybe, *maybe* entertain the idea of putting her in it.” Shane knew it was going to take a pep talk much like the ones his husband was capable of giving the team when they were down and out.

Ilya sighed into the phone, reluctantly agreeing in Russian to come as soon as he they were done.

“Don’t have her without me, da?”

“Don’t worry I wouldn’t dream of it.”

Ilya tried his best to remain composed, his inner alpha now yearning to be with his omega– coach Weibe peering at him as he laid his phone reluctantly in his stall after ending the call a new fire burning under his skin.

They were going to win this and he was going to be there for Shane.

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The sound of the final buzzer sounded and a chorus of their teams happily yelling and cheering the final score 4-3. Ilya's face hurt from smiling so much, well that and the stitches but they won and instead of celebrating with everyone the captain dipped down the tunnel with questions from reporters storming him left and right.

"I am going to meet my daughter, please step back." Ilya announced, prouder than ever as he hurried into the locker room having left instructions for the team to celebrate harder than ever because they not only earned it but he was going to be a father.

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Ilya couldn't concentrate for shit when it came to driving to the hospital, having showered just quickly enough to get the musk of their entire team off of him. There was no way he was bringing their scents along for the ride.

So what if he broke a few speed limits, ran a few red lights and possibly— maybe got pulled over just once.

He made it though. Ilya had checked in at the front desk and David was there to bring him up to Shane's room and somehow this didn't feel real. The expression on his face must've shown the grand question of: is she here yet?

David of course answered it right away without Ilya even having to ask. "Don't worry, the nurse came by and checked him about thirty minutes ago and said Shane is still at a seven." He gave Ilya a pat on the back, squeezing his shoulders into a warm hug and it felt like his heart was going to burst right there— thank god they were in a hospital.

They arrived at room 1410 and Ilya had to stifle a laugh when he saw the numbers etched in the door of the maternity ward room. The universe could be funny when it wanted to be.

"Look at you Hollander, we have to stop meeting like this." Ilya's voice was calm and there was a smile tugging at the edge of his mouth but oh god, his eyes were watering and now so were Shane's as he crossed the room in three quick strides all but lunging himself into his husband's arms.

“Please I’m not the one who did this to myself.” Shane shoved Ilya’s chest halfheartedly, fingers finding their way into his alpha’s curls for comfort as he leaned in to scent him trying his best to soothe his mate with his rich honey wine scent.

It smelled like home to Shane, his own scent reaching out to Ilya strawberry mochi with soft undertones of sweetened milk.

It was as if Shane was just waiting for Ilya to come— not that it was possible but somewhere in the back of his mind he liked to imagine that he had held it together long enough for his husband to win the cup.

It wasn’t but about another thirty minutes of them laying in the hospital bed together soaking in each other, Ilya carding his fingers through Shane's hair kissing up and down his neck, helping him move positions when the contractions would intensify.

This part Ilya truly felt helpless because there wasn't anything other than holding Shane's hand and telling him how amazing he was doing. Thankfully their doula had taught Ilya exercises to try with Shane, getting him on something called a peanut ball which looked nothing like it sounded not that he was even sure what he thought it would've looked like.

“Maybe we should try this? Ava said is good for helping baby move along.” Ilya got up to get the deformed bouncy ball in the corner.

Yuna had gone downstairs to the cafeteria to give the boys some privacy and to grab Shane a ginger ale. When she came back, Ilya was helping Shane onto an exercise ball.

She had hurried thinking that Shane would keep progressing in labor but he had stopped almost completely.

“Wow she's determined, I think she gets that from me.” Yuna smiled, popping the tab on the ginger ale to put a straw in it for her son, lifting it to his lips to let him have a couple sips.

“Tell me about it, her head is like right up against my pelvis so she definitely has Ilya's big head that we know so far.” Shane's grip tightened on Ilya's hand when another contraction started to build, starting in his lower back.

Shane was having copious amounts of what their nurse had labeled back labor. Ilya started to be able to tell when one was creeping up on his husband, silence falling over them except for the beeping of the monitors in the background.

“Another?” Ilya felt the answer as Shane tightened his grip around his hand, knuckles going white with a simple nod.

This one was different, Shane felt like this one might possibly kill him. It brought tears to his eyes, drawing a whimper from his lips.

“Moya Lyubov, is okay, I'm here. I'm here.” Ilya repeated, moving his free hand to Shane's lower back massaging the area just above his tailbone with the pressure of his thumb.

“Fuck, this one hurts- like it feels different than the last ones.” Shane managed through gritted teeth, sucking in a deep breath when the contraction wouldn't let up.

Ilya's eyes met his mother in law's and it was like they both knew something was up. The way Shane had started to make noises rather than stay silent and endure the labor pains like he had been.

“I'll go get the nurse, maybe they can go ahead and give him the epidural.” Yuna hurried out of her chair, disappearing into the hallway.

Shane hadn't ever felt pain like this. This was a deep pain that wouldn't go away no matter how much he moved around trying to escape it almost.

About five minutes later which felt like an eternity to Shane who was drenched in sweat, grasping the railing of his bed crouched down rocking his hips from side to side in attempt to

move things along.

“Let me check you really quickly before they give you the epidural.” The nurse pulled on a latex glove quickly as Ilya began helping Shane back onto the bed grateful their nurse was a beta or he would’ve probably snapped.

“So, you’re fully dilated to a ten and you’re ready to push anytime.” Molly, the doctor on call— clearly not the one he had his entire pregnancy with was now standing in the room with them. Shane could care less who was in the room with them right now all he knew was that he needed to push because it would hurt a hell of a lot less if he did that, right?

Ilya was there, that was all that mattered.

Ten pushes, an almost emergency c-section scare, and a lot of sweat later and she was *finally* here.

Sofia Irina Hollander-Rozanov came into the world at 12:21 in the morning, just a little past midnight with a head full of curly dark hair— she was ten pounds even.

“Holy shit, we did it.” Shane gasped for air, searching for Ilya's touch. He was so overcome with emotion it felt like he couldn't get a breath in edgewise. Actually it felt like he had just played one of the most intense games of his entire career.

“Sweetheart, *you* did it. You brought her into the world I just helped make her.” Ilya chuckled into Shane's inky soft locks. Tears were forming in his own eyes, tears that fell when they were signing her birth certificate.

Seeing his mother's name being passed on to their daughter, a tiny person they had made together out of their love, it made Ilya's heart ache in the best way.

Yuna of course was the first one in the door, having decided to stay outside the room to give them some privacy while Shane was laboring but now she was going to get her hands on her

granddaughter but first, she wanted to check on *her* baby.

“Shane, you did so *so* good.” Yuna pressed a kiss to her son's forehead. “I am so proud of you- I'm proud of you both.” She wiped her own tears with her hand, looking over at the little bundle wrapped up in Ilya's arms because he wasn't letting her be put down.

“Mom, meet Sofia.” Ilya finally relinquished the little pink bundle who had dozed off shortly after her vitals were taken. She was literally the most unbothered newborn there ever was, not that Ilya had been around many of them but still he wanted to say his daughter was cool, calm and collected.

Yuna cradled her close, rocking her in the little chair by the window. “She looks just like Shane did when he was born except those curls and honestly I think she has more hair than he had. But those freckles, those are all Shane.” She brushed a finger against the dusting of freckles on her granddaughter's cheek.

Sofia remained undisturbed, snug in her swaddle as if she were the tiniest princess being admired by her subjects.

“She's everything I ever dreamed of.” Shane spoke up, his voice hoarse from screaming towards the last part of his labor right as Sofia was coming into the world he had broken his vow of silence. Ilya couldn't blame him, he didn't know how he had done *all* of this.

“When we put her in the cup, everyone will be stunned by her beauty.” Ilya mused playfully, dodging a pillow to the head as he cradled their daughter to his chest after taking her back into his arms feeling as though every second not holding her was depriving him of oxygen. “What? I'm just saying she is perfect size for this.”

Shane rolled his eyes with a yawn, waving his hand dismissively at his husband whose smile could rival the sun itself right at this moment. He would let Ilya have this, he would let him have anything actually— his happiness was worth everything to him.

“Sure, whatever you say.”

End Notes

hi! i'm so nervous posting this but I love these boys so much and have read the books and am just so excited to see them on our screens and AHHHH okay so I wanted to write shane giving birth and putting him in situations but yeah! 🥰 I hope you guys like <3 normally i'm writing hrpf but I had to take a whack at these guys also special thanks to my good buddy w for listening to me yap about this idea <3

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