the birthday surprise

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the birthday surprise

by Anonymous

Summary

Shane woke up to an eerily silent house. He wasn't sure why it was so quiet but these weren't his normal morning sounds at all and it was starting to make him feel off. Actually there were no sounds…like at all.

Or the one where It's Shane's birthday and he has some surprises in store.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Shane woke up to an eerily silent house. He wasn't sure why it was so quiet but these weren't his normal morning sounds *at all* and it was starting to make him feel off. Actually there were no sounds…like at all.

Typically there would be sounds of Ilya snoring in his ear, the sounds of giggling, or pots and pans clanking together downstairs — which again there was none of.

So forgive him if he was a little suspicious that *something* was going on under his nose. There had to be a reason for all of this-

And oh shit it was his birthday.

How the hell did he even forget that? The rounded swell that his hand was resting on currently could be slightly attributed to his reasoning for having forgotten. That 'mom brain' was real it was *so* fucking real because Shane would forget his head most days if it weren't attached and that wasn't even a joke.

"Ilya?" Shane called out deciding he would venture downstairs to check everything out and make sure his family hadn't been snatched by aliens.

And there was no one to be found.

Not even Anya who typically by now would have bounded down the stairs behind him, practically attached to his ankles at this point. She may or may not have taken it upon herself to protect him practically each pregnancy. It was funny because Anya had been like this when he was pregnant with Sofia and now with their newest addition currently blowing him up like a blimp.

"Oh-kay, that's strange." Shane said aloud, searching for any signs of life in the kitchen where Ilya would sometimes be found cooking breakfast for Sofia, giving into her demands of winnie the pooh shaped pancakes— she drove a hard bargain by telling her papa she would eat *all* of her breakfast if he made them in her favorite shapes.

Feeling rather thirsty, Shane trudged over the fridge taking a brief break from his detective work to grab a water when a hello kitty sticky note caught his eye.

'Happy birthday, moya lyubov <3 I took Sofa to her ballet class and am going to take her to park after. We will meet you at home!'

So he remembered. It wasn't like Shane thought he would forget and Sofia did have ballet- wait no she didn't.

No this was not a ballet day. It wasn't even on the calender, that much Shane knew.

So…what exactly was Ilya doing?

Shane decided to stick around the house because the note said to stay there and his ankles were always swelling up…as they were known to do. It didn't take much nowadays for him to swell just about anywhere, especially his ankles.

The omega tidied up the house (not that there was anything to clean) and plopped down on the couch to take a quick break and ended up falling asleep only to be woken up by Anya licking his face.

"Oh hey Anya- wait where's Ilya?" He rubbed the sleep out of his eyes, trying to figure out where the hell his husband was and why he was asking their dog.

There was a note attached to her collar that said:

Come outside to back deck.

And naturally Shane had to do what it said like any sane person would do, having to practically launch himself off the couch because his stomach was at the point of feeling like a bowling ball was sitting on his pelvis at all times.

"I'm coming Anya, wait up." Shane slid his feet into his slides, the only thing that would even fit anymore as he pushed the sliding glass back door open to reveal his surprise.

The backyard had been decorated in balloons of various colors and there was an entire cooler of gingerale and a lopsided cake that looked rather homemade with sprinkles — he assumed that Sofia had helped with that one.

Sofia was wearing her fairy wings and had a flower crown on over her little braids paired with overalls and her favorite bright red rainboots. Ilya had to have dressed her up, he was the best at that.

"Oh my god…this is so sweet." Shane didn't even remember when he had started to cry. They weren't sad tears, no he was just…this was just so thoughtful. They had done this all for him. "Look at that cake, Sofia honey did you help with that?"

That made Sofia grin from ear to ear, nodding enthusiastically as she ran up to hug her daddy's legs. "Yup! I help papa make you a cake and I want to make it like a loon because they are papa's favorite."

Now that had Shane practically rolling, he had to stifle a laugh in his shoulder as he turned his head. "Oh yeah? Papa definitely likes them a lot. He has that tattoo, huh." He chuckled softly, scooping her up to place her on his hip.

Ilya was rather proud with himself for making it this far with his surprise. Well, that and it was always fun to have Sofia in on it with him. It was their little tradition in a way and now that she was old enough to somewhat help her papa, it meant so much more.

"Happy birthday, *moya lyubov*. Did you think we disappeared?" Ilya teased, wrapping his arms around Shane as he pulled him close after he had sat Sofia down to let her play on her swing set with Anya nipping at her heels as she went back and forth.

"Yeah actually I thought maybe you had taken Sofia to find another pregnant omega to celebrate his birthday with." Shane quipped sarcastically, the corner of his lips curling up into a grin as he leaned up to steal a kiss from his alpha.

"Mm no, I can only handle one pregnant husband at a time and *my* omega is only husband for me. Even if he is a little bit boring." Ilya cupped Shane's face in his hands as he stole another kiss, this one lasting longer than the last one.

Shane rested his forehead against Ilya's for a second as he breathed in his cedar and patchouli musk, calming himself with his alpha's scent as he had gotten himself a little worked up by anticipating the surprise and then finally seeing what it was. Surprises weren't really Shane's strong suit but he had learned to love them with Ilya — especially with the pup nestled in between them.

"This is definitely a birthday I won't forget." Shane murmured, resting his head on Ilya's shoulder as they watched Sofia run around their little yard with her mini hockey stick pretending she was a fairy warrior.

This was definitely one of the best birthdays he had ever had and he couldn't wait for the many more he would have with his family.

End Notes

💌 so i literally got possessed while typing this, i saw that shane had today dedicated to him so it's now a holiday thus i had to make a fic for his day <3
💌 so while this fic is a birthday fic and it isn't shane's actual bday it is shane day! hope you guys enjoy reading <3
💌 also where i am it's the 29th aka shane day which i will keep saying because oh my god shane hollander has a day dedicated to him!!!!!

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