

but i'll keep safe in your arms

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but i'll keep safe in your arms

by [unearthedlove](#)

Summary

It's been a wonderfully blissful summer. They've spent most of it at their house in Ottawa, only having a brief window at the cottage right before the twins arrived. But it's alright, Shane is already planning how they'll spend the entirety of next summer at the cottage. Ilya is really looking forward to seeing them in cute baby swimsuits and big floaties.

Unfortunately, this bubble they're living in will pop tomorrow.

(Or: Shane and Ilya prepare to spend the first day apart from their twins.)

Notes

have currently spent the entirety of the last week thinking about shane and ilya becoming parents. i kind of wish i was joking but i have a note on my phone with at least seven different stories i want to write with maya and max. so here is installment one!

there's something about shane and ilya finally getting everything they want that makes me a little weepy? they deserve it!!

title is from guardian angel by carly rae jepsen.

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

August 2025 – Ottawa

Shane quietly closes the door, leaving it partially open. He taps his shorts pockets, checking that he has the baby monitor with him. He shuffles down the stairs, relieved the twins went down easily tonight. They usually do.

It's been a whirlwind 6 weeks. Six weeks of bottle feeding, tummy time, and newborn baby snuggles. Of Ilya looking so handsome as he carries their twin babies around. Of their friends' faces lighting up on Facetime as they see Maya and Max for the first time. Of Shane's heart feeling like it'll explode from happiness. Of finally becoming parents with Ilya.

It took them a couple of years to get here. The adoption process was long and arduous. It took almost a full 21 months to be approved for adoption, given their work schedules and that they're both men. Shane cried many, many times over the last several years, wishing the process was easier for them. In the end though, it was all worth it.

Several months before the babies were born, they met with their birth mother, Mina. Japanese-Canadian like Shane, she had gotten pregnant from a guy she had been casually seeing at the time. She was just past the first trimester when she found out. She had never envisioned herself being a mom, her work as an attorney too important to her, and so, she decided she would give them up for adoption.

She had been thrilled when she saw Shane and Ilya's name on the list of prospective parents. Not only was she a huge hockey fan (she really puts Yuna Hollander to shame), but she liked that Shane had a similar background as her. She had been worried about the twins going to someone who wouldn't respect their culture. Shane was honored Mina had selected them and promised her that they would know their heritage.

They had offered to allow Mina to be in their lives, but she politely declined. She wasn't cut out to be a mom, preferring her work and the occasional girls' trip to beautiful locations around the world. All she wanted was picture updates of the twins having the best life. If they eventually wanted to meet, she would plan for that, but for now, the pictures were enough.

It's now mid-August, and they've settled into their new life with surprising ease. Shane knew Ilya would be a great father but seeing it in action has been something so special. They have a great routine down. Ilya always gets them in the mornings, allowing Shane to keep up his morning workouts. He gets them up, changed, and fed, before taking them on a small walk with Anya every morning.

Then, once Shane has finished for the morning, they spend the day quietly hanging out with the twins. Even though they're only 6 weeks old, Shane can already see their personalities coming through. Maya is a bit more anxious, preferring to be close to her dads. Shane lets her take a nap on him at least twice a day. There's no better place to be trapped than underneath a baby. Max, on the other hand, could sleep on a rock and wouldn't care. He's a little louder and loves making noises during tummy time, but still always so sweet.

At the end of the day, they switch roles. Ilya gets to workout, play videogames, or just simply shower from the day, while Shane puts them to bed. He loves this time. The babies are always so pink and rosy after bathtime, when he does it. And he loves reading them a story. There's nothing sweeter than watching your babies be lulled to sleep by your voice, knowing they feel safe and protected in that moment.

It's been a wonderfully blissful summer. They've spent most of it at their house in Ottawa, only having a brief window at the cottage right before the twins arrived. But it's alright, Shane is already planning how they'll spend the entirety of next summer at the cottage. Ilya is really looking forward to seeing them in cute baby swimsuits and big floaties.

Unfortunately, this bubble they're living in will pop tomorrow. Tomorrow, they're leaving the twins for most of the day. The foundation has continued to blossom each summer, with more donations and events coming up. Their summer camps are in full swing too. They've missed the last two weeks seeing as they were in Montreal and Vancouver, but this week, the camps are in Ottawa. Yuna convinced them it might be good to come this week, so they can have a practice run, for when the season starts.

Shane has been resisting the urge to cry all day. He knew this would be hard, becoming parents while they're still playing for the NHL. They talked about it extensively with each other, with the people in their lives, with their therapists. But it's one thing to talk about it, and it's another to actually experience it. They luckily had the foresight to hire a nanny before the twins had even arrived, and to say she's been a godsend would be an understatement.

Her name is Sonya. She's in her 50s, and she speaks fluent Russian. Her husband, Vadim, is a carpenter. She arrives each morning around 9am, not too long after Ilya gets back from his walk with the kids. She helps them manage the house, meal prepping, cleaning, looking after Anya when the twins are being fussy. She also watches the twins when Ilya and Shane both have to take a call with Coach Wiebe or have to take business calls about the foundation.

She'll be their caretaker when Shane and Ilya have to go to practice during the season. And when they go on their road trips, Yuna and David will come to the house and stay with them, in addition to Sonya. Shane wishes they could stay at home 24/7 with the kids, but his parents have reminded him that it takes a village to raise kids. This is something Hayden, Bood, and Dykstra all reminded them as well. Still, Shane knows he will cry when they go on their first road trip. Ilya might tease him for it, but he knows his husband might also cry.

He comes down the stairs, turning the corner. Ilya and Sonya are quietly chatting; Sonya's bags packed for the day. Anya is sitting at their feet, hoping someone will notice and pet her. Ilya looks up then, smiling softly at Shane. It still makes Shane's heart flutter. He shuffles his way over to them.

"Sonya is heading out. She will be back at 7 tomorrow, since we have to be up earlier than normal for the camps."

Shane hugs Sonya, who gives him a squeeze back. They've only known her for 5 months now, but she's quickly become an important part of their family. "Drive safe. We'll see you in the morning."

They see her out, waving at her from the front door. Ilya closes the door, as she drives away. He turns to Shane, pulling him into his arms. Shane immediately melts, arms coming to wrap around his husband's waist. He tucks his head into the crook of Ilya's shoulder, breathing in his warm scent. Ilya kisses the top of his head.

"It will be okay tomorrow."

Shane sighs. "I know. I'm excited to see everyone, but I wish we could live in this bubble forever."

Ilya chuckles. "Da. Same. But we knew this day would come." He pulls back to look down at Shane. "But it is only for a week and then we can go back to our bubble until the season officially starts."

Shane nods. "Yeah. Do you want to shower? I was just going to watch some tv down here for a little before passing out."

Ilya smirks. "No, I have something else in mind."

Shane knows that glint in his husband's eyes. They haven't done anything sexual since the twins came home. Besides the occasional kiss that lasts a little too long, they haven't touched one another since June. It's the longest they've gone without sex since they started living together full time 4 years ago.

Shane's eyebrow goes up at the suggestion. "And where do you suggest we do this *something else*? Last I checked, we have two sleeping babies in our bedroom. And our bathroom is connected to that bedroom."

Ilya reaches down, grabbing Shane's hand. He drags him over to the couch. Shane sees Anya has already gone upstairs for the night. She always has to watch the twins. Their little protector.

"Relax, Hollander. While I would love to fuck your brains out properly, I know you would not be able to keep quiet without waking the twins."

Shane flushes. "As if you would be any better. You love talking during sex."

Ilya grins as he sits down, pulling Shane down with him. "Maybe. But I think we can make time for some quiet hand jobs, no? Just something to take the edge off."

Shane settles himself over Ilya's lap. A hand job from Ilya does sound nice; Shane has jacked himself off a couple of times since the twins arrived, but it was only to relieve some tension. Hardly satisfying in any way. But Ilya touching him... well that will do it for him every time.

Shane reaches into his pocket, taking out the monitor. Both Shane and Ilya look, confirming the twins are still asleep. They stare longer than necessary.

Ilya breaks the quiet with a whispered, "They are perfect."

Shane feels a small lump in the back of his throat. “Yes, they really are.” He puts in aside before digging his hands into Ilya’s hair, pulling him in for a kiss.

Ilya groans, hands coming to Shane’s butt, squeezing his globes. *God*, Shane wishes Ilya could fuck him. He misses Ilya’s cock buried deep in his ass, the pressure to his prostate, the pleasant thrum of soreness, cum leaking out of his hole after Ilya finishes. Maybe he should ask his parents to watch them for a night, just so they can have proper sex.

For now, though, they make out on their couch, rubbing against one another like horny teenagers. As Ilya sucks on his tongue, Shane reaches down, hand reaching underneath the waist of his sweats, pulling out Ilya’s cock. Ilya quickly reciprocates, pushing Shane’s hand away, instead taking both of their cocks in his one, giant hand. Shane is leaking like a faucet, slicking both of them.

Ilya strokes them slowly and unhurriedly. Whispered in between kisses are, “*You’re perfect, Shane, you’re such a good boy*”; “*Oh god, Ilya, that’s so good*”; “*You are so wet, sweetheart*”; “*I love you, oh god, I’m so close*”; “*I love you, cum for me, that’s it, so good.*”

Afterwards, as they pant into each other’s mouths, cum staining their shirts, Ilya pressing soft kisses to Shane’s face, Shane knows he’s going to ask his mom tomorrow if she can watch the twins next weekend. He needs to be fucked immediately.

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The next day

Shane is chatting with his mom, while Ilya and David make a coffee run for the other coaches, when he sees Wyatt Hayes walk in. Wyatt’s face splits into a giant grin, beelining to Shane and Yuna.

“Hollywood! It’s so good to see you. We’ve missed you guys at the last few get-togethers.”

Wyatt gives Yuna a big hug, before picking Shane up, which makes him laugh. “Hey Wyatt. It’s good to see you. Yeah, we’ve missed you guys too, but I can’t say the time off hasn’t been great.”

Wyatt puts him down. He makes grabby hands. “C’mon! Show me pics! You guys have only sent a couple, and beside the two Facetimes, I’ve barely seen my niece and nephew.”

Shane breaks into a giant grin, reaching for his cellphone. It makes him so unbelievable giddy when their friends and teammates refer to the twins as their niece and nephew. Shane is an only child, and Ilya’s only brother is back in Russia. And even if they could see one another, Ilya wouldn’t want to see him anyways. But the twins have an even bigger family in the hockey community. Hayden and Jackie’s kids are clamoring to meet them, and their teammates have been dying to see them. They decided they’ll invite everyone over the weekend before practices start, so they can meet the twins and build team morale.

They spend a few minutes gushing over how cute the babies are, other coaches trickling in. Shane gets to do it all over again when Ryan, Scott, Bood, Troy, Dykstra, and Hayden all

come in. Everyone's in a great mood by the time Ilya and David get back with coffee and donuts for everyone.

"Boys! I see you have all seen our perfect children."

Shane laughs, while the guys all greet Ilya. He's handing out donuts, teasing the guys. Shane knows Ilya has missed this. He has too. It's always nice to see their friends. It's hard to imagine how alone Ilya had felt all those years ago, but their life has done an amazing 180 since then. They almost never dwell on it anymore.

"Moya lyubov, here. I brought you some tea."

He happily takes the cup, leaning up to kiss Ilya briefly. He's been trying to reduce his caffeine intake over the last few years, switching to teas with lower concentrations.

"Roz, you didn't bring me tea? Am I not special?"

Ilya turns to look at Bood, who's smirking. Ilya smirks back. "Bood, I do not think you want me to answer that. If you want tea, maybe you should su--"

Shane laughs. "Okay, enough boys. There will be plenty of time to chirp one another. Let's get ready for the day."

The day is nice. It feels good for Shane to be back on the ice. Normally in the summers, he at least spends time at his fake rink, practicing his technique and keeping up his endurance. Instead, he's mostly just running or biking this summer, with the occasional lift. It feels nice to lose himself in the cold of the rink. He gently helps the kids correct their skills. He laughs with them when Ilya does something stupid.

At lunch, he sits with Hayden, catching up on all the Pike family gossip. Before they start the afternoon sessions, Ilya and Shane sneak away to quickly Facetime Sonya, who shows the twins doing tummy time. Both of them perk up when they hear their dads talking.

Before long, it's the end of the session and the kids are funneling out. Parents thanking the coaches, a few of them congratulating Shane and Ilya on their adoption. They had posted on Instagram about two weeks ago that they had adopted the twins, but only so their private business wouldn't be aired without their permission. Over the years, Shane has gotten better about showing off their relationship on social media, but both Ilya and Shane agreed they do not want their kids faces out there. It had been a cute picture of just their feet, asking for privacy. It was their most liked photo.

The guys are all packing up when Troy comes over. "Hey, I know you guys are probably itching to head home, but us and the partners were gonna go get a drink. You're welcome to join."

Ilya shakes his head. "Thank you, but we will pass. I can tell Shane is getting antsy."

Shane lightly shoves Ilya. "As if you're any better." Troy laughs. "We could maybe do something the last day? Just for an extra hour or two. We need to talk with Sonya first."

Troy nods, holding his hand out for fist bumps. “Cool. I’ll let the guys know. Send some pics when you get home to the Centaurs chat!”

Ilya turns to Shane, eyebrow raising. “I am surprised you suggested drinks on Thursday.”

Shane shrugs, blushing a little. “I don’t know. It’s nice to see them. Maybe it’s because I know we’re going to disappear for the rest of the month until the season starts.”

Ilya leans down, kissing Shane’s cheek. “I think it will be nice. But for now, let’s go home, yes?”

They say their goodbyes as they head out. The drive home is quiet, besides the sounds of Carly Rae Jepsen in the background (Shane knew almost no musical artists several years ago but has since become obsessed with the Canadian popstar. To this day, she is the only musical artist he recognizes by ear).

It’s dinner time when they arrive home, so Anya is extra loud as they walk through the door, no doubt vying for food. Sonya is in the kitchen, preparing Maya and Max’s bottles, the twins both in their bouncers. Max’s arms still flapping in excitement when he sees them, while Maya starts blinking a little extra.

“*Priyvet*, boys. I just finished their bottles. Why don’t you feed them, and I’ll take care of Anya for you? Then, you can tell me all about the camps.”

Shane smiles. “Thanks, Sonya. Sounds good.”

Shane grabs Maya, while Ilya takes Max, both of them settling into the couch so they can feed their babies. Maya looks up at him with her cute brown eyes. They remind him of a baby cow. He coos nonsensical things to her; hearing Ilya do the same with their son. Once they’ve finished and burped them, they swap babies so they can say hello.

Eventually, Sonya comes back, and they chat about their days. She happily agrees to watch the twins for an extra hour or two on Thursday. She heads out shortly afterwards, since it’s going to be another early morning. Shane turns to Ilya. “I know the evening is usually your time alone, but do you want to help me put them down? So, you can spend a little more time with them?”

Ilya smiles at him. “I was about to ask if we could do it together. Come, let’s go clean them and put them to bed.”

They spend the night in quiet bliss, as they bathe their tiny babies, small squeaks coming out of Maya’s mouth and louder shrieks coming from Max. Anya watches on from the door. They lotion them up and get them into cozy pajamas and their swaddles, before reading them a story. Ilya takes the story tonight, and Shane leans on his shoulder, feeling himself also being lulled to sleep by husband’s words.

Finally, the babies are out, and they can have an hour or two to themselves before it repeats the next day. They sit there, enjoying the tranquility, watching their perfect babies sleep. Shane breaks the silence, quietly saying, “By the way, I asked my mom if she could watch

the twins for a couple of hours next Friday, so we can go on a date. Or maybe do other things.”

Ilya looks down at Shane, grin splitting into something a little more wicked. He leans down kissing Shane, quickly but hotly. “That sounds perfect.”

It really does.

End Notes

i love that shane knows absolutely no pop culture references, but there's something endearing about him hearing one (1) carly rae jepsen song and deciding he's gonna become a fan for life. i think he would love that she's also canadian!

also since rachel's AMA, i've been obsessed with shane's nickname being hollywood. makes his lack of pop culture understanding even funnier to me.

comments and kudos always appreciated!

(sorry for any typos or weird spacing. i'm sure i'll inevitably find stuff to edit in the days to follow even though i've read this over 15 times)

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