

In the palm of your hand

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In the palm of your hand

by [clockwrkpendrxgon](#)

Summary

The one where Shane and Ilya find out they are having twins.

Notes

title is taken from william blake's auguries of innocence :)

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

“We—what?” Shane’s voice thins a bit more than he was aiming. Ilya’s death grip on his arm might be the only thing grounding him at the moment.

“Twins. You’re having twins. I thought you already knew?” The doctor gives them a perplexed look.

They are standing right out of the delivery room where their baby—well, babies now according to the piece of news they just received—are about to be born. Shane’s heart is racing in his chest, and there is a tiny possibility he is outright panicking. He doesn’t even notice what happens after the news is revealed, then he feels something press to his chest. His eyes dart down and he finds Ilya’s hand splayed over his left pec where his heart is going crazy. His wedding band glints under the fluorescent lights of the hospital, a firm reminder of their journey together.

“Hey.” He is much calmer than Shane, though he does look surprised too. “Is okay. If you think about it, this way our kid will not be alone. They will have someone to share everything with.”

Something pokes at Shane’s heart when hearing “our kid” come out of his husband’s mouth at the hospital right where it is actually about to be true. After months of research and late night talks, they both decided that they want to find a child that needs a home with a loving family and they want to raise that child together. And this is how they found Elaine, a woman who was apparently pregnant with twins and cannot keep them, so she chose Shane and Ilya to be their adoption parents. Only the parents did *not* know the part where one baby became two.

Shane nods in agreement, absorbing Ilya’s words. They have also agreed to wait until the kid is born to find out whether it is a girl or a boy. They didn’t care so long as the infant was healthy. He is just worried that—

“We can do this.” Ilya smiles. “We have been waiting for too long. Come on, you do not want to miss the birth of our children, do you?”

Shane smiles. He wouldn’t miss it for the world.

Elaine gives birth to healthy, beautiful twins. A girl and a boy.

Shane and Ilya are standing next to each other, looking like the sappiest pair ever with happy tears wetting their cheeks. Shane is carrying their baby boy, and his eyes keep switching between the tiny human being in his arms and the soft, adoring look on Ilya’s face as he looks back at Shane. Ilya, who is as much as a father as Shane is, one that will love as fiercely and as big as he always does, because that is what Ilya does best.

“Have you decided on names yet?” The nurse asks.

Ilya and Shane exchange a look, the lists of names they have gone through flashing before their eyes. Until two final names shine the brightest, pulling at their already smiling lips.

“We're not naming our son Roger; you sack of shit!” They both laugh and then kiss until Ilya suddenly pulls away, his eyes wide.

“Nikolai.” He blurts out.

“What?” Shane asks, confused.

“Nikolai. Our son's name.”

Shane falls silent for a moment, then he scrunches up his nose. He repeats the name out loud, slower this time.

Ilya rolls his eyes. “We can call him Nicky, is that boring enough for you?”

“Shut up, I'm thinking about it!”

“No. Do not think. I do not like it when you think—”

“I like it.” Shane stops him.

“Yes?” Ilya's eyes light up in the most heartwarming way Shane has ever seen him.

“Yes.” Shane pecks his lips. “On one condition though. I get to pick our daughter's name.”

“I will think about it.” Ilya pretends to think it over.

“Oh. Fuck off.” He laughs, but ends up falling into Ilya's arms anyway, letting sleep take over both of them.

Ilya doesn't know it, but he already knows what he wants to name their daughter. If they are ever lucky to have one.

“Yes, uh.” Shane clears his throat after it comes out wobbly from the amount of emotion consuming him. God, it almost felt like no one except the four of them existed in this room until the nurse's voice burst the bubble.

“This is Nicky,” Ilya softly bumps his shoulder with Shane, eliciting a smile from him as he nods towards their baby boy. “Short for Nikolai.”

“And this is Rina.” Shane smiles at their baby daughter who is unaware yet of anything going on around her.

“Such beautiful names.” The nurse helplessly coos, looking at the newborns. “Should I put them down under Hollander or Rozanov?”

Shane is about to give an indecisive reply when Ilya's voice cuts through, gentle and final at the same time that it leaves Shane a little breathless.

“Hollander-Rozanov.”

“Perfect.” The middle-aged lady smiles. “I’ll be right back to get them. We just need to check that everything is okay, and then you’re all free to go home. Congratulations again.” She gives them a friendly, very mother-like pat on the shoulder and disappears out of the door, leaving Ilya, Shane and the babies to themselves.

The first of them to break is Ilya, then Shane follows. Their shoulders shake with the ridiculous, joy-filled giggles that are escaping them, but they don’t care. They are officially dads. They are finally, *finally* here.

“We are going to love you so much you will practically hate us,” Shane murmurs down at them.

“Yes, and I will love you more, so you better remember who is the better dad.” Ilya teases, pulling a laugh from Shane.

“Dream on, Rozanov.”

The nurse from earlier comes to take them as she said, giving Shane and Ilya a moment of privacy.

Ilya pulls Shane closer to him, a more serious expression taking over his features. His eyes are full of so much love Shane wants to drown in them. “Can you believe it?” He presses his forehead to Shane’s.

Something big and tender fills his chest, images of them taking care of the babies together, taking them over to meet their parents’ teammates, and so many things Shane can’t help but look forward to. “Honestly? No. But I can’t wait to do it all with you.”

“Me too.” Ilya softly kisses him.

They return home to a festival (quite literally) of balloons and a sign that reads “Welcome to the world”. Waiting in something a little more than eagerness under that sign is Yuna and David Hollander, buzzing with excitement to meet their first grandchild. Shane comes in first with Rina cooped up in his arms.

“Oh, my baby!” Yuna claps her hands once, and Shane doesn’t know whether she is talking about him or the bundle of joy in his arms. “She’s adorable, Shane. Hi, little one.”

“Uh, honey?” David’s voice comes out in coherent words for the first time after babbling in baby language.

Then, very slowly, Ilya emerges with Nicky from behind him.

“Oh my God.” Yuna covers her mouth. “Ilya, they know you have two babies, right?”

David stifles a laugh. One that is very characteristically out of disbelief.

Shane answers this one for both of them. “Yes, mum. Turns out Elaine was pregnant with twins after all.”

“And you didn't know?!” Yuna asks in a disapproving tone.

“No one told us!” Shane replies defensively.

David is doing a terrible job of holding in his laugh so he just lets it out and shakes his head. “Oh, move over, David, I want to meet— wait.” Yuna pauses, looking down at the soundly sleeping Nikolai.

“Is it—”

“Boy.” Ilya grins.

Yuna gasps.

“Would you look at that,” he exclaims. “You got one of each.” He jokes, but Yuna is somewhere between laughing and crying.

“Hi Nicky.” She kisses the top of his covered head.

Shane shoots Ilya a betrayal-filled glare. “You told her already?!”

Ilya smiles crookedly. “Sorry.”

“No, you're not.” Shane huffs.

“Shane, honey, I still want to meet my granddaughter.” She ruffles his hair and then bends down to kiss Rina too. “May I?” She extends her arms and Shane immediately, carefully hands his baby girl over to his mother.

For some reason, Shane's throat goes tight at the sight of his mum carrying her. He tries to look away, but he very quickly learns that he can't actually bring himself to. He could watch Yuna Hollander kiss and talk to her granddaughter all she wanted, and he wouldn't be anything but so, stupidly happy.

“And you are?” Yuna smiles down at her, and Shane's insides turn to a puddle. This is a moment he has been waiting for since he came up with what he wants to name their daughter, and this was finally it.

“Rina.” Shane smiles.

“Shane.” Yuna exclaims, her eyes welling up with tears once again.

“Welcome to the world, Nicky and Rina.” David joins in, draping an arm over Yuna and staring lovingly at the infants.

“Up till the last minute, I thought Ilya would force you to name her Yuna.” He chuckles, and that earns him a “hey!” from his wife.

“You must be tired.” She looks at Shane and Ilya. “Why don't we leave you to rest and settle in? And you know we're a phone call away, right? If you need help with anything—”

“Yes, mum, I know.” Shane nods appreciatively. “Don’t worry.”

Yuna seems to do the exact opposite, but they collectively succeed in convincing her that everything is okay. “I’ll miss them so much.”

David shuffles her out of the door. “Good luck, boys!” He shoots them an apologetic look, and Shane realizes he is wishing them good luck in having Yuna Hollander as the twins’ grandmother. Shane laughs, shaking his head.

“Come on.” Shane heads to the nursery where an empty crib waits for its residents to sleep in. Ilya tucks Nicky in, then offers to take Rina as well while Shane unpacks the stuff they picked up from the hospital.

“She is so little,” Ilya says with a hint of wonder in his voice.

Shane almost laughs. “She’s a newborn, of course she’s...” his words leave him in a low exhale when he turns and his eyes land on Ilya.

He is standing by their little babies’ crib, carrying Rina in his big, strong arms like she is the most tender being in the world. And she does, in fact, look so small against his broad chest. Shane’s heart swells so much in his chest his eyes start to sting. This was happening a lot today, he is starting to realise that. He doesn’t think he will get tired of it though.

He has always known that Ilya is going to be a good dad, but he didn’t know that it would take him some time until he got used to seeing breath stealing moments like this one. Not just that, but the fact that this is the first of many more to come, it causes goosebumps to spread over his skin.

Ilya removes the cover over her head, revealing her thin, dark hair. He raises her slightly until he plants a kiss to the top of her head. “God, she smells incredible,” he says, a smile spreading over his face. “Shane, you have to smell her. Is like...” he pauses to look for the right words.

Shane crosses the space between them and joins his husband. “Like the best scent you will ever smell?” He says after he presses his lips to her head, kissing her and inhaling her baby smell.

“Yes.” Ilya nods in agreement. “And she is ours. Every day.”

“Yes.” Shane smiles, sliding his index finger in her small, soft hand.

“*Ilya!*” Shane quietly gasps when she wraps her small palm around his finger, squeezing in her own, baby, reflexive way. “Did you see that?”

Ilya is looking expectantly at him, as if he is watching a dream unfold in front of his eyes. A miracle. “Come here,” he whispers, resting Rina on one arm while he extends his other arm for Shane. Just at the same moment, Nicky releases the early sounds of a series of cries.

“I got him.” Shane turns to pick him up, slightly rocking him in his arms. “It’s okay, it’s okay,” he tells the crying baby, switching the way he is carrying him to match Ilya’s as Nicky

gradually stops crying. He doesn't stay quiet though. He fills the air with croaky, adorable noises, and Shane finds himself dreading the possibility of Nicky's voice waking Rina up, and then the two would start crying and then—

“Slow down.” Ilya knocks his hip with Shane's. “Look at them. They are little angels.”

“You won't say that when we're waking up more than three times at night to them wailing.” Shane threatens playfully.

“I know.” Ilya grins, his eyes flickering between the twins.

“It'll be crazy.” Shane caresses Nicky's round cheek with the back of his finger, the soft skin under it making his heart grow in size in his chest.

“Oh. Total madness.” Ilya agrees. “But worth it all.” His eyes then shift to Shane, and he finds the hazel in them filled with nothing but love and reassurance.

He stares into them and sees Ilya doing piggyback rides all over their living room, he sees Ilya painting Rina's nails in pretty colours and then doing Nicky's too, he sees Ilya reading bedtime stories in English and in Russian—he sees Ilya being the greatest father he has ever wished to be, so far removed from the complications of his own family growing up and his constant fear of turning into his father.

“Worth it all.” Shane tips his head back and lets his lips meet Ilya's.

Ilya kisses him back earnestly, softly, and distantly thinks that this is everything he could ever want in life. This moment with Shane and the babies in his arms feels like he is holding the entire world with its infinite galaxies in the palm of his hand.

End Notes

i wrote this at a very low point when i needed a serotonin boost, so i hope it was one for you too :)

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