

a new kind of normal

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by Anonymous

Summary

Everything was quiet now in the house. It was almost a little too quiet compared to the semi-chaos it had been in not even thirty minutes prior to Shane mustering up all the will power in his body to get both a defiant toddler and a newborn to sleep.

Or Shane is so exhausted and Ilya saves the day

Notes

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

Everything was quiet now in the house. It was almost a little too quiet compared to the semi-chaos it had been in not even thirty minutes prior to Shane mustering up all the will power in his body to get both a defiant toddler and a newborn to sleep.

Ilya was also on the battle field with him, fighting the good fight in the trenches with him trying to tame their pups.

Again, one was easier than two and one of them was the easier of the two.

Collapsing onto their bed, Shane felt like his entire body was made of jello. He had walked the floors, patting Sofia on the back trying his best to replicate the way he would hold her when she was as tiny as her sister— it took him back.

Took him back to the exhaustion he had felt but there was also this warm feeling in his chest knowing his pup could still be soothed by the same thing that used to work for her except now she was all long limbs and her baby features had faded into that of a toddler but the feeling that his pup still needed him like this— it made Shane so soft.

Ilya had taken the task of rocking Masha after she had finished her bottle Shane had pumped for her earlier when the chaos hadn't been dialed to a ten.

"Wow...that was intense." Shane swallowed, his mouth was dry, he couldn't remember the last time he ate or drank that night. His outer appearance matched exactly how he felt.

Spit up on his shoulder, spaghetti stains from head to toe accompanied by a thousand yard stare told Ilya everything he needed to know about Shane's day.

"You look like someone attacked you." Ilya finally broke the silence, a shifting next to him letting the alpha know his omega was still awake as they laid in the dark soaking up the much needed break.

"Yeah actually I was attacked by two Rozanov babies— not Hollander just Rozanov. They were *all* you tonight." Shane propped himself up on his elbows, turning his body to face Ilya, finally feeling like he could breathe.

It had been rough what with the nicu stay, being away from Ilya and Sofia and then having to bounce back and forth between the hospital and home.

Their newest addition had not made her entrance without making it memorable, that was for certain. These little moments reminded Shane of just how lucky they were to be *home*.

"I didn't want to go to the game earlier. Kept thinking about you, about Sofia, and little bear." Ilya was just traumatized as he was, checking the little sock app on his phone constantly during intermissions to make sure Masha's stats were good.

It wasn't that Shane didn't have it all together.

No, out of all the people that did have it together Shane was one of the ones that did it was just— almost losing him rewired Ilya's brain as it would anyone spouse getting pulled from a game to be told that not only his husband was giving birth but that he was five weeks early.

An entire month.

Their baby girl had decided she wanted to join them ahead of schedule throwing them off their game plan, sending them full spiral down the shoot of the unknown.

Shane's release from the hospital followed by a month stay for Masha had them all clinging to each other. Sofia had it rough— it had been the longest time she had spent away from her daddy when her sister was born.

She didn't understand why her daddy had to stay so long, why her baby couldn't come home right away.

Ilya had to navigate being a parent by himself for a week and he swore after that he would do some sort of sacrifice ritual or hire one of those Etsy witches to ensure that Shane lived forever— he couldn't do this without him.

So it was safe to say, Ilya hadn't wanted to go play tonight but he did. He took the big leap forward since it was a home game and told Shane that if he needed him for *anything* to call their trainers or Wiebe directly. That he would leave, he could rush home to them.

Of course, Shane didn't call. He refused, instead he went with the flow and made it almost the entire way through until he had hit the snag of bedtime.

He wasn't papa.

That was Sofia's complaint that she had filed with management and management couldn't exactly give her what she wanted so she had to settle.

She was only four. Shane had reminded himself of this when the painfully overtired toddler was thrashing around in his arms pushing him away whining that she wanted papa. That papa needed to rock her and read her the bedtime story.

Papa had been there for her. Had been doing their bedtime routine for a month while Shane was back and forth staying Masha in the nicu until visiting hours were over.

"I'm terrible." Shane whispered, his voice threatening to give way to the weight that he was feeling in his chest.

Ilya gathered his tired husband into his arms, his ribs aching along with his chest for other reasons than a blocked shot. He hated seeing Shane sad, it killed him hearing him down his accomplishments and belittle them as if he hadn't carried and given birth to their baby girls. As if he hadn't sacrificed his body and two seasons worth of hockey for their family.

"You are not terrible, you are strongest person I know. You are just tired and need rest, sweetheart." Ilya murmured against Shane's soft locks, scenting him all the while to soothe his omega and calm his nerves.

Shane sniffled softly, silent tears falling as he turned his face and buried it in Ilya's firm chest seeking much needed comfort there. The alpha tightened his embrace, rocking him back and forth just how Shane always did for him.

"She wanted you tonight— I mean I get that she wanted you 'cause like you were here every night for bedtime and I was coming back from seeing Masha but I- I felt like I wasn't enough." Shane's voice cracked mid-sentence.

He knew toddlers didn't have a filter, that Sofia hadn't meant to hurt him but it was true everything she had said.

It wasn't like he and Ilya hadn't taken turns when it came to visiting with Masha. They did and Shane would take over bedtime duties for the night but more often than not it was Ilya.

Sometimes his mom would keep Sofia too so they could both stay with their youngest, she had been a lifesaver like she always had been.

"She was tired, she didn't mean it. We say things when we are tired that we do not mean. Just like when I say I'm too tired for this perfect ass—" Ilya's hands drifted downwards giving Shane's ass a squeeze for emphasis. "I don't mean it."

That got a small smile and a half hearted whack to the chest from his husband.

"We watched the game, Sofia kept saying you got a goal for her and that assist was for Masha." Shane grinned tiredly, recalling his evening with their pups.

"They also watched you get tossed in the bin over that nasty hit on Luca. Is he okay?" Shane's brows knit together with concern as he hadn't had a quiet moment to text their basically adopted rookie.

Sofia had been a little upset that someone had hurt her Lu. That might have even added onto her distress for the evening seeing as Luca had went down the tunnel shortly after getting up, hobbling refusing to put weight on his right ankle.

However, that only poured fuel into reason for cheering her papa on when they dropped the gloves over it.

"He will be okay, he's tough kid. Now, you on the other hand if you would've twisted your ankle like that it would have been another story. You are getting up there in age." Ilya trailed off, that damn playful smirk of his coaxing comfort into him.

"You asshole, if I'm old you're old too."

"Not boring though."

"Sofi says I'm not boring, well at least she said that before I told her it was bedtime."

"See? Very boring of you. A reasonable bedtime when papa is playing? I am now on her side." Ilya dodged another half hearted smack, re situating Shane in his arms as he pulled the blankets over them and made his omega lay his head against his chest again.

It didn't take much at all for Shane to melt into Ilya, his eyes threatening to close any second now as sleep was on the horizon for him.

"*Ya tebya lyublyu.*" Ilya murmured against Shane's silky locks, sleep tugging at his own eyelids.

"Mm, love you too."

Shane sleepily mumbled against his alpha's chest, breathing in his musk.

This was their new normal. It would definitely take some getting used to but they would navigate this new chapter of their life together.

Their babies were still asleep, the house was quiet and they were in bed together— Shane couldn't ask for anything more.

End Notes

💌 so little miss masha (yes masha, they couldn't resist making sofia happy by naming her that) is here kinda in this fic, so yay! I plan on doing her birth fic soon but this is just a snippet of what life with their two pups looks like already 🥺💕 shane is trying his best and so is Ilya

but yeah I hope you enjoy! also happy early valentines day, i definitely plan on writing something for that 💕

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