

give all i had, honey

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/80363396) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/80363396>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander , Original Children of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Mpreg , Male Pregnancy , Childbirth , Family Fluff , Autistic Shane Hollander , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-02-27 Words: 4,548 Chapters: 1/1

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by [18kiwis](#)

Summary

“It looks like you’re having twins.”

“What?!” Shane demanded. “That’s not possible.” Ilya burst out laughing, which made Shane want to slap him.

“This is a joke,” his husband said. “We’re being Punk’d, yes? Where’s Ashton Kutcher?”

Shane and Ilya get an unplanned surprise the day of their daughter’s birth. Shane is less than amused.

Notes

This idea came to me on the bus, so never let anyone tell you that public transportation isn’t important!

The idea is a bit silly, and I’m nervous to post it considering I’ve never written mpreg, and I’ve never been pregnant and know very little about pregnancy, twin births, etc. As with all my fics, please don’t overthink it and just enjoy the ride!

On that same note, you can imagine Shane got pregnant however you want to. Is he an omega? Cool! Is he trans? Cool! Did God or whoever give cisgender men the ability to get pregnant for some reason? Cool! I really don’t know how it happened, but it did, and now Shane and Ilya have to deal with the consequences of my imagination.

Lastly, thank you to my Shane Mpreg Enthusiast group chat on Twitter and Taylor Swift for the song Never Grow Up which this fic is titled after. Enjoy!

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

You didn't have to know Shane Hollander long, or even at all, to know that he was a planner. For him, planning meant control. It was a way for him to control the uncontrollable— life. It didn't matter if it was something as small as carefully scouring the menu for a restaurant he'd be eating at next week or as big as his and Ilya's relationship.

He had always planned, even as a child. Yuna and David frequently talked about little Shane nervously writing on the whiteboard calendar that was on their white fridge. They talked about how he wrote down everything from hockey practice to what they were having for dinner. If things deviated even slightly, it would lead to a meltdown.

He was better now. He understood his autism now and could regulate his emotions much better. He didn't completely shut down when things didn't go as planned, but it still upset him, especially when it came to more serious things. One such thing was baby-making.

Shane was only slightly ashamed to admit he had an entire binder full of research, all centering around his and Ilya's desire to have a child. Hayden had jokingly said that Shane was overthinking it, and Ilya had even agreed with him, pointing out that "Hayden would know since he's had ten children." Shane didn't listen to them, though. He was only validated when, after stopping his birth control at a predetermined time, he got pregnant exactly 36 weeks before Ilya's last season as a Centaur was over. The timing was perfect as it allowed Ilya to be at home for Shane's last weeks of pregnancy and the birth. Ilya wanted to wait to conceive until after he was retired, so that he wouldn't miss as much of the pregnancy, but Shane insisted it was fine.

And it was. His pregnancy was as smooth as one could be. His morning sickness was never severe, his back pain easily placated by Ilya's massages, and most of his cravings satisfied by a weird combination of ginger ale and ketchup potato chips. Ilya wanted the sex of their baby to be a surprise, but Shane couldn't plan for a surprise, and Ilya couldn't deny Shane, so they found out they were having a girl as soon as it was possible to determine. Shane, being, well, Shane, had names picked out an embarrassingly long time before he married Ilya. Roksana Irinia Rozanov-Hollander was soon written in Shane's small, neat handwriting on the cover of the baby book he had been keeping. It was the perfect name for their baby girl, or so Shane thought. It didn't take long for Ilya to start calling her Roxie. Soon after that, Yuna and David did the same thing. Then came Svetlana and Rose. Then came the rest of the Centaurs. Irritated, Shane grumbled, "Her name is Roksana," with a roll of his eyes anytime her nickname was used. When the sign at his baby shower said Welcome, Roxie in handwritten, pink cursive letters, Shane started crying, much to his shame. It took Ilya telling him that Rose ran out of space on the banner and a piece of Funfetti cake to calm down.

Roksana's birth had been planned just like her name had. In fact, it was one of the things Shane had planned the most. He and Ilya toured no less than five hospitals around Ontario, settling on one with an award-winning team of doctors and nurses and private, luxury birthing suites that Shane fell in love with.

When his due date passed, he realized that his daughter didn't value timeliness as much as he did. Gentle pushes to get her to abandon his body, like sex with Ilya and spicy takeout food did little to help. In the end, Shane had to be induced.

A week and a half after his due date, Shane and Ilya arrived at the hospital, Shane feeling surprisingly calm. “Are you sure you’re okay?” Ilya asked him, his hand on the small of his back, as the couple entered the Labor and Delivery Unit.

“Ilya, just this morning, you’ve asked that ten times,” Shane said as he smiled fondly at his visibly anxious husband. “I promise I’m fine.” Truthfully, even if he hadn’t been fine, he probably would’ve lied to Ilya, whose Apple Watch had alerted him of his high heart rate multiple times this morning. Actually, Shane was kind of shocked at just how fine he was. He always pictured being a mess on this day, but he was soothed by the fact that he was in one of the best hospitals in Canada, with his husband and with everything he needed for a day as monumental as today. Ilya was carrying a light green duffle bag on one of his shoulders that had been packed, unpacked, and packed again multiple times by Shane throughout his pregnancy. In it were a few changes of clothes for Shane, a robe, a pair of slippers Jackie had insisted he needed, two different cellphone chargers just in case one broke, his noise-cancelling headphones, and his toiletries (including the specific unscented soap and lotion he used). Also packed were things that Roksana would need, including the agreed-upon going-home outfit that was a Centaurs onesie with a matching hat, mittens, and booties.

Shane and Ilya were greeted by one of the nurses they’d become familiar with over the past several months. “Hi, Shane, Ilya,” Amélie said, a bright smile on her face. Shane and Ilya had liked her from the time they first met. She didn’t know anything about hockey or sports at all, so she treated them like she treated everyone else, which just so happened to be amazingly. “Are we ready to meet Roxie?”

“Roksana,” Shane immediately said. He was in such a good mood that he didn’t even roll his eyes. He did feel a firm kick towards his ribs. He rubbed his stomach in a futile attempt to calm his daughter down. “I know you prefer Roxie, Roksana. Believe me, your protest has been noted.”

“She is just like me,” Ilya said, the look on his face far too smug. After carrying her for 41 and a half weeks, Shane agreed.

Amélie led Shane and Ilya to the same birthing suite they’d seen on their tour a few months ago. The expansive room was just like Shane remembered. It had light wood floors and huge floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the river. The walls were painted a light, serene blue and had various coastal-themed framed pictures on them. Against one wall was a large marble bathtub that was opposite the king-sized bed with white linen. Beside the bed was a comfortable couch that Ilya had tested out when they first visited.

Ilya helped Shane lie down on the bed once they were more settled and he was in his robe. Amélie began taking his vitals. Ilya sat down on the bed beside Shane, running his fingers through his hair that he had let grow slightly longer than he normally did. “Shane, I’m going to give you this IV,” Amélie said. “It has Pitocin in it, which will induce labor.” Shane nodded. He flinched slightly when Amélie stuck the IV in his arm.

“You okay?” Ilya asked, gently rubbing Shane’s other arm.

“Yeah,” Shane said. He knew a little prick on his arm was nothing compared to what was coming.

“Your contractions should start within the hour, but it may take several hours to a few days for active labor to set in,” Amélie said. Shane looked up at her in shock.

“Sorry, did you say days?” he asked. “I don’t remember reading that.” Amélie just smiled sympathetically at him which almost made Shane want to glare at her. He felt ridiculous because he genuinely liked the bubbly nurse, and it wasn’t her fault. She certainly wasn’t the one who invented childbirth.

“It may take less time than that, though, depending on how fast you dilate!” Amélie said far too cheerfully for Shane’s liking. “Don’t worry!”

“Do I look worried?” Shane snapped. To Amélie’s credit, she just smiled and patted his shoulder. Not for the first time, Shane thought L&D nurses were stronger than the U.S. Marines.

“Now, why don’t you relax and get comfortable?” Amélie said. Shane wanted to pout. He did, but only after Amélie left, and it was just him and Ilya.

“She said days,” Shane said, staring at Ilya.

“Maybe not,” Ilya said. He leaned down, putting his lips near Shane’s stomach. “Принцесса, I’m not sure if you got the eviction notice we gave you last week, but you’re being kicked out.” Shane reluctantly smiled and ran his fingers through Ilya’s curls that he had been constantly praying Roksana would inherit.

When his contractions began, not even 30 minutes later, Shane was optimistic that things would continue to progress quickly. Maybe the “stern talking to” Ilya gave their daughter worked.

Nearly 28 hours later, Shane had accepted the fact that he couldn’t have been more wrong. It was early in the morning, so early that the sun hadn’t even risen yet, but Shane had. He had tossed and turned most of the night, woken up by either contractions or a nurse checking him to see how dilated he was. It had easily been one of the worst sleeps of his life.

Ilya, on the other hand, was sleeping peacefully, his head on one of the spare pillows that was in the room’s linen closet and cocooned in the blanket he’d brought from home. Shane wanted to throw one of his pillows at him, just to wake him up, finding it unfair that Ilya seemed to be sleeping like a baby while their literal baby continued to torture Shane. He probably would’ve done it if it weren’t for the knock on the door. “Come in,” Shane said. Ilya began to stir as their obstetrician, Dr. James, walked into the room with a few nurses behind her, including Amélie. Shane liked Dr. James. She was a knowledgeable yet patient older woman who had been delivering babies longer than Shane had been alive.

“Hi, Shane,” Dr. James said. She looked at Ilya, whose hair was tussled, and a bit of dried drool was on the corner of his mouth, and smirked. “And good morning, Ilya.” Ilya, never having been a morning person, nodded as he wiped the sleep out of his eyes.

“Hi, Dr. James,” Shane said as he adjusted his position in bed to get more comfortable to no avail. The sheets that he had originally complimented when he first lay down now felt too

scratchy. He missed his bed.

“We gave you the Pitocin about 28 hours ago,” Dr. James said, now looking down at the clipboard she was holding. Ilya stood up and stretched before standing by Shane in the bed. He put his hand on his husband’s shoulder and kissed his temple.

“Yeah,” Shane said.

“Unfortunately, during my last check, your cervix still hasn’t dilated enough,” Dr. James said. Shane figured as much, but hearing it made him want to cry. He just wanted all of this to be over. “So, what we’re going to do is a C-section.”

“Oh, thank God,” Shane said, allowing his head to fall back against the pillow. That caused some laughter, but Shane was serious. He was sick of this place. The mini fridge made his ginger ale too cold, the bathtub’s water pressure wasn’t strong enough, and the pillow they had given him was too soft.

“Perfect then,” Dr. James said. “I’m going to do another ultrasound before the procedure.” Shane nodded. Whatever would get this over with.

As Dr. James and some of the nurses began setting everything up for the ultrasound, Ilya settled next to Shane in the bed. He was holding Shane’s hand with one of his hands and texting with the other. Shane had seen his phone light up a few times, so he figured Ilya was in their family group chat. “Your parents will be here soon,” Ilya said, confirming Shane’s suspicions. Shane wanted to cry with relief. He didn’t think he’d ever needed them more than he did right now. Not during his first game. Not during the Stanley Cup playoffs. Not even during his wedding. “Aw, look!” Suddenly, Ilya shoved his phone in Shane’s face. On it was a picture of their Australian Shepherd Anya, sitting in his parents’ backyard with the closest thing to a smile on her face. Around her neck was a pink, checkered bandana with Big Sister on it. Shane cooed at the picture.

“She’s so cute,” he said. Ilya showed his phone to the nurses, who also aww’d over Anya. He was about to do the same with Dr. James when he stopped. Shane looked at the doctor and noticed she was staring at the ultrasound monitor, her brows furrowed in what looked like confusion. “Something’s wrong.”

“What is it?” Ilya asked. Both his and Shane’s voices did little to hide their anxiety.

“Nothing’s wrong... per se,” Dr. James said.

“No, something is obviously wrong,” Shane said. It was the first time he had seen the doctor rattled and unsure.

“It’s not,” Dr. James said. “It’s just, well, unexpected.”

“Unexpected?” Shane said. “Forgive me, but that doesn’t make me feel any better.”

“I’m sorry, Shane,” Dr. James said, patting his hand. “I’m usually better at these things, but it’s been a while since I’ve had a shock like this.” Amélie and another nurse peered over the

doctor's shoulders, looking at the monitor. It didn't take long for their eyes to widen. "It looks like you're having twins."

"What?!" Shane demanded. "That's not possible." Ilya burst out laughing, which made Shane want to slap him.

"This is a joke," his husband said. "We're being Punk'd, yes? Where's Ashton Kutcher?"

"I'm sorry, boys, but I'm serious," Dr. James said as she turned the monitor around to face them. She pointed at one distinct fetus. "That's Roksana, but it looks like she has a friend who's been hiding." She then pointed to another, smaller one.

"Hiding?" Shane deadpanned. "For nine fucking months?"

"Ни хуя себе," Ilya said. Shane, with his preschool-level Russian, had no idea what he said.

"It's rare, but it can occasionally happen with dichorionic-diamniotic twins, which is when both babies have their own placenta and amniotic sac," Dr. James explained.

"This is fucking crazy," Shane said. Dr. James nodded, seemingly agreeing. Shane looked at Ilya, who now had a goofy grin on his face. "Why the fuck are you smiling?" Ilya had the nerve to smile even bigger.

"Моя любовь, we've always wanted more than one child," he said. "Now, we get two for one like sandwiches at Timmies!"

"But we've only planned for one baby," Shane said. "Roksana."

"Okay, so she has friend," Ilya said, shrugging his shoulders. He looked back up at Dr. James. "How is the other baby? Can you tell the sex?"

"It looks like a little boy," Dr. James said. Shane couldn't help but smile at the expression on Ilya's face when they heard that. From the beginning, Shane had wanted a little girl, and Ilya had wanted a little boy. Still, he had been over the moon when they found out about Roksana. "He's a bit smaller than Roksana, but that can happen with twins, especially when they have different placentas."

"Will he be okay?" Shane asked. God knew he wasn't prepared to become a father of two in one day, but he was even less prepared to deal with the possibility that his son wouldn't make it.

"I'm cautiously optimistic," Dr. James said. Again, that did little calm Shane's nerves. He turned his head to look at Ilya.

"We didn't plan for this," he said. "*I* didn't plan for this."

"It'll be okay, Shane," Ilya said as he pulled him closer to his body, rubbing his shoulders.

"How?" Shane said. "We don't have another crib, another carseat, or even another name!"

“We’ll figure it out,” Ilya said, as if it truly was that simple. “Your parents will help.”

“I know this is a shock for you both,” Dr. James said as she wiped down Shane’s stomach with a warm, wet towel. “We’ll give you some alone time and go prepare for surgery.” Shane just nodded, unable to speak as Dr. James and the nurses with her left the room. It wasn’t even a few seconds later that he heard Ilya’s phone ring.

“It’s your mom,” he said, looking down at the screen. “Do you want me to talk to her and explain?” Shane nodded again. He didn’t often go nonverbal, but, when he did, it felt like something shameful. It felt like he was weak, even though he knew you didn’t need to be neurodiverse in this situation to be overwhelmed. Ilya answered the phone, and Shane took it upon himself to put it on speaker. “Hi, Yuna.”

“Hi, honey,” Shane heard his mom say. She must’ve been in the car because he could hear the sound of traffic in the background. “David and I are almost at the hospital. Do you guys need anything? Something to eat, maybe?” Ilya looked at Shane, who shook his head.

“Uh, I think we’re good,” Ilya said. “We could use your help with something else, though.”

“Of course!” Yuna said. “What do you need?”

“We’re having twins,” Shane blurted out. Ilya looked at him in surprise. His parents must’ve been surprised to if he was to go by his mom’s gasp and his dad’s exclamation.

“Dr. James decided Shane needs to have a C-section. She did another ultrasound before and, apparently, Roxie has a little brother,” Ilya said.

“Oh, wow!” Yuna said.

“It’s a boy?” David asked from somewhere in the car.

“Yes, a boy,” Ilya said, that same goofy smile from earlier appearing on his face. “I know you wanted a grandson, David.”

“That-that’s incredible,” Yuna said. “But Shane, honey, how are you doing? I know this is a lot to handle.”

“We have nothing for another baby, Mom,” Shane said.

“Don’t worry about that,” Yuna said. “Dad and I will stop at the store before we come to the hospital. We still have the checklist you made for Roxie. We’ll just get everything on that list that the other baby needs.”

“Thanks, Mom,” Shane said. That did make him feel slightly better, but he still couldn’t stop the tears that were beginning to well up in his eyes. As they began to fall, Ilya wiped them away from his husband’s cheek. “I’m scared.” Admitting that made him feel like a little kid again. He pictured a smaller version of himself on the outskirts of an ice rink in hockey gear that seemed to swallow him whole. He remembered saying the same thing before to his mom before his first gam, only finding comfort when she hugged him tightly and told him it was okay to be scared.

“I know, honey,” Yuna said. “This is really scary, but I promise you’re in good hands.”

“You are,” Ilya added quietly.

“You are, kiddo,” David said. “Mom and I will be there soon. Until then, just picture holding Roksana and-“

“Ilya Jr.,” Ilya was quick to say, which made Shane laugh despite everything.

“Ilya Jr.,” David said, also laughing. “Okay, Shane?” Shane took a deep breath, holding it for a few seconds before releasing it.

“Okay,” he finally said. “I love you guys. I don’t know if I’ll see you before surgery.”

“We love you too, honey,” Yuna said. “You and Ilya both.”

“Love you, Yuna, David,” Ilya said.

“Take care of our son and grandchildren, Ilya,” David said.

“Yes, sir,” Ilya said, kissing the side of Shane’s head. He hung up the phone after a few more I love yous. “See? We’ve got this.” Shane, who felt a little less overwhelmed, nodded.

“Okay, but we’re not naming him Ilya Jr.”

Not even an hour later, Shane was helped onto a hospital bed by a nurse he didn’t know. Ilya held his hand as the nurse pushed him into the operating room. He felt tense at first, as the anesthesiologist he met briefly earlier administered the regional anesthesia. He was only able to relax when he saw Amélie and Dr. James, recognizable despite the masks covering their mouths.

“Hi, Shane,” Dr. James said. He could tell she was smiling by the wrinkles around her dark brown eyes. “Are you ready?” Shane gave her a shaky thumbs-up. Things moved quickly after that. A curtain was put up, preventing him from seeing his stomach and what everyone was doing. He thought he’d be thankful for that, but the idea of not knowing what was going on bothered him.

“I love you,” Ilya said, bending down to kiss his forehead.

“I love you too,” Shane said, staring up at him.

“Making the first incision,” Dr. James said. Of course, Shane couldn’t feel anything, which only added to his anxiety about not knowing much of what was happening. Amélie peaked behind the curtain and gave him a thumbs-up.

“You’re doing great, Shane,” she said, although he wasn’t doing much of anything except lying there. He felt brave, though, and the thumbs up made him feel like a kid in kindergarten who had gotten a Great Job! sticker on their test. Shane thought he felt a bit of pressure, but he also wasn’t sure if that was just in his mind. It wasn’t until he heard a loud, piercing cry that he realized what had happened.

“That’s Roksana,” Dr. James said.

“Боже мой,” Ilya quietly said, so much awe in his voice.

“No question about her lungs then,” Amélie said, laughing.

“I want to see her,” Shane said, barely lifting his head. He could see Dr. James give Roksana to Amélie, who came around from the curtain, holding the newborn close to her operating gown. She was still screaming her head off and covered in vernix caseosa.

“Are you okay to hold her, Shane?” Amélie asked. He nodded, unable to take his eyes off of her.

“Hi, Roksana,” Shane whispered as Amélie placed her against his bare chest. He could hear Ilya begin to cry, which was ironic since Roksana had just quieted down. He couldn’t tell much about her appearance since she hadn’t been cleaned yet. Her eyes were wide and almost too big for her round face. They were blue for now, but he figured they’d eventually change. Her hair was dark but not as dark as Shane’s. It was just beginning to curl like Ilya’s. “Hi, baby. You’re so beautiful.”

“She looks like you,” Ilya practically blubbered.

“I’m your daddy, Roksana,” Shane said. “That man crying like a baby is your papa.”

“Is not my fault,” Ilya said, wiping his face with part of his gown. “She’s too perfect.”

“She is,” Shane said, nodding as he stared down at the baby girl against his chest.

“She’s also in trouble because, ma’am, why didn’t you tell us about your little brother?” Ilya joked. Roksana made a noise that almost sounded like she was above it all which made both Shane and Ilya laugh.

“Definitely a mini Ilya then,” Shane said.

“I am so proud of you, моя любовь,” Ilya said, leaning down to again kiss Shane’s forehead. He put his hand on Roksana’s back.

“I’m only halfway there,” Shane joked. “Do you want to hold her?” Shane could tell Ilya was nervous about the prospect of holding their daughter, but he nodded anyway. Amélie helped move Roksana from Shane’s chest into Ilya’s arms.

“Hi, Roxie,” Ilya said. “I’m sorry, I’m getting tears and snot over you. You’re just so beautiful. You’re perfect just like your daddies, but no one is surprised.”

“You’re going to give her an overinflated ego,” Shane said, an uninhibited smile on his face as he watched Ilya with *their daughter*.

“So? She should have one!” Ilya said after he jokingly scoffed. “Look at her face! Is she not the most perfect baby you’ve ever seen? I can’t wait to brag to Pike. His kids were cute. Adorable even, but look at her! Perfect!” Shane had to agree.

“Are you ready for baby number two, Shane?” Dr. James asked.

“Yep,” Shane said. Ilya gave Roksana to the same nurse who had brought him into the operating room, who told them she was going to get cleaned and administered some standard newborn tests. Shane felt the same pressure he felt earlier when Roksana was born as Dr. James pulled out another baby. Only, he wasn’t crying like Roksana was. It wasn’t that he was crying softly. It was that he wasn’t crying at all. Shane hadn’t known about his little boy until today. He couldn’t lose him already.

“Hi, buddy,” he heard Dr. James say. “Come join us.” Dr. James seemingly began rubbing the baby’s back as she attempted to get him to breathe. Ilya and Shane waited with bated breath. Shane could see Ilya holding his crucifix necklace with both of his hands. His eyes were closed, and he was mouthing to himself. He could’ve sworn he read the word *Mama* on his lips. Time seemed to stand still until there was a very quiet whimper that turned into a wail. Shane and Ilya’s cries joined their son’s. “Good job, buddy!” It wasn’t until Dr. James walked over to him with his son in his arms that Shane’s body relaxed, now assured that he was okay. The bay in her arms was much smaller than Roksana. Other than that, though, they looked practically the same. Shane was reminded of how alike Jade and Ruby looked when they were born and how Jackie had to paint one of their little toenails to tell them apart. “He’s going to need to go to the NICU, but you can hold him first.”

“Okay,” Shane said, his voice shaking. Dr. James rested the baby on his chest. Like his voice, Shane’s hands were shaking as he touched his son. He’d been nervous with Roksana, obviously, but his little boy seemed impossibly tiny and fragile. “Hi, baby boy. You gave us quite a shock.”

“You did-“

“Roman,” Shane said, interrupting Ilya. Ilya raised one of his eyebrows.

“Hmm?” he said.

“Roman,” Shane said again. “That’s his name. It was on our list before we knew Roksana was a girl.”

“Roman, it is then,” Ilya said as he grinned down at his husband and son.

“Roman Ilyich Rozanov-Hollander,” Shane said, stroking Roman’s back.

“Who taught you about patronymics?” Ilya said as he started crying even harder than he had before.

“Svetlana,” Shane said. When she first told him about the Russian naming tradition, he didn’t feel like it worked with Roksana’s name, which is why they chose Irinia for her middle name. It fit Roman, though.

“Hello, Roman,” Ilya said. “We’re very excited you’re here. You can help me keep an eye on your dad and sister. They’re troublemakers, unlike us. We’re perfect angels, hmm?”

“Oh, yeah, nothing says angelic like not letting your dad and papa know you exist, so they could prepare for you,” Shane joked. He kissed the top of Roman’s head, letting him know he wasn’t serious. Letting him know that he was so, so loved.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! I have autism myself and truly have felt so seen by Shane's character. I tried to think of how I'd feel in his situation, and overwhelmed is the perfect word. I hope you enjoyed this ride more than he did!

For more of the twins, read [there'll be icicles and birthday clothes!](#) Roman and Roxie's determination to give Shane and Ilya grey hair before 40 is just beginning.

You can also come chat with me on [Twitter!](#)

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