

Two Are More Than Twice As Much Work As One

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Two Are More Than Twice As Much Work As One

by [perachdavida](#)

Summary

Being a tough guy on the ice doesn't mean much when you're taking care of two infants and haven't slept in a week.

Notes

While not strictly necessary, my Shane/Ilya fics are all conceptually linked and are best enjoyed in chronological order, which is as follows:

The Interview

The Offer

Two Are More Than Twice As Much Work As One

A Day In Disney

Date Night

First Day Of School

A Perfect Christmas

The Mouse House

The Hit

Family Hockey Game

The Changeling

Sasha's Story

Update: I wrote these fics over a year before the release of the TV show. I named their son Sasha long before there was even a TV show in the works at all, much less a script where Ilya's ex-lover was named Sasha. Way to ruin my head cannon, Jacob Tierney! I'm not budging on the name. Everyone just ignore that that happened.

Ilya had never been so exhausted in his life. He had been hit everywhere on his body that a person can be hit; had black eyes, teeth knocked out, ribs cracked, a concussion, and his nose broken - twice. None of those experiences equaled the sheer physical overwhelm of taking care of two newborns night and day.

They had timed the pregnancy as best they could to not interfere with hockey season. The twins had been born on July 21, thankfully full-term and full-size, giving Ilya and Shane two uninterrupted months with the babies before pre-season training started. It had seemed like a wonderful idea. Now he wondered how he and Shane could possibly be ready to start another season when they were functioning like zombies.

If one wasn't crying, the other was. As soon as one went down, the other woke up. They had to feed two babies, change two babies, bathe two babies, soothe two babies, and clean bottles and laundry for two babies. Yuna and David had stayed with them for the first week, and four pairs of hands had meant a lot less chaos and a lot more rest for each of them individually. Plus Yuna's experience and confidence had made them feel like they could handle this. But Yuna and David had left, and Shane and Ilya had been on their own now for almost a week. They had probably slept a total of 10 solid hours in the past several days combined. How did anyone do this? How had humanity survived this long???

Shane staggered back down the stairs after putting down Eva for the third time in an hour. They couldn't figure out what she wanted. She was fed, changed, burped, and rocked. What the hell else did a baby need?

Shane mumbled something that sounded like "I don't can't in the bed chair." Ilya knew that his English suffered when he was tired, but he was pretty sure that the problem wasn't his understanding and that Shane was just as incoherent as he was.

"Do you think we can try to go to bed now?" Ilya asked, pretty sure that he was making sense.

"OK," Shane sighed. "Maybe in the morning if there isn't donuts."

Ilya shook his head. He should just give up and drag Shane to their room. Which he did. They both collapsed face down on the mattress. They must have immediately passed out because the next thing he knew, a baby was crying again. Scratch that, two babies were crying. He turned to look at the clock and groaned. It had only been an hour since Shane had last put Eva down. Shane continued sleeping like the dead, completely oblivious to the screeches.

Ilya staggered to his feet and drunkenly tottered his way across the hall to the nursery. Why were they crying? He wanted to start crying. He picked up Sasha first and began to rock him, desperately trying to remember when he had last been fed and changed. Ilya honestly didn't know. His diaper didn't feel heavy or smell. Maybe he should try another bottle. Though as long as he was getting one bottle, he should get two. Just in case.

Realizing he didn't have enough hands, he went to put Sasha back down so that he could make and carry two bottles upstairs, but before he realized what he was doing, he put Sasha in Eva's crib instead of in his own next to hers. He started toward the door but then realized his mistake and turned back around. He leaned down to pick Sasha up again, but halted. They had both stopped crying. Their hands were touching and they snuffled and kicked their feet and then as Ilya watched, they closed their eyes and fell back asleep. Ilya held his breath. What did he do? Wasn't it some kind of danger for them to be in the same crib? No, that was blankets, they could suffocate with blankets and pillows. Could they suffocate each other? Ilya couldn't see how. They were finally quiet! It was a miracle! He decided to sit in the rocker just in case so he could keep an eye on them.

The next thing he knew, there was crying in the background and Shane was shaking him awake. "Ilya? Ilya, wake up. What are you doing sleeping in here?"

Ilya groggily rubbed his eyes and then looked at the clock on the wall. It was 5am. The babies had been asleep for 4 straight hours. Ilya blinked and checked again, to make sure he wasn't hallucinating. "We are throwing out Sasha's crib and keeping them in the same one from now on."

Shane stared at him in confusion. "What? What are you talking about?"

"They were crying all night. Then I accidentally put them both in the same crib and they stopped crying immediately. They want to be together. So let them be together."

Shane frowned. "Is that safe? I feel like that must not be safe. Otherwise why wouldn't we have just done that?"

"Because we are jocks who are stupid and don't know how to take care of babies. It's fine, Hollander. Look. They are fine."

Shane stared at the babies, hands on his hips. "Huh. What do you know? Well, why don't you get in bed, and I'll take care of them. I feel so much better after a few hours of sleep in a row."

Ilya groaned as he rose from the rocking chair. "Be my guest." He staggered back to their bed and fell onto the mattress. Maybe they could finally not be zombies. Maybe this would all be OK? God, he hoped so. The thought was barely formed in his mind before he was out again like a light.

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