

i'd be anywhere that you are

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by [princebutt](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya bring home their first child from the hospital.

Flufftober day nine: coming home

Notes

Are y'all sick of kidfic from me? Are y'all sick of flufftober?? Either way, we're a little less than a third of the way through!!

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

Coming home from the hospital with Oliver is terrifying.

Shane isn't afraid to admit it – he's scared shitless to be back at their house. The hospital felt so safe. There were nurses who could help them with everything, there were doctors in case anything went wrong, someone to turn to wherever they looked. Being home, all of that is gone. It's just him and Ilya, and they're *fathers* now. They're responsible for another life, they're in charge. That's *scary*.

There's a chill to the air, but it's not too cold yet. The beginning of October brought the birth of their son, so he's in the tiniest onesie that has long sleeves to go home in. There's a pattern of hockey sticks and pucks printed in pastels on the garment, and he's even got a little matching hat that has a pompom. It had been a gift from Yuna, of course, and it fit him perfectly.

Once the car is parked in the drive, Ilya and Shane just sit in the car, Ilya with his forehead against the steering wheel, Shane just staring out of the window at their house, Oliver snuffling softly in his sleep in his carseat in the back. The silence is the calm before the storm, Shane knows, and he steels himself, takes a deep breath, and runs his fingers through the hair at the nape of Ilya's neck.

"We should get him inside," Shane says quietly, not wanting to disturb the sleeping little boy. Ilya nods and straightens up, then glances over his shoulder at the car seat.

"Can you believe they let us leave with him?" Ilya asks, genuine awe in his voice.

"Well, he is ours. I mean, sure, Allie carried him, but half of his DNA is yours."

He's *theirs*. It's insane to think about. It's absolutely wild that modern science allowed them this gift. As if he knows he's being talked about, Oliver coos and yawns, his eyes fluttering open and scrunching up as he hiccups and fusses. Shane hops out of the car first, and Ilya follows suit. Shane opens the backseat and runs the pad of his thumb along Oliver's cheek, hushing him and soothing him as best Shane can.

"I'm scared to get him out of the carseat," Shane admits as he worries his lower lip between his teeth. "You do it."

Ilya blows out a big breath and nods, steeling himself as he steps up and undoes the straps of the carseat. Oliver whines, but when Ilya whispers something softly in Russian to the little boy he settles, like he already knows his papa's voice.

Once Ilya gets the straps off of Oliver, he carefully lifts him out of the seat, cradling his head and still cooing at him in Russian. It takes a minute of situating, but Ilya gets the little boy cradled in his arms, and Oliver snuggles in there, face turned into Ilya's chest, hands curled up on his chest. Shane thinks this might be the death of him – his big, strong husband holding the tiniest baby, cradling him so lovingly, like his life depends on the safety of this boy. Because it does. Because they both already love Oliver so much it's overwhelming. Shane

feels his heart thud in his chest, and he fights off the tears that threaten to fall, because he's just so *damn* happy.

Ilya turns towards the house and Shane grabs the diaper bag from the seat before following Ilya in. It's only noon, but Ilya heads up to the nursery, and Shane follows him. The house is empty and quiet, as Anya is with Yuna and David. They decided it would be best to wait to introduce the pup to Oliver until the baby was settled in, and while Ilya had been sad about it, he'd agreed it was for the best.

Before, it had only been the two of them. Before coming home today, their family had been them and Anya, a simple thing, a little family that has now grown by one. Ilya settles into the rocker and gently sways back and forth, rocking Oliver, Shane stands next to them, staring down at the baby with love in his eyes and a satisfaction in his heart he can't even begin to explain.

Before, hockey had been his everything. He lived for the next game, looked forward to nothing but training and pushing his body to its limits, and he didn't make time for anything else. Ilya changed that, though. Ilya taught him there was more to life than running drills and playing in sold out arenas. Ilya opened his eyes to bigger possibilities, and then made those possibilities a reality.

Oliver huffs out a small breath and his little nose wrinkles, and Ilya strokes his cheek tenderly. It only takes a few more minutes of the rocking motion before Oliver is asleep, and Ilya looks up at Shane, his eyes bright with love.

"He is perfect," he whispers in a hushed tone.

"He really is."

It's been two weeks.

Two weeks of little sleep, middle of the night feedings, so many dirty diapers and the tiniest, cutest pajamas. Two weeks of nothing but love and caffeine propelling them forward. Sleep is a precious thing, Shane and Ilya have found, and they take it when they can get it.

Shane is doing laundry (who knew babies created so much of it), and after filling the washing machine with the last load, he goes up into the living room, dragging his exhausted feet and hoping to fall onto the couch and maybe get a little nap before Oliver wakes up. He's not prepared for the scene that greets him when he enters the living room.

Ilya is out cold on the couch with Oliver resting on his chest. One of Ilya's big hands is splayed on Oliver's back, and Oliver's tiny hand is curled around Ilya's golden cross while he drools in his sleep on the ugly bear tattoo – Ilya had shed his shirt earlier when Oliver had spit up on it.

It's too much, and entirely too adorable. Shane tugs his phone out of his pocket immediately and snaps a picture. Ilya's face is serene in sleep, and Oliver's is scrunched and squished against Ilya's pec, and Shane wants to get in there and join the cuddlefest, but also doesn't

want to wake either of them up. So instead he goes over to the love seat and settles in, pulling up instagram as he goes.

They haven't officially announced Oliver's birth yet. It just never felt right, or felt like pandering for likes or attention or... something. Shane had been content, up until this point, to just love on his little family and live in bliss, ignorant of the real world. But it's well beyond time, he thinks. He chooses the picture and applies a filter like Harris showed him, and once it looks nice, he uploads it. The caption is simple, because there isn't much to say –

Welcome home, little one.

End Notes

Lemme know if ya liked it with kudos and comments!

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