

I've Got Somebody to Love

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I've Got Somebody to Love

by Anonymous

Summary

Ilya awakes to the sound of his daughter's whimpers. She's not fully crying yet, but he can tell she's getting there, probably ready for her next feed.

He feels movement next to him in bed, and Shane is trying to sit up when Ilya turns to look at him. "I'll handle it, moya lyubov," he whispers, one hand coaxing Shane back down.

He gave birth just two days ago, and the thirty hours of labor it took for Mila to finally make her grand entrance have left him sore and exhausted. Ilya has been doing his best to handle as many feedings and diaper changes as he can so Shane can rest and recover.

"M'kay," Shane mumbles, not putting up much of a fight before resting his head on his pillow again, which is a testament to how worn down he must really be.

(or a soft morning with Shane and Ilya and their two-day-old daughter.)

Notes

This little fic belongs in the same universe as the first fic in this series, because I simply could not stop thinking about them, but can totally be read as a standalone work. All mistakes are my own, no AI was used in writing this fic (fuck AI!!!)

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Ilya presses a soft kiss to his hair and throws the sheets off of his body to stand, making sure Shane is still covered before he makes his way over to the bassinet by the side of their bed, where his daughter is slowly but surely ramping up the volume of her cries.

He shushes her softly as he picks her up, smiling at how *right* the weight of her feels in his arms, like she was meant to fit all along.

"Papa's got you," Ilya whispers as he carries her out of their bedroom and towards the kitchen so he can make her a bottle, kissing the top of her head and inhaling her sweet baby scent as he walks. She smells so good and Ilya is just a little addicted, already mourning the day she won't smell like this any longer.

Her cries have died down a little bit now that she's being held, but Ilya can tell it's only a matter of time before she starts screaming her head off in hunger again.

He tucks her against his chest with one arm as he prepares her bottle. He's starting to get the hang of things now, meticulously measuring the right amount of water and formula before placing the bottle into the fancy warmer Hayden and Jackie gifted them a few weeks ago.

Before long, her meal is ready and he's carrying her to the living room so he can sit while he feeds her.

She takes the bottle easily, already a pro at feedings after only two days, and Ilya smiles as he watches her little cheeks move as she suckles.

"You're a hungry girl, aren't you, malyshka?" He tells her, his fingers gently stroking her soft cheek. "Good, you need to eat so you can grow big and strong just like Daddy and Papa."

She only keeps eating, clearly unfazed by his words, but Ilya doesn't mind. He's content to simply watch her exist.

It's only just past 4 a.m., and the cottage is dark and quiet, save for the lamp in the corner that Ilya forgot to turn off last time he fed her.

There used to be times, back when he still lived in Boston and was trying to convince himself he wasn't madly in love with Shane, when Ilya would only just be making it back home by this time after going out with his teammates or with Svetlana.

He's no stranger to late nights, though he has never had such a good reason to be awake in the middle of the night as he does now.

Mila may only be two days old, but she already has her Papa completely wrapped around her tiny little finger.

It's hard to believe she's finally here, in his arms, after so many months of him only being able to talk to her through Shane's tummy.

But she is, and she is beautiful, and she is theirs, and Ilya's heart feels so full it almost hurts.

He can't stop watching her as she eagerly drinks her milk until the bottle is empty, and he's gentle as he puts the bottle down on the coffee table and moves her up to his shoulder so he can burp her.

It only takes about a minute, because she is obviously already a champion at that too, and Ilya smiles at the little gurgle she lets out as he cradles her in his arms again.

He quickly changes her into a fresh diaper, thankful that he and Shane took Yuna's advice and set up a little changing station down here in addition to the one in her nursery.

Now that she's nice and full, she lets out the most adorable little yawn and promptly falls asleep in Ilya's safe arms. He smiles fondly as he starts making his way back to their bedroom.

Shane is thankfully still sleeping when he walks in, and he tries to be as quiet as possible as he carefully sets Mila down into her bassinet again and slips back into bed next to his husband.

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The next time Ilya wakes up, it's to the sound of Shane softly cooing at their daughter.

He opens his eyes to find Shane sitting up against the headboard, feeding Mila.

The sun is starting to rise outside the cottage, the first few rays peeking through the gap in the curtains of their bedroom and casting a soft glow over Shane's face.

It is a sight for sore eyes, seeing his husband like this, his skin all soft and golden as he smiles down at their daughter.

"Sorry, I didn't hear her fussing," Ilya rasps out as he sits up next to him.

Shane turns to look at him at the sound of his voice, shaking his head. “It’s okay, I was already awake. Besides, you took care of the last three feedings. It was my turn.”

“You took care of all of her needs for nine months, moya lyubov,” Ilya says with a frown. “I think I have many turns to catch up on.”

Shane huffs out a little laugh at that, but doesn’t argue, turning his gaze back to Mila, who is eagerly eating her breakfast.

“How are you feeling?” Ilya asks as he smooths one hand down the back of Shane’s head. “Do you need anything?”

“I’m okay, Ilya,” Shane assures him. “Could you pass me my water though, please?”

If there’s one thing Ilya has learned since their daughter was born, it’s that breastfeeding makes Shane very thirsty, which is why he made sure to fill up his bottle with water and ice before they went to bed last night.

He reaches over Shane to grab it from his bedside table, making a mental note to go refill it again soon when he notices it is significantly lighter than it was last night, and holds the straw up to his lips.

Shane takes a few pulls from it before allowing him to put it back down. “Thank you.”

“Anything for you, solnyshko,” Ilya tells him and kisses his cheek, satisfied at the way his words make a light flush appear on Shane’s face.

“Mom and Dad said they would be coming over in a few hours with breakfast,” Shane says as Ilya rests his head on his shoulder so he can look at Mila as she eats. “Maybe they could watch her for a bit and you could help me shower? I feel a little gross.”

Their midwife had helped Ilya clean Shane a little bit after the birth, but he hasn’t had a proper shower since their daughter’s arrival yet, too sore and tired to do much more than sleep and hold the baby.

And with Shane being the way he is already, Ilya can only imagine he must be very eager to shower and feel like himself again.

“Of course, moya lyubov,” Ilya agrees. “I’d be happy to.”

“Okay.” Shane lets his head rest on top of Ilya’s, both of them looking down in awe at the little life they created together.

Mila unlatches a few minutes later, having had her fill, and Ilya passes over the burp cloth he left on his nightstand earlier and watches fondly as Shane gently pats her back.

She looks so tiny in his arms like that, and Ilya simply does not know what to do with all of the adoration he feels for the two people next to him.

Shane readjusts in the bed after she's burped, leaning back slightly so she can rest on his chest.

"I know I should probably put her down," Shane says sheepishly as one of his hands rests securely on her back, "but I just can't."

"You made her," Ilya argues. "I think that gives you the right to hold her for as long as you want to, moya lyubov."

Shane smiles at him, releasing a content sigh as he relaxes against his pillows.

With Shane settled again, Ilya presses a quick kiss to his hair and takes the opportunity to get up, grabbing Shane's water bottle.

"I'll be right back, solnyshko. I am just going to get you more water," Ilya informs him as he crosses the room. "Do you want anything else?"

Shane only shakes his head in response, and Ilya slips out of the bedroom.

The kitchen looks a little messy when he walks in, with a few stray bottles, muslin cloths and pacifiers laying around waiting to be cleaned or put away, but Ilya decides it's a problem for later.

He makes quick work of filling up Shane's bottle, adding just the right amount of ice to it, and returns to the bedroom.

Shane's eyes are closed when he steps back in, though Ilya knows he's not sleeping.

He looks so good like this, with their daughter sleeping peacefully on his chest, that Ilya can't help but reach for his phone to snap a picture.

Hearing the soft click of the camera, Shane cracks one eye open and gives Ilya an amused smile.

"Sorry, moya lyubov." Ilya returns his smile sheepishly. "I just want to make sure I always remember how gorgeous you look right now."

"I have barely left the bed and haven't showered in days and I'm covered in spit up," Shane says skeptically as Ilya joins him in bed again.

"Exactly. Gorgeous."

Shane's laugh makes something slot into place inside Ilya's chest. "You are impossible."

"Yes," Ilya agrees easily. "Impossibly in love with you."

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