

A quiet lullaby

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A quiet lullaby

by [Felxia](#)

Summary

He carefully adjusted Misha in his arms. The tiny body shifted slightly, his brow furrowing for a split second, but when Ilya placed his hand on his chest and continued humming softly, the child calmed immediately.

"Полегче, малыш. (Easy there, little one)," he whispered in Russian. "Papa here."

He ran his thumb over his son's soft cheek, just as Irina had once done.

So in short, Ilya sings quietly to his son.

Notes

NOTE: NO ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE WAS USED IN WRITING THIS TEXT!!!

This is something short, especially for lil_hazel00 and hazelluvsbooks, Bon appetit girls.

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

The room was quiet, almost still. A small lamp shaped like a bear cast a soft, honey-colored light on the blue walls, and shadows moved slowly with Ilya's every breath.

He stood over the dark wooden crib, holding his weeks-old son in his arms. Misha was asleep, his cheek pressed against his chest, his tiny hand clutching the fabric of his shirt. The baby's breathing was even, warm, innocent.

Ilya rocked him gently, almost imperceptibly, humming an old Russian lullaby to himself. The words flowed from memory, even though he hadn't sung them in years. The melody was soft, a little melancholic, carrying something he couldn't name—perhaps longing, perhaps security, or perhaps both.

It was the same song his mother had once sung to him.

He remembered her voice. Soft. Warm. Completely different from his father's cries. In those brief moments, when she sat on the edge of his bed and stroked his hair, the world ceased to be threatening. There was only her whisper and the feeling that for a few minutes, nothing bad could happen.

He closed his eyes for a second, letting the memory pass through him like a gentle breeze. The pain was still there, the loss never completely disappearing, but now it was mixed with something else.

With something softer, as if sharp glass had been worn away at the edges by the passage of time, and the wound where it had been embedded was slowly beginning to heal.

He carefully adjusted Misha in his arms. The tiny body shifted slightly, his brow furrowing for a split second, but when Ilya placed a hand on his chest and continued humming softly, the child calmed immediately.

— Полегче, малыш. (Easy there, little one)," he whispered in Russian. "Papa here."

He ran his thumb over his son's soft cheek, just as Irina had once done. The gesture was almost identical, as if passed down through generations, but it wasn't connected to trauma or pain, but to tenderness.

Even now, weeks after they'd brought Misha home from the hospital, the Russian couldn't tear his eyes away from him.

He rocked him slowly, rhythmically, as if the entire world existed in that single movement, in that gentle rise and fall, in the quiet rustle of fabric and the soft sound of the baby's breathing.

Misha's blond curls were even more delicate than they were now, as pale as the lamplight reflecting off the wood of the crib. His skin was a milky, almost porcelain color, dotted with tiny, darker freckles scattered across his nose and cheeks. Those freckles always made him smile; they were so distinctly "Shane" that they seemed unreal.

He was the perfect combination of the two.

His eyes, not yet fully defined in color, held a depth Ilya recognized from the mirror. The line of his mouth was delicate, like Shane's. Even the way he furrowed his brow in sleep reminded him of one of them, depending on the angle he was looking at them.

A miracle of biology. A miracle of love. Their miracle.

Ilya ran his little finger along his son's nose, barely grazing his skin. The child moved instinctively, making a soft, sleepy sound, but he didn't wake. The Russian smiled to himself and continued humming; the melody was softer now, more a breath than a song.

He couldn't stop looking.

Every eyelash, every movement of his small hand, every microscopic detail seemed absolutely extraordinary. As if he were afraid that if he looked away, he would miss something, that he would miss the moment when his son's expression changed slightly, when his breathing deepened.

His heart was beating calmly but strongly. Unlike on the ice. Unlike in the locker room before the game. There was adrenaline. Here was responsibility, immense, overwhelming, and yet beautiful.

Deep down, he had been afraid ever since Shane had told him the news. That fear had always been present in his bones, but the determination to give his child a better life than he had slowly eclipsed the panic in his soul.

"How is it possible..." he whispered under his breath. "That you're real?"

He leaned down and rested his forehead against the child's tiny head, closing his eyes.

There had been many things in his life that had spun out of control. Many losses. Many moments when he felt powerless. But now, holding this small, warm being in his arms, he felt something entirely different.

Not helplessness, but purpose. A purpose he would reach, even if it cost him his own happiness or his life.

Shane stood in the doorway, his arm resting on the doorframe, his arms folded across his chest. He didn't want to interrupt the moment, so he didn't even go inside. He simply watched.

At Ilya leaning over their child, the soft light of the bear-shaped lamp, at their son, safe, cradled, calm.

A delicate, watery smile graced Shane's face, the kind of smile that appears when your heart is so full it aches. His dark eyes gleamed in the dimness, and his breathing was slow, muted, as if afraid to disturb the silence.

He loved watching Ilya in moments like these.

On the ice, he was strong, tough, unyielding. At home, at home, he was someone completely different. Quiet, attentive, someone gentle to the extreme.

Shane swallowed his emotion softly and finally spoke softly:

"Is he sleeping??"

Ilya turned his head toward the door. In the semidarkness, his blue eyes were soft, calm, almost lit from within.

"Yes," he replied just as quietly. "He's asleep."

There was more than simple information in his voice; there was pride, relief, even delight.

Shane took a few steps inside, placing his feet carefully, as if the floor might creak louder than usual. He stood next to his husband and looked at his shoulders.

Misha slept with his mouth slightly open, one hand raised above his head, as if he had completely surrendered to sleep. His head was turned toward his father's chest, as if seeking the only source of warmth he knew.

Shane reached out and gently brushed his fingers across Ilya's back, just between his shoulder blades, a short, tender gesture.

"You're doing well," he whispered.

Ilya snorted softly, almost silently.

"I'm learning," he replied.

Shane moved his hand lower, wrapping his arm around his waist and drawing closer. He rested his forehead on Ilya's shoulder, and for a moment they stood there together in silence, looking at the small child.

The Canadian didn't withdraw his hand for a moment. Instead, he hugged Ilya tighter, as if to anchor him in the moment.

"You know you're a good father, right?" he said quietly but firmly.

"Shane..." Ilya snorted under his breath, shaking his head.

"No," he interrupted gently. "Don't run away from this."

The Russian let out a soft laugh, that short, defensive sound Shane knew all too well.

"I'm chaotic. Sometimes I panic too much. Sometimes I don't know what I'm doing. I almost burned the pancakes because I was too distracted," he muttered, trying to turn it into a joke.

"And at the same time, you sing him Russian lullabies, even when your voice cracks. You stand over his crib longer than you think I can see. You check if he's breathing. You study

child development at night. And you pray, even though you claim you don't believe." Shane raised an eyebrow.

Ilya stiffened slightly.

"Are you eavesdropping on me?" He tried to bat the ball away.

"I know you," Shane corrected softly.

A short silence fell. The bedside lamp continued to cast golden light on the walls, and Misha's breathing was calm, even.

"You don't have to be perfect," Shane added more quietly. "He doesn't need a perfect father. He needs you."

Ilya opened his mouth as if to deny it again, but Shane lifted his hand and gently grabbed his chin, forcing him to look him in the eye.

"Look at him," he whispered. "He sleeps so peacefully because he feels safe. And he feels safe because of you."

Something twitched in Ilya's face. The smile vanished, replaced by something more fragile.

"I don't know how to do it perfectly," he finally admitted.

"And that's good," Shane replied. "Because you do it in a real way, not in a perfect or artificial way."

They stared at each other in silence for a moment. Then Shane rested his forehead against his.

"You're a good father, Ilya. And I won't let you pretend otherwise."

The Russian sighed softly, but this time he didn't deny it. Instead, he wrapped his arms around Shane's waist and pulled him closer.

"You're stubborn," he murmured.

"Only when I'm right."

"So always?" The corner of Ilya's mouth quirked up slightly.

"Of course." Shane snorted, rolling his eyes.

And in that quiet exchange, by their sleeping son's crib, something was said without words, that even if Ilya was still learning to believe in himself, Shane would remind him of that, for as long as it took.

End Notes

That's it, it's something short, because due to recent events, I've lost a bit of the desire to write, so you have to forgive me, I'm still wondering whether to add screenshots from AI detectors to my texts.

Whatever, it's another sweet moment between Ilya and Misha, I hope you enjoyed it yourself!

Btw Misha's full name is Mikhail (Michael). → Mikhail Ilyich Rozanov.

Ilyich → Ilya.

Misha's birthday is January 8th (8.01 → 81 ykyk)

Thanks again for reading and see you next time!

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