

Shall we go visit dad?

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Shall we go visit dad?

by [Felxia](#)

Summary

Ilya is playing a hockey game and Shane decides to take his youngest fan to the ice rink.

In other words, little Misha goes to visit his dad at the ice rink.

Notes

Another one thank you, But seriously, this universe is starting to get too big. And I haven't even used $\frac{2}{5}$ of the ideas I have 😊 And now I invite you to read another one-shot with little Misha!

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

Shane woke suddenly, as if roused from a light, restless sleep. He let out a heavy sigh and stretched slowly, feeling stiffness in his shoulders and neck. For a moment, he stared blankly at the ceiling, trying to catch his breathing and understand the time of day.

Only then did he turn his head. The right side of the bed was empty.

Instead of the broad shoulders of the nearly six-foot-tall Russian, instead of the body warmth he was accustomed to, he saw something entirely different. A small boy, nestled in the sheets exactly where Ilya usually slept.

Shane froze.

Their son was sleeping deeply, his head turned to the side, his cheek pressed against the pillow. The baby's dark blond curls were completely ruffled, sticking out in all directions, as if someone had just run a hand through them.

The little body was dressed in a soft, light-colored onesie, almost painfully cute, decorated with a pattern of hockey sticks and pucks.

Shane felt something tighten in his chest.

He propped himself up on his elbow and looked at his son more closely. His breathing was calm, even. One small hand was clenched into a fist, the other resting on his stomach. He looked... safe.

And then the memory hit him with full clarity. The game.

Today Ilya played. The Ottawa Centaurs against Boston.

Shane rubbed his hand across his face, feeling a familiar twinge, a mixture of pride, tension, and quiet anxiety. He had to leave early. Very early. And clearly, not wanting to wake them, he moved the child to his bed, to his own spot.

“Of course,” Shane murmured softly.

He looked at his son again, then carefully, as quietly as he could, moved his hand and gently touched his back. The boy stirred slightly, sighed in his sleep, but didn't wake.

The Canadian smiled faintly.

Ilya always did this. He left traces of his presence even when he was gone. Even when he went out to fight on the ice, a part of him remained here, in the small body sleeping on his side of the bed, in the silence of the house that, for a moment, belonged only to Shane and their son again.

The little boy moved quietly, almost imperceptibly at first. His fingers twitched, then his arms rose slowly, as if his whole body needed a moment to remember that he was no longer dreaming. Shane watched him silently, not moving an inch.

Misha stretched just as Ilya had done.

First, a slight arch of his back, then a lift of his arms above his head, a slight flex of his muscles that lasted a split second longer than necessary. Even the soft, barely audible sound he made as he exhaled was familiar.

Shane felt the corner of his mouth lift in an almost incredulous smile.

"Impossible..." he thought.

And yet. If someone were to place a baby barely a few weeks old and a man in his thirties side by side, no sane person would attempt to compare their movements. And yet Shane saw it clearly. The same rhythm. The same natural, unconscious repetition of gestures.

The little boy blinked slowly, opening his eyes. His hazel-blue gaze was still hazy with sleep, but already searching for a foothold. It settled on Shane's face.

For a moment they stared at each other in silence.

Then a barely perceptible grimace, somewhere between surprise and an attempt at a smile, appeared on the child's lips. His hand moved uncoordinated, as if he wanted to reach out but wasn't quite sure how yet.

Shane leaned closer.

"Hey, little one," he whispered, his voice so quiet, as if he were afraid to disturb the moment.

His son responded with a soft sound, a throaty murmur that sounded almost like a question. Shane laughed silently, feeling something soften inside him.

Ilya was everywhere in this child. In his gaze, in his movements, in the way his body came to life.

And yet, Shane was there too. In his freckles, in the shape of his mouth, in the way his son gazed intently at him, as if he already knew this was where he belonged.

Shane gently ran a finger over his small hand.

"Daddy'll be back soon," he said quietly, more to himself than to the child.

He fell silent for a moment, staring at the little blond boy with that special concentration that comes just before a decision. A thought began to take shape in his mind until it finally coalesced into something simple, almost obvious.

He smiled to himself.

"You know what..." he said quietly, leaning closer. "Maybe we should go to Daddy's?"

The little boy, of course, couldn't understand the words. He stared at Shane with wide eyes, as if the tone of his voice alone were answer enough. For a split second, he was still, and then

suddenly his legs began to move, first timidly, then with increasing energy.

He kicked and kicked adorably, as if all the joy had awakened within him at once. The soft material of the onesie shifted with every movement, and his tiny feet kept peeking out from under the legs. A soft, almost laughing sound escaped his lips.

Shane gave a short, surprised laugh.

"Okay, I take that as a 'yes,'" he murmured, raising his eyebrows.

He reached out and gently placed his hands on his little belly, calming the movements, though he didn't want to stop them. There was something heartwarming about it, this unconditional, unfettered energy that needed no reason.

"Dad's got a game tonight," he continued quietly, more to himself. "Lots of ice, lots of noise...but you'll be safe. I promise."

As if in response, the boy waved his arms, then moved his legs again, completely ignoring the words but reacting to the warmth of his voice and his closeness.

Shane leaned down and pressed a gentle kiss to his forehead.

"Okay," he sighed with a smile. "Let's get going then."

The dark-haired man stood slowly, careful with every movement, as if afraid to disturb this fragile morning. He placed one hand under his son's back, the other under his small body, and gently lifted him from the bed.

The little one almost immediately nestled into his neck, his cheek touching the warm skin, as if he knew exactly where he was safest.

Shane wore soft, cotton pajamas, light, loose, completely free of seams that might irritate the skin.

For years, he and Ilya had chosen only such materials. Natural. Breathable. They often slept bare-chested, which had been completely normal for them even before Misha came into their lives. Now it had added significance.

Their son loved falling asleep on their bare chests; he was soothed by the rhythm of his heart, the warmth of his skin, the scent he had known since the beginning of his life.

Shane remembered reading about it late at night, phone in hand, poring over articles and research. He also remembered telling Ilya the next day that they were throwing out all synthetic pajamas.

Ilya just burst out laughing.

"Shane, she's a baby, not the princess and the pea," he said, shaking his head.

But a week later, the synthetics were gone.

In their place were cotton, linen, and even cashmere, because Shane liked cashmere, its softness and the way it felt against his skin. Ilya pretended to complain about his husband's "antics," but he never really objected. He knew him too well. He knew that behind every decision like that was concern, not whim.

Now Shane stood in the bedroom, rocking slightly, just as Ilya did. Misha sighed softly and relaxed in his arms, his tiny hand gripping the fabric of his pajamas.

"Okay, little one," Shane whispered, kissing the top of his head. "First, we'll get dressed. Then we'll go see Daddy."

The Canadian moved through the house calmly, almost automatically, as if his body knew this rhythm by heart. Mornings had been similar for several weeks now: quiet, slow, subordinated to the needs of someone much smaller than them, yet who held the most important place in their world.

He placed Misha on the changing table and changed his diaper efficiently, yet with effortless gentleness. He spoke to him in a low voice, meaningless, meaningless; only his tone mattered.

Then he reached for the warmer, soft and thick clothes, slipped them carefully onto his little arms and legs, fastening the snaps with a skill that would have seemed impossible to him a month ago.

"Done," he murmured with quiet satisfaction.

With the baby nestled against his chest, he headed for the kitchen. The space was bright, flooded with morning light. A small note rested on the kitchen counter, held in place by a salt shaker.

Breakfast is waiting in the fridge. I love you.
—Ilya.

Shane snorted softly and felt the corners of his mouth curl into a stupid, uncontrollable smile. He opened the fridge, took out the prepared meal, and put it in the microwave to heat. With one hand, he still held Misha to his chest, while the other reached for the bottle, measuring the milk with almost surgical precision.

A faint babbling sound echoed in the background. Incoherent sounds, short sighs, a sort of conversation Misha was clearly having with himself, or with him. Shane occasionally replied with half-words, smiling each time the baby responded with another sound.

When the bottle was ready, he sat down on a bar stool. He nestled his son comfortably in the crook of his arm, supported his head, and handed him the bottle's nipple. Misha grabbed it reflexively, his eyelids almost immediately drooping.

Shane watched tenderly as the little eyes closed with contentment, as the baby's body relaxed with each sip. One hand gently stroked his side, feeling his calm, even breathing.

Breakfast was cooling on the counter. Shane didn't even glance at it.

In that moment, nothing mattered more than his son's weight on his shoulder, the soft sounds of sucking.

When Misha finished the bottle, Shane carefully lifted him, checking if the nipple was indeed empty. He gently stroked his little cheek with his thumb, then rose from the stool and went into the living room.

A soft cloth, always placed there, lay on the back of the couch, as if it had a permanent place. Shane reached for it without thinking, slung it over his shoulder, and positioned his son upright, pressing him lightly against his chest. With his other hand, he began to slowly, rhythmically stroke his son's back.

"There, there..." he murmured softly.

Misha stirred restlessly, making a short sound, and then, a moment later, a soft, contented burp broke the silence. Shane smiled with relief.

"See," he whispered.

He held his son in the same position for a moment longer, until he was sure the little one was calm again. Only then did he carefully place him in the portable crib next to the couch. The design was simple, functional, yet soft and safe, one of two such cribs in the house. The other was in the bedroom, right next to their bed, for nighttime wakings.

He adjusted the blanket, pushing it aside, checked to see if his head was comfortable, and only then reached for the remote. He turned on a soft lullaby, a simple melody, almost a whisper, that gently filled the living room.

Misha sighed in his sleep, moved his lips, and fell back into a peaceful stillness.

Shane took a step back but didn't look away. Only after a moment did he return to the kitchen, grab his breakfast, and sit at the counter so he could see the baby unobstructed. He ate slowly, deliberately, glancing at the crib every few seconds.

Every movement of Misha's chest, every little sound, was more important to him than the taste of the food.

The house breathed peace. And Shane, though tired, felt exactly where he should be.

When he finished breakfast, he put down his plate and took a last sip of water, then sighed softly as he stood up. He walked to the bathroom, still holding the image of Misha in the crib in his mind.

He knew he would soon have to leave the baby alone for a few minutes, even if only for a shower, and he felt a distinct, familiar feeling tightening in his chest. Fear. The one that had shadowed him since childhood.

His breathing quickened, his muscles tensed involuntarily. Every thought of something happening multiplied in his mind. But Shane knew he had to learn to control it. Every step, every minute Misha spent alone in his crib was a test of his patience and courage.

Ilya had been his anchor for years. Throughout all those years, he had taught him to breathe calmly, reminded him that brief separations didn't mean danger, that Misha was safe, that the house was full of presence.

But the memory of those first days was still vivid; when they brought Misha home, Shane couldn't leave him for even thirty seconds. Every drip of water in the kitchen, every rustle of fabric, every movement in the room made his heart beat faster and his thoughts spin out of control.

Now, even though he knew Misha was sleeping soundly and the crib was safe, he was learning to let go, even a little, step by step. He pressed his hand gently on the shower handle, opening the door, and let the water flow over his body.

The warm streams slowly eased the tension in his muscles, and Shane tried to repeat to himself, "He's safe. It's only a few minutes. I'm here, I'll be back soon."

The water drummed on the tiles, and Shane closed his eyes, taking deep breaths. Every breath was conscious, every step mentally counted. He knew that although the fear wouldn't disappear suddenly, with each day, with each morning, with each minute spent in this rhythm, they would learn together. And that Ilya would always be there, ready to remind him that everything was alright.

Shane opened his eyes, looked into the misted mirror, and whispered to himself.

"We'll make it. You and me, little one. Always."

And with that silent promise, he let the water wash away the last vestiges of anxiety.

He stepped out of the shower, dried himself with a soft towel, and quickly changed into comfortable clothes: loose cotton pants and a T-shirt that allowed him to move freely.

He could still feel the warmth of the water on his skin and the calm rhythm of his breathing that he tried to maintain, thinking that now it was time to get everything ready to go out.

He reached for the elegant, fabric travel bag they had especially for such occasions. He opened it and began packing thoughtfully, as he always did with Misha. The diapers went to the bottom, next to them a pack of wipes, neatly arranged and within reach.

He placed the bottle of prepared formula in a special, tightly closed container. Spare clothes—onesies, thin pajamas, socks, and pacifiers—also went into the bag. Everything was organized so that it was easy to get out if needed. Was it too much? Certainly, but Shane figured it was better to be safe than sorry.

When the bag was ready, he slung it over his shoulder and walked into the living room. He placed it next to the couch and paused for a moment, looking at the crib. Misha was sleeping

peacefully, but Shane knew it was time to change and get ready.

He gently leaned over the crib and lifted his son, holding him close to his body so he wouldn't feel the sudden change in temperature. He placed him on the couch, on a soft blanket, and began dressing him in warmer layers. First socks, then a onesie, and a thin layer of pajamas. Over that, he put on a sweater that could be easily unzipped to regulate the temperature as needed.

Finally, he reached for a thick, warm snowsuit, soft and insulating, to protect Misha from the cold outside and the ice rink, which would greet them today with the joyful roar of skates and hockey pucks. Every button, every snap was perfectly fitted; nothing pinched, nothing got in the way.

Shane looked at his son, who was watching him with wide eyes, who must have just woken up. His little hands moved slowly, trying to touch the clothes and fabric. Shane smiled, kissing him lightly on the forehead.

"Ready for a little adventure?" "—he whispered, putting a hat and gloves on the child.

And though Misha didn't quite understand all the words yet, his smile and the cheerful wiggle of his legs said everything Shane needed to know. He quickly threw on his winter jacket.

The man took Misha in his arms, holding him securely to his chest, and with his other hand, grabbed his travel bag. In the living room, he paused for a moment, glancing at the quiet apartment, making sure he hadn't forgotten anything before heading toward the hallway.

There, carefully balancing the child in his arms, he put on his own shoes. Every action required concentration, but he walked slowly, deliberately, as if every movement were part of a safety ritual.

Once the shoes were on, he reached for the car keys, holding his bag to his hip. He found the right moment, closed the door, making sure everything was in order, and then headed for the car.

The car stood silently, gleaming in the morning light. Shane opened the back door and carefully placed Misha in the car seat, carefully checking the harness and locks. The little one immediately settled comfortably, his head nestled against the side cushion of the car seat. He happily sucked on the pacifier his father had given him.

Shane placed his travel bag next to him, keeping everything within reach and stable.

Hollander closed the door and moved to the driver's seat. He slid comfortably into the seat, took the steering wheel in his hands, and glanced in the rearview mirror. The little one, at least, rolled slowly, calm in his own little world, and Shane felt the pulsing anxiety within him ease a bit.

He started the car, hit the gas, and drove off. The morning traffic didn't bother him; every second behind the wheel was a rhythm that helped maintain his composure.

Misha in the car seat, his bag beside him, and in front of them was the goal, the ice rink where Ilya was already playing. Shane knew this morning would be long, but he knew in his heart that everything was exactly where it should be.

The car moved quietly, and Shane glanced in the rearview mirror every few seconds, making sure the little one was calm. Each minute brought them closer to the place where the next part of their shared rhythm awaited: laughter, pucks, the sound of sharp skates cutting the ice, and the sight of Ilya, who would instantly recognize their presence.

Shortly after, they arrived at the rink. Misha carefully lifted him in his arms, his bag in his other hand, and headed toward the entrance. Each step was confident, yet swift; he knew time was running out, and Ilya's game was about to start in a few minutes.

After passing through the locker room and security checkpoint, greeting security guards and rink workers, Shane headed straight for the stands, choosing a seat with a good view of the entire rink. He placed his bag on the chair next to him and sat down, gently positioning Misha so he could watch everything comfortably, his neck snuggled against his.

The people around him stared at him, some whispering, others staring in disbelief. The hockey player ignored them completely.

He knew exactly the image he was creating: one of the best hockey players who always shone on the ice, now with a small child in his arms, calm, with a smile full of tenderness. This was their life, their rhythm, and no one had the right to disturb it.

Misha seemed to completely agree with his father. The little one was too busy observing everything around him: the lights, the moving figures, the pucks gliding across the ice, the roar of the crowd. His little red cap, perched on his curls, fell slightly over his eyes, making him look even more adorable.

Hands gently wrapped around Shane's neck, and his head fell onto his shoulder, as if he wanted to be close and have the best view of what was happening around him.

Shane smiled slightly, looking at his son and the rink. He knew that even though Misha didn't yet understand the game of hockey, he could feel the atmosphere, the pace, the excitement that both he and Ilya loved.

And in that moment, holding the boy close, the Canadian felt he was exactly where he should be. In the stands, by the ice, with his entire family at his heart, ready to watch every move, every shot, every moment.

Shortly afterward, the hall filled with the unmistakable buzz and roar as the speaker announced the start of the game. Shane felt the unmistakable tension in his chest that always accompanied him at such moments, a mixture of excitement and quiet pride.

The teams entered the rink, the sharp blades of their skates slicing the ice, the lights reflecting off their helmets and uniforms. Shane immediately spotted his husband, settling into the rhythm of the game with a confident, precise stride, his eyes filled with the focus and determination he knew by heart.

"He's doing fine, boy," Shane murmured softly to Misha, who was still nestled against his neck. "Look, it's your dad."

The first half of the game flew by, and Shane didn't take his eyes off Ilya for a moment. He cheered quietly but clearly, giving a thumbs-up, nodding his approval, and occasionally murmuring encouragement as Ilya moved toward the goal with the kind of intense attention a few weeks old could muster, even though in his infant world, he responded primarily to the tone of Shane's voice and his father's movements.

The little one kicked his legs, sometimes trying to move in Shane's arms, as if he understood the excitement in the stands.

Shane felt pride in every muscle. Not only as a partner, but as a parent, seeing Ilya in action, he knew his son was witnessing the best part of their lives, the part they both loved. Although the child was more interested in the throw of a pacifier and the softness of his father's scarf.

Every shot, every goalie save, every quick pass brought an unconscious smile to Shane's face, and Misha, though he didn't yet understand the rules of the game, snuggled deeper into his neck, as if he, too, sensed this was a special moment.

The first half was drawing to a close, and Shane watched for a moment as Ilya deftly maneuvered across the ice, his heart beating faster, his hands automatically tightening around his son. It was their rhythm, the rink, their family, their passion. All of it, in one moment.

Suddenly, Hollander felt a sudden shift in the air, as if the energy in the arena had shifted in a split second. The people around him seemed suddenly more aware of who was in the stands with them today. The murmur of conversation fell silent for a moment, and several pairs of eyes turned sharply in his direction.

The speaker immediately picked up on this surprise, and a new note of excitement was evident in his voice.

"Please pay attention, dear fans, to our special guests in the stands!"

Within seconds, the cameras on the ice rink were trained directly on Shane and Misha. The lens captured them in all their glory: Shane sat upright with his son in his arms, his hands firmly supporting his little body, and Misha snuggling into his father's neck.

Shane quickly realized what was happening. He gently ran his hand over Misha's shoulder, pulling up the hood of his cap to cover his son's face and shield him from the camera's glare and view. This was essential for his safety. Neither he nor Ilya wanted to show their son's face to the world yet.

Even their teammates couldn't see their faces; only a photo of Ilya, bare-chested and wearing sweatpants, had been sent to their group chat, while Misha was snuggled into his neck, obscuring his face.

When the camera panned to the large screen, Shane saw his reflection, himself and the snuggled toddler, in the vast arena. He saw hundreds of faces now staring at him, but he

didn't let it tense him up.

He smiled softly, almost imperceptibly, and waved his hand at the screen, as if greeting himself and the audience simultaneously.

Misha moved his little legs, as if reacting to his father's movement, and Shane felt a warmth in his chest, that brief moment when the whole world suddenly stopped for them, both surprising and... warm. Because even though they were the center of attention, Shane knew he was protecting what mattered most, his son's peace and safety, even in the glare of cameras and screens.

The arena immediately went wild. Fans began clapping, shouting, and waving their arms, the echoes of their cheers filling every corner of the rink.

Hollander felt the wave of sound reach his ears, and he immediately gently pulled Misha closer, covering the child's small ears with his own arm. He wanted to protect him, even if only a little, from this sudden, overwhelming noise that might frighten the little one.

"Easy, little one," he whispered, smiling crookedly but calmly, as if to convey to the child that everything was under control.

He glanced toward the rink and saw Ilya. The Russian skated closer to the boards, pausing for a moment, and his eyes immediately found them in the stands. A wide, genuine smile lit up Ilya's face, and in his eyes Shane saw the same joy he always saw when he saw them together, the family he'd longed for so long.

Shane laughed softly, almost to himself, and shook his head slightly, as if he couldn't quite believe what was happening. Everything at once—the noise of the arena, the screens, the people's reactions, Ilya's wide smile, the little one nestled against his neck... It was both overwhelming and beautiful, a reminder that sometimes life offers moments that seem unreal.

"Only you could expose me like that, Ilya," he muttered quietly to himself, but his voice was filled with tenderness, not irony.

Misha moved his hand, as if reacting to Ilya's movement, and Shane smiled even more gently, sensing that this moment was exactly what they wanted to experience together, in the spotlight, but in their own, safe world.

End Notes

That's it for now, let me know if you want to see anything specific with our family of three.

Leave your ideas in the comments!

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

Ilyich → Ilya.

Thanks again for reading and see you next time!

You can support me on X if you want, all the information and updates will appear there ^^

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