

Babushka's Remedy

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Babushka's Remedy

by [kindcup](#)

Summary

Shane gets sick, Ilya deploys babushka's remedy and cuddles ensue.

Notes

Hello, my lovely Hollanov lovers, I haven't written a fic in like 5 years (crazy) but I can't get these two out of my head. And yeah it is after 2am on a workday now (so excuse any mistakes).

On top of that, I wanted to include some slavic things that happen when people get sick here (obviously, every slavic country is different).

Hopefully, this isn't as boring as I am thinking it is after re-reading it, lol.

Please, enjoy, leave some love if you want, I would love that!

PS: English is not my first language (thank god).

Shane Hollander never got sick. Or at least that's what he told Ilya one late night, waking up with a sore throat that didn't go away after drinking some water and a huge headache that resulted in his vision being clouded.

Shane's dad, David, claimed the opposite on the call Ilya made in the morning while he was making mild black tea and looking around the kitchen for medicine. Different types of cough drops, pain relievers and creams were stashed neatly in an old box of shoes in the upper kitchen cabinet no one really used, perfect for his (and Shane's) medicine, some he asked Svetlana to bring from Russia, as he was used to them and believed they worked better than the American or Canadian ones and some they got from Yuna's sister from Japan.

"I am making chicken soup, Dad. You and Yuna don't worry, I will take care," he assured David, while quickly letting Anya out of the house, her little paws on the glass and eyes begging to be let into the backyard. It was a rainy morning, Ilya laid one of Anya's towels on the ground next to the terrace door so she could rub herself off once she came back in.

Ilya said his goodbyes after the tea was done, chicken soup simmering on the stove. Shane's throat was really bothering him when he woke up earlier, that's why he decided to make a remedy he remembers from home. A stinky, ugly one. Onion with honey. He quickly cut the onion in small pieces and poured a bit of honey on top, letting it sit for as long as it could before the onion started to sweat and its juices would come out.

After that, he headed back to the bedroom. He entered the semi-dark room quietly to not wake his sick husband and put the cup of tea on the bedside table alongside a painkiller, the thermometer staying in his hand. He sat down next to the curled body and gently ran his hand through Shane's hair, ending up on his forehead to check if there's any sign of a fever.

Shane looked like an angel when he slept. A devastatingly beautiful one. He must've felt Ilya's touch, because he stirred and opened his eyes to look at his husband.

"*Dobroe utro, moy lyubimyj,*" Ilya whispered and leaned in to give Shane's forehead a soft kiss. His husband's answer didn't come in words, but rather as a low hum, small smile and a squeeze to Ilya's hand. His throat must've been really hurting him.

"You need to take your painkiller for headache and take your temperature. Okay, *moy bolel'ka?*" he caressed his cheek, Shane leaning in the touch, while Ilya moved to help him sit up and take the medicine and held up the thermometer for him.

Shane grimaced and counted to three in his head before swallowing the pill, following Ilya's encouraged words of small sips of the tea. By the face he was making, his throat did not ease since the last time he was awake. At least there was no fever yet, but it was only 7 in the morning and if Shane continued to be sick, there was a high chance it would go up with the day.

"Good boy, you rest, okay? I am making *bulyonchik*, chicken soup, and now I have made something for your throat too. It is something *moya mamen'ka* was making for me when I was kid. But I will warn you, it will not be that pleasant to taste. But it always helped," or at

least his mother claimed it did. All he does remember is the smell and taste but Shane doesn't need to know that. Damn, he might hate him after it.

Shane sat up a bit higher and nodded. He took the cup to his mouth and tried the tea again, it was clear he was thirsty. Ilya stood up, once again gently kissing him, this time on top of his hair and promised to be right back.

When he entered the downstairs space again, Anya was already lying on her little towel, waiting for Ilya to be picked up and cleaned from the morning solo walk around their now wet garden from the morning fog.

After Ilya dealt with her, he went to look in the cup to see if the remedy was ready. He deemed it good enough, took a spoon out of the kitchen counter and made his way back towards his sick husband who was in the same position as before. Head leaning back at the headboard, covers up to his shoulders and his skin still pale with his glistening boba eyes full of sickness.

"I have it here, sweetheart. I give to you now," Ilya sat back down where he was before and mixed the onions one last time. Shane's face made a grimace once again, definitely smelling the onions. Ilya brought the spoon full of the now sweet onion juices to Shane's mouth but Shane refused to open it.

"Sweetheart, I know this smells like shit but I promise it helps. Is good for your health. I ate so many times when sick back in Russia," Ilya encouraged him again, nudging the spoon in the air. Shane whined, tried to swallow his own saliva, which ended up being a painful experience so he whined again.

"*Lyubov moya*, I can't bear to see you suffering." Ilya made a sad face, he was worried but it was only growing. Shane gave in, nodded and opened his mouth for the awful thing in the spoon. Ilya quickly seized the opportunity, fed Shane the onion juices and Shane kept looking like he suffered even more now than before.

"It will get better. Promise," Ilya kept repeating until the last drop of the abomination was in Shane's mouth and he slumped his head backwards as a "finally".

"I am sorry, I know is disgusting. But you did so well. Drink bit of tea again and try to rest more, okay? I will come join you fast, the *bulyonchik* must be finished,"

He once again petted Shane's hair. Shane was making a face that meant for Ilya to hurry to turn off the stove and come right back to lay down next to his poor sick husband.

Shane immediately cuddled into Ilya's left side, face buried in his chest. Ilya kissed his neck and started gently scratching his back to soothe him back to sleep. Shane needed a lot of rest now to minimise the chances of a fever appearing in the evening.

The rest of the day continued in haze for Shane. On the outside, rain wasn't leaving and so wasn't his sickness. He didn't speak much, he ate Ilya's rich chicken soup, he slept a lot and complained in noises of his entire body aching, his throat destroying him and the headache not leaving any time soon. Ilya was there for it all, by his side, rubbing his aching body,

whispering sweet nothings in his ears to get him back to sleep and to feed him even if he felt nauseous, which was probably caused by how little he ate that day.

Once the sky started to darken, Shane's temperature unfortunately increased. And so did the aches in his body. He was starting to feel overstimulated, tears on the edge, the covers making him too hot, but without them he was shaking and his teeth were clattering. He couldn't breathe through his nostrils anymore. The fever medicine didn't seem to be working and so weren't the cold wet towels on his forehead.

"*Malysh moy, davay*, we will take a lukewarm shower, the fever needs to break," Ilya said worryingly. Shane breathed out and whined again. He did not want to move, everything hurt.

"Come, I will take you," Ilya insisted and helped Shane to sit up. He was shaking, goosebumps visible, his beautiful freckles now covered with his tears. Ilya felt his heart ache. His poor baby.

He helped Shane in the shower, held him up and washed his body, making sure the water wasn't too cold or too hot. Shane still cried, it wasn't the most pleasant experience but Ilya kept insisting his fever was too high. After they were done, Ilya quickly put him in a bundle of towels before he took out his own shirt and pyjama pants to put on Shane, knowing the smell might help him to feel better. Well, maybe after he was able to breathe properly again.

"You must be so exhausted, my love. I am so sorry you are going through this. My pretty boy," Ilya kept whispering, wiping his tears away and getting Shane under the covers after checking the temperature again and seeing it finally go down a bit.

Shane softly tugged the edge of his t-shirt, not wanting Ilya to leave. He re-assured him to come back soon, making another cup of tea, bringing new tissues with a nose spray in the bedroom and making sure the diffuser next to Shane wasn't too bothersome but still working.

Later, he layed down next to his husband, took his fragile aching body into his embrace and they both fell asleep from exhaustion.

Ilya woke up in the middle of the night to the rustling of the covers next to him. Shane was about to blow his nose when he noticed Ilya was also awake. He looked a little bit better.

"Let's check your temperature, since we are both awake, ok?" he gently asked and turned to Shane with a small smile. Shane nodded, blew his nose and took his own temperature. It went down again, but it wasn't the best yet. Ilya felt a huge rock falling from his heart.

"I can't believe you spoon fed me that disgusting thing," Shane spoke his first words after the whole day, his voice hoarse and broken. Ilya chuckled.

"But it did help, no? Is slavic grandmas remedy," he replied, taking Shane in his arms again.

"Mhmm, thank you and *babushki-dobryanki*," Shane closed his eyes again and fell asleep.

You don't have to thank me, Ilya thought. I will always be here for you.

With that, they both slept in each other's arms until the morning.

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