

sharing is caring

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by Anonymous

Summary

Ilya knew that morning when he woke up feeling like his entire body was hit by a bus that he was sick. It was definitely something he had picked up from Sofia, she had a playdate with Amber earlier that week so that was more or less where she had picked up the cold from.

Or the one where Ilya takes care of his sick little baby bear.

Notes

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

Ilya knew that morning when he woke up feeling like his entire body was hit by a bus that he was sick. It was definitely something he had picked up from Sofia, she had a playdate with Amber earlier that week so that was more or less where she had picked up the cold from.

He would choose to believe that Hayden had something to do with this. Not the sweet little Pike, just the big annoying Pike.

Shane wasn't in the bed when he rolled over to wrap his arms around him in a practiced motion, leaving him to hug air and open his eyes to see nothing there but crumpled sheets and a note?

Sofia is sick, I'm downstairs taking care of her I don't want you to catch it.

Love you

Ilya knew right away that poor Sofia definitely was who he got it from and that Shane definitely didn't need to be catching it to pass along to their team.

Willing himself out of bed to go be super papa, Ilya trudged down the stairs not even having to put any extra items of clothing on because he was still in his socks, sweatpants and a long sleeve henley shirt that he had layered under one of his team issued Centaur shirts and a hoodie on top of that though it was safe to say his fever had broken.

"I was wondering why you were dressed in like fifty layers but I was wondering if you were going for like that lumberjack look." Shane teased, grabbing the thermometer from their cabinet in the kitchen from a box labeled 'sick day emergency kit'.

It was compiled of all things that they could possibly ever need for a sick day. It had started as one of those kits every parent gets like five of from a baby shower and then Shane added onto it. He even had one for him and Ilya labeled 'In case of emergency break glass'.

"Is Sofushka feeling better?" Ilya had basically been given an answer with the thermometer being fished out along with some children's motrin.

"Ah, I see so still no good." Ilya leaned against the counter, feeling a little weak but way better than he had the night before. "Here, let me give her medicine she will take it with no problems." The alpha reached into the fridge, handed Sofia who was now being held by her daddy the juice box and let her drink it.

"Dada, my throat it hurts." Sofia croaked, her little voice was pitiful and it broke every piece of Ilya's heart hearing his baby hurt. She at least got a little relief from the cold juice but the reasoning as to why Ilya got her to drink it was cruel and he hated that it had to be this way.

He quickly cut a small square in the back of the box, slipping the tiny cup of medicine into the back of it and pretended like he was grabbing another juice box from the refrigerator. "Here is another, this one is magic so we will let you have this one. It might taste little different."

Shane had a feeling this wasn't going to work, she had already fought him like a baby tiger to get the first dose of medicine in her and she was already burning up again. "Wait- oh my god where did you learn that one?" He couldn't believe his eyes— Sofia was actually drinking the 'magic drink' without much protesting at all.

And he wasn't covered in any more medicine than he already had been.

"Is simple, I saw on video for babies that have trouble with medicine taking. I thought maybe she could take it this way." Ilya grinned, proud of his idea and that it helped their baby girl at least get more taken so she could start to feel a little relief.

"What about you? Here pass her to me." Ilya motioned for Shane to pass over their daughter so that he could possibly get a shower and get dressed. "If you get sick too Wiebe will probably come hunt us for sport."

Sofia whimpered a little, her little cheeks were bright red and of course her nose was running all over shirt— the beauty of fatherhood. It didn't phase him one bit when stuff like this happened though, it was just apart of being a parent.

His father didn't do any of this for him, never showed him unconditional love. Didn't care for him when he was sick— his mother had been tasked with all of this. Sometimes there was this little voice in his head that told him that was part of the reason his mother was so sick. That throwing everything onto her had been part of why she was so sad.

Ilya wanted to be the father his never was. He yearned for little moments like this because it healed a part of him that never had this when he was small.

So yeah, a little snot and sneezing all over him well that just came with the territory.

"Baby, are you sure you want to keep her? I mean you weren't looking great yesterday and I mean you're definitely running a fever now too." Shane had made Ilya take medicine too wearing a mask around the house because Ilya didn't want him to risk getting the cold they had.

"Shane, *lyubimiy*, we will be okay. We will be watching Masha and snuggle under blankets— actually no, I'm thinking we will go run around in snow outside. That might break our fever and boost our immune system." Ilya pretended to think about it for a second, unable to resist the grin corkscrewing its way onto his lips.

"Kidding, we will be inside fighting our colds." Ilya reached for one of the cooling stickers that they used to help bring Sofia's fevers down and Shane helped put it on the back of her neck to help combat the fever that was slowly yet surely going down.

It didn't seem fair that Sofia had to go through sickness like she did, it always seemed like whenever she got a cold it was what another kid had but amplified. It made them both worry about her endlessly but she was also a tough little cookie.

Shane gathered the random scraps of trash off the counter, throwing the tiny dosing cup in the sink in an attempt to tidy up the house before it was ravaged by his husband and their pup.

"I won't be long like maybe two hours at the most? It's just a regular practice so I shouldn't take forever. Sofi be good for papa and please drink your juice." Shane had been worried about Sofia getting dehydrated, worried about her fever spiking too high and turning into a febrile seizure—he had read up on those when he was on a brief bed rest pregnant with Sofia, scaring himself with all the possible what ifs of having a newborn.

Ilya smelled the worry in Shane's scent, wanting so badly to hold him against his chest and scent him to ease those worries but he knew that would definitely get him sick so he refrained.

The alpha opted to hold his omega's hand instead, rubbing gentle circles on the back of his hand. "You go, tell them if they are good boys for practice their captain will maybe just maybe consider going easy on them when he is back from playing papa nurse."

"Yeah, yeah I'm sure they'll listen to me." Shane rolled his eyes playfully, giving his husband's hand a squeeze and a quick hug to Sofia his heart aching because he wanted to hold her too.

Ilya knew first things first Sofia needed to drink something, that was first on Shane's list of worries so he would have her drink the rest of her sippy cup full of pedialyte.

"Sofa, let us have contest. Whoever can drink their juice and make it all gone first will win a prize. That sounds good, yes?" He saw the little light in Sofia's eyes spark with interest, her eyes drifting over to the sippy cup still full on the kitchen island that her daddy had practically begged her to drink earlier.

"Mmm okay I want to win prize. I will win lion!" Sofia wanted another lion stuffed animal to add to her ever growing collection in her room. She was very set on loving them because Shane claimed they must remind her of his curls—it was sweet. They shared the same curls and it felt good that his daughter loved her hair just as much as he and Shane did.

"It's a deal. Here papa will get drink too." Ilya walked over to the fridge to grab some pedialyte too in solidarity even if it tasted not the greatest. He was more than likely a little dehydrated too from being sick.

"Okay I have my drink, you have yours. We will both drink on three- one...two...three!" Ilya counted down and on three he turned his cup up pretending to drink frantically as if he was going to 'win'. Sofia followed in the same fashion, turning her sippy cup up drinking as fast as she could though there were a few times he had to tell her to go a little slower (it went against the rules yes but he didn't want this doing the opposite of hydrating her).

Sofia raised her empty cup in the air a triumphant look on her face, "Aha! I win! Lion now!"

"Augh! I cannot believe you won! I guess you get to pick out lion." Ilya grabbed his phone off the counter, pulling up the build a bear webpage so she could pick out a lion that they

could take to the store when it was delivered and stuff it together.

"Papa, color my nails." Sofia had her little basket of nail polish out on her little table, wiggling her little fingers.

"What color you want? I'm picking my color already, give papa red." Ilya set aside the red polish, picking up the blue sparkly polish that Sofia had pointed to and spread her fingers to make sure that none of the paint got messed up if she moved. She wasn't exactly the best at staying still but neither was he— Shane either, it ran in the family.

They painted nails while watching Masha, Ilya listened attentively to his daughter and her expressive little self was using her hands to try to narrate her stories with.

There were so many things that Sofia did that he saw himself in her but then there were a lot of things she did that he loved seeing her do that basically screamed 'Tiny Shane' to him.

The way she organized her little nail polish kit at three and half years old would put any nail salon to shame. She had them color coded by shade, sparkles, and if they were scented or not.

Thankfully she was starting to feel better, Ilya had been keeping track of the liquids and a what few snacks she would eat for him but she was definitely bouncing back quicker than she normally would. That made him feel a lot better, texting Sofia's progress to Shane every thirty minutes or so because he worried too much.

It was funny, being a parent really made Ilya wonder about a lot of things that normally would've went straight over his head. One thing in particular was how his father had ever treated him the way he did— how any father could be so cold and distant from their child.

How his father had neglected him emotionally after his mother was gone there was no one to take care of him when he was sick to hold him and nurse him back to health.

The little things Ilya did for Sofia, his baby girl who meant more to him than life itself, the living breathing proof of his and Shane's love for each other.

So yeah, maybe treated her like a princess but she deserved it because this was the love and care he never got to experience.

Practice ran a little long, they discussed the upcoming Irina foundation camp schedule and plans with the team since so many of them would be participating in helping this year. Shane was grateful their team wanted to be apart of something so close to his and Ilya's hearts.

Throughout the day Shane of course received updates on Sofia. Some of the pictures Ilya sent were too cute not to send to his mom but his husband beat him to that, sending the pictures of Sofia with a princess crown on riding on her papa's back as if she were the queen of the jungle.

There was another picture where they were painting nails, the finished product wasn't too shabby and Ilya's fingers weren't *too* badly covered in polish though it kind of looked like he had been performing surgery with all the red on his hands.

Another picture with Sofia tucking him into the couch with a blanket and pillow, wearing her pretend stethoscope around her neck as she was returning the favor being her papa's nurse now.

That was the last text message Shane had gotten around 3:00 when they had wrapped up their meeting and practice. He had decided to grab something quick on the way home for Ilya and Sofia figuring a homemade chicken noodle soup from the local bistro just a few blocks away from their house would be the best option for this.

Shane figured they were already taking an afternoon nap and didn't want to bother them so he opted for a quiet ride home, well, except for the fact that when he got back in the car he didn't realize wheels on the bus was synced up to play somehow from his phone and startled him when it blared from the speakers making him almost drop the soup.

"Ilya, Sofi I'm back!" Shane announced as he slipped out of his shoes at the door, wondering if they were still asleep he treaded through the house quietly. A soft fond smile pulled at the corners of his lips whenever he noticed that they were both asleep on the couch.

Sofia was curled up on her papa's chest with a blanket on top of them both, mouth parted slightly as she snored softly and Ilya was doing the very same — they could be twins.

He didn't want to wake either of them up since they were both getting much needed rest, so he put their soup on the counter and tiptoed up stairs to shower again and get changed. The omega was definitely in need of a hot shower, it was so cold outside and he just couldn't shake the chill from his bones for some reason.

When Shane made it back downstairs, Ilya was half awake still holding Sofia not having budged a muscle.

"Are you feeling any better?" Shane was busy trying to pull a second pair of socks on, getting a strange look from his alpha.

"Mm yes, I am feeling much better. Fever is gone finally, we will live." Ilya dramatically put his hand against his own forehead, earning a flick to the top of his head from his omega.

Ilya noticed how cold Shane's hands were when he went to grab one, raising his brow. "You look pink. Why are you pink? Come down here let me feel your head." He motioned for Shane to lean in closer not wanting to jostle their little sleeping beauty.

"I'm not pink- what are you talking about?" Shane met Ilya halfway, confirming what his alpha already suspected.

"You are warm. You have fever, I was hoping you would not get sick too." Ilya cursed under his breath feeling terrible that they all shared the same cold now.

Shane groaned softly, pressing his forehead into Ilya's hand his eyelids fluttering closed. It was like all his symptoms were hitting him like a train all at once. "Okay so this is the one time I'm going to say this, sharing is *not* caring."

"Oh don't worry I will be good nurse to you, *moy pomidor*." Ilya winked playfully up at Shane causing him to groan softly again.

"I should be so lucky."

End Notes

i love writing papa ilya 🥰❤️ so this was self indulgent really because i just love hollanov girdads and can't stop writing them so here this is, as always hope you guys enjoy!

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