

## got it all figured out

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by Anonymous

## Summary

The buzzing on his nightstand had Shane rummaging around sleepily to find his phone lit up in the darkness of the room. He didn't think too much other than Ilya probably wanted to Face time which would've been fine except it was 12 am?

"Shane, do not panic."

Or Sofia's first fever, Shane is on a roadtrip and Ilya has to figure out what to do.

## Notes

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

The buzzing on his nightstand had Shane rummaging around sleepily to find his phone lit up in the darkness of the room. He didn't think too much other than Ilya probably wanted to Face time which would've been fine except it was 12 am?

"Shane, do not panic."

"What's wrong? Why do I not believe you when you say that?" Shane shot up straight in bed upon hearing the underlying panic in Ilya's voice. Something was definitely wrong.

First thing that came to mind was that the house was on fire. The house was on fire because a bad outlet. No wait Ilya was in the living room so that couldn't be it.

Ruling out the cause of fire being the source of Ilya's panic, he moved on to Ilya possibly cutting his hand cooking?

That honestly sounded more likely seeing as his husband did get rather animated when cooking but he really couldn't see him cooking for himself since their daughter was only four months old— well not even, she was a week shy of four months. So he wouldn't be feeding her anything but a bottle and more than likely would have ordered takeout for himself.

"Shane." Ilya shook Shane out of his downward spiral of worry, grabbing his attention.

"I said do *not* panic. I put Sofia down at her normal bedtime but she was a little fussy so I give her extra cuddles and let her watch the dancing fruits but she didn't seem like she wanted it either." The alpha cursed under his breath, causing his omega to furrow his brow with even more worry.

"I didn't think much of it but when I went to grab her for her bottle she was very warm." Ilya juggled the phone between his cheek and shoulder, attempting to measure out the dosage of medicine that was highlighted on the fridge of what Sofia was allowed to have but had accidentally knocked the bottle over spilling most the sticky red berry smelling liquid onto their counter top.

Shane breathed deep, in and out trying his best not to let the panic attack wash over him in waves. Plus, it looked like Ilya was struggling enough— seeing as he had forgotten that they were on Face time and not a phone call.

All he could see was Ilya's cheek, the distant sounds of a restless Sofia starting to cry and his heart— oh god his heart couldn't take it.

Tears welled up in Shane's eyes and he couldn't help the emotion that washed over him and he was trying, he really was to hold them back. Sofia had never gotten sick before. This was her first time and he wasn't there.

He wasn't home with them.

But Ilya had this, his alpha was capable of taking care of their pup just like he would except he felt like a failure for not being there...like he was the worst parent ever.

His baby girl needed him— her cry was so pitiful that it shattered his heart inside his chest.

"It'll be okay, it'll be okay-" Shane kept repeating not sure who he was saying that more for, himself or Ilya — probably both. "Just use the little pacifier syringe and put 1 ml of Tylenol in it, she should take it better that way." It was in the shape of her normal pacifier so it wouldn't be a fight for her to take it.

Ilya nodded, propping the phone up on the counter remembering that they were on a video call. Shane could see Sofia's little face illuminated by the glow of the kitchen overhead light. Her chubby cheeks had tears running down them as she clung to her papa's chest with her little fists.

Ilya was murmuring soft comforts to her in Russian, bouncing her lightly in his arms as he drew the medicine up again holding her with one arm attempting to multitask it again. This time he was able to measure the correct amount and cradled her in his arms as he got ready to give it to her.

"*Malysh*, please know this hurts papa more than it hurts you." It didn't hurt Sofia one bit but to Ilya he felt like he was giving her poison when it was just medicine to bring her fever down and help her with any aches or pains she had. Surprisingly, Sofia took it rather well and began to settle a little in her papa's arms as he swayed them from side to side.

Shane was just glad her first ever fever was with Ilya and not with his parents. Not that it mattered, his parents would take amazing care of her but he just wanted her to be with one of them when sickness struck.

"I wonder why she randomly got a fever— wait do you think it was her three month shots?" Shane wondered aloud, the realization hitting him over the head like a hammer. They had taken her to the doctor the day before the team's flight and her doctor mentioned the possibility of a fever.

Ilya had been just as traumatized by the shots which could be seen on his face when Shane mentioned the shots again.

"Yes. I remember them well." Ilya was even more against them now, in the sense that they had made his baby girl cry but also they were making her have a fever. She was too little for all this.

It would make sense though because no one around them had any colds and Shane had been very picky about *anyone* that remotely sounded sick near her. But then again they were both hockey players and they traveled all over so sometimes sicknesses would travel with them.

"I'm sorry I'm not there with you guys..." Shane wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, blinking back more tears as they threatened to fall.

Sofia was still warm and Ilya had an idea to grab one of the sticky cooling patches from Shane's 'In case of emergency break glass' kit where everything was located conveniently before his omega even asked, wanting to prove he knew what he was doing for their daughter — well that and he wanted to ease Shane's worries about being away.

"*Moya lyubov*, she's starting to feel cooler already, isn't that right, Sofushka?" Ilya nuzzled his nose against Sofia's button one, drawing a gurgle and a coo out of her as she gave her papa a gummy smile. The medicine was definitely helping the more time passed. "Please do not worry, I know you and I know how difficult of request that is *but* I promise she will be okay." He reassured softly, wishing he could reach through the phone and hold Shane tight.

Truth was that roadtrips even if this one was just a two day trip still had Ilya ready to get in the car and travel alongside the team.

The thought occurred briefly to the alpha that he *could* pack little Sofia up and they could be road trip pals. She loved the car, it put her right to sleep and sometimes they would even take a trip around the block just so she could get her nap out.

About thirty or so minutes later — Shane never did go back to sleep and would regret his choices later at early morning skate but his pup and his husband were more important.

"How's her fever now?" Shane sleepily asked, rubbing his eyes while hiding a yawn.

Ilya took her temperature once again and it was now 99° degrees, which was a lot better than what it had been. A sigh of relief escaped them both, Sofia had dozed in the wrap her papa had put on to carry her around in on his chest.

Her little face looked so peaceful when Ilya faced the phone towards it. Sofia's little nose buried in her papa's chest with a cheek smooshed against his chest— she looked like a tiny sleeping cherub.

"She is asleep now, I think it made her sleepy." Ilya pressed a kiss to her soft curls, the answer satisfied Shane as he yawned again. He didn't want to sleep but he knew he probably should if he didn't want to look like a zombie in the morning.

"You guys are gonna watch tonight, right? Don't let her stay up too late." Shane made sure to keep Sofia on schedule or least tried to keep her as on schedule as a four month could possibly be.

"Yes, yes of course will make sure I tell her no late parties or else she is grounded." Ilya nodded trying to fight off a smirk, knowing they would be up far later than that especially if Sofia had her way. And really, her papa wouldn't have it any other way.

"Night Sofi, night Ilya. I love you guys." Shane yawned, pressing a kiss to his screen and Ilya did the same.

"Good night, *lyubmiyy. Ya tebya lyublyu.*"

## End Notes

✉️ this was a special request for bequeerious, thank you sm for the idea! I hope you enjoy  
💖 those fevers after shots can be brutal 😭 thankfully ilya was well prepared 😊

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