

Ginger & Honey

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Ginger & Honey

by [polaris_x](#)

Summary

Ilya's first experience with sickness via an Elementary-aged child, featuring a clingy Ilya, a begrudgingly but very efficiently attentive Shane, and a cameo from their sleepy toddler.

Notes

Hello!

This is just another part in the "Cinnamon & Sugar" universe, so A/B/O dynamics apply. Shane and Ilya are married, two kids so far in this fic (Ilya is already planning baby 3 in his mental palace), but Nikolai and Alina are here. Time is irrelevant to me, references to hockey careers are there, and Ilya is dramatic as he should be.

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

Ilya pulled the blanket up even higher against his chin, puffing dramatically as a chill ran right up his spine. He had claimed to Shane about a million and one times, *jokingly of course*, “Russian’s do not get sick,” and “No, no, I don’t need to wear the coat, I can’t remember the last time I even got sick— if ever,” and yet, here he was sprawled out against their bed with a case of whatever mysterious illness that was running rampant through Nikolai’s school. Ilya wondered if this was punishment for being such an attentive parent, an illness that his son narrowly avoided but seemed to grab onto Ilya without question and drag him into the hellish pits of flu-like symptoms for several days in a row.

“How are you feeling, Mr. Strong Russian Man with ironclad immunity?” Shane questioned, reaching down to press a cool hand against Ilya’s forehead. Ilya was almost convinced that steam would appear as Shane’s hand disappeared, but nothing. Ilya wasn’t sure if it was the omega in him, the maternal nature, or even just Shane being Shane, but Shane had a sixth sense for temperatures. He was sure he was doing some mental calculations right now, and as expected he mumbled a temperature under his breath as he surveyed Ilya in all of his glorious suffering.

“Ha, ha, I am happy to see you delight in my pain and suffering, *kotenok*,” Ilya sighed, sprinkling in the extra dramatics just for fun. The thing is, that before Shane, he truly never got sick like this. Or if he did, it was more of a *suck it up* mentality and he was back out on the ice. Injuries, illnesses, anything, he would be back out there on the ice. Yet here he was curled up under the mattress, feeling like one of those sickly Victorian children.

Shane lifted a cold rag and pressed it to Ilya’s head, allowing him to sink a little into the pillow mountain that he had formed. He let out a sigh, the cold helping to soothe his overheated skin even just briefly. “There you are *baby doll*, how does that feel?” Ilya knew that Shane couldn’t help but throw something in there to be an ass, but he wouldn’t have it any other way. Shane was amazingly good at this part though, the caretaking. Ilya wasn’t sure where it came from, and Shane sometimes hated when Ilya brought it up. Shane had always struggled a bit with the whole omega part, but Ilya didn’t think that was from that. Shane just seemed to be freaky good at a lot of things, and this was just one of them.

“Thank you, *kotenok*, such a good husband, glad I picked the sad little kitten to be my Canadian bride,” Ilya joked, earning an expectedly soul-sucking look from Shane as he adjusted the blankets.

“Next time maybe you’ll listen to *your husband and bonded partner* and not test the fates of elementary school germs, huh?” Shane stated, lifting the rag to wipe away some of the combined wetness building on Ilya’s forehead from sweat and water. Ilya counted it as a win when Shane pressed a kiss against his forehead shortly after. However, that was quickly replaced by a moment of dread when it appeared that Shane was getting ready to leave.

“Sweetheart, you can’t leave me, what will I do when you’re gone?” Ilya pouted, not ready for Shane to leave him again in this damn room. It was far lonelier than he’d like to admit. Shane was very strict on the rest and sleep part, TV privileges were limited, and getting up was strictly forbidden. That was mostly to avoid the plague spreading to other inhabitants.

Shane seemed to contemplate the request for a bit, but he eventually let out a sigh and climbed onto the bed beside Ilya. The mattress was comically large, but Ilya loved it that way. His brain was in no way able to think anything too sexual in these moments, even if Shane looked unfairly handsome in the hoodie and sweats that he had going on. Ilya was quick to cling, pressing himself against Shane's middle before he was guided to lay across his lap. Shane's nose gave away the fondness that he felt, scrunching a bit as he tried not to smile at the sight of the massive Slavic man curling up against his legs for dear life. Shane's hand brushed a sweat drenched curl out of Ilya's face, brushing a thumb against Ilya's pinkened cheeks.

"I thought Russians didn't blush either," Shane whispered, earning an even bigger pout from Ilya as he ramped up the pathetic factor to 20. He breathed in the calming scent of his omega, feeling the tension in his shoulders start to give way as he melted further into Shane's lap. It was hard to pinpoint exactly what the smell was, especially after Shane had worn blockers for so many years and taken suppressants for so long, but it was definitely sweet and warm, sugary and honey-like, with a swirl of vanilla. Ilya's scent veered more spicy and deeper, cinnamons and ginger scents. They blended exceptionally well together, which was evident as they curled up together now. This might just be the miracle cure he was looking for, just ten seconds with his attentive omega.

"Lina is down for her nap, so you'll have me until she decides to make her grand entrance, okay?" Shane had always held a tight ship, which was generally something Ilya loved from him, but now he felt like he was on a sinking ship desperate for a gulp of fresh air. His hand gripped Shane's hip a tiny bit tighter. Shane was becoming his lifeline in these perilous moments.

"Okay, *kotenok*," Ilya's voice was quieter, less teasing as he fully immersed himself in the omega's scent, face pressed into the soft material of Shane's sweats. Typically Shane would get dressed and have been in and out of the gym already, but there were exceptions for sick days.

"I do love you though, even if you pull far too many stunts for a grown man," Shane teased, fingers continuing to gently detangle Ilya's curls. Shane was especially good that the whole curl routine after both kids ended up with their Papa's hair texture— *one of Ilya's proudest achievements to date*. Ilya would have felt more terrible about the whole thing had the kids come out looking more like Ilya, blonde hair, light eyes. Alina had inherited the light eyes, but Nikolai's were all Shane. They both had dark hair though, but Ilya was convinced if they tried for baby three they'd be blonde, maybe pin-straight hair like Shane, but blonde for certain. *If only Ilya had started the baby 3 campaign closer to August or July, he was sure Shane wouldn't agree until the baby was guaranteed to be an off-season birth.*

"Da, but I am only mid-twenties, brain just developed and all that," Ilya whispered, feeling his eyes grow a little heavy. It was late afternoon, meaning he typically might be on his way home from practice, playing a game, or something else entirely, but now he was laid up in bed with the sunshine in his life barely keeping his eyes open.

"Do you think I'll survive this, *kotenok*?" Ilya pouted.

“Yes, because you’ve got the perfect Canadian husband,” Shane teased, hand reaching down to rub soothing circles against Ilya’s back. His shirt was sticking a bit due to the sweat, but Shane was gentle in a practiced way. “I might have time if you think you’d feel up for a bath or a shower?” Shane suggested, but Ilya shook his head, just wanting to be close to his omega. Ilya looked up at Shane, mentally mapping each and every freckle across his cheek and nose. He would give him a kiss on the cheek or head if he thought he could lift himself up that far and if he didn’t fear Shane rejecting him for the sake of not getting sick himself. Ilya decided to just settle on observing and curling in further.

Just outside the room there was a noise. It was brief, but practiced ears know the sounds of a rogue child who deemed naptime complete.

“Lina is awake,” Shane whispered, his voice sounding a few miles away as Ilya started to drift out of consciousness. Shane’s advice of *sleep, sleep, sleep* was finally worming its way into his brain and dragging him under. “I love you, sleep well, alpha,” Shane murmured, shifting Ilya with practiced ease onto a pillow and tucking him in just as the bedroom door opened.

Alina was standing there, curls smooshed against the side of her head, cheeks pink, but looking moderately well rested as she looked up toward Shane. Ilya barely registered many more activity as he sunk further into the mattress, soothed by the warm and sweet scents of his mate. He could hear the sound of fabric though, presuming that Shane had swapped shirts to avoid cross-contamination before he picked up their sleepy toddler. Shane always did this parenting things with gusto, though Ilya was earning the reputation of the more lenient parent despite Shane’s best efforts otherwise. Ilya thought that Shane was incredible though in every shape and form.

Shane gave Alina a big smile as he talked to her quietly, offering a snack, pressing a kiss to the side of her head, and walking out of the primary bedroom. He briefly looked back, shaking his head fondly at the near serene look on Ilya’s face as he slept soundly on the pillow. He closed the door all but a crack, just in case Ilya needed something, before he asked Alina what she’d like for snacktime. Thankfully Alina was the less picky eater, meaning that she would absolutely devour fruits and vegetables if offered, so Shane kept it simple with suggestions. He did ask her what she thought would be helpful for Papa to feel better, heart growing two sizes when she excitedly chattered about making a card.

Several hours later Ilya would sneak out of bed, well-rested, a little cooler, and find Shane, Niko, and Alina with endless craft supplies across the play-room table which surrounded a massive piece of paper folded with expert precision Shane, covered in glitter, stickers, and anything and everything surrounding the words Feel Better, Papa in Niko’s wobbly little letters.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! If you enjoyed it, please feel free to drop a kudos and/or comment down below! If there's anything you'd like to see from this universe, let me know, but spoilers: Cowboy Shane Feral Hours is coming!

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