

### Third wheel

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# Third wheel

by [WriteFandomRepeat](#)

## Summary

Ilya is dog sitting. Shane isn't too thrilled about it.

## Notes

More fluffy nonsense from me.

Shane walked in Ilya's house to complete silence. That could never bode well when Ilya was concerned.

"Ilya?" He dropped his keys on the console table by the door and toed his shoes off. He called out for his boyfriend again, and this time he spotted Ilya's hand waving at him from the couch.

He smiled to himself as he made his way to the couch, leaning over the back, ready to let himself fall over the edge onto Ilya. He caught himself just in time.

"What's this," he asked, as he was greeted with a face full of black fur and a wet tongue on his cheek.

"Chiron no. Only I kiss Shane," Ilya scolded the dog playfully while he scratched his ears. "Shane, this is Chiron."

"Yes, I recognized him from all the pictures you've sent me this season. What's he doing here though?"

Ilya's gaze stayed glued to the furball lying on his chest. "Troy and Harris went to BC with Troy's mom. They were going to put him in a kennel. Can you imagine that?"

Shane nodded. "Yeah. That's what people with dogs do."

"I offered to take him since I was home anyways." Ilya made cooing sounds as he scratched Chiron's face and Shane seriously considered what the odds were his boyfriend got abducted by aliens. "We fell asleep waiting for you to get here. Don't worry, it is just until tomorrow night."

What was 36 hours with a dog in tow in the grand scheme of things?

\*~\*~\*

"How long does dinner have to be in the oven for?"

Ilya looked at the recipe on his phone. "About 20 minutes. Why?"

Shane crowded him against the counter, kissing his neck. "I can think of a very good way to pass 20 minutes."

"I'm not sure I know what you mean," Ilya answered with an air of faked innocence that didn't fit him at all. Shane bit his earlobe and pulled a groan from Ilya that was definitely more familiar. "You are wasting time."

Shane didn't have to be told twice. He kissed Ilya properly while his hands went to work on his pants. He followed them down as he pushed his jeans to his knees-

"Chiron no!"

“Come *on!*”

-and was promptly attacked by an excited dog who seemed to think it was playtime (and not the kind that was for human grown-ups only).

Shane wrestled Chiron off him, who’d now pinned him on his back on the kitchen floor, while Ilya tried to pull his pants back on and convince Chiron to get off Shane. The effort was futile, as it seemed to make the dog want to play even more.

By the time they’d gotten the dog to stop jumping around on them every time they moved, the timer on Ilya’s phone chimed.

\*~\*~\*

“I don’t know why you like these movies so much,” Shane said on a yawn.

He was lying half sprawled on Ilya’s chest, with his back against the back of the couch, trying to stay awake during one of the Fast and Furious movies (he couldn’t remember which number they were at by now).

“The car is sexy,” Ilya answered like it was the most obvious thing.

“Sure, the car.”

Ilya kissed the top of his head and Shane yawned again.

“Will you fall asleep on me?”

“I might. Wanna go to bed soon?”

Before Ilya could answer, Chiron got up from where he was lying on the floor in front of the couch (no doubt where Ilya’s other hand had been hanging off the couch, probably scratching his ear).

“I need to give Chiron a walk before bed,” Ilya answered, not sounding as sad about this fact as Shane was.

“Can’t he just go in the backyard?”

Chiron looked at Shane with his head tilted sideways, his expression confused.

“No, he needs a walk or he will not sleep.” Shane made a sad whiney sound that had Ilya chuckling. “Will be quick. Promise.”

Ilya was not quick.

Shane had time to go shower and get fully ready for bed. He was half asleep before he was woken by Chiron jumping on the bed and giving him a big lick on the cheek.

“Ilya!”

“Chiron, no. Your bed is here.”

Shane grumbled as Ilya wrestled Chiron off the bed.

“Sorry. All the neighbours were out I think. Everyone wanted to say hello. Pet Chiron.”

“S’okay.”

Shane didn’t budge from his spot on the bed, lulled by the sounds of Ilya getting ready for bed.

“Good night, Chiron,” Shane heard Ilya say, and he couldn’t help but smile. “Stay in your bed tonight, okay?”

“He slept in bed with you last night, didn’t he,” Shane asked.

“Bed was too empty with you.” Shane snorted as Ilya got under the covers, kissed Shane’s shoulder and turned the side table lamp off.

Shane fell asleep wrapped in Ilya’s arms.

\*~\*~\*

Shane woke up the next morning to wet kisses on the back of his neck.

“That better be you and not the dog,” he mumbled. Of course, Ilya licked him for good measure. “You’re so gross sometimes.”

“You do not say that when I lick other parts of you.”

Shane just laughed and let himself be pulled tightly in Ilya’s arms. There was something to be said about lazy mornings in bed like this, with Ilya kissing him wherever he could find exposed skin, and his fingers trailing up and down his stomach. If only bodily functions didn’t ruin the fun.

“Lemme go to the bathroom before you get anymore handsy there.”

Ilya groaned and pulled Shane tighter against him. “No. If you move, it won’t be as cozy anymore.”

“If I don’t move, we might be exploring kinks I really don’t think I’m into.”

“Fine.” Ilya loosened his grip so Shane could scoot out of bed. “Hurry up. Bed gets cold quick.”

The sight of Ilya, in bed, with his mop of curls in complete disarray on the pillow and golden skin exposed where it wasn’t covered by bed sheets was motivation enough for Shane to do just that. Apparently, Chiron was faster than him.

“Oh- seriously?!”

Chiron had taken Shane's spot and was essentially spooning with Ilya, who was rubbing his belly. The whole thing was much too reminiscent of how he'd been snuggling Shane just minutes ago.

And no, Shane was *not* going to admit it was kind of adorable. Nope!

"I'm going to make breakfast," Shane announced as he threw on a pair of sweats and grabbed the first hoodie his hands landed on.

"You promised cuddles."

Nope, sleepy, petulant Ilya wasn't adorable at all. *Nope!*

"Looks like you're doing just fine."

\*~\*~\*

"I know you're there," Shane huffed out from the treadmill where he was doing interval sprints.

He'd heard Ilya come down the stairs to the basement, where he had a small home gym set up. He could imagine Ilya leaning against the wall behind him, staring at him while he ran. Probably with that annoyingly cute smirky grin of his. He did make it hard to stay mad at for too long.

"Why do you hate dogs," Ilya finally asked.

"I don't hate dogs."

"Okay. Why do you hate Chiron?"

Shane slammed the stop button on the treadmill. "I don't hate him."

"Really? It doesn't seem that way."

Shane grabbed his towel and made his way to Ilya who did look as frustratingly adorable as Shane had expected him to.

"I just... I wasn't expecting to have to share you when I got here, that's all." Shane let his forehead land on Ilya's shoulder, realizing how ridiculous he sounded. "Caught me off guard to have a third wheel wanting all your attention."

Ilya wrapped his arms around him, and Shane could feel the smile on Ilya's lips against his temple. "Chiron likes you, you know."

"How do you know?"

"When we came down from bed, he was looking for you. Had his little doggy football, and was going in every room to find you. He wanted to play. Told him we could go outside later."

Shane huffed out a laugh. “I really don’t hate him. Just warn me next time?”

Ilya pulled back and Shane did the same to look at him. “He can come back?”

“Well yeah. Just tell me so I don’t set my expectations for sex too high.”

Ilya laughed and kissed Shane. “I think I can remember that. Maybe we should get a dog. So he is not bored when he visits?”

It was Shane’s turn to laugh. “That is the most ridiculous idea. We’re never home. And you didn’t want Chiron at a kennel, what would you do when you’re on the road?”

“Harris can watch him. Or your parents.”

“Maybe when we retire.”

“Maybe,” Ilya answered with that wistful look he got whenever they talked about their future. Shane couldn’t resist kissing him, which Ilya didn’t seem to mind one bit.

“Wanna go play with Chiron now?”

“Actually,” Ilya said as he kissed Shane’s jaw. “Want to jump in the shower together first? Get a bit of alone time. I can make it very fun for you.”

Shane smiled and pretended to consider Ilya’s offer even as Ilya was grabbing his hand and pulling him towards the bathroom just off the gym. “That sounds like a good idea, yeah.”

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