

you ain't no friend of mine

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by [princebutt](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya agree to dogsit Chiron while Troy and Harris are away. Shenanigans ensue.

Flufftober day two: petsitting

If you read no other flufftober ficlets, read this one. I'm so proud of it.

Notes

I had so much fun writing this lil guy, and I'm so proud of the way it turned out. Thank you forever to dntat and Anna for betaing!!

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

The last thing Ilya expects to see when he enters their bedroom to get ready for the night is a standoff between Shane and Chiron – but here they are.

The big fluffy dog is sprawled out on the duvet of their king sized bed, and Shane's finger is angrily pointing from Chiron to the large, plush bed Troy and Harris brought with him when they'd dropped him off this morning.

"That's my bed," Shane is saying emphatically as he points at the human bed, "and *that's* your bed." He's speaking slowly, like that will help Chiron understand, and Ilya can't help but laugh as he crosses his arms over his chest and watches from the doorway.

"Seems to be working," Ilya states mildly, eyebrows arching as Shane shoots him a glare.

With a sigh Shane drops his hand and crosses his own arms over his chest. He turns fully to Ilya and cocks a hip, full-on sass mode activated. "He just hopped up there when I started brushing my teeth. I'm trying to *kindly* explain to him that he doesn't get to sleep up there."

"Maybe if you just... get into bed he will hop down and go to his own bed?" Ilya offers. He unfolds his arms and moves to place a kiss on Shane's cheek before going into the ensuite to brush his teeth and wash his face.

"He's getting his fur all over my duvet," Shane grouches as he follows Ilya.

"Do not forget that you did not know what a duvet was until we moved in together," Ilya says around his toothbrush. He brushes as Shane scoffs, then spits and rinses his mouth, and turns back to Shane, who is pouting – full lower lip pushed out, big eyes pleading.

"I did! I just... it was in *theory* that I knew about them."

"In theory. Ah. I see." Ilya moves on to washing his face, and he hears Shane pad back into the bedroom. There are soft words exchanged, and Ilya feels Anya brush at his ankles before settling onto the bathmat by his feet. "Daddy is being grouchy tonight, isn't he?" Ilya asks the pup, who tilts her head as she listens to the soft cooing of Ilya's baby voice. Anya's tail thumps as Ilya bends to scratch her ears, then he gestures for her to follow as he goes back into the bedroom, flipping off the bathroom light as he goes.

Hilariously, Shane is under the covers and sequestered into one corner of the bed with Chiron stretched as a barrier between Shane's side of the bed and Ilya's. He can't help it – laughter bubbles out of him, heady and delicious, because Shane has been bested by... *a dog*.

"It's *not* funny," Shane threatens from under the duvet. Ilya turns on his bedside light and kills the overhead light before shucking off his jeans and t-shirt, tossing them in the hamper, and crawling into bed himself.

Stretched out to his fullest height, Chiron has one of his paws on Shane's pillow, which Shane keeps glaring at pointedly. Ilya shifts under the covers and turns onto his side, making eye contact with Shane over said paw, a sly smirk on his lips.

“Objectively, is pretty funny,” he teases as he reaches out and pushes at Shane’s calf with his toe. Shane huffs and rolls onto his side, mirroring Ilya’s position, bracketing Chiron between them. The dog sighs happily, and as if to emphasize Ilya’s point, shifts his head and licks along Shane’s cheek.

“Augh!” Shane cries as he flails, ruining the perfectly creased sheets. Ilya can’t help himself – he bursts into laughter again, letting his head fall back against the pillow as he kicks his feet under the sheets with glee. “Get in your bed, dog!” Shane half-yells, half-shrieks, but Chiron only thumps his tail and noses at Shane’s neck, crawling closer to Shane and nuzzling him much like Ilya usually would. Anya has also joined them on the bed, now, and curls up daintily at the foot of the bed, like usual, unbothered by their guest.

Shane sits up, hair sticking every which way, eyes ablaze. “Get in your bed,” Shane says, voice heavy with serious authority.

Chiron whines, then lets out a little ‘bork,’ like he’s trying to tell Shane to come back to bed. Chiron’s head rests between his two feet as he looks sideways at Shane, and Shane groans as his hands come to cover his face. “I already have to sleep with one hairy menace tonight, Chiron, I don’t need *two of you* in my bed!” Shane *whines*, his voice a slick, desperate thing as he futilely tugs at Chiron’s collar. The dog doesn’t so much as budge – he simply rolls onto his back as his tongue lolls out and he lets out another playful yelp of a bark.

With a sigh, Ilya tugs at Shane’s hand. “Let the собачка sleep with us, Shane,” Ilya says, and he turns on his best puppy dog eyes as he tugs at his husband’s hand.

“He’s not a *little dog*, Ilya. He’s a very large dog who is currently sleeping between me and my husband.”

Ilya arches his brows and his mouth pulls into a little frown – Shane makes a good point. Every night they fall asleep wrapped up in each other, and Ilya would be lying if he said he didn’t crave those touches like a forest craves water in a drought. His toes tickle at Shane’s calf again as he reaches over and cups Shane’s cheek in one hand. With a sigh he scoots out of bed and assesses the situation, then gestures to Shane.

“Come here,” Ilya sighs the words out, and Anya and Chiron watch as Shane stands stiffly from bed and comes around to Ilya’s side. “Is plenty of space on my side, we will both sleep over here tonight.” Ilya gestures again, this time for Shane to get into bed. Chiron, sensing the shift, rolls onto his back, giving Shane more space to crawl in between the covers and snuggle in. Shane grabs his pillow from beneath Chiron’s head as he scoffs at the dog, and Ilya gets back into bed behind Shane, spooning him and breathing in the scent of his expensive seaweed shampoo.

Ilya flicks off the bedside lamp and sighs into Shane’s hair, his arms tightening around his husband as he presses a gentle kiss to the first knob of his spine and admires the ridges that make up Shane. They’re quiet for a moment, and Ilya wonders if Shane has fallen asleep that fast. But then his chest heaves with a sigh and Shane buries his face in Ilya’s bicep.

“I can’t fall asleep unless I’m wrapped up in you,” he admits, a soft mumble against warm skin whispered on a released breath. Chiron is already snoring, and Anya is between Ilya’s

feet, also dozing contentedly. Neither of them can deter the smile of contentment that spreads across Ilya's lips.

"I love you, Shane."

There's a small chuckle, and a sheepish smile presses into Ilya's skin. Shane is showing him how happy he is, because he always tells him. "I love you, too, Ilya."

End Notes

Comments and kudos are so appreciated if you enjoyed this guy!

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