

moy kotenok

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moy kotenok

by [baffledbuck](#)

Summary

Ilya makes a new friend.
Shane disapproves.
(It's a cat).

Notes

hollanov have taken over my entire life and brain, and i banged out this fic while watching the sharks game after seeing a tweet about ilya finding a cat and bringing it home. ty to parkerscamera on twt for inspiring this and to the sharks for winning the game so I was in a good mood to write fluff <3 and ty to my roommate for reading before I posted :)

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

Ilya winced as the front door creaked loudly when he pushed it open. He juggled his keys, Anya's leash, and his jacket holding precious cargo as he glanced up worriedly, but Shane didn't look up.

"Have a good walk?" Shane asked distractedly, still sitting on the couch reading a book like Ilya left him.

Ilya got momentarily sidetracked by admiring how good his husband looked in his glasses, as he maneuvered to unclip Anya's leash with one hand.

That pause to stare at Shane's face took too long and cost him - a small sound emerged from his jacket.

Ilya froze.

Shane glanced up, frowning.

"What was that noise?"

"Nothing," Ilya lied very convincingly.

Shane narrowed his eyes.

"Ilya," he started exasperatedly, "Why are you soaking wet and tracking water all over the flo-" he cut himself off as a small brown head popped out of the jacket Ilya was holding.

Shane stared, mouth open.

Ilya stared back, slowly letting his mouth quirk up in a smile.

"What," Shane said slowly and deliberately, "Is that?"

"This?" Ilya nodded his head at Anya, who barked in agreement. "Is our daughter Anya! How could you forget her?" He pouted exaggeratedly.

Shane glared.

"I am talking," he said, "About the creature in your coat!"

Ilya gasped. "This is no creature! This is a cute little kitty who needed saving!" He presented the bundle in his arms to Shane with such a flourish it was like he was presenting the Stanley Cup.

The cat stared at Shane imploringly, wet fur making it's eyes look even bigger, and meowed. Ilya widened his own eyes, trying to imitate her.

Shane shook his head immediately. "No, no, no. We have one dog and that's enough, we are not taking in a cat."

"But Shaaane," Ilya whined. "She's so cute!"

"She could have fleas!" Shane argued. "And she could be someone else's cat!"

Ilya frowned. "Such a beautiful cat could never have fleas."

Shane crossed his arms. "Not how that works. And what about her being someone else's?"

"Tomorrow, I take her to the vet once it's open," Ilya conceded. "Then we can make sure she is all healthy and all for us!"

Shane sighed. "Even if she doesn't have a microchip, she might still be someone else's cat."

"But you can see her ribs!" Ilya lifted the cat up higher to show Shane, and she wiggled around in his arms so her butt was facing Shane.

Shane did a double take at the cat. "Her ribs?"

"Yes!"

"*Her* ribs Ilya?"

"Stop being an asshole! Did you not hear me the first time?"

A smile slowly crept up Shane's face. "That's not a girl, *asshole*."

"What?" Ilya turned the cat around to face him.

He looked down, and gasped. "Shane! Were you staring at her private parts!"

"*His* private parts Ilya, and no! You shoved his butt in my face."

"Well someone is a little too insistent on knowing about this cat's anatomy and gender for someone who does not want to keep him."

Shane's smile vanished. "I do not want to keep him."

"Sure, keep telling yourself that, moy kotenok."

Shane's glare intensified. "My kitten? Really?"

"Yes! You can share a name with him!" The cat in Ilya's arms wriggled again, and he put him down on the floor. The cat stretched, and then immediately trotted over to Shane, brushing up against his legs.

"See! Kotenok likes you!"

"We are not calling our cat 'kitten' in Russian, Ilya." But Ilya could see cracks in the stern facade Shane was trying to put on.

"Okay! We will call him Sobaka!"

"That's worse!" Shane yelled. "We are not calling him *dog*!"

"Okay." Ilya smirked. "Then you name our new cat."

"I- he's not-" Shane spluttered.

"You think about names while I go to the store and get food and litter!" Ilya waved. "Anya, you look after moy kotenok! Both of them!"

Shane gritted his teeth, watching Ilya cheerily pick up his keys, as Anya barked and the cat purred.

"You're cleaning up all of this water and giving Anya a bath when you get back!" he yelled after Ilya as the door closed.

Ilya tried to silently creep into the house for the second time that day. He had spent maybe a long time at the store, deciding between a top-entry litter box, and one with low sides and an open top.

"The top-entry can be hard for some cats to adjust to," the employee at the store had explained. "But they're also better for tracking less litter out of the box."

Ilya had decided that he could handle convincing the new cat to get used to a box with a lid on it. His Shane on the other hand, would not appreciate litter all over the floor of the house.

On second thought, he picked up a litter trapping mat to put under the box.

Actually, better get two.

Now this left him with too many things to bring in from the store, and it was late. Shane might already be in bed, or-

Ilya stopped in the doorway, drinking in the sight in front of him.

Shane was sitting on the couch, where he had been reading before, but he had clearly moved positions. For one, the floor was dry and smelled like the cleaning products Shane always liked to use (he hated dirty rainwater on the floor). For another, Anya was curled up on the floor with the towel that Shane always used after taking a bath.

And for a third, Shane was sitting there, fast asleep, head back and mouth open, with the new cat curled up in his lap.

Ilya smiled softly. "I love you, moy kotenok," he whispered. "I'll do all of the chores tomorrow. Sorry you had to clean up after me."

Ilya burst into the house.

Shane looked up, startled.

"He is a healthy cat!" Ilya crowed. "And he has no chip!" He set the crate (that he had also bought last night) on the floor, letting the cat jump out.

The cat immediately bolted for the bedroom, ears back.

"I take it that he did not enjoy the vet?" Shane asked wryly.

"No, he hates the vet like you hate my breakfasts." Ilya teased.

Shane rolled his eyes. Then he stood up quickly, quirking an eyebrow at Ilya.

"What?" Ilya asked nervously.

Shane flashed his pretty smile at Ilya. "We can keep the cat," he said slowly, and Ilya started to smile, "If- and only if- you have the same breakfasts as me every single day."

Ilya's smile dropped.

"Not fair!"

Shane smirked. That smirk was a rare, unfair thing.

"Take it or lose it."

Ilya frowned.

"Think on it!" Shane grinned, and walked off to the bedroom.

They were sitting in bed, winding down for the night, Anya curled up at Ilya's feet.

"Did you think any more about my offer?" Shane grinned.

"I am not eating your stupid healthy breakfasts," Ilya grumbled.

"Okay, we won't keep the cat then." Shane's smile grew as Ilya frowned at him.

Ilya sighed, about to concede (or at least bargain) when the cat jumped up on the bed. His mouth opened in an adorably toothy yawn, and Shane's expression softened.

Ilya looked over at his husband affectionately. Shane was distracted now, staring at the cat, as it walked around in a circle, and then settled down on Shane's feet.

Shane let out a tiny gasp.

Ilya smirked.

"We aren't keeping him, hm?"

Shane glared, wanting to shove Ilya but not wanting to disturb the sleepy cat at his feet. Then he looked back at the cat, and sighed.

"Fine. But you're cleaning the litterbox."

Ilya nodded, as if in concession. "Okay, Shane. I will clean Kotenok's litterbox." He leaned over to turn off the lamp on the nightstand.

"Koty," Shane murmured.

"Hm?"

"We'll call him Koty. Happy?"

Ilya bit his cheek, not sure if he was trying not to laugh or trying not to cry.

"Yes," he whispered. "I'm happy."

End Notes

kudos and comments are greatly appreciated :)

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