

Fluffy Surprise

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Fluffy Surprise

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Summary

Ilya stepped over the bags on the floor, shoes still on his feet and held the pink thing to Shane's face.

“Look!”

Before Shane could do anything a quiet “Meow” came from the fabric bundle and Ilya squealed in delight.

“Did your hat just meow?” Shane asked, completely bewildered.

Ilya snorted loudly. “Is not hat. Look! It's a kitty.”

He held the bundle even closer and Shane spotted two black pointed ears and a tiny pink nose.

Or: How Ilya and Shane became cat parents

Notes

Hi and welcome to this little story :)

These two characters have been living in my brain rent free for quite a while now, so I decided to write about them. Maybe that will help me to finally be able to think about something else for once.

Although, by the current state of the world, I might just stay in this queer happy space for a bit longer.

So here's some fluff for you, I hope you enjoy :)

Shane sat on the couch and watched a replay from last night's game, Toronto vs. Boston. He had already watched the highlights of the game, but it wasn't like he had anything better to do at the moment.

With a drawn-out sigh he looked at the time on his phone. No new messages, no missed calls. Ilya was supposed to be back from grocery shopping over an hour ago. What was taking him so long? Shane tapped his foot on the floor and felt the frustration grow in him. He was hungry and tired and grumpy and he wanted nothing more than getting the damn cooking done so they could finally snuggle up on the couch and fall asleep to one of the dumb action movies Ilya liked so much.

Shane slumped more into the cushions and watched as the ref on screen sent two players into the penalty box.

Maybe, just maybe he started to pout a little bit, but there was nobody here so witness it besides Anya, who would never tell on him.

She missed Ilya almost as much as Shade did.

Okay, equally as much.

As if hearing his thoughts, Anya got up from her doggy bed and trotted over to sit on Shane's tapping foot.

Shane leaned over and scratched her between the ears.

“Where's your dad, hm?” He asked and Anya let out a soft whine and put on her most adorable puppy face.

“Yeah, me too.”

Anya pressed her head against Shane's hand and pawed at his leg.

“Do you want to cuddle with me at least?” Shane asked rhetorically because he already knew the answer. Their cute little fluffy baby was nothing if not predictable.

“Alright, get up here.” Shane patted the space next to him and Anya jumped up immediately.

Usually Shane didn't allow her on this side of the couch, because her fur had the tendency to stick to the fabric like glue. She had a designated “Anya-Spot” on the other side, with her favorite blanket and a few stuffies.

Knowing that this was a rare opportunity Anya made herself comfortable and put her head in Shane's lap.

Her tails wagged against one of the countless pillows with a soft “thumb” sound.

Laughing softly Shane scratched her favorite spot behind her left ear.

“You are such a spoiled little lady.” He said and Anya huffed in agreement. After all she was the lady of the house.

Shane turned his head back to the TV, but the game was almost over. He switched the channel to some home renovation series and leaned back.

Anya shuffled forward until she laid almost entirely in his lap.

For the next few minutes they let the sound of the TV fill the room around them until Anya started to lick Shane's hand.

With a quick look at the clock, Shane realized it was time for her dinner. Sometimes he wondered whether Anya could actually read the time.

“Okay, Miss. Just because your dad is not back with our food yet doesn't mean that you have to starve as well.”

Anya jumped to her feet and ran to the kitchen. Apparently she agreed with him.

Shane gave his phone another irritated look and then followed her.

By the time he finished preparing Anya's dinner (because of course she didn't just get dog food out of a can, noo, Ilya had a whole meal plan for her that involved more steps than their usual human meals) he heard the garage door open up.

“Finally.” He sighed in relief.

This tiny nagging voice in the back of his head had already started to come up with the most horrible explanations for Ilya's delay and inability to answer Shane's texts and Shane was really glad his husband returned before he could have a full on meltdown.

With practised movements, he put all the utensils back in their rightful place, wiped down the counter and gave Anya a quick pat on the butt before leaving the kitchen for the entrance.

Ilya stumbled through the door, his arms full with three grocery bags and something that looked like a pink beanie in his hands.

“Shane!” He yelled and dropped the bags, while balancing the pink thing from one hand to the other.

“Look, she's so cute! Adorable!”

“Ilya, where...I...what?” Shane stuttered, surprised by his husband's excitement and confused by his words.

Ilya stepped over the bags on the floor, shoes still on his feet and held the pink thing to Shane's face.

“Look!”

Before Shane could do anything a quiet “Meow” came from the fabric bundle and Ilya squealed in delight.

“Did your hat just meow?” Shane asked, completely bewildered.

Ilya snorted loudly. “Is not hat. Look! It's a kitty.”

He held the bundle even closer and Shane spotted two black pointed ears and a tiny pink nose.

“A cat? Where the hell did you find a cat? I thought you went to the store.” Shane asked, a little overwhelmed.

“Yes, yes, I went to the store and then I ended up talking to Brian, you remember Brian right? He works in the bakery and studies Thermo...something something and has a sister who lives in England with the big wolfhound and his mother has this yarn shop on Baker St. ...”

“Ilya, please.” Shane interrupted, not wanting to hear Brian's life story again.

While he loved his extroverted husband's ability to make friends with absolutely anyone and anything, it really didn't explain the cat in the hat.

“Ah, yes, the kitty. So I was talking to Brian and he told me they found a tiny baby kitty by the dumpster outside, all alone. They looked for the mom, but couldn't find her anywhere. Brian and his colleague wanted to bring it to a shelter after their shift, because they couldn't take it home with them. And then Brian asked if I wanted to see the kitty and I said ‘Of course I want to see it, who wouldn't want to see a kitty’. So he took me to the break room and there she was, a tiny little thing sitting in Brian's hat, because she was cold. And when she looked at me I knew.”

Ilya tossed his head back in dramatic movement. “I knew I couldn't let them take her to a shelter, where she would be more alone and scared.”

He moved even closer to Shane, holding the tiny cat right under his nose.

“Is she not the cutest thing?”

Shane took a small step back so he wouldn't have to talk to his husband crosseyed.

“Ilya. You went to the store for salmon and vegetables and you came home with a kitten?”

He tried to sound displeased, but it came out way more fondly than he wanted.

The little cat poked her head up and meowed again.

If Ilya were an anime character, his eyes would've turned into giant hearts at the sound.

Shane had to give it to him, the kitten was positively adorable.

“Shane, I couldn't let her go to a shelter. She's just a baby.” Ilya pouted and his puppy eyes were almost as powerful as Anya's.

“Darling.” Shane started and tried to not be moved by the giant hazel eyes looking straight into his soul. “We don't have time for another pet...”

Ilya transferred the kitten to his left hand and gestured wildly with his right.

“No, no, no. Shane, my love, моя любовь. I know what you want to say. But I thought about everything. Here.”

He pressed the beanie + kitten into Shane's hands. The little cat made a confused sound, obviously not pleased at being jumbled around this much.

Shane held the kitten carefully, like a bomb would go off at any wrong movement.

Ilya rummaged around in the three bags he had brought in, tossing cat toys, brushes, beds, flea treatments and claw cutters on the floor.

It looked like a pet store had vomited its entire inventory in their entrance way.

Summoned by the jingling sounds of the new toys that could potentially belong to her, Anya abandoned her dinner and joined her dad at the front door.

She immediately spotted a plush mouse on a string that let out a high squeak when she bit down on it.

Ilya stopped his uncoordinated search at the sound and turned around.

“Anya, my little princess!” He scooped her up in his arms, pressed five kisses to her head and took the mouse out of her mouth. “This is not for you, принцесса. But I have something else for you, wait.”

He knelt back down to the bags and continued his search with one hand. Anya licked his face with excitement.

“As if I would forget my little angel. No, no! I have something very cool for you.”

He continued to speak to Anya in mumbled Russian that Shane couldn't understand from his position.

He still stood there with the kitten in the beanie in his hands, afraid to move.

The kitten stretched its head over the rim of the beanie and blinked up at him with gigantic green eyes.

Shane blinked back, not entirely sure on how to interact with a baby cat. “Eh...hi?” He said, and instantly felt stupid for talking to a cat.

The cat however didn't seem to mind. Instead it yawned cutely and showed off a row of tiny baby teeth.

Something inside Shane melted at the sight.

He could understand why Ilya didn't want to bring this kitten to the shelter.

Nonetheless they really didn't have time for another pet, especially not for a baby pet. Ilya already felt bad every time they had to bring Anya to her “dog hotel” and that wouldn't get any easier if they had to leave behind two balls of fluff.

Shane was just about to try and voice his concerns with his husband, when Ilya suddenly jumped up, Anya still cradled in his arm, a small pile of flyers in his other hand.

“Aha! Here it is.” He said and presented the stack of paper to Shane like it was his end of year report card.

“What exactly is that?” Shane asked, only being able to make out the words “sitter” and “flexible” on the first flyer.

“These are cat sitters. People who can watch the kitty for us when we're not home.”

He grinned from ear to ear and nodded at the papers.

“They're all sitters with very good reviews and Marla, the worker at the pet shop, went through them with me and gave her recommendations. She explained that a stable home is important for a little kitty, so a cat hotel is not a good idea, but a sitter that comes home to us is perfect solution.”

Shane didn't really know how to react to that. He looked from Ilya's grinning face, to the flyers, to the kitten and then back to Ilya.

“I...ehm...” He tried to formulate a response, but his brain apparently needed to reboot first.

Ilya seemed to understand that Shane was a little overwhelmed by the unexpected turn of their evening. He sat Anya down on the ground and gently pried the kitten from Shane's

cramped up hands.

“How about you sit down on the couch and I show you my plan, hm? I promise you, I really thought of everything. And if you really really really don't like my plan, we talk about it and find solution, okay?”

Shane's nervous system immediately responded to the calm tone of voice and he was able to relax a bit.

“Okay.” He agreed and leaned forward to press a kiss to Ilya's lips.

“Hi.”

Ilya smiled Shane's favorite smile, one only he got to see, where his eyes turned all soft like warm caramel.

“Hi, my love.” He said and gave Shane another sweet kiss.

Before they could lose themselves in each other too much, the tiny house guest demanded attention by meowing and putting its paws up.

Ilya turned his head to the side and pressed a quick kiss to the kitten's head.

Shane pouted his lips for having to share Ilya's attention and leaned his forehead against Ilya's jaw.

His husband let out a soft chuckle. “I am in high demand right now.”

Anya apparently started to feel left out of the group hug, because she put her paws on Ilya's leg and barked once.

“Ah, I would never forget about you, принцесса.” Ilya laughed and bent down to pad Anya's head. “My first baby, my little princess.”

Shane pouted some more. “I thought I was your first baby.” He mumbled and furrowed his brows.

Ilya let out a loud laugh. “Hollander, are you jealous of our dog?” He turned back to his husband and pressed his nose against Shane's temple.

Shane grumbled something under his breath that could be a “Maybe”.

“я тебя люблю, my darling. You are so cute.” Ilya whispered and started to kiss his entire face. First his forehead, then his cheeks, his nose, his chin and finally his lips.

“You will always be my first baby. But in a very very different way from Anya. Otherwise would be a crime, I think.” Ilya grinned again.

It took Shane a moment to understand what Ilya was getting at, but when he got it, he pulled a face like he had bitten into an extremely sour lemon.

“Ilya! Ewww! Don't say things like that!” He shook his head to get this disgusting thought out of his mind and took a few steps back.

“I was trying to be cute, but you had to make it weird.” Shane complained and he almost didn't care that he sounded like a toddler right before a temper tantrum.

Ilya laughed again. “You were very cute, моя любовь.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Shane waved his hand and turned to the living room. “Didn't you want to tell me about your great plan?”

Ilya's eyes started to light up.

“Ah yes! Alright, Hollander-Rozanov-Family. Let's move this to the couch.” He said enthusiastically.

A short while later Shane sat on the couch again, Anya on her favorite blanket with a new chew toy that looked like a hockey puck and the kitten on the other side, now in a small light blue cat bed and a stuffed fish toy.

Ilya stood in front of the turned off TV, a collection of possibly anything one would need to raise a kitten displayed on their little couch table.

He had sorted the cat sitter flyers into various stacks, joined by a pile of even more flyers for cat-specific health insurance, tips on how to train a kitten and overall information for new cat owners.

It looked like Ilya was preparing himself for a court hearing. And it seemed like he was very well prepared indeed.

“Alright, darling. You will see, I thought about every little thing. Let me start with a general overview...”

~~~30 minutes later~~~

“...okay, I think that is all.” Ilya said and clapped his hands together. With an expectant grin he looked at Shane like he was waiting for a performance review.

Shane was absolutely floored. Ilya really had thought about every little detail. Whenever Shane's worried brain had come up with a question or concern, Ilya already had 3 different solutions on hand.

He opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out. Ilya had truly rendered him speechless with his consideration for literally every single one of Shane's worries. He even had solutions for problems Shane didn't even think about.

When he stayed quiet for too long, Ilya moved over to the couch and sat next to him, careful not to jostle the kitten that had fallen asleep a while ago.

“So?” Ilya asked. “Is a good plan, yes?”

Shane, still unable to formulate a coherent thought, just nodded his head.

Ilya's eyes lit up like Christmas had come early this year. “You agree? So that means we can keep the kitty?”

“Well...I mean, I don't see...I guess...” Shane tried to come up with a verbal answer, but he was still overwhelmed by all the information he had gotten in the last 40 minutes.

“Oh.” Ilya said, suddenly a lot less excited. “Was a bit much, hm?”

His shoulders fell and he looked down on his hands. “Sorry, I attacked you with all this stuff out of nowhere.” His voice sounded disappointed, a stark contrast to the former excitement.

Shane rubbed the back of his hand over his face, trying to will his brain into function.

He took a deep breath and then cradled Ilya's face between his hands.

“Love, I'm sorry. Yes it was a lot of information in a short time, but I was mainly overwhelmed by all the work you put into this on such a short notice. You really thought of everything.”

He leaned forward and pressed a soft kiss to Ilya's lips. "I love how considerate you are. Not just with all of my hangups and weird rules, but also with how we can give this baby the best life possible." Another kiss followed, this time on the tip of Ilya's nose.

"You will be the best cat dad ever." Shane whispered.

The light had returned to Ilya's eyes. "You're sure?" He asked quietly, looking for reassurance.

Shane nodded again. "Absolutely."

Ilya let out an elated squeal and kissed Shane with so much energy that they almost toppled onto Anya.

"Careful, don't squish our first fur baby." Shane laughed, thrilled by seeing his husband so happy.

"No never!" Ilya exclaimed and turned his attention to Anya. "You are going to have a little sister, princess, yes! You can show her all of the best hiding spots and the best way to be cute to get more treats."

Anya jumped up from her spot on the blanket and bounced her way over to sit in Ilya's lap. She seemed very excited by whatever Ilya was talking about.

Shane gazed at them lovingly before something registered in his brain.

"Wait, little sister?" He asked. "How do you know the kitten is a girl?"

Ilya looked at him with a mixture of guilt and mischief. "I maybe went to the vet already to get her her first shots and a chip?" He tilted his head to the side and smiled innocently.

Shane gave him a blank stare. "You little shit." He said and threw a pillow at Ilya's head.

Ilya laughed loudly and tossed the pillow back. Shane retaliated with another pillow and then a throw blanket from the back of the couch. Ilya put his hands up and giggled. Anya joined the pillow fight and smacked her chew toy to the floor.

Almost their entire couch decorations were involved now, besides the cat bed.

The kittens watched their fight with big eyes, probably wondering where the hell she had ended up at.

After the living room looked like a tornado had come through, Ilya sat back heavily against the cushions and made a time-out gesture with his hands, still giggling like a maniac.

Shane climbed over the pile of pillows and sat down in Ilya's lap, who had tears in his eyes from laughing so hard. Not that Shane fared any better, his hair sticking up in all directions and his face red as a tomato.

"You already knew I could never say no to you." Shane accused his husband after he caught his breath a little bit.

"Nooo!" Ilya exclaimed dramatically. "Lies! Slander!"

Shane picked up one of the pillows next to him and rubbed it in Ilya's face.

"You are such a liar." He laughed, dropping the pillow to the side to let Ilya breathe.

Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane's waist and pulled him closer. "I only wanted to expand our family. And maybe a baby cat is good practice for us." He wiggled his eyebrows and grinned broadly.

Shane snorted a laugh through his nose and shook his head.

“You're unbelievable.” He said, smacking a kiss to Ilya's forehead. “However, I do think a kitten is a lot different from a human child.”

“Ehh tomato, tomato. At first it is just important to feed, clean and cuddle kitty and baby regularly, the rest comes later.”

“Well.” Shane leaned back a bit to point at the stack of flyers. “I guess I have to believe you, since you're the expert now.”

Ilya nodded and pulled Shane back against his chest. “Yes. I am expert. And I say the kitty needs a home and we're cat parents now.”

Shane looked into Ilya's warm eyes and nodded. “Okay.”

With one arm he reached out to the cat bed and gently pulled it closer to them. The kitten made a surprised sound and sat up, its little pink nose wiggling cutely.

“Did you hear that, little one? We're your parents now.” Shane whispered, letting the kitten sniff his hand.

Ilya leaned his head against Shane's chest and sighed. “She already loves you.”

Shane hummed quietly, enjoying the feeling of the soft fur under his fingers. “What are we going to name her?”

“I was thinking Sonya. Anya and Sonya. Cute, no?” Ilya mumbled in between kisses against Shane's cheek.

Shane nodded in agreement. “Hi, Sonya. Welcome home, baby.”

Sonya toppled out of her bed and waddled closer to them. With a tiny “meow” she sat her paw on Shane's leg and blinked up at him.

Shane scooped her up in his arms. She was a lot lighter than expected, her entire body fitting in the palm of his hand.

Ilya pressed a kiss to the top of her head. “добро пожаловать”.

~~~~~

The next morning Shane woke up to a ball of fur laying on his face. He moved his head to the side, spitting out a few loose hairs that had found their way into his mouth and scooped Sonya up to rest on his chest instead. The kitten meowed in protest. Apparently she had liked her place on Shane's face.

Ilya, awoken by Shane's rearranging of their sleeping position, blinked his eyes open and squinted against the light. “What?” He asked, his voice rough from sleep. Anya, who was sleeping sprawled out over their legs, lifted her head at the sound of Ilya's question.

“Nothing.” Shane whispered back. “Just our youngest trying to smother me in my sleep.”

Ilya let out a quiet laugh. “You should've given her more treats yesterday.”

With a soft mumble of Russian he patted the top on Anya's head and pressed a kiss to Shane's cheek. “More sleep.”

Sonya curled up on top of Shane's chest and closed her eyes.

Shane looked at the scene of his little family, illuminated by the morning sun and smiled, before falling back asleep for a few more hours.



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