

the babysitters club

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the babysitters club

by Anonymous

Summary

Shane felt terrible for asking Troy and Harris last minute to babysit but they really had no other option.

or Troy has to reason with a mini Ilya

Notes

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

Shane felt terrible for asking Troy and Harris last minute but they really had no other option. His mom was out of town with his dad on a cruise, their normal babysitter Elsie was on vacation with her family, Hayden and Jackie were visiting family in Quèbec so that left there only options dwindled down to them. Which it wasn't a horrible thing asking them it was just that he hated asking.

"We're really sorry we wouldn't ask if it weren't such an emergency." Shane apologized again, grabbing the binder full of notes on everything from A to Z on Sofia that he had typed up double spaced, times new roman font and had put in clear sleeves into a binder just for their babysitter. He handed it to Harris as they were shuffling out the door.

Ilya was loading Anya into the car in her special carseat (apparently she had to have it) and motioned for Shane to hurry.

Troy eyeballed the binder with a slightly amused look on his face. "Wow that's grade A helicopter parent right there." He took the binder setting it on the counter when suddenly Sofia manifested with her stuffed centaur (the thing was creepy) half eaten it looked like.

"Holy shit- I mean wow what happened to him?" Troy crouched down getting on Sofia's level as she handed it over.

"Anya eat him. We play tug of war and she eated him. Papa and daddy said she needs to go to doctor to get Cenny out." Sofia explained as a matter of fact, shrugging her little shoulders. "Okay we will play now, right?" The toddler pointed to the tea set that was still left out with three tea cups, three tiaras, and three boas — which meant that Ilya and Shane had been playing tea party with her when disaster (Anya) struck.

Harris grabbed one of the boas off the back of the tiny chair and wrapped it around his neck. "Perfect! I'll get a pot of tea ready for us." He jumped right into character, putting his tiara on before grabbing the tea pot to 'make' them some tea.

It was just so *natural* for Harris. He was good with kids, he was able to play with them and get on their level.

Especially Sofia they just clicked. Actually the kid could get along with anyone, she was able to charm them quite easily with her humor and she was adorable — now that he thought about it she was the perfect mix of Ilya and Shane.

Not that he was going to tell them that.

7:45 pm

Troy: hey your daughter just called me an egghead

Troy: at least that's what google translate says

Around 8:30 at night they were still at the emergency vet and Shane was starting to worry when Troy wasn't answering his texts right away.

Not that he wasn't answering just it wasn't as fast as he needed it to be.

"Text Harris instead, he has phone on him like is attached to his body." Ilya had been pacing the floor back and forth so much that there was probably a divet in the cement floor at the vet's office.

They were both worried about Anya even though the vet had said it was nothing to worry about and that Anya's scans showed that there were no blockages which was amazing considering that half of the stuffed animal was missing.

"I still can't believe Anya *actually* ate that thing." Shane tried a facetime request this time to Harris' phone hoping silently that he would pick up.

Thankfully after like three rings their living room showed up on his screen and Harris filled the screen with his big smile. "Hey guys, everything okay?"

Shane could hear Sofia giving orders in the background and when the camera panned over to her, she was busy putting toy food in her shopping cart. "Now you gotta say 'that all?' and then I'm say no and gotta go get rest of food but when I come back to line I'm gonna not pay for it, kay?" She instructed Troy who apparently was the cashier at her pretend grocery store.

It made sense they played it *a lot*. What amused her the most is when her papa would dress up as different customers and come through her checkout line and cause her 'trouble'. Shane would be the manager and would come throw him out and they would do it until she got tired or found a new fixation.

Right now it was actually getting close to Sofia's bedtime since normally she was bathed, had her teeth brushed and in bed by 9:00 being read a bedtime story a routine he had kept since her birth practically.

Ilya peered over his shoulder, stifling a laugh when Sofia came back and pretended to put her items on the conveyor belt and then bolted with her little bag overflowing with fake food like she was stealing it. "Run, Sofushka! Don't let him catch you!" He encouraged, giggles being heard in the background in response to her papa only to be tackled by Harris who was 'arresting' her with toy handcuffs.

"Wait please tell me these are *just* hers." Troy made a face, a sly smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth.

Shane turned bright red and he narrowed his eyes at the phone, "Yes they're just Sofia's."

"We keep fuzzy pink pair upstairs just for us." Ilya could be heard saying just before the door opened and in came Anya and Dr. Cooper.

"Okay well we have to go, don't commit too many felonies before we get home." Shane teased, ending the facetime call.

"Anya is going to be *just* fine. We gave her some medicine to help her throat after inducing vomiting to get the stuffed animal out and she should be back to her normal self within a day. Of course call us if you need anything else but little miss will be alright." Dr. Cooper crouched down to give Anya some belly rubs and a couple scratches behind the ear which she was quite happy to receive despite having taken years off his and Ilya's lives.

"She is the best girl so obviously she will be alright. But thank you for helping her." Ilya took the discharge papers for Anya, making sure he committed the care instructions to memory.

Shane texted Troy that they would be on their way home soon and got a picture of Sofia burying him alive in her stuffed animals in response — it was safe to say she was having the time of her life.

They got home at 10 pm that night, Shane was the first to open the door but was a little alarmed when he heard nothing but silence.

"Uh- do you think they ran away with her?" Shane raised a brow looking around still not seeing anything but the glow of the tv and what appeared to be a pillow fort built with the couch cushions, several blankets and a mountain of stuffed animals.

"If they take her they will definitely bring her back, no worries about that." Ilya teased, making his into the living room to see if he could find any of them in the mountain of pillows when up popped a little familiar head of dark curls.

"Daddy, papa shhh! Troy is sleep. We gotta be quiet." Sofia put her finger to her lips imitating her papa perfectly.

Troy was definitely passed out with a tiara in his hair, nails painted and a butterfly tattoo on his cheek. Harris was monitoring them both, scrolling through twitter. He peered up with a big smile. "Hey guys is Anya okay?"

Anya bounded over acting as if she hadn't eaten the plushie and jumped onto the pile of blankets and pillows to greet Sofia who of course broke her quiet rule and squealed excitedly as the dog licked her cheek.

"Anyaaaa! You're gonna make the prince wake up!" Sofia had already woken the prince (aka Troy) from his slumber by jumping on the pile several times.

Troy popped his head up, trying to look alert as he rubbed the sleep from his eyes. "I'm up! I'm up and we've both been watching her this entire time."

Harris mouthed from behind him, 'I've been watching them *both*' giving them a thumbs up hiding it as soon as Troy craned his head to look at his boyfriend with an accusatory look.

Sofia wasn't in her pajamas instead she was in her papa's Centaur hockey shirt that was five fimes too big for her and she most definitely didn't have a bath but that was fine at least she was happy and well cared for. That was all that mattered to Shane and Ilya, especially since

Troy and Harris had practically dropped everything that evening to come babysit for them on a moment's notice.

"Thank you guys again really, we owe you one." Shane thanked them again and Harris smiled shaking his head.

"Actually they enjoyed themselves, I got some cute pics and learned a lot about her favorite show Masha who apparently lives with a bear?" Harris turned to ask Sofia if that was her favorite part of the evening, as he had been subjected to watch quite a bit of the show with the toddler who was now...snoring fast asleep. Of course she was.

Well apparently they had worn her out.

"Masha is good for kids and no it's not her favorite because is Russian- well maybe it is a little bit." Ilya grinned as he leaned down to scoop their pride and joy in his arms, making sure he grabbed her blankie to wrap her up with as he headed upstairs with Anya following closely behind.

"Yeah, yeah have a good night and all that stuff. See you guys tomorrow at practice." Troy gave a big stretch over his head, acting nonchalant about whole thing but in reality he had a blast.

Maybe he and Harris could have this one day.

Later that night, Shane got another text from Troy with a picture of what appeared to be a pair of butterfly wings that Troy had been coerced into wearing and had accidentally forgotten to take them off.

11:54 pm

Troy: tell mini roz i'll bring these back tomorrow also i still have glitter in my hair

11:56 pm

Troy: harris says this look is good for pride week

11:57 pm

Troy: on second thought the wings are mine

End Notes

had this random idea pop into my head because I thought it would be adorable for troy to babysit and have to deal with a mini ilya 😂 hope you enjoy this as much as I did writing it



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