

walk him like a dog

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76355731) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76355731>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	POV Shane Hollander , Dom/sub , Puppy Play , Collars , Choking , Dry Humping , Praise Kink , Subspace , Subdrop , (it's mild) , Oral Fixation , Depththroating , Spit Kink , Aftercare , Coming In Pants , Hand Jobs , Sub Shane Hollander , Puppy Shane Hollander , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov , Light Angst
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-24 Words: 5,739 Chapters: 1/1

walk him like a dog

by [mazzystarr](#)

Summary

"Don't like it," Shane insisted shakily. "M'not a dog."

The hand gripping his waist flexed. Ilya tugged the collar again and Shane keened, high and reedy. He took his bottom lip between his teeth to quiet himself. It did nothing to stop him from gasping needily when Ilya's hand shifted to cup him through his jeans.

"Mm, no, you are not. But you like when I say it, yes?" Ilya pressed, voice low and condescending. It washed over Shane like a drug.

Shane gets looped into wearing a dog collar for Halloween. Ilya takes advantage of the situation.

Notes

did my best with the russian translations:

собачка — puppy/lapdog

овечка — pet/lamb, kind of a condescending term for someone innocent/submissive

Ты моя погибель — you are my undoing

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

Fall 2015

The group Halloween costume had been a Voyageurs tradition since long before Shane ever joined. He kind of hated it.

The rules of the tradition were simple. They voted on the costume the first day of the season in October. When the holiday weekend rolled around, you could attend whatever clubs or parties you wanted to, but on the night of the 31st everyone on the team wore the same costume and went to the same party.

And you had to take at least one shot, apparently, though Shane suspected that was a rule they'd invented just for him.

The part that really mattered was voting on the costume. They'd been firefighters, cowboys, lifeguards. One particularly embarrassing year when Shane was still a rookie they went as a biker gang, and he'd been forced to wear too tight leather pants that hid *nothing*. The pictures resurfaced in their group chat every once in a while to haunt him.

Arguably, this year was worse.

It should have been a fairly simple *101 Dalmatians* costume. Fitted white tee, black pants, a smidge of face paint and floppy black dog ears. Nothing too out there.

Unfortunately for Shane, the team had decided it'd be funny to give their captain's costume an extra flair.

When he arrived at the pregame they made a show of presenting him with little gift bag from Petland. Inside was a cherry red collar, leather and almost too nice for a joke.

The back of his neck burned when he found it had a shiny round dog tag reading 'Captain' dangling from the front.

It was ridiculous and embarrassing and the absolute *last* thing Shane wanted to be seen in.

Still, he awkwardly buckled it around his neck while the team egged him on. Knew he had to be a good sport about it, especially when Hayden had gotten a far worse deal with the two toned Cruella wig and frumpy fur coat.

Shane tried not to focus too hard on the foreign weight of the leather around his throat as the night went on. People shoved drinks at him, most of which he refused. He caved for one shot of tequila, as per the rules he was so graciously reminded of, but that was it. They were in season, after all.

And they played Boston in two days.

That stomach turning thought never left the back of Shane's mind as they moved from pregame to taxi to whatever nightclub the team had decided on.

He scanned the crowd as they entered. It was a dense, colorful sea of swaying bodies in glitter and wings and flashy makeup. He spotted Boston's goalie and a few of their rookies at the bar, but that was it. No Ilya.

Shane knew he was probably in Montreal with the rest of his team, had to be for their game, but he hadn't texted Shane saying so. They hadn't talked in weeks.

Not since the last time they'd played each other, when Ilya had fucked Shane into the mattress so hard he nearly cried.

Shane tried not to let the silence bother him.

It still did, a little.

Frustration suddenly itched under his skin, and he broke away from his team to find the club's bathroom before anyone could stop him. It was dimly lit and cramped and blessedly quiet compared to the rest of the club. Shane exhaled slowly.

Slumping heavily against the door, he fished his phone out of his pocket to stare at Ilya's last text.

Lily

3070

The numbers glowed up at him, meaningless now. Some random hotel room he would never see the inside of again. Where he'd been taken apart until he was trembling and begging to come on Ilya's cock, hands fisted in the fresh lemon-scented cotton sheets.

Shane's hand drifted toward the collar unconsciously. It felt tight, and he wiggled a finger between the leather and his skin to tug at it.

The dog tag made a little jingling sound. For some reason, the noise made his face go hot.

Someone banged on the bathroom door and Shane jumped away from it, startled. He hastily shoved his phone into his pocket and ran the tap like he'd been washing his hands.

He glanced at himself in the mirror. The black spot of makeup or paint or whatever substance Hayden had smeared over his eye hadn't smudged yet. It felt odd and tacky against Shane's skin, and it bugged him whenever he blinked, but he left it alone. He smoothed his hair and straightened the floppy dog ears before slipping back out into the club.

Hayden found him the second he came out of hiding.

"Hollander, there you are, where'd you go? We're taking shots, man!"

Shane let himself be dragged to the bar. He agreed to the drinks without a fight, for once, earning a few approving slaps on the back from his teammates.

Truthfully, he just wanted the distraction. Too many memories swirled in his mind—Ilya's thick accent purring in his ear, Ilya's mouth on his neck. Ilya's big hands squeezing his waist, his chest, his ass.

His throat.

Shane's face burned. He tugged at the collar again.

Yeah, he needed a drink.

He knocked back two tequila shots in quick succession, relished the way they stung going down. Hayden whistled and slung an arm around his shoulder, shouting something Shane couldn't hear over the music. He smiled back and nodded anyways.

He was herded toward the crush of sweaty limbs on the dance floor. Shane went easily, the alcohol running warm and pleasant through his veins and making him agreeable.

He closed his eyes and swayed with the music. Let himself feel the heavy bass thudding through his body, rattling his chest.

Shane's skin prickled. He opened his eyes.

Ilya's sharp gaze stared back at him from the bar.

Through the flashing red and orange strobe lights Shane could make out parts of his costume, a leather jacket with a patterned shirt beneath. He wore red tinted aviators and his blonde curls were gelled in a spiky way Shane liked.

His mouth went dry. Ilya looked hot.

He took a slow sip of his drink—straight vodka, knowing him. Shane felt his gaze rake over him. His knees went a little weak when it lingered around his throat.

Ilya's brows lifted behind the glasses, eyes flashing. Shane's stomach did somersaults.

Hayden grabbed his shoulder to shout something about getting another drink. Shane turned to shrug him off, and when he turned back Ilya was gone.

His phone buzzed. He fumbled for it in his pocket and squinted down at the screen.

Lily

Where is your leash, собачка?

Shane's face *burned*. He didn't even want to guess what the translation of that might be.

Jane

Fuck off.

The next two texts came immediately.

Lily

So you are bad dog, then?

Clearly you need the leash.

Shane forcefully shoved his phone back into his pocket. His cock twitched traitorously against his thigh.

His phone buzzed again, but he ignored it. Instead he pushed his way through the sea of cheap costumes and found Hayden at the bar. He downed another shot, then decided that tequila was his best friend and alcohol couldn't hurt him and ordered a second.

Shane was drunk now, uncoordinated and giggly and talkative. A bass heavy Rihanna song pulsed through the speakers and he shouted over it, telling a few of the rookies some story from the Sochi Olympics he'd forget by morning.

He thought about trying to find Ilya. He wanted to, was gone enough that he felt like he could sidle up to him right in the middle of the crowd, dance without touching in front of everyone. At least until he got Ilya to take him back to his hotel and fuck him like he needed.

But Shane was having fun tonight, didn't want to leave his place at the bar or stop dancing. If Ilya wanted him he would text him.

Somehow he ended up having shot number something with the rookies gathered around him. They must've looked silly, he thought, all of them together with their spots and doggy ears. Shane giggled to himself a little at the mental image.

The tequila went right through him before he even set down the glass.

He mumbled something about taking a leak and shoved unsteadily back through the crowd and toward the bathroom. It was empty, thank god. Shane barreled in toward the urinal. After, he washed his hands and checked himself in the mirror.

His hair was messy and damp with sweat, eyes a little droopy from the alcohol. And he was very, *very* red, freckles standing out against the splotchy flush sitting across his cheeks and nose.

He squinted at himself and frowned. The spot over his eye had smudged, and the messy smear of makeup on his face bothered him immensely. He turned the faucet back on and started haphazardly splashing his face with water to scrub it away.

He'd mostly finished when the door swung open.

Shane turned, startled and dripping water all over the linoleum floor, and found Ilya staring back at him.

He shut the door behind him. Shane heard the click of the lock.

"Are you having a bath, *собачка*?"

Shane turned away, fumbling to turn the faucet off. He scowled into the mirror.

"Fuck off."

Ilya hummed, amused. "Those are the only words you know how to say tonight. Very like you."

Shane huffed, shook his head. Droplets of water flew from his hair and face. He reached for a handful of paper towels.

"They're not," he grumbled.

Ilya watched him dab his skin dry with slow, clumsy movements. His lips pulled into a knowing smile.

"You are drunk, Hollander," he said.

Shane shrugged. He balled the paper towels up and chucked them toward the bin. He missed horribly, and a tiny laugh bubbled out from his chest.

"Mm, maybe. Just a little."

Ilya was grinning at him now, eyes dancing with mirth. It made Shane weirdly shy.

He leaned against the sink in a way he hoped looked casual, hands braced on the edge of the basin behind him, and gestured loosely toward Ilya's costume. Up close, Shane could see that the leather jacket was the same cherry red as the collar around his neck. So were the lenses of his glasses, now hanging off of Ilya's flower patterned Hawaiian shirt.

"What're you supposed to be?"

Ilya scoffed like the question was offensive.

"I am Brad Pitt. You have not seen Fight Club?"

"Heard of it."

Ilya shook his head. "A shame. Is a good movie."

He took a few steps closer, nodded at Shane's costume.

"So you are a puppy dog," he drawled, brows lifting a hair. "You chose this for yourself?"

Shane made a grumbling noise of disagreement. He let his head loll to the side a little, feeling loose limbed and pleasantly warm. Warmer now that Ilya was only a few feet away from him, pinning him to his spot with his intense stare.

"M'not a dog, I'm a *dalmatian*," he clarified eventually, words sticking in his mouth. He cleared his throat, shifted. "Group costume. Y'know, from that kid's movie. One hundred and one."

Ilya hummed. "I am not familiar."

Shane lifted a shoulder. "Well, it's good. I always liked it."

Ilya nodded. He stepped closer, slow and purposeful, until there were only inches left between them. The air in the bathroom turned heavy in the way it always did when they were alone. Shane felt his core twist and tighten with want.

Ilya's gaze dipped to his throat, to the collar and the shiny gold name tag.

Shane shrank under the scrutiny. Ilya's eyes were always so *intense*. He could take Shane apart with a look, pierce right through him until he was raw and exposed and completely inside out.

It made Shane nervous. He pressed back into the sink unconsciously, and Ilya drew closer in turn.

He tapped the side of his own neck in a silent question.

"And this?"

Shane tongue darted out to wet his lips. Ilya tracked the movement, the blue of his irises shrinking around his pupils.

"Part of the costume," he mumbled.

Ilya tilted his head.

Then the distance between them disappeared and Shane was being crowded against the sink. His blood thrummed hot and needy through his veins, rushed thunderously in his ears. Ilya placed both hands on his waist and *squeezed* and Shane had to fight to swallow a whimper.

He peered down at Shane knowingly.

"Strange, then, that I did not see any others on your team wearing one."

Shane turned pink, explanation dying in his throat under the weight of Ilya's gaze.

Ilya's face split into a grin. He tutted, like the lack of reply was disappointing. One hand traced up along Shane's torso, from his waist to his chest, until it came to rest heavily against the side of his throat.

"Is it part of only your costume? Yours is special?" he asked lightly.

He studied Shane's expression, narrowed his eyes. His fingers flexed against the spot where Shane's pulse rabbited wildly under his skin.

"Or maybe you found it in your closet and wanted to wear it out tonight."

Shane made a small, accidental sound. He squirmed in Ilya's grasp, embarrassment burning him up from the inside. His eyes darted from Ilya's darkening gaze to his lips to the red tinted glasses hanging from his shirt.

"Fuck *off*, Rozanov, my team got it for me, it's not—it wasn't *mine*," he snapped.

Ilya made a sympathetic noise. He ran his thumb along the collar and Shane shivered.

"Are you embarrassed of it, *собачка*? You don't have to be. It looks good on you."

Shane said nothing, eyes still fixed on Ilya's chest. He stared at the gold cross he always wore as heat rushed down to his stomach.

He was achingly hard in his jeans, had been since Ilya pinned him against the sink. He shifted his hips to ease the feeling, and Ilya moved with him, sliding a thigh between his legs to keep them open. Shane inhaled shakily.

Ilya's fingertips trailed along to the front of the collar. Gently, he took the name tag between his fingers to read it.

He tugged on it, just to tilt it toward the light, but the pressure on Shane's throat was sudden and too good and he couldn't help the high, choked noise that slipped past his lips.

Ilya went still.

He dropped the tag. Flicked it, once, so it jingled.

"Do you like your collar, Hollander? How it feels around your neck?"

"It's not mine," Shane repeated, voice weak.

Ilya continued like he hadn't spoken.

"Did you think about me seeing you wearing it tonight? About me tugging it, like so?"

Ilya slipped two fingers beneath the leather and tugged again, hard and intentional this time, and Shane full on *whined*. His hips bucked weakly up toward the solid line of Ilya's thigh. Ilya's eyes flashed with satisfaction.

"Rozanov—"

"You don't have to pretend you do not like it, *овечка*. I will not judge you," Ilya interrupted, shushing him. "Is very cute on you. Makes you look like a puppy."

His tone had turned patronizing and sweet, like he really was talking to a dog.

Shane's cock grew harder than it had maybe ever been in his life.

Still, he shook his head. "Don't like it," he insisted shakily. "M'not a dog."

The hand gripping his waist flexed. Ilya tugged the collar again and Shane keened, high and reedy. He took his bottom lip between his teeth to quiet himself.

It did nothing to stop him from gasping needily when Ilya's hand shifted from his hip to cup him through his jeans.

"Mm, no, you are not. But you like when I say it, yes?" Ilya pressed. His voice was low and condescending and it washed over Shane like a drug.

He felt hot and raw and exposed, electricity crackling along his skin. He shuddered when Ilya tugged his zipper down.

Ilya held his gaze, blue eyes smoldering as he reached in and squeezed Shane hard over his boxers.

Shane's his mind went blank. He sagged forward against Ilya's chest, mouth falling open in a long whine. His hands reached up to clutch at his jacket and he buried his face in the warm crook of Ilya's neck. A strong arm wound around his waist and pulled him closer.

Ilya stroked his dick in achingly slow, long pulls, the thin fabric of Shane's underwear adding delicious friction to his ministrations.

"Does that feel good, *собачка*?" Ilya purred.

"Yes, fuck, Rozanov, *please*—" Shane gasped, too wound up to argue any longer.

His head was spinning. Alcohol and embarrassment and *need* coursed through him, made him feel dizzy and floaty.

He parted his lips against Ilya's neck, trailed open mouthed kisses there as Ilya brought him closer to the edge. He licked at his skin and felt Ilya's chest rumble against him. He tasted like salt and sweat and cigarette smoke.

"Fuck, Hollander," he groaned.

Shane felt the hard length of Ilya's cock press into his hip. He wanted it so bad, wanted to sink to his knees and let Ilya feed it to him slow, inch by inch, until he was gagging on it.

Ilya cursed in Russian. "You want my cock, *овечка*? Want me to give it to you?"

Shane whined, cheeks heating at the realization he'd spoken his thoughts out loud. But he nodded into Ilya's neck.

"Please, yes, need it — need it so bad, want it in my mouth," he panted, words tumbling out in a rush.

He bucked up into Ilya's grasp, tightened his hold on his jacket and tried to haul him closer even though no space was left between them. He was painfully close and Ilya still hadn't touched him beneath his boxers, stomach clenched tight and dick pulsing with the need for release.

He didn't realize he'd been whining until Ilya shushed him. His free hand found the nape of Shane's neck and rested there, squeezed, and Shane's body sagged into the steady hold.

"You will come, and then I will give you my cock," Ilya rasped, syllables honeyed and delicious around the purr of his accent.

He squeezed the back of Shane's neck again. The hand on his dick shifted, just for a second, and then Ilya was dipping beneath his boxers to take the bare length of him in his hand. He hummed approvingly at the wetness he found there, and Shane flushed, realizing he'd probably leaked enough precum to ruin this pair of underwear.

The thought melted away when Ilya twisted his wrist cruelly, the pad of his thumb brushing over the head of Shane's cock and rubbing at his slit.

"And then," Ilya continued, voice low in Shane's ear, "you will come again, riding my leg like a good dog."

Shane spilled over Ilya's fist so hard his vision went white.

He bit down on Ilya's neck to muffle the moan that tore out of him, shaking through the force of his orgasm. Ilya stoked him through it, petting his neck gently as he came down. After a beat his fingers burrowed into Shane's sweat damp hair and he tugged, forcing his head back away from his neck.

Shane blinked through the tears that had gathered in his eyes. Ilya looked wild and flushed, irises almost entirely swallowed by his pupils. Shane hardly had a chance to take him in before Ilya was crashing their mouths together in a kiss.

He was ravenous, licking into Shane's mouth and biting his bottom lip hard enough to hurt. Shane could only whine and tremble and let him. He tasted the sharp tang of vodka on Ilya's tongue and opened his mouth wider, let Ilya give him more of the taste.

When Ilya finally broke away Shane was panting and half hard again in his grasp. He chased after his mouth with a whine, lips parted and eyelids droopy. Ilya stopped him with a firm tug on his hair.

"No, none of that. You still want my cock, yes?" he crooned, giving Shane's head a little shake.

Shane went perfectly still in Ilya's hold and nodded, lashes fluttering.

"Yes, please, need it," he breathed.

Shane's voice sounded far away to his own ears. His skin was hot and tingling all over and he felt dizzy, like he'd gotten drunker since entering the bathroom.

He swayed and let Ilya hold him upright. Ilya had him, was going to take care of him like he always did. The thought made warmth bloom in Shane's chest.

Ilya was looking at him with an expression Shane couldn't quite discern. He shook Shane's head again and Shane let him, cock jumping a little at how easily Ilya could move him around.

Something like understanding shifted in Ilya's eyes. He hummed, teeth flashing in a smile.

"I did not know you could be so sweet, Hollander. You are nice like this," he mused.

He let go of Shane's hair and instead gripped his face, thumb digging into one side of his jaw and the rest of his fingers pressing into the other. He squeezed so that Shane's lips puffed out and Shane let him, pliant and shivering when Ilya rumbled a pleased sound.

"So good for me, *собачка*. Good puppy, so pretty."

Shane squirmed at the praise, at being called *puppy*, though he knew that must be what Ilya kept calling him in Russian. It made the haze around his mind grow denser, sent him sagging into Ilya's hold on his jaw.

Distantly, Shane felt Ilya let go of his dick. He wanted to complain about it, but then Ilya brought his hand to Shane's lips, and he didn't have to be told to part them and take Ilya's fingers into his mouth.

He held Ilya's gaze as he sucked his own come off of his fingers. Wanted to see if it pleased him, turned him on like it turned Shane on.

Ilya's eyes flashed. He cursed and pressed his hard cock into Shane's thigh, grip on his face tightening as he thrust his fingers in and out of Shane's mouth.

"You are too good like this, Hollander, fuck. *Ты моя погибель*," Ilya muttered. He pressed down hard on his tongue and Shane moaned wantonly in reply.

Ilya suddenly pulled his fingers away with a wet pop. He wiped them dry roughly on Shane's cheek and sent him down to his knees with a hand on his shoulder.

He fumbled with his belt hastily, like he couldn't wait to have it off. Shane watched him with half lidded eyes. His mouth watered when Ilya brought his flushed, swollen cock out of his jeans and stroked it once, twice.

Shane's lips parted on instinct, tongue lolling out slightly. Ilya cursed and buried a hand in his hair. Shane realized he still had the ears from his costume on, and the thought made him burn hot—how he must have looked to Ilya, on his knees wearing puppy ears and a collar.

The image made his cock stir to life. He leaned forward to take Ilya into his mouth but was stopped by a firm tug of his hair.

"No, *овечка*. Be good and ask for what you want," Ilya rasped.

Shane shuddered. His hands lifted to clutch at Ilya's jeans and he looked up through his lashes, eyes wet and desperate.

"Please, Ilya, I want — want your cock, please, can I?" he slurred, voice shaky. "Need it, please, you promised I could have it, *please*—"

Ilya groaned. "*Good*, good boy, Shane, that's enough. You beg so sweetly," he rumbled.

And then his cock was being shoved past Shane's lips into his waiting mouth. Shane moaned around the intrusion, hands flexing where they were anchored to Ilya's waist.

He tasted salty and musky and *good*, and Shane couldn't get enough of it. His eyes drooped blissfully shut. Ilya held his head still and thrustured roughly into his mouth like he needed it, too, like he couldn't get enough of Shane's lips around his cock.

The little name tag on Shane's collar bounced against his throat each time Ilya fucked into his mouth. His spent dick twitched each time he heard it jingle, embarrassment morphing into a pathetic sort of desire.

Distantly he heard Ilya talking to him, a string of *good boy* and *yes* and *so sweet for me, Hollander, so well behaved*. His accent had gotten thicker, like it always did when his cock was buried in Shane's mouth. Sometimes he'd give up on English entirely and switch to Russian. Those times were Shane's favorite.

He tried for that now, curled his tongue around the head of Ilya's cock the way he liked and sucked. Ilya made a throaty, desperate noise, thrusts quickening, and Shane knew he was close.

He found the vein on the bottom of Ilya's cock with his tongue, the one he knew was sensitive, and lapped at it until Ilya spilled into his mouth with a choked moan.

Shane swallowed the taste of him down and whined when Ilya tried to pull out. He held him in his mouth until Ilya cursed, too sensitive, and forced Shane to let him go.

The bathroom was quiet except the sound of their heavy panting.

Shane was drifting. Everything was hazy and pleasantly soft around the edges, and it felt nice. He sagged forward into Ilya, head coming to rest against his hip.

Ilya's fingers carded gently through his hair. His thighs were trembling against Shane and Shane preened, satisfied. He'd done that, made Ilya come so hard he was shaking with it. He'd been good.

A foot slid between Shane's parted thighs and he hummed, confused. He opened his eyes and glanced blearily up at Ilya.

His golden curls were messy and falling across his forehead — he'd probably raked his hand through them, mussing up the gel. A pretty flush sat high on his cheeks and his lips were still red and swollen from their kiss.

He peered down at Shane and nudged his foot more firmly against his crotch, where Shane's cock was half hard and sensitive. He pressed down and Shane squirmed, brows drawing together in confusion.

"Oh, *собачка*, don't tell me you forgot what I promised you earlier," he lilted.

The furrow between Shane's brows deepened. He felt floaty and stupid, couldn't even remember what Ilya had told him only minutes ago.

Ilya must have seen the frustration forming on his face. He made a sympathetic noise and ruffled Shane's hair sweetly. "Thinking is hard for you right now, isn't it? Poor thing."

Shane flushed and lowered his eyes. "M'fine," he mumbled, tongue heavy and hard to use in his mouth.

Ilya hummed disbelievingly. "Does not matter. You do not need to think now," he soothed, voice low and firm. "But I want you to come again. You want to, yes?"

Shane shuddered and nodded shakily. He was almost hard again after sucking Ilya's cock, the tight coil of need in his abdomen winding up steadily.

He made to stand but Ilya stopped him, tutting.

"No, *овечка*. On your knees, like a good puppy."

Shane blinked slowly, still confused. Ilya hauled him up by his shoulder so he was pressed against his leg, thighs spread around one of Ilya's shins, and Shane understood. His face burned, a twinge of shame piercing through the fog in his mind.

"*Ilya*," he whined, too embarrassed to say anything more.

Ilya didn't budge, only pressed up hard against Shane's swelling cock. His fingers pet the short hairs at the nape of Shane's neck tenderly.

"Go on. Be good," he purred.

Shane squirmed. He wanted to be good.

Slowly, he ground his hips into the hard line of Ilya's leg. He whimpered at the delicious friction, bucked up again immediately to chase it.

Heat tore through him and he started rutting sloppily against Ilya, too gone to set a steady pace. He whimpered at a particularly good drag of his cock against Ilya's rough denim jeans and Ilya groaned above him.

"*Good*, Shane, like that," he breathed.

Shane slumped forward as his pace quickened. He rested his forehead on Ilya's hip, turned his face toward where his cock was tucked back into his jeans and mouthed at the cold metal of the zipper. He whined, wanting it in his mouth again.

Ilya shushed him, muttered something in Russian, and a thumb pushed past Shane's lips. He moaned gratefully and suckled at it, blinked up at Ilya through the tears gathering in his eyes.

He was barreling toward his orgasm fast, overwhelmed and out of his mind with need. Ilya pressed down on his tongue and Shane lapped at his skin. His mouth filled with spit, some of it slipping past his lips and down his chin.

He felt sloppy and pathetic and *owned*. Ilya flooded his senses, strong and solid above him, and Shane would have let him do anything he wanted. Trusted him to take care of him, make him feel good.

Ilya's voice rumbled above him, washing over Shane like a soothing balm for the desperate heat burning him up inside.

"So pretty, *собачка*. Such a good, sweet boy."

With his free hand, Ilya slipped two fingers beneath the warm leather of his collar. He didn't tug, just held Shane there by his throat, firm and possessive, and Shane came in his pants with a broken cry.

His brain shut off.

He felt Ilya's hands on him, pulling him up to stand on trembling legs. Strong arms looped around his waist and lifted him to sit somewhere. Gentle fingers stroked his hair, his cheek.

It felt like Shane floated that way forever. Everything was fuzzy and quiet, and the warmth of his orgasm hadn't left, just turned into something softer and gentler and more all consuming. He felt safe in that feeling, wanted to bask in it forever, but eventually the soft touches against his skin turned insistent.

"*Shane*."

Shane blinked and Ilya came back into focus. Shane could tell by his tone it wasn't the first time he'd tried to get his attention, and he made a sleepy, questioning noise.

Blue eyes swept over his face, tender and slightly concerned. "How do you feel?"

Shane blinked again to clear the fog from his head and took stock of himself. He was sitting on the edge of the sink with his back slumped against the mirror. Ilya was standing between his open legs, scratching the soft, downy hairs at the base of his neck.

Shane hummed, shrugged loosely. He still felt slow and syrupy. Ilya cupped his cheek and he leaned heavily into the touch, lashes fluttering.

"M'good. That was... different. Good," Shane breathed, blinking up at Ilya. A note of self consciousness bled into his tone. "Was it good for you?"

"Very good, yes," Ilya assured him immediately, genuine enough that Shane felt himself relax.

Ilya patted his cheek lightly, lips quirking up into a little smile. "You make a cute pet, Hollander. I would adopt you if I saw you at the pound."

"Fuck off," Shane mumbled, huffing a laugh. "The pound. Who even taught you that?"

Ilya shrugged. He fell silent, eyes softening with a strange expression that was gone before Shane could figure it out.

There was a stretch of silence. "We have been in this bathroom for half an hour. Probably more," Ilya said.

Shane's heart sank like a stone. Right. They were still in the fucking nightclub, which meant he had to go back out there and pretend like he hadn't just been completely undone on his knees for Ilya.

The thought made his chest tighten uneasily.

Shane forced himself to nod. "Yeah, no, of course. We should probably..."

He trailed off, and Ilya nodded.

"Yes. We need to go, I think," Ilya finished softly.

They stared at each other. Shane felt raw and open and way too fucking vulnerable for a quickie in a public bathroom.

He forced the feeling down, slid off the edge of the sink. Ilya stepped back to give him room but kept his hands firm on Shane's waist to steady him. It was too sweet of a gesture. Shane wished he hadn't done it.

"You can text me if you need anything," Ilya said suddenly.

Shane blinked at him, surprised. They didn't usually do that — talk about texting each other, offer support, but Ilya was looking at him earnestly. It made the cold tangle of nerves in Shane's chest ease a bit, so he nodded.

"And I will text you, before the game," Ilya added.

"Sure. Sounds good," Shane said after a beat. "You're getting your ass kicked, by the way," he added, trying for lighthearted.

It was unconvincing even to his own ears, but Ilya grinned.

"You know this is not true, Hollander. Your team will leave the rink crying. So embarrassing for your fans."

Shane grinned back and shoved at his chest. Ilya pressed into the touch, smile softening. He squeezed Shane's hips and Shane wanted to kiss him.

He didn't, though, and Ilya's hands slid off his waist. He felt a hundred degrees colder at the loss.

He watched Ilya slip back into club. The click of the door shutting behind him made Shane's chest clench.

He splashed water on his face, smoothed his ruined hair and forced himself to breathe slowly. Inhale, exhale through the uneasy, frigid feeling winding up in his gut until he felt like he could leave the bathroom.

Later, in the taxi home, his phone buzzed in his pocket. He tilted the screen away from Hayden and checked the message.

Lily

Keep the collar.

I want to see you wear it after I win on Monday.

Shane shifted in his seat, neck warming. The collar seemed to burn him where it was tucked away in his pocket. He hadn't been able to keep wearing it after leaving the bathroom, the feeling of the leather around his neck too distracting.

He typed a quick response.

Jane

You wish, asshole.

He turned off his phone and held it in his lap. He didn't let go of it for the rest of the ride, waiting for it to vibrate again.

End Notes

don't ask me why the club has single stall bathrooms or how nobody tried to knock and get in there idk the answer either i just needed shane to have his puppy moment.. leave a kudos/comment if you liked!

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