

You're an Angel, I'm a Dog

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You're an Angel, I'm a Dog

by [mannaray](#)

Summary

In which Ilya's phone gets hacked and his photo album detailing his and Shane's relationship is leaked to the world. Shane doesn't understand at first why he would have kept all the photos—the evidence, but he learns to understand.

Notes

I don't know what happened really. I saw a tiktok about how devastating it would be for Ilya to lose a decade of photos with Shane because of his father having dementia and going to write something truly evil and angsty and then it snowballed into this.

Anyway in my beautiful mind Shane and Ilya never lose photos because they decide to buy one of those printers that prints out all your photos and they have a scrapbook of them all in the cottage tucked away safely.

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

The salmon was sizzling on the stovetop, the soft aroma of fish filling the kitchen. The TV played in the background with Shane laid out in the living room watching.

There was a content warmth of the lazy afternoon that settled over Ilya. The domestic nature of it all finally sinking in, in a slow steady flush. This quiet, unspoken love between them was something he hadn't granted himself before, had never allowed himself to fall deep enough into it. But Shane pulled him in with his feet still wading in the tide, throwing him into the deep end of everything.

There was still hesitation sometimes like when his hand reached for Shane's in public, or when his eyes wished to linger lower. But the still days like today erased the guilt and shame that pulled at his chest for hiding. He finally had someone to love the way he always wanted to be loved—deep, soft, and everlasting.

He plucked the grilled salmon off the pan and shed the skin, making sure to pick off the thin layer of grayish meat as well so Shane would eat. He was very particular about these things.

"Food's done." He called, already walking over to the couch with plates in hand. Two cans of ginger ale and coke shoved hastily in his shorts pocket and weighing the fabric down on his hips.

"Thank you." Shane gave a soft smile. Quiet and reserved just for him.

Ilya lounged next to him, setting the cans on the table and stealing the remote. "If we watch TV with lunch it will not be boring news."

Shane huffed softly as Ilya flipped through the channels. He landed on one playing one of the old fast and furious movies.

"Really?" Shane looked up at him fondly.

"Da, is best franchise!" Ilya may have been extra flashy when he was younger in search for attention, but he also really did love fast and shiny cars.

They relaxed into the firm sofa and watched the movie Ilya had made Shane watch ten times over. He was beginning to believe Shane was growing on it with each watch.

He scarfed the salmon down quickly, the salty taste of the fish lingering on his breath as he leaned in to kiss Shane's cheek. He glanced down at his plate, seeing Shane's fork twist around and shred the meat without scooping up bites.

"***Moya malen'kaya rybka***, finish eating." His right hand rested over Shane's hip with a lightness, rubbing circles with his thumb.

**my little fish*

"I know, I am." Shane shoved a large chunk of fish into his mouth to prove so. Then another, less restrained this time.

“See? Is good, right? I am best cook.” He proclaimed proudly. He stretched an arm out like a king giving a declaration. “Best cook and best hockey player! You are so lucky.”

Shane forced another bite down before swatting his chest. “I’m the best player, asshole.”

“Fine, fine.” He surrendered his hands. “You are best asshole. All mine.”

Even alone in their reserved oasis Shane’s cheeks gleamed a fiery red. “Shut up.”

“You love it.” His hand rested over his thigh. The plates were empty now and Shane fixed to get up and wash them.

He just barely made it to the sink and dumped them in before Ilya was looping his arms around Shane’s waist and pressing soft kisses into his neck. He whispered the same words he always did into his skin as if it would etch into it permanently.

“Come. Will do dishes later but now we have fun.” Ilya chuckled at the groan leaving Shane’s lips because his body gave way of his true want. His hips pressed back and head lolled to the side, making every inch of him that much easier for Ilya to lean into and savor.

“Ilya...” he whined, sounding so gone already.

Ilya nuzzled into his neck to lick a strip up his skin and whisper. “*nuzhdayushchayasya suka*. Always so good to me.”

**needy bitch*

The full body shudder from Shane sent a warmth flushing through him, the fuzzy knot in his stomach growing. He spun Shane around to meet his lidded eyes before kissing him.

Their lips met in a lust heavy stupor. Spit mixing in their mouths while tongues slipped in between to reach deeper. Hands wandered over waists and shoulders and stomachs and chests while hot breaths spread between their lips. He couldn’t get enough of his skin underneath him. A step back and he was pulling his shirt off with Shane following his movements.

“Bedroom.” He huffed out as he dragged Shane with him.

A hazy nod from Shane came half a second late as Ilya was moving their bodies down the hall and pushing into the bedroom.

He was pulling his pants off as Shane followed with his own. He then kicked off his briefs before falling back onto the plush bedding. Legs falling open teasingly as his head tilt up in a pleading gaze.

Ilya swallowed hard as he drank in the sight of Shane’s naked body. His beautiful thighs thick enough the skin stretched and scarred ever so slightly. The muscles beneath it were rigid in anticipation.

He sank to his knees, hands pressing into the firm under curve of his ass and spreading him further open. Shane made a throaty hitched sound as Ilya bent forward, hot breath dusting

over his skin.

“*vse moye.*” He muttered. “*vse moye.*”

**all mine*

The muscles under his fingers flexed hard as his tongue licked tentatively over his perineum. He loved to pull Shane apart inch by inch, testing each sensitive spot and dragging out precious sounds.

A hand crept up in soft, subtle strokes along Shane’s chest before prying his lips open. His hot mouth wrapped around his fingers without question, sucking them in as if to remember the taste.

Ilya could feel himself growing stiff at how carefully Shane let himself coat his fingers. His gut coiled hot as he thought of all the times he’d had that mouth around him. So eager to please while tears fell from his eyes.

With a groan he retrieved his fingers from Shane’s mouth and brought them down to his rim. His fingers swirled around the edge slowly. Barely dipping one into his tight hole while he took Shane into his mouth in one quick go. His nose brushed against the dark curls lining his skin. He inhaled the light musk coming off Shane as he began to bob his head up and down.

Shane’s whines started to pick up in volume as Ilya pushed two fingers in at the same time he had taken him fully again. It was times like this when he wished he could grow more limbs and overwhelm him by touch. Because there were so many unique noises he made for each touch. Different ways his body jerked or clenched.

He made work with his other hand now, jerking the base while he kept the tip of his length just past his lips. Salty precum was dripping over his tongue as he sped up his movements.

“*Fuck Ilya.* If you don’t stop I’m gonna—“ Ilya let his laugh send ripples through Shane. After so many years he always knew when he was close.

He curled his fingers inside while sinking down again. With each jerky movement of his fingers there was the soft tissue meeting to send sparks up Shane.

“O-oh fuck.” A loud moan broke from his lips. Ilya pulled off him and used his hand to help send him over the edge. Ropes of white caught on his hand while Shane laid there panting heavily.

He continued stretching his hole, watching how it gave way so easily. He spat over it once more before pulling his fingers out, leaving Shane wet and slick.

He took his cum soaked hand and began rubbing over himself. Shane made a face as he did so. It was gross but hot knowing what he was planning.

Shane was barely filled out, still limp and reeling, but Ilya lined himself up anyway.

“Good still?”

A weak nod as Shane pleaded. “*Please.*”

Ilya pressed into him slowly, watching for any hiss of pain or discomfort.

Which must have been too slow for Shane as his hands gripped around his waist and jerked him forward, sinking down to the hilt.

“*Fuck*, Shane.” His hands were still wrapped around him and moving up over his back to bring his face closer.

Shane mouthed at his neck and shoulder, pressing firm but non-bruising kisses along his skin. His fingers dug into the flesh of his back as if Ilya would leave without the weight.

“Fuck me already.”

Ilya slowly eased out and hovered for a moment in stillness. He glanced over Shane’s face before splitting into a grin and slamming into him.

“Was just, uh, making sure,” he continued thrusting into Shane as he whined beneath him. “Sure you could handle it. *Fuck.*”

His face scrunched together as the familiar coil of heat built in his core. He let himself take in the light pain of nails digging into his back, of the tight heat wrapping around him, of the breathy sobs escaping beneath him. Soft chants of *more, more, please more.*

“Ilya-aah!” Shane cried beneath him before coming over himself.

Ilya kept pounding into him as he tipped over the edge. Shane squeezed around him as his orgasm washed over in a pleasant buzz. The slight aftershocks sending soft tingles down his spine.

He pulled out once he’d gone limp and promptly slapped Shane’s stomach playfully before rolling onto his back beside him.

Shane scoffed.

“What? Was not good for you?” He teased.

“I’m laying here with your come in my ass and you wanna sleep.”

“Da has to happen to mate.”

“Oh my god.” Ilya could see the embarrassment burning underneath his already flushed face.

“*moy pomidor.*”

**my tomato*

A burst of laughter ripped into the air. “Tomato?” Shane lulled his head to face him. “You’re ridiculous.”

“You love it.”

There was a warm smile radiating from Shane. So full of love and light and Ilya wanted to capture it with his hands, mould it into clay.

He sat upright and grinned at his lover. “Okay. I will clean up.”

Relief washed over Shane’s face for all of two seconds before he felt Ilya licking into him. His knees snapped harshly against his head.

A strangled noise escaped Shane.

Ilya kept lapping at his hole and over his length, tasting his release on his tongue as he did so. He loved doing this no matter how many times it sent a heat of embarrassment down Shane. It was the taste of them together on his tongue. A melding of themselves.

When he was finished he crawled back up to Shane and curled around him. His nose tucked into the crook of his neck while one leg was thrown around Shane’s to lock him in the bed.

“I love you.” It was said to the end strands of hair brushing against his face.

And then Shane whispered it back. “I love you.”

The short phrase he had heard hundreds of times now and was still his favorite to hear.

The bed was cold from the sheets kicked over on Shane’s side. The cool air prickled over his skin and let goosebumps raise as he tried to pull the warmth of sleep back into his body.

He wanted Shane beside him with heat soaked skin sinking against him again.

But after nearly ten minutes he figured it wasn’t just a piss break and reluctantly left the comfort of the bed to find his boyfriend.

“Shane?” He called with no response.

He must be focused on something, fixated so heavily again that he’s drowned out all the noise. But then he could hear the quiet murmur of the TV. Voices fading into his head as he came closer to the living room.

Ilya turned the corner to see Shane frozen in front of the TV. His shoulders were hunched tight and his back gave way to the rapid rising of his breath. And there on the TV were photos. Photos of them. Photos Ilya had promised Shane he deleted. Photos he secretly kept locked away in a private album.

Shit.

Up on the screen there were flashes of their lives, snapshots of each and every detail he had recorded. The closeups of Shane’s freckle spattered face, glimpses of intimacy reserved for only them playing out as the latest headline.

It was pointless to check yet he still reached for his phone to see if they matched the ones he kept hidden. He already knew the answer. He had stared at those photos countless times while he and Shane were separated.

He hadn't noticed his body moving forward in slow motion, how his arm extended out to reach for Shane until he heard the remote clatter to the ground. The stillness broke as watery eyes turned to face him.

"You lied." It was funny how the truth hurt worse than any lie he ever whispered to himself. Because this time he wasn't the one swallowing the lie, but feeding it.

A lump sat lodged in his throat, unwilling to rise or drop. His breath came in short, quick heaves as if he'd suddenly grown sick. His stomach flipped and sent ripples of nausea.

There was no way to explain it away. It was behind them on screen and ever present.

"I did."

He watched Shane bawl his fists and uncurl them as tears finally sprung from his eyes.

"Why?"

And that was the big question, wasn't it? Why did he *lie*? Why did he *believe* he had to lie?

"You wanted to delete them, and I knew you wouldn't—it would make you worry." And perhaps his worry was warranted because somehow his phone gallery contents were hacked. Spread immediately to every tabloid and news outlet that would bite.

Shane huffed weakly. "You should have said." *You shouldn't have lied* went unspoken.

"I should not have lied, no. I never meant for this, moya lyubov." He could feel the wetness staining his face as he reached out for Shane. A sharp sting ran through him when he jerked at his touch. "I didn't want to forget."

Shane bit his lip hard enough it bled a deep red as he stared off at the wall behind Ilya.

"Neither did I, but we *promised*. Why do you get to remember if I don't?"

Ilya shakily nodded. It wasn't fair to Shane. He had the memories still locked in his phone, but what did Shane have of him?

He shuffled closer to him and leaned in to hug him tightly. He let the shakes between them squeeze out as a sob fell from his lips. "I'm sorry. Is not fair, but I did not want to end up like him. I did not want to forget you."

He hadn't talked about his father for a while now. He was dead and buried back in Russia—somewhere he had since reconciled with not returning to. Yet the weight of his mother's cross burned against his chest like lava. It was all he had of her—all that his father had kept and now only Ilya had the memory of her to carry on. His father lost himself in days and in months, he lost years and gained them back in moments of clarity, only to forget again.

And maybe he hated the way Irina's name sat on his father's tongue. Like it was a curse that would befall him. All the photos and writings and clothing and pieces of her personhood were gone. There was no irrefutable proof of her kindness, just the memory his father held of her being something awful. Because memories were something to be twisted—untrustworthy and tricky.

He did not want his memory to bleed one day. He could not rely on the television and articles of them. They were painted as rivals. A loathing disdain for the other on and off the ice. He would not have the Shane that smiled only for him, the Shane that let his guard down, the Shane that loved *him*.

"Hey, hey," Shane wiped the tears falling, "I would never let you forget me." And he meant it fully. He worked so hard to get Ilya, to earn this version of themselves, and he would let himself be dragged by the hair and begging for Ilya to remember until his voice would give out and all that was left was the love in his eyes. He could be robbed of his body and voice, but his soul would tell him. It would tell him in every pleading glance.

"You do not know. You will want to give up." Like his brother, the memory of what was will make him sick.

A hand smacked against his shoulder. "When have you ever known me to do that?" A wobbly laugh spilled out. "You know I hate losing."

Shane was staring at him with these big brown eyes pooling beneath the water bubbling up. It was so raw and viscerally beautiful to stare at. It was Shane, *his Shane*, gazing back at him.

"But what if I hate you one day? What if I forget all the beautiful things about you?" He never wanted to forget when that freckled face approached him, clueless of his own attraction and fumbling over his words. He did not want to forget even the sore memory of *Rose Landry* because it was also the moment he knew he would not get over Shane.

"Then I'll remind you." Shane clutched his hands in his. "I'll learn Russian so you can't escape me. I'll trap you here in Ottawa with me."

"But I am not citizen—"

"So marry me." Shane cut him off. He dug around in his pocket until his hand held firm around something. "I-I have a ring, uh, you know. It's um, I'm not sure you'll like it. I sorta got it a while ago, but yeah."

A gold band sat between his fingers, posed in a way that let the sunlight catch on the reflective metal.

"Shane..." He didn't have words in English or Russian. He only had his name on repeat, looping over it like a melody.

"Da, I will marry you." He felt like he was a living painting, each detail frozen over in strokes of color like a vivid memory—one he wouldn't let go of.

Then his stomach sank at remembering where they stood now, what chances there were still to deny it. They could claim AI or photoshop. A poor attempt to create buzz around hockey with spectacles.

“But people would know then. We cannot hide that.”

Shane kissed his lips lightly and then tucked his face into the side of his neck. Wetness coated his skin as a laugh bubbled over. “You’re an idiot. Yes. People will know.”

And I want them to know.

“*Moye prekrasnoye pyatnistoye solntse*. I will tell the world how much I love you.” Ilya whispered.

**My beautiful spotted sun*

Here was this light of joy, beaming at him despite the shaken fear still visible beneath his excitement. He kissed him once more, soft and without any real heat.

Shane moved to hold his face between soft palms and smiled. “First we put out a statement.”

He rolled his eyes but nodded. “Fine, will play by your ear Mr. Publicity.”

He didn’t care what steps Shane wanted to take because he was willing to finally look forward. As long as Shane and he could be together—that they could continue their hockey careers in peace—everything was golden. He could build more with him now, whether they were on or off the ice.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! ^_^

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