

on the run

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77394741) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77394741>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Anyu , Ilya Rozanov's Dog , Svetlana Vetrova
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Non-Famous , Dog Walker Shane Hollander , Hockey Player Ilya Rozanov , Strangers to Lovers , Sexual Tension , Accidental Voyeurism , Masturbation , Shane likes being called pretty , Jealous Shane Hollander , Snowed In , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-09 Words: 9,176 Chapters: 1/1

on the run

by [validvali](#)

Summary

“Any special someone you’re planning to celebrate the win with?”

Ilya takes a moment to think. *“Ah, my dog, Anya. She is very special to me.”* He pauses, then, *“So is her pretty pet sitter.”*

Shane’s jaw drops.

or, shane is anya's dog walker and occasional pet sitter. her owner, on the other hand, makes being professional *extremely* difficult.

Notes

unfortunately, the dog shane is walking is not ilya rozanov. maybe another time?

title from [glass animals' song](#). enjoy :>

translated to: [русский](#)

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

Hollander Pet Care has been a part of Shane's life longer than he can remember. Even after earning his MBA, he found peace in running the business after ownership was transferred to him, loving the work and daily routine that came with being one of the lead dog walkers and part-time pet sitters in the company. A fair amount of his customers also happen to be on the wealthy side, which does wonders for the business and its longevity. Shane is happy where he is and happy that the job keeps him busy and fulfilled with all the puppies he gets to walk.

HPC's newest customer arrives by surprise in the company email. He's well known to hockey fans—a group that includes most of Shane's employees, though not Shane himself. Ilya Rozanov's request is simple: a weekday dog walker for his small dog, which makes sense as he's new to both the city and the Ottawa Centaurs, who signed him in the off-season. Shane only knows this because his colleagues are passionate hockey fans and hint at wanting to take on the task. Shane doesn't understand the fuss, which is part of why he's one of the few who usually review these applications.

Unfortunately for the other dog walkers, walks are usually categorized according to the employees' schedule, the kind of pet, and finally, their size. Shane isn't surprised when he realizes that he's assigned to little Anya, whom he sees in a photo through the application form. The rest are disappointed when they don't get the assignment, which Shane doesn't understand. What makes Ilya Rozanov so interesting?

Shane learns the answer the hard way when he rolls up to his new client's *luxurious* residence for the meet and greet. He swears he sees tire tracks of a sports car on the road to the area. It also doesn't help that when he rings the doorbell, the door opens after a few moments, revealing a— *holy shit*.

Ilya Rozanov stands there in the doorway, shirtless, and completely drenched in sweat.

Oh, fuck, I am so gay, Shane thinks, but blinks away the thoughts when the man in front of him smiles, extending a hand.

"You must be from pet care company. Rozanov. Ilya. Sorry, I just finish work out."

Shane blinks again before taking the extended hand and shaking it. *Be professional*, Shane thinks, taking deep breaths.

"Shane Hollander. It's nice to meet you."

"Please, come in."

Shane can't help but be amazed at the interior of the house. "Great place. You're new to town?" he asks, like it hasn't been mentioned a thousand times by the women in his office.

Ilya nods, throwing a shirt on. Shane isn't disappointed at *all*. "Yes. House was sold at a great price. Peaceful area, too."

"That's good to hear. Welcome to Ottawa."

“Thank you,” Ilya nods. “Can I get you anything? Water, or...”

“I’m good, thanks.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah, thank you.” Shane smiles, polite. “Where—”

Little footsteps on the floor cut off Shane's question as *the cutest* dog enters the kitchen, footsteps so tiny and gentle despite the pure excitement shown on the wagging of her tail. She runs up to Ilya, but stares at Shane, curious.

Shane bends his knees so he's down to her level, beaming. “Hello there. This must be Anya.”

Her floppy ears bounce as she walks around Ilya's legs, but her large brown eyes remain curious, looking up at Shane every now and then.

“Anya, *pozdorovat'sya*, ” Ilya says, and Anya immediately barks up at Shane before her tongue rolls out to breathe. Shane is surprised.

“What did you say?”

“I said, ‘say hello’.”

“Does she only understand Russian?”

“No, no. For a while I bring her to practice, other teammates speak to her in English. So I train in both English and Russian. Though mostly Russian, sorry.” Ilya seems slightly embarrassed by this, almost like it was a lapse of memory, but Shane shakes his head.

“It's okay. I’m very good with pets. I can help her get used to more English commands, if you'd like.”

“Please. Thank you. I give you list of what she knows.”

Shane stands. “Anything else I should know about her?”

All Ilya explains is that he doesn't usually put her in clothes, but she does have these cute little red boots he can grab from the closet beside the kitchen if ever the sidewalks get too cold in the winter. He also explains that Anya is very friendly and isn’t shy around unfamiliar people or large groups, and the same applies to being around other dogs. She has no allergies or anything. Shane takes note of all of this and categorizes it in his head, also noting that she does have vitamins, but that Ilya takes care of it.

After Ilya's explanation, Anya finally moves closer to Shane, who bends down to pet her. She immediately gets excited by the touch, leaning into his hand before licking it enthusiastically. Shane feels a great warmth in his heart.

“Such a good girl. The sweetest.”

“I agree. I am very lucky. *Khoroshaya devochka.*”

In reply, Anya barks at Ilya, who smiles. Shane loves it when the relationship between the pets and owners is clearly healthy. It makes the walks easier and usually means that the dogs will be obedient, for the most part.

“I leave for practice in one hour. Anything else you need to know?”

“I think we're good here. Let's just run over the contract, then I can do a test walk today, if you'd like.”

Ilya nods approvingly. “Sounds good.”

The two start to review the contract Shane had brought with him, highlighting specific sections regarding liability and trust. Part of the process includes access to the premises, which Ilya will give in the form of his door's passcode, and Shane assures him that everything is bound in the contract and that all will be safe with him. He realizes halfway that Ilya is only half listening as he reads the terms, until Shane sees what he's looking at.

“You are owner of the business?” Ilya points at Shane's name, impressed. “Wow.”

“Um, yeah. My parents founded it before I was born, then I took over as soon as I got my MBA.”

“Mister businessman.”

Something about Ilya's gaze causes Shane to look away, red in the face, but he tries to brush it off, saying, “Yeah, it's something I'm really proud of, after working there for so long.”

“Very inspiring.”

Shane shrugs.

Ilya goes back to the contract. “English is not my first language, so I hope there is nothing on here that is false, *da?*”

“Yes, of course. You can trust me.”

“Mm, I think I can.”

His tone catches Shane off guard, who is flustered enough that he struggles to uncap the pen for Ilya to use. Ilya only smirks, patient, before he eventually signs the papers and bends down to attach Anya's harness and leash.

“Be a good girl, Anya, okay? *Moya milaya devochka.*”

Anya yips happily in reply, tail wagging around excitedly as Ilya leaves a wet kiss on her fluffy fur. When he stands, he hands the leash to Shane, who walks with him to the door.

“Um, have a great practice, Mr. Rozanov.”

“Have a great walk, Hollander,” Ilya says in return, winking before opening the door for him. Shane barely gets a step out before he stumbles, but he regains his balance easily. The red on his face is not as subtle.

“Thanks,” Shane manages to get out before heading out to his car, in front of which he gently scoops Anya up to set her inside. When she’s safe in the designated puppy seat, Shane gets in the driver’s seat and sighs, looking at himself in the rearview mirror as he adjusts it.

“So fucking embarrassing,” he mutters to no one, starting up the engine. Okay. So maybe he gets the appeal. Maybe just a little.

“Ready, Anya?” Shane calls, but Anya doesn’t reply, simply breathing loudly as she looks out the window. Shane shakes his head but smiles anyway before backing out of the driveway.

Anya is a very lovely girl. On the short hiking trail Shane usually brings new dogs to, she doesn’t wander too far, prodding at small leaves and flowers as they walk or jog together, and she doesn’t pee just anywhere. She does pause momentarily, which Shane now understands is her tell, and he brings her to areas where it’s safe to relieve herself. She’s well-trained in a way that doesn’t involve an actual dog trainer, and Shane is beyond impressed. The best thing, though, is how attached she is to Shane already, never leaving his side despite the leash being quite long. She’s wonderful, and it really makes Shane’s job so much easier.

Having walked dogs since he was still a child, he thinks there’s nothing he hasn’t experienced yet. He’s been with large, loud dogs, to the cutest, most aggressive little ones. Cats as well, but they’re notoriously harder to walk with, so someone more experienced is assigned to that. Dogs like Anya are rare in that, in addition to being a mixed breed, she’s well behaved, but she still has energy to keep up with Shane’s jogging. It pleases Shane to no end, and he snaps a few photos to send to Ilya, as constant updates are part of the process, usually. Ilya replies half an hour later with a simple heart emoji.

When the trail reaches its end, Shane brings Anya back into the car for cool-down time, while he himself gets some rest too. He loves the exercise he gets with his job, the balance of getting to jog and run with dogs in addition to the mental stimulation his other role in the business supplies, it’s fulfilling in the best way. He really can’t imagine doing anything else in his life, like he’s found his life’s purpose in taking care of other people’s lovely pets. It’s great, and it’s even better when cute dogs like Anya come into play. It helps too that the owner isn’t so bad himse—

“Wow,” Shane whispers to himself, cutting his own thoughts off. He’s not going there. This is purely business, and he is a professional.

To keep himself busy, he introduces some toys for Anya to play with, and she loves the chew toy the most, which she gnaws at excitedly. He takes this as his cue to bring her back home, and so he pulls out to drive back to Ilya’s place.

Naturally, he's not at home yet, mentioning something about not being back until 2 hours after Shane finishes up, but Shane brings out some treats in the meantime to leave her with and refills her puppy bowl with water, all from a cabinet Ilya had gestured to in passing earlier.

"Anya, I loved meeting you. You were such a good girl, but I have to leave now," Shane says to the small dog, who whines and shakes her tail, almost like she understands. When Shane tries to reach for the chew toy, she doesn't budge, but after a few prods, she gives it up, pouting.

"I'm sorry, Anya. Other doggies use this toy, and I have to sanitize it too. But you can use it tomorrow, when I pick you up again."

Anya yips, and Shane smiles. "The best girl. I'll be seeing you more often, don't even worry."

He leaves a quick kiss on her forehead before releasing her from her harness and leash, leaving it inside the closet for Ilya to find later. When he's about to head out, Anya whines, which tugs at Shane's heart.

"I'll be back tomorrow, it's okay!"

But Anya's whines persist, and Shane can't do anything but leave and make sure the door is locked behind him. He'll be sure to make it up to her tomorrow with more treats.

Shane Hollander (HPC)

Heading out now. She was the sweetest and most well-behaved. Thanks for choosing HPC!

Anya's Dad (Mr. Rozanov)

No regrets.

Shane's usual schedule sees him walking 2-3 dogs in the morning and another set in the afternoon, and if not, he works at his office, handing liability waivers and making sure everything is legally tight. The next day, however, finds Shane walking 2 other dogs, who he leaves in his car—air-conditioned, of course—as he picks up Anya. This time, Ilya isn't home, having messaged Shane earlier to come in anytime. What he failed to mention, however, is that he had left a note by the kitchen telling Shane to grab a ginger ale or something in his fridge to cool off.

Shane is thankful, but doesn't want Ilya to feel obligated to give him free drinks, so he instead focuses on getting Anya ready for the walk and slowly introduces her to the other pups once they're ready to leave. There's a particularly higher number of poop he has to pick up today than he'd like, but overall, the walk is great, as is the weather. He checks all the dogs' paws before bringing them back inside the car, just in case of any injuries, before

returning them one by one. Ilya's place is the last due to its closeness to the office, and he's surprised to see Ilya there to greet him by the door.

"You did not take any ginger ale."

"Thank you, Mr. Rozanov. I appreciate it, but you don't have to."

"You walk my Anya. Is least I can offer."

"It's not necessary, really."

"I insist. Please."

And, fine. Maybe Shane is a little thirsty. Ilya grabs him a can anyway, and Shane can't hide his sigh at the coolness of the drink as he sips.

"See. You were thirsty."

"No."

"Hollander."

"Fine. Maybe a little."

"Take anytime. I don't mind."

"Okay."

Anya, despite having gone for her walk already, is still a ball of energy as she runs around the living room with Shane's chew toy between her teeth. Shane watches her play, amused, before turning back to Ilya, who's just... watching him.

Shane looks down at his drink to avoid his gaze, embarrassed. "Um, how's Ottawa been treating you?"

Ilya raises his eyebrows. "The place or my team?"

"Both?"

"Great. I like it here. Nice air. Okay team."

Shane laughs. "Just 'okay'?"

"We have long way to go before winning or anything. So just okay for now." Ilya shrugs.

"You watch hockey?"

"No, unfortunately."

"You are first Canadian I met who does not." Ilya grins, amused. "Why?"

"It never interested me, I guess."

“You should watch sometime. I invite you to one of my games.”

Shane laughs, nursing his drink. “I couldn’t.”

“Why not? I would like to see you there. Gives me something pretty to look at in crowd.”

Shane’s jaw goes slack at that. He feels his face heat up when Ilya doesn’t let his gaze down.

“I—” Shane stands, awkwardly rearranging the bar stool. “I should go.”

Ilya frowns. “So soon?”

“Yeah, um, I have something to, uh, do in the office and an afternoon set of dogs I need to pick up after. But thank you for the drink, I really appreciate it.”

Ilya pouts, but follows him to the door. “Take another one tomorrow, please. If you don’t, I will tell your boss.”

Shane rolls his eyes endearingly. “I am my boss.”

“Then tell your employee please that it is rude to turn down a drink from a Russian.”

Shane laughs. “I’ll let him know.”

Anya runs up to the pair this time, chew toy still in her mouth, but she whines loudly when Shane tries to take it.

“Anya, *polozhi eto*, ” Ilya commands, but Anya doesn’t listen, only slightly growling as she shakes her head.

Shane bends down. “Anya, you can play with it tomorrow. Drop it, please.”

Anya stares at Shane for a moment, then drops the toy when he starts to pet her.

“Good girl, the best girl,” Shane coos, running his fingers through her soft fur. Ilya watches from the side, slightly stunned.

“Wow.”

Shane shrugs, then waves as he steps outside, “Thank you again, Mr. Rozanov.”

“You can call me Ilya, you know.”

“Okay, Mr. Rozanov.”

Ilya leans against the doorframe, crossing his arms. His muscles flex against the fabric of his top. “You’re funny.”

And before Shane goes into an even worse state of panic, he gets into his car and lets out a loud sigh.

Oh, *god*.

Anya becomes a very good addition to Shane's routine. Some mornings, Ilya has her good and ready to go for him, so he's in and out of his home in no time without disrupting the schedule he has. When he comes back, Ilya leaves a note for him to take a ginger ale and some sort of sandwich from the fridge he made. Most of the time, he refuses, until Ilya practically gives him puppy eyes of his own, to which Shane crumbles. Sometimes. So, some days he takes a can or a sandwich, just so Ilya stops looking at him like... that.

There are a few days when Ilya schedules the walk on afternoons instead, days when his home has a scheduled cleaning. They are very occasional, and are the only rogue part of Shane's good routine, which is why it surprises him one time to enter Ilya's home and not find Anya anywhere.

"Anya?" he calls out, not finding her by her bed in the living room, nor by the bowls near the kitchen. Ilya is nowhere to be found as well, and Shane figures he's out for the afternoon, too.

He calls out for Anya again. Doesn't get a reply. He feels his worry grow as he glances at his watch. Yes, he still has a lot of time before he actually needs to head out, but he likes to be early. *On time*. And Anya, the well-behaved girl she is, is usually on time.

Maybe she's trapped in the hallway bathroom, or one of the rooms, maybe? Shane thinks as he starts to head towards the hallway, making sure not to touch anything he doesn't have to, or snoop too much. He's just here to get Anya, and that's it. That's all—

One door creaks open when Anya steps out, running towards Shane excitedly and jumping into his arms. Shane greets her with pets and is about to speak to her, but his throat goes dry at the sound that echoes down the hallway.

Ilya. *Moaning*. Really loudly, too, and slick sounds that are unmistakable even from the distance Shane is at. His body goes cold, and he's frozen on the spot as Ilya gasps, moans, and then just—

Shane manages to move from his spot, stumbling a bit as he gets on his feet with Anya in his arms and walks far, *far* away from the hallway. Once he's back in the kitchen, he lets out a big exhale, and he knows his face is red out of his mind right now. He can't have just heard that. He didn't mean to. Obviously, Ilya is free to do whatever he wants here; it's his home, but now Shane's just.... *Fuck*.

Footsteps startle Shane out of his panic, but seeing Ilya in his direct vision now isn't helping either. He must've heard Shane stumbling out, because he's still all flushed and red, and only a towel hangs low around his waist, leaving almost nothing to the imagination. *Fuck, fuck, fuck*.

“Hollander, I— I forgot you were coming. Here, I mean. For Anya. Yes.”

Shane bites back the embarrassment he feels. “I didn’t realize you were home, too. I just came to get Anya, I’ll just—“

“No. I mean— No practice today. Forgot to reschedule with you. Is okay?”

Shane pets Anya, who starts fussing in his arms. “I mean, it’s up to you. Unfortunately, today’s session is already paid for, but we can—“

“We can still walk. I join you. Need to keep blood pumping. Can I?”

Shane feels his ears throb at his words. How on earth is he supposed to say no?

“Sure.”

Ilya nods, then turns to head back to his bedroom. Shane bites the inside of his cheek and pointedly ignores the curve of his backside.

When they get to the usual trail Shane hikes on, Shane can only hope that the redness on his face has faded by now, but he knows it’s hopeless thinking on his part when his companion has opted to run shirtless, the reason being not wanting his nipples to chafe, or whatever. Shane wasn’t listening. Shane *can’t* listen when there’s a sweaty, muscular man running beside him, grunting with the effort every now and then, and muscles tightening with each step. It’s fucking torture, and Shane doesn’t know what to do with himself.

“Hollander, are you— Are you okay? You are having panic attack?” Ilya asks, slowing down his run as Shane and Anya do the same. They’re by a creek now, the area around them silent apart from the breeze against the trees and the flow of the water.

“No, I’m fine, I just—“ Shane curses under his breath. “Just need a moment. Sorry.”

“Is okay. We take break. Am I running too fast?”

“No. I just—“ Shane shakes his head. He has to say it. He has to, or it’ll kill him. “Look, Mr. Rozanov, I—“

“Ilya.”

“*Ilya*. Okay. *Fuck*. Look, earlier, I didn’t know you were home, so I wandered farther than where I usually find Anya. And I know that it was unprofessional of me, and I really only meant to look for her. I didn’t mean to, um. I didn’t mean to—“

“You heard me in my bedroom?” Ilya’s not embarrassed, only amused, and it catches Shane off guard.

“I— I did. And I didn’t mean to, I was just looking for Anya, so I just wanted to get that out there so you don’t think I’m some sort of—“

“Hollander.”

Shane shuts up. He’s breathing hard now, the embarrassment fully taking over his body.

“Shane,” he says in reply, mirroring him.

“*Shane.*” Ilya smirks, then steps closer. “You could have joined me, you know.”

Shane’s ears *burn*. “What the hell are you talking about?”

Ilya shrugs. Before Shane can muster up another reply, Anya takes this as her time to go on a potty break, and Shane immediately jumps at the chance to clean up her small mess and make sure she’s tidy after, just so he can escape the moment. When he finishes disinfecting his hands, Shane finds Ilya still staring at him, gaze intense.

He doesn’t let up, either. “Why are you embarrassed?”

“Why wouldn’t I be?”

“What if I liked that you heard me?”

Shane freezes. “What?”

No one is around. It’s not an unpopular trail, but no other runners are on the path, and Ilya is so fucking attractive. He’s backing Shane up against a tree, and he’s attractive as hell, and Shane is growing *hard*, and he sort of, kind of, *really* wants Ilya to kiss him.

When he does, Shane’s hands come up to grip his curls almost immediately. Their lips slot together like they were made for this, and Ilya’s hand feels so right against Shane’s hip, and, god, his *tongue* fighting for dominance in Shane’s mouth feels so good, and Shane’s moaning and gasping against their kiss, so good that—

Shane is pulled out of his daze when he realizes he’s let go of Anya’s leash, and despite her usual good behavior, she runs off farther into the trail, probably chasing after a bird of some sort.

“Fuck, I have to—“ Shane pushes against Ilya’s chest, who frowns and tries to hold him tighter. Shane resists.

“Shane. She is fine.”

“I’m—I’m sorry.” Shane fixes his shirt, smoothing out the creases caused by Ilya’s touch. “We should just finish the trail.”

There’s a finality in his tone that even Ilya doesn’t challenge, but he doesn’t hide his disappointment as he follows behind him, Shane running ahead to catch up to Anya.

Back at Ilya's place, Shane backs into the driveway, quiet since they left the trail earlier. Ilya doesn't speak as well, not wanting to break the awkward tension.

When he parks, Shane finally musters up the courage to speak. "Look, about earlier—"

But Ilya cuts him off. "No, I am sorry. I made you uncomfortable, and I did not mean to. I should not have done that."

Shane is surprised by the apology, maybe even a little bit touched. "It's... It's okay. I wasn't uncomfortable, no, but we shouldn't have done that."

Ilya nods. Shane continues, "You're my client. Boundaries are established in the contract, which I think you skimmed over when we first went over it."

"I am sorry, Shane." Ilya bows his head, "We can forget about it. If you want."

In Ilya's words lies Shane's predicament. As someone hired to do this job, Shane is bound to their contract. But as a man who is insanely attracted to this person who treats him well, keeps him fed and hydrated, and has a great dog to top it all off?

Shane nods. He has to stay professional. Ilya understands.

The next days are... weird, for lack of a better term. Even Anya is in a bit of a mood, whining when Shane and Ilya greet each other by the kitchen, but leave it only at that. He still takes a ginger ale out of courtesy, but they don't linger in conversation as much, and Shane thinks it's better that way. Or at least, he tries to believe it.

Shane is in his office one afternoon, a few weeks later, when he gets the request through email— *Pet Sitter Needed*. It's very common to get these applications during the holiday season, but it still surprises him since he himself does it only occasionally, and he's one of the only ones available for the weekend.

It's only when he clicks on the email that he realizes who had sent in the request, and he mutters a strong *fuck* under his breath when he checks and sees that, yes, he is in fact the only one available to take Ilya Rozanov's request, since the rest of his employees are booked for the weekend. He curses once more when he realizes it's a two-night request, meaning Shane has to stay at Ilya's place. For two days straight.

It'll be fine, Shane thinks, already dreading it. Not because of Anya, *god*, he loves that dog to bits, but the tension between them has been eating at Shane's brain lately and has been

driving him crazy.

Ilya is surprised, too, when Shane shows up at his doorstep. He comes early in the day, at Ilya's request and additional payment, but his bags are packed for his flight and are ready by the door when Shane enters.

"Hi. Good that it's you. Um." Ilya leads him inside, further than where he usually wanders. Beside his bedroom, which Shane pointedly ignores, Ilya opens a door to reveal a different bedroom. "This is guest bedroom, no bathroom inside but you can use the one down the hall. You can use the TV, too, or anything. I don't mind. Make yourself comfortable."

Shane nods. "Okay."

"Any's vitamins are in cabinet, which you know. Food is stocked up, and someone will take over once your hours are done by Sunday morning. Feel free to grab anything from pantry."

"I meal prepped, so I'll just be using your microwave, if that's okay."

"Okay, but you can take anything you want, Shane."

"I know. Thank you."

"Is no problem. Um." Ilya scratches the back of his neck. "You have your own dog? Or cat, maybe?"

Shane is surprised by the sudden change of topic, so it takes him a moment to reply. "Uh, no. I prefer taking care of other people's pets."

"That's nice."

"Yeah."

It's awkward, but it's the first normal conversation they've had in a while, and Ilya doesn't initiate anything more. Shane's chest aches a bit, but he ignores it.

Ilya grabs his duffel bag and shoulders it. "Message if you need anything. I will try to reply quick."

"No worries. Best of luck with the game."

Ilya nods. "I appreciate it."

Their gazes linger on each other for a minute too long, but the moment breaks when Anya comes walking up to Ilya, demanding attention. He bends down to give her a big kiss.

"I will miss you, *moya milaya devochka*. Be good to Hollander."

After one more ruffle of her fur, Ilya leaves, nodding at Shane before closing the door behind him. Anya then asks for attention from him, and he absentmindedly bends down to kiss the puppy. He doesn't realize until later that he had kissed the same spot Ilya did.

The first night is uneventful. Anya is a ball of energy before bedtime, though, jumping and running across the couches when Shane throws a toy for her to chase. She pees in her litter box, and Shane immediately cleans it to avoid any smells. When he starts to head for bed, she tries to get on the bed with him, which he does *not* allow for fear of slight shedding, but eventually he gives in when she fails to listen to him, sleeping beside his legs in the dead of the night.

Shane struggles to fall asleep. His mind doesn't let him rest, thinking about everything and nothing all the same time as he sits on the bed, eyes on the sleeping figure of Anya. Before he thinks about it any further, he snaps a photo of her to send to Ilya.

Shane

[photo]

She's sleeping on the guest bed with me

Couldn't resist her big brown eyes

He turns off his phone right after, not expecting a reply, but he slightly jumps in place when his phone dings only after a few seconds.

Anya's Dad (Ilya)

Even I cannot resist

Can't sleep?

Shane

Yeah

Anya's Dad (Ilya)

What's on your mind?

Shane doesn't know how to reply. Obviously, being in his home and with his dog and all, all Shane can really think of is... well.

Shane

Nothing tbh

You?

Anya's Dad (Ilya)

You

Shane stares at his screen. Reads the message again.

It's one word, but it tilts *everything* on Shane's axis.

Shane

Ilya.

Ilya

Sorry.

I cannot help it, that I find you very pretty

You take very good care of my Anya, too

Shane

Ilya...

Ilya

Okay, I stop.

Sorry. Again

Shane

It's okay.

Ilya

I will try to sleep now. Morning skate

Goodnight, Shane.

Shane

Goodnight, Ilya

Shane bites his lip. Starts typing again.

Shane

I was thinking about you, too

He sends it without thinking, then tosses his phone across the bed, breathing hard. *Fuck.*

In the morning, Shane has a small breakfast before going out for his usual walk with Anya, who's well-behaved as usual, but showing some signs of missing her father. He tries not to check his notifications at first, not wanting to see if Ilya had replied to his stupid text that he blames his sleepy self for, but half an hour into the trail, he gives up and opens his phone. To his surprise, Ilya left the message on read last night. Which, okay. What the fuck.

He jogs a bit harder. Maybe even sprints. Anya doesn't mind, but he knows she's going to be tired later, despite the autumn air keeping them cool. Anything to keep him from thinking too hard.

Time passes quickly once they get back to Ilya's place, since there's not much to do due to Anya's size. He does keep her mentally stimulated with puzzles and games they play every now and then to pass the time, but after her meals or during naps, he busies himself with work on his laptop or watches YouTube to kill time. It's only around dinnertime that he sees his employees buzz about the upcoming game, Ottawa pride very loud and clear in their

group chat. Shane can't help but feel curious. They urge him to watch for once, but it doesn't take much convincing as he finds himself grabbing a Canada Dry from the fridge before settling with Anya on the couch and turning on the TV. It automatically opens to the MLH channel.

He follows what's happening by reading the texts, but it doesn't take long for him to be on the edge of his seat when someone mentions that Ilya is against his previous team, the Boston Raiders, for the first time. Shane can't help but follow Ilya's movement on the ice the most because, well, he's great at what he does. He's fast and aggressive, to the point that Shane notices that his team can barely keep up. He finds himself muttering comments about that, before full-on shouting at the screen when someone misses a pass. He sits back to compose himself. Okay, so maybe he's a little bit into it now.

Surprisingly, the teams go into overtime. Shane watches as Haas moves the puck in his possession before eventually finding its way to Barrett, who struggles to find an opening. Time is running out, and the Raiders are doing everything they can to gain possession of the puck, but Barrett continues moving until he finds an opening to Rozanov, who taps his hockey stick twice. He doesn't miss the pass, and the move is so quick that the Raiders don't catch it on time. Ilya is faster, and he scores. The Centaurs win.

Shane is on his feet, letting out a loud, resounding "Yes!" echoing throughout the living room as he watches the team celebrate their win. His heart is beating so fast. He understands the appeal now, he really does, and he smiles as the team skates towards each other to hug it out. Shane's never been more fucking proud to be an Ottawan for once.

In his excitement, Anya accidentally turns over her water bowl, subsequently spilling the water in it. Shane jumps in surprise at the sound, moving quickly to help her out as the Centaurs continue to celebrate. He grabs a few paper towels to clean up the mess before he realizes the camera is now on Ilya for the post-match interview. Shane finds himself staring at his heavy-breathing figure. Because— *Wow*. He's...

"...Amazing winning goal, by the way, captain. How does it feel to lead your team toward victory?"

Ilya smiles that cocky smile of his. *"Is good. I expect nothing less from myself. But my team did great, it was good game."*

While refilling the bowl, Shane listens to the journalist as she asks, *"Any special someone you're planning to celebrate the win with?"*

Ilya takes a moment to think. *"Ah, my dog, Anya. She is very special to me."* He pauses, then, *"So is her pretty pet sitter."*

Shane's jaw drops.

With a wink from Ilya and a laugh from the journalist, the Centaurs' captain finishes off the interview, but Shane is sitting there absolutely *frozen* on the floor until the bowl overflows.

“Fuck, *fuck*, ” he mutters, grabbing a rag this time, but he stumbles in his movements as his face burns a deep red. There is *no way* that man just said that on live television. There’s no fucking way. His phone practically explodes at the endless flow of incoming notifications, but Shane is still stunned to silence.

Because, fuck. Ilya is so *hot*, and okay, *maybe I’m attracted to him. But it’s wrong, he’s my client, and I’m only here to take care of his dog, and… And—*

“*Fuck*, ” Visions of a shirtless and moaning Ilya plague Shane’s mind, and suddenly his shorts are too tight now, and it’s pathetic, it’s stupid, but he’s absolutely restless in his skin now as the visual of Ilya winking at the camera never leaves his head.

“Okay. Shit.” He takes a breath, then looks at the small dog below him. “Anya, I love you, but I need you to head to bed right after this. Please.”

She tilts her head. Shane wishes he spoke Russian.

“Bed, Anya, and not beside me this time. Just for now.”

Anya, unfortunately, doesn’t pick up the signals, but she does wander towards her bed, only to sit and breathe loudly. When she doesn’t move, Shane takes this as the signal to double-check the locks, then sprint to the guest bedroom, where he immediately closes the door in hopes that Anya doesn’t watch what’s about to unfold.

I’m going to regret this, Shane knows, but he puts out a towel anyway to cover the sheets, his own towel, mind you, and he regrets not bringing any of his toys to keep him company, but that would be weird anyway. This is already weird, and so, so fucked, but his body is too reactive now.

He removes all articles of clothing before folding them, then placing them on the empty nightstand beside him. He feels pathetic when he gets his knees above the towel and looks down at his cock, leaking at the tip, desperate to be touched. He wants it so bad, and it’s all because of this cocky Russian client of his who doesn’t know how to shut the fuck up.

Gives me something pretty to look at in crowd, Shane recalls Ilya saying one time, and he whines. It’s pathetic, but he whines anyway, stroking his cock slowly. His other hand opens up his phone, where someone had sent a clip from that interview.

Suddenly, it’s not his imagination anymore. Suddenly, he’s replaying the video over and over again, eyes dilating whenever Ilya winks at the camera, groaning when his fist tightens as he strokes himself. *I find you very pretty*, Shane can hear him say in his mind, and his back arches off the pillows with a loud whine. It’s not enough. He wants Ilya’s hands on him, rubbing at his chest like he’s doing now, maybe even fisting his cock with his much larger hands. Shane knows it’d feel good. Shane knows Ilya would feel *so*, so good.

“F-fuck, Ilya—” Shane moans, glancing at the door like Ilya could come in any time, despite being kilometers away. It drives him crazy anyway, the possibility of Ilya seeing him like this, fingers teasing his nipples and hand speeding up around his cock.

“Oh god, fuck, *please*, ” he whispers, spitting on his fingers before teasing his hole. His eyes roll back at the feeling, wanting to be filled so badly, but having to settle for this for now. His dildo is sure to see a lot of action once he gets back home.

“Fuck, *fuck*, Ilya,” Shane gasps, spitting on his palm to get a better slide around his cock, and pressing his fingers just the tiniest bit inside him to get some stimulation. The video plays on repeat, and he reaches for it quickly to raise the volume.

Pretty pet sitter is all it takes for Shane to reach his peak, spurting ropes of cum against his stomach and chest. He’s gasping wildly, out of breath as he tries to come down from his high, up until the stone-cold realization hits him that he just got off thinking about Ilya fucking Rozanov.

There’s a scratching noise at the door, and Shane realizes it’s Anya trying to get inside. He sighs, plopping back against the pillows.

Fuck. I’m so fucked.

Shane washes himself off *thoroughly* in the morning before the walk with Anya. He tries not to think about his lapse in judgment last night, ignoring the obvious stains he’s going to have to wash out once he gets home. When he does get back from the trail, though, he’s startled by the sight of unfamiliar curls belonging to this beautiful woman who’s sat by the kitchen island.

“Hello! You must be Shane— I’ve heard so much about you.” Her Russian accent is not as obvious as Ilya’s when she speaks, and Shane has half the mind to stretch out a hand for her to shake. “I’m Svetlana, Ilya’s close friend. You clock out soon, yes?”

“Hey, uh, yeah. I’ll just grab my things, then I’ll head out.”

“You can stay for longer, it’s okay. I’m sure Ilya wouldn’t mind.”

“I… I have stuff to do back at home. Thank you.”

“Oh, well, I won’t keep you. Thank you for taking care of *milaya* Anya.”

“It’s no problem,” Shane smiles, shy as he removes Anya’s harness and leash before heading back into the guest room to grab his things. He had his bag packed already, and he’s thankful because he doesn’t want to dwell on the fact that Ilya’s friend out there is definitely not just a friend, and Shane feels stupid now for doing what he did. Because, of course, Ilya has a beautiful woman to be with. How could he compare?

He mutters a small *goodbye* before he leaves to enter his car, thankful Anya doesn’t delay him this time because, whatever. So what if she was his girlfriend? It’s not his business. Why should he care? He can call his pet sitter pretty and have a beautiful *girlfriend*, right?

He steps on the gas pedal a little too hard before catching himself. *Stupid. So, so stupid.*

Shane doesn't see Ilya for most of the week, which he understands is due to their consistent practices now. The weekend comes around quickly, and he's assigned to watch Anya again, since Ilya's next game is just in Montreal, but he's surprised when the door suddenly unlocks at 9 in the evening to Ilya, who brings his bags back inside. Shane feels all the breath knocked out of him because he hasn't seen him in what feels like forever. They didn't even cross paths earlier, since he left earlier than Shane's starting time.

"You're back?" Shane stands from where he was seated beside Anya on the couch, hands at his sides.

"Snowfall came early. Very thick. Too hard to drive through."

Shane frowns. "I didn't even notice. No wonder my clients for tomorrow's walk cancelled on me."

"It's rough out there."

"I should head back home, then, since you're back and all—"

"Shane. What are you talking about?" Ilya drops his bags, walking closer to Shane. "Stay."

Shane's heart speeds up under Ilya's gaze. "But..."

"You are not going out there in that weather. Are you insane?"

"Maybe."

Ilya makes a face. "Shane. I am serious."

Shane panics. "I don't live that far. I can probably make it before the snow covers too much."

"You're crazy. Shane, listen to me. Why won't you just stay? *With me?*"

Shane starts breathing hard. "I don't—"

The power cuts off suddenly, drowning the three in darkness. The winds outside are loud now. There's no way Shane can leave.

"I forgot to have generator refilled. Fuck." Ilya looks down at his phone, grunting. "*Blyat.*"

He takes a few calls for a moment. Shane tends to Anya, who luckily doesn't get cold, but she does whine at the lack of lights; their vision is only aided by one emergency light by the exit. Ilya lights a few candles while he talks to people on the phone, but they all tell him that

the earliest time services can come would be early in the morning, after the snowstorm passes. He's kind as he thanks them, but curses in Russian after ending every call.

After a few moments of walking back and forth around the living room, he turns to Shane, upset. "Why do you want to leave so badly?"

Shane frowns. "I just... Can I not want to go home? I don't have to be here if you're back."

"But I want you to be here. It's dangerous outside. Do you not understand?"

Upset at Ilya's words and without thinking, Shane replies, "Your girlfriend could be here instead. Why me?"

Ilya pauses. He looks at Shane, really looks at him, then bursts out laughing. Shane is red in the face.

"*What?*" Shane demands, eyebrows furrowed.

"You mean Svetlana? She is my childhood friend." Ilya snorts out a laugh. "We've fucked before, but it does not mean anything."

That doesn't make Shane feel any better. "Okay?"

"You are jealous."

"No."

"You are jealous!"

"I'm not! Why would I be?"

Ilya is so, so pleased. "You are so jealous."

"I'm fucking *not*. Stop assuming things that make no—"

"Shane, shut up. Please." Ilya moves closer, eyes soft. "I like *you*, not her."

"But..."

"No 'but'. I like you. Was it not obvious?"

To others, maybe it was. To Shane? Even Ilya's forwardness alone knocks his breath out. It really should've been obvious to him, but for some reason, he couldn't fathom Ilya just... wow.

Wordlessly, Ilya leaves, and Shane worries that he must've upset him somehow, that he took too long to reply, but Ilya comes back only moments later with a large blanket. It's only then that Shane realizes that he himself is shivering at the lack of a heater, and Ilya guides him back to the couch, where he slowly wraps him and Anya up in the blanket.

Shane looks up at him. "You're cold too."

“I experience worse in Russia.”

Shane is not having it. He opens the blanket. “Get in,” he says, leaving no room for question. Ilya raises his hands in surrender, then gets in the blanket beside him, keeping a safe distance before closing it between their bodies and above Anya’s.

“Look,” Shane starts, pinching the bridge of his nose. “I like you, too.”

Ilya lights up. His smile is wide as he asks, “Really?”

“Yes, idiot. However, I work for you. We have a contract.”

“Okay? I get other dog walker.”

“You can’t just—” Shane cuts himself off with a loud sigh. “I don’t take my job lightly, Ilya. You know that. I can’t just hand my job off to someone else just because we’re starting... something. We don’t even know if— If *this* will work out.”

“You do not want someone else to walk Anya.”

Shane turns red. “I didn’t say that.”

“I understand. She is easy to fall in love with.”

“That’s not the point! Are you even listening to me?”

“Yes, Shane, but I do not see the problem.” Ilya brings his fingers up to Shane’s chin. “Look at me, Shane.”

“No.”

“Shane.”

He grunts before doing as told, brown eyes locking on pale blue ones. Shane feels his resolve crumble.

“Stop thinking for one moment, Shane. We talk tomorrow morning, okay? Right now, I want to kiss you. Very much. I think it will help with the cold.”

Shane scoffs, but really, he licks his own lips at Ilya’s words. “We’ll talk after.”

“I promise.”

“Okay.”

Ilya nods, then raises his eyebrows. Shane nods, and Ilya takes that as his sign to press his lips against his. Unfortunately, nothing compares to kissing Ilya Rozanov, and Shane finds himself chasing after his lips far too fast. When Ilya pulls him into his arms and onto his lap, Anya takes this as her cue to leave, and Shane is a tiny bit relieved that Anya doesn’t have to watch him possibly be defiled by her father.

“Warmer, yes?” Ilya asks between kisses, fingers finding their way under Shane’s shirt, crawling around his waist. Shane shivers, but their lips very rarely part as Ilya’s tongue makes itself known between his lips.

“Not enough. Need to be closer.”

Ilya grins. “My bedroom is warmer.”

Shane groans. “Then take me there.”

With a yelp, Shane feels himself grow hot when Ilya blows out the candles and carries him by his thighs all in one motion, effortlessly moving them and the blanket down the hallway and into his bedroom, which is larger than the guest bedroom. Not that Shane’s focus is on that at the moment.

“What do you want?” Ilya murmurs against Shane’s skin when he presses him against the bed, kissing patterns down his throat.

“You,” Shane sighs contentedly, eyes closed.

“Be more specific, my pretty,”

Shane moans. “That. More of that.”

Ilya smiles against his neck. “You like being called pretty.”

It’s a statement, not a question, and Shane’s cheeks bloom red at it.

“No,” he lies. Ilya snorts.

“Liar.”

“Kiss me, Ilya.”

And so Ilya does, lips warm despite the temperature dropping around them. Under the covers, Ilya urges Shane to take his clothes off while he does the same, tossing them to the side. Shane takes his time with his own, folding it neatly and as quickly as he can before setting the pile on the nightstand. Ilya watches, amused.

“Even prettier without clothes.”

Shane shakes his head, smiling. “Shut up.”

Ilya brings the covers back up now, blanketing them both before their lips meet again in a kiss hotter than the previous, because Ilya now has a hand on Shane’s steadily growing erection and is stroking earnestly, eyes on Shane as he starts to whine at his touch. Ilya uses his free hand to grab the bottle in the drawer beside them, squeezing on his hands first to warm up the lube before resuming his efforts on Shane’s cock. Shane holds back his moan, but Ilya is having none of it.

“No. Be loud for me, Shane.”

Shane shakes his head. “It’s... embarrassing.”

“It’s *hot*. Who told you it’s not? I will kill them.”

Shane finds himself laughing at that, mouth spread in a toothy grin as he says, “I can’t believe you.”

Ilya kisses the smile off his face. “Do not hold back, Shane. Your moans are pretty, too.”

“Ilya...” Shane breathes, taking the other’s cock in his hand too. “Maybe you could fuck it out of me?”

Ilya’s eyes grow wide at that. “Okay. Very okay. *Fuck.*”

“You know, to keep us warm.”

“Mm, definitely.” Ilya grins, grabbing a condom by the bedside and ripping it open. “Sure.”

“Do you want to stretch me? I’m clean.”

“Yes,” Ilya answers immediately, rolling the condom on quickly before squeezing more lube on his fingers. He takes a moment to warm up the substance before prodding at Shane’s entrance, practically salivating at the sight. “This okay?”

“Yes. Ilya, please finger me.”

Ilya nods, pressing in a single digit first. *Fuck, his finger is thick*, Shane thinks, moaning unashamedly now as Ilya pumps the digit in and out, pacing himself until Shane begs for more. He gives him that exactly with his other lubed finger, and Shane grips Ilya’s muscled shoulder for support.

“Fuck, that feels so good, Ilya.”

“You like that?” Ilya fucks him faster, fingers moving at a quick pace and spreading apart every now and then. The entire time, Ilya watches Shane’s reactions, thrilled to see him thrash against his bed like a wet dream come true.

“Ilya, fuck me, please. Want you— Want your cock in me so bad.”

Ilya slowly pulls out his fingers, panting at Shane’s desperation. The man below doesn’t complain when Ilya pushes his legs upwards, slotting himself between them and teasing his ass with his thick and hard length. Shane whines, “Ilya, please,” and Ilya doesn’t need to be told twice.

The first push causes all the air to leave Shane’s lungs. Ilya blows out a breath too, muttering, “Tight,” before kissing him breathless and rocking his hips when Shane relaxes under him.

“Okay?” Ilya asks, and Shane nods.

“Y-yeah. Faster.”

Ilya rocks his hips faster, hissing at the way Shane tightens around him with every thrust. “So tight, Shane. Feels so good.”

“Ilya, *fuck*—” Shane gasps out, nails digging into the other’s shoulders. Ilya doesn’t seem to mind. “Ah, *ah*, *fuck*, oh my god, oh my g—!”

“*Shane*, fuck,” Ilya groans, hips at a brutal pace now. “Fuck, fuck, fuck,”

“Touch me, Ilya,”

Ilya does as told, pumping Shane’s cock in time with his thrusts as he whines at the stimulation. The cold is gone now, replaced by the heat and sweat of their bodies as Ilya fucks him earnestly. Shane can feel himself getting close, and if Ilya’s breaths are any indication, he’s close too.

“Gonna— G-gonna come, Ilya,” Shane manages, strained as his moans increase.

“Come for me, Shane, c-come—” Ilya groans, panting against Shane’s lips as the man below reaches the edge first, cum coating Ilya’s fist just as he spills inside the condom, too, slowing down his thrusts but pushing so deep that Shane feels so, so satiated by the end of it. Ilya practically collapses on the other’s chest, but Shane doesn’t mind the weight, nor does he mind the warmth Ilya is radiating against his own sticky skin. Which reminds him—

“We need to clean up,” Shane mutters, dreading the moment he has to leave the covers. Or Ilya’s arms.

“One minute, please,” Ilya mumbles against his chest, just as worn out as Shane is, but he eventually pulls out of him, the whine inevitable with the movement. He leaves to grab a towel to clean them both up with, dampening it with the residual warmth from the tap.

Ilya is gentle as he wipes Shane down. After cleaning himself off, Ilya lies back down beside a peaceful-looking Shane under the covers, who moves to wrap himself around the other.

“You can’t get another dog walker,” Shane’s tone is final, and Ilya listens when he continues with, “I want to be the one to walk Anya.”

Ilya nods, but he can’t help but quip, “I make you orgasm like that, and you *still* talk about my dog?” to which Shane smacks him on the chest. Ilya’s laugh is genuine as Shane grabs his chin so their eyes meet.

“Listen to me...” Shane whines. “I love her. I don’t want to give that up.”

“Then move in. She can be yours, too.”

Shane raises his head at that, eyes incredulous. “Are you crazy?”

Ilya thinks for a moment, then shrugs. “Maybe.”

Shane thinks he might be a little crazy, too, because he's considering it like it's not the craziest idea in the world. Ilya bursts out laughing at the look on Shane's face, but he wraps his arms tighter around him like he doesn't want him to leave. He really doesn't. But Shane has no plans to run. Not anymore.

Shane does, in fact, terminate their contract without much prodding from Ilya, but he walks Anya regularly with the rest of his set because he loves her. Secretly, he loves seeing her owner in the mornings too; breakfast is always ready for him every time he gets to Ilya's place to pick her up. A kiss doesn't hurt either.

Shane doesn't move in immediately like they joked, but he's there so often that it feels like he already has. Despite this, Ilya surprises him on the trail one morning a few months into their relationship, a fresh bouquet of flowers in hand, and *will you be my boyfriend?* muttered against emotional kisses. Shane officially moves in just a week after.

Anya is thrilled to have two dads now.

End Notes

i had to take a break at one point because i genuinely forgot how to write a penetrative gay sex scene. apparently it's difficult for me, a lesbian, to conceptualize. surprise, surprise 😭
leave a comment for the effort?

scream at me: [tiktok](#) & [twi](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!