

Dog of Honour

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77705701) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77705701>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Anya Ilya Rozanov's Dog , Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Brief appearance by David and Yuna Hollander
Additional Tags:	dog POV , Bookverse Compliant , Future Seasons of Heated Rivalry Compliant , One singular sex toy but not the kind you think , This is pretty fluffy much like Anya , Wedding
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of Thoughts of Dog
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-15 Words: 1,000 Chapters: 1/1

Dog of Honour

by [Poutini](#)

Summary

Anya can tell something is different about today. Maybe it's the clothes Papa Shane and Papochka lay out, or the way their voices are a little softer, their touches linger a little longer, but also maybe more obviously, it's because since yesterday the house has been full of people, including Papa Shane's humans, and the feeling of anticipation was high.

Not entirely usual, but also, Anya had spent the first half of the day prior at the spa, getting the full princess treatment, complete with being fitted with a bow on top of her head, and that bow is now laid on top of Papochka's jacket on the armchair. If she could see colours, she'd know that they're both burgundy. As is, she thinks they're a lovely matching shade of grey. ish.

Notes

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

Anya wakes up first.

These sorts of days are her favourite. A slow shift from asleep to awake as the rising sunshine warms up her fur, and a long stretch of her small body, squished alongside one of her two favourite humans.

Typically, Papochka wakes up as soon as he feels her hind legs press into his hip as she stretches, but today, both he and Papa Shane are tangled up in each other, snoring loudly, and

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BEEP BEEP BEEP

Though the sound is grating, Anya can't stop her tail from wagging.

"Anya," Papochka grumbles, reaching with one hand to stop the beeping and to still Anya's tail with the other, "five more minutes." His hand slides up her back, scratching gently where he knows she can't reach herself, and her tail slows to a lazy and light thump on the bed.

A second hand finds the flap of her ear, and she can tell it's Papa Shane, with the way he rubs the soft fur in between his thumb and forefinger like a meditation.

It's bliss. Anya feels her eyes slipping closed, content, like maybe kibble can wait -

BEEP BEEP BEEP

Well, so much for that.

"Ilya, we need to get up."

Papochka grumbles, but shifts under the covers to free his legs, taking care to not accidentally roll Anya off the bed. Anya waits while he pulls on some sweatpants, side-eyeing Papa Shane as he ogles Papochka, and accepting a lift off the bed and onto the floor.

"Come on, devochka moya. Let's go outside."

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Post-kibble, Anya hops up on the couch to lounge. From there, she can watch her two Papas move about the house, bickering affectionately with each other as they make and eat their own breakfast. She thinks about moving to sit at Papochka's feet, in case there is extra bacon, but she's got a particularly good sunbeam at the moment.

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Papochka tosses her a toy, one with creases to tuck treats, guaranteed to distract her until all the nuggets have been freed from their sustainably-manufactured-hemp-ball prison and eaten.

"Here, Anya. Have your sex toy."

("You can't call it a sex toy, Ilya, that's gross!" Shane had exclaimed the first time Ilya called it that.

"But it's the toy we give her when we have sex! What else would you want I should call it?"

And the name stuck.)

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Anya keeps Papochka company while he gets dressed. She stays close, winding in between his legs as he walks, settling on the tops of his feet when he stays in place for more than a beat, and barking to draw his attention downward when his gaze lingers a little too long into the middle distance.

Once Papa Shane's Papa (*Anya's note to self: workshop that nickname*) comes into the room, Papochka immediately relaxes. Anya gives them distance as the older man helps Papochka with something on his sleeves, only moving closer when they both appear a bit teary-eyed. She rubs her cheek against Papochka's pantleg and earns getting scooped up and kissed on top of her furry little head. He's clean-shaven, and his face slides across Anya's ears without friction. Papochka speaks softly, as he tucks her close to his chest.

"Lets go get me and your Papa married, sobaka."

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Like her Papa Shane, Anya finds the number of people in the backyard overwhelming. Safe by Papochka's side, she follows him around the yard, accepting head pats and comments about her 'pretty bow', 'paw-dicure', and general disposition. Most of the attention is a little grating, but also like her Papa Shane, Anya enjoys praise. A lot.

She sees Mama Yuna, and her heartbeat picks up in anticipation of seeing Papa Shane. She's tempted to run when she finally spots him, but she checks herself, and instead, stays planted in between Papochka and Bood the BBQ Guy. Anya can sort of read the room, and knows that it is highly unlikely he has been cooking recently, and even less likely he's going to toss her a delicious carnivorous morsel, but you just *never know for sure*.

Anya watches as Papochka and Papa Shane finally make eye contact. She can sense the vibe shift.

A woman reaches out and touches Papa's elbow. "Ready?" she asks with a smile.

Papa Shane looks over at Papochka again, mouthing something Anya can't quite make out. She's a dog, not a lip reader. But Papochka nods, and the two of them gravitate towards one another, meeting closer to the river in front of the woman.

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There's just *so many words*. So many words taking *so very long* and Anya is fighting a losing battle to stay awake. It's been such an exciting day, and she's been so good and hasn't even barked once. She tries to follow along with what's being said - tracking the exchange of repeated phrases - but the cadence of speech is so rhythmic and -

Loud cheers rouse Anya from her shallow slumber with a start, knocking her bow sideways.

"We are married!" Papochka cries, raising his hand with Papa Shane's in the air.

More cheers erupt as they walk towards the house. Anya, ever the good and dutiful dog, follows her two favourite humans into the house.

End Notes

Thank you to Sofia for help with the Russian.

sobaka = dog (affectionate);

devochka moya = my girl.

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