

i wanna be your dog

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77743066) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77743066>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Anal Sex , Orgasm Edging , Cock Warming , Collars , Shane in a collar more specifically , Puppy Play , Kinda , Dom Ilya Rozanov , Sub Shane Hollander , Praise Kink , Spanking , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , literally nothing of substance , Smut , ngl this is like 90 percent by the photos of hudson in a collar for that one short film
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-15 Words: 2,069 Chapters: 1/1

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by [maggie_1277](#)

Summary

“Good puppy,” Ilya's voice was loud over the building cotton in Shane's head. He was kneeling between Ilyas's thighs, naked except for his collar and socks. Head resting on Ilya's clothed thigh.

They'd been like this for an hour at least. Shane was too in his head after a game, and Ilya was trying to get him out of it.

Notes

back in oct, i saw a photo of hudson in a collar and sent it to my partner and said "theres a fic idea here." they told me to write it if i wanted to, this is that fic. enjoy.

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

“Good puppy,” Ilya's voice was loud over the building cotton in Shane's head. He was kneeling between Ilyas's thighs, naked except for his collar and socks. Head resting on Ilya's clothed thigh.

They'd been like this for an hour at least. Shane was too in his head after a game, and Ilya was trying to get him out of it. So he had him kneel and wait. Wait as Ilya showered and changed into comfortable clothes, wait as Ilya wrapped his collar around his neck, wait as Ilya put on a random game, wait as Ilya sat down in front of him and forced him to rest his head on his lap. Running his fingers through Shane's hair, lulling him into the soupy headspace they both loved.

Shane wanted to be good, wanted to be a good puppy for Ilya. So he sat and waited, eyes closed as Ilya played with his hair, whispering praises in Russian, calling him a *shchenok* and pretty. His brain was mush, perfectly mashed up from the waiting.

“Do you want a task, puppy? A treat?” Ilya asks him, pulling him back from his thigh. Shane blinked up at him. It was hard to think like this, cotton-y and floating, but he wanted everything Ilya could give him. He nodded, “Words *shchenok*.”

“Yes, yes, please,” Shane manages to get out.

Ilya runs his fingers through Shane's hair before tightening his hold, and slight pinpricks of pain shoot down Shane's spine in a perfect way.

“I want you to hold my cock, not suck, *hold*,” Ilya tells him. Shane nods against the tight hold, sending more sparks down his spine and into his dick. “You will hold it in mouth until I tell you. Alright, puppy?”

“Yes, yes,” Shane's salivating at the idea of just sucking Ilyas's dick. A nice reward. “Mhm, yes.”

Ilya lets go of his hair, and Shane whines. He wants Ilya's hands on him at all times, wants him all the time. Ilya's touches keep him grounded; they keep him sane. Ilya coos at him as Shane watches him pull down his sweats just enough to get his dick out. Shane wanted to dive in, but Ilya grabbed the back of his collar, tugging him back and making him look at him.

“No suck, just hold.”

Shane nodded again, and Ilya let him go. Shane kisses the barely exposed skin of Ilya's stomach. He leans back a moment before slowly kissing Ilya's half-hard dick. Ilya grabs onto his hair and pulls for a moment. Shane sighs, before kissing it once more and slowly taking it into his mouth. They've done this before, Ilya putting him on his knees and making him warm his dick, but never half hard. Shane shifts, resting his head on Ilya's thigh, and looks up at him, Ilya's already looking down. Shane feels his cheeks get warm, but keeps his eyes on him. Waiting.

“We are going to sit like this until game is over,” Ilya says, flicking on some rerun of a game. Shane whines but focuses back on Ilya’s dick. “Be good.”

Shane doesn’t know what period the game is in, he doesn’t even know which team is playing. Ilya is just running his fingers through his hair once and a while, Shane hms and shifts once and a while. They just exist together, Shane fucking loves it.

He can hear a goal sound, and Shane blinks up at Ilya. Shane realizes when he looks up that Ilya is hard in his mouth. He’s probably been slowly hardening in Shane’s mouth without him realizing it. Shane also realizes, abruptly, that he’s fucking hard. Hard and fucking leaking into the floor. He doesn’t know anything that has happened in the past hour or two; they’ve been sitting here.

“-hm, puppy?” Ilya’s voice cuts through everything.

Shane blinks up at him, trying and hoping to figure out what Ilya had said to him. Ilya’s smile is wicked and mean. Shane swallows around his dick, Ilya groans, grabs at Shane’s hair. “Yebat, *Shane*.”

Shane shifts, trying to take more of Ilya into his mouth. The grip on his hair is tight, but Shane tries to get him down his throat. Ilya lets out a broken curse in Russian, pulling Shane off. Shane stares up at him, waiting, wanting, needing.

“I told you to hold, no suck,” Ilya’s voice is thick. Shane feels proud for making him lose his composure for a moment. Ilya tugs on his hair and makes him look at him, “I was asking you what you wanted next, but a baby puppy. Maybe I will cage you and leave you here.”

Shane whines; he doesn’t know if he’s whining because he wants to be caged or if he wants to cum. Ilya fucks with his mind like that sometimes, it’s addicting when he does. Shane whines again and looks at Ilya, waiting for him to pounce. Ilya pulls him up to his lap, grabbing him and kissing him with bruising need. Shane wants to fight back, try and get an upper hand on Ilya, but he can’t. He gets bullied into whatever position Ilya wants him in, and he fucking loves it.

“Would you wear a cage all time for me?” Ilya asks him, grabbing his hips and pulling them close. A slight grind of their dicks against each other makes Shane let out a broken whimper. He thinks about being locked up by Ilya, only to be let out when he wants him. “How would you explain it to your teammates? Golden boy captain giving me his cock to control, hm? You would like it.”

Shane whines and nods; he can’t think. His brain feels full of cotton, and his blood feels full of molten rocks. Shane could be told Ilya’s getting him traded to fucking Alberta, and Shane would agree if it meant they could keep grinding against each other. Ilya keeps up the slow pace of the grinds and kisses into Shane’s neck, right above the collar.

“You would look so pretty for me, da? Cock locked away and pretty collar on, just for me.” Ilya grabs at Shane’s hips, pulling him even closer. “I bet you would flush so pretty when getting asked about it, about who’d hold the keys.”

“Ilya, please,” Shane gets out. He tries to grind against Ilya, but his grip is solid, and Shane just has to accept his spot. He can feel Ilya find a spot he hasn’t kissed enough; he knows there’s going to be a hickey there that he can’t joke away. “Baby, please.”

“You beg so pretty,” Ilya says into his neck, before attacking again. Shane huffs, trying to stifle his moans, but Ilya can read him like a fucking book. “Do not hold back, or cock gets locked away.”

It doesn’t even seem like a punishment; his dick doesn’t get the memo that it actually is, and twitches against their stomachs. Ilya pulls back, grinning wide and wild. Shane’s fucked.

“You like that, you want it.”

“No, I don’t.”

Ilya sighs, dramatically, “Your cock says other things, leaking over being locked up. You want it bad, sweetheart.”

Shane sighs, “Maybe! Maybe I want it.”

“Good puppy, good to tell me what you want.” Ilya rewards him with a slow grind of his hips. It makes Shane moan at the unexpected movement. “I will get you the nicest cage and lock you away. Make your cock look so pretty!”

“Ilya,” Shane doesn’t know what he wants to say. He hopes his desperation comes across.

“I want to fuck you, up puppy,” Ilya smacks at Shane’s thigh, making him bite back another moan. He doesn’t have to look up to know that Ilya can tell it affected him. “Up to our room.”

“Fuck, Ilya, please,” Shane fucks back onto Ilya’s fingers. He’s been between Shane’s legs for a while. Shane feels like he’s going fucking mad, all he’s done is slowly finger him and make him cry. “Need more, please, please.”

“Wait, shchenok, wait.” Ilya twists his fingers, making Shane arch off the bed. It’s stupid how good Ilya is at getting Shane off and also teasing him. “You will wait.”

Shane lets out another broken moan and tries to fuck himself back on Ilya’s fingers. He gets a smack to his hip, making him bite back a whimper. He looks over his shoulder at Ilya, trying to make all the desperation he feels show on his face. Ilya just smiles at him before pulling his fingers out. He pats Shane’s ass and leans back.

“Condom?”

Shane shakes his head. He looks away from Ilya as he does; he doesn’t need to see his smug face. He feels Ilya shift, feels a few soft kisses planted on his shoulder, and he sighs softly. Ilya shifts again and slowly fuck into him. Shane doesn’t know when Ilya got himself ready, and he doesn’t really care, while Ilya pushes in painfully slow. Shane whines, reaching for

Ilya's hip, his thigh, anything to try and push him deeper, faster. Ilya grabs his wrist and pins it to the bed.

"Stay, *shchenok*, be good boy," Ilya tells him, pulling out as slowly as he thrust in. Shane whines; he wants more, needs more. "You have been so good, so good at holding my cock. Let me play with my puppy?"

"*Ilya*," Shane pleads. Ilya picks up the pace a bit more, still torturously slow, but Shane can't lie about how good it feels.

Shane knows that he's going to cum too fast. Ilya's teasing for hours has put him on a quick fucking trigger. He whines as Ilya lets go of his wrist and grabs both of his hips, tight enough that Shane's a little worried about bruises, and speeds up faster. It's almost a brutal pace, Ilya is perfectly nailing Shane's prostate over and over. It's almost too much, it's almost not enough at the same time. Shane's moaning, begging into the pillows. Sputtering nonsense as Ilya fucks him apart.

"You wonder, perfect puppy," Ilya tells him. Shane nods into the pillow; he can't fucking speak. Ilya mutters something in Russian, and Shane isn't even sure if Ilya's speaking as he, somehow, picks up his pace. "Fuck, perfect Hollander, perfect Shane, perfect."

Shane grabs at the blanket, he's so fucking close. He's so overwhelmed, he might be crying; he can't tell. Ilya grabs at his collar, pulling him back a bit, sitting him in his lap. Shane can't stop himself from letting out a broken, unabashed moan. Ilya feels deeper than he'd been all day. Shane is so close, so fucking close. If Ilya touched him, it'd be over.

He hears Ilya laugh for a moment, "Fucked you so good, you are telling me inside thoughts."

Shane leans his head back on Ilya's shoulder, nodding. He's definitely crying, he grabs for Ilya, pulling him down to try and get a kiss. Ilya kisses him, it's a mess of teeth and unaligned lips mashed together. It's messy, it's perfect. One of Ilya's hands snakes down, grabbing Shane's dick, he bites at Ilya's lip before he cums all over himself and Ilya's hand.

Ilya keeps fucking into him, it's almost too much for Shane before Ilya stills. He tightens his hold on Shane; he knows he'll be covered in bruises, and his teammates will laugh at him, but he doesn't fucking care. Ilya whispers soft words into his neck, and Shane doesn't ever want it to stop. He loves being wrapped up in Ilya, but he's getting sticky.

"I will let you go and clean you, ok?" Ilya whispers into his neck after a while. He's still sat on Ilya's mostly softened dick. He nods, and Ilya lays him down slowly. "I will get towel and then shower."

Shane watches him walk away, seeing small marks of his nails imprinted on Ilya's ass. He's happy that he's not the only one walking away from this covered in bruises that he's going to have to explain away. He knows he's worse, but he doesn't care when Ilya's fucked him so well.

Ilya appears with a washcloth in hand and slowly cleans him up. Shane knows he has to get into the shower soon, but he enjoys this. Just Ilya, taking care of him, cleaning him up, and

putting him back together after destroying him for hours.

It's wonderful, it's everything.

End Notes

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