

ball and chain

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76712676) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76712676>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Fluff and Smut , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Collars , Dom/sub , Bottom Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander Walks Ilya Rozanov Like A Dog , Established Relationship , bachelor parties bashing , Sub Top Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of cobblestone (hollanov fics)
Collections:	Anonymous
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-30 Words: 6,964 Chapters: 1/1

ball and chain

by Anonymous

Summary

“What is this ‘ball and chain’?” Ilya frowned.

Ilya's teammate grinned. “Wife. Girlfriend. Nagging you. Controlling. No fun allowed.”

Notes

happy wife happy life - real quote by ilya rozanov

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

In Ilya's hand, Shane's list was a scroll of sacred text, written in that neat, no-nonsense script.

Almond milk (unsweetened, the blue box)

Chicken breasts (not thin-cut... just... regular)

A sweet potato (medium-ish)

Spinach (the pre-washed kind is fine)

Greek yogurt (honey on side - NOT mixed in)

Butter (salted, Kerrygold ONLY)

Ilya's mission was twofold: secure the supplies, and secure his evening entertainment. He paused in front of the butter cooler. The familiar gold foil of the Kerrygold sat right next to a cheaper, pale brick of a generic brand. A slow, wolfish grin spread across his face.

He plucked the generic butter from the shelf, held it up, and took a picture. He sent it to Shane with the caption: *Your fancy butter were out. This will do?*

He didn't wait for a reply. He placed the generic butter back to the shelf, then immediately reached for the correct, golden brick and placed it beside the imposter. He then proceeded to the yogurt aisle. He bypassed the perfectly good containers with the honey on the side and instead selected one where the honey was swirled directly into the yogurt—a choice Shane was never fond of. *Click*. Another picture sent.

He was having a wonderful time. This was foreplay. In about thirty seconds, his phone would vibrate with a lecture on gross combinations and the integrity of honey. He could already feel the pleasant, anticipatory buzz under his skin.

That's when he heard them. Two men, mid-forties, loitering by the cooking oils. They were complaining, their voices a grating buzz against the careful, loving mission Ilya was on.

“...so I just grab any vegetable oil,” one was saying, a conspiratorial smirk on his face. “She says ‘*get the light olive oil for dressing,*’ but honestly, what’s the difference? It all goes in the pan.”

His companion snorted. “Smart. If you do it wrong enough times, they stop asking. What I do is the dishwasher. I load it completely wrong. Plates facing each other, plastic bowl on the bottom rack. She finally blew up last week and said she’d just do it herself forever.” He puffed out his chest, as if announcing a major victory. “Saved myself, what, ten minutes a day for life?”

They shared a laugh, an ugly sound.

Ilya froze. The anticipatory buzz in his veins turned to a cold, sharp static.

Incompetence as a strategy.

The concept was so alien, so profoundly stupid, it momentarily short-circuited his brain. He looked from the laughing men to the generic butter picture on his phone—his prop, his joke, a temporary rebellion performed with love and the absolute certainty of being corrected. He would never, not in a thousand lifetimes, actually buy the wrong butter to force Shane into a chore. To force Shane to sigh and shoulder more work. To dim the bright, meticulous light of him with deliberate disappointment.

You make your own partner smaller, Ilya thought, the words in his mind as cold and hard as a skate blade. *You dull your own life on purpose. For ten minutes.*

He watched as the first man grabbed a bottle of dark, heavy-looking olive oil, chuckling. *You cannot even remember what brand of cooking oil your wife uses. You live in her house, eat her food, and you cannot hold one detail of her world in your tiny mind. Pathetic.*

The second man was now bragging about “forgetting” to pick up dry cleaning. Ilya’s gaze drifted to his own cart. To the butter. To the perfect Oatly carton. To the exact correct Greek yogurt.

He would go home. Shane would see the pictures, would text him a series of exasperated, period-heavy sentences. Ilya would pretend to argue for exactly thirty seconds before caving, a thrill zipping up his spine at being overruled. Then he would present the correct items like a knight presenting a hard-won trophy, and Shane would shake his head, a tiny, fond smile at the corner of his mouth, and say, *“You’re impossible.”*

That was the dance. That was the point. The dance required two willing partners, one who pretended to stray and one who lovingly reeled him back in. These men weren’t dancing; they were trying to sit the whole song out and still get a prize.

With a final, silent judgment (*I hope your toast is always burnt and your coffee is forever cold*), Ilya turned his cart sharply, the wheels squeaking on the floor.

His phone buzzed. He looked at it.

Rozanov. Put that yellow atrocity back.

Kerrygold or nothing.

And if you bring home swirled yogurt, I’m making you eat the entire container.

Ilya’s grim expression melted away. A real, wide smile broke across his face. He typed back, his thumbs flying.

You drive hard bargain. But fine. Only for you.

The invitation was for Ken's "last night of freedom," a concept Ilya found as bizarre as ever, but as captain, his attendance was mandatory. The team had rented out the back room of a gaudy nightclub, all red velvet and chrome. Ilya dressed for the part—tight black jeans, a shirt unbuttoned just enough, his best watch—but felt like a costume was hanging off his frame.

An hour before he had to leave, his phone buzzed with a FaceTime request. He answered, and his breath caught.

There was Shane, sitting in the soft lamplight of his living room. He was wearing a worn, cream-colored sweater that made his eyes look impossibly soft, and his reading glasses were perched on his nose. He was holding a mug, steam curling gently. He looked like peace. He looked like home.

"Hey," Shane said, a small smile playing on his lips. "Let me see the disaster outfit."

Ilya's heart did a painful, longing squeeze in his chest. He wanted to be on that couch, crushing Shane into the cushions, nuzzling his neck, inhaling the scent of laundry detergent and tea. The yearning was so acute it felt like nausea. He dutifully panned the camera down his body.

Shane's eyebrows went up. "Wow. You're really committing to the bit."

"It is required uniform for 'last night of freedom,'" Ilya said, his voice coming out tighter than he intended.

"You look good," Shane said, and the simple, genuine compliment made Ilya's skin feel too hot. "Try not to break too many hearts."

A familiar, mischievous impulse flickered through the haze of longing. He leaned closer to the camera, lowering his voice. “I heard there will be many pretty girls there, Shane. Very pretty. In very small dresses.”

On the screen, Shane didn’t even flinch. He took a slow sip of his tea, his eyes knowing over the rim of his mug. He set it down and pushed his glasses up. “Uh-huh. And I heard you have a game on Tuesday. Try to keep your hands to yourself, Rozanov. I don’t want you getting any mysterious ‘strains.’” His tone was dry, utterly secure, laced with the faintest warning that was really just a caress.

Ilya felt like he could explode. This was it. This was the perfect, unshakeable confidence. Shane wasn’t worried. He was just... managing him. The love was a solid, warm weight in Ilya’s gut, so heavy and good it was almost unbearable. “You are no fun,” he grumbled, the petulance entirely feigned.

“I’m loads of fun. Have a good time with your team. Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”

“That leaves many possibilities, my boring Canada boy,” Ilya shot back, but he was smiling, a real one now.

“Exactly. Bye, Ilya.”

The call ended, leaving Ilya in the sudden silence of his room, the ghost of Shane’s smile seared behind his eyes. The hollow feeling was back, but it was softer now, filled with the echo of that secure, loving voice.

-

The party was, at first, exactly what he expected. Loud, boisterous, a river of vodka and masculine camaraderie. Ilya slipped into the role easily—toasting Ken, telling exaggerated stories, drinking shot after shot with his teammates. For a while, he could almost forget the context.

During a lull in the noise, he overheard two of the older guys laughing about their wives.

“Texted me five times already,” one groaned, shaking his head. “Like I’m on a damn leash.”

“The old ball and chain, man,” his friend laughed, clinking their glasses. “Mine’s worse. If I’m ten minutes late, it’s the third degree.”

Ilya frowned, leaning over to his teammate. “What is this ‘ball and chain’?”

His teammate grinned, a little drunk. “Wife. Girlfriend. Nagging you. Controlling. No fun allowed.”

Ilya’s brow furrowed deeper. He opened his mouth to ask why that was considered bad, why it was something to complain about instead of cherish, but another round of shots arrived, and the moment passed. He was just Ilya Rozanov, having fun with the boys, even as the phrase echoed oddly in his head.

Then the music changed. The lights dimmed to a pulsing crimson, and a hush fell over the room, broken by whoops and whistles. A woman emerged from a side door, all gleaming skin and sequins, moving with a practiced, predatory grace that had nothing to do with joy.

Ilya’s smile froze.

The stripper—*performers*, they were called here, but he knew the difference—made a beeline for Ken, who looked like a deer caught in headlights. She danced around him, her movements a calculated parody of intimacy. Ilya watched as she trailed a finger down Ken’s cheek, as she leaned over him, her hair brushing his face.

The old ball and chain.

No fun allowed.

And all Ilya could see was Shane.

Shane in his stupid glasses and soft sweater, sitting thousands of miles away, trusting him. Shane, who would rather reorganize their spice drawer than set foot in a place like this. Shane, whose touch was never a performance.

A cold discomfort, slick and heavy, settled in Ilya's stomach. It wasn't jealousy. It was... revulsion. For the whole grimy spectacle. For the tradition that called love a "chain" and then celebrated its absence with this hollow transaction. For the fact that Ken was enduring it, and that someday, someone might think it was funny to put Ilya himself in a chair and subject him to this.

He took a long, slow drink of his water, his eyes on the scene but not really seeing it. The laughter around him felt sharp and wrong. When the performer moved to the next teammate, encouraging him to tuck a bill into her waistband, Ilya looked away, focusing on a crack in the wall.

He wasn't a prude. He'd seen plenty in his life. But this felt like a violation of something pure he carried with him. The love he had was a quiet, stubborn, domestic thing. It was meticulously folded laundry and hissed warnings about smoking and facetimes in soft sweaters. This neon-bright, body-and-sweat show didn't just fail to arouse him; it felt like an insult to the real thing.

A teammate nudged him, holding out a stack of cash. "Your turn, Rozanov! Go on, show the rookie how it's done!"

Ilya looked at the money, then at the expectant, grinning faces around him. He thought of Shane's dry warning: *Keep your hands to yourself*. He thought of the phrase 'ball and chain,' and a hot, defensive anger rose in his chest.

He shoved his own hands deep into his pockets and offered the man a flat, unimpressed stare. "I am retired from such games," he said, his voice cutting through the thumping bass. "My freedom was not so cheap to buy."

He stood up, ignoring the confused and teasing shouts, and walked out of the red-lit room, into the cooler, quieter darkness of the main bar. He pulled out his phone, his thumb hovering over Shane's name. He didn't call. He just looked at their texts—the easy back and forth, the jokes, the familiar rhythm of *Shane and Ilya*.

The nausea from earlier was gone, replaced by a single, focused yearning. Not for the party, not for the false heat on the stage, but for his quiet, boring, wonderful man, whose control was the only freedom Ilya had ever really wanted.

The longing turned into a decision, sharp and immediate. *Go home.*

He didn't go back into the crimson-lit room. It was an asshole move, ditching his teammate's bachelor party without a proper goodbye. He was the captain, he should have shown his face, made an excuse. But the thought of re-entering that atmosphere, of seeing the false, glittering performance, made his skin crawl. He didn't give a fuck.

He pulled up a car service on his phone, typing in his address. While he waited, he opened the team's raucous group chat, a stream of blurry photos and drunken emojis.

Ilya: Heading out. My girl is checking my location. You know how it is. Have fun.

A flurry of thumbs-down emojis, crying-laughing faces, and messages calling him '*down bad*' and '*pussy-whipped*' flooded the screen immediately. He shoved his phone in his pocket and stepped out into the cold night air, the city noise a dull roar compared to the silence he craved.

The drive was a blur. The moment his key turned in the lock, the sterile quiet of the apartment wrapped around him like a balm. He showered, scrubbing the scent of cheap cologne, smoke, and other people's sweat from his skin, letting the hot water pound the tension from his shoulders. He pulled on a pair of Shane's softest sweatpants and a worn t-shirt that smelled faintly of him, and fell into the bed, the sheets cool and clean.

Only then did he feel like he could breathe. He grabbed his phone and hit FaceTime.

Shane answered after a few rings, his face illuminated by the soft glow of a laptop screen. He'd clearly been working, his glasses on. His eyebrows lifted in surprise. "Hey. You're back early. Everything okay?"

"Da, fine," Ilya said, the words coming out too quickly. He burrowed deeper into the pillow, as if he could tunnel through the phone. "Party was stupid. Loud. Boring."

Shane's gaze was assessing, seeing right through him. "You left Ken's bachelor party because it was boring?"

Ilya huffed, looking away from the screen for a second. "There was... a stripper."

"Ah." Shane's expression didn't change, but a faint pink tinged his cheeks. He understood, without Ilya having to explain what he really meant. He always understood.

"When we get married," Ilya stated, his voice low and deadly serious, locking eyes with Shane through the screen, "we are not having this. No bachelor party. For either of us. No strippers. No 'last night of freedom' bullshit. It is a stupid, disrespectful tradition for stupid, disrespectful people."

Shane's flush deepened, spreading down his neck. The mention of marriage, so blunt and certain, always did that to him. But he didn't look away. His own possessive, obsessive streak, usually so carefully contained, glinted in his eyes. "Okay," he said simply, no hesitation.

"I mean it, Shane. If anyone tries to throw one for you, I will end them. I will burn the bar down."

A small, real smile touched Shane's lips. "I know. And I'd do the same. It's... gross. The whole idea."

The fierce, mutual agreement settled between them, a new layer of understanding. Ilya's tension finally eased completely. He'd needed the confirmation, needed to hear that Shane found the spectacle just as repulsive, that their possessive love was a matched set.

"Good," Ilya grumbled, satisfied. He shifted, getting comfortable. "Now tell me about your boring spreadsheets. Did the numbers behave for you today?"

Shane rolled his eyes, but the fondness was palpable. He launched into a detailed, dry account of his day, and Ilya listened, letting the familiar, beloved monotony wash over him, erasing the last traces of the neon night. He was home.

-

The air in their bedroom was thick with the scent of sweat and sex, the only sounds were their breathing and the wet, rhythmic slap of skin on skin. Shane was pinned beneath him, a masterpiece of tension and surrender, every muscle taut as a bowstring. Ilya drove into him with a possessive, relentless rhythm, his mouth hot against the sweat-damp skin of Shane's throat.

"Mine," Ilya growled, the word more vibration than sound against Shane's pulse point. "All mine, mine, mine."

Shane could only gasp, a broken, desperate sound, his head thrown back, fingers scrabbling at the sheets. He was close, so close, the coil of pleasure wound tight and shuddering in his gut.

Ilya's lips found his ear, his voice a dark, thrilling rasp that went straight to Shane's spine. "My Shane. So good for me. So perfect. *Hah-* Gonna buy you a collar," he panted, the words punched out with each thrust. "A beautiful one. So everyone knows, *hah-* knows who you belong to."

The effect was instantaneous. Shane's entire body seized, a shocked, raw whine tearing from his throat as he came, untouched, spilling between them in hot stripes. The pleasure was so intense it bordered on pain, white-hot and blinding, utterly short-circuiting his system. Ilya followed him over the edge seconds later with a choked-off groan, burying himself deep as he spilled inside.

For a long moment, there was only the sound of their heaving breaths. Ilya, still trembling, nuzzled into the crook of Shane's neck, pressing soft, damp kisses there. Shane was boneless, floating, his mind a blissful static. The words hung in the air between them, a promise shimmering with heat.

A week later, a small, discreet package arrived. Shane was out at the gym. Ilya took it to their bedroom, his heart performing a strange, heavy thump against his ribs. He used his keys to slice the tape, his hands uncharacteristically careful.

Inside, nestled in black velvet, was the collar.

It was simpler than the fantasy he'd growled about. No spikes, no O-rings for a leash. Just a band of buttery-soft black leather, fastened with a sleek, brushed-steel buckle. It was understated. Elegant. Perfect for Shane.

Ilya lifted it from the box. The leather was cool and supple against his fingertips. A shiver ran through him, intense and visceral. He pictured it against Shane's throat, nestled just above the sharp line of his collarbones. He imagined fastening it, the quiet click of the buckle, the possessive weight of it on Shane's skin. He saw himself tangling his fingers in it, using it to pull Shane in for a kiss, to guide him to his knees...

His own breath hitched. The shiver deepened, curling low in his belly. He was slowly getting hard, just holding it.

Then, a rogue thought, lightning-quick and electrifying: *What would it feel like... on me?*

The idea was a bolt from the blue. It wasn't a thought he'd ever entertained. He was the one who made the promises, who did the claiming. The collar was for Shane. His Shane. His. The thought of Shane wearing it was about possession, about belonging.

But the undercurrent of it all, the secret truth Ilya held in his heart like a live coal, was that Shane's quiet control was the only thing that made him feel truly, wildly free. Shane's rules weren't a cage; they were the boundaries of a sanctuary. It was the exact opposite of the "ball and chain" he'd heard his straight teammates gripe about. They saw love as a shackle. Ilya saw Shane's particular brand of it as the key to a kingdom.

But his hands were moving almost of their own volition. The leather was cool, then warm, as he brought it to his own throat. He stood in front of their full-length mirror, his reflection still flushed from the memory. He met his own gaze, dark and a little uncertain, as he fumbled with the buckle behind his neck.

Click.

The sound was definitive in the quiet room.

Ilya stared.

The collar sat high on his throat, the black a stark contrast against his skin. It didn't look silly. It didn't look wrong. It looked... good. It emphasized the strong column of his neck, the line of his jaw. It looked like it belonged.

A different kind of heat bloomed in his chest, unfamiliar and dizzying. He wasn't imagining claiming anymore. He was imagining... being claimed. He saw Shane's steady hands, not his own, fastening this. He saw Shane's calm, appraising look as he checked the fit. He saw Shane's finger hooking into the ring at the front, giving a gentle, testing tug—

His cock, already half-hard, jumped painfully against his sweatpants. A shocked gasp escaped him. The sensation wasn't just arousal; it was a shift, a dizzying reorientation of an

entire galaxy inside him. The control he craved, the structure he loved... what if its ultimate expression wasn't in giving orders, but in surrendering to the one person he trusted absolutely? What if this—this tangible symbol of being owned, guided, kept—was the true, perfect manifestation of what he'd been trying to name all along? Not a ball and chain, but a compass. A tether to the one person who knew how to ground his chaos.

He was so lost in the revelation, staring at his collared reflection with wide, wonderstruck eyes, one hand coming up to ghost over the leather, that he didn't hear the soft click of the front door opening, the quiet pad of feet on the hardwood.

He didn't hear anything until the bedroom door, which he'd left ajar, swung open silently.

Shane stood in the doorway, a sheen of sweat still on his temples from his run, a water bottle in his hand. His eyes swept the room—the open box on the bed, the discarded velvet—and then landed squarely on Ilya.

On Ilya, wearing the collar meant for him.

Shane froze. His breath stopped. His brown eyes went huge, then dark, the pupils swallowing the irises whole. His gaze travelled from Ilya's stunned face, down the line of his throat, to the stark black band encircling it.

"Oh," Shane breathed, the word barely audible.

Ilya flinched, caught, a deer in headlights. His hands flew to the buckle, fumbling. "Shane, I — I was just—"

"Don't."

The single word was quiet, but it had the force of a command. It stopped Ilya's frantic fingers dead. Shane took a step into the room, his movements slow, deliberate. He set his water bottle down on the dresser, his eyes never leaving Ilya's throat.

Ilya's eyes widened, his heart hammering against his chest. The air felt charged, thick with a new and terrifying potential.

Shane closed the distance between them. He didn't touch the collar. He just looked at it, his expression unreadable. Then his eyes lifted to meet Ilya's, and Ilya saw it there—not anger, not confusion. A deep, burning understanding. A hunger, reflected back at him, that mirrored his own terrifying new want.

“Oh, Ilya,” Shane murmured again, his voice a low, velvety rasp Ilya had never heard before. A shiver, this one not his own but drawn from him by that voice, racked Ilya's frame. Shane's hand finally came up, but not to remove the collar. His thumb brushed over the leather, right over Ilya's hammering pulse. “Look at you.”

Ilya shivered. A whine almost worked out of his throat, but he managed to hold it in.

For a long, breathless moment, they just stared at each other. The world had shrunk to the space between them, to the cool press of leather against Ilya's throat and the searing heat of Shane's thumb on his skin.

Then Shane's hand fell away. He took a small, deliberate step back, creating a sliver of space that felt like a canyon. He didn't look away, but his expression shifted, the raw hunger smoothing into something more familiar—that assessing, analytical focus. It was the look he used when breaking down game tape, when planning a meal, when figuring out a problem. Now, it was focused entirely on Ilya.

“Are you okay?” Shane asked, his voice still lower than usual, but laced with that characteristic, grounding concern.

Ilya could only nod, a sharp, jerky movement. Words were beyond him. The collar felt heavier, more real, with Shane looking at it like that.

“Use your words, Ilya.”

The simple command, spoken with such calm authority, shot straight through Ilya's core. He swallowed, the leather band pressing into his Adam's apple. "Yes," he managed, his voice rough. "I'm... okay."

"Good." Shane's gaze drifted again to the collar, a flicker of that dark wonder returning. "You put it on."

It wasn't a question, but Ilya answered him anyway. "I... I wanted to see," Ilya whispered, the confession torn from him. "What it felt like. For you."

Shane's lips parted on a soft, indrawn breath. He nodded slowly, as if a complex equation had just solved itself. "And how does it feel?"

Ilya's mind was a white noise of sensation. The constant, gentle pressure. The focus it brought, centering him right here, in this room, under this gaze. The shocking, profound rightness of it. "Safe," he breathed, the truth of it astonishing him. "It feels... like yours."

A tremor went through Shane at that. He closed his eyes for a second, centering himself. When he opened them, the resolve there was solid, tempered steel. He glanced at the bed, at the open box. "Kneel," he said, the word quiet but absolute.

Ilya, whose whole being had just screamed *yes* at the concept of belonging, dropped. His knees hit the ground without a second of hesitation, the movement fluid and immediate. He looked up at Shane, his chest heaving, waiting.

Shane's eyes widened slightly, a flush creeping up his neck. He hadn't expected such instantaneous, complete obedience. The power of it, the trust of it, washed over him, and Ilya watched, mesmerized, as Shane's shoulders straightened, as the last vestige of uncertainty burned away in the heat of that proof.

"Hands behind your back," Shane tried, his voice gaining a new layer of confidence.

Ilya complied instantly, lacing his fingers together at the small of his back. The posture made him feel exposed, presented. It made the collar feel even more significant.

Shane walked a slow circle around him. Ilya kept his eyes forward, listening to the quiet footsteps, feeling the weight of that scrutiny. It was the most aware he had ever been of his own body, of the space he occupied in relation to Shane.

Shane stopped in front of him again. He reached out, his fingers tilting Ilya's chin up gently, forcing eye contact. "You listen so well," Shane murmured, almost to himself. The praise, delivered in that new, velvet-rough voice, made Ilya's eyes flutter closed for a second. "Color, Ilya."

The safe word. The check-in. It was so loving, to weave care into control so seamlessly, even here, even now. It broke the intensity for a heartbeat, reminding Ilya that this was still them.

"Green," Ilya rasped, the word fervent. "So green, Shane."

A real, slow smile touched Shane's lips then, a smile of dawning, delighted possession. "Stand up."

Ilya rose, his muscles thrumming with unused energy.

Shane looked at him, at this man who commanded ice and headlines, now standing docile and waiting for his next instruction. He cupped Ilya's jaw, his thumb stroking over his cheekbone, right beside the leather strap. "You are..." He searched for the word, shaking his head slightly. "Incredible."

The haze that had started at the word "kneel" was deepening, a warm, syrupy fog settling over Ilya's mind. The world narrowed to Shane's face, his voice, the points of contact between them. Thinking felt like too much effort. Obeying was the only clear path.

“Take off your pants,” Shane said, his tone still that same calm, inevitable force. “And your underwear. Then kneel on the bed. Facing me.”

Ilya’s hands moved without conscious thought. The waistband of his sweatpants felt unfamiliar beneath his fingers, clumsy but persistent. He shoved his pants and boxers down over his hips, letting them pool at his feet, the cool air of the room a sharp shock against his skin. He stepped out of the fabric puddle and climbed onto the bed, sinking back onto his heels, his hands resting on his knees. He was completely exposed, utterly vulnerable, and the feeling was like a drug. His gaze was fixed on Shane, waiting.

“Good,” Shane murmured. His eyes darkened as they traveled over Ilya’s body, the approval in that single word making Ilya’s breath hitch. “Don’t touch yourself. Keep your hands just like that. You’re going to watch me.”

Ilya gave a slow, dazed nod. Time lost all meaning. It could have been minutes or an hour that he knelt there, suspended in the quiet, his entire universe reduced to the sight of Shane moving around the room. He watched, mesmerized, as Shane left and returned, already naked, carrying a couple of towels and a familiar bottle. Ilya’s mouth went dry.

Shane spread the towels on the bed beside him with efficient, practical motions. Everything he did was so Shane—methodical, prepared, leaving nothing to chance. He uncapped the lube, and the soft, slick sound was obscenely loud in the silent room.

“You’ve been so good, Ilya,” Shane said, his voice a low caress as he poured lube onto his fingers. “So still. So perfect for me.”

A whine escaped Ilya’s throat, high and needy. He was trembling with the effort of keeping his hands still, his entire body thrumming with a desperate, building tension. His cock was hard and aching against his stomach.

Shane met his eyes, a faint, knowing smile on his lips as he reached behind himself. “Just watch.”

And Ilya watched, spellbound, as Shane prepared himself. The concentration on Shane's face, the faint flush across his gorgeous freckles, the soft, controlled breaths. Shane's fingers, slick and purposeful, working inside himself.

"Shane," Ilya whined, the sound torn from deep in his chest. He was hard and aching, his hands clenched into fists where they rested on his thighs. He'd been ordered not to move. Not to touch. "Please. Pozhaluysta. Let me. I can make it good for you, I can—"

"You can watch," Shane corrected, his voice a low, even rasp. He crooked his fingers, and his breath hitched, a faint flush spreading across his chest. "This is what you wanted, isn't it? The control?"

"Yes, da, but—" Ilya's protest died in a choked groan as Shane added another finger, stretching himself open with a slow, deliberate twist that made Ilya's vision blur. This was agony. This was perfection. Shane, putting on a show just for him, methodically preparing himself because he knew Ilya's patience was a fraying thread. The leather collar pressed warm and unyielding against his throat, the faint weight of the leash a constant reminder of who was in charge. *Shane, Shane, Shane.*

"You look pretty like this," Shane murmured, his gaze dropping to Ilya's straining cock. "All wound up. Needing it so bad."

"I need you," Ilya begged, his accent thickening, the words slurry with desire. "Fuck, Shane, I will die. I will actually die. Let me touch. Let me taste."

Shane shook his head slowly, withdrawing his fingers with a soft, wet sound that made Ilya shudder. "Come here."

Ilya lurched forward on the bed when the leash tugged sharp and insistent, steering him without a word. His head swam, thoughts blurring as his body reacted before he could catch up. Shane kept holding onto the leash as he turned onto his hands and knees, presenting himself—pink and open and glistening—and Ilya nearly lost his mind.

He lined himself up, his hands hovering over Shane's hips, trembling with the effort not to just grab. "Can I—?"

"Go on," Shane said, looking back over his shoulder, his expression schooled into that familiar, stern focus. "Slow."

Ilya pushed in with a broken cry, the overwhelming, tight heat of Shane stealing the air from his lungs. He bottomed out, forehead dropping between Shane's shoulder blades, hips stuttering. It was so good it was devastating.

He started to move, a frantic, shallow rhythm, driven by weeks of pent-up need and minutes of exquisite torture. But before he could find a proper pace, he felt a sharp, insistent tug on the leash.

He froze, panting.

"I said *slow*," Shane growled, giving the leash another pull for emphasis. The leather bit into the skin of Ilya's throat, a bright, grounding point of sensation. "You don't get to lose control. Not yet."

Ilya sobbed, agony and ecstasy twisting together. He obeyed, drawing out until just the tip remained before sinking back in with a measured, grinding slowness that made them both gasp.

Shane controlled the rhythm with tiny, commanding tugs—a pull back to slow him down, a slight release to let him thrust a little harder, a firm yank to still him completely, buried deep, just to feel the shuddering tension in Ilya's body.

The world narrowed to the points of contact: the unforgiving leather cinched tight at his throat, the silk of the leash taut in Shane's fist, and the dizzying, slick heat where their bodies joined. Ilya's mind was blissfully, perfectly empty. There was no thought, only sensation and the desperate need to follow the pull of the cord.

He was a vessel, filled and guided. He was a machine, perfectly engineered to respond to Shane's command. He was a good dog, mindless with devotion, hanging on every signal from his master.

A sharp tug, a choked gasp—*stop*. Ilya froze, trembling, buried to the hilt, every muscle locked in agonized obedience. Shane's other hand came up, fingers carding roughly through Ilya's sweat-damp hair in a crude, possessive mimicry of a pet. "So good for me," Shane breathed, his own voice ragged with pleasure. The praise, spoken aloud, shot straight to Ilya's core, a reward more potent than any physical release. A slight slack in the leash, the barest permission—*move*. Ilya sobbed with relief as he was allowed to obey, his hips finding that slow, grinding pace again, each thrust a silent *yes, yes, yours*.

"Just like that," Shane moaned, the sound muffled by the pillow, his body pushing back to meet Ilya's controlled thrusts. "Perfect. You're so fucking perfect." Each word was a spark on Ilya's skin, feeding the fire of his submission. The leash went taut again, pulling Ilya's head back, arching his spine in a beautiful, controlled curve. "*Mine*," Shane grunted, the word a guttural command, a prayer, a truth. "*All mine*."

He was gone. He was owned. And in the perfect, blank submission of his mind, Ilya Rozanov had never been more free.

"Shane... *ya blizko*..." Ilya choked out, his rhythm fracturing despite the leash's guidance. He was close, so close, the coil in his gut winding to a breaking point.

A final, firm tug on the leash stilled him completely, held him on that exquisite, trembling edge. "Come for me," Shane commanded, his voice a low, wrecked thing filled with its own desperate need. "Now."

The permission was the final lock turning. Ilya slammed home once, twice, a third time, and broke apart with a raw shout, Shane's name a prayer and a curse as he spilled deep inside him. The waves of pleasure were so intense they were almost painful, white-hot and shocking, and through it all, he was acutely aware of the relentless grip Shane kept on his leash, holding him steady, holding him together even as he fell apart.

As the last tremors subsided, Ilya collapsed forward, his weight braced on his elbows, nuzzling blindly at the sweat-damp skin of Shane's back. Shane finally released the leash, his

hand coming up to card through Ilya's damp hair instead, gentle now. A few moments later, he shifted, a low grunt of effort, and turned over beneath him.

Ilya blinked, his mind still foggy with endorphins. That's when he saw it—the faint, cooling evidence streaked across Shane's stomach. *When?* His brain, still blissfully empty, sluggishly replayed the last few minutes. Shane's choked-off groan, the sudden, vice-like clench around him, the way his own name had broken on Shane's lips into a silent gasp. He'd been so lost in his own obedience, in the pressure of the leash, that he'd missed the exact moment Shane had come undone first.

A different kind of warmth bloomed in his chest. *Pride.* He'd done that. His submission, his focus, had been enough.

Shane's hand cupped his jaw, tilting his face up. His eyes were soft, dazed with his own release. He didn't say a word, just pulled Ilya down into a deep, lingering kiss—less hungry now, more grateful, suffused with a profound tenderness. When he broke it, he didn't go far, his forehead resting against Ilya's.

"You," Shane breathed, his thumb stroking over Ilya's cheekbone, "were incredible. So good for me. So perfect."

The praise, whispered in the quiet aftermath, sank into Ilya's bones more deeply than any command had. He felt like a well-loved dog, panting and spent at its master's feet after a flawless performance. A soft, incoherent noise of contentment vibrated in his throat.

Shane kept petting his hair, his touch meticulous, soothing. "You listened so well. Took everything I gave you. Did so, so well, my love."

Ilya's mind, already blissfully blank, seemed to sink even further into a warm, safe haze. He was aware of nothing but the scratch of the sheets, the smell of their sweat, and the gentle, praising touch moving over his scalp and down his neck.

After a few minutes, Shane nudged him. "Come on, up. Bathroom."

Ilya obeyed, his body heavy and pliant. Shane guided him to the bathroom, ran a warm cloth over both of them with a quiet, clinical care that was its own form of devotion. He fetched water, made Ilya drink, and then led him back to the bed, wrapping himself around Ilya from behind.

He kissed the knob of Ilya's spine, right where the collar had sat. "Your leash came off in my hand," he murmured, his voice already thick with impending sleep. "You're getting it replaced. A stronger clasp."

Ilya just hummed, melting back into the solid warmth of him, utterly spent and perfectly cherished. "Yes, sir," he sighed, the words barely a breath before he fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

-

The locker room buzzed with the electric, giddy chaos of a hard-fought win. The team was heading to the conference finals. The guys were shouting, and plans were being made for a massive, raucous team outing.

Ilya sat at his stall, methodically unlacing his skates. The thought of the noise, the crowds, the obligatory shots, the effort of performing camaraderie for hours made a profound exhaustion settle in his bones. He didn't want to go. He wanted to go home, to silence, to Shane.

He pulled out his phone.

Ilya: Team is going to Bar Lupo. Celebrating. Loud. Many people. Please tell me I cannot go.

The three dots appeared almost immediately.

Jane: *You just won. Go have fun with your boys. You deserve it.*

Ilya scowled. Wrong answer.

Ilya: *No. I do not want to. Tell me no. Be mean.*

A pause. Then:

Jane: *Are you five years old?*

Ilya: *Da. Tell me no or I will go and be miserable and it will be your fault.*

Another, longer pause. Ilya could almost see the exact expression on Shane's face—the slight crinkle between his brows, the resigned shake of his head. Finally, his phone buzzed.

Jane: *Fine. Absolutely not. You have an early skate tomorrow and if I see a single charge from Bar Lupo on the joint account, you're sleeping in the hallway. And you're folding all the laundry for a month. Do not test me.*

A wide, triumphant grin split Ilya's face. Perfect. Exactly what he needed. He sent back a "yes maam" and quickly took a screenshot, making sure Jane's name was clearly visible at the top. He uploaded it to the team's rowdy group chat with the caption: *See? Told you. Impossible.*

From the stall next to him, someone let out a long, theatrical groan. "Again, Rozanov? Fifth time this season! Your girl's crazy!"

Ilya just shrugged, the picture of helpless devotion, his grin still in place. “What can I do? She is the boss.” He basked in the groans and teasing jeers of his teammates, the pleasant fiction of being so charmingly henpecked.

Then his phone buzzed again with a separate, new message from Shane. He tapped it, still smiling.

The smile died on his lips.

It was just two words.

Jane: *Good dog.*

The air left Ilya’s lungs in a quiet rush. The noise of the locker room—the shouts, the laughter, the slaps on the back—muffled, fading into a distant hum. Heat, sudden and acute, flashed up his neck and across his face. His stomach did a slow, dizzying roll, a sensation that was equal parts terror and the most profound sense of rightness he had ever felt.

Good dog.

His fingers trembled slightly as he typed back, the world narrowed to the glowing screen.

Ilya: *Coming home now.*

He didn’t wait for a reply. He stood on legs that felt less steady than they had on the ice, shoving his gear into his bag with uncharacteristic haste, ignoring the questions and jokes thrown his way.

“What, she summoned you already?” Carter laughed.

“Da,” Ilya muttered, his voice rough. He shouldered his bag, the echo of those two words a leash around his heart, pulling him inexorably toward the only person who knew exactly what he was.

A good, obedient dog—happy, sated, and perfectly content in his own ball and chains.

End Notes

saw the conversation on twitter and just had to contribute.... hollanov fandom u are so amazing

EDIT: I AM OVERWHELMEDDDDD THANK YOU GUYS SO SO MUCH 😭😭 ahhhh i love u all..... thank u for commenting.....

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