

Dog

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Dog

by [a_good_soldier](#)

Summary

“Should call you the Ottawa Puppies,” says the Toronto centre, Svensson. As an insult it makes no sense, so Ilya ignores it, until he continues, “Hear Hollander keeps you on a short leash.”

Ilya is the captain, so if anything, he should be holding the leash. In English, *you* can be singular or plural, but he knows what Svensson is trying to say. He is saying *Ilya Rozanov, you are Hollander's bitch*.

“Only sometimes,” Ilya replies, grinning. He wins the face off.

OR: Ilya trains himself to be a very, very good guard dog for Shane.

Notes

i really can't handle this show i think it's like genuinely some of the best art i've ever seen and it's a perfect culmination of canadian film and it's so fucking sexy and so devastatingly sad. idk what to do about all that so here's ilya being shane's dog.

RUSSIAN TRANSLATION AVAILABLE [HERE](#) by [PrettyLashJr](#) thank you so much!!!!!!

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

“Should call you the Ottawa Puppies,” says the Toronto centre, Svensson. As an insult it makes no sense, so Ilya ignores it, until he continues, “Hear Hollander keeps you on a short leash.”

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Two weeks after they're outed, Shane finds pictures of himself at the drug store on Twitter. From behind the couch, Ilya leans over his shoulder and looks at them.

“Very handsome,” Ilya says. It's true. Shane looks very beautiful all the time. Except, of course, it is hard to see this on Twitter, because the photos were clearly taken from around a corner twelve feet away. The real purpose of the photos is to highlight what Shane is buying, which are two Gatorades and a pack of condoms.

“Shut up.” Shane's hand shakes as he scrolls through the comments. In general, Twitter seems to be debating who tops, and whether they'll be limping through practice, and how they always knew Hollander was a freak, and whether they let each other win to keep things smooth in the bedroom, and whether Rozanov likes making Hollander his bitch—

“Do not read this.” Ilya takes the phone out of Shane's hands, and Shane lets him. “Nonsense. If anything, I am bitch.”

“That makes no sense.”

“Is true. You call, I answer. You fall, I catch you.”

“You mean, if I fuck up a pass, you clean up after me.”

Ilya leans in, takes the cartilage of Shane's ear into his mouth, and sinks his teeth in, gently. Voice rumbling, he says, “I mean, if you let me off leash, I will kill every one of them who has disrespected you.”

“Ah,” Shane breathes. He reaches his hand up into Ilya's hair and clenches, sending sparks down Ilya's spine. Shane pulls him down until Ilya's mouth is against his throat, and there, in the heat of him, Shane commands: “Bite.”

The journalists after their first game together with the Centaurs are unbelievable. Every question is about their relationship without mentioning it outright. It goes, *what is the atmosphere like in the locker room these days?* and *with two star players, do you find yourselves dealing with command issues?* and *what does cooperation look like in the Centaurs these days, on and off the ice?* There are very few questions about their passing, their center line, or the number of goals they have scored tonight.

Shane answers them all with a look on his face Ilya has never seen. Blank. Ilya imagines he must be insulted, receiving questions like this about his game after a decade of breaking records, but he can see none of it. Ilya bristles next to him, feeling strained and taut. He feels the way he did at his father's funeral, somehow, disrespected and terrified and angry. So, so angry.

Shane won't risk touching him here, when the microphones are in their faces and the closest reporter is about two feet away from them. Still, Ilya imagines Shane's hand on his back, keeping him from doing something Shane will regret for him to have done.

"It was good game," Ilya says stiffly when one of the reporters deigns to ask a question about their playing. As the captain, he has to say something. Technically, Shane shouldn't even be answering questions. "Good teamwork."

Teamwork, of course, sets off a new round of questions about the team dynamics and the choice to put Hollander and Rozanov on the power play together. If they were not married there would be no question, of course, about why two of the best players in the league are on a power play together—but because they are, it is.

"And what do you have to say to fans who are worried your relationship might compromise your game?"

Ilya looks at Shane. He swallows. There's a terror in his eyes, something trembling and small in him that has been prodded awake by this question. It is not so disrespectful, as questions go, although the tone of the word *relationship* was filthy enough for even Ilya to pick up on.

Shane says nothing. Ilya waits for a brief, breathless moment, until Shane nods.

"Watch or do not watch. Your decision. Our game is the best it has ever been." Ilya asks, "What outlet are you from?"

"Sports Inquirer."

"Interesting. Next time, perhaps you may inquire about sports."

"A married couple on a team is a historic first. People want to know what it's like."

Ilya laughs out loud. There is no possible way to describe what it is like. There must be some people out there who are in love the way Shane and Ilya are, but Ilya cannot imagine it. It feels like they were put on earth for each other. It feels like they are one body. When they are on the ice, it is heaven.

Ilya says, "Imagine you are best hockey player in the world, and you are married to second-best hockey player in the world. It is like that."

Coach Wiebe hustles them back after that, and Shane exhales when they get back to the locker room. "Jesus Christ," he spits. "Ten fucking years of hockey. Ten years of cups, records, ten years of giving everything, my whole fucking life, and they just— what the fuck, Ilya."

“It is nonsense,” Ilya says, trying to catch his eye. “Will go away soon. The more we win.”

“Ha. Yeah.” Shane looks him in the eyes. “Good answer, Rozanov. I was almost worried you were gonna clock that guy when you asked him what paper he was from.”

“You did not say I could fight them,” Ilya says.

Shane looks at him. He looks him up and down, in a way Shane rarely does, and Ilya flushes. He says, “That’s true. You were very well-behaved.”

Ilya swallows.

“Go get my shoes,” Shane says, waving his hand over to the other corner of the locker room. “You’re driving home.”

“Yes,” Ilya says, and fetches.

Usually when they have sex, Ilya pushes Shane’s mouth open, watches his eyes roll back into his head, touches him all over until Shane melts. It is always beautiful and always new, the way Shane gasps his name, the way Shane lets Ilya have everything.

But today, Ilya is in trouble.

“I can’t believe you,” Shane snaps. He is shirtless, and Ilya is entranced. “You know, you can’t just do whatever the fuck you want.”

Ilya frowns. “I can’t tell Johnston he is bigoted prick who will die alone and unloved?”

Shane blows out a breath, runs his hands through his hair. “Jesus, Ilya, what the fuck did he even say to you—”

“He called you slut.” Ilya looks at him. His beautiful, beautiful husband. And Johnston thought he had the right— the audacity— “So I tell him truth, and he hits me. I have no choice.”

Shane sighs, but he is smiling, a little. A secret smile just for Ilya. “You knocked out four of his teeth.”

“He is lucky I did not kill him.”

“I’m getting that.” Shane takes his pants off and folds them neatly. Ilya watches. He is so, so stupidly fond of him that it hurts in his chest sometimes. “Okay. Wait there.”

“Why am I waiting?”

“Because you defended my honour,” Shane says, half-joking. He lies down on the bed. “So if you wait patiently for it, you get a prize.”

Ilya's mouth is dry. Shane's hand traces down his chest, thumb against his throat and then his pecs and then his stomach, fingers brushing his cock. Ilya looks at his face and meets Shane's eyes, dark, pupils wide. Hoarsely, Ilya asks, "What is my prize?"

"When I'm done— ah—" and Shane brushes his fingertips over his hole while Ilya watches, breathless. "I'll let you fuck me. If you're good."

"If I'm good," Ilya repeats, mindlessly. One finger and then another presses in. Oh, fuck. The muscles in Shane's forearm are tensing, his beautiful, flexible thigh bent back to make room for him to finger himself.

Ilya looks up. Shane grins. "Guard dogs are only useful if they follow instructions."

The bottom drops out of Ilya's stomach. He is weightless, suddenly. "Guard dog," he repeats again, like an idiot. He feels hot all over, a prickling in his shoulders, fuck. He steps forward until his shins touch the bed, watching Shane. He puts his hand on Shane's knee, just to get his bearings, to ground himself. "You are so beautiful," he murmurs.

Shane laughs, something bright and surprised, the way it is every time Ilya compliments him. "Th— thank you," he breathes, and Ilya almost leans forward, almost slips into the role he is used to, ready to give Shane what he wants— but Shane says, "Wait."

So Ilya freezes, waits with his hand on Shane's knee, leaning over him as he fucks himself on his fingers. The sound is obscene, the way Shane's breath hitches and the sound of his fingers in his own ass, and the pounding in Ilya's ears.

"Okay," Shane says, pulling his fingers out. He pulls his thighs up, and says, "You want to fuck me?"

"Yes," Ilya says, "I can—"

"Yes—"

Ilya presses into him, exhales finally when he is settled, when he feels Shane's body around him. It's Ilya's turn to take care of him. This is Ilya's job.

"Feels good," Shane moans, "Jesus, fuck—"

"You like," Ilya breathes, "you like— like this, you like it—"

"Yeah, I like it—"

"Good—" and usually, usually when Ilya asks him questions it is to tease him, to make him speak, but now Ilya is really asking, is really desperate to know. He needs to know that he is doing well, because Shane holds everything in his hands.

He gets tunnel vision, fucking into him so desperately, watching the way Shane's dick hardens, bounces wetly against his abdomen. Oh, God.

“Stop,” Shane says suddenly, and Ilya freezes. His chest heaves with the force of it, his whole body pulsing. Shane levers himself up onto his elbows and says, softly, “Kiss me.”

Ilya collapses onto him with his cock still inside him, kisses him, tastes him. He doesn’t move a muscle unless it’s absolutely necessary because Shane told him to stop, because Shane told him and it is Ilya’s job to do what Shane says, because Ilya is his guard dog.

“Beautiful,” Shane says into Ilya’s mouth, and Ilya’s shoulders relax, his stomach loosening. “Very well done. You stopped so fast.”

Ilya kisses his cheek, his temple, and then back to his mouth, bites his lip. “I follow instructions.”

“Yes.” Shane’s hand comes up to Ilya’s hair and he pets, scratching along Ilya’s scalp, and it feels so fucking good. Ilya shudders from it, nosing into Shane’s throat, under his jaw.

Shane’s hand slides down to his shoulders, lower until he reaches Ilya’s ribs, and then— like Ilya really is a dog, fuck— he *pets*, solid pats the way he does to big dogs at barbecues, and Ilya— Ilya is— and then Shane rubs, and says, “Good boy.”

Ilya groans, loud, and his dick twitches, but he doesn’t move it. He doesn’t move a muscle. He licks Shane’s jaw, and waits patiently.

“*Very* good boy,” Shane corrects himself, and finally, finally, he says, “Okay, puppy. You can fuck me now.”

Ilya snarls as he fucks into him, thrusting hard, too hard, maybe, but Shane moans at every thrust, that gorgeous sound in the back of his throat every time Ilya hits his prostate. He’s beyond words, just sound, nostrils flaring as he fucks him.

The feel of it— the smell of it, of Shane’s sweat and his dick and Ilya’s skin against his, too-close and wet, fuck, it’s so good it almost hurts him. Ilya grinds into him and laps a bead of sweat away from under Shane’s ear.

“I’m gonna— shit, Ilya—”

Ilya cannot speak, but he bites Shane’s earlobe, sucks it into his mouth, and thrusts harder, pushing until he feels Shane tighten around him. Jesus Christ, he feels so good. He’s so loud, lets Ilya fuck those noises out of him, fuck.

Eventually he pulls back, just enough to raise himself onto his forearms above Shane. “God, shit, keep going,” Shane breathes, and so Ilya fucks him through it, while Shane moans, little noises with every one of Ilya’s thrust. He is so perfect. “You wanna come?”

Ilya exhales sharply out of his nose. He’s wanted to come for the last ten minutes. He shakes his hair out of his face, looks Shane in the eyes, and nods.

“You have been very good today,” Shane says consideringly, while Ilya is *still inside him*, that fucking asshole, and Ilya growls. “Okay. Yeah. Come.”

And Ilya— oh God, it is so embarrassing, but he comes like that, spilling inside Shane, as if he is a dog who comes on command.

“Shit.” Shane laughs as Ilya pulls out and flops on top of him. “That was so hot. You okay?”

Ilya breathes for a moment. It takes him a second to come back to language, so he presses kisses along Shane’s jawline to tell him it is all right.

Shane’s voice softens. He runs his hand through Ilya’s hair, and lets Ilya breathe. “Okay. You don’t have to talk yet. Are you upset?”

Ilya shakes his head.

“All right. Good.” Shane’s hand smooths down Ilya’s neck to his shoulder blades, rubbing firmly, like a massage. Ilya melts under it. “Is it okay if, uh... well...” Shane swallows. “Can I call you a... good boy?”

Ilya puts his nose into Shane’s throat and smells him, to show how much he likes it. He kisses there too, in case he doesn’t get the message.

“Ha. Yeah. Okay.” Shane kisses his hair, and rubs along his shoulders. “Good boy, Ilya. Good, good boy.”

Ilya does not often spend time with Rose Landry. Firstly, because he still cannot really cope with the fact that Rose Landry has seen his beautiful husband naked. Secondly, because he does not have anything in common with famous movie stars who have many brand deals and Hollywood problems and gay friends. Thirdly, because he is annoyed by paparazzi, who follow Rose around like fleas.

But today, Rose has demanded lunch with Ilya, because she “wants to hang out with her best friend’s husband” or some such nonsense. Ilya was under the impression Hayden was Shane’s best friend, but he knows it’s not worth the argument to say so.

So Ilya wears a nice turtleneck and jacket, and lets Shane put on whatever his stylist from five years ago picked for him, and they meet Rose Landry for lunch.

During lunch, Rose is, unfortunately, lovely. It irritates Ilya that he cannot irritate her, because despite his best efforts, she charms him completely with the same unguarded honesty that Shane has and does not let him insult her.

She even brings up Miles, who was apparently seconds away from a threesome with Rose and Shane at any given time. Ilya fumes, predictably, until she says, “Of course, Shane was in love with you the whole time, so Miles had no chance,” which is true, and of course means Rose is a genius and very perceptive.

Ilya says that. He says, “That is true. You are a genius and very perceptive.” Shane elbows him, *hard*, but Rose laughs.

After lunch, they open the door to a sea of photographers. Well. Rose is not as popular as she was in 2016. So maybe a dozen photographers, which is still a dozen more than Ilya wanted to see on a Wednesday.

“Fuck,” Rose hisses, already on her phone to figure out who leaked their location. Her car is around the corner, and Ilya’s car is a block further, which means too much walking through the cameras. “Jesus, my security—”

“We are big hockey players,” Ilya says. “We are security.”

He looks over at Shane, who nods. The two of them take Rose’s arms and push through the crowd. “Rozanov,” one guy says, “does this mean problems in your relationship?” “Rose, looking for another hockey player?” “Hollander, what are we looking at here?”

Shane is quiet. He’s big, of course, as muscular as Ilya, but Ilya is the fighter and they both know it. And, Ilya is not afraid of assault charges. So Ilya takes the lead and barrels through, blinking through the flashing lights. A handful of them stay behind at the restaurant, figuring it’s not worth the chase, but maybe six or seven try to keep up with them while Ilya pushes through. It is sunny outside, so the lights are not so bad. It reminds him of arena lights.

One photographer gets too close, though. Very too close. He tries to take a picture right in Shane’s face, gets as far as positioning the camera, before Ilya crushes it in his hand.

He crushes the whole camera.

“Jesus, fuck,” another guy says, while this one looks at the wreckage on the sidewalk.

He follows them to Rose’s car, and shouts, “That’s my fucking property!”

“No,” Ilya snarls, while Shane and Rose walk faster. “You have nothing.”

“You fucking freak,” the other man snaps, and then yells, “Hollander, call off your fucking dog!”

Ilya slips into the car and slams the door, breathing heavily.

Rose, amazingly, is unbothered. “I’m so sorry about that,” she says, “I have no idea who leaked our location, that was so shitty—”

“Is fine,” Ilya says, not unkindly. He looks at Shane, who is sitting in the middle of the back seat and staring at nothing. “Shane.”

“I’m fine,” Shane says absently. His hands are twitching. “It’s fine. I’m fine.”

“You drive to our house?” Ilya asks Rose. “We will come get our car another day.”

“Of course,” Rose says. She leans up to tell her driver the address, and Ilya pulls Shane in by his neck.

“I am here,” Ilya says, and Shane nods, relaxing. “I am here. They are nothing.”

“My guard dog,” Shane murmurs.

“Yes.” Ilya knocks his forehead against Shane’s once, very softly, before releasing him.

“Your guard dog.”

It has been long enough since Scott Hunter that most players do not rely on homophobia to bully each other. Still, every so often, someone remembers that Hollander or Rozanov—or, God forbid, both—take it up the ass, and they figure that taunting them about it is the way to get under their skin, as if no one has ever tried it before.

This time it’s Moehs. While Barrett has the puck, Moehs skates up to Shane and says, “Should I be worried about where that stick has been?”

Shane shrugs it off, but Ilya can tell it rocks him. It is so disgusting, so vile, somehow more graphic than even the slurs that have been thrown at them since they were outed.

Still. Ilya is a well-trained dog. He does not tear out Moehs’ throat with his teeth, or pummel him until he cannot breathe. He plays well, and fast, and brutally.

And then, in the final five minutes of the game, with one goal each on the board, Moehs and Ilya scrabble for the puck, Moehs tries to shoulder Ilya out of the way, and Ilya’s opportunity has come.

He shoulders him back, harder, shoots the puck over to Boodram, and then tears the gloves off. “You piece of fucking shit,” Ilya snarls.

Moehs grins at him. “Aw, did your bitch narc on me?”

Shane skates by casually. Ilya waits, shoulders tense.

Quietly, Shane says, “Yes.”

And while Shane goes to score as many goals as he can in five minutes, Ilya attacks. His fist meets Moehs’ nose first, and then his helmet hits his chin, and in the end, Ilya has a five-minute penalty and Moehs’ teeth are on the ice.

The boys are rowdy in the locker room, high on their victory and Ilya’s insane takedown of Moehs. That is Luca’s word: “Insane.” Apparently Moehs went down in about twenty seconds, which is the fastest anyone’s gone down in a fight in the last two years.

Shane pulls Ilya in close. His hand is hot on Ilya’s neck, fingernails biting into his skin, all of it wet with their sweat. In his ear, Shane whispers, “Good boy.”

End Notes

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