

say the magic words

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by [thesleepyskipper](#)

Summary

“Come here.” It was impossible for Shane to deny a single one of Ilya’s commands. “Get on the bed.”

Ilya edges Shane within an inch of his life and Shane has an accidental slip of the tongue as a result (in the best possible way).

Notes

Thank you to my amazing beta reader [quill_and_ink](#) for always helping me find the character's underwear or mystery ball pocket. 😂😂😂

I also have to thank all of my Shane's Secret pals and especially [Kim](#) for posting a prompt that worked perfectly with my edging WIP, which I was able to incorporate into this.

This is my first attempt at writing PWP (seemed appropriate for these two!) so please be gentle!

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

“Come here.” It was impossible for Shane to deny a single one of Ilya’s commands. “Get on the bed.”

They were in Ilya’s bedroom, which was always comfortable. Shane had completely lost track of how many times they’d gotten together at Ilya’s place, how many times they’d done this now, as it had been years of hookups whenever they happened to be in the same city at the same time. He was strangely looking forward to the All-Star game this year where they’d be playing together for the first time (and certainly hooking up again). Shane was curious to see what kind of chemistry they would have on the ice, considering how well he knew what they had off of it. Tonight would be another demonstration of that, one of the rare occasions that they’d flown in the night before their game against Boston so they didn’t have to rush, at least not as much as they normally did when they met up for a quick hookup after a game.

Shane did as Ilya asked and flopped on the bed, already almost naked. He had been trying his best to look smooth and attractive as he laid himself out - anywhere close to ten percent as attractive as Ilya - but that would never happen. He spread his legs out straight on the bed in front of him and waited. Shane always felt uncoordinated and even after years of doing this with him, he was still unsure where to put his arms and legs and how exactly to touch Ilya. Sure, he wanted to make Ilya feel good, but he wanted to do it *right*. Ilya always did it *right*.

As Shane considered that, he could feel his cock filling. Ilya was taking an awfully long time rifling around in his bag and walking between the bedroom and bathroom.

Once he finally returned to the bedroom, Ilya was both naked and carrying a large bottle of lube. He slowly lowered himself on the bed beside Shane.

“Want to try something,” he said quietly, in that rough voice that made Shane’s insides tingle. Shane nodded. He enjoyed everything Ilya had done to him, everything they had done together. So despite not knowing what exactly it was that Ilya was interested in trying, he was willing to give it a go.

First, Ilya rubbed him over his black boxer briefs. He dragged his hand over his cock, stopping to squeeze it for a moment, running his hand up and down his length slowly. Shane immediately wished he would take it out. But his wish was not granted as Ilya went lower and grabbed at his balls beneath the fabric. It wasn’t nearly enough. Shane groaned in frustration, unable to stop himself. The sound only made Ilya move even slower, it seemed. The man did love to fuck with him as much as possible. Just to prove the point, Ilya reached up and rubbed his thumb across each of Shane’s lips, lazily tracing each one.

After a few minutes of touching him over top of the fabric, Ilya carefully lifted the side of one leg of his underwear to reveal his balls. Ilya cupped and massaged them and Shane could feel his whole body buzzing, thrumming with need. He squirmed on the bed, unsettled, and spread his legs even further, chasing Ilya’s touch where he needed him. After what felt like an eternity, Ilya finally grabbed at the waistband and looked up at him, raising his eyebrows in question. Shane quickly nodded and Ilya slid them off his legs in what felt like the most casual and deliberately gradual way possible.

Shane realized this was all intentional, that Ilya was slowing things down and making him feel. He wasn't sure how he felt about this - their hookups were usually quick and dirty, with maybe a few moments of tenderness, but the goal was always to get off and get out, the moments being stolen wherever possible. Of course, right now he wished Ilya would speed the fuck up and make him come, but he wasn't entirely hating that they seemed to be taking the scenic route today.

Ilya squeezed lube into his palms. It seemed like quite a lot, but Shane wasn't about to make a big deal about it. Ilya grabbed Shane's shaft and ran his hands up his length slowly. It wasn't nearly enough for Shane. He wanted more. His cock was already mostly hard and Ilya had only been touching him for five seconds.

"More," Shane tried, asking for what he wanted.

"You going to come already?" Ilya teased.

"You're such an asshole."

"You love it."

Shane did. He really did. But he wasn't about to say it out loud. He wasn't about to bring feelings into this relationship. Could he even call it a real relationship?

Ilya wrapped another hand around his cock. He stacked his hands, one on top of the other and twisted as he slid his hands up and off the tip, replacing each one with the other. He then wrapped his hands around the base again and started over, sliding them up and over each time. Shane couldn't believe how good this felt, the glide perfect with the copious amounts of lube slicking the way. He couldn't help the moans escaping his mouth, then he gasped, taking in a cutoff breath, and Ilya stopped.

He was close and Ilya *stopped*, that *fucker*. "Fuck," Shane said under his breath, pouting. He really fucking needed release, and he needed it now.

If Ilya was not going to make him come, Shane would take matters into his own hands, literally. Shane reached for his cock and Ilya batted away his hand immediately, with a commanding "No. No touching tonight." It certainly wasn't easy for Shane to relinquish control like this. To allow himself to feel almost helpless. He hated the uneasiness that came with it. He was an elite athlete, he was the captain of his team. But he couldn't tell Ilya to stop, he couldn't bear the thought. He couldn't pretend he didn't enjoy this, as much as he desperately wanted to not let it show. He would let Ilya take the lead and he would love every second of it.

Saying nothing, Ilya continued, this time grabbing his balls and rolling them around in his hand gently. He started pulling on his sac in the most glorious way, again rotating between both movements. As soon as Shane would get used to the way each one felt, Ilya would stop and switch to the next. Shane closed his eyes so he could dedicate his full attention to how good it felt. The sensation was incredible and Shane could feel his balls drawing up as Ilya kept up his ministrations. Again, as soon as Shane felt close, Ilya removed his hands from his body entirely.

“Holy shiiiiit,” Shane breathed heavily. Ilya did nothing but chuckle.

Before Shane could say anything else, Ilya applied more lube to his hands and Shane just watched in awe, trying to catch his breath. He watched as Ilya rubbed his hands together, spreading the lube everywhere, then carefully placed his hands on Shane’s cock. The feel of his touch made Shane gasp again.

Ilya looked up at him, his gorgeous hazel eyes looking almost fond. “Is warm enough?”

“Yeah, it’s good,” Shane whispered, his voice cracking at the end. He cleared his throat. “Maybe almost too good.”

“No such thing,” Ilya asserted with a smirk, and the confidence laced in his statement was extremely hot. Frankly, this entire thing was extremely fucking hot. Normally, Shane would want this to be over as quickly as possible, but there was something in the way Ilya was working him up that he really fucking liked.

Before Shane could beg him to fucking move already, Ilya began slowly working his cock from base to tip with both hands again, this time with more pressure. In fact, Ilya was moving his hands so sluggishly, it was like torture. But the best kind of torture. The combination of that tightness and the slick of the lube had Shane almost ready to come after just a couple of minutes. He could feel that telltale draw of his balls and the contraction of the muscles in his groin as he was ready to combust.

Shane whimpered, “*Ilya*.” He wasn’t even sure why he had said it, but saying his name made Ilya stop and release his hands again. Shane’s cock was throbbing, he was so turned on and about to burst.

“Good boy, Shane,” Ilya said softly, practically purring at him, “Thank you for telling me.” The words had an immediate effect on Shane, making him shiver. He wanted to be good. For Ilya.

Assuming that Ilya would resume stroking him, Shane let out a few loud exhales to let Ilya know he had calmed down. But Ilya kept peering at him, not just at his cock where it lay rock-hard along his thigh and glistening with lube, but at his face too. Shane wasn’t sure what it was he was searching for, but he sure hoped Ilya found it so he would keep going. For a moment, Shane swore he could almost see a look of admiration or tenderness in Ilya’s gaze but as soon as he let out a whispered “*please, keep going*”, Ilya’s expression switched to fierceness and showed determination to have Shane bend at his will.

This time, Ilya wrapped his hands around the top of Shane’s cock and tangled them together around the back, with both thumbs sitting right below the head. He rubbed under the crown with each thumb taking a turn rubbing along his frenulum as he dipped his tongue into the slit, tasting Shane’s precome. Ilya paused and let out a low moan, clearly enjoying this almost as much as Shane was.

“Stop teasing me, asshole,” Shane begged. “I need to come.”

Making direct eye contact, Shane squirmed under Ilya's gaze. Ilya laughed brightly and moved his body above Shane, sliding up to kiss him on the chin. He then laid kisses along Shane's chest, stopping to take each nipple into his mouth, biting down hard enough that it was just on the right side of pain. Shane couldn't help but thrust his hips when he would reach that point and each time, Ilya would press him back down. It was almost like they were dancing, this push and pull they were each performing, both knowing the steps they were supposed to take without ever saying a word.

Continuing down his body, Ilya dropped more kisses in a line all the way back down to where Shane wanted him most of all. If it wasn't obvious enough, Shane shifted his hands through Ilya's hair and tugged, until his face was closer to his cock. Ilya seemed to consider it for a second, taking him into his mouth for just a few seconds and giving him the pleasure that Shane was so eagerly chasing. But they were both competitive as fuck and Ilya's eyes got that typical sparkle that Shane would notice when they were on the ice together, the one that said he wanted to *fucking win*.

Shane's blood was rushing in his ears. His annoyance was reaching epic levels since Ilya wouldn't let him come, but he also felt fucking alive. It gave him the same thrill that would seize his body when he was dominating on the ice.

Grabbing the bottle of lube with a sense of purpose, Ilya coated his palm and fingers once more. He tugged on Shane's balls with one hand and stroked him with the other, developing a rhythm that made Shane feel like he was floating, like he was in the clouds. Up here, he was writhing like he was no longer in his own body, no longer able to stay still on the bed, no longer able to keep the whines he was trying desperately to hold back from sounding. Shane was nothing but pliant in Ilya's hands, nothing but a body made for him to play like a fiddle. It was ridiculous how easy it was for Ilya to key him up, to turn him on, to make him feel like he was on top of the world.

"Jesus *Christ*." The words slipped from Shane's mouth like a curse.

"Like to have my way with you," Ilya confessed, sounding a little wrecked.

He was going to die if he didn't come soon. And the cause of death was one Ilya Rozanov and those fucking hands of his. Shane had known from the moment they met that he had good hands, the ones that were able to make all of those sweet passes, score all those beautiful goals, but he never could have predicted this. That his hands could be so soft and careful as he touched him, so rough and calloused to amplify the friction as he gave him what was probably the best fucking handjob of his life. He certainly wouldn't have guessed that those hands could make him feel this good, could take him to the brink of coming apart and bring him back again. Could wring out every single drop of pleasure his body had to give.

"And what way is that?" Shane could hear just how wrecked his own voice sounded as he tried to sound unaffected and failed miserably.

Pinning Shane with his stare, Ilya responded confidently this time, powerfully, like he had somehow gathered his wits back together, though the desire that laced his words was just as evident. "Where you beg me to let you come."

Trying to resist and fight back, Shane tried to cross his arms across his chest, but Ilya wasn't having it. He grabbed his arms, uncrossed them, and held them down at Shane's side. Pushing up, Shane tested his limits, but Ilya was firmly pressing on his wrists and he was thoroughly unable to move. "You heard me, I said...."

"Please," Shane conceded before Ilya could finish, his voice sounding small.

Ilya wrapped around him once more, working him with both hands, as Shane got closer and closer to his breaking point. Shane tipped his head back, unable to hold it up anymore when faced with this much pleasure coursing through his veins, giving in to the feelings and to Ilya. Shane arched his back and his toes curled. Like actually fucking curled into the sheets as Ilya touched him in all the right places but not giving him enough of any of it.

"Holy shit, Roz..." Shane whimpered, unable to get the entire name out.

Desperation had now fully taken hold of Shane's body and the need to come was so strong that he was on the verge of tears, ones he could already feel pricking at his eyes, trying not to bubble over. He was writhing on the bed, gripping the sheets harder with every single touch. He didn't want to seem weak, so he tried to breathe through it once more. But he was so close to the edge, he thought he might fall. And Ilya was making it worse by running his fingers over Shane's shaft so featherlight it was like they were barely there. Just that hint of a touch was killing him. He could barely hold himself together. And if he broke, who knows what would happen to all the pieces of him.

Ilya crouched down until his face was so close to Shane's cock that he could feel each breath, a puff of warm air on his skin. Another whined *please* left his lips, but Ilya still didn't take him into his mouth. Instead, he wrapped his lubed hand around his shaft backwards, like he was grasping his stick for a backhand shot, and started pumping him hard, the head of his cock rubbing against Ilya's palm as he did. Shane was positive he was going to lose it right then and there. This was the best fucking feeling in the world, as he raced towards orgasm like he was on a breakaway, unable to control it any longer. Shane bit down on his lip hard, trying to keep all of the noises contained, but it was futile. A loud series of moans escaped, combined with a slew of swear words, "fuck, uhhh, fuuuuck, I can't, mmm, can't...fuck...stop..." Ilya ignored the signal and kept up the same movements, only grasping harder and cupping his balls with the other hand.

"Say the magic words," Ilya whispered with a smirk that Shane could hear.

Shane huffed out a breath, barely able to speak, barely able to string a single thought together. He was panting, his breath quickening, ramping him up higher and higher. "Please," Shane begged, only able to grasp that one word from his brain. But then he remembered one more. "*Please*, Ilya, please, please, please..."

Ilya whispered directly into the shell of his ear, "You can ask nicer than that." Ilya seemed set on tormenting him even further, pushing him to the brink, as he kept up the steady pace of his hand working at Shane's cock. He needed to come more than anything else in the entire world right now and he couldn't stop himself from rocking his hips up against Ilya's strokes.

Trying his best to access the speech part of his brain, which felt completely liquified, Shane could only think of one other thing to say that might work. “Please. I love you, *please*.”

The rhythm of Ilya’s hand stuttered, but he didn’t fully stop. In fact, Shane could feel his grip tighten, speeding up, could still feel his hot breath on his ear, and Shane knew he was done. He couldn’t even spiral about what he had just let slip, focused only on coming apart. “I love you, too,” Ilya breathed softly, still so close to Shane’s face. “Let go, Shane.” And he did.

Shane absolutely lost it. Unintelligible words coupled with screams left his throat unbidden as he splintered apart under Ilya’s hands. There were now a million pieces of him, but Ilya was meticulous and seemed to be painstakingly putting him back together in exactly the right way. Just how he needed to be. Thick ropes of come splattered across his stomach and across both of Ilya’s hands. He was deliriously happy, deliciously satiated, and thoroughly exhausted. Ilya fucking Rozanov *loved* him. Ilya fucking Rozanov loved *him*. And Shane Hollander loved him back with every fiber of his being.

End Notes

Thank you for reading, and for any kudos and comments, which are always appreciated!

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