

Say Please

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Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov , Orgasm Denial , Edging , PWP , POV Shane Hollander , mostly - Freeform , they're so in love its insane , No Beta , Under-negotiated Kink , but everyone is very consenting and happy , No Angst , Shane Hollander is a good boy , he's also a brat , Ilya is obsessed , Hella Dom/sub elements , Possessive Ilya Rozanov
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Say Please

by [larold](#)

Summary

"Oh, and Hollander?" Shane looks up, a hand gently cradling his jaw.

"The next time your cock gets hard, and you are jerking yourself off in hotel room, I want you to remember this," a kiss is pressed to Shane's lips, "and fucking wait for me."

Astonished, Shane huffs a quiet laugh. For years, their hookups consisted of weeks, sometimes months of foreplay, in the form of on-ice chirps, stolen glances, and many, many text messages. It always ended the same way too, with reciprocated orgasms in hotel rooms and the whisper of a promised, 'see you next time'.

Ilya, who seems content with Shane's lack of answer, gives him one last kiss, and leaves for his own hotel with a fervent, "see you in two weeks, Hollander."

This was not a promise. This felt like an order.

Shane needs a shower

Notes

oh my god what have i written

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

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He's not intending on following through with Ilya's, whatever that was, really, he's not. It just kind of happened. The first couple days after, he was really busy. Interviews and meetings his mom had set up kept his mind occupied enough. The first day he has no early morning obligation, he wakes up free to take care of his morning wood. It only takes a couple of strokes before he hears Ilya's voice in his head. *I want you to remember this...* Shivering, he decides it can wait, and goes to take a shower instead.

A week and a half with no orgasms, whether intentional or not, is starting to take its toll. Maybe that's why he's laying awake in the middle of the night, hard as a rock, unable to bring himself to touch. Maybe that's why he's hovering over Lily's contact name in his phone, trying unsuccessfully to talk himself out of whatever the fuck his body thinks it's doing. His thumb twitches, pressing the call button, but he makes no move to end it. *Ring... ring...ring...fuck this is a bad idea...click.*

"Shane Hollander," Ilya's voice purrs across the line, if he was asleep, his voice doesn't show it. Shane just breathes, feeling suddenly unable to form any words. The lack of response causes Ilya to second guess the nature of the call, "Hollander? Are you okay?" Shane takes another shaky breath.

"When you said that you wanted...that you wanted me to wait for you, did you mean like, in person or..." Shane feels like his head is going to explode. Ilya sucks in a sharp breath.

"*Shane,*" he exhales, "what are you saying."

"Fuck, Ilya, you should know what I'm fucking saying." *Don't make me say it, please,* he pleads with Ilya in his mind.

“Do I? Cause it sounds like you are asking for booty call.”

“No! Fuck you, Rozanov, I’m. Ugh! You fucking told me I couldn’t cum and...and I haven’t! I don’t know why, but I haven’t and it’s driving me crazy!” Fuck, why does he feel like he’s about to cry, he can’t fucking cry over this, not while he’s on the phone with Ilya fucking Rozanov. “I can’t fucking sleep, Rozy, so would you just fucking...”

“Tell you it’s okay to jerk off without me?”

“Yes! Exactly.” Shane sags with relief, Ilya gets it, his week long torment is over.

“Hmm, no.” Ilya says breezily.

Shane’s head snaps back up, a shiver goes down his spine. “What?” is all he can choke out.

“I said ‘no’. I heard a lot of ‘fuck you’ and not enough ‘please’.”

Shane is reeling, he was expecting teasing, some embarrassment maybe, but not just flat out ‘no’. He cannot be hearing him correctly.

“What?” he repeats.

“Shane, you have been so good for me, haven’t you? Haven’t cum in, what, 10 days? Such a good boy Hollander, I know you can last just a few more days for me, yes?”

He wants to tell him to fuck off, I’ll jerk off if I want to, why should I listen to you, but what comes out is a breathy, “Yes, okay.”

Ilya breathes, and for a second, Shane thinks he hears relief, like he was worried Shane really would tell him to fuck off.

“That’s right, because you’re so good. Mmm, are you laying down right now?”

“What? Yes, why?”

“Got me so worked up, baby, calling me at fucking 2 in the morning, no idea what you sound like. I want you to lay there and listen to me while I get off in my hotel room, then you’re going to take a cold shower, and go to sleep. I need you rested for Friday, yes?”

“What,” Shane takes a breath, head spinning with the turn of the conversation, “what’s Friday?”

“I’m gonna fuck you so hard you’re going to be glad I made you wait two weeks. Going to fuck orgasm after orgasm out of you, feel the way you clench around my cock—ah, fuck, Hollander,” Ilya cums from the other line.

Shane, who was already hard before he called, is now stupidly ridiculously, boarding on painful, hard. He whines, “Rozy.”

The Russian man chuckles lightly, “That is not enough to change my mind. Now, go take your shower and get some fucking sleep, okay?”

“Okay,” Shane parrots back.

“Good, I will see you soon, Hollander. Sweet dreams.” And he hangs up.

Shane lays on the bed for a couple of minutes thinking, *what the fuck just happened*, before dragging himself to the bathroom to take a shower. He tries (and fails) to convince himself it’s because it’s just a good idea, and not because Rozanov fucking told him to.

Shit, he thinks, hitting his head against the tile wall lightly.

He’s *so* fucked.

The days pass relatively quickly after their phone call, and soon enough, it’s Thursday, and he and Rozanov are playing a game against each other. Shane worries about being able to shut all this anticipation down for the actual game. (His watch shows that his resting heart rate is ‘significantly higher than normal.’ He has half a mind to throw the whole damn thing away.)

The second he sees Rozanov on the ice, though, all that anticipation he was holding, melts into the hungry, competitive, beast Rozanov unlocks in him. It feels animalistic, the way Shane wants to beat Ilya. He wants to inspire ruthless chirps from the Russian’s lips, to see the emotions in his eyes, and not for the first time, Shane thinks, how can one man bring out such different sides in him.

Montreal wins 4-3.

Walking back to the locker room, the team talks plans for celebrating, but Shane is beelining to his locker for his phone. Ignoring the others, finds the contact and he types to Lily, “I know you said Friday but honestly the last thing I want is to go out tonight. Come over to my place? Tonight?” He presses send as quickly as he types it out, not letting himself second guess. He goes to put his phone back down, not expecting an immediate response, but it buzzes before he fully takes his hand off.

Lily

Where’s my please, Hollander?

Shane rolls his eyes, but does as he’s told, giddy with the prospect of getting to cum a day earlier than promised, he quickly sends back

Jane

Please

Lily

I think you can try a little harder than that

Jane

Oh my god.

You have made it impossible to think about

anything other than you for weeks so,

pretty fucking please, will you come over tonight

and put me out of my fucking misery?

Lily

Brat

But yes, it was always the plan to come over tonight

glad you finally caught on Hollander

Jane

What?

Lily

See you in an hour ;)

Shane hurries through his excuses for not coming out tonight, showers and changes faster than he felt humanly possible, and tries to go the speed limit home. (The last thing he needs is to be pulled over for speeding because he hasn't cum in two weeks, imagine trying to explain that to the officer).

By the time he's home, he has barely enough time to shove his dirty clothes in the washer before his phone buzzes with Ilyas, "here." Running to open the door, he tries not to show that he's breathing heavily.

"Jesus Hollander, are you running a marathon? Take a fucking breath." Of course he noticed. The teasing is accompanied by a sweeping gaze, checking out Shane top to bottom. He is embarrassingly half hard already, but hoping his choice of pants hides this from Ilya's intense gaze. Then, all at once, there's a hand on his chest, his back is against the wall, and he's vaguely aware of the door clicking shut. Ilya's hands are everywhere, his hips, his abs, his shoulders, and they're kissing like it's been years, not weeks.

“Fuck, how long have you been hard, Hollander, hmm? Since the game? Does beating me get you riled up like this? Or was it before? I saw the way you were looking at warm ups today, hmm?”

Shane leans his head back against the wall and sighs, “I’ve been hard for two fucking weeks, you bastard.” He tries to sound like Ilya, confident and strong, but it comes out sounding fucking desperate.

Rozanov does not seem to mind though, grabbing Shane’s hips and grinding them together, kissing him hard, before letting up and all but growling, “Bedroom, now.”

Shane leads them to the master bedroom and is promptly pushed onto it. Ilya’s face appears above him before long, settling himself on top, having first taken off his shoes and jeans.

“Hi,” is all Shane can say.

The corner of Ilya’s mouth raises, “Hi,” he responds. For a second that’s all either of them says, but Ilya can’t hold himself back for long, and soon he’s saying, “Tell me Hollander, how did it feel, to be so fucking desperate to cum, for so long, only to be told ‘no’. Did you listen? Were you good for me?” He has situated their bodies so their dicks are pressed against each other through their underwear, but he’s holding Shane’s hips still, not letting him grind together yet.

“You...you know I was. I, it was fucking hard, god I- I need to cum so bad, Rozy, please,” Shane is trying to keep the pleading to a minimum, afraid that if Ilya saw how badly he wanted it, that he’d say no again.

“Did you like it when I told you no?”

Shane sputters, “What kind of question is that? Of course not, I wanted to fucking cum!”

Ilya hums, “Then why didn’t you?”

“Because...” Shane starts speaking before realizing he had nothing, no reason coming to mind. *Why didn’t I?*

Ilya leans in close, “Because you fucking liked it. You liked listening to me get off knowing there was nothing you could do for yourself, no?”

“Fuck.” Is Shane’s only response.

“You were so fucking good for me.” Ilya’s kissing Shane’s jaw now, “Let me take care of you Hollander, gonna make you feel so good, let me show you what good boys get as rewards, yes? Will you let me do that, please?”

Rozanov is giving him whiplash, why is Ilya asking for permission? Wasn’t Shane the one begging just a minute ago? Either way, he nods.

“No, baby, need to hear you say it, need to hear you say the words.”

Shane swallows hard. “Yes y-you can, you can show me.” He can’t bring himself to say those other words himself, the ones that make him shiver, activating a part of his brain he didn’t know existed, *good boy*.

Ilya kisses him hard on the mouth, before reigning in his own desperation.

“Scoot up,” he tells Shane, who shuffles back until his head feels pillows. “Good.” Shane suddenly finds his soft pants and underwear being tugged off in fluid motions, Ilya places his body between Shane’s legs, mouth temptingly close to his dick, the dark haired man resists bucking his hips up.

Ilya grabs one of Shane’s hips, somehow knowing what he needed, and looks up into Shane’s eyes as he says, “You tell me, when you are about to come, yes?”

Shane nods.

“With *words*, Hollander.”

“Yes, oh my god yes I’ll tell you, please just suck my dick please.”

“Such good manners, what a fast learner you are,” is the last thing he says before *finally* dipping down to fit Shane’s cock in his mouth. Shane moans, and throws his head back. He tries not to be embarrassed by how quickly he tells Ilya he’s about to cum, knowing Ilya is the reason he feels this sensitive in the first place.

He’s not sure what he was expecting, but it certainly wasn’t Ilya quickly pulling off and wrapping his index finger and thumb around the base of his cock, cutting off his impending orgasm.

“Wha-What the fuck? Why did you do that?” Shane is breathing hard, slightly sitting up again to look Rozanov in the eye.

“Mmm, I did say Friday, did I not?” Giving the dick he was holding a lick from base to tip. “And we still have, hmm 45 minutes until midnight?”

“Are you. You can’t be fucking serious.” Shane cannot believe what he is hearing.

“Serious as heart attack,” Ilya says with a solemnity Shane has only ever seen pulled off by this man. His head falls back to the pillows.

43 minutes and countless stop-starts later, Shane is still writhing against the sheets. He is overwhelmed in ways he never thought possible. Ilya reaches up and brushes something wet off Shane’s cheek. Eyes blown out with lust he asks, “Good tears or bad tears?”

Shane wasn’t even aware he was crying. “GoodgoodpleaseI need.”

“Yes, fuck, you’re almost there, baby. Been so fucking good for me.” Shane nods, babbles, weeps, it’s all he can do right now.

“Fuck, look at that, it’s fucking midnight, waited two whole weeks for me baby, so fucking good, what a good boy.” He releases the hand at the base of his cock and says, “Cum for me, Shane.”

Shane has never cum harder, his vision whites out for who knows how long. He’s aware of some movement but holy fuck he feels like hes fucking floating. It’s impossible to think any thoughts and he just lets the waves of pleasure roll over him.

Having edged Shane for almost an hour, Ilya shoves his hand down, pulls himself out of his underwear, and within seconds is spilling himself all over Shane’s stomach. As soon as he gets his legs to cooperate, Ilya hurries to find a rag, not wanting to leave the other man alone, but knowing that he needs to clean them off. When he returns, he quickly wipes the puddle of cum off Shane’s abs, throws the rag somewhere, and slides into bed next to him. Shane shivers beside him, curls as close to Ilya as possible, while the Russian man covers them with the comforter.

Shane floats for what feels like hours, Ilya’s hand combing through his hair, soft words he can’t understand swirl around him; he’s never felt more safe and satisfied in his life. Eventually, he comes down from the clouds enough to ask for water, which Ilya had also grabbed on his aftercare quest. He drinks half the bottle, hands it back, and settles into Rozanov again.

“I’m so tired,” Shane sighs, feeling warm and blissed out nestled against Ilya like this.

“Mmm, but we should shower.”

“Nooo we can shower tomorrow. Can...can we just stay like this, please?”

Shane can feel Ilya’s smile against his head, “Okay. We can shower in morning. But *only* because you said please.” He presses a soft kiss against black hair.

Shane feels on the verge of sleep before remembering something.

“Wait, I thought you said you were going to fuck ‘orgasm after orgasm out of me? Why did it turn into extra torture instead!”

“As I said, that is the plan for Friday.”

Shane laughs lightly, and notes that Ilya actually sounds as sleepy as Shane feels, so he kisses the closest part of Ilya’s body that he can without moving, which turns out to be his chest.

He can hear the smile in Ilya's words as he adds, "Plus, I think you like this torture, no?"

Shane smacks the blonde's chest, mock offended, as Ilya laughs, presses a kiss to Shane’s temple, and whispers something in Russian.

Despite feeling like he's on the verge of passing out, Shane feels compelled to ask him to translate. One more kiss to the temple and the phrase, “Good night, my angel,” echoing in his

head is all he needs to to slip into, possibly, the best sleep of his life.

End Notes

2 fics in 2 days? Who am I? I woke up thinking about this and couldn't stop writing until it was done. hope you liked it

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