

get down on your knees and tell me you love me

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77512816) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77512816>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry_(TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , this is just pure filth i don't know what to say , Shane Hollander Has a Hand Kink , Shane Hollander Has a Praise Kink , Dom Ilya Rozanov , Sub Shane Hollander , Hand Jobs , Blow Jobs , Yep that's basically it
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-11 Words: 3,684 Chapters: 1/1

get down on your knees and tell me you love me

by [2lcg](#)

Summary

"would it be inappropriate to say i think your hands look really sexy like this?"

ilya raised his eyebrows, turning to see shane going slightly pink at his own admission. well, that was interesting. he reached up, brushing the backs of his bruised knuckles over shane's lips teasingly, and watched as shane licked his lips as he pulled them away.

"you like this?" he asked, smirking.

"well, i kinda had a thing for your hands anyway," shane admitted, shrugging slightly, "but, yeah, i don't know. it's hot."

"noted."

or: shane has a thing for ilya's hands

Notes

thank you to this show for single-handedly pulling me out of a 10-year writing slump

this came to me in a vision whilst writing another hollanov fic and it completely possessed me, so i wrote it all in about a couple hours in the middle of the night, didn't proofread and decided to hit publish anyway, so if it's shit then that's why and i take no responsibility <3

i am a slut for a male hand and so is shane hollander, leave us in peace

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

shane has a thing for ilya's hands.

it finally came to ilya's attention one day when he had been sent off the ice for beating the shit out of one of the san francisco defensemen for throwing a slur at shane. later, in the locker room, he had been nursing his bruised and bloodied knuckles when shane came over to check on him.

"you were stupid for that, you know."

ilya scoffed and rolled his eyes, grumpy. "you think i am going to let that piece of shit say those things to you and not do anything about it?"

"i'd rather we have the man power on the ice to fuck them where it means something. instead we ended up one man down and lost the game, so who really came out on top?"

shane was right, but ilya was too pissy to admit that. "not Reeves, that's for sure."

shane shook his head and sat down on the bench next to him, giving his hand a once over.

"does it hurt bad?" he asked, concern lacing his voice.

"eh, no," ilya said, stretching his fingers and wincing slightly at the ache.

"okay, well," shane said, leaning closer and dropping his voice to a murmur, "would it be inappropriate to say i think your hands look really sexy like this?"

ilya raised his eyebrows, turning to see shane going slightly pink at his own admission. well, that was interesting. he reached up, brushing the backs of his bruised knuckles over shane's lips teasingly, and watched as shane licked his lips as he pulled them away.

"you like this?" he asked, smirking.

"well, i kinda had a thing for your hands anyway," shane admitted, shrugging slightly, "but, yeah, i don't know. it's hot."

"noted."

~

the next day, shane is in the gym when he gets a text from ilya.

it's a picture, so there's no preview, and shane debates opening it for a few seconds because, knowing ilya, it was most likely something inappropriate. he glances over his shoulder to

check there's nobody in the immediate vicinity, nobody hopping on the treadmills beside him, and then opens it.

shane's suspicions are immediately confirmed as he takes in the somewhat grainy image. it's dark, so it takes a moment for him to work out what he's looking at, and then it hits him. the photo is of himself, taken by ilya during sex. shane, face down on his couch in montréal, the brown leather unmistakable, his head buried into the sofa cushions and back arched up, muscles straining and sweat glistening on his skin. the image is cut off just below where his waist curves into the swell of his ass, but it's clear what's happening. ilya's hand is splayed across shane's back like a brand, the tips of his fingers digging into shane's soft skin where he's gripping him tightly and shoving him down into the sofa. his veins are popping, the intricate network of them travelling up his thick arm that is slightly in view.

jesus fucking christ.

ilya doesn't give him a chance to respond. seeing that shane's read the message, he follows up with another picture straight away.

this one is captioned: 'waiting for you to get home'.

it's taken from his point of view, looking down into his lap. he's sat on their couch, legs spread wide, wearing loose grey sweatpants, the ones that sit low on his hips and drive shane absolutely wild. the picture cuts off just above his waistband, but reveals enough to let shane know that he's shirtless, a sliver of tanned skin peeking out and the soft line of his happy trail just visible. he's half-hard, shane can see the outline of his bulge through the material. but that's not what his eyes are drawn to after the first initial once over. it's ilya's hand, resting at the top of his thigh, fingers spread and lightly gripping the huge width of his quad. shane's mouth goes completely dry. he locks his phone quickly, then takes a generous swig from his water bottle to calm himself the fuck down. he can feel his dick in his shorts perking up with interest already, and he's very grateful in that moment that he brought his hoodie with him, which he now ties around his waist.

he sends a quick text back, 'omw', before getting the fuck out of the gym.

~

when shane gets home, he dumps his bag unceremoniously at the door and kicks off his shoes without a care for where they land. he makes a beeline for the living room and, just as promised, ilya is waiting for him on the couch, legs spread wide and massaging himself through his sweats. his head is thrown back over the top of the couch, eyes closed as he bites his lip. he doesn't move his head, but he flicks an eye open when he hears shane enter the room.

“get over here and get on your knees.”

shane needs no further instruction and is in front of him in seconds, dropping to his knees so hard that he's sure he'll have bruises tomorrow. he positions himself between ilya's legs, steadying himself with a hand on each as he makes to lean forward and nuzzle into—

“stop.”

shane freezes and flicks his eyes up, finding ilya staring down at him with white hot desire in his eyes.

“you're not going to touch me.”

shane almost whimpers, his mind fuzzy with want, his mouth watering at the thought of ilya's cock on his tongue. "please," he manages to choke out.

"no. sit up. hands on your knees so i can see them."

shane obeys dutifully, although it feels like agony to move away from the inviting warmth of ilya's lap. he sits back on his heels, back straight, hands curled into fists on top of his knees. he concentrates on breathing hard through his nose, willing away the blinding desire to just throw himself on top of ilya and devour him. he wants to be good, to be rewarded for his effort.

"good," ilya purrs, and shane feels like he's going to fucking implode with sheer need. "you will sit there and watch like a good boy. and no touching yourself. understand?"

he can only nod, words completely failing him as his brain begins to short-circuit. all logical functioning has failed him, his only thoughts being ilya. ilya, currently leaning back into the sofa, one hand coming up to card through his hair and settling at the back of his head, his bicep bulging as he crooks his arm, the other hand making a long journey down the front of his bare chest. ilya, who has his eyes fixed on shane's expression as he does so, making sure he's watching and taking it all in.

shane is utterly hypnotised, watching him slowly, slowly, drag his fingers down across his enormous pecs, brushing against his nipples, then tracing down the hard line of his abs. he follows the dark trail of hair down, down, down, until his fingertips are just ghosting against the top of his waistband. he lingers there, teasing himself and shane, who is currently biting into his bottom lip so hard he thinks he'll draw blood any second.

fuck.

"what do you want?" ilya says, his voice deep and thick with lust. his fingers continue to dance across his lower stomach, where the deep V-lines of his abs disappear into his pants.

shane has to swallow several times and wet his lips with what little moisture remains in his mouth before he can speak. "w-- wanna suck you."

"no," ilya growls. "you're not allowed, remember?"

shane sucks in a shaky breath, unclenching his hands and digging his fingers into his thighs to hold himself back. "wanna see you come, please."

ilya cracks a sly smirk. "okay."

with that, he picks up his hips off the sofa and hooks his thumbs into the waistband of his sweats, pulling them down just enough to free his cock. it slaps up against his stomach, rock hard and leaking, and shane's mouth floods with saliva. *jesus christ*. he clenches his teeth, narrowly avoiding biting his own tongue off.

ilya takes a moment to adjust himself, spreading his legs further apart and stretching the arm that was behind his head along the back cushions of the couch, fingers digging into the material for purchase. shane's eyes can't take it all in at once, his gaze flicking hungrily between ilya's fingers leaving marks in the sofa cushion, to his face, down his chest, his dick, to his huge thighs that are currently straining against the confines of his sweats, and shane doesn't know how he isn't ripping through them with all that muscle.

finally, ilya curls his thick fingers around his cock. the veins in his hand are bulging, and the tendons flex with each slow pump of his fist, and shane is so overwhelmed by how much he wants those hands on him that he *whimpers*. catching the sound, ilya grins wickedly.

"you want this so badly, don't you, *moy lyubov*?"

"yes. yes," shane breathes, his vision darkening at the corners as his mind becomes laser-focused on watching the way ilya strokes himself.

"so good for me, waiting for it. look at you, on your knees and so patient." ilya's voice is dripping honey, catching ever so slightly as he finds a sensitive spot beneath the head of his dick.

the praise is absolutely intoxicating. shane feels fucking drunk off of it. he wants nothing more than to leap forward and swallow ilya all the way down, taking him to the back of his throat and choking on it, gagging until he has tears in his eyes. but he doesn't. he has to be good for him, be obedient. he clenches his hands into fists again, fingernails digging into his palms hard enough to leave welts, but the pain barely registers. the only thing he can feel is how achingly, unbearably hard he is. his fingers twitch at the idea of sliding up and grinding a palm down onto himself through his jeans, but he stomps out the thought immediately. *you can resist, you can wait. you can be good*.

as if reading his mind, ilya says, "so hard for me, shane. you want to touch yourself?"

shane nods, hard and fast. no use in lying about it.

"are you going to?"

"no," he grits out between his teeth.

ilya groans, eyelids fluttering and fingers tightening around his length. "fuck, shane, so behaved."

shane is going to pass out. he's so horny that he's lightheaded, his whole body coiled so tight that he's either going to explode or lose consciousness right here on the floor between ilya's

knees. ilya is still watching him intently through hooded eyes, mouth hanging open slightly as he fucks into his fist, the muscles in his stomach clenching as he picks up the pace.

he doesn't mean to, but he can't help it. shane finds himself pitching sideways slightly, his cheek coming to rest on top of ilya's knee. he needs contact, anything he can get, he's fucking dying for it. he keeps his hands fisted in his lap, ignoring the excruciating urge to touch himself and give himself the relief he's dying for.

ilya doesn't scold him, instead brings his free hand down and fists it into the hair at the back of shane's neck, holding him in place. shane whines at the aggressiveness of it, at how much he fucking loves the pain of ilya tugging at his scalp. they meet eyes, and shane is certain he must look utterly blissed out and fucking wrecked in the best way. his eyes are watering, from both the sting of ilya's strong grip on his hair and from how desperately turned on he is.

there is something, he couldn't even begin to describe what, about ilya that makes him feel so animalistic, so primal, it's almost ridiculous. shane, always so composed on the ice, in front of the cameras, now reduced to panting desperately, on his knees at ilya's feet and about two seconds away from humping his leg like a fucking dog. the effect that ilya had on him was unbelievable. it was utterly degrading and so, so hot.

ilya's moans are getting louder now, and shane can feel his thigh twitching erratically beneath his cheek, signalling how close he is. the sounds he's making are downright pornographic and sending waves of heat right to shane's cock. he's been leaking practically since he got on his knees, and dangerously close to coming untouched for far too long now. if he shifted his hips just right, the friction of his jeans on the end of his dick might just be enough to--

"come here," ilya commands, tugging at shane's head. shane almost sobs at the thought of finally getting to have his mouth on ilya's cock, but then ilya says, "spit."

he's paused stroking himself momentarily to hold out his hand to shane's mouth.

oh.

shane tries his best to muster up as much saliva as he can before spitting directly into ilya's palm. it's messy, and some of it misses and dribbles down his chin.

"you call that spit, hollander? pathetic," ilya growls, giving shane's hair a sharp tug that has him whining. "here," he says, thrusting two fingers against shane's lips. "suck."

he needs no more encouragement than that. shane opens his lips and allows ilya to push his fingers inside, the heavy weight of them on his tongue making his eyes roll back. he swirls his tongue around the digits, moaning at how big they feel in his mouth and the taste of ilya's sweat and skin on his tastebuds. ilya still has his other hand firmly planted at the back of shane's head, and he uses it to move shane's head back and forth on his fingers, fucking his mouth with them. shane is completely lost in ecstasy and the feeling of being useful, finally getting to put his mouth to work. it's not ilya's dick, but it's the next best thing.

it doesn't take long for shane's mouth to start watering again, spit leaking out from between his lips and coating ilya's fingers sufficiently enough. when he eventually pulls them away,

slipping out from between shane's lips with an obscene 'pop', a string of saliva hangs between his fingertips and shane's mouth. shane leans in, catching it with his tongue and then licking a stripe up ilya's palm for good measure.

"fuck," ilya moans, purring out a string of praise in russian that shane vaguely understands amongst the haze in his mind.

gripping his cock once more, it doesn't take long for ilya to reach his climax, the slickness of shane's spit on his hand allowing his fingers to glide deliciously over himself. shane watches, transfixed, as ilya brings himself closer and closer to the edge with his strong, sure hands, hands that shane imagines gliding over his own neglected cock. his hips buck against his will, fucking into nothing but air in search of friction.

"been so-- mmh --good for me shane," ilya grits out between his teeth, his jaw clenched and chest heaving, "so patient."

yes, yes, please. please give it to me. please. shane can't form the words, instead just presses his nose into ilya's thigh, mouthing the fabric of his sweats desperately.

"come here."

oh, god, yes.

shane scrambles up onto his knees and leans forwards into ilya's lap, hands grasping for any purchase they can get and finding the curve of his hips and ass. ilya uses the hand in shane's hair to guide him down, down, down, and... *fuck*. pure bliss. heavy, salty, warm, *ilya*.

ilya comes with a guttural groan, spilling into shane's mouth with such force that it hits the back of shane's throat and makes him fight not to cough. ilya holds him there, making him take it all, and the tears that have been pricking his eyes all this time finally spill over, wetting his cheeks as he gags and does his best to swallow. he can't resist letting his tongue lap at the underside of ilya's cock, hollowing his cheeks slightly and making ilya hiss.

"ah, shane, fuck," he moans, twitching above him.

as he comes down from his orgasm, the hard grasp he has on shane's hair loosens, and he switches to giving long, slow pats where he'd pulled on his scalp, soothing it. shane, still holding him in his mouth, lets his eyes close and revels in the sensation. still, he can't ignore the throbbing of his dick. and neither can ilya, thankfully.

"come. your turn," he says, patting shane's cheek and swiping his thumb over the wetness there. "up here."

shane laments having to remove his mouth from ilya's softening cock, but he obeys without question, head still fuzzy with desire. he pushes himself unsteadily to his feet, ilya's strong hands supporting him and guiding him to sit down on the couch between ilya's legs, his back pressed against the solid muscle of ilya's chest. ilya helps him remove his shirt, tossing it aside before pulling shane back against him and working his deft fingers over the buttons on his jeans. his hot breath ghosts across shane's ear as he works, and the feeling of that alone

could probably make shane come if he kept it up. he ruts his hips up impatiently, scared he's not going to last long enough for ilya to even get a hand on him.

"okay, okay, shh," ilya murmurs in his ear, which only further exacerbates shane's predicament. "i've got you."

fucking hell.

finally, *finally*, he has shane's cock in his hand. he doesn't move, not at first, just holds it where it protrudes from the top of shane's jeans, fingers tight around the base. he presses a hot kiss to shane's neck, breathing heavily.

"look at you," he coos, "so wet for me. you did so well, not touching yourself. wanted me to touch you, yes?"

shane mewls, throwing his head back, his body convulsing against the hot, sweaty expanse of ilya's chest.

"want to see my hands on you, mm?"

"ah, fuck, yes!"

"open your eyes, then. watch me."

shane forces his eyes open to look down at himself, his dick twitching and leaking in ilya's hand. it looks so fucking perfect, he can't deny it, his hard length enclosed in ilya's fist, those beautiful, strong fingers squeezing and stroking him just right. he was made for ilya's hands, made for them to fit perfectly around him, to engulf him, hold him down and unravel him. he wants those hands everywhere, wishes ilya didn't just have two so he could touch shane all over, all at once.

as if on cue, ilya brings his left hand up to curl around shane's throat, pressing firmly on the side's of his neck where his pulse is thrumming, exerting just the right amount of pressure to make him feel lightheaded.

"okay?" he asks, giving a gentle squeeze to emphasise what he's asking for.

"yes," shane gasps out. the feeling of ilya's hand around his neck feels fucking euphoric.

with shane's permission, ilya wastes no time in taking him apart. he sets a furious pace, arm pumping as he jerks him off, nipping and sucking on shane's earlobe and whispering sweet, sweet praise in his ear. his other hand maintains a steady pressure around shane's throat, and shane feels like his soul is leaving his body, rising out of him and taking a nice ride up to the pearly gates of heaven. he tries desperately to keep his eyes open, wanting to watch ilya take him over the edge, using every last ounce of strength he has to not pass out from the pleasure.

thankfully, he's been teetering on the edge for far too long, and all it takes is for ilya to rub his thumb over the slit of shane's cock on the upstroke, and that's it, he's coming.

hot, searing waves of pleasure roll through him, his entire body jerking uncontrollably as ilya takes him through it, holding him tight to his chest and letting him ride out each and every swell. he feels his come splatter against his stomach and chest, some of it even hitting his chin, and he hears ilya swear softly, then feels him sink his teeth into the junction between shane's neck and shoulder.

shane must black out for a minute, because he comes back to feel the loss of ilya's warm hand around his throat, and instead finds him rubbing small circles on his waist.

"that's it, sweetheart," he murmurs, pressing soft kisses behind shane's ear, "come back to me. you did so good, so good. so perfect."

shane is utterly boneless, slumped back against ilya with a complete inability to move a muscle, let alone form a coherent sentence. he can feel his come starting to dry on his skin, and he thinks he should probably care about that, but somehow can't find a reason to when ilya is kissing up his shoulder to his neck, behind his ear, his cheek, his temple.

"are you with me, *krasavchik*?" ilya chuckles against his skin.

"mmm," is all shane can offer.

ilya laughs softly, arms coming to encircle shane's waist and pull him close, manoeuvring them both so that they're laying down, shane as the little spoon. shane lets himself be manhandled, far too weak to resist even if he wanted to, which he certainly doesn't.

they lay there for a long time, both drifting in and out of sleep, revelling in the afterglow. eventually, shane is lucid enough to roll over, slinging an arm over ilya's waist and bringing them face to face. he presses a soft kiss to the crease between ilya's eyebrows, then his nose, then finally his lips. the corners of ilya's mouth twitch up in a lazy, blissful smile.

"so, you like my hands, ah?"

shane laughs. "is it obvious?"

"eh, a little."

End Notes

thank you sm for reading!

i'm currently writing a much longer and way more wholesome hollanov fic so please look out for that at some point (still getting back into this whole writing thing so it could be a while but we move)

hope you enjoyed this trip down slutty hands lane

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