leaving my mark on you

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by BekkaChaos

Summary

Ilya gives Shane a hickey between his thighs during the season, and Shane is annoyed by it.

set somewhere in the 2014-2015 range.

"Jesus Christ, *Rozanov*..." Shane's head dropped back against the mattress as Ilya's hands pressed against the inside of his thighs, opening them wider.

He heard the faint sound of Ilya's low laugh, but he was too far gone to be embarrassed by it. He would have been, years ago, and he probably was the first time. But never for long.

He lay with his knees dropped wide, wide enough to fit Ilya's shoulders between them where he was propped up and kissing at the inside of Shane's thigh. He had been down there for like a minute, kissing and licking and teasing all kinds of noises out of him.

"You want something Hollander?"

His voice was so low, his accent making Shane's name sound so deep, the desire in his words making his cock twitch.

"Put me in your mouth," Shane asked eagerly. "*Please*."

Ilya hummed in reply, and Shane propped himself up on his elbows just to see the smirk.

"So polite," he teased, making Shane smile.

"Fuck you."

Ilya pulled a face of feigned offence. His hazel eyes burning fire back into Shane. He held his gaze as he dipped his head down to kiss at the head of his cock, soft and gentle with a slow circle of his tongue for good measure.

And then he stopped.

Shane huffed in annoyance which made Ilya's smirk grow into a grin.

"*God*, you're an asshole," Shane said, though they both knew how much he liked it.

"Ah yes, I almost forget," Ilya trailed two fingers down Shane's inner thigh, stopping when he made contact with Shane's rim, earning him a whimper. "This is what you want yes?"

He didn't need to wait for the answer, instead he continued to draw circles with his fingertips and went back to work with his mouth.

He kissed as the base of Shane's cock, barely grazing his teeth over the soft flesh. Then he was kissing his way up, taking Shane into his mouth for three slow and deliberate moves, and then licking at the crease in his thigh.

Shane complained of course, but secretly he loved this. Rozanov's mouth just worshipping his body like they had all the time in the world and not just one night. He loved the feel of his nose nuzzling against his hip, his teeth nipping at the sensitive skin of his thigh, his full lips where they sucked at his skin while his tongue crept out to taste him. He loved staring down at those golden curls as Rozanov worked him up, getting him so close to begging as he—

"Hey, what the—" Shane tugged at Rozanov's hair until he was staring up at him. "What the fuck Rozanov?"

He was grinning back, his lips pink and wet while Shane had a blooming bruise on the inside of his thigh from where Rozanov had sucked a mark into him.

"What? No one will see," he shrugged. Fucking *shrugged*.

Like he hadn't just left a *hickey* on Shane in the middle of fucking November.

"You know we fucking shower after the games, right?" he pulled at his thigh to get a better view of the mark and Rozanov just let out a laugh.

"Okay," he shrugged. "So no one will see unless they are looking very, *very* closely."

He kissed at the mark and Shane jerked his leg away as though the damage hadn't already been done.

"Fuck off," he said with absolutely no malice in the words.

Rozanov hummed in that deep rumbling tone of his, letting his tongue wet his bottom lip.

"Is it such a big problem Hollander? Are you letting someone else in your team get so deep between your thighs?"

He let his chin rest against Shane's leg as he stared up at him with an eyebrow cocked. Shane shook his head and scoffed.

Okay, he did have to admit that it was in a very intimate spot. Like, so intimate that even Shane would probably have to strain to see it if he were standing up.

"If they see," Rozanov continued with a playful spark in his eye. "You had better ask why they are staring at your *dick* in the shower."

Yeah okay, so he had a point.

"*You* did," Shane said softly, cocking an eyebrow.

"Ah yes, well *I* wanted to fuck you," he shrugged, and Shane felt a surge of heat through him at the memory of it.

God they had been so young. It had been hard to stop himself from looking, that desire in him wasn't new, but it was the first time that the opportunity was there. Well, there and staring back as it stroked it's own cock. But Shane hadn't thought he'd wanted *that*... what had he thought? That maybe he wanted a way to get off quickly, with someone who could be just as casual about it as he needed.

He didn't think he'd be staring down at him between his legs five years later with god damned butterflies at the memory of their first time.

"Even then?" he asked, almost for a moment wishing he hadn't.

But Rozanov just smiled, like Shane's question was amusing.

"I thought I made that.. uh," he paused as he thought of the English word for it, instead mumbling something in Russian before finishing. "I did not hide."

"Obvious," Shane said, knowing that he was staring down at him in a way that was absolutely too much but he couldn't stop himself. "You made it obvious."

For a moment, Rozanov just stared back, but before the air between them had a chance to shift, he kissed at the mark on Shane's thigh again, softer, and then again, and again.

Secretly, and Shane would deny it if Rozanov ever asked, he loved knowing that he was leaving something behind, a reminder of where his lips had been. A reminder that Shane would carry with him for at least a week, maybe Rozanov wanted him to...

"Do you want me to fuck you now, or not?" he asked, even though Shane could tell he knew the answer.

"I want."

The hunger crept back into Rozanov's kind eyes.

"Good."

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