

his name on my body

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by [starblushed](#)

Summary

Shane grinned at the shocked gasp, turning his head over his shoulder. Rozanov's jaw had dropped open, more flustered than Shane had ever seen him, beautiful in the low lights of the hotel room. It gave Shane the confidence to stretch his arms up, the #81 Boston jersey hiking up to expose his ass, back turned to Rozanov. He smiled, tilting his head, "You like it?"

After Boston wins the Stanley Cup, Shane wears something belonging to Ilya. Years later, when they're married, Ilya wears something belonging to Shane.

Notes

Hi everyone! I did say I was burned out of writing, but I received a few lovely comments on my last fic which motivated me to write this! Thank you to everyone who takes the time to read and leave kudos and comment, it means the world to me. This came to me in a dream and I wrote it down as fast as I could for a little Christmas gift to all the Hollanov fans out there. Hope you all have a wonderful holiday season, and looking forward to the finale!

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

Shane shivered as he heard the door open, and then close. “Hey,” he called out, as he heard quiet footsteps walk closer to the bedroom.

“Hollander, what are you – !”

Shane grinned at the shocked gasp, turning his head over his shoulder. Rozanov’s jaw had dropped open, more flustered than Shane had ever seen him, beautiful in the low lights of the hotel room. It gave Shane the confidence to stretch his arms up, the #81 Boston jersey hiking up to expose his ass, back turned to Rozanov. He smiled, tilting his head, “You like it?”

“I – *you* – ” As if in a daze, Rozanov walked forward, knees hitting the edge of the bed. Shane had texted him the room number and told him to come in, which was unusual, but Rozanov probably didn’t expect this.

“Congratulations on your win, MVP,” he teased. The Bears had won the Stanley Cup this year, fighting against an incredible Edmonton team in a brutal final seventh game where Rozanov had an absolutely incredible performance. Even Shane could admit that he had carried his team when it mattered most, and deserved a reward – even though Rozanov had probably had a lot of rounds of celebratory sex with different people in the week between their win and the CCM shoot they were at in LA. “It was pretty hard to get this jersey, you know. You’re a popular guy.”

“Fuck. Will give you any jersey you want.” Rozanov’s voice was hoarse, he must really like it. Shane expected him to enjoy it, sure, but not to the point where he looked like he’d collapse. Shane thought it would be fun, he had heard enough from his teammates about how much they liked it when their girlfriends or wives wore their jerseys, but he didn’t anticipate for it to work this well – Rozanov looked like he was starving. Shane hadn’t been extremely nervous, he knew he looked good, but Rozanov’s evident desire made his stomach twist in arousal.

Shane grinned, pulling Rozanov onto the bed, kissing him hard. Rozanov’s hands slipped tight around his waist, under the jersey, big palm curving over his ass. They wrestled around for control for a bit, but Shane ended up on top, breaking the kiss and hastily unbuttoning Rozanov’s shirt.

He felt like there was electricity in his veins, his mind flashing back to the game winning shot Rozanov hit last week, the intense heat in his eyes exactly the same as it was right now, fixated on Shane. Hockey and sex, probably the two things Rozanov was best at, and Shane was lucky enough that he got to share it with him. Hockey against Rozanov was exhilarating, and sex with him was beyond incandescent. “You want to fuck me in your jersey?”

“No shit,” Rozanov gritted out, tossing all his clothes off of the bed and pulling Shane into another bruising kiss. He was gorgeous, golden and strong and all for Shane tonight. Part of Shane wanted to kiss every inch of him, his thighs and his chest and his neck, but more of him wanted to get fucked.

As much as he liked looking at Rozanov, Shane turned around, so his back was to him. The jersey was part of the appeal, so now Rozanov could look at his name on Shane's back while Shane rode him. A little shiver went down his spine, it was so *hot*, just the idea of it.

A little, aching part of him wished that it could be real, that Rozanov would actually give him one of his jerseys. Maybe one right from after practice. Maybe one soaked in sweat, smelling like Rozanov. Shane loved the way he smelled. It was kind of disgusting, how he wanted to lick the sweat off of his body sometimes, but he couldn't help it –

Rozanov's hands tightened on his waist, pulling him closer. "Lube?"

"Under the pillow."

Rozanov froze underneath him. "Pillow? You have been busy?"

"You were late," Shane pouted over his shoulder, teasing him. Rozanov was barely fifteen minutes late. "I got myself ready for you."

"Fuck," Rozanov gasped, scrambling to put the condom on. Shane really hadn't ever seen him like this, desire so close to the surface. Rozanov was usually achingly smooth, always in control. It was so sexy, the way Shane felt like he could relax and be taken care of, but this was sexy too. Rozanov didn't seem like the type to ever be submissive, but he looked *desperate*. It made Shane's blood run hot.

Shane wanted to give him everything. He grinned at Rozanov, sinking down so, so achingly slowly. He was a bit desperate too, barely holding off from jerking off to completion when he was fingering himself, knowing Rozanov's perfect cock would be better than his fingers – and he was right. Shane was kind of addicted to the feeling of Rozanov inside him, hot and hard and ridiculously thick. Shane sighed as he bottomed out, Rozanov's cock was practically made for him, made to be inside him all the time. It pressed perfectly against that sweet spot inside him, every time.

Shane had ridden Rozanov a few times before, but always face-to-face, never like this. He started grinding, eyes fluttering closed. That had no right to feel so good. Rozanov's hands pulled the jersey up a bit, holding him stable and secure as he grinded back and forth. Rozanov was making soft, low sounds behind him. This couldn't be doing much for him, but *fuck*, it felt so good for Shane.

"Hollander," Rozanov gasped out. "You like it?"

"Love your cock," Shane moaned out. It was embarrassing to say, but Rozanov practically whimpered behind him. *Fuck*. What had gotten into them both today? He turned his head around to face Rozanov. "Feels so good." Rozanov's eyes blazed from where his head was tipped up to watch.

"Hollander," he whispered. Shane sighed as Rozanov sat up, wrapping his arms around Shane's waist, kissing the back of his neck. Shane started grinding again, in his lap, and Rozanov moaned, biting his neck gently.

“You – ” He stopped, as if speechless. Shane tilted his head back, asking for a kiss. Rozanov gave it to him, kissing him sweeter than even expected. Shane nipped at his soft lower lip, sighing as Rozanov’s hands trembled on his hips.

“Let me fuck you,” Rozanov practically begged. Shane felt on top of the world – Stanley cup winner and MVP Ilya Rozanov, in his bed, basically pleading to fuck him. It felt almost better than his cock did, he understood why Rozanov loved hearing him beg now. There was something deliciously intoxicating about it – Rozanov could very easily flip him over and just take what he wanted, but he was asking Shane to give it to him in that sweet, low voice, trusting him.

“You want it?” Shane asked, pressing another kiss to his mouth.

“Yes.” Rozanov shivered, closing his eyes. His voice was pitched up a bit higher than usual, as if he could barely keep it steady. “Want you. Will make it good for you. Let me fuck you.”

Shane grinned, his mind flashing back to that day in a Vegas bathroom all those years ago, the way Ilya had made him feel so hot, so cared for. He didn’t know where he got the confidence from, but he said it anyway, “Come on, Rozanov, ask me nicely.”

He half expected Rozanov to just flip him over, breath hitching when Rozanov moaned, hands tightening on Shane’s waist. He sounded so good, so lovely, sweet and beseeching yet with an edge of hot danger, half-whining and desperate. “Please. Fuck, Hollander, I make you feel good. Let me. Please.”

Oh, god. It was too much, Rozanov’s voice basically a command, even all desperate like that. Shane couldn’t help it. At the end of it, he would always give Rozanov what he wanted.

He hid his smile at the pained noise Rozanov let out when he slid all the way off his cock, laying down on his stomach, arching his back up and kissing Rozanov’s cheek. “Come on, then. Make me feel good.”

Rozanov instantly rose up, sinking back into him with one smooth motion. “Fuck. Beautiful, Hollander. My jersey. My name on you.”

Rozanov was not the type to hold back in bed. Shane had been fucked hard, pressed into the mattress, against slick shower walls and on one memorable occasion, a soft rug just inches away from the bedroom, so desperate for each other that they couldn’t make it to the bed. Rozanov always gave it to him as hard and perfect as he wanted, his cock filling Shane up until all he could think of was the man in front of him.

This was different. Rozanov was fucking him like he had something to prove, so dizzyingly fast and hard. It was so deep, it felt so, so *good*. Shane loved riding him, loved sucking him off and kissing him, but there was nothing like this, nothing like getting fucked by him. Shane almost couldn’t take it, grabbing onto Rozanov’s wrist to stabilize himself. He was being loud, but he couldn’t help it, it felt too good. Rozanov was hitting his prostate with every thrust – he knew Shane’s body perfectly, knew how Shane liked it, knew how Shane needed him.

Rozanov bit at his neck, sucking the skin between his teeth. Shane wanted to scold him, he couldn't leave marks like that, not right before a shoot, but it felt so fucking good that he couldn't bring himself to say a word that could make Rozanov stop. He slid his other hand down to stroke his cock, but Rozanov batted it away, trapping both of Shane's hands in one of his, above his head.

Fuck. Shane couldn't move even if he tried. It was so hot how Rozanov could just hold him down and fuck him, could do anything he wanted to him, and Shane would just take it. He wanted to take it, he loved it when Rozanov made him take it.

"Okay?" Rozanov whispered.

"Don't stop," Shane moaned. Rozanov grinned, kissing his cheek before fucking into him harder.

"So good, good boy," Rozanov said lowly into his ear. Shane trembled, the words hitting like a punch to the sternum. *Good boy.* "Beautiful. My jersey, my number. So lovely, so perfect. All mine."

"Yours," Shane moaned, half out of his mind. *All mine.* He couldn't think, his brain full of Rozanov, Rozanov's low voice and strong hands and thick cock, stretching him to the limit. He was all Rozanov's, in these hotel rooms, giving over his body without a second thought, trusting Rozanov to bring him pleasure beyond anything he'd ever known.

"You can come without hand. From just cock, right?"

"Ah, Rozanov – " It was so good, he was so achingly close, he just needed a bit more –

"Come for me. Now, Hollander. Give it to me."

Shane couldn't hold back, coming all over the sheets below him in dizzying spurts. It was so good, it was always good with Rozanov in a way it couldn't ever be with anyone else, so perfectly sweet and achingly hot, Shane was practically screaming from it.

"Fuck, Hollander," Rozanov pulled out, yanking the condom off, stroking his cock and coming all over the fucking jersey. Jesus. That was so hot, Rozanov's come all over him. Shane could feel it seeping through the jersey, as if staining his skin. Shane, secretly, wished that Rozanov could come inside him, really fill him up with it, paint his insides white, so he could keep Rozanov inside of him for just a little bit longer.

Rozanov collapsed beside him, pulling Shane into his arms. "Hollander, what the hell?"

Shane grinned up at him. "Thought you'd like it."

"Freak," Rozanov smiled back, kissing his nose. Shane shivered. "Next time you want jersey, text me. I give you."

Shane shivered at the thought of a real jersey from Rozanov. He could – he could wear it at the cottage, on those long lonely nights with nothing but his hand for company. Would he come harder with the scent of Rozanov on his skin, knowing whose name was on his back?

He imagined sending a picture, a mirror image of this night, Shane's come all over Rozanov's jersey. He imagined Rozanov wearing that same jersey to a game against Shane, a secret for just the two of them.

He cast the thoughts out of his mind. It was just casual. Rozanov wasn't possessive over him, no matter how much he said *mine* like it was a prayer. It was just for fun.

It wasn't anything real. It couldn't be.

It took Shane around seven minutes to figure it out.

Jane: Did you take my wedding ring?

Lily: Finger was empty without it :(

Shane sighed, as if he could ever really be annoyed about it. Ilya had, somehow, managed to drop his wedding ring down the drain while doing the dishes one night, and upon retrieval it was kind of...disgusting. They really needed to get their drains cleaned.

They had taken the ring to a jewellery shop yesterday morning, and Ilya had been pouting ever since, touching his finger forlornly and giving Shane the most devastated looks. He refused to put on the silicone rings they used for games and practice, insisting that they just weren't the same.

Shane kind of got it. Before they were out, Ilya wore his engagement ring on his necklace, but as soon as they were public, Ilya pretty much never took that ring off of his finger, except to switch it out for their wedding rings or for hockey games. It was very, very sweet. Shane loved him so much.

But did Ilya really have to take Shane's ring off of his finger while Shane was asleep?

Jane: Does it even fit you?

Lily: Almost

They were not even close to the same ring size. Shane chuckled fondly, stretching out on the bed. He liked how they had never changed their contact names from Jane and Lily, a bit of nostalgia from before. It was probably the only thing he missed from before, that little thrill of it being a secret. It was hot, sure, but also achingly lonely in a way that was almost too painful to remember. He was so happy and proud to be able to openly be with Ilya, to hold his hand in public and kiss him when they had won their first Stanley Cup together, right on the ice. So, yeah, he understood why that ring was so important to Ilya. It was a symbol of their love, open and proud and *theirs*, after so many years of hiding.

Lily: Imagine media if I don't wear ring.

Lily: Even with ring, I get hit on. Imagine without.

Jane: I'm not worried. You know you're mine.

Ilya sent back twelve sweating face emojis, followed by three peaches and a red heart.

Shane understood, though. Even just waking up in bed, he felt wrong without the ring, as if something was fundamentally missing. He knew it was just symbolic, that their love ran deeper than a piece of jewellery, but he didn't like going without it. The idea of his finger being bare bothered him in a way he didn't understand, but didn't like. And clearly, it was doing the same thing for Ilya, if he had stolen Shane's wedding ring just to wear for a few hours.

He opened up his text conversation with Svetlana. There was a quick fix to this.

A few weeks later, Shane had lured Ilya into the car with the promise of cheesecake from his favourite store in town – keeping secrets from his husband was always hard, but the promise of cheesecake kept Ilya from being too suspicious.

“What?” Ilya looked up at the tattoo shop in confusion. “Not cheesecake.”

“Come on,” Shane hopped out of the car. “You trust me?”

“I am starting not to. My cheesecake,” Ilya pouted cutely, but followed Shane through the doors.

“I'll get your cheesecake after,” Shane kissed his cheek quickly before walking up to the receptionist, “Appointment for Shane at 3:30?”

“Yeah, right on time.” The receptionist grinned. “Joy is right back there, she got your request and is all set up. Congrats on winning the cup this year, by the way!”

Shane smiled at her, taking Ilya by the hand and pulling him to the back. Ilya had gotten his ring back about two days after it had been, and he quoted Ilya directly, ‘kidnapped by evil drain’. Shane had noticed him twisting at it anxiously sometimes, especially before practice when they had to remove their gold rings and replace them with the silicone ones. It had broken his heart a bit to see Ilya at anything but peace, and his heart ached to make his husband feel better. Hopefully this could help, even if just a little, make him feel more safe, more settled in his skin.

Besides, it got his heartbeat speeding up to think about a permanent reminder of their love.

“Hi! Shane, so nice to finally meet you.” Joy grinned at them, her happiness putting Shane a bit more at ease. “And you must be Ilya. Hi!”

“Hello,” Ilya said, quietly.

“Shane mentioned he wanted it to be a surprise.” Joy's smile didn't dim as she led them through the room.

“Ah, yeah.” Shane shuffled his feet, suddenly nervous. He thought it would be a good idea, something sweet and cute and thoughtful, but maybe it was kind of too much? Ilya was looking at him, expectantly, pretty eyes wide and curious. Shane looked down, feeling his face heat up. “Um. I thought maybe we can get tattoos? On our ring fingers. If you want.”

Ilya gasped, and Shane chanced a glance up. Ilya was also blushing, the pretty pink that Shane loved, splashed across his face. He nodded, eyes bright with wonder. "I want."

Shane beamed, maybe it was a good idea after all. He had consulted with Svetlana, the two of them getting a bit closer after the wedding, and she seemed to approve of the idea too. Ilya seemed absolutely delighted, going over the designs that Joy had drafted. They both tried to include Shane, but he didn't really have any opinions. Ilya was the tattoo guy, Shane trusted him to pick one they'd both like.

"You sure?" Ilya asked him, quietly. Ilya had a lot of tattoos, ones Shane loved tracing with his fingers and his tongue, but Shane had kept his body bare. It didn't matter. There was nothing more he wanted permanently on his body than a symbol of his love and devotion to his husband, for the rest of time.

"Of course," Shane stretched up to kiss his nose. "I love you, forever. I want this."

Shane loved the design Ilya had chosen, a tasteful "Ilya H.R." curving over his ring finger, while Ilya had the matching "Shane H.R." on his. They had held hands throughout the whole process, and Shane didn't even mind the pain one bit, his mind fully focused on the look on Ilya's face. It was full of wonder, joyous and careful happiness. Shane couldn't help but smile at him like an idiot the whole time.

Ilya kept his eyes on the tattoo for days while it healed, as if he couldn't believe it. Any time he wasn't looking at his own tattoo, he was looking at Shane's, eyes shining with emotions. Shane understood, he couldn't stop looking at it either. When the bandages came off, Shane couldn't help but keep touching his finger, swearing the skin felt different.

The tattoos were so hot, too. Shane didn't expect the surge of possessive pleasure to hit him quite as hard as it did when he caught sight of the tattoo on Ilya's finger as Ilya's hand rested over his chest. He felt it like a brand when Ilya's fingers slipped inside him to stretch him out for his cock, felt it burning against the delicate skin of his throat when Ilya choked him, felt it like sugar on his tongue when he took Ilya's fingers into his mouth. Shane had always been obsessed with Ilya's hands, but it was like a new level of desire had been unlocked in him.

It wasn't just one way, too. Ilya's eyes fluttered closed every time Shane put his hand on his cheek, as if the mere memory of the tattoo calmed him. He took Shane's fingers into his mouth too, spending what felt like hours on his knees, getting Shane's fingers soaked with spit before urging him onto his knees and watching Shane work his fingers into his own hole, running his finger over the tattoo even when inside Shane. He always kept his hand on Shane, especially when they went out, arm wrapped around his waist like they were one being.

They still wore their rings, but Ilya didn't seem so anxious anymore. He kissed Shane's ring finger every night, right over the tattoo, before they went to sleep. Shane's heart felt three sizes too big for his chest. He loved him so, so much. He had no idea giving Ilya Rozanov his hotel room number all those years ago could lead to this, but he was so impossibly grateful for it, for everything.

"Thank you," Ilya said, seriously, one night, his back against Shane's chest. Usually they slept face to face, or with Shane as the little spoon, but some nights Ilya just liked being held.

Shane would never complain, his husband was so sweet and warm in his arms, beyond perfect for him.

“For what?” Shane kissed the back of his neck, unable to help himself, Ilya’s skin like a siren song for his lips.

“You noticed.”

“Hm?”

“You noticed. I did not like no ring. You fixed it.”

Shane felt his face heating up, burying his head into Ilya’s shoulder. “It was no big deal.”

“It was,” Ilya insisted, voice soft and warm with a thread of gentle vulnerability that only came from years and years of trust. “You love me. You care. You want me happy.”

“Of course,” Shane whispered. Of course he loved him, of course he cared, of course he wanted Ilya happy more than anything in the world. “I’d do anything for you. You’re my husband. The love of my life, always.”

Ilya let out a little choked noise. Shane took his hand, rubbing his finger over his wedding ring, pushing it up a bit and pressing a kiss to the tattooed skin underneath it. He waited for Ilya to collect his thoughts. After a couple of minutes, Ilya spoke, voice a little shaky. “I love you too. You are my everything.”

God. It had been years together, but it still made his heartbeat speed up any time Ilya said he loved him, just like the first time. Shane kissed his tattoo again. As much as he teased Ilya for being obsessed with the tattoos, Shane was almost worse. He kissed it again, pressing all his love against those little black words.

Shane turned Ilya around, pressing a kiss to his forehead. His eyes were so wide, shining in the darkness. Shane kissed him again, he couldn’t help it. *My everything*.

They were so in love, Shane almost couldn’t believe it – but somehow, he was lucky enough for it to be real.

End Notes

Hello and thank you all so much for reading. I mentioned a bit in the beginning notes about burnout and just wanted to thank everyone again for all the support and love which is helping me through it, not to get too sappy LOL. This fanbase is just very kind and supportive :) I will be here writing through the hiatus so we can all get through it together.

If you liked the fic, please feel free to leave any kudos and kind comments as it means a lot to me! Also, come talk to me on [twitter \(18+\)](#).

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