Temporary Tattoos

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Temporary Tattoos

by recension

Summary

A honeymoon cut-scene. Shane Hollander falls victim to Olive Young marketing tactics. Ilya Rozanov really loves Shane’s freckled cheeks.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It had been such a stupid *silly* idea.

Deep in the web shop where he ordered respectable Korean skincare and clean seaweed-infused shampoos, the sidebar had recommended all sorts of items: jellied lipglosses and eyelash curlers. None of them had caught his eye until the last visit to order, when a promotion for freckle temporary tattoos jumped out at him.

Ilya had been on his ass about the honeymoon, teasing him with links to cheap unabashedly revealing clubwear and highly-expensive designer swimsuits. Ilya texted links nearly daily, usually with the same joke: “Don’t worry. I’ll get two.” Occasionally the purchases were jokes but an alarming amount of boxes had shown up to the house in the weeks leading up to their trip.

Shane had laughed it off and made no plans to deviate his own wardrobe even if Ilya packed him several gold lamé banana hammocks, concerning himself more with having twice as much underwear to plan for inevitable leakage and his shortest inseams for runs-as-foreplay.

But the temporary tattoos called to him. A mix of tiny star shapes and fake freckles. He added the package to his cart and checked out quickly before he could second guess.

He didn’t really look at them again until night two in Ibiza, when he’d snuck away for a shower after their afternoon in the villa’s pool, heavily implying he was scrubbing and prepping within an inch of his life. He had done that first, but was soon craning his neck to align the tattoos and pressing a damp washcloth against the paper. Holding for 30 seconds. Peeling the paper.

There was a slight metallic glint to them, catching the light until there was a happy smattering across the tops of each of his ass cheeks.

Like anything he did for his husband’s enjoyment, just the act felt like a turn on.

He tapped the excess water off the skin and carefully tugged his fresh boxers back up to his hips.

When Shane found him, Ilya hadn’t moved from the beach recliner. His jaw was slightly slack, sunglasses askew, golden curls a mess. Asleep.

“Rozanov,” Shane tapped his cheek, a bit harder than necessary. “You’re gonna burn.”

Ilya woke with a brief fleet of rage, the expression softening as he took in the man who blocked the sun. Radiating with light around his damp hair, only in his underwear, smelling fresh. *Shane.*

Words still escaped Ilya for a moment, he only reached for his offended jaw to rub. “What? I was having a nice sleep. You were taking forever.”

“Ready now,” Shane tossed the bottle of lube at his chest and sauntered—*fucking sauntered*—back inside without him.

For a moment Ilya thought the bottle was the sunscreen, but the distinctive round cap of their favorite brand could not be mistaken.

Game on.

Shane had reset the bedroom. They'd kept the housekeeper away but the bed was made, a towel laid and Shane atop it. There was no challenge here, nothing to win, just the hope that Ilya would smile at the surprise.

"What if I am too tired from the sun? I am not just your sex machine," the Russian complained with a distinct lack of venom, taking his time. He went for a fresh beer and a handful of grapes first, hard stepping feet padding across the wood floors of the rented apartment.

"Unwrap me anyway," Shane prodded him, feeling his own cock swell at the anticipation.

He angled to the doorway to watch as Ilya crossed the threshold. *Fuck.* Gold cross glinting, messy happy trail disappearing into his criminally European swimsuit, the man was sex on legs.

"Did you use the plug?" Ilya guessed joyfully, picking up on Shane's playful side. He necked half his beer before bothering to shuffle out of his flip flops, taking his time in removing his own clothes.

"No," Shane faced the headboard again, wiggling his hips.

Ilya moved quick, a pair of fingers dipping into the elastic at each hip and wrenching the fabric down. Shane keened, lifting his hips and adjusting over his own erection, rolling his ass.

"You like my freckles so much I thought…"

Ilya's fingers brushed the tattoos, thumb tracing the marks. "*Stars*," he mumbled in Russian, sounding almost dazed. "Real tattoo?"

Shane laughed, surprised when the fingers were joined by a hot wet kiss, appreciative and unhurried, nipping and unabashed. The laugh died in his throat.

"Shane…?"

"No," Shane found his voice, "fake ones. Stickers."

The fingers returned, a strong thumb massaging at the muscle. From somewhere behind him, a disappointed little hum escaped Ilya.

"You like?"

"*Da*," Ilya squeezed, kissing up his husband's back, up to his shoulders, the thumb wandering from deep in the muscle to plunge at his half-damp half-stretched hole. "I fell in love with

your freckles the moment I saw you," he claimed, as he had many times before, though they both knew it was an embellishment.

Shane had turned, hoping for a kiss when the finger plunged in. He gasped and Ilya attacked with a ferocious kiss, his tongue plundering. Ilya pulled back and settled on the bed beside him, focusing on his task.

"Should I make them permanent?"

"Forever?" Ilya clarified the definition of the word even though he knew it. Shane just nodded.

Ilya's gaze was knowing, pupils dilating as they traveled between Shane's freckles and his lips, back finally to his dark eyes. Ilya's thumb pressed further in challenge, relishing the squish of soft flesh. "Your body," he reminded Shane, stealing a kiss off his real freckles. They'd come out in the sun, darker and so many of them.

"I think I like them. It's cute," Shane admitted.

Ilya nodded, tugging his attention to the bottle he'd forgotten about. He pulled his hand away and squirted a puddle of lube between his forefingers to replace his thumb, beginning a concerted ritual of stretch. "Sexy," Ilya corrected, nipping a kiss at his lover's shoulder. "Would be sexier to get 81 freckles."

Shane groaned, mostly at the feeling of more fingers probing his swollen hole and the promise they brought with them. He lifted his hips slightly to press back.

Ilya's hand took the opportunity to slip through his legs and cup at his balls squeezing very gently, thumb stroking the seam of his scrotum and back up to the hole. His cock nudged against the cleft of Shane's ass, demanding imminent attention.

"Eighty-one," Shane repeated. it would be like having Ilya's name on his ass but in a way no one would question in the showers. The new team wouldn't know any different. His brain was beginning to melt into the soft agreeable state Ilya loved keeping him in. Not submissive, not really, *obedient*, more like. Needy. Greedy.

"There are tattoo shops in Spain. You could return with souvenir," Ilya smiled, stealing more kisses against his back. "I will pay," he mumbled, as if that was the issue.

Shane's mind flitted to the mistake that could be. He wanted all the days they had left not worrying about chlorine and sunscreen and sweat and cum in pinprick open wounds, but his mind was made up when Ilya's hand returned to massaging the muscle.

Ilya turned him onto his side and slid inside, wrenching his thigh up and holding him firm. He'd been inside of Shane already that morning, early erections and sleepy comfort but this was different. This Shane had earned.

"What will you get for me, then?" Shane asked, biting hard on his lip when Ilya's hand fell to his neglected cock and gave it a firm tug, mouth burying in his trap for a nibbling kiss.

“Jesus,” he moaned, “24 what?”

“Fuck, wedding ring not good enough?” Ilya’s grip on his dick tightened, thrusts beginning in earnest. “Orgasms,” he promised, little else on his mind. “Gallons of cum, Stanley Cups,” his mouth grew lazy over the words, pressing his hips firm against his husband. Buried to the hilt and pushing for more, Ilya tugged his hand away to slide up Shane’s abs, gripping at his pect. Between his fingers, he pinched Shane’s nipple and rolled it. “Borzois,” he joked, knowing they had been very casually discussing company for Anya.

“Ilya,” Shane groaned, reaching to grip at the bed beneath him and hang on.

“Whatever you want,” Ilya added, voice edging on serious. “*Love of my life*,” he grumbled in Russian, focusing hard on the snap of his hips and the burn in his thighs.

Shane ignored his screaming cock to reach a hand back, fingertips digging into Ilya’s hard-working thigh. “*Stallion*,” he returned in poor Russian. “*You fuck me so good*,” he mumbled in slightly more practiced Russian.

The growl out of his husband was worth the studying, always, and the doubled pace it inspired made him go lightheaded.

“You never count the feathers?” Ilya grunted, brain barely functioning as he finally unlocked the right angle. Shane’s hole gripped hard. He was close.

Shane’s mind was throbbing, blood racing and helpless as Ilya pounded against his prostate. He held his breath for a long moment and exhaled quick, “Fuck, Ilya—”

Shane gasped, lungs straining to fill before a choked whimper came out of him. He came, seizing up abs curling as his cock exploded, twitching and red across his belly and the towel below.

Ilya wasted little time, burying completely and letting go, laying heavy pets and heavier panting kisses on everything he could reach until his own release was spent. He grunted, satisfied and let his firm grip fall back to his husband’s sensitive cock to milk the last spurt from Shane, slipping to rub at his sack with tenderness.

“You never counted the feathers?” Ilya mumbled again, still breathless, sucking teeth threatening to leave a bruising hickey on Shane’s shoulder. “On the loon?”

His tattoo?

Shane *had* never counted the feathers. He shook his head, barely conscious as he enjoyed catching his breath in the afterglow. “No, I’ve never counted them,” he opened his eyes to Ilya’s gaze.

“Not twenty-three feathers, not twenty-five,” Ilya mumbled, teeth finally sinking in to Shane's skin, briefly. His hand wandered back to the fake freckles on Shane’s fantastic ass, strumming the dots as he caught his breath.

Shane would count himself to verify eventually but in the moment he believed, turning to bring his mouth closer, open for another kiss.

End Notes

Fandom so fun I had to write these two crazy kids.

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