

My body's yours and you know it too

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/83661151) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/83661151>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/F , M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Rose Landry/Svetlana Vetrova
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Svetlana Vetrova , Rose Landry , Hayden Pike , Jackie Pike , Hayden Pike's Children , Wyatt Hayes , Troy Barrett , Harris Drover , Zane Boodram , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	5+1 Things , post TLG , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Married Couple , Married Life , Established Relationship , Established Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Walks Ilya Rozanov Like A Dog , Ilya Rozanov is Obsessed With Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander is Obsessed With Ilya Rozanov , Ottawa Centaurs (Game Changers) , Supportive Ottawa Centaurs (Game Changers) , Rough Kissing , Neck Kissing , Hickeys , 5+1 hickeys , Possessive Sex , possessive kink , Possessive Ilya Rozanov , Possessive Shane Hollander , Jealous Shane Hollander , Jealous Ilya Rozanov , Gratuitous Smut , Autistic Shane Hollander , POV Alternating , Soft Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander Speaks Russian , Blow Jobs , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , Doggy Style , Shane Hollander Rides Ilya Rozanov , Freak4Freak Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Horny Shane Hollander , Horny Ilya Rozanov , Dorks in Love , Husbands , Pet Names , Shane Hollander Calls Ilya Rozanov "Baby" , Ilya Rozanov Calls Shane Hollander a Slut , Ilya Rozanov Calls Shane Hollander "Baby" , Ilya Rozanov Calls Shane Hollander "Sweetheart"
Language:	English
Series:	Part 19 of In a world post TLG
Stats:	Published: 2026-04-24 Words: 10,563 Chapters: 1/1

My body's yours and you know it too

by [mickeysmyheart](#)

Summary

This made him realize something else about himself— something he's never felt before, something he never thought he'd be. Ilya realized just how possessive he is over Shane and their marriage.

or

5 times Ilya marks Shane and 1 time Shane marks Ilya aka the hickey fic

Notes

hiiiiii you little freaks

i saw a tweet (i would link below but its no longer in my bookmarks & i cant search for it) that sparked an idea for a 5+1 centered around leaving hickeys. i love me a possessive4possessive ass couple and i need to recenter being strict about my favs.

hope yall enjoy it 🤔👉👈

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

The one good thing about being outed as being in a relationship with the man deemed your rival is that now that it's out there Ilya can just live his life with that man that he's been in love with since they were only seventeen and he first laid eyes on Shane with his beautiful freckles and pink cheeks.

He supposes Hayden did them a huge favor by outing them accidentally, it's secretly what Ilya had been wanting to just happen— not to be outed— but for the world to know. The aftermath of the outing was *a lot*. They had a lot of support and a lot of hate but none of it even mattered to Ilya. The only thing that mattered was that he and Shane could just be themselves and love each other openly for the first time in over a decade.

When Ilya joined the Centaurs he began using social media more frequently and would make posts that were secretly about Shane and their relationship. Now Ilya gets to openly post about his husband and the love he has for him.

Ilya discovered something since they've been a public couple, and that's how much people just don't care about your relationship status and will still slide into your husband's DMs as if he isn't regularly posting about Ilya, his *husband*.

This made him realize something else about himself— something he's never felt before, something he never thought he'd be. Ilya realized just how *possessive* he is over Shane and their marriage.

Ilya has no reason to be jealous— he's not. Well, not really. He *hates* seeing the infinite messages Shane still receives from fans, other players, and celebrities. He knows none of it matters because Shane loves *him*, he only wants *him*. So no, he's not always jealous, but he is always possessive.

Ilya doesn't *want* people to send Shane messages that are suggestive even if his sweet husband doesn't think they are. He doesn't *want* people to flirt with Shane at public events. He doesn't *want* people to actually think they have some sort of shot with Shane. He *wants* them to know that Shane belongs to Ilya, just like Ilya belongs to Shane.

This possessiveness that takes form starts innocently and is why Ilya didn't even realize he was developing a possession kink for Shane.

It's the summer right before Shane's first season with the Centaurs and Ilya's been having the best time off with his husband and soon to be teammate. Ilya doesn't remember ever being this happy. All of his happiest memories— except for a few with his mom— have taken place with Shane.

It's nearing the end of August and The Pike family have come to their cottage for three days to hang out before their kids go back to school and Shane and Ilya need to get back to Ottawa and get ready for the season. Ilya loves the Pike kids, they're all extremely cute and super funny. Hopefully they will be better hockey players than their father, Ilya will make sure of it. He also loves spending time with Jackie, she always makes Ilya feel included and thought of. He wasn't too fond of having to spend a couple nights with Hayden at his cottage, but he would get to tease him and that will always be fun.

With the spare bedrooms all having king sized beds, all four kids were able to share a room while Hayden and Jackie got their own as well. That first day was a lot of fun but also draining, Ilya was really happy when it was time to finally slip away together to their own bedroom. Ilya was tired and so was Shane, but they finally have a moment to be alone just the two of them, and all Ilya wants is to sink deep inside of his husband and make him come apart.

Ilya opens Shane up with his fingers while Shane tries hard to keep himself quiet since they have guests. It turns Ilya on even more thinking about how Shane's closest friends could potentially hear them having sex— could hear just how much Shane loves it when Ilya fucks him hard and deep.

Ilya's deep inside of him, moaning into his neck as he speeds up his movements a bit. Shane's moaning, "*Just like that, baby— fuck.*"

Shane's hands are holding Ilya's face and Ilya takes Shane's right hand and pins it above his head, exposing his underarm to Ilya, who will kiss any part of the man he loves. He puts his face into Shane's armpit and inhales, moaning at the scent that's so purely *Shane*, he can feel himself close to the edge.

“*Ilya*, ” Shane moans, his back arching as Ilya slams into his prostate. “*Please, moy milyy*, ” he adds in Russian knowing it’ll drive Ilya to the edge.

Ilya kisses and sucks all over Shane’s bicep and armpit, before kissing back up to, and all over, his neck. He brings his lips up to Shane’s ear and moans, “Come for me, *moy lyubov*’, *please*, wanna feel you come on my cock.”

It works instantly, Shane comes hard between them untouched as he moans into the kiss Ilya gives him to quiet their moans as Ilya comes inside of Shane.

They both laugh softly before Ilya pulls out of Shane gently, kissing him sweetly on the nose and his cheek before getting them both cleaned up. They fall asleep as soon as they’re back in bed and in each other’s arms.

In the late morning, they’re all by the lake, enjoying the sun and the water. The twins keep asking Shane and Ilya to throw them into the water because they’re confident in their swimming abilities now. Arthur and Amber, not so much yet, so they stay with Hayden and Jackie while they both also have floaties on.

Ruby pops back out of the water and swims over to Shane again while Ilya tosses Jade one more time. He watches as Jade then pops back out of the water then looks back over at Shane who is lifting Ruby back into the air. Just as he’s tossing her into the water, Hayden says, “Hey, what’s that under your arm?”

Shane looks over at Hayden while Ilya can’t keep his eyes off Shane who’s close enough for Ilya to see blush even more in the hot sun. “What?” he asks Hayden.

“Like right near your pit, man,” Hayden tells him, laughing awkwardly. “There’s like a really dark mark there.”

Shane is blushing like crazy and Ilya can’t help but grin as he watches him. “Ha! Kinda looks like a hickey,” Jackie says, making Ilya laugh. He loves how upfront she is, it never fails to make him laugh.

Shane turns his little angry kitten scowl at him as Hayden says, “Near your armpit? Gross, Rozanov.”

Ilya looks over at Jackie and says, “I am sorry Hayden is such a boring lover.” Ilya knows Hayden must satisfy her enough that they keep making babies but he loves to rile Hayden up.

Jackie snickers as Hayden flips him off. “Screw you, Rozanov,” he tells him.

The twins scold him for saying a bad word and Ilya agrees with them, grinning over at Hayden to taunt him. Jackie tells the girls to come out of the water so she can put more sunscreen on them and they can have a snack before going back in. Ilya floats closer to Shane unassumingly before tackling him in the water. After they resurface, Shane splashes him before allowing Ilya to pull him into his arms, the water resting just under their chests.

Ilya lifts Shane’s arm to see the mark just next to his armpit. He remembers exactly when that was last night and it makes his cock twitch in his swim shorts. Shane blushes as he puts his arm back down. Ilya leans into his neck, making Shane tilt his head back again, giving Ilya better access to his neck now that the Pikes all got out of the water to go back to the little picnic area they set up. Ilya nips at Shane’s jaw before taking it in his hand, pulling Shane’s mouth to his.

He says softly against his lips, “So fucking hot,” before he kisses him hard, slipping his tongue into his mouth. Shane moans into the kiss, pulling Ilya’s waist closer to him. Ilya devours Shane’s mouth, his hand lightly wrapping around Shane’s throat before moving to the back of his neck. “All mine,” Ilya moans against his lips before he trails his lips across his face and down his neck.

They’re interrupted by Jackie saying, “Uncle Shane, the girls want you to start working on the barbecue,” before leaving them alone again.

They both laugh softly and begin making their way out of the water to rejoin the Pike family. For now, Ilya will tuck away how good it felt not having to hold back on leaving a hickey on Shane and having other people see it. There’s no question on who left it and it sends

adrenaline coursing through him that there's some small little proof that Shane belongs to Ilya.

*

The next time Ilya realizes how much he *loves* it when other people notice hickeys on Shane is when they're changing in the Centaur's locker room post-win against San Francisco. Earlier that morning at home, Ilya was like a feral animal all over his husband. They always try to get a round in the morning of a game because as much as they hate to admit it, Hayden was right, Shane— and Ilya by extension— always play better after they've had sex.

Like most of their morning sex, it started out slow. Ilya slid inside of Shane, both of them laying on their sides, until Ilya needed to be able to see him, needing badly to get his mouth on him. He pulled out of Shane long enough to get on top before pushing back in. Shane moaned loudly and wrapped his legs around Ilya's waist, and held him close. Ilya buried his face in Shane's neck, kissing and sucking marks all over. Shane loved every second of it. He was moaning loudly, his nails digging into Ilya's back, begging for Ilya to fuck him harder.

Neither Ilya or Shane were aware that any marks might have been left until this moment when they're changing and Troy just has to say something.

"Jesus, Hollzy," he says, making Ilya's eyes snap over to his husband who is shirtless and Ilya can see the litter of small hickeys all over his neck, and even some on his chest.

"What?" Shane asks, confused, looking over to Ilya.

Ilya can't help but smirk as he sees Shane look in a mirror and sees all the hickeys. He blushes furiously— his cheeks, neck, and chest all turn bright pink. Ilya's dick twitches in his gear seeing how shy Shane is by everyone gawking at all the love bites on him.

"You a fucking vampire, Roz?" Wyatt asks, laughing.

Ilya walks over to Shane so he can see them closer before he says, “Needed to make sure you fuckers know he’s mine.”

“How could we possibly ever forget? You remind us every day,” Bood shouts across the room.

“You’re an idiot,” Shane says as he shoves him lightly, but Ilya can see the small smile on his lips. Shane likes this too. He likes the attention. He likes everyone knowing he belongs to Ilya. He likes it because Shane knows that Ilya also belongs to him. Ilya is the one who marked him up like a thirsty vampire, wanting everyone to know *he* put those marks there. But Shane is the one who begs for it— begs him for more, more, more, *please, Ilya*— who is he to deny such beautiful pleas?

As they all start to head out of the locker room, changed and fresh from their showers, they ask Shane and Ilya if they’re going to join them for some drinks to celebrate.

“Not tonight, I’m beat,” Shane tells them.

“You must be sore from whatever got you all those bites today,” Wyatt teases.

Shane blushes and Ilya puts his arm over his shoulders. “Hazy, shut the fuck up,” he tells him with no real heat to it. “My husband wants to go home so we are going home. Enjoy boys, but not too much, we have a flight tomorrow,” he adds, doing his captain duty.

“Aye aye, Cap,” Wyatt says, saluting him. Luca, Bood, and Troy all mimic him before they start laughing.

Ilya takes Shane’s hand and leads him to their car. Shane had driven them to the arena but Ilya takes the keys and Shane doesn’t fight him on it, he just gets in the passenger side and slumps back into the seat as Ilya starts the car. Ilya puts his right hand on Shane’s thigh and Shane takes it in his, intertwining their fingers, keeping them together on his lap. Shane’s quiet the whole drive, just looking out the window into the dark streets, every so often squeezing Ilya’s hand. After all these years with Shane and finally being able to spend more intimate time with him, he’s learned a lot about his husband. Like how after games, he’d

rather be silent on the drive home. Like how he prefers to drive them but doesn't mind being the passenger princess after a particularly tough game. Like how his thumb gently rubs against Ilya's hand when he holds it. Every new thing he learns or every new quirk, makes Ilya fall even more in love with Shane and he has no idea how that's even possible.

When they're finally in bed together, both of them stripped down to just their briefs, Ilya leans on his elbow, looking down at all the hickeys left on Shane's skin from that morning. He traces his finger over them gently from his neck down to his chest.

Shane moans softly at the light touch and Ilya's cock twitches at the sound. Ilya takes Shane's chin in his hand, turning his head slightly to look up at him. "You like your little love bites, moya lyubov'?" he asks him in a low deep voice.

He can see Shane's pupils dilate before he nods. "Yes," he answers because he knows Ilya likes hearing Shane speak.

"You like it that everyone knows I put them there?"

"Yes," he says, breathlessly.

Ilya lets go of Shane's chin so that he can get on top of Shane, pressing himself against him. Both of their hard cocks press against each other and Shane moans, bucking his hips up into Ilya.

Ilya smirks before he teasingly leans in for a kiss and instead moves his head down to his neck to lick at one of the hickeys. Shane moans as Ilya nips each and every hickey he left on his husband's soft skin.

After a few minutes of Ilya slowly torturing him, Shane moans desperately, "*Please.*"

"Tell me, baby," Ilya says, knowing the effect that particular pet name has on his husband.

“Need you,” he says, bucking his hips up again.

“Need me to what?” Ilya teases, his lips on his neck leaving wet kisses over the littering of small hickeys.

“Fuck me,” he says, breathlessly. *“Ilya, please.”*

God, he loves it when Shane is desperate for him.

Ilya reaches for the lube and slicks his fingers up before he slowly starts to open Shane up for him. He’s a little stretched out from this morning but not enough. Shane’s moaning below him, fucking back onto his fingers.

“Fuck, Shane, you’re so desperate for it,” he moans into his ear as he adds a third finger.

Shane moans, throwing his head back as Ilya rubs against his prostate. Ilya sucks another mark into his neck right by a cluster of smaller ones and that has Shane moaning wantonly. *“Baby, please—”* he chokes out as Ilya removes his fingers and replaces them with his cock.

Ilya fucks him hard and deep, drawing out all of Shane’s desperate moans. *“Fuck, sweetheart, you look so good with all my love bites on you, getting fucked deep,”* he tells him, watching the way a blush spreads across his neck and chest, making those dark purple hickeys stand out more.

“I love your love bites,” Shane tells him, his nails digging into his lower back as his left leg lifts up more, giving Ilya a better angle to go deeper. *“Fuck, right there—”*

“Tell me what you love about them,” Ilya says, picking up the pace as he fucks Shane harder, faster, over and over into that same spot that makes Shane arch his back and throw his head back into the pillow.

“The way they feel,” Shane manages to say.

Ilya presses on one of the hickeys on his chest and Shane moans. “What else?”

“That— *fuck*— that you can leave them and not force yourself to stop,” Shane says.

Ilya goes soft at that. They’ve had to hide for so many years and stop themselves from leaving physical reminders on each other but now they don’t have to. Knowing Shane loves that they don’t have to stop— that Ilya can leave these little love bites on him— has him getting closer to the edge.

“What else, baby? You like it when people see them, yes?” he asks.

“Yes,” Shane moans. “*Fuck*— yes, I love it— love when people know you did that— *fuuu*— that you left them on my skin,” he says, his legs tightening around his waist. “I’m so close, *please, Ilya.*”

“My impatient slut,” Ilya practically growls into his ear making Shane moan louder. “Not yet, sweetheart,” he tells him softly, before he kisses him sweetly on the lips. Shane slips his tongue into his mouth and Ilya moans deeply into it. “Tell me more,” he says against his lips before trailing his lips back to Shane’s neck, licking over every hickey he already left.

“I’m yours to mark up whenever you want,” Shane says quickly, breathlessly, trying hard not to come yet. “I got a little hard in the locker room when I first saw them on my skin— all dark and purple.”

“*Fuck, Shane,*” Ilya moans, nipping at his jaw before Shane’s hands take his face in his hands and kisses him hard, his tongue deep in his mouth. Shane pulls back from the kiss but doesn’t let go of his face. Ilya says, “You’re mine,” as he bites Shane’s bottom lip, sucking it into his mouth and letting it go with a pop.

“Yours. Only ever yours,” Shane agrees, moaning softly.

“*Fuuuuck*,” Ilya moans as he fucks Shane even harder, “Come all over my cock, baby.”

Shane moans loudly as he comes hard between them, all over their sweaty skin, his hands still deep in Ilya’s curls, gripping on tight. Ilya buries his face in Shane’s neck as he comes hard inside of him, sucking one more hickey on his neck just because he can.

Ilya collapses on top of him and Shane laughs softly, caressing his back soothingly. “Fuck, that was so hot,” he says softly before kissing Ilya’s forehead.

Ilya tilts his head so he can kiss Shane’s lips softly. “*You* are so hot,” he tells him before kissing his chin.

Shane blushes and kisses him once more on the lips before Ilya cleans them up and they both fall asleep the second Ilya’s arms are wrapped around Shane.

*

By the time the Centaurs make it back to Ottawa after travelling for eleven days for seven away games, Ilya’s never been more excited to see his in-laws. He and Shane just got to the Hollanders’ home for dinner and Ilya cannot wait to sink his teeth into David’s chicken parm.

Ilya is also very excited to see his best girl, Anya, who has had a lovely week and a half with grandma and grandpa. Somehow they spoil her more than Ilya does. Shane is always complaining about how many toys she has at both houses even though she doesn’t play with half of them. Ilya hands her yet another new toy because if you think he’s leaving her for more than a week without getting her something you’re out of your mind. She takes the toy and runs to her bed to inspect it.

After they've eaten, the four of them are sitting at the table, while Yuna gets the dessert from the kitchen. She places a small platter of fruit on the table with some homemade chocolate chip cookies she made before sitting back down across from Shane and next to David. Ilya's not sure how it happened but ever since the first time he met them, this has been their seating arrangement anytime the four of them get together.

Shane removes his hoodie, pulling it over his head and fixing his t-shirt underneath since it had ridden up. He's wearing a regular dark blue t-shirt that looks a little tighter on his arms now that they've gotten bigger. Ilya has to control himself since his in-laws are sitting across from him.

"What happened to your arm?" Yuna asks, pointing to Shane's left arm.

Ilya looks at it just as Shane does, both of them realizing Ilya left a big hickey on his bicep. "I, uh—" Shane stutters before making something up, "I must have been hit hard at one of the games."

Ilya can't help but the laugh that escapes. He covers his mouth with his hand just as Shane kicks him. "Sorry," he says softly. "Yes, hmm, that must be it," he teases because he can already see the look on Yuna's face— she knows.

"Right, alright then," Yuna tries to move on but then David asks, "Did I miss something?"

Ilya laughs again as Yuna chuckles. Shane shakes his head and says, "Nope, no— it's nothing, dad."

"It's a hickey," Yuna tells him.

Shane groans in embarrassment as a blush forms all over his cheeks and neck. Ilya can't help but grin. He puts his hand on the back of Shane's neck, rubbing him there soothingly. "It's fine, moya lyubov'," he says softly.

“Yeah, you know we don’t care,” Yuna says.

Ilya puts his other hand out to be like *see*, then adds, “I am sure you two left a lot of hickeys on each other back in the day.”

“Ilya, gross!” Shane groans, dropping his head to the table. Ilya keeps his hand on his neck softly.

“Oh, she was—“ David starts to say but Yuna puts her hand on his arm and says, “Alright, have some cookies.”

Ilya laughs softly as David kisses Yuna’s cheek and Shane hides his face from this conversation. Ilya leans down to put his face to Shane’s, kissing him softly on the lips much like he did when they first came out about their relationship to Shane’s parents.

“I hate you,” Shane mumbles after the kiss.

“Liar,” Ilya says, squeezing the back of his neck and giving him his big grin that Shane can never resist.

Shane laughs softly before lifting his head. Ilya is about to remove his hand from Shane’s neck but Shane looks at him and shakes his head softly. Ilya keeps his hand on the back of Shane’s neck. Ilya lightly runs his fingers up into his hair at the back of his head, scratching at his scalp lightly. He smiles softly at the way Shane leans into his touch and seems to fully relax.

After a few moments, Ilya does let him go so he can take a cookie because they look too good to not have one. And to Ilya’s surprise, Shane also takes a cookie right after him. Ilya smiles at him when Shane looks at him shyly. He blushes before looking down and taking a bite of his cookie.

They lock back into the conversation with Yuna and David about hockey, of course, and how well the team has been doing with both of them.

“We click now,” Ilya tells them, their eyes looking over at him. “The team was finally starting to work well when Troy joined but it took a while for us to start winning.” Ilya looks over at Shane, “Now that we also have Shane, we will win the Cup.”

Shane takes Ilya’s hand in his and squeezes it, placing their intertwined hands in his lap, as he smiles at him fondly.

*

The Centaurs won the Stanley Cup, and now Shane, Ilya, Luca, Troy, Harris, and Coach Wiebe are in Vegas for the NHL awards. Harris is documenting the whole thing for socials since Luca, Shane, and Ilya are nominated and Troy is presenting an award. It should be a fun night. Ilya is looking forward to being here with his husband now that they are a public couple. So many of their memories from here are so intense so he’s looking forward to making some new ones. After the awards, they have a good time with their friends, drink a bit, then Ilya takes Shane to their suite where he devours every inch of his husband who just won MVP.

Ilya has Shane on all fours as he’s driving into him hard, both of them moaning, Shane definitely whimpering. Ilya pulls Shane up to his chest as he fucks up into him, keeping his body pressed to him with his arm. His right hand gripping his hip as he fucks him harder, faster. Shane moans loudly as Ilya leaves wet kisses on his shoulder, on his back, wherever he can reach.

“My winner,” Ilya moans hotly into his ear making Shane moan louder. Shane lifts his arm to reach back and grab onto Ilya’s hair, holding his face in the crook of his neck. Ilya sucks on his shoulder before he tells Shane to stroke himself and they both come hard and loudly, Ilya’s mouth on Shane’s shoulder. Ilya slowly pulls out and lays Shane down gently before laying down next to him. Shane laughs softly and Ilya smiles at him.

It’s a voiceless agreement to get up and shower together before getting themselves dried and back in bed with clean sheets.

The next afternoon, Ilya's swimming in the pool at their hotel while Shane lays on a chair with his sunglasses up and his shirt off, eyes closed as he relaxes in the sun. Ilya lifts himself out of the pool right by Shane and shakes himself off by him so he gets a bit wet, much like the time they were in Florida for the all-star game.

Shane laughs softly. "Thanks, it was getting hot," he tells him as Ilya sits down on his chair, by Shane's feet. "How's the water?"

"Good, you should go in," Ilya says before leaning in and kissing him softly on the lips. Shane smiles when Ilya pulls back a bit, his hands on either side of him on the chair, keeping him where he is. "I want to see you all wet and what's the word? Where you shine?"

"Glistening?" Shane says.

"Yes. I want to see you all wet and glistening," Ilya says in a low deep voice.

Shane blushes, smiling softly. "Only when you go back in," he tells him.

They spend a little less than two hours by the pool before heading back to their suite where they shower. Ilya's lounging on the bed in one of the robes while he scrolls on social media. He shares some of the stories that Harris tagged him in from the Centaurs account and even makes a little photodump of his own of pictures he took these past two days— mostly of him and Shane or just of Shane.

He closes Instagram and opens Twitter. He retweets some of the Centaurs tweets to his main account before switching over to his private burner account that he uses to see what fans are saying about him and Shane. Shane always says he doesn't know why Ilya even made a burner account, that it doesn't matter what people are saying but he secretly loves hearing the things Ilya sees.

Shane is walking over to the bed when Ilya sees a photo of them at the pool today. There are regular guests at this hotel who must have snapped some pictures of them without them

noticing. Things like that happen a lot but this is the first time he's seeing a photo of the two of them kissing being posted all over *hollanov twitter*. Ilya noticed that once he and Shane went public, there's a whole subsection of the hockey fandom that turned into a Hollanov fandom— that's their last names put together which is called a ship name. Ilya learned a lot from lurking on the app. He likes it because he sees cute pictures of Shane compared to bunnies or kittens.

He sees another photo that's taken from the back and it's when they got up to go back in the water but the photos are of just Shane's back and zoomed on his shoulder and upper back.

@multifandomsgal: uhhh are those what i think they are???

@falafel_waffle: it definitely is

@24hollzy: OMG?????

@hollander24: is that really shane???

@ilyashollander: check ilya's new insta dump, he posted a photo of them together by the pool

@rozslut81: i knew they were freaks! the fucking hickeys on his back are crazyyyy

@hollanov4lyfe: they had to be in a specific position for this to happen and now it's all i can think about

@911hollanov: so this is how they celebrated shane's mvp win...

@the118shollanov: no fucking way we got a hollanov hickey sighting

@hllnbuddie: shane hollander continues to be the bottom of all time

@shilya8124: maybe stop sharing those photos, they clearly didn't know they were being photographed

“What are you finding on Twitter now?” Shane asks, looking over to his phone from where he’s sitting next to him on the bed. “Is that me?!” he asks.

Ilya shows him some of the tweets he just saw with the photos posted and watches as a blush spreads all over Shane’s cheeks, neck, and chest. He’s also in one of the robes provided by the hotel and Ilya’s thankful for that so he could see just how far this blush spreads. That possessiveness inside of him grows as he watches the way Shane reads some of the tweets he just looked at and blushes at the things he is seeing. Shane is very desired by what feels like everyone in the world and knowing that the hottest man in the NHL as stated by *everyone* is *his husband*. And Shane is in love with him. He is blushing because of the hickeys Ilya left on him. *Fuck*, he’s already so hard.

“What the fuck does bottom of all time mean?” Shane asks, blushing even more. “You know what— never mind. I don’t want to know.”

“You sure?” he teases.

“Fuck off,” Shane says, pushing his arm. “I don’t even know why you have a burner.”

Ilya smiles at him, putting the phone aside to lay Shane back on the bed and get between his legs and lay on top of him. He hovers over him and asks, “Are you okay with photos like that being posted?”

“I mean, not like I can get them down anyway,” Shane says but he’s still blushing.

“You look very hot in them at least,” Ilya tells him teasingly, kissing him softly on the lips, letting his lips linger for a moment. “The fans think we are freaks, if only they knew just how much of a little freak you are, moya lyubov’,” he says before trailing his lips down to Shane’s neck. Shane bucks up into him, he can feel his hard cock pressing up into him already, as he practically whimpers. “Does it get you horny knowing people think we are freaks? That they know that I fucked you from behind last night? That I rewarded your win by fucking you hard and fast, leaving love bites all over your shoulders,” he says as he trails his hand under Shane’s robe to push them off his shoulder.

“Yes, *fuck, Ilya*— I’m so hard, baby, *please*,” Shane moans, trying to get any friction going between them.

Ilya’s hard and leaking seeing how turned on Shane is to know the fans *know* how they fucked last night. He undoes Shane’s robe and gets lower, wrapping his lips around Shane’s hard cock, taking him almost to the base in one go. Shane moans, “*Shit*— oh my God, Ilya,” as he brings his arms up over his head. Ilya’s hard cock leaks on the mattress beneath him, he could probably come just by sucking Shane off and seeing how overstimulated he is.

It doesn’t take long for Shane to come down his throat and for Shane to stroke Ilya until he’s coming hard in his hand. They lay back on the bed and laugh softly, their robes still on but wide open now. Ilya grabs his phone and flips the camera onto them. He presses his head closer to Shane and he takes a picture of them from the neck up. Ilya then turns his face to kiss Shane’s cheek who smiles just as Ilya snaps another picture. These are just for him, not for the fans, they got enough today.

“Send me those,” Shane tells him when they look at them.

Scratch that. These photos are just for him and his husband.

*

Before hockey camp starts for the summer, Shane and Ilya are going on a five day trip to Mexico with Svetlana and Rose who have been together for the past six months or so. They book private villas that are right near each other with private access to the beach from the back.

Ilya is really looking forward to having five days where he can *relax* with his husband. Their friends being there isn’t something Ilya is all that focused on. All he’s focused on is devouring every inch of Shane— and maybe getting a bit of a tan.

They get into their villa that has one bedroom, a kitchen, dining area with access to the patio, private pool, and beach access from there, and a big, beautiful bathroom with a separate tub and shower. They have enough time to freshen up and change before going for dinner with Rose and Svetlana. They’re there long enough to eat before Ilya gets Shane alone in their villa, leaving the girls at the bar where they wanted to have another drink.

They're all over each other as they make their way into their villa, Ilya kicking the door closed behind him as Shane drags Ilya towards the bedroom and to the California King bed, their mouths never parting. Shane's hands are buried in Ilya's hair and Ilya's hands are on Shane's hips.

Shane's legs hit the bed and they both fall onto it, giggling into each other's mouth. They're quick to remove their clothes, tossing them aside— Shane is too in the mood to stop to fold anything and Ilya loves it when Shane's like this, even though he also loves to watch him stop and fold his clothes.

Ilya gets Shane on his back and kisses his way down his body, leaving wet, open mouthed kisses all the way down to his hips. He sucks on his pelvis, right near where his aching, leaking cock is waiting for some attention. Ilya avoids it for now, licking and kissing his way down to his big, thick, fucking thighs that he's been wanting to sink his teeth into since Shane's been wearing shorts more often and has really been putting in the work on leg days.

Ilya lifts Shane's right leg up as he puts his mouth on the inner part of his thigh, higher up right near where he can see his cock leak even more as he sucks on his thigh. "*Ilya*," he moans softly.

Ilya looks up at him, keeping his mouth on his thigh, sucking and biting into the soft skin until Shane is writhing above him. He finally takes Shane's cock in his mouth and Shane arches his back, bucking his hips up into Ilya's mouth. Ilya puts his hand on his hip, holding him down as his right hand trails up his body to grab his pec.

Shane puts his hand on top of Ilya's as he whimpers. Ilya slowly pulls off so that he can get the lube he left on the bedside table when they got in earlier. He opens Shane up with his fingers before he's panting and begging for more. Ilya pushes the head of his cock inside of his husband and keeps going until he bottoms out.

Shane digs his fingers into Ilya's lower back as he wraps his legs around his waist. Ilya fucks him hard and fast, both of them so close to the edge already, it doesn't take long for them to come hard, panting into each others mouths.

Ilya lays down next to Shane, both of them trying to regain their breaths before they get up and head to the bathroom to take a shower in their beautiful and *huge* shower that has a rainfall showerhead. Ilya definitely needs to get on his knees for Shane— and maybe even fuck him— in this shower before they have to get back to Ottawa. And in the tub that's right by the window looking out at the patio. He will have Shane ride him in that tub and he will fuck him in that shower before they leave this place.

The next morning, Shane and Rose are doing yoga together on the patio of Shane and Ilya's villa while Ilya and Svetlana sit on the outdoor sofa watching them. There's a small private pool to the right and ahead is the gate to leave the villa and head down towards the beach.

Rose is wearing a one piece workout outfit while Shane is wearing the tiniest little shorts Ilya has ever seen. They're dark blue with white polka dots on it and he's wearing a black tank top. Svetlana brought over a bottle of champagne and a carton of orange juice, so she and Ilya are drinking mimosas while they watch their lovers do yoga together. Svetlana is lounging in just a pink bikini with an open coverup over it, and Ilya's in swim trunks, shirtless, both of them waiting for Shane and Rose to finish so they can go to the beach all together.

Ilya can barely tear his eyes off of Shane long enough to listen to Svetlana talk about what happened last night after he and Shane went to bed. Shane's shorts are riding up as he does what Ilya remembers is *warrior pose*. Then he hears Svetlana say, "Shane, what the fuck is on your thigh?"

Ilya sees it now. There's a big hickey on the inner part of his right thigh from where Ilya had been sucking on him last night. A giggle escapes him before he can cover his mouth just as Shane looks down at his legs.

Rose is also trying to see and gasps when she spots it. "Oh my God," she laughs. "That's a hickey!" she says, looking over at Svetlana and Ilya.

Shane blushes furiously all over his body and Ilya knows it's not because of the heat since it's still early enough to not be *that* hot.

"Wait—" Rose says, pawing at Shane who smacks her hands away but she's able to move his shorts down a bit to expose another big hickey on his pelvis right above where his dick is. "That's hot, let me take a picture," she says.

“No!” Shane tells her, fixing his shorts, hiding both hickeys they all saw.

Yoga seemingly over as Rose comes to sit next to Svetlana, stealing her mimosa. Ilya gets up, leaving them more room, and walks over to his husband.

“You’re seriously a fucking vampire,” Shane tells him when he stands in front of him, poking him on his bare chest.

“You love it,” Ilya tells him before they’re both leaning in for a kiss. Ilya shoves his tongue in Shane’s mouth and Shane moans softly into it, his hands holding his head, fingers running through his hair.

“Are we about to get a repeat of how you got those hickeys or...?” Rose teases.

Shane pulls back from the kiss and he’s still blushing, his hands dropping to his sides. He looks so cute, Ilya wants to bite him so he opts for kissing his cheek softly before saying, “Beach time, yes?”

The girls leave from the back, crossing over to their villa so that Rose can get changed, as Shane and Ilya head back inside their villa. Ilya follows Shane back to their bedroom before Shane strips down to nothing so he can put his swim trunks on. Ilya gets the full view of both hickeys and stops him from putting on his swimsuit by dropping to his knees in front of him.

“Ilya...” Shane trails off but doesn’t stop him as Ilya rubs his thumb over the one on his pelvis. He presses against it harder and Shane moans softly, his cock starting to get hard. Ilya smirks up at him, his tongue poking out. “The girls will be back soon...” he tries to warn him but Ilya doesn’t give a shit. He trails his fingers down to the hickey on his inner thigh and presses on it, Shane’s cock responding even more to that one.

“I don’t think your dick cares about that, moya lyubov’,” Ilya teases, smirking at him as he looks up at him. He takes Shane’s cock into his mouth and Shane moans, his fingers deep in

Ilya's hair. Ilya looks up at him and nods and Shane holds Ilya's head still as he starts to fuck his mouth.

"Fuck, Ilya," Shane moans as he watches him take his cock so well. "Perfect fucking mouth," he tells him, watching his cock move in and out of Ilya's mouth. "Leaving so many hickeys on me all year for everyone to see," he says in a deep voice as he keeps fucking his mouth.

Ilya moans deeply around him, taking everything his husband gives him, his cock hard and straining in his swim trunks. He's so hard he could hump Shane's leg like a fucking dog right now just to get some friction on his dick.

Ilya brings his hand down to his crotch and Shane moans softly, *"Fuck, yes, baby, touch yourself."*

Ilya quickly pulls his hard, aching cock out and moans louder around Shane's cock in his mouth.

"Fuck, look at you— so hot, moya lyubov' ," Shane tells him and Ilya leaks all over his hand, moaning even more. "So desperate to mark me up, to show everyone I belong to you, but here you are on your knees as I fuck your mouth. You belong to me." Ilya attempts to nod, moaning desperately. "I'm gonna— *fuck, Ilya,*" he moans, pulling back a bit so he can come down Ilya's throat without choking him with it.

Ilya comes hard in his hand, swallowing everything Shane gives him. Shane removes his cock from Ilya's mouth, finally putting his shorts on before he helps Ilya up. He takes Ilya's face in his hands and kisses him hard, shoving his tongue in his mouth. "Mine," he says, looking into his eyes.

"Yours," Ilya repeats. He feels like he just ran five miles.

Ilya cleans himself up before they get their stuff for the beach together and meet the girls over at their villa because even with their little extra curricular activity, they're still ready before them.

*

Ilya has been leaving more and more hickeys on Shane all throughout the year and Shane can't say that he hates it. He loves it actually. They've been hidden away from everyone for a decade, not able to leave any marks on each other— or do anything really.

This past year playing together on the same team and being a public couple has been one of the best years of Shane's life. Besides how disgusting his former teammates— apart from Hayden and JJ— have treated him on the ice and some homophobic hockey fans leaving their nasty comments on his posts with Ilya. None of that matters because the love and support he's gotten from the important people in his life— his husband, his parents, his friends and his new teammates and coach— have been better than he could ever imagine. He also has a lot of dedicated and loyal fans that have followed him over to Ottawa and have become huge Centaurs fans which does make him feel good too.

What really makes him feel good is seeing how desperate Ilya has been all year to mark his territory. He's seen every DM or letter Shane has gotten from other players, celebrities, and fans— none of them giving a shit that he's married to Ilya Rozanov who could and would destroy them all. Shane noticed after showing him the messages just how possessive his husband has become and *fuck*, is it ever a turn on for him.

Shane has felt jealous over the years of the women he knows Ilya has been with— he was even *very* jealous of Svetlana for many years— but that was because he thought that he could never be one of those women in the sense that Ilya didn't have to hide them. The world knows they're married and have been together— and in love— their entire NHL careers. No one in his hockey career knows a version of Shane that isn't in love with Ilya.

The world has known for a year that he and Ilya are married and are on the same team— and saw them win the cup *together*— and it feels good that it's out there. Shane doesn't have that weight of being caught anymore and it feels freeing.

Shane is trying to be better about posting about his life for the fans he does have, which is way more than he ever even thought about. Ilya's way more active online than he is but Shane has set reminders for himself on when he should post something. It's helped, Harris said his engagement looks good, whatever that means.

Posting photos of him and Ilya together has gotten easier. He likes that people know they've been together for as long as they have and are still obsessed with each other. He's not adverse to knowing that his husband is obsessed with him, so much so that Ilya's gotten territorial over him this first year of being an out and public couple. Shane has been eating it up. This year has shown him just how much he likes being claimed by Ilya.

Ilya so desperately needs everyone to know who Shane belongs to that he's been leaving hickeys on different parts of his body throughout the year and this is like a new kink for Shane. He is so turned on by being claimed by Ilya that he'll take the slight embarrassment he feels when someone points out a hickey. It makes him feel like such a *slut*, it's incredibly arousing.

These new hickeys on his thigh and pelvis have gotten Shane so hard up. They're in such intimate spots but were *still* spotted by other people, Shane was half hard before they even made it back inside their villa. He fucked Ilya's throat and watched his husband stroke himself to being used like that.

They spend the afternoon with the girls on the beach and Shane freely loves up on Ilya. They have their extra large towel for two spread out on the sand as they lay on it together. Ilya's on his back and Shane is laying half on top of him, his arm leaning across Ilya's chest, looking down into his eyes.

Shane kisses him softly, and Ilya slips his tongue into his mouth. Shane smiles into the kiss as he feels Ilya's hands come to rest on his lower back and hip. Shane's left elbow is down on the towel next to Ilya and his right arm is on his chest. He brings his right hand up to touch Ilya's face as he deepens the kiss. Ilya moans softly into the kiss.

Shane feels water fall on him and turns to see the girls are back from the ocean. "You're like horny teenagers," Svetlana teases, as she sits back down on her shared towel that Rose already threw herself on.

"Yes," Ilya says, hugging Shane close and kissing his cheek hard, smooshing him closer. Shane laughs softly, enjoying being freely in love with husband.

Later in the evening the four of them are at a popular restaurant lounge bar on the beach, not far from their villas. They've just finished eating and are having a drink. The girls are having cocktails while Ilya and Shane have a beer.

Shane's wearing a dark blue matching set of shorts and a collared short sleeved shirt. He has a black tank top underneath and the collared shirt on top isn't buttoned. His long hair is slicked back with some pieces still falling on his forehead.

Shane has his wedding ring on his finger and a silver bracelet on his right wrist, and he still has his chain that used to hold his ring around his neck. He knows he looks good because Ilya has his arm around him, leaning on his chair, his hand touching his arm, slipping his fingers up into his shirt sleeve. Shane keeps his hand on Ilya's thigh, dipping his fingers into the bottom of his shorts that are stretched across his thigh. Ilya's *of course* on theme, wearing a floral shirt buttoned to mid-chest, showing off most of his perfect pecs, along with some black shorts. Shane thinks that Ilya is the hottest player in the NHL, even though Shane had received that title before. Ilya's the hottest man in the *world* to Shane and he's married to him.

The girls are sitting across from them, both wearing dresses, and they both look beautiful. Rose is a little burnt from today and her yellow dress makes it more noticeable. Svetlana, who is wearing black, was quite pleased that they were unintentionally wearing the Boston Raiders colors, which of course Ilya pointed out and booed them playfully.

Shane kisses Ilya's cheek and tells him, "I'm going to the washroom," before getting up and excusing himself. He's gone for the table for just a couple of minutes, so tell him why in that time did the girls get up and go to the dancefloor and there's now a random woman he's never seen before sitting in the seat Shane had been sitting on all night.

Ilya's chair is pulled out trying to put some space between them but she's still just *there*. Why the fuck is she there? Did Ilya not tell her that he's married? Does she not *see* the fucking ring on his finger?

Shane makes eye contact with Ilya as he makes his way back over to him. Shane reaches the table and sees a slight smirk on Ilya's lips as he looks up at him, ignoring the woman sitting

in Shane's chair. Shane decides to take a seat on Ilya's lap since his chair is occupied and looks over at the blond with big, clearly fake, tits trying to flirt with his husband.

"Did you need something?" he asks her, his arm wrapping around Ilya's shoulders as he gets comfortable on his lap. Ilya's arms wrapping around Shane, holding him close, smiling at him, his eyes on *him*.

"I, uh—" she stutters.

"Didn't know he was married? Yes, you did," he says.

"Yes, she did," Ilya confirms. Shane looks at him and he adds, "I told her I was married and not interested."

Shane smiles at him sweetly before he looks back over at the woman and says, "Fuck off."

As the woman scoffs and stands up, Shane looks at Ilya and says, "Ilya, get me a ginger ale."

Ilya smirks up at him, and asks, "Without a please?"

"Oh, so you won't do it then?"

Ilya smiles at him softly. "No, I will," he says, before he kisses him softly on the lips. Shane puts his hand on his chin and when Ilya pulls back, Shane says, "Thank you, baby."

Ilya blushes softly and Shane wants to devour him. He stands up so Ilya can go to the bar to get him his drink and Shane sits back down on the chair, looking at the woman who is for some reason still standing there.

He scrunches his eyebrows as he looks at her and she rolls her eyes, *finally* walking away. Shane doesn't watch to see where she goes because his eyes are on Ilya who is waiting at the bar for his drink. He thanks the bartender and walks back over with the ginger ale can and a glass with a bit of ice and a lemon slice—the way Ilya knows he'd like to have it if he could—smiling at him before putting the glass and can down in front of Shane on the table. Ilya then puts two fingers under Shane's chin and tilts his head up. Ilya leans down and kisses him hard on the mouth. Shane moans into the kiss. He's about to bring his hand up into Ilya's hair but he's pulling away and sitting down in the chair next to him.

Shane gets up and sits back down in Ilya's lap. Ilya laughs softly as he wraps him in his arms. He leans up slightly for Shane to kiss him again. Shane wraps his left arm around Ilya's shoulders and brings his right hand to his face, deepening the kiss, enjoying claiming his territory for once.

How dare that woman try to flirt with his husband. Shane knows exactly how Ilya's been feeling all year and why he so desperately wanted to mark him up. All Shane wants to do right now is suck hickeys into every inch of Ilya's skin so there's absolutely no more confusion on who Ilya belongs to.

Shane pulls back from the kiss and looks into Ilya's blue eyes that are filled with desire, his hand on Ilya's chin. He rubs his thumb across Ilya's bottom lip and Ilya almost takes it into his mouth. Shane says, "We should go."

"Yes," Ilya says, before Shane gets up and sits back down on his chair. He takes a sip of his ginger ale, trying to cool himself off a bit before they leave. They find the girls and the four of them head back down the beach towards their villas. Rose and Svetlana are giggling and splashing some of the water as they go.

Shane holds Ilya's hand as they walk down the beach behind them, away from the water. He's a little tipsy from the two beers and the tequila shot he was forced to take because they wouldn't allow him to sit all of them out—they only did one more round than him. They finally make it back to the villa and Shane walks inside first then pushes Ilya back into the door after he closes it.

Shane kisses him hard, sliding his thigh with the hickey on it between Ilya's legs, and grinding hard against him. Ilya moans deeply into the kiss, his hands grabbing onto his hips.

Shane runs his hands through Ilya's hair, moving his face the way he needs him so he can kiss him just the way he wants.

Ilya then picks Shane up and walks him into the bedroom and over to the bed. He loves being carried by Ilya because he's not a small guy so knowing that his husband can lift him like it's nothing makes Shane's cock twitch in his shorts. He sets Shane down right before the bed, his feet touching the floor before they pull apart and start to undress. Shane folds his clothes, taking his time as he notices Ilya already naked and moving up the bed.

Once he's naked, he climbs onto the bed between Ilya's spread legs. He starts with Ilya's thighs, sucking matching hickeys onto his inner thighs much like the one he left on Shane's thigh. He then teases him by licking a stripe up the underside of Ilya's cock before moving his lips to his pelvis, sucking another hickey right there and doing it on both sides too. He kisses his way up his stomach and to his chest where he sucks another mark right onto his left pec where his heart is beating fast. Shane kisses up to his neck, leaving another mark right onto his pulse point on both sides of his neck before finally kissing him on the lips.

Ilya moans deeply into his mouth, his hands gripping onto Shane's hips, holding him close. Shane pulls back just enough to say, "Now there shouldn't be any confusion who you belong to."

"I belong to you, Shane Hollander," Ilya says, breathlessly, before shoving his tongue back into Shane's mouth. Shane moans deeply, moving up to straddle Ilya's lap. Ilya breaks away from the kiss to reach for the lube before slicking his fingers up and working Shane open above him. Shane moans loudly as he rocks back down onto Ilya's fingers, feeling them graze against his prostate.

Shane kisses across Ilya's face, a whimper escaping his lips. "Need your cock, baby," he says. "Need more."

Ilya removes his fingers before slicking up his aching cock, moaning at the touch of his own hand wrapped around him. Shane smacks Ilya's hand away and takes it in his hand, hovering above him before sliding down onto Ilya's cock, filling himself up. Shane moans loudly, arching his back as he takes his entire length. Ilya's hands are gripping onto his hips, holding him down on his cock before he starts to help Shane move up and down.

Shane bounces on Ilya's cock, his own hard, leaking cock bouncing between them. Shane's hands are grabbing onto Ilya's pecs, using him as support so he can ride his husband deep into the mattress. He sees the small hickeys starting to bloom across his skin. The ones on his chest are right by his hands so Shane pushes on them and revels in the sound of Ilya moaning deeply.

"*Fuck, baby*, you look so good with my mark on your skin," he tells him, sliding his right hand up to his neck.

Ilya leans his head back into the pillow and *oh*. Shane puts his hand on Ilya's throat, applying just a bit of pressure. Ilya moans and fucks up into him harder, getting him to go deeper, hitting his prostate hard.

"Oh my G—" Shane moans as Ilya continues to hit that spot as Shane applies a bit more pressure on Ilya's throat. He lets go, sliding his hand down and onto the mattress before Ilya wraps an arm around Shane and flips them over.

Shane helps move up so that Ilya can get between his legs properly so he can continue to fuck him hard and deep. Shane lifts his leg as Ilya goes faster, moaning as he pulls Ilya's face to his, kissing him hard on the lips.

Shane throws his head back into the pillow as Ilya fucks him hard and fast, his hard cock leaking between them. Shane looks up to see Ilya watching him and he says, "Look at you— *fuck, Shane*— so beautiful and all *mine*." Shane moans, raking his nails hard down Ilya's back, both of them moaning, and Ilya letting out a soft whimper.

"I'm so close, baby, *please*," Shane moans, gripping onto his lower back.

"Come all over me, baby, let me see it," Ilya tells him before Shane moans his name loudly and comes untouched between them. Ilya kisses him hard on the lips as he comes hard inside of him, making a mess between them as he's leaning hard against him. Shane drops his head back and they both pant, trying to regain their breaths, holding Ilya's full weight on top of him.

Ilya kisses his cheek softly before he slowly pulls out and plops down onto the mattress next to him. “That was so hot,” Ilya tells him, turning his head to smile at him.

“It was,” Shane blushes, smiling back.

Ilya turns to lay on his side. He laughs softly and says, “You were such a bitch to that woman earlier, it was so hot,” before he leans down and kisses Shane teasingly on the lips.

Shane blushes and he sees the smile on Ilya’s face get a bit bigger as he notices his blush. “She was so weird,” he says, rolling his eyes.

Ilya laughs softly. “Mhmm,” he hums, kissing him again. “Well, you definitely left your mark,” he tells him, looking down at his chest then back at Shane.

Shane smirks, “Oh, you think I’m done?” as he runs his hands down his back to grab onto his ass making Ilya laugh softly into a kiss.

When they’re finally showered and have fresh sheets on their bed, Shane and Ilya get comfortable in bed, still naked, unwilling to put clothing back on after all that. Ilya turns around and presses himself back into Shane. Shane smiles softly as he wraps his arm around his husband, pulling him closer to his chest. It’s not often that Ilya wants to be the little spoon but when he does, Shane is more than ready to hold him close and kiss him softly on his shoulder.

Ilya brings Shane’s hand up to his lips and kisses him softly before he holds his hand close to his chest. “I love you,” Ilya mumbles as he wiggles closer to Shane, making him smile softly.

“Ya tebya lyublyu,” Shane says softly into the crook of his neck making Ilya let out a soft laugh.

The next morning, Rose and Svetlana don’t need to point out the hickeys all over Ilya’s body because they are *very* obvious. Shane’s sitting on one of the pool chairs with Ilya sitting

down on the same chair between his legs, their chair in the shade under the umbrella. Svetlana is sitting in one of the other chairs in the sun and Rose on the floor next to the pool with her legs inside the water. Shane smiles proudly at his work, seeing the littering of hickeys on his thighs, neck, chest, and he even managed to add one right under Ilya's pec.

"C'mere," Shane tells him, tapping his leg with his foot. He sits up more so that Ilya can sit between his legs and press his back into him. He wraps his arms around him and kisses the side of his head. "Love you, baby," he says softly.

Ilya turns his body slightly to the left so he can look over his right shoulder at Shane. He's smiling at him fondly with soft blue eyes and says back, just as softly, "I love you, my baby."

Shane kisses him softly on the forehead. They're going to have a fun next few days here.

End Notes

the tweet was:

“i know we talk about possessive ilya a lot and for a good reason but what about possessive shane who's so calm when ppl try to flirt with his husband it's scary like he doesn't even flinch he just comes over sits on ilya's lap and tells a flirtee to go fuck themselves immediately”

if you liked this fic, pls hit the kudos + leave me a comment if you'd like ♡

come find me on twitter/tiktok/tumblr: @mickeysmyheart

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