

forever the name on my lips

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by [xogray](#)

Summary

“Hollander,” he says flatly. “Pay attention.”

Ilya starts to turn around, and Shane *finally* catches sight of the number on the sleeve.

Oh.

By the time Ilya has fully rotated, Shane isn’t surprised to see that *Rozanov* is not the name across his shoulders. It’s *Hollander*.

- or, Ilya wears Shane's jersey

Notes

i wish i could find the tweet, but this is inspired by the debate about who would get turned on more if the other wore their jersey (and the true, correct, right answer is shane) so!

also there is something so humbling about several hundred people who are subscribed to me receiving an email in the middle of a wednesday of pure porn. sorry and hi. enjoy!

“Down, baby,” Shane says, gently pushing Anya off of him as she tries to jump on him, her paws pressing against his thighs. He shuts the front door behind him, bending down to rub her head. He hears Ilya in the kitchen.

His voice carries through the house. “Shane?”

“Yeah, it’s me,” he says, slipping off his shoes. Anya trails behind him, her nails clicking against the hardwood floor. Ilya comes into view, standing at the island and preparing a salad. He’s in a Centaurs jersey, even though they still have one week before they have to return to practice for the start of the season.

“As expected,” Shane says, “my parents were very upset that you did not come with me. Even though I was there for all of five minutes, and they *knew* you had therapy earlier.”

“It is hard for them when their favorite son does not show up, yes,” Ilya nods. Shane sets the box of old photos — the thing he had stopped by his parents’ house to retrieve — on the counter and turns his attention to Anya again, scratching behind her ears.

“How was therapy?”

“Good,” Ilya says. And Shane can tell he means it. There’s no weight to the word, no tension to his shoulders. He finishes chopping a pepper and slides it into the mixing bowl before pushing the cutting board and knife away. As Shane rounds the island, Ilya turns to face him. “Do you like my outfit?”

Now that Shane can see more of him, he sees that, along with the jersey, Ilya is only wearing boxers. Shane hums, stepping closer. “Yes. You must be sweating in your jersey, though.”

Shane had hoped the words would cause him to take off said jersey, but Ilya just lifts an eyebrow. He reaches up and taps the front of his shoulder, where the *C* that represents his place as captain lies. Except—

Shane stops walking. The spot is blank. He blinks a couple of times. “You— are you not... the captain anymore?”

Ilya snorts with obvious amusement. “Hollander,” he says flatly. “Pay attention.”

Ilya starts to turn around, and Shane *finally* catches sight of the number on the sleeve.

Oh.

By the time Ilya has fully rotated, Shane isn’t surprised to see that *Rozanov* is not the name across his shoulders. It’s *Hollander*.

Shane’s mouth runs dry at the sight of his last name plastered across his husband’s back. Something hot and possessive curls low in his stomach. “Oh,” he murmurs, trailing a finger over the fabric, tracing the first letter of the name. “It’s my jersey.”

Ilya glances over his shoulder. "Glad you noticed," he teases. "I look good in your name, no?"

Shane swallows hard, nodding his head once. "Yes," he says. "Really good."

Turning back around, Ilya has a cocky grin on his face. He must have known how this would affect Shane. Dropping his eyes to the front of the jersey, Shane already misses the sight of the back.

If the roles were reversed and Shane were wearing Ilya's jersey, he could easily be bent over the counter right here. (Shane would absolutely have to revisit that thought at a later time.) But as it were, he has another idea.

"Upstairs," Shane urges, grabbing Ilya's hand and pulling him. Ilya laughs but allows himself to be dragged. Shane shuts the bedroom door before Anya can come in. He directs them to Ilya's side of the bed and pushes him back onto the mattress.

"Someone is eager."

"Fuck off," Shane shoots back. His eyes go from Ilya to the wall behind him, where a large mirror hangs above a dresser. It's been used for sex countless times, but now that Ilya is facing away from it, Shane can see his last name across his shoulders.

Ilya leans back on his palms, watching as Shane quickly and methodically removes each article of his clothing, haphazardly folding it and placing it on the end of the bed. Once he's naked, he swipes the bottle of lube from their bedside drawer and crawls onto Ilya's lap, straddling him. His hands curve under Ilya's jaw, tilting his face up and connecting their mouths. In an instant, their lips part and their tongues meet between them.

They're both hard, of course. Ilya's hands smooth over Shane's hips, traveling back to grab his ass and pull them flush together. Shane moans softly as he rolls his hips into the fabric still covering Ilya.

Before he can do anything about that, Ilya fumbles with the little bottle of lube. Shane hears the cap open and shut, and a second later, Ilya is gently running a slicked finger over his entrance.

They'd had sex just yesterday afternoon, so it doesn't take long for Shane's body to adjust as Ilya slowly works him up to three fingers. Shane tips his forehead against Ilya's, rocking his hips back.

"Fuck," he murmurs. His hands fall between them, and he pushes up the hem of the jersey and then pulls the waistband of Ilya's boxers down just enough to expose his cock. "Need this," Shane whines.

Ilya nods with a heavy grunt. He sits back on one hand and keeps the other one on Shane's thigh. "Come on, sweetheart."

Shane lifts himself up on his knees, keeping a hold of Ilya's cock to line them up, and then he sinks down slowly. His eyes flick to the mirror, gaze tracing the backwards letters of his name. He holds Ilya's shoulder, his fingers bunching the fabric.

Ilya chuckles softly, but it sounds strained. "You are so greedy," he says. "So possessive. It is hot."

The length of Shane's hand spans over Ilya's jaw, holding his face. He tilts Ilya's head back and kisses him once. "You are so *mine*," he mumbles against his husband's mouth, confirming exactly what Ilya had just said. He *is* greedy and possessive. Ilya is nodding instantly.

"Yours," he agrees.

Shane starts to move his hips with purpose now, causing them both to groan. He presses his cheek to Ilya's temple, watching the fabric shift with each movement in the mirror as he rides his husband. Ilya bands his arms around Shane's waist, guiding his movements.

"So good, Hollander," he says, muffled into Shane's shoulder. "Like that."

Shane presses his palm between Ilya's shoulder blades, like he could brand the letters of his last name straight into Ilya's skin. The thought is absurd and obsessive and absolutely unhinged, but the idea of Ilya being marked so permanently like that sounds *so* fucking hot.

"You should've taken my last name," Shane mutters, the words slipping out as they cross his mind. Ilya huffs a soft laugh, his fingers digging into Shane's skin.

"Then our jerseys would be the same," he teases. Shane frowns, his eyes still hot on his name. Fuck the jerseys, fuck the entire hockey team. Before he can dazedly suggest some other form of marking his husband with his last name — a tattoo, perhaps? — Ilya says, "Maybe I will change it after we retire."

Heat bolts through Shane, and he lifts his head. Ilya's eyes are dark, pupils blown wide. "Really?" Shane asks breathlessly. "Would you?"

How Ilya manages to look both deliciously hot and ridiculously tender at the same time is a mystery to Shane. His smirk is half mischief, half love. "If it turns you on this much," Ilya teases.

And it *does*. They're already married. They're already legally bound. But there's something different, something deeper, about sharing a last name. Shane slows his hips, moving almost leisurely. "You wouldn't want me to take yours?"

There is a brief spark of heat in Ilya's gaze, like he doesn't hate the idea. But he shakes his head. "I love your family, too," he says. "I want to be part of it."

Shane melts. His body relaxes into Ilya's, leaning down so their lips brush. "You *are*," he assures him. "Fuck, I love you."

“I love you, too,” Ilya murmurs. He squeezes Shane’s hips. “Now start moving again before I flip you over and fuck you myself.”

Shane lets out a soft, unhinged chuckle, but obeys. He steadies his hands on Ilya’s shoulders and tips his head back as he fucks himself on Ilya’s cock. Ilya’s mouth drops to Shane’s chest, running his tongue and lips over the smooth skin.

With the way his eyes flick back and forth between the mirror and Ilya’s intoxicated expression, Shane’s orgasm builds quickly in the pit of his stomach.

“I need— I need—“ he pants, leaning his palms back on Ilya’s thighs. “Touch me.”

Ilya grunts, keeping one hand on the small of Shane’s back to support him, and wrapping the other around his cock. Shane’s head falls back with a moan.

Ilya forces him closer to the edge with quick, tight strokes. Shane has just enough sense of mind to yank the jersey up, exposing Ilya’s abdomen as he comes. His thighs lock up and tremble, but Ilya rocks him a few more times until his own release hits him with a low, heavy groan.

Shane blinks a few times, coming back to himself. Almost all of his release landed on his own stomach or Ilya’s fist, so he lets go of the jersey. “Didn’t wanna... get it dirty,” he explains through uneven breaths when Ilya chuckles.

“Mm,” he hums in response. “Instead, you just got yourself dirty.”

Shane’s nose wrinkles, becoming very aware of the mess all over him. “Ugh,” he mumbles. “I need to shower.”

“With me.”

“No,” Shane shakes his head. “I don’t trust that you’ll keep your hands to yourself.”

“Mean,” Ilya comments as he wipes his hand off on Shane’s stomach, only making more of a mess. “Go start your shower. I will be there once I get this jersey off without getting it dirty.”

Shane hums, carefully leaning forward to kiss Ilya without touching their stomachs. He lifts himself up, both of them making quiet noises of discontent when Ilya slips out of Shane.

“Go, Hollander,” Ilya murmurs when Shane tries to deepen the kiss.

He grins. “Okay, *Hollander*.”

Ilya snorts, but Shane can see it in his eyes — he loves it.

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