

your ink on my skin

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77645616) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77645616>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Fluff , i love them your honor
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-14 Words: 1,919 Chapters: 1/1

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Summary

"Hi," Ilya murmurs back. He waits until Shane returns to his conversation, until he's in the middle of telling Yuna something about some email he'd gotten from some new company that wants him to endorse them, before he pulls the lid of the Sharpie off with his teeth. The sound it makes is soft, just a tiny *snick*, but Shane hears it anyway. *What are you doing?* he mouths, widening his eyes. But Ilya just brings the Sharpie to his shoulder, the same place his lips had just touched, and draws a heart. Shane's lips twitch into a reluctant smile and he puts his free hand out, wiggling his fingers. Delighted, Ilya places the open Sharpie in his palm and watches as he curls his hand around it.

Notes

This is set in some nebulous off-season somewhere between the end of "Heated Rivalry" and the beginning of "The Long Game." There are some very teeny spoilers, but pretty much it's just shmoop.

You're welcome. <3

"I think I will get another tattoo," Ilya muses. Shane hums, half-drifting, probably only half-listening, his head pillowed on Ilya's chest. He's tracing idle patterns on Ilya's bare skin, watching as goosebumps bloom in his wake, which Ilya is more than happy to let him do. They'd spent most of the day in the lake, swimming and sunning themselves, and now they're tangled together on the couch, pleasantly sleepy and comfortable.

"What now?" Shane asks, after a pause that's just a second too long as he wrenches himself back to full consciousness. He perks up just enough to tease faintly: "A wolf?" Ilya can hear the smirk in his voice as clearly as if he were looking him in the face. Grinning, he pinches Shane's side, a gentle little twist that makes him gasp a quiet laugh.

"Maybe," he says. "Maybe on my back, yes? Big."

Shane rolls, bringing his hands up to rest under his chin so that the point of it doesn't dig into Ilya's skin. "That could be hot," he says, eyes sparkling with amusement and no small amount of interest.

"Yeah? You would like this?" Ilya raises his eyebrows, pretending to consider. "Maybe it can howl to the moon."

Shane snorts, flicking Ilya's side lightly with his free hand, but keeps the game going. "Where would you put the moon? On your shoulder?"

"I could," he says, playacting thoughtfulness. "Maybe you can design it for me."

That inspires a real laugh, the unguarded one where Shane's nose crinkles and his eyes practically close. "Oh, sure," he says. "That'll look great."

"Even if it didn't, I'd love it," Ilya says baldly, which is probably kind of an over-the-top way to respond to this very joking conversation, but he doesn't care. He can tell it lands the way he wants it to, though, because Shane's eyes soften and he ducks his head to press a kiss to Ilya's chest.

"You're ridiculous," he says, and it sounds like *I love you*.

"Mmm, you like it," Ilya purrs, trailing his hand along the ridges of Shane's spine. He can feel Shane inhale shakily against him, and he grins.

"Well, *obviously*," Shane replies, trying and failing to sound snarky. It reminds Ilya of their first time--that first hotel room, the way Shane had sounded half-drunk, slurring the same syllables. *Obviously*.

"Come here," Ilya says, suddenly overwhelmed by it--the realization that he gets to have this for as long as he wants it, the shocking gulf between where they'd been then and where they are now. The impossible becoming reality. It is, again, too deep a thought for a night like this, but now that he's had it, he can't do anything but chase the feeling. Shane leans up and kisses him, gentle and controlled in a way that tells Ilya immediately that he knows exactly how he's feeling. This too is an I love you, as clear as if Shane were saying it out loud. By the

time Shane pulls back, they're both breathing hard, and Ilya's eyes are wet. He blinks it away, and Shane swipes his thumbs gently over Ilya's cheekbones, clearing the moisture away without comment. "Maybe I should get your autograph instead," Ilya manages, reaching again for the lightness they'd had earlier. "Here." He presses his hand to the small of Shane's back, just above the waistband of his bathing suit.

Shane rolls his eyes fondly, lips curling in the corners. "Sure. We could get matching ones."

Grinning, Ilya spider-walks his fingers up Shane's back again and drops his voice. "You want me to mark you, Hollander?"

Shane shivers, but he apparently has no interest in giving Ilya the upper hand here, because he looks up at him through the dark fringe of his lashes and murmurs, "You promise?"

"Fuuuck," Ilya breathes, and rolls them over so that he's hovering over Shane, arms bracketing him. Shane arches into him, rolling his head back to expose the tempting column of his neck. "God, Shane," Ilya rasps, giving himself a moment to drink in the sight of him like this, splayed out and gorgeous and needy. And then he lowers his head to nip lightly at the hinge of Shane's jaw, enjoying the way he can feel Shane's answering groan vibrate through him.

"Yes," Shane gasps out, threading his fingers through Ilya's hair to hold him in place. Ilya rewards them both by sucking at his pulse point, playfully flicking his tongue over the place where Shane's heart beats wildly. He actually could mark him, and that's heady in and of itself--to know that they still have several more days left where they don't have to hide. Gently, he scrapes his teeth over the sensitive skin at the underside of Shane's jaw, making him let out a shaky breath. "Please," he manages, and Ilya grins against him.

"Tell me where," he murmurs, without lifting his face.

Shane whines in the back of his throat, tightening his grip to the point of pleasure-pain and making Ilya groan. "I don't *care*."

Laughing softly, Ilya trails his lips down Shane's neck, kissing and nipping randomly until he finds the spot that makes Shane let out a helpless moan, hips jerking involuntarily. "Needy," he teases, and settles in.

There isn't much room for talking after that, nothing but breathless oaths and pleas and soft, sweet nothings that surround them as completely as the air of the summer night.

It's Ilya who finds the Sharpie, rummaging around through random drawers to see what he can discover while Shane's on the phone with his mother the next day. Grinning to himself, he takes his new treasure with him and meanders in the direction that Shane had disappeared.

He finds him outside, sitting on the dock with his feet dangling into the water. His hair is rumpled and he's wearing one of Ilya's sleeveless shirts, and he is beautiful. Ilya drops down

beside him and presses a kiss to his bare shoulder. Shane, still listening to something Yuna is saying on the other end of the line, turns to him, smiling. *Hi*, he mouths.

"Hi," Ilya murmurs back. He waits until Shane returns to his conversation, until he's in the middle of telling Yuna something about some email he'd gotten from some new company that wants him to endorse them, before he pulls the lid of the Sharpie off with his teeth. The sound it makes is soft, just a tiny *snick*, but Shane hears it anyway. *What are you doing?* he mouths, widening his eyes. But Ilya just brings the Sharpie to his shoulder, the same place his lips had just touched, and draws a heart. Shane's lips twitch into a reluctant smile and he puts his free hand out, wiggling his fingers. Delighted, Ilya places the open Sharpie in his palm and watches as he curls his hand around it.

"I gotta go, Mom. We'll come over for dinner later, and we can talk about it more then if we need to. Okay?" He's asking Yuna, but he slides a raised-eyebrow look at Ilya, who nods. He loves these weeks alone with Shane, but he's grown to love their nights with David and Yuna just as much, in their own way. "Yeah," Shane is saying. "We can do that. Love you too. Okay. Bye." He hangs up, slips the phone into his pocket. "Sorry," he says, and leans in for a quick kiss. "There was a whole ad campaign thing." He punctuates the words by doodling a matching heart on the back of Ilya's hand, drawing it in one graceful line.

"Mr. Superstar," Ilya says, teasingly, and Shane flicks him gently on the nose.

"Whatever. Shut up. You could be doing stuff like this, too."

He *could*, but he won't; no one is looking for endorsement from an Ottawa player, even one as famous as Ilya. He's not bothered by how many people have decided they hate him now, either. None of it matters, really, when he looks at the fact that he can have this now--these idyllic, sun-drenched days that are, every time, the best ones of his life. "Mmm, no thank you," he says, instead of any of that, and reclaims the Sharpie.

"We probably shouldn't keep doing that," Shane murmurs. "I think the ink is toxic, maybe."

Ilya blows a raspberry. The cap has dropped out of his hand, abandoned. He inches the inky tip closer to Shane's skin, capturing him with an arm around the waist when Shane laughingly tries to back away. "Come on," he coaxes. "One more will not kill you."

"Why?" There's the smallest hint of a whine in Shane's voice, but he's doing a bad job of fully suppressing his amusement.

"Because. For me." He pulls out his trump card: the slightest of pouts, a look up through his lashes. "Please."

Shane relents. Of course he relents, though he does it with a show of playfully poor grace, a slump of the shoulders. "Fine. One."

"Yes." Triumphant, he tugs at the hem of Shane's (his) shirt, tossing it carelessly aside. Leans in, free hand on Shane's shoulder, to guide him gently onto his back on the sun-warmed slats of the deck. Shane goes willingly, landing with a little *oof*. Ilya pulls his feet up out of the water so that he can kneel with his knees on either side of Shane's hips, and takes a moment

to just be there, looking down at him. He is golden, practically glowing. His freckles have darkened with more than a week of near-constant sun exposure, his cheeks rosy. As Ilya watches him, his lips curl into a slow grin. "What?"

"You are beautiful." It isn't even a real compliment. It's a statement of fact. A declaration.

Shane's face flushes. It always does, no matter how many times Ilya tells him something like this. It's one of Ilya's favorite parts of doing it. "Stop," he says, unconvincingly.

"Nope." He pops his lips on the p and leans down, kissing the hollow of Shane's throat. Slowly, he lowers the tip of the marker to the skin just over Shane's heart. In carefully-drawn Cyrillic, he writes: я тебя люблю, pronouncing the words slowly as he writes them, so that Shane will know: *Ya tebya lyublyu*. Shane watches as best he can despite the awkward angle, his lips slightly parted and his eyes heavy-lidded. As Ilya finishes, Shane puts his hand atop his, arresting the movement of the Sharpie.

"You're my favorite person," he says, a little mistily, and takes the Sharpie back again. He leans up, sinuous, and rolls them both so that he takes Ilya's position, straddling his hips. Smirking, heart pounding, Ilya crooks an arm under his head so he can watch as Shane works. Ilya hadn't bothered with a shirt before coming outside, so it's easy for Shane to write in the same spot, using his autograph script, the neat cursive that he uses when something is important. *I love you*. A matched set. He blows on it lightly when he's done, making Ilya shiver, and then presses his lips to the newly-dried ink. Ilya draws a surprised breath and does not make a joke about how not five minutes ago Shane had been worried about poisoning by ink. He wraps his fingers in Shane's hair instead, guiding him up into a kiss that feels like a promise. They don't talk about it. They don't need to; they both know exactly what it means.

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