written in ink

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by CharlieDC

Summary

Shane gets drunk after his second Stanley Cup win. Piecing together the night before (a park, a club, and a tattoo shop) is very difficult for him to do.

Ilya helps him remember.

(In which: Shane gets Ilya's number tattooed on him.)

Notes

Hi! This inspiration came from a fun tweet where I decided to run with it. Enjoy!!

Please do not take Shane's lack of tattoo care seriously. Imagine that he scrubs every part of his body with unscented soap because that's just who he is, so his tattoo is fine. Just dry and needs some aquaphor (or Ilya's spit who knows).

Additionally, it’s pretty unrealistic that players get to just… *take the fucking Stanley Cup* for a night on the town but bare with me for shenanigans!

I'm sort of sick of sitting on this fic so the end may be rushed and not proof read, please forgive any mistakes <3

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane is drunk. Seldom is he drunk, but tonight marks a special occasion. After the blood, sweat, and tears (the broken sticks, chewed up mouth guards, and trashed stick tape), they made it. It was a long, *brutal* season; Shane can feel the soreness down to his bones, into his fucking *cells* with how spent his body is. It reminds him of another frequent activity that exhausts him so. At the sound of the final buzzer, Shane feels a weight rise from his shoulders and dissolve into the cold air of the arena.

They've won their second Stanley Cup.

Naturally, the boys want to celebrate. It's a given, of course — after the champagne is sprayed about the room and Shane has a few hefty gulps from Lord Stanley himself, the plan is practically etched in stone (much like their names on the Cup itself: *Montreal Metros 2015-2016, Shane Hollander, et cetera…*). It's all noise and tipsy encouragement and next thing Shane knows, he's in a limousine and they're heading to the first bar.

Tonight they're rallying. And Shane is drunk.

He has not been this drunk in a *very* long time. Not since last year's Cup win, he thinks smugly to himself. Another shot goes down the hatch and he's shouldered back and forth between J.J. and Hayden. In time with the *thump thump* of the beats, they knock back their glasses and slam them down on the bar top. Some of the rookies are out on the club dance floor with the Cup, passing it back and forth. Next thing Shane knows, he's *with* them — dancing and singing off-key to some pop remix he barely recognizes.

Then, Shane is on the stage. He's got the DJ's headphones on and spares a passing thought to how oddly perfect this mix sounds when he knows fuck-all about DJing. It doesn't matter, he's having fun.

One moment, he's scratching records and the next, he's going down a public park slide with the Cup between his legs. He remembers a flash of a camera and shouting *very* loudly (probably too loudly). There's a vague memory of J.J. wanting to take the Cup to a park simply for the laughs, but Shane isn't one to judge. Every player has their own dream of how they would take the trophy out on the town once given the chance.

(Shane's Cup Dream is to take it out to the cottage, but he already accomplished that the year before. Yuna delighted in taking a photo of Shane, mid-paddle as he strapped the Cup into a canoe and took it for a lap around the lake. The infamous photo has been shared online, and Shane is happy to recreate the moment this year, too.)

Shane blinks, and they're no longer at the park. He feels loose and happy, but he's *definitely* hit his limit. A small, but faint thought in his head wonders what Ilya is up to right now. Their numbers have thinned out over the night, but the important thing is that Shane, Mitty, J.J., and a few of the other forwards have the Cup in their possession, at their current location. The boys were laughing and a few photos got snapped with the Cup on a seesaw and then suddenly—

A tattoo shop. Shane's laughing, letting the tattoo artists and other patrons ogle at the Cup (*his* Cup that *he* won with *his* team, mind you). He's having a *blast!* Mitty is sitting in a chair beside him, ready to get fresh ink. *Ilya* has tattoos, Shane's mind supplies randomly. Shane wishes he could put his mouth on them right now. Thankfully, he keeps that thought to himself.

Shane's grin is so wide his cheeks start to hurt; the music in the tattoo shop isn't too loud and some of his closest friends are with him on the best night of his career. A *back to back* win is phenomenal, Shane tells the artist. She's really nice, asking Shane all kinds of questions that surprisingly come easy. Again, that niggling thought about Ilya comes back — how much better would tonight be if Ilya was here to celebrate with Shane? He wouldn't, and they couldn't, but it's nice to dream, Shane thinks.

Never does he get *this* drunk, but he's happy to make tonight the exception. One moment, he's laying on table, talking about the best places to vacation in Nova Scotia (thinking, privately, about Ilya naked on a dock and beckoning him over to fuck him while they watch the sunset over the horizon), and then…

Shane wakes up in his bed. How the fuck he got there, he's not sure. He rolls over to check his phone and sees at least a thousand texts waiting for him from various people. As he starts to read, his head *throbs*.

Well, he's definitely hungover. Then he looks down and sees that morning wood awaits him, too. Shane groans. What a weird fucking night.

Shane drags himself to the shower (which he throws up in) and manages to scrub off the remnants of last night's escapade. He feels clammy and gross, washing his body all over and then washing again. He's *very* sore from the game, especially in his legs, but that's not abnormal. One spot in particular feels raw; small bits of the night come back to Shane like scattered puzzle pieces.

He remembers getting sticked really badly in the thigh by one of Arizona's defencemen. He remembers being boarded left and right (his shoulders are aching), tripped (his back hurts), and sticked *again* (all over he feels bruised and beaten)— everything one would expect from a Game 7 championship match. Shane, of course, remembers winning — champagne in the locker room, going out to the bar, but then the fragments of his memory start to fall apart.

When he checks his phone again, the team group chat isn't as active as it was the night before, but the abundance of messages are still there. Shane scrolls back through the thread and starts to piece together a bit more of what happened. There's a series of photos from the park that Shane barely remembers, some videos of the defencemen dancing at the club (Berky is doing the worm and Schneider joins in to do the Rasputin dance).

There's other texts: Shane's parents, extended family, even Scott Hunter sent him a congratulations. Shane heart reacts to a lot of them, but doesn't have it in him to reply yet. Trudging to the kitchen, he makes himself a hearty smoothie to help. One text thread has a few new messages, and Shane's heart leaps into his throat when he taps into it.

Lily: congratulations

Lily: look very pretty with that smile on your face

Lily: can't wait to wipe it off when we win next year :/ so much for dynasty

Lily: look VERY pretty when you open your mouth up for champagne. reminds me of something, but having trouble remembering what 🤔

Shane rolls his eyes and then scrolls to see the next text, about an hour later.

Lily: THIS is what you are wearing out to party?? tease.

Attached to the text is a blurry photo of Shane at the club, standing in front of the crowd with the DJ's headphones on. He's wearing a short-sleeve dress shirt, opened up halfway to reveal his bare torso. There's a wide smile on his face, his chest is flushed and he has a sheen of sweat from the heat of the club, muscles straining against where the sleeves cling onto his biceps. Shane doesn't remember having his shirt so open, he hardly remembers *anything*, but he vaguely recalls the DJing — he thought he did a pretty good job.

Ilya's texts are few and far between, mostly admiring how Shane looks sweaty in public and it's not really fair that anyone *else* gets to see his bare chest like that. Ilya's quite fond of it, he says, and wishes he was there to show Shane just how much he appreciates the beautiful sculpt of his tits and abs. After a few colorful messages about exactly *how* he would appreciate Shane's body so, Ilya seems to give up and go to bed. Shane was far too off his face to even think to check his phone all night, let alone begin sexting Ilya (drunk, out in public, *with his teammates*).

He sort of wishes he did, though. Skype sex after winning the Cup wouldn't have been so bad. He earned it, anyway.

While he's making himself breakfast and nursing a very protein-heavy smoothie, his phone pings again. This time, Ilya sends him a link to a video someone posted online from last night.

Lily: how drunk did you get last night??

The video is him at Mount Royal Park, going down the slide with the Cup between his legs and shouting nonsense about being "the King of Hockey." Shane facepalms, rubs at his temples, and takes a large gulp of his nasty hangover smoothie.

Jane: I am so fucking hungover 🤢

Lily: the king can't handle his liquor?

Jane: Fuck off

Jane: I did have a good night though 🙂

Lily: would have been better if you responded to my texts 😔

Jane: Boo hoo. I was celebrating.

Lily: still time to celebrate with me though 😜

Shane's face starts to warm, but he's still far too nauseous and sickly to do anything remotely sexual right now. Bummer; he certainly *would* like to hear Ilya's sultry voice through the phone coax him to orgasm, but he can't even think about getting hard until he eats. And sleeps. And takes another shower.

Jane: Not today. Still too hungover.

Lily: boooooooooo 👎👎👎

Lily: so boring.

Jane: Just gives you something to look forward to 🙂

Lily: fine. no more sexy DJing without me, though

Jane: Promise 🫡

Lily: see you in LA

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When Shane finally, *finally* gets to celebrate with Ilya, it's at the NHL Awards two days later. There's some parts of him that still feel sore, but it's nothing a little more rest and recovery can't fix. The parade back home is scheduled, but Shane doesn't have to be back home right away.

It works out perfectly. He can even spend an extra day in Los Angeles, if he wants.

And he wants — Ilya crowds him the second the door to Shane's hotel room closes.

It's a lot to take in; Ilya smells like a cigarette, but the taste of vodka on his tongue is more prominent. It's been far too long since he's luxuriated in the feeling of Ilya all over his body. Hands go in his hair, his tongue swipes over Shane's, and they're moving as a clumsy unit while Ilya backs him farther into the room. Almost immediately they work to get rid of their clothes — Ilya's firm hands sliding over Shane's chest to peel off his dress shirt, Shane almost ripping the buttons off Ilya's to get him naked as soon as possible.

When Shane's legs hit the sofa, he yelps.

"What the…?" Shane looks behind himself to see what caused the sharp pain at his upper thigh, but all he sees is the back of the couch. There's pillows, his discarded shirt…

"Okay?" Ilya's hands land on Shane's hips. Shane swipes his palm across the backing to see if anything was sticking out. But no, he feels nothing. Maybe it was his imagination.

"Yeah, uh…" He frowns, then touches the spot on where he felt the sting. "I thought I felt something—"

Oh.

“What is it?” Ilya moves him aside to inspect the couch himself, but when he looks back up at Shane's face, it’s bright red. Ilya squints, then smiles. He walks closer to Shane and runs his hands up his naked front, nuzzling close into his neck.

“*What is it*, Hollander?”

There’s that tell-tale intonation of Ilya’s voice that tells Shane he’s turned on by whatever is happening, and he’s hell bent on making Shane suffer for it. Shane panics; this sudden reaction is nothing like Ilya is expecting.

“Nothing,” Shane says far too quickly. He touches his backside again just to be sure he really, truly felt what he thought he did and—

Oh fuck. That *cannot be* what he thinks it is. A flash of a memory pops into his head, but it’s gone immediately. Shane tries to run back to it, to remember what the fuck happened, but all he can focus on are Ilya’s hands tugging at his belt and walking him back towards the bedroom.

“Actually, um, now that I think about it,” his words are as frantic as he immediately feels, “maybe we should wait— and you’ve been drinking and—”

Ilya looks at Shane with a slightly intrigued expression (as if Ilya’s drinking has *ever* been a hindrance to their hookups. It is just as shocking as Shane asking for them to *wait* when it’s been *months* with no contact). They stop near the bed, Ilya’s hands on Shane’s undone belt and eyes raking over his expression.

“You want to stop?” His tone is serious.

No. Shane’s eyes dart around the room for a solution. He can either tell Ilya what’s going on or turn tail and run. With how Ilya latched onto Shane the second he entered the room (and how Shane *immediately* responded in kind), it is *extremely* hard to justify running away at the moment. He takes a moment to drink in the other: his bare chest is coloring with arousal, his lips are plump and kissable, eyes inquiring and earnest and Shane wants to fucking *lose it*.

“Well—” He exhales. “Not actually, no—” And Ilya is back on him, teeth scraping across the blush on Shane’s neck. One hand works his fly down to palm Shane through his briefs. Shane melts into him, hands gripping at his shoulders and cock throbbing against Ilya’s warm, welcoming palm. “*Fuck,* Rozanov— just gimme—”

Ilya hums approvingly. “Tell me what you want,” he kisses into Shane’s skin. The other hand finds its way down Shane’s back, sliding beneath the hem of his dress pants and squeezing his ass. When Ilya pulls back, a heady look is in his eyes as he says—

“It is your night. We can do *whatever* you have planned…” For emphasis, Ilya moves his hand to press eager fingers between Shane’s cheeks, the only barrier being the thin material of his underwear.

The strange thing, though, is that Ilya's expression falls when he touches Shane's hole. Shane's breathing heavy, eyes fluttering in pleasure at the simple contact, but he's pulled out of the fog when he sees Ilya's face.

Does he know? Shane hears alarm bells going off in his head. There's *no fucking way* Ilya knows.

"What?" Shane's eyes are wide and worried. It feels like he chokes on the word.

"Where's the…" Ilya does it again and frowns. He spins Shane around and bends him over, both hands now squeezing and touching his ass. He feels a mess— his dress pants fall to his knees as Ilya manhandles him. It's doing something ridiculous to Shane's insides, but Ilya interrupts his thoughts when he pulls at the hem of Shane's underwear to peel it over his ass.

Shane panics, reaching behind himself to grab at Ilya. It's too late; at the same time he tries to salvage his pride with an excuse, Ilya's asking him:

"Are you not wearing a plug?"

No, Shane is definitely not wearing a plug (he is, though, stocking that idea in his arsenal for later). His head falls between his shoulders — maybe he won't notice, Shane thinks, but then he's realizing that even *he* doesn't exactly know what to expect. All he has worked out is that there is a sharp pain at his inner thigh, underneath his right cheek, and the vaguest, flimsiest memory of a tattoo shop. He can put two-and-two together to assume he got some kind of Stanley Cup win related ink, which is embarrassing enough alone. Shane Hollander doesn't *have* tattoos, nor does he *want* tattoos. Shane will never hear the end of it.

"Why are you being so weird?" Ilya asks, blanketing himself over Shane's back and pressing his hard cock into the area he was just inspecting. "Hiding something from me, Hollander?"

Shane swallows. Well, *fuck*.

"I, uh, *I don't know*." And it all feels so ridiculous that he can't help but laugh.

"What do you mean?" One of Ilya's hands finds Shane's right cheek and squeezes the flesh, fingers digging in *right* above the tender spot on Shane's body which has him lurching forward and yelping again. "*That*— what is that about?" Ilya is as confused as Shane is embarrassed.

"I think—" Shane can't help but scoff at the confession. He looks over his shoulder to try and find some reassurance on Ilya's face when he says, "I think I got a tattoo?"

Ilya stares at him. Then he glances down towards Shane's ass and looks back up to study Shane's face.

"*You* got a tattoo?" Ilya clarifies. His hand is still on Shane's ass, his body still warm and heavy against Shane's back. It's a familiar position, and frankly, Shane doesn't want him to move since it might reveal the mistake of a lifetime. "Of *what*?"

“I don’t know!” Shane laughs, and Ilya’s blank expression cracks into a smile. “I got so drunk and all I can vaguely remember is a tattoo shop and—”

“Oh my god,” Ilya is laughing. He has to rest his head on Shane’s back to gasp for air at the mere idea. “You— Shane Hollander, *you got a tattoo!?*”

They’re laughing at the absurdity of it all, and the tension in the room feels broken and gone. Shane is relieved; Ilya will tease him about it more later, but Shane is simply happy that the stress is flying off his shoulders. Ilya has that effect on him. Tonight can slip back into its regularly scheduled programming.

“Where is it?” Ilya asks giddily. He stands back up and fixes a quizzical look on Shane’s bare, exposed ass. His hand moves from over the curve of Shane’s right cheek downwards, towards where the stinging sensation is.

“Right where your fingertips are…” And this shouldn’t turn Shane on as much as it does, but he revels in the sensual touch of Ilya’s gentle fingers ghosting over his skin. He exposes himself further and watches over his shoulder as Ilya drinks in the sight of him. “Do you see it?”

Ilya snaps his gaze to meet Shane’s. There’s no amusement; replacing the laughter in his eyes is a fervent expression at the sight of Shane Hollander laying himself bare on a hotel bed, ready to be taken at his hand.

“Spread your legs,” Ilya instructs. It’s that same timbre that he uses to drive Shane up the fucking wall with want. “Let me find it.”

Ilya dips low, hands moving to Shane’s thighs and helping him spread open as he kisses his way south. Inside Shane’s legs his fingertips place careful, gentle touches — lips and hands that feel like he’s sparking fire with everywhere he touches. Ilya squeezes here, nips there— all in a salacious dance to pull Shane right up to the edge of begging for more. Shane’s close to doing just that, ready to flip himself over and pull Ilya with him and shove his goddamn tongue down his throat when—

Ilya stops. His hot breath is ghosting right over the tender skin where Shane believes the ink to be. At first, he thought it was just from a bruise, from a sticking, but—

“Well?” Shane asks, trying to turn his body and see what Ilya sees. “What is it?”

Ilya doesn’t respond. His thumb brushes over the spot and it has Shane squirming. It’s not a hard pressure, but it’s enough that it's *uncomfortable.* Strangely, as *Ilya* is the one touching him with reverence and attention, it’s a different kind of pain. Shane enjoys the sting a little bit— like when Ilya grips his hips a little too tight or digs his teeth into the meat of Shane’s ass.

It feels… *good*. Like he’s being claimed. Like a brand.

Ilya presses again, firmer. Shane squirms and lets out a low moan.

“You don’t remember what it is?” Ilya’s question is clarifying, genuine. He’s not teasing Shane and his touches have an edge to them that ignites something in Shane’s gut.

“...No?” Shane’s breath is heavy as he keeps his gaze downward, studying the faint pattern of the bedsheets. “Can you tell me what it is?”

Ilya presses again. Shane’s opposite leg jolts; the leg that has the tattoo is held in place by Ilya’s body. He’s trapped, completely at the mercy of Ilya’s hands.

“No,” Ilya, indifferent, drawls. “Try to remember, Hollander.” Ilya presses against it again and with the pressure of his cock rubbing against the bedding, Shane worries he might come if he keeps this up.

“*Rozanov*,” Shane moans. “Let me see—”

“Try to remember," Ilya repeats. There’s a shuffling of clothes behind Shane and a *pop*— a sound that Shane could recognize anywhere. Ilya’s back on him, hands moving with veneration over his nude body. One hand grabs at the meat of his ass, pulling him apart and the other…

Another shock ripples through Shane’s body — he jerks into Ilya’s grip while a familiar sensation (as pleasurable as it is surprising) overtakes him. Ilya gives him little preamble before pressing a finger into Shane, tenderly easing the muscles of Shane’s body into a relaxed opening. Shane groans and drops his head into the crook of his elbow that’s hardly supporting him upright. Rhythmic cants of his hips press back into the feeling of Ilya’s deft fingers (going from one to two in short time), all the while hissing in needy arousal.

After a moment, Ilya remembers himself and snaps out of the daze he finds himself in. (Watching Shane Hollander squirm under his calculated touch. Watching Shane’s *hole*— opening for him eagerly, *greedily*. Accepting Ilya’s fingers like the entire point of his body’s existence is to take and be taken by Ilya Rozanov

When he looks back down at the ink, he wonders if that’s actually true.)

“You don’t remember *anything* about the tattoo?” Ilya places a kiss at the swell of Shane’s ass. “*No* memory of what you got?”

Shane moans as Ilya adds a third finger. He can make out the hazy shake of Shane’s head, *no*, and he begins fucking him on his thick digits with measured strokes.

“All I remember, *fuck that’s good*— all I remember is a bit here and there.” Shane looks over his shoulder and Ilya sees his pupils blown wide, reminding him of the moon outside. The same moon that’s casting long shadows across Shane’s naked and willing body, writhing on bedsheets with a matching expression of hopeless want.

He’s a wrecked mess, and Ilya has only touched but a small, yet sensitive piece of his body. What will he look like once Ilya actually gets to *fucking* him? How close is he *right now*? By the wild expression that Ilya can’t take his eyes off of, Shane looks ready to fall off the edge and into bliss.

“We went to the club,” Shane huffs, “then J.J. wanted to go to a park—”

“Right, *King of Hockey*—”

“Fuck off,” Shane exhales, breathless and spent before Ilya can even properly fuck him, and spreads his legs an inch wider to get his knees under himself. Ilya swears as Shane uses the leverage to rock back onto Ilya’s hand, three fingers deep and trying so incredibly hard to focus on the task at hand and not the way Shane’s gorgeous hole swallows him up with zeal.

“Rozanov, *fuck*— please—”

“I *know*—” Ilya flicks his eyes back to Shane’s entrance, darts to read the ink on his inner thigh again, and looks back up to see Shane’s mouth open on a silent moan (a perfect *O* — Ilya takes a mental picture to save the sight for later when they’re miles apart). “You don’t remember going to a tattoo shop?”

“I remember the shop,” he confesses. “I *don’t* understand why you won’t just *tell me*.” Shane’s pace is more sporadic as he fucks himself on Ilya, but it’s at the last of his whines that it sends Ilya over the edge. “Just *tell me* what *it is!*”

The hand that’s holding Shane’s cheeks apart slams him down onto the bed. Shane lays flat, and Ilya rises over him to press between his shoulder blades and keep him in place. He leans over Shane to whisper in his ear—

“I will give you a hint,” Ilya purrs. His three fingers curl slightly inside the velvet heat of his hole. “It’s a *number*.”

Shane’s eyes snap open. He cranes his neck backwards and looks at the dark intensity of Ilya’s gaze. That faded, distant memory he was trying so hard to catch before comes crashing back into his mind at breakneck speed.

Oh.

“*My* number,” Ilya says, holding Shane’s stare and grinning.

Fuck.

Ilya crooks his fingers and presses on that familiar, dense bundle of nerves that has Shane *howling*. Ilya delights in the sound, in the look on Shane’s face as it breaks into sudden ecstasy. He feels like he has all the power in the world, that he can do just about anything. The illusion of his control is on the brink of shattering — if he takes one more glance down at the two digits *forever on Shane’s skin*, he’s just as gone as Shane is.

It’s *pornographic*, the sight of it. Two small numbers puff up from Shane’s inner thigh in black ink. A perfectly done eight, accompanied by a single one.

“You got my number tattooed on you,” Ilya repeats. It’s of the utmost importance that Shane knows how extraordinary the whole situation is. “*My number*.”

Ilya's right hand slips between them again, finding the fresh ink and brushing the backs of his fingers over it. Shane squirms and cries out at the dual sensations (pleasure-pain that lights him up from the base of his spine) while Ilya focuses on not coming completely untouched at the sight.

"Going to make you come on my fingers while I remind you." Ilya's breath is ragged and voice hoarse, feeling utterly fucked in the head without Shane touching him. "You remember the feeling, Shane?"

Ilya presses the tips of his fingers against the ink and Shane nods his head quickly, eyes screwed shut and mouth falling open to shout. Ilya watches the motion, waits for a sound, but he's beautifully silent; caught in a riptide of too-much-not-enough that has him overstimulated in the best way.

"You just needed a little piece of me *so bad*— couldn't wait until tonight, hm? Couldn't wait until I was three *fucking* fingers deep." Ilya has to squeeze Shane's hip to keep the focused pace. "Driving *me* crazy, Hollander— if you had any idea what this is doing to me…"

"Wanted you *so bad* all night— couldn't have you," Shane confesses with a moan. "Want you *all* the *time*."

"You have me." Ilya blankets himself over Shane's back and *pushes* on the black script under his fingertips, reminding the other of the feeling and the promise and the fucking *meaning* of it all. Ilya feels the gasp in Shane's lungs against his bare chest. "You *always* have me, now."

Shane comes on Ilya's fingers, choking on broken noises that punch out of his chest. Ilya continues milking him, coaxing more pleasure out of him with haste.

"So *fucking* gorgeous, solnyshko—" Ilya pulls his fingers out and leaves Shane empty for only a breath. He's fast, freeing himself from the horrid, *evil* confines of his pants in record time. Ilya barely has to touch himself before he's ready to slide into Shane and fuck him *properly.*

Dazed, Shane rolls slightly onto one shoulder to look at him. Ilya's heart leaps out of his chest at the utterly broken, beautiful, brazen look on his face.

Shane gives him a half-smile, blissed out from his orgasm and breathless. Ilya can see him touching his flushed cock, featherlight — there's come on his stomach, but he hasn't flagged. Shane is still hard, looking at Ilya with an expression that Ilya isn't even sure he has English for. All he knows is that if Shane *ever* looked at him like *that* on the ice, Ilya would take him right there at the faceoff circle.

He's snapped out of the fantasy as Shane tilts his head, glances down at where Ilya is leaking at the tip, and asks him, "You gonna fuck me, Rozanov?"

Shane looks *perfect*. Ilya can't catch his breath — he's all taut muscles and soft curves. Shane sucks two fingers into his mouth, slick with spit, and reaches a hand behind himself to press at his hole. He *hooks* and *pulls* — Ilya hears a sound escape himself without his knowledge.

It's a choke, the beginning of a word that loses formation halfway through his mouth as Shane is breaking *Ilya* into pieces at the mere sight of him fingering his spent hole.

And then—

Shane travels his fingers down to where the tattoo is. He circles around the ink, black at the center and pink at the edges, and lets out a guttural sound when he pushes his fingertips into the raw skin.

Something snaps in Ilya.

"Fuck you like I *own* you, Hollander," Ilya's voice is threatening and low, as if he's growling. He can't help himself; he surges forward to capture Shane's lips with carnal need. Shane is quick to hold onto him, immediately grabbing a fistful of Ilya's curls and pulling him as close as he can. Ilya's tongue finds Shane's, who gasps and whimpers as Ilya moves two hands beneath them to spread Shane wide once again.

Ilya leans back and looks at him — ready and willing to give Shane anything he wants, loose and pliant. He pulls Shane by the hips down to the edge of the bed. Ripping the condom open with his teeth, one hand still touching Shane over the globe of his ass, Ilya makes quick work. Shane's legs are shaky, but Ilya gets him into a lovely, lewd position (shoulders pressed into the bed, ass presented for him) and lines up his cock to enter in one easy slide.

Shane's hole twitches as Ilya presses his tip against it, and his hips inch backwards to accept the feeling. One hand snaps to where Ilya anchors himself to Shane; Shane wraps his fingers around Ilya's wrist and digs his fingernails into the skin. It's a quick slide home into Shane; Ilya moans and grabs onto his shoulder to wrench him back, harder and faster onto his cock as he fucks into the man below with abandon.

"Hollander, *fuck*— so fucking good for me," Ilya gasps. "Cannot believe you did this. Get to have you like this, *fuck* you like this."

The only noise Ilya can make out from the other end of him— from where he joins with Shane and the connection extends along the lithe plane of the ruddy body beneath him— are singular words, punched out with every deep thrust Ilya gives:

"*Yours*," Shane chants, "*yours, yours, yours."*

All Ilya can do is rely on the intuition of his body. A tool for Shane's pleasure; giving and taking from him to get to *this moment*. This pinnacle, this apex, where he has Shane face-down, ass-up, once-come, fucked-out. Ilya holds onto him like he's the answer to a prayer he had no idea he was asking — Ilya's breathless, gravelly and trying to form words but all he can focus on is how Shane is forming crescents into his arm and open-mouth grunting in pleasure.

How Shane got *his* goddamn number on him permanently. Forever.

"Shane—" Ilya warns, and it's a tell-tale sign that has been given many times before. "*My* Shane, my *fucking*—"

Shane raises up on one arm and looks over his shoulder at Ilya. Blissed out, he begs for Ilya. "Fuck me— just like that *yes*— like you promised."

"Mine," Ilya assures him. "*All mine*—" a hand slips under Shane's thigh to touch the tattoo again. Ilya's number, *Ilya* on Shane. "What are you going to do when everyone gets to see how I own you?" Ilya wants to mark him further, he's *always* wanted to lay claim to Shane's body (hickeys, scratches — anything to show the rest of the world that Shane is his and his alone). "How do you explain *this* to them? My number, *my mark.*"

"Fuck, *shit*—" Shane's whole body trembles under the firm touch of Ilya. "I don't— *Ilya*—"

"Tell me, Shane." Ilya grips both of his hips and yanks him back onto his cock with each punishing thrust. "Whose hole is this?"

Shane cries, body tensing. Fisting the sheets, tears welling in his eyes as he screws them shut, Shane sobs, "*Yours*—"

"Fucking right," Ilya rumbles. "Got my number to prove it. Are you mine, Shane?"

"*Yes!"* Shane shouts, loud enough for it to bounce off the walls and reverberate on Ilya's ears, landing square on his heart. "Yours, always— *Christ*, Ilya that's good. More, *please.*"

Tension pulls at Ilya from every muscle — his shoulders, his legs, his balls. Before he freefalls into pleasure with Shane in tow, Ilya does one final move to pull Shane down with him.

Ilya spreads Shane's thighs as wide as possible before he spits directly on the ink.

"*Shit*," Shane moans. "Do that again."

What a fucking freak. Ilya does it again.

Open hand, he slaps the puffy, indecent, black imprint of him on Shane. Fingers grip the skin and dig into the flesh as he presses his palm against the tattoo. He makes sure the brand sticks with a sting, a reminder of exactly *who* gets to see Shane Hollander like *this*.

Montreal Metros captain. Two time Stanley Cup champion. *Ilya fucking Rozanov's.*

Shane falls under himself, wailing in pleasure as his arms go completely lax, coming again underneath Ilya. Filling him, fucking his orgasm into Shane's loose hole, Ilya holds Shane by the hip with one hand and clutches him by the mark with the other. It's with twin cries of ecstasy that they both collapse onto the bed, Shane spent under Ilya's heavy, comforting body.

After a handful of heavy breaths, a trail of kisses make their way across Shane's shoulder blades. A sigh of contentment, Shane feels completely sated with two orgasms and the weight of Ilya keeping him company. Ilya nuzzles behind his ear and nips at the earlobe.

"Okay, *off,*" Shane huffs a laugh. "You're crushing me."

Ilya only hums, wiggling his hips with his soft cock still inside Shane. “No, too comfortable.”

“*Rozanov*,” Shane grins around the word. His body is too spent to move himself; any use of his tired muscles will end in a meager attempt.

Ilya smacks a kiss to the scar on Shane’s shoulder and flops onto his back, an enormous grin on his face as he looks over at Shane. Beside him, Shane’s propped up on one elbow and looking over the ruddy coloring on Ilya’s chest, the cross lopsided on his collarbone. Mindlessly, he reaches out to fix it.

“You can’t tell anyone about that,” Shane whispers.

Ilya grabs his hand and brings it up to his lips for a kiss, sensual and gazing at the man beside him.

“You don’t want hockey world to know you got rival’s number tattooed on your ass?”

“It’s not—” Shane swats at his chest. “It’s not my *ass*—”

“You sure?” Ilya rolls over to tower over Shane, caging him into the bed. Pinning the other to the bed, Ilya smiles down at him with his tell-tale wolfish grin. “Might have to check again, I already forget.”

“*Good*,” Shane laughs as Ilya kisses his neck hungrily. “Keep it that way. I’m getting it removed as soon as possible.”

Ilya stops.

“*No*,” he growls against Shane’s neck. He nips at the skin and soothes it with a wet lick of his tongue. Shane sighs underneath him, squirming at the new pleasure blooming in his gut. “Keep it, Hollander.”

“Ilya—”

“*Keep it*,” Ilya insists. Peering back down at him, all Ilya can see is the confounding look in his eyes. “For me?”

Ilya winds a hand between them and ghosts his fingertips over the ink, now permanently mapped in his brain on where to find it without looking. Shane’s eyes shutter closed, his lips parting on an exhale as Ilya touches him intimately once more.

“For you,” Shane breathes. “I’ll keep it *just* for you.”

Ilya kisses him. He doesn’t plan on stopping. Not as long as he’s a part of Shane’s body.

End Notes

Hi! Hope you liked it! If you'd like to chat about it or give me more ideas or overall just be good good friends please hmu on Twitter @onthefkncover ❤️

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