

Mark

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Mark

by [my_castlescrumbling](#)

Summary

The small, blocky '81' that was now stamped on his hipbone looked very much like a reminder. A mark of claim.

He was Ilya's, and those two numbers were a physical sign to the whole damn world of that. He belonged to him, no matter what anyone said. They were together, and fuck everyone else.

OR Shane surprises Ilya with a tattoo, and Ilya is VERY happy.

Notes

Hey I'm back! I just couldn't stop thinking about this idea of Shane getting a tattoo of Ilya's number and Ilya going feral. This happens during a very ambiguous time so...you decide when! Sometime after book 2/HR. I'm thinking Shane can make excuses for the tattoo by saying Hayden dared him to do it.

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

“Hollander. You are fucking with me.”

Shane stood, a smile tugging at the edges of his mouth as he watched Ilya’s face flicker through a thousand emotions in a matter of seconds. Though this whole thing hadn’t been the *smartest* decision of his life, it was worth it, all to stand here smugly and watch Ilya try not to combust. It was rare that *he* had any semblance of power or control, at least in this part of their relationship. He liked it that way, of course, but sometimes it was nice to shock smart-mouthed, asshole Ilya into silence, if only for a moment. In fact, seeing Ilya this way was already getting him hard.

“Not fucking with you,” he answered with a small grin, sitting on the bed and leaning back on his hands so Ilya could get a better view. “Want a closer look?”

And, for once, *Ilya* dropped to his knees like a man possessed. He moved between Shane’s spread legs, scrambling to pull the pants and underwear from them before pressing his whole chest to the end of the bed to get as close as possible. Thumb pushing hard into the junction of Shane’s leg and hip, Ilya leaned forward, lips inches away from skin. “This is trick,” he murmured, but his voice was reverent.

“Nope. Real. *Permanent*.”

That same fact had led Shane to a minor panic attack shortly after the appointment had ended, his heart hammering in his chest as sweat had beaded under his arms and over his face at the thought of something marking him in such an immovable way. *What had he done?* It’d been a joke Hayden had made in passing that’d taken root in Shane’s mind, refusing to leave. But as soon as he’d arrived back home and looked in the mirror, half-ready to look up how much it cost to get laser removal, he’d stopped short.

Because the small, blocky ‘81’ that was now stamped on his hipbone looked very much like a reminder. A mark of claim.

He was *Ilya*’s, and those two numbers were a physical sign to the whole damn world of that. He belonged to him, no matter what anyone said. They were together, and fuck everyone else.

At least, that was what he hadn’t been able to stop thinking as he’d hazily jerked himself off earlier, eyes on the tattoo in the mirror the whole damn time.

And now that Ilya was gazing at the ink on his hip with such wild, hungry excitement he looked like he might pounce at any moment, Shane felt his cock quickly swell again, knowing Ilya adored the tattoo even more than he did, if that was possible.

“Permanent,” Ilya repeated, enunciating every syllable, eyes glistening as they flickered up to meet Shane’s own.

“Yeah,” he nodded breathlessly, mouth going a bit dry as he, too, pondered the word. “Like... never comes off. *Forever*.”

“I know what it means,” the other man murmured, but he didn’t seem angry. He seemed completely blown away. “Forever. This is....forever. You did this for me?”

It was heavy to think about. How much they both wanted each other, where they’d come from and where they were heading. Shane had spent his whole life planning for a future in the career sense: winning awards and Cups and retiring as a hockey god. But *this* future? A future with Ilya? It was so terrifyingly exciting to think about. Like looking in the sun, it was almost painful to consider such a beautiful thing. He wanted it *too* much, and it scared him. So he replied, “Nah, it’s Hayden’s number, too. They just switched it,” a smile forming on his face.

This seemed to snap Ilya back to his old self. “No,” he breathed, pressing his face into the newly-marked flesh, inhaling like it was his last breath. “Not Hayden’s. *Mine*.”

Teeth sank into Shane’s hip, a few inches from the fresh tattoo, and his head fell back, rolling on his shoulders as he let out a groan, his toes curling a bit at the flash of hot pain. “Ilya,” he murmured, suddenly feeling desperate.

“This is...this is *cruel*, Shane,” Ilya growled as he slowly began to kiss over Shane’s body, making him tremble at the touch. Would there ever be a time when Shane didn’t melt like this at the other man’s touch. He both desperately hoped he would someday get ahold of himself and his reactions and also wanted so badly to adore this man like this forever. “You put my fucking number on your stupid, perfect skin, and you expect me to not touch you *always*? To pretend I care most about getting to puck when I could be fucking you right there in the middle of the ice?”

Shane groaned, eyes rolling back at the touch of Ilya’s lips to the tip of his cock and the fantasy the other man had brought on: Both of them in nothing but their jerseys, Ilya pressing his chest down into the freezing ice, sliding into him from behind, making his screams of pleasure echo in the huge rink. “Never said I was nice,” he murmured, trying not to whimper when Ilya wrapped a hand around him and began gently, teasingly tonguing at his now-dripping slit. “*Fuck*, Ilya, c’mon, I–” he began, trying to urge the other man to do more, to take him further.

But, chuckling, Ilya pulled off completely standing up and slowly, methodically taking off his clothes. “I never said that I am nice either, Shane,” he murmured teasingly, sending him a grin.

Shane could have died right there. Spread out on the bed, watching Ilya strip in front of him, basking in the stare of the other man, he smiled a bit. “I love you,” he whispered, eyes raking over Ilya’s face, chest, cock.

“You’d better,” the other man replied cockily, finishing his show and moving to stand between his spread legs again, which were still dangling off the bed. “You have my number on you, do you not? That would be very stupid decision to do for someone you don’t love.”

“*You* have a whole damn loon on you,” Shane retorted, rolling his eyes and trying not to flush.

“Is not your loon,” Ilya smirked, gripping Shane’s hips and sliding him forward with a jolt, laughing when he swore as their cocks touched. “This is proof. You are obsessed with me, Hollander. Embarrassing for you.”

“I am not,” he denied, but this was an absolutely stupid thing to say, as his dick practically quivered when Ilya spit in his palm and grabbed both of them in one hand.

“It hurt?” the other man asked casually, gathering the precum dripping from Shane’s head and slowly spreading it over both of their cocks, making Shane moan. “It’s many needles. Difficult for you.”

“No,” he gasped, back arching a little at the touch, at the way heat sizzled down his spine and started pooling at the base of his cock. One of his hands shot out to grab Ilya’s shoulder, the other still behind him to hold him up as he leaned back. “Fuck, Ily—”

“Is because it’s just a little thing. Small reminder you belong to me. You will not forget, I will not let you. But someday, Hollander? I will get your name across my chest. Nobody will forget. *Nobody*,” Ilya began to murmur, hips thrusting gently into his own hand as he brought both of them closer to the edge. “You are mine. And I am yours. They will all know.”

It was embarrassing how quickly Shane’s entire body responded when Ilya got like this: possessive, dominant, in control. “*Please*,” he gasped, feeling fire coil tighter and tighter in his body, both from the words and the hand working him over, the cock sliding against his own.

But Ilya seemed in no rush. The movements of his palm and hips were relentless and sure but measured; precise. “Is not fair,” he gasped softly, face twisting with pleasure just a little as their skin slid, driving Shane insane. “This stupid tattoo, it proves it.”

“P—uh—proves what?” Shane gasped, leg muscles quivering, one hand gripping the sheet as the other clawed at Ilya’s shoulder and leaving marks.

“That when you are not here, you take me with you. It’s there on your skin now, as proof,” Ilya whispered, a bead of sweat dripping down his temple, his hand slowing just a little as their eyes met.

Shane faltered, unable to process, his heart skipping several beats at Ilya’s casual admission. It was so rare that they were vulnerable like this. That they admitted how painful it was, to be apart. “You...you have a piece of my heart. Too,” he murmured, so quietly he hoped Ilya wouldn’t hear. “Always.”

But the other man just gave him a rather fucked-out, blissful smile before replying gruffly, “Show me, then, *moya lyubov*. Come for me. Mark my skin, too, hm?”

Shane had always been embarrassingly quick to come. But the movement of Ilya’s hand on his cock, the ridiculously soft Russian pet name, the idea of marking Ilya, too? It was enough to push him over the edge. He felt himself crumble, his back bowing and stomach tensing, sparks and fire consuming his body and mind, a whimper slipping from his throat, all self-control gone as he spilled in Ilya’s hand, painting the other man’s stomach. Ilya followed

after him quickly, hand flying over both of them for only a few thrusts before warmth spread over Shane's stomach and Ilya cried out, staggering and groaning, then rolling onto the bed next to him.

The hazy, quiet aftermath was just as delicious as the moments before. Uncounted minutes, just being together.

Until Shane realized.

"Did you get *jizz* on my tattoo?" he accused, sitting straight up and maneuvering so he could look down at his hip, which was thankfully not sticky. "*Jesus*, Rozanov, if you had, it could've gotten infected, or—"

But he was cut off by Ilya pulling him into a lazy, dirty kiss that pulled him out of his thought spiral, leaving him dizzy.

"You got a tattoo of my number," Ilya murmured, beaming happily at him when they separated.

"Yeah," he nodded, smiling as well. "I did."

"I love you so much," the other man said, looking blissful.

Shane narrowed his eyes. "I love you, too. But don't you dare get *anything* on it except the ointment the tattoo artist gave me for two weeks!" he threatened, pointing a finger at a still-grinning Ilya.

"Ooo, say 'ointment' again, Hollander, is so sexy."

"Shut up."

End Notes

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