

You're on My Heart (just like a tattoo)

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You're on My Heart (just like a tattoo)

by [OfInkandStars](#)

Summary

On Shane's hip bone, Ilya's most favourite place to mark, kiss, and draw pretty little noises out of Shane from, now sits 81.

81.

Ilya's number.

Ilya's number that is now permanently inked on his husband's skin.

— Or: Shane gets Ilya's hockey number tattooed. Ilya is very normal about it

Notes

Hellooo lovelies!!!

This my first Hollanov fic, they've been rotting my brain so now I get to share my obsession with all of you!!

I hope you enjoy it <3

Title from Tattoo by Jordin Sparks

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

“I have a surprise for you.”

Ilya is barely in the door before being accosted by his *currently vibrating* husband. It had been a few days since they'd seen each other, with Shane being unable to play in the last game due to an injury benching him and Ilya was ready to ravish him to make up for lost time. So Shane's declaration doesn't really throw him and he grins slyly at him, raising his eyebrows suggestively.

“Not that kind of surprise,” Shane huffs, seeing Ilya's face before whipping off his T-shirt. Which, in Ilya's opinion, was a *terrible* way to prove his point. Shane's abs are truly a wonderful thing and never fail to capture Ilya's attention in its entirety. God he wants nothing more right now than to throw Shane down on the sofa and fuck him into—

“Do you notice anything different?” Shane's voice pulls Ilya out of his lust filled stupor.

Ilya shamelessly drags his eyes across Shane's body without finding anything new about it. That is until a small black mark catches his eye. One that Ilya doesn't recognise and he knows Shane's body better than he knows his own.

Standing stark against Shane's unblemished skin is a small black tattoo. Ilya's breath catches in his throat as he leans in closer. On Shane's hip bone, Ilya's most favourite place to mark, kiss, and draw pretty little noises out of Shane from, now sits 81.

81.

Ilya's number.

Ilya's number that is now permanently inked on his husband's skin.

He stumbles blindly closer to Shane and drops to his knees, eye to eye with the tattoo. He runs a tentative hand over with such a reverence, like this is something holy, almost testing

that it's actually there. It is. It's real. Shane loves him enough to permanently etch him on to his skin.

Shane must take his awe filled silence as something else because he starts to ramble. "Do you like it? I know it's a lot but I wanted to have something that reminds me of you always. I mean— aside from the rings, something permanent. Not that the rings aren't permanent! They are! Of course they are, but I just thought—"

"It's beautiful, moya lyubov. Is perfect." Ilya cuts Shane off before pressing a kiss he hopes encompasses just how much he loves it. Clearly relieved, Shane kisses back with equal measure.

"You wanna show me how much you like it?" Shane pulls back, grinning.

Ilya hoists Shane up until his legs are wrapped firmly around Ilya's waist. From this angle, Ilya gets a perfect view of Shane's adorable freckles. He peppers them with kisses before grinning back at his husband.

"Is that even a question?" Before rushing Shane up to their bedroom, where he makes *very* good on that promise.

(In a tangle of limbs and sweat, Ilya worships Shane. It's perhaps the closest to heaven that his mother used to tell him about he's ever found. He pours himself out into Shane, channeling as much love as he can into the act. Shane beneath him writhes in pleasure on a separate plane all together. They come as one, in a rush of Russian, heavy breaths, and pure adoration. Their souls, linked by a bond that can never be broken.)

In the comedown, with Shane lying boneless on Ilya's chest, Ilya draws small circles around Shane's now *extremely marked* hip bone, right under that precious 81. Shane makes sleepy little noises under his ministrations and Ilya is, not for the first time, amazed that he's allowed to have this. After ten years of secrecy, he can finally shout at the top of the rooftops his love for Shane. Sometimes he's taken away by just the sheer amount he has to be grateful for.

“I want one.”

Shane looks up from where he’s resting on Ilya’s chest.

“One of what?” He hums.

“A tattoo. Of your number. Like you have. I always want to wear your number.”

Shane smiles, clearly pleased. “You’re gonna copy meee” he sing-songs, slightly giddy. However after a beat he scrunches his eyebrows in one of Ilya’s favourite Shane expressions. “Wait, you already have a tattoo for me— the loon.” He sits up suddenly and Ilya mourns the warmth from having him close. “You’re trying to out gesture me!” Shane looks at Ilya with partially mock horror (Ilya is sure some of it is real, Shane is very competitive)

“You can’t one up my tattoo gesture with *another* tattoo for me” Shane frowns.

“But we would match!” Ilya pulls Shane back down to him and places gentle kisses along his neck. “You do not want us to match, moya lyubov?” He faux pouts to add to his melodrama. “I understand, you actually hate me and do not want to match with your husband.” He starts to poke Shane’s underarm in a place he knows his husband is ticklish. Shane starts laughing and trying to squirm away. Ilya flips them over and pins Shane down, unrelenting in his tickle attack.

“Stop, stop we can match of course I want us to match.” Shane is gasping for air at this point, laughing hysterically. Ilya takes mercy on him and grins down at him. “Yes? We will match?”

Shane beams.

“I’d be honoured to match with you. The team is going to give us so much shit for it though.”

“Yeah but will be worth it. They will mock out of jealousy. They will not be as cool as us.”

“If they mock us you owe me a blowjob.”

“Why must I wait until then, when I can give you one now.”

He leans down and lets himself get lost in feeling Shane’s mouth on his.

The team absolutely loses their shit the next time they see Ilya proudly displaying a 24 tattoo on his inner thigh. (“I know how much you love being between my legs moya lyubov. It will be at eye level now for you for every blow job you give me.” Shane went bright red after that). They go even wilder once they see Shane sheepishly showing off his 81. The ribbing doesn’t stop for a week.

(The blowjob Ilya gives Shane in the empty shower stall after to make up for it made all the teasing worth it.)

End Notes

Thank you for reading!!!

Comments and kudos are always appreciated, i thrive off of praise just like Shane :D

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