Marks

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Marks

by ompalompap

Summary

Shane's breath stutters, then steadies. His hands curl into the fabric of Ilya's sweater, holding him close. When Ilya's mouth lingers a little longer in one spot, Shane hums, soft and content.

"You're going to leave marks," Shane says quietly, not stopping him.

"Yes," Ilya replies just as softly. There's no teasing in his voice now, only certainty. "Is about time."

—

Ilya admires Shane in the safety of Shane's cottage.

Notes

Hope you like this! I enjoy writing about these guys too much, it's a problem.

Please let me know if you have any suggestions for future stories about them! <3

The cottage is quiet in the way only remote places ever are, quiet enough that the hum of the fridge and the low commentary from the hockey game feel intentional, like part of the atmosphere instead of noise.

Ilya sits back against the couch, one leg stretched out, the other bent just enough to cradle Shane where he's sprawled comfortably between them. Shane's back is pressed to Ilya's chest, his head tipped slightly to the side, dark hair soft and familiar beneath Ilya's chin. There's a blanket thrown over them both, mismatched and warm, smelling faintly of pine and clean laundry.

The game plays on, sticks clacking against ice, the crowd roaring through the speakers. Shane reacts to it instinctively, small shifts, a hum of appreciation, quiet comments about the players' abilities. Ilya barely follows the score. His attention keeps drifting back to the weight of Shane in his arms, the way he fits there like he was always meant to.

He studies him the way you do when you're unobserved. The gentle rise and fall of his chest. The freckles covering his cheeks. The relaxed line of his mouth when he isn't performing, isn't bracing for cameras or questions or the world's expectations.

God, he's gorgeous. The thought hits Ilya with a familiar ache, gratitude, fierce and grounding. This. This is what he has been waiting for. A place where they can exist without hiding, without looking over their shoulders. Just a cottage, a game on TV, and the man he loves breathing easily against him. Finally, they have all the time in the world.

Ilya lowers his mouth to Shane's neck, brushing a kiss just beneath his ear. Shane exhales, a soft hum, his shoulders loosening further as if he's been waiting for it.

"Mmm," Shane murmurs, barely turning his head. "You watching the game or…?"

Ilya smiles against his skin. "Multi-tasking."

"Nice word," Shane chuckles, leaning into Ilya.

Ilya kisses him again, slower this time. Then again. Each one deliberate, unhurried, pressed into warm skin like punctuation marks. Shane tilts his head instinctively, giving Ilya better access, trusting him completely.

There's something possessive in the way Ilya does it, not aggressive, not rushed. Just certain. He mouths along Shane's neck, leaving lingering pressure, the faintest hint of marks that will bloom later, visible proof of closeness rather than conquest.

"Mine," Ilya murmurs softly, the words meant only for Shane. They haven't established what they are to each other, just that they love each other, deeply. Ilya knows he's testing the waters with this comment.

Shane's hand comes up to rest over Ilya's forearm, fingers squeezing once. "Yours," he replies, just as quietly. Ilya breathes, falling impossibly deeper in love with the man in his arms.

The second period hums quietly in the background, the commentators' voices low and steady, when Ilya shifts behind Shane. It's subtle at first, just a change in pressure, a slow slide of his hands along Shane's sides.

Shane feels it immediately.

"No," he laughs softly, squirming when Ilya's fingers skim a little too close to his ribs. "You're doing that on purpose."

Ilya smiles into the curve of his neck. "Am I?"

He presses a kiss there, warm and lingering, then another just beneath it. Shane tries to settle again, but his body betrays him, a breathy laugh escaping as he twitches.

“I’m ticklish,” Shane says, half-warning, half-plea.

“I know,” Ilya murmurs, fond. His hands still, grounding instead of teasing, thumbs tracing slow, reassuring arcs. “I’ll be gentle.”

And he is.

Ilya nudges Shane carefully, guiding him to turn, to lie back against the couch cushions. Shane goes easily, trusting the hands on him, the familiar weight following as Ilya leans over him. The blanket slips to the side, forgotten.

From this angle, Ilya gets to really look at him, flushed cheeks, freckles, shiny eyes, the way his mouth curves when he’s relaxed and open like this. It steals something from Ilya’s chest every time.

He lowers himself just enough to press Shane into the couch, not pinning him, just surrounding him. Their foreheads touch briefly before Ilya’s lips find Shane’s neck again. Slower now. Intentional. Each kiss placed like a promise.

Shane’s breath stutters, then steadies. His hands curl into the fabric of Ilya’s sweater, holding him close. When Ilya’s mouth lingers a little longer in one spot, Shane hums, soft and content.

“You’re going to leave marks,” Shane says quietly, not stopping him.

“Yes,” Ilya replies just as softly. There’s no teasing in his voice now, only certainty. “Is about time.”

Shane whines.

Ilya kisses him again, gentle but insistent, leaving warmth behind. Proof. Not for the world, not for cameras or headlines, but for them. A private reminder of belonging, of safety, of being chosen.

Ilya's hands slip to the hem of Shane's shirt, not rushing, just resting there for a moment as if asking without words. Shane feels it and nods, a little breath caught in his chest.

"Please," he murmurs.

Ilya lifts the fabric slowly, giving Shane time to raise his arms, fingers brushing skin as the shirt comes away. He sets it aside like it matters where it lands. Like everything does.

Shane suddenly feels very aware of himself, of the cool air on his skin, of the way Ilya's gaze changes. Not hungry. Reverent. Ilya doesn't touch him right away. He just looks.

"Hey," Shane says softly, a shy smile tugging at his mouth as he turns his face away a little. "Don't stare."

Ilya cups his jaw gently, thumb brushing along his cheek until Shane looks back at him. "Let me," he says. Quiet. Certain. "Fuck, you're beautiful."

Shane shifts beneath him again, cheeks warm, eyes a little too bright from being looked at like that. He reaches up, fingers curling lightly into Ilya's sweater, grounding himself before he loses his nerve.

"Come here," Shane says, soft and sincere.

Ilya's expression changes instantly, something tender and almost awed flickering across his face. He lowers himself slowly, careful not to rush, and their lips meet in a kiss that's unhurried and full. It's warm, deep, affectionate rather than desperate, like they're pouring time into each other instead of stealing it.

Ilya pulls back just enough to rest his forehead against Shane's.

"You have no idea," he murmurs, breath warm between them, "how beautiful you are like this."

Shane swallows, shy, a small smile tugging at his mouth. "Stop saying that."

"But is true," Ilya replies easily, smirking.

He kisses Shane again, then trails his mouth along his jaw, his neck, his shoulder, slow, lingering presses that leave warmth behind. Each one feels intentional, like Ilya is choosing exactly where to place his affection.

"I love your freckles," he says quietly, lips brushing over them. "Love the way you blush, you get shy. I love your smile. Your dark eyes. The way you pretend you don't like the attention when you absolutely do."

Shane lets out a soft, breathy sound, half laugh, half whine, turning his face away again. "Ilya."

Ilya follows him, smiling, kissing the corner of his mouth, then lower, leaving faint marks that bloom gently against his skin. "Love the way you say my name," he continues. "I love all of you."

Shane squirms now, wanting, breath uneven. His hands slide up Ilya's back, holding him close. "You're so annoying," he mutters, his smile giving away his faked annoyance.

Ilya chuckles softly and presses another slow kiss to his collarbone. "I just want you to feel how wanted you are," he says. "How much I crave you."

He takes his time, marking Shane with patience and care, murmuring quiet compliments between kisses, about his smile, his softness, the way he trusts so completely. Shane eventually relaxes beneath him despite the need curling in his chest, caught between wanting more and being held like this forever.

“Please,” Shane whines, practically begging as Ilya slips one of his fingers along Shane’s waistband.

Ilya hums, hooking his arms around Shane’s legs and pulling him off the couch. Shane shrieks, clinging onto Ilya for dear life. He giggle and stuffs his face into Ilya’s neck. Shane lets himself melt into his hold, content, wanted, exactly where he wants to be.

Outside, the night stays quiet. Inside, everything feels right.

—

Morning comes softly at the cottage. Pale light spills through the thin curtains, snow-bright and quiet, and the fire has burned down to a sleepy glow. Ilya is still half-buried in sleep, warm and heavy under the blankets, when the door to the bedroom slams open.

“Ilya Rozanov.”

His name is said like a curse. Sharp. Accusing.

Ilya groans, rolling onto his back, blinking his eyes open. “Mmm. Good morning to you too.”

Shane stands in the doorway, shirtless, hair a mess, eyes wide with a mix of disbelief and irritation. He looks, spectacular. And furious.

“This is crazy,” Shane says, gesturing vaguely at himself. “I look like I was attacked by a vampire.”

That wakes Ilya up. He props himself up on his elbows and takes him in properly, the scattered constellation of dark marks along Shane's neck, down his collarbone, disappearing beneath the waistband of his pyjamas pants. Every single one placed carefully, lovingly. Intentionally.

Ilya grins. Slow. Unapologetic. His entire body feels warm taking in the gorgeous view in front of him, admiring how each mark decorates Shane's perfectly sculpted body.

"Oh," he smirks. "Wow."

"This is not a 'wow' situation," Shane huffs, though his ears are already turning pink. "I went to wash my face and saw myself in the mirror and— Jesus Christ, Ilya."

Ilya laughs, soft and sleepy, utterly delighted. "You should see your face Hollander," he laughs. "I wish I could take a picture."

Shane glares, then storms over, stopping right at the edge of the bed. "Proud of yourself, huh?"

Ilya reaches out, gentle, catching Shane by the wrist before he can pace himself into another spiral. He tugs lightly, not enough to force, just enough to ask.

"Very," he says, voice warm. Shane hesitates, then sighs dramatically and lets himself be pulled closer. Ilya settles his hands at Shane's hips, thumbs brushing familiar skin, and looks up at him with something openly admiring in his eyes.

"They look really good on you," Ilya says honestly. He presses a soft kiss to Shane's stomach, enough to make the other man gasp. Ilya looks up at him, grinning like a fool in love. "We should do this more often. Yes?"

Shane smiles, but he's quick to try and hide it behind a pout. "You're an asshole."

"Yes," Ilya agrees. He leans forward and presses a gentle kiss just beneath one of the marks, careful this time. "And you are beautiful. Even grumpy. Especially grumpy."

Shane's expression cracks despite himself. He exhales, shaking his head, then leans down to rest his forehead against Ilya's, then climbs into his lap. Ilya is quick to wrap his arms around him, pulling him impossibly closer.

Shane runs a finger through Ilya's messy hair, a sheepish grin on his glossy lips. "You're lucky I love you."

Ilya smiles, fond and a little smug. "I know. I love you too."

Outside, the cottage stays quiet. Inside, Shane lets himself be pulled into the bed, laughing into Ilya's mouth, smiling, marked, and very clearly adored.

If only the world knew their love.

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