

darling let me trace the lines

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by [princebutt](#)

Summary

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"How do you like it?" She asks from her booth, and Shane turns, looking at himself in the mirror for an extra second before retreating back to where Alex is.

"It's perfect," he says sincerely. She smiles proudly and nods.

"Great! Lets get started, then."

Or, the one where Shane gets a commemorative Ilya Rozanov tattoo.

Notes

Oh hi there friends! This idea spawned from the beautiful brain of [bananma](#) and trashfortaylor in the loons discord server, y'all helped this lil fic come a far way, thank you you beautiful humans <3 This turned out to be fluffier than I expected. Apparently I am a sap and wanted to write big sappy words, who woulda thunk it. Not me.

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

It wasn't very often Shane made impulsive decisions. Typically each decision he made was well thought out, planned to a t, and overly researched. Usually he wouldn't just drop everything for a fleeting idea, but this one was too good to pass up. He doesn't really know what spurred the idea – maybe it was the way seeing something on Ilya's skin that represented him made his heart stutter, or maybe it was that he wanted something even more permanent than a wedding band to seal their deal.

That's how Shane finds himself looking up tattoo shops on a gloomy Saturday in June. While the idea is impulsive, Shane is too paranoid to just choose the first shop that pops up on google maps. The first course of action he takes is to text some of the guys on the team who have ink. After casually asking around and asking for some discretion in the matter, Shane has two names, which he looks up on instagram. He spends an absurd amount of time looking through the man's pictures of ink he's emblazoned on peoples' skin before looking up the next name. This artist, Alex Morgan, happens to be a woman, and something about that appeals to Shane. Her works are more focused on fine lines and delicate decorations, and Shane decides to send her a message on instagram.

See? He can be impulsive.

After a few exchanged messages and Shane outlining what he wants in great detail despite the simplicity of what he's asking for, Alex assures him it will be easy enough and she can fit him in this week. He picks an appointment time in the early morning when he sees on their shared calendar that Ilya has a scheduled meeting, puts down a deposit, and feels a swooping sensation of both excitement and some bitter anxiety at what he's about to do for Ilya.

On Friday, Ilya makes them breakfast and kisses Shane's cheek sweetly as he sits at the kitchen table and sips on his smoothie. Ilya's fingers linger, rubbing into his tense muscles as his brow furrows.

"You are anxious," Ilya points out, and Shane takes a sip of coffee and shakes his head.

Yes, yes he is anxious. Today's the day, and he's already anticipating it. He doesn't want to ruin the surprise, though, so he has to think of a good excuse quickly. "Just a lot on my mind today," He promises as he squeezes Ilya's hand and presses a kiss to his palm. It's all working out perfectly – they're going out to celebrate their first wedding anniversary tonight, and Shane will have a shiny new reminder of the man who holds his heart forever embroidered into his skin.

He's never wanted a tattoo before – they just never held an appeal to Shane. While he thinks some of the artwork his team mates have is gorgeous, and he will always love Ilya's ink, those kinds of pieces aren't for him. He likes that his skin is a clean slate. But when the idea entered his brain this weekend, he didn't want to shake it. He wants to do this, wants to commemorate their relationship in a way that feels long-lasting and *forever*. Because Ilya is his forever. There isn't another option for him, there isn't a plan B or a 2.0. It's Ilya and Shane for the rest of time, and it's the most sure he's ever felt about *anything* outside of hockey.

“Should we take Anya for a walk? Or, I can think of other things that will ease your mind.” Ilya’s lips quirk into that signature cocky grin, and his fingers, which had been massaging Shane’s shoulders, dip to skim along his collarbones beneath Shane’s t-shirt.

And, in true Shane fashion, he *yelps*. This solicits a boom of laughter from Ilya, and Shane bats his hands away, huffing out a little sigh and pouting through the embarrassment of the noise he’d just made. “Don’t you have a meeting with coach today? In like... thirty minutes?”

“Checking my calendar again, Hollander?” Ilya asks with a quirked brow as he moves around the table and back to his plate, and takes a large bite of whole grain toast with strawberry jam.

“We have a shared calendar,” Shane grumbles as he finishes his coffee and sets the mug aside.

“We do,” Ilya agrees lightly as he thumbs through his phone. “But I do not check it as often as you do,” he points out, not meanly, just matter-of-factly. Ilya sets his phone aside and goes back to work on his breakfast, chewing thoughtfully. “Are you going to come to the rink with me?”

It’s an innocent question, and usually the answer would be yes. But today Shane squirms in his seat and pushes some eggs around his plate. “No, I think I’m going to go tomorrow instead of today. I have some things I need to get done.”

“Things?” Ilya asks, eyebrow raising yet again, skeptically this time.

“Things,” Shane repeats back, weakly, because why is he so god awful at this?

“What things?” Ilya presses, meeting Shane’s gaze over his toast.

Shane huffs, crosses his arms over his chest, then uncrosses them and looks down at his phone. “I have to run to the grocery store, and there are some other errands. Just... boring stuff,” he says flatly, one hand splaying on the kitchen table.

Ilya’s eyes narrow, and he points his fork at his husband. “You are lying,” he says pointedly. “But I am going to assume this has something to do with my amazing anniversary present you are getting me, so I will let it slide.”

Shane laughs weakly and shakes his head. “Nothing gets past you, huh?” He asks, teasingly. Ilya stands up and takes his plate to the sink where he rinses it and puts it in the dishwasher. Shane stuffs the last few bites of his own food into his mouth, then allows Ilya to take his plate. Ilya stops and presses a small kiss to Shane’s temple before returning to the sink, rinsing the plate, and putting it in the dishwasher as well.

Shane stands, and lets Ilya wrap him up in his arms. He rests his cheek on Ilya’s shoulder, breathing him in and savoring the sweet sincerity of this moment. He lives for these quiet, stolen instances, the times when they don’t need words and communicate through touch alone. He adores the soft way that Ilya holds him, how he knows when Shane requires gentle

caresses and soft understanding, because as teasing and sharp as Ilya's words can be, he also is perceptive enough to read into the moment and match Shane's energy. For a whisper of a moment they stand there, wrapped up in each other and lost in their own space in this home they've built together. For this minute there's nothing else, no one else.

Shane's phone buzzes on the table and Ilya pulls back, kissing Shane's forehead before dropping his arms and nodding at the back door. "I will let Anya out before I leave."

After checking the instagram message Alex sent him with a final mock up of the tattoo, Shane nods. "Ok, perfect. I'm going to head out, but have a good meeting." Shane slides his phone into the pocket of his sweats then leans in, stealing one last kiss from Ilya.

"Have a good time 'running errands,'" Ilya smirks, and the quotation marks are implied in his tone. "Find me a good present," he adds for good measure. "First anniversary is paper, yes?"

There's a glint in Ilya's sparkling eyes, and Shane scoffs at him, rolling his eyes. "If you keep that up you're getting nothing," he teases back. Ilya just laughs as he opens the back door and lets Anya out, following her into the yard. Shane heads to his cherokee and climbs in, his anxiety spiking as it sets in – he's going to do this. He's really and truly about to do this.

Alex's shop is on the other side of town, but the drive goes entirely too quickly. Shane's fingers tap against the steering wheel the whole time, and he doesn't even bother with turning the radio on, he's so desperately lost in his thoughts. Him. A tattoo. Seems insane. The longer he thinks about it, the more he fixates on it, the tighter the knot in his stomach gets. The permanency of it seems like a lot – this is something that will be on his body for the rest of his life. He wants to do it, he's positive he wants this, but his brain is rebelling against something so intense.

Shane parks, and rests his head against the steering wheel as he does some of the deep breathing exercises his therapist taught him. He wants this, his mind argues with his gut, and he feels solid about this choice. His damn body just doesn't seem to want to get the memo.

After one more round of box breathing, Shane forces himself out of the car. He knows this anxiety will release once it's all said and done, but the tightness in his chest is damning. Part of him wants to tell Alex thanks, no thanks, throw some money at her, and get Ilya a really nice paper related gift.

But no. He wants this. Wants to do this.

Shane steals himself and walks around the building, stepping into the shop and looking around curiously. Tattoo shops have always seemed a little daunting, but this space is nice – the walls are decorated with art, the white and black checkered floors are pristinely clean, and each artist's little station is cordoned off with half walls. It's only 11 am, but there are already two artists working. A woman looks up from a laptop and smiles when she sees Shane. She's covered in tattoos, unsurprisingly, and has shockingly bright purple hair. A septum ring shines from her nose, and she's wearing vintage, horn rimmed glasses. She's pretty in an alternative kind of way, and she offers Shane her hand. "Hey, Shane?" She asks as he shakes her hand.

“Yeah, Alex?” She nods and he grins nervously as he stuffs his hands into the pockets of his gray sweats. “Thanks for fitting me in, I appreciate it.”

“Hey, no biggy. I had a cancellation when you reached out, it all worked out well.” She shrugs her thin shoulders and gestures to a clipboard. “I have some paperwork for you to fill out, and I need your driver’s license, then we can get the stencil placed and get started!”

Shane does as he’s told; he fills out arbitrary paperwork and hands over his ID for her to make a copy of. As Alex is printing out the stencil of his tattoo he scans the wall behind her space admiring her work. “These are amazing,” he says as he gestures to the cut outs of previous tattoos she’s done.

Alex looks over and grins, coming back with a small stencil. “Thanks. I’m pretty proud of how far my work has come,” she admits. “Okay, bud, where are we putting this?” She asks as she holds up the image and shows it to him. Shane nods his approval then bites his lip.

“I’m thinking hip.” He tugs the waistband of his sweats and underwear, exposing the crest of his hip, and touches the spot. “Here.”

Alex nods and holds the design up there, angling it this way and that. “Yeah, I like that. Cool, ok. Are you cool leaving your waistband like that?” She asks, and Shane rolls the waistband and nods. “Is this good?” Alex nods again, and goes through the process of placing the stencil. Shane’s stomach is still roiling anxiously, but he feels better now that he’s met Alex. She’s got a calming presence to her, and he feels comfortable around her.

She gets the stencil on and tells him to go look in the mirror, which he does. For a minute Shane just stares at the purple temporary ink, admiring the script she chose, the way that the simple design has been elegantly executed. It’s perfect, and he’s already in love with it. It’s not even on his body and he’s sold. Shocking, considering he’d been on the verge of an anxious breakdown minutes before. But his decision is steeled, and now that he sees it on his body, this feels *right*.

“How do you like it?” She asks from her booth, and Shane turns, looking at himself in the mirror for an extra second before retreating back to where Alex is.

“It’s perfect,” he says sincerely. She smiles proudly and nods.

“Great! Lets get started, then.”

Shane is careful when they’re getting ready for dinner. He wants his new ink to be a total surprise to Ilya when he undresses him tonight, and so Shane keeps dancing away from Ilya’s eager fingers each time he tries to reach for Shane’s hips while they get ready. They’d spent most of the day apart, and Shane had opted to work out at their home gym and shower privately in their bathroom while Ilya trained at the rink. He’d already had fresh underwear on when Ilya had come in that evening, and he’d kept the waistband pulled up high, hiding the black ink and red skin of his new tattoo.

When Ilya comes up behind him as he's buttoning his pants, fingers skimming along Shane's ribs and lips pressing to his jaw, a shiver runs down Shane's spine. Ilya inadvertently found the exact spot on his hip, fingers pressing against the tender skin, slotting into place like his hand was made to fit there. Shane preens under the attention, watching in the mirror with bright eyes the way their bodies work together and fit so intrinsically. Ilya presses another kiss to the juncture of Shane's jaw, and he makes a small, soft sound.

"We're going to be late," Shane grouches, though he almost doesn't mean it.

"So?" Ilya asks against his skin, stubble scraping along Shane's jaw.

"We – we have a reservation," Shane points out. Ilya scoffs but pulls away and sighs as he goes back to buttoning up his shirt. The receding of Ilya's body leaves Shane feeling empty and cold, and he chases the high, follows Ilya and presses his hand to the bear tattoo on Ilya's chest, over his shirt. "I love you." He says it so earnestly, heart exposed and held in his hands, the way it always is for Ilya. And as always, Ilya treats him with tenderness and care, takes his heart and guards it.

"я тебя люблю," Ilya responds. His hand covers Shane's, and his grin is crooked, which makes Shane melt.

They finish dressing, stopping now and again to share soft touches and meaningful kisses. This year flew, and Shane can't believe that they've been married for so long. It's only a raindrop in a sea of years he hopes they spend together, but it still feels so significant.

They'd wanted to spend this day at the cabin, but a few meetings with coach had come up, some things they couldn't reschedule had been planned, and instead they'd decided to make reservations at a fancy Japanese restaurant with the intention to leave for the cabin next week. The restaurant is sleek and elegant, and they drink sake and eat their fill of sushi, but it can't compare to those nights they grill out on the back deck and watch the sun dip below the lake. An expensive bill cannot outdo the simplicity of the nights they spend together just the two of them, and while their fingers brush as they enjoy dinner, while they share meaningful glances and allow feet to skim against calves beneath the table, it's never going to be as valuable as the time they get away, in their own little slice of heaven, together.

Once they've paid, Ilya drives them home in his porsche, one hand on the wheel, the other laced in Shane's on the console. Ilya's playlist plays softly, and their windows are rolled down to let in the sweet summer air. Shane's hair blows off of his forehead and his head falls back against the rest as his eyes close, savoring this moment, enjoying the sweetness in its simplicity. The skin where his new tattoo is burns slightly, a reminder of what he still has to show Ilya.

As soon as they walk through the door, Ilya throws his keys into the bowl on the entrance table and crowds Shane up against the wall, peppers kisses down the column of his neck, presses his thumbs into the creases of Shane's hips, which makes him whimper as he finds that tender spot again. Ilya nips at his jaw and pulls away, eyes finding Shane's. "Should we exchange our presents?" He asks, a wicked glint in his hazel eyes as he nuzzles against Shane's neck.

Shane's breath leaves him in a whoosh, and his head falls back against the wall. "I think you'll enjoy unwrapping yours," Shane teases as his fingers find Ilya's curls.

"Oh?" Ilya asks, and Shane gently pushes him off and takes his hand, leading Ilya further into the house and up to the second floor and their bedroom. Shane starts on the buttons of his shirt, and Ilya quirks an eyebrow but intervenes, taking care with each button, pressing kisses against Shane's chest and neck before pushing the shirt off of his shoulders. Shane lets it fall to the floor, and Ilya unbuckles Shane's belt as Shane toes off his shoes. Ilya pops the button on Shane's pants and pushes them down his hips, curiosity lining his features as he goes.

"Am I getting hot?" Ilya teases as he traces his fingers along the waistband of Shane's black briefs, and Shane nods, biting at his lip as Ilya hooks his fingers through the elastic and tugs. Shane looks down, and so does Ilya, and he stops in his tracks, thumb pressed right next to the new ink. Ilya stares for a moment, then his eyes flit back up to Shane's, a question there. Shane nods, and Ilya gets down on his knees, putting him closer to eye level with the new tattoo. His fingers brush against the raised skin and Shane shivers, his whole body attuned to the slight pain from the pressure of Ilya's fingers. "This... you did this. For me?"

"Who else would it be for?" Shane quips as his fingers card through Ilya's hair. The design is simple, Ilya's name in Cyrillic, his number in an elegant font beneath. Overall the design is no bigger than two inches, and the lines are fine, but they're there, and they're permanently on his body. Ilya just stares for a second, thumb tracing over the crest of Shane's hip in an arc back and forth, absorbing the moment, taking it all in. Shane waits patiently, a dumb grin on his lips.

"I thought you did not want a tattoo," Ilya asks, the statement almost a question. When Ilya's eyes lift to meet his again, Shane just shrugs.

"I changed my mind."

Ilya snorts, and presses a kiss right beneath the tattoo. Shane's breath hitches as he sways on his feet. "I wanted it. I wanted to do something for you. Because I love you permanently. Always. Forever," Shane explains, words breathless with the weight of the emotion there.

"I love it," Ilya says simply. He nuzzles his face against Shane's hip, kisses him along the half down waistband of his underwear. "I love you." He manages between open mouthed kisses that trail to the bulge in Shane's briefs. He tugs them down even further, letting the soft cotton fabric pool at Shane's ankles, and deftly strokes Shane's cock with one hand while kissing his hip. "Let me show you how much," Ilya murmurs against Shane's skin, and Shane just nods, breathless and completely overwhelmed by the feeling of Ilya touching him.

Ilya strokes him again, and then Shane's cock is in his mouth as he sucks gently on the head of it. One of Ilya's hands holds Shane's thigh, the other massaging his ass as he sucks him in deeper, and Shane lets out a breathless little moan, head falling back, knees going weak. Ilya's fucking good at this, incredible at it, even, and Shane tugs at his curls, asking for more. Ilya's head bobs as he works Shane's cock in his mouth, tongue lapping at him, fingers digging into Shane's flesh and grounding them both.

“I want – I want you to fuck me,” Shane pants, another soft groan leaving him as Ilya takes him deeply. Those words are all it takes – Ilya releases Shane’s dick from his mouth and wipes at his wet, pink lips before standing and nodding towards the bed. Shane climbs onto it, and Ilya grabs the lube. Shane splays on his back, arms out, feet planted on the bed leaving him exposed as Ilya climbs between his knees and slicks up his fingers. He gently opens Shane up, fingertips tracing around his hole gently before pushing into him. Shane’s eyes track on Ilya’s face, watch the soft determination, study each tick and twitch of muscle beneath his golden skin. He’s perfect like this, beautiful in his quiet determination. Shane savors these small moments, the way that Ilya’s expressions have become so readable, how he can see what’s on Ilya’s mind without having to ask most days.

His distraction is short lived, though, as Ilya’s fingers push inside of him and he exhales, head falling back on the pillows, neck arching as his lips form around a soft ‘ *oh* .’ His fingers curl in the sheets on their bed, and he stares at the ceiling for a second, regaining his bearings, before letting his gaze flicker back down to Ilya’s face, where a small smile of adoration lives upon his lips. His eyes are tracked on Shane, and their gazes meet, which turns Ilya’s smile wicked as he curls his fingers inside of Shane, causing him to let out a low noise as his hips rock up, seeking friction for his dick and receiving none. The lack of it leaves him panting with want, but he doesn’t want to ask to be touched yet, he wants to be fucked first.

“Are you ready?” Ilya asks, his tone almost teasing, because they both know the answer is yes, and Shane could swear Ilya gets off just from taunting him sometimes. Shane nods, mouth dry and lacking words due to the overstimulation of pleasure coursing through him.

“I want...” Shane starts to say, then swallows thickly when Ilya removes his fingers from inside of him. He wants to whine until Ilya is filling him again, but he holds his composure (somehow) and sits up on his elbows. “I want to be on top,” Shane finally says, grinning softly, hair already a little rumpled and cheeks flushed pink. Ilya returns his grin and nods, and they shuffle around, Ilya laying back against the pillows now, watching as Shane straddles his hips and coats his cock with lube. And then Shane is lining him up and sinking onto him, and a guttural groan leaves him, escaping between his parted lips like a sound of devotion.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya murmurs, and Shane nods in understanding. The fullness he’s filling, how Ilya makes him feel so fucking good when his cock is in him, is a thing of beauty. He could die on this feeling, and he hopes sex with Ilya never loses its luster, because he can’t imagine this shine ever dulling. Shane’s hips move, and he tangles his fingers in Ilya’s, pinning his hand against the bedsheets as he moves up and almost loses Ilya completely inside of him. Shane grinds back down then, and they both moan in unison.

Ilya’s fingers wrap around him, then, and Shane leans forward, grabbing the headboard with his free hand to help himself balance as he rides Ilya’s cock. It doesn’t take long before he can feel his orgasm building, filling him with warmth as he pushes closer to the edge. “Ilya, I’m gonna –”

“Yes, me too, I’m –” Their rhythms pick up, Shane slamming down onto Ilya’s cock, Ilya’s hand pumping Shane’s cock, his thumb sliding over Shane’s slit and drawing a low, guttural

noise out of Shane. His orgasm slams through him with one more stroke of Ilya's hand, and the pleasure courses through his veins, hot and thick and heady. Ilya's hand untangles from his fingers, and he presses his thumb to Shane's tattoo, the slight pain of the pressure honestly kind of *doing something* for Shane, which he's not going to examine right now. Ilya comes only a moment later, and Shane slumps forward and onto his chest. They lay there for a minute, breaths syncing, Shane's nose buried in Ilya's neck as he tries to catch his breath and also attempts to take in as much as he can of Ilya.

There's something comforting about the way Ilya smells after sex. It's musky and so inherently *him*, and it makes Shane feel like he's home. Home isn't always a physical place, though they have made an amazing home for themselves here in Ottawa. But goddamn, Ilya feels like home. Ilya *is* his home. They could be anywhere in the world, and as soon as Ilya's arms close around him Shane knows he's safe, and what an incredible thing they've made for themselves.

"I cannot believe you got a tattoo," Ilya chuckles sleepily into Shane's hair, and SHane laughs too, weakly, a wet noise that's indicative of the tears Shane is now holding back. Because they've been doing this for a year. They've played on a hockey team together. They've found their community. They've intertwined their lives so inextricably that there's no going back, and Shane doesn't *want* to go back.

"I acted on impulse," Shane states, and Ilya barks out another small laugh.

"I do not believe it," he teases, and Shane rolls off of him and curls into Ilya's side. He presses a soft constellation of kisses to Ilya's shoulder, then sighs as his nose wrinkles. "Wait here," Ilya says, knowing the time Shane can tolerate being messy is up. He rolls out of bed and goes to get a towel, returning a few minutes later cleaned up and taking time to wipe Shane clean. It makes him feel pampered when Ilya cares for him like this after sex, and it's something he didn't know he should expect from a partner, but that just makes it all the sweeter. Ilya doesn't *have* to do this, but chooses to. He chooses to take care of Shane, to clean him up when he's boneless and spent from the passion of his orgasm.

"I wanted to make this anniversary special," Shane says, his voice slurred with sleepiness, his eyes fluttering closed, long lashes dark against his freckled cheeks as Ilya tugs the bedsheets out from beneath him and cocoons him in blankets. He then slides into bed next to Shane, his lips pressing soft kisses along the crest of his cheeks, the tip of his nose, down the slope of his jaw. Shane feels all the warm and fuzzy feelings, and he's so content, wanting to live in this moment forever.

"You did, sweetheart," Ilya promises, the words whispered into Shane's hair, his fingers stroking down Shane's spine and skirting along his hip. His thumb comes to stop against the tattoo again, gentle this time, the softest of touches. "Every moment is special with you, Shane Hollander." It's the last words Shane hears before he drifts off into a contented sleep.

End Notes

hi i eat kudos for breakfast and comments for dinner, feed me plz

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