

trace your skin

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75684011) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75684011>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Fluff and Smut , Explicit Sexual Content , Bottom Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Riding , slight belly bulge , stretch marks , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov , Possessive Ilya Rozanov , Episode: s01e04 Rose (Heated Rivalry)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-13 Words: 1,600 Chapters: 1/1

trace your skin

by [hnjsngs](#)

Summary

Ilya's hands stay planted firmly at the curve of Shane's hips, thumbs pressing into the edges where the stretch marks rise like faint ridges under his skin. "So pretty, Hollander. Stretch marks, yes?"

"Yeah, had them... for as long as I can remember," Shane gasps as Ilya's grip tightens, thumbs circling the stretch marks as he fucks into Shane over and over again.

OR: Shane rides Ilya, and Ilya is obsessed with Shane's stretch marks.

Notes

saw shane's (hudson's) stretch marks in episode 4 while he was riding ilya and then got possessed ... until this came out ... hope you all like the vision ...

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

Shane knows Ilya is possessive.

Ilya never puts it into words, but Shane feels it every time he's touched. Over the years, he learns how to read Ilya's hands, the certainty in them, the way they don't ask so much as they settle.

Ilya holds him like an object meant to be secured. Sometimes, like something he intends to keep. Shane tries not to think about it too much. It messes with his head.

It's in the way Ilya's hands always find the same place: locked around Shane's hips when Shane rides him, fingers digging in hard enough to bruise, nails pressing crescent moons into the pale, raised stretch marks that map his skin from hips to thighs.

His fingers map them unconsciously, as his fingers itch to memorize the skin, burn them into memory. And Ilya never avoids them. Never softens his grip for the sake of tenderness. If anything, his hold tightens there, as if those very imperfections are handholds, places meant for him to claim.

Shane remembers the first time Ilya truly noticed them.

He was bent over a hotel bed, chest pressed into the mattress, sweat making his back slick as Ilya drove into him from behind. Ilya's hands slid over his skin and then stopped, gripping hard. Shane felt the exact moment Ilya's eyes found the marks.

He felt the weight of that attention, a tangible pressure as his body stretched around Ilya's cock. Then Ilya's fingers traced the ridges, deliberately and possessively, dragging over the stretched skin without hesitation while his hips never lost their rhythm.

Shane remembers coming hard, whines tearing from his lips when Ilya dug his fingers into some of them, pinching the skin between the pads of his fingers. He remembers it so vividly.

And even now, months later, years even, it's the same.

They're in Boston now, in the stretch of time between games, suspended in a brief pocket where it's only them. In Ilya's house. In Ilya's bed, where everything feels easier, contained.

The bed creaks beneath them as Shane moves, knees braced on either side of Ilya's hips, his muscles working with practiced ease. Afternoon light pours into the room, bright enough to catch on bare skin and sweat, while the trees outside the windows sway gently in the breeze.

Everything narrows down to the heat between their bodies, the solid weight of Ilya beneath him, his cock pressing against his walls, and the dark, unwavering focus of his gaze.

Ilya's hands are already where they belong, where they always end up. His fingers dig deep into the flesh of Shane's hips, thumbs pressing into the familiar, rippled terrain of the stretch marks there. The grip is firm, with no attempt to soften it.

He isn't guiding Shane's movement or setting a pace; he's holding him in place, anchoring him as his hips thrust upward, meeting every roll of Shane's body.

Every shift Shane makes is met with renewed pressure, the faint scrape of nails against skin, fingers squeezing hard enough to make the skin bloom red beneath them.

"Fuck, just like that, Hollander," Ilya gasps, barely more than a breath against Shane's sweat-slick skin.

Shane pants, a desperate, open-mouthed sound, every breath shuddering through him. One hand claws at the carved edge of the headboard until his knuckles whiten; the other presses hard against Ilya's shoulder, bracing as he leans down, capturing Ilya's mouth in a searing, possessive kiss.

Ilya's hips roll insistently, cock dragging along Shane's wall, ribs scraping, sending sparks of friction through both of them. Their breaths collide, wet and ragged, mingling in ragged gasps. Shane's slow, torturous circles coax shivers from deep inside them, while Ilya whines high in his throat, the sound devoured by the heat of their kiss.

Shane's cock leaks furiously against Ilya's stomach, slick pre-cum rubbing along his own skin, coating them both messily. It's wet, impossibly wet, glistening with every movement as Shane continues to ride him, hips rolling desperately.

Ilya's gaze lingers, captivated by the way Shane's body bounces and shifts against him. His hands slide down possessively, fingers pressing into the marked skin of Shane's ass, kneading and claiming.

The pads of his thumbs trace the familiar, raised textures of each stretch mark again and again, memorizing every line, every curve, as if etching Shane into his very touch.

A sharp, broken moan tears from Shane as Ilya arches, shifting with devastating precision. Shane swears he can feel it—the hard, insistent line of Ilya's cock pressing into his lower belly. He knows if he glances down, right where Ilya's cock is pushing against his skin, he'd probably see the taut curve of his stomach.

He shudders.

Before he can catch his breath, Ilya moves, rolling Shane flat onto the rumpled sheets.

In an instant, Ilya is over him, the sudden weight pressing Shane fully into the mattress. And just like that, he slides in again, cock fitting perfectly, dragging along Shane's walls in a rhythm that steals his moans and drives his fingers to grip Ilya's shoulders.

Ilya's hands stay planted firmly at the curve of Shane's hips, thumbs pressing into the edges where the stretch marks rise like faint ridges under his skin. "So pretty, Hollander. Stretch marks, yes?"

Shane nods and arches, hips lifting upwards to meet Ilya's thrusts, teeth catching on the side of Ilya's mouth as he gasps. The friction is relentless, each movement sending sparks through

every nerve; Ilya's cock hitting his prostate just right.

Ilya leans lower, chest pressing into Shane's, breath mingling, his lips trailing a rough path down Shane's neck.

"Yeah, had them... for as long as I can remember," Shane gasps as Ilya's grip tightens, thumbs circling the stretch marks as he fucks into Shane over and over again.

Shane's fingers dig into the sheets, knuckles white, every muscle taut, every nerve alive with the sharp, delicious burn of overstimulation. Each thrust brings a shudder that ripples through them both, and Shane's moans hitch in his throat, caught somewhere between desperation and pure need.

"Pretty, Hollander," Ilya murmurs, voice low and rough. "Suits you." His hand slides down, gripping Shane's pec, thumb brushing over the sensitive nipple.

Shane keens, eyes fluttering closed as Ilya leans lower, lips trailing over the constellation of freckles across his cheeks. His kisses are wet, hot pants against his skin.

Shane shudders and whines, every muscle clenching as his hole tightens perfectly around Ilya's cock when he drives in just right. Heat coils low, spreading up through his belly, through his chest, building a pressure so sharp it makes him cry out. His orgasm hovers teasingly.

Ilya's pace doesn't falter, in fact, it deepens. He leans fully into Shane, chest pressing against chest, the weight and friction of him driving Shane higher and higher, pushing him over the edge.

His hands grip Shane's hips like iron, thumbs digging into the stretch marks with a possessive, punishing pressure. Shane can already feel the imprint of bruises forming under Ilya's touch, a reminder of how thoroughly he's being claimed. He hopes it bruises tomorrow. And then he wipes the thought away.

Shane's nails rake over the sheets, his back arching instinctively as Ilya's lips find the sensitive curve of his neck. They're warm, wet and teasing; they trail down, sucking and nipping at every spot.

His breath hitches in frantic and ragged gasps. The coil in his lower belly tightens.

Ilya's hand slides lower, wrapping around Shane's cock, thumb pressing into the slit with fast strokes. Shane leaks pre-cum, slick and steady, soaking Ilya's fist easily. The glide is wet, and so, *so good*, that Shane feels crazy, high, eyes glazed over with pleasure.

His hole clenches again, tight and punishing, and Ilya groans deep and ragged, the sound vibrating through Shane's skin.

"Come for me, Hollander," Ilya rasps, the command clear in his voice.

Shane moans and comes, muscles clenching, spine arching, every nerve alight as the orgasm rips through him. His moans are loud and desperate, filling the room easily.

Ilya follows immediately, groaning deep, pressing Shane fully into the mattress as he rides out his release with punishing strokes. His thumbs never leave the stretch marks, circling, digging, memorizing every ridge and curve of Shane's hips.

Each movement leaves Shane trembling, muscles spasming, and chest heaving.

They collapse together, slick and shivering. The room is thick with the scent of sex and sweat, as Ilya's lips drift over Shane's chest, wet and warm, leaving a trail of kisses across the stretch marks, teasing the freckles, until they drift lower, hot and insistent, until they wrap around the tip of his cock, sucking with a pressure that makes Shane arch and shiver uncontrollably.

Shane's breaths come in ragged, shuddering pants, chest rising and falling. His body trembles from the sensitivity, and finally he pushes Ilya back gently, overwhelmed.

Ilya comes back up to nuzzle into his shoulder, thumbs tracing the raised lines of Shane's stretch marks lazily now, almost gentle.

Shane exhales shakily, eyes fluttering closed, letting himself simply exist under the warmth and closeness of Ilya. He breathes in, then out, letting the aftershocks of pleasure ripple through him.

"Let's eat, hmm?" Ilya murmurs, pulling back just enough to slip out of Shane's hole. Shane hisses at the sudden emptiness, muscles tingling from how overstimulated they still are. He watches as Ilya peels off the condom, flicking it casually into the garbage bin beside the bed.

"Do you like tuna melt?" Ilya asks, gaze fixed on Shane as he stands.

Shane blinks.

He could go for a tuna melt.

End Notes

and we're now at the end... created a twt account if anyone would like to be friends... need to yap... please let me know if you liked this!

[twitter!](#)

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