made your mark on me

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by ummrys

Summary

That was how he found himself spread out on the bed in their house, naked except for Ilya's jersey. Shane could practically feel the weight of the last name on his shoulderblades, burning itself into his back like a brand. He'd forever be known as Ilya's. Just the thought of that made Shane so hard he could barely breathe, let alone think clearly.

Shane: Are you coming home?
Ilya: no
Shane: But I have a surprise for you.
Ilya: sex surprise?
Shane: That depends on how fast you get home.

or, Shane lets a long-time forbidden fantasy come true.

Notes

so i genuinely think i entered a fugue state. i read the entire game changers series in 48 hours and then basically wrote this in one sitting. i snorted the hollanov cocaine, so to speak

i've never even thought about writing m/m smut before i started this. sorry if this is bad or unrealistic i'm not a man nor have i ever had sex with one

See the end of the work for more notes

The idea started as a joke, something Ilya had said years and years ago to piss him off and embarrass him.

You're so obsessed you probably fuck with your jersey on.

It hadn't been true. Obviously. If it was, Ilya would have known. He was about the only person Shane had slept with who would have let that happen. He tried to imagine the face Rose would have made if he'd shown up to her place in his jersey and laughed himself hoarse. The idea was as ridiculous as everything Rozanov said.

At least, that was what Shane told himself. He'd moved past the comment, ignoring the little voice in his head that was telling him it wouldn't be such a bad idea. Not to wear his own jersey (just the *thought* of that made him feel like a dickhead) but…

The fantasy lived neglected in the back of his head. He pushed it out of his mind as soon as it surfaced. There was no use dwelling on it since it could absolutely *never* happen, so Shane resolved to absolutely never think about it.

His carefully constructed avoidance lasted until about two weeks after Ilya transferred to Ottawa, and Shane saw him in his Centaurs jersey. The idea of letting a *Boston* jersey touch his skin had made him viscerally uncomfortable but Ottawa… their logo might be ugly, but he'd rooted for the team at one point in his life. It was certainly a hell of a lot less sacrilegious than the Bears.

The whole thing came to a head during one of Shane's rare times home alone. Ilya was off going to therapy and then doing some sponsorship meeting, and Shane had decided (against his better judgement) to take the day off and rest. He really *had* been planning to work out and then spend the day curled up on the couch, watching mindless TV with Anya, until he saw one of Ilya's spare jerseys hanging in their closet. He'd tried it on out of curiosity, and he'd been struck by how small it made him feel. Then, he'd caught a glimpse of Ilya's last name spread across his back, and he was hit with flashbacks of every single time he'd imagined this exact scenario.

That was how he found himself spread out on the bed in their house, naked except for Ilya's jersey. Shane could practically feel the weight of the last name on his shoulderblades, burning itself into his back like a brand. He'd forever be known as Ilya's. Just the *thought* of that made Shane so hard he could barely breathe, let alone think clearly.

His inhibitions were a hell of a lot lower than normal right now and Ilya wasn't meant to be getting home for far too long, so Shane thought that maybe he should give him some motivation. The photo left a lot to the imagination– and Ilya certainly had a vivid one– but he'd intentionally left in just enough of Ilya's last name to get the point across.

Shane: Are you coming home?

Ilya: no

Ilya: i have another hour

Shane: But I have a surprise for you.

Ilya: sex surprise?

Shane took a deep breath in and sent the picture.

Shane: That depends on how fast you get home.

Ilya: holy fuck

Shane: I'm not waiting, so you'd better be quick.

It was a lie. They both knew it was a lie. Shane would wait for him forever.

Ilya: On my way!

Ilya: no

Ilya: fuck

Ilya: you know what i meant

Shane: Better get back soon.

He knew that was probably risky. On the best days, Ilya drove like an absolute maniac. With this kind of incentive… it would be a miracle if he made it back without breaking every single traffic law on the books.

Anxiously, Shane waited for Ilya to get home. He wasn't actually going to finish without him– that would ruin basically all the fun of wearing the jersey in the first place– but *damn* was it tempting. Knowing Ilya was rushing home, thinking that Shane was getting off without him… well, it really did make Shane want to start.

As soon as he wrapped his hand around his cock, the front door slammed shut. The sound echoed in Shane's chest like a gunshot. It took everything in him to keep pretending to be casual. Ilya's footsteps were heavy and fast as he made his way to the bedroom. Shane started slowly moving his hand just as Ilya appeared in the doorframe.

"Hey." Shane rolled his head around to meet Ilya's heated gaze. "Welcome home."

Ilya dropped the bag he'd been holding on the floor. Something inside crunched, but it was already forgotten as Ilya strided across the room.

He stopped before he reached the bed, staring down almost reverently at Shane. There was genuine awe in his eyes, and it made Shane feel so soft he almost forgot how achingly hard he was. Almost.

"You are beautiful. Perfect."

"Ilya…" Shane half-moaned. He watched Ilya shudder, close his eyes, and take a calming breath.

"I will take my time with you tonight." Ilya finally crawled on the bed, pulling Shane's hand off his cock and replacing it with his own. "Treat you how you deserve."

Shane whimpered. That was… pretty much the exact opposite of what he'd been intending to do with this. "No. Please. I've been hard for like an hour."

"Is your own fault. Should have thought of that before teasing me." Ilya's eyes were dark in a way Shane knew meant trouble. "Besides, I thought we agreed I tell you what you deserve."

Shane didn't have a response, so he just grabbed Ilya by the back of the neck and pulled him down into a kiss. Ilya crawled fully on top of Shane, replacing his hand with a knee in between Shane's legs. He smiled into the kiss as Shane moaned, unable to keep himself from rutting against Ilya's thigh.

It didn't last long enough. Ilya pulled away and put a heavy hand on Shane's hip. "Ah. Stay still."

"Ilya, I swear to God–"

"I have plans for you, moya shlyukha. I am not going to let you ruin them because you shoot off like rocket when I'm near."

Shane hit him with a hard look, pointedly ignoring the choice of pet name. Ilya kissed him softly, grabbing his wrists and pinning them above his head. He squeezed them hard, and pulled away. "Will you stay where I put you tonight? Or do I need to make new plans?"

Shane nodded breathlessly. He could have moved if he wanted to, but half the thrill was in listening.

"Good boy." A hand snaked its way up the jersey to brush over Shane's nipple. His breath caught, right as Ilya started kissing his way down Shane's throat. He already felt so… claimed by Ilya, and they hadn't even made it past foreplay. He was wearing Ilya's last name with Ilya's tongue down his throat and body on top of his.

"Fuck. Can you speed this up?" Shane's hands twitched with the effort it took to keep them where Ilya left them. All he wanted to do was reach out and pull Ilya impossibly closer, but he had an order to follow.

"No. I said slow. I mean the things that I say." Ilya traced the C, making Shane shiver again. "You look so good in my jersey. With my name on your back. Like you are mine."

"I am yours." Shane said, without hesitation. Ilya gave him a fond look, and then licked his way up the column of Shane's throat.

"Is true. You have always been mine."

Shane didn't have time to dwell on the sweetness of Ilya's words, because Ilya was sliding down Shane's body. The jersey was pulled up, settling right under Shane's armpits. Ilya continued kissing down Shane's chest, biting softly every now and then just to hear the hitch in Shane's breathing. He brushed his calloused fingers over Shane's nipples again, and Shane's arms instinctively moved to grasp Ilya's hair. He caught himself at the last second, but Ilya noticed. Because of course he did.

Ilya pulled off with an almost amused expression. "I did tell you to stay, no?"

"I'm sorry. I couldn't help it." Shane felt almost as ashamed as he was aroused. He was supposed to be *good* at following instructions.

"I know you couldn't, sweetheart." Ilya's tone was dripping with condescension. It was unbelievably hot. "Are you going to stay still and let me touch you now? Or do I need to tie you down?"

"The– the second one."

Ilya smirked at him, but reached into their drawer to pull out their leather handcuffs and lube. Shane perked up at the sight, but Ilya rolled his eyes. "Eager. You will still have to wait. I am

just being… um… doing a thing in advance."

"Proactive?" Shane offered, somehow managing to think through his raging boner.

"Yes." Ilya snapped. "Proactive."

Ilya looped the chain through their bedframe and gently put the cuffs around Shane's wrists. Shane just laid there, pliant and content to let Ilya do whatever he wanted. He'd become resigned to the fact that there was nothing he could do or say to speed this up. He might as well just ride the wave, so to speak.

"Tug." Ilya instructed. Shane rattled the cuffs a little, swallowing a moan when they didn't give. He was fully under Ilya's control right now. Exactly where he always wanted to be.

"Perfect." Ilya settled one of his big hands on Shane's waist. "Always so perfect for me."

He kissed Shane briefly, and then made his way back down Shane's body. He licked over one of Shane's nipples and pinched the other. Shane wasn't sure how it was possible, but he felt himself get even harder as Ilya took his time worshipping Shane's body. It was equal parts torturous and phenomenal. Ilya murmured praise in both English and Russian, coming back up to kiss Shane every now and then.

When he was done with Shane's chest, Ilya slid the jersey down and moved to his thighs, skipping over Shane's cock completely. Here, he left one single hickey, right on his hip bone. Shane moaned louder than he had all night when he saw it.

"So responsive." Ilya tutted, brushing a hand on the sensitive inner part of his thigh. "I cannot wait to take you apart."

"This isn't taking me apart?"

"No. Still payback. Coach is mad at me for leaving the meeting early. He did not seem to believe my excuse that Anya was ill. Probably because it was a lie."

"You didn't need to come." Shane said, his arousal making him bold once again. "I could have handled myself without you."

Ilya's expression darkened. His voice was low when he said, "Oh, sweetheart. I won't fall for your games."

"I don't–" Shane gasped as Ilya kissed the inside of his knee. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Patience is a virtue. One you should learn."

"I think you're planning to teach me whether I want you to or not."

Ilya smiled. "Smart boy."

He brushed his lips just below Shane's bellybutton, mere centimeters away from his cock. Shane squirmed, trying desperately to get some sort of friction.

"I like you like this. Needy." He pressed Shane's hips down into the mattress with his forearm. "You always look so pretty when you're desperate."

Finally– *finally*– Ilya wrapped his lips around the head of Shane's cock. His hips tried to move, but Ilya's arm kept them still. It wasn't quite a blowjob, more like a teasing approximation of one. Every time Shane thought he might get close, Ilya pulled away and nipped at Shane's thighs.

"Ilya–" Shane gasped. "Please. I need to come."

Ilya considered that, and smiled the same intense smile he did right before he made an impossible move on the ice. "You can come whenever you want."

Then, he threw Shane's knees over his shoulder, lifted him off the bed, and licked over his hole.

Ilya always ate ass like his life depended on it. It wasn't exactly rare, but somehow Shane forgot how good it felt every single time. He was barely touching the bed, held in the air by his own core strength and just *one* of Ilya's hands. The other was blindly reaching around the bed for something.

Shane must have been moaning more than usual, because Ilya pulled off for just a second and rubbed a calming hand over his thigh. "Are you okay, moya lyubov?"

"Yes." Shane gasped. "I'm okay. Just– very overwhelming."

"Good. Is the point."

Shane was falling apart, but he still managed to mumble, "Fuck you."

"No." Ilya uncapped the lube with his teeth. "Fuck *you*."

The combination of Ilya's mouth and fingers was too much for Shane. He lasted about a minute after Ilya got his second finger in. He came so hard his core gave out and they both went toppling down.

"Guess you're not that strong after all, Rozanov." Shane said after catching his breath.

Ilya rolled his eyes. "I was not expecting you to come so soon. I was not braced."

"Sure you weren't."

Ilya shoved three fingers back inside of Shane without warning, making him writhe with overwhelming pleasure. He stretched him slowly, clearly taking care to avoid overstimulating Shane too much. They'd been fucking for over a decade at this point, Ilya knew him well enough to know where *not* to touch.

Shane got hard again very quickly. Ilya regarded his swelling cock with amusement. "Eager. Always so eager. And you say I am the insatiable one."

"Big word."

Ilya ignored him, instead choosing to reach up and release the cuffs. He massaged Shane's wrists and shoulders for a second, and then ordered him to turn over, claiming, "I want to see *my* name on your back while I fuck you."

Shane scrambled to obey, barely able to keep himself propped up on his hands and knees. Ilya's hand on his hips was bruising, and Shane finally felt the weight of Ilya's cock on his hole.

"Please. Ilya, please." Shane begged. He was barely able to string coherent sentences together. His orgasm had stripped away all remaining brain power.

Ilya pushed in, and Shane, honest to god, blacked out. His hands gave out from underneath him and he made a noise so loud it could probably be heard from space. Ilya just put his free hand on Shane's back, right in the middle of his number, and pushed him down into the mattress.

Instead of the intense pace Ilya loved, he fucked Shane slowly. It was driving Shane absolutely insane. Ilya had fucked Shane from behind probably a million times, but it had never been like this. It was gentle, but not kind. Ilya was using Shane as a conduit for his own pleasure at this point.

It didn't take long for Shane to come again. He cried out and went boneless, once again held up only by Ilya's hand on his hip.

"Fuck." Ilya hissed. The pace got a little quicker and a little more brutal as Ilya chased his own orgasm. It didn't take long before Shane felt the familiar heat of Ilya's cum inside of him. Normally, Ilya could fuck Shane for close to an hour without coming, but clearly he'd been just as strung out as Shane was.

"You are amazing." Ilya said, practically collapsing on top of Shane. Shane shoved him off, hissing as Ilya pulled out and flopped on the bed. He rolled over, uncaring about Ilya's cum leaking out of him onto the sheets. Those sheets had been through *a lot*. They could handle this.

"You are an *asshole*. I can't believe you dragged that on for so long."

"Was hot." Ilya shrugged. "What am I supposed to do?"

"Oh my god." Shane flushed, looking down at the jersey. "That's disgusting. We ruined it."

Ilya shrugged again. "Eh. Is my fourth extra one. Doesn't matter. And I think *you* ruined it."

"I can't believe I did that." Shane covered his face, the embarrassment finally hitting him. He was never letting his dick do the thinking ever again.

"This is… post-nut clarity, no?"

Shane jerked upright, staring at Ilya like he'd grown three heads. "What the fuck? Who taught you that?"

"Nobody *taught* me, Hollander." Ilya grinned, and Shane could immediately tell he was lying. "I am smart. I know things."

"Was it Hayden? I swear to god I will fucking *kill him*."

"Was not Hayden. I do not think he knows the term. He has never had clarity in his life."

"Then who…" Shane trailed off, because there was only one other person in his life who both was up on their pop culture lore and was close enough to Ilya to make those kinds of jokes. "Oh my fucking god. It was *Rose*."

"Prehaps." As usual, Ilya did not seem ashamed in the slightest while Shane was *mortified*.

Shane ripped the cum-stained jersey off and threw it directly at Ilya's head. "Fuck you. I'm taking a shower."

"Can I join or are you still too embarrassed we had sex that we both wanted?"

Shane flipped him off as he got out of bed. His knees promptly gave out from underneath him.

"I fucked you too good, Hollander. Do you need a hand?"

"You know what… yeah." Shane looked back at Ilya from where he'd perched himself on the side of the bed. His leg muscles were shaking. At least he'd gotten *some* form of workout done today. "You're carrying me to the shower."

End Notes

hopefully i managed to capture their dynamic accurately. i've only known ilya rozanov for two and a half days but if anything happened to him i'd kill myself.

moya shlyukha means my slut hopefully. i used google translate

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