81 in Black

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81 in Black

by ParkourMargaret

Summary

Shane looks over his shoulder at Ilya, who had gone still, hands moved down on his hips, his thumb frozen over the ink.
“You like it?”

Shane gets a tattoo. Ilya loves it.

Notes

I read another "Shane gets a tattoo" fic (I can't remember the title, shoutout whoever wrote it) and was inspired to write my first fic. This takes place probably around the end of Season 1 of the show. Enjoy!

Shane wants to get a tattoo.

He knows it goes against his image, tough on the ice but pure otherwise. He has no piercings, no tattoos, no other marks.

It wouldn't be anything anybody else would see. He knows his teammates would tease him for it if they saw, no matter what it is. They would ask questions. Want to know why, and Shane knew he couldn't tell them, and would hate to lie about something so permanent.

And nothing too big, too noticeable. He wants to be able to cover it, if worse comes to worse. It's not a tribute. Not a thank you. Just… something.

Shane thinks on it for days, weeks, wanting to get it right. He doesn't take it lightly, a commitment like this, but at the same time, he wants to feel fun, in a way, rebellious. One random Tuesday morning, before practice - it comes to him. He smiles to himself, thinking about the reaction it'll get.

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Shane gives himself two days to sit with it, decides that yes, he really wants to do this, and Thursday afternoon he walks into a tattoo shop in some random town outside Boston - he's playing there on Sunday, and wants it to be healed enough for after the game. There's less of a chance people are going to recognize him and judge him here. And if he did a full dive through both the shop and the artists' Instagram accounts to confirm they don't follow anything related to hockey, well, it only makes sense.

The artist introduces herself as Aliyah, a specialist in fine line. Shane likes her immediately. He lays down on his stomach, relieved this would be over quickly. He'd never been scared of needles, or pain, but this was new territory for him. For the ten minutes or so he lays there, listening to the whir of the needle, he ignores the sting by imagining Ilya's face when he sees the tattoo.

It's over quickly. Aliyah wipes it down, covers it with a small piece of plastic and tape, and advises Shane to keep it clean, use antibacterial soap, don't go hard in the gym. He nods, knowing it won't need much time to heal. There's no blood, barely any redness around his skin. Too small to itch. Really, he smiles, it'll be fine. More than fine.

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Sunday comes. Montreal loses. Shane can't find it in himself to chirp back at the other team as they skate by, even though the disappointment of loss still flows through him. It's gone more quickly than normal, pushed out by anticipation. Three hours to go, he knows, making brief eye contact with Ilya as he passes. Shane looks away, nervous that his eagerness will show on his face. Ilya could read him like a book, and he was sure that he would notice the difference.

In the locker room, Shane changes quickly, planning to shower at the hotel. He exchanges a few words with Hayden and the team, making his way steadily out the door. His hotel was only a few blocks away so he had planned to walk, and the crisp air clears his head enough to push down the anticipation enough to function like a normal person and not look at every person passing on the street, thinking, *I wish they were Ilya*. He knows it's silly, that he could wait a little longer, but the suspense was jittering in his bones.

Finally he makes it up to his room, just in time to receive the text.

Lily: Be there in half an hour. What is your room number?

Jane: 417

Shane sheds his clothes and takes a quick shower before Ilya gets here, making sure the tattoo was clean and dried off completely. He can't help but twist in the bathroom mirror to catch a glimpse of the ink on his skin. He always thought that a tattoo would be life-changing, a permanent mark to show off. Maybe it was life-changing, he thinks now, but in a different way.

He pulls on black sweatpants and a tee shirt, not bothering with boxers. Suddenly he isn't sure what to do while waiting - he scrunches his hair, brushes his teeth, stares out the window, and the first flicker of doubt enters his mind. What if he doesn't see it? What if he doesn't like it? Or worse, what if he doesn't care? Shane scolds himself immediately after the thought. He knows Ilya by now, knows what he likes, knows he can be cocky in an endearing way when it's just them. He'll like it.

A knock breaks him out of his thoughts, quiet but insistent. Shane walks over to the door with his head held high, and opens. Ilya slides his way in, already smirking as he toes off his shoes. "You look too happy for someone who lost."

Shane scoffs. "Go fuck yourself, Rozanov."

Ilya grins. "I don't think you get to be so cocky, right? Not mean to me, the captain who beat you."

Shane rolls his eyes, then looks Ilya over. He's standing a few feet away, closer to the bed than the door. He's wearing all black, pants and belt and tee shirt, and it makes Shane's mouth water. "Do you want anything? Water, a drink?" Shane offers, as he moves forward, bypassing Ilya as he backs up to the bed, his mouth already quirking up into a smile.

"You are offering me water?"

"If you want it." By then, Shane had walked backwards to the edge of the bed and stood still.

Ilya's eyes rake down Shane's body, and up again. "I am, how do you say it, thirsty." That gets a laugh out of Shane. "But not for water." Ilya strides forward, touching Shane's neck at the base and moving his hand up to grab his jaw, fingers pressing down to open Shane's mouth as he claims it in a kiss. "I want my prize."

Something swells in Shane's chest. "Your prize?"

"Yes, for winning tonight," Ilya counters, pulling back to look into Shane's eyes. He smirks. "Am I not allowed a prize?"

Shane, feeling bold with Ilya's words, sits himself on the bed. He tilts his head. "What do you want?"

Ilya follows Shane down, kissing him again. He puts his hand on Shane's chest and pushes and Shane goes willingly, laying down on the bed as Ilya brackets his body with his, resting on his forearms. He kisses him again, using his mouth to push Shane's head into the bed. "I think," Ilya drawls, "I will fuck you." Shane's breath hitches. "Hard." Shane *whimpers* like he can't help it. Ilya kisses him again, pushing his tongue into Shane's mouth, devouring him. He pulls back to look Shane in the eyes, checking. "Is okay?"

Shane nods, eyes wide. "Yes. Please."

Ilya groans under his breath, lifting Shane up to pull his tee shirt off, and quickly removes his as well. "Move back," he orders, and Shane follows (*as he always does*, Ilya thinks, *good boy*), scooting backwards until only his calves hang over the edge of the bed. Ilya follows, once again crawling over Shane's body. He runs his hand up his leg, over his hip and pecs, up to his neck. He claims Shane's mouth again, pushing a moan out of Shane that Ilya mirrors. "I'm going to take your pants off and give you what you need."

Shane can do nothing more but gasp for air as Ilya pulls his mouth away and nods, lifting his hips for Ilya to remove his sweatpants. Ilya clicks his tongue, amused and aroused to reveal Shane's lack of underwear. Ilya opens his hand, and Shane automatically reaches up to the bedside table to grab the small bottle of lube. Funny, how they have a favorite travel-size brand at this point. He doesn't think about what that says about them, as a pair.

Suddenly Shane remembers, feels a new thrill at what Ilya is so close to seeing. But Ilya doesn't, yet. He keeps Shane on his back, slicks up his fingers and spreads Shane's legs, opening him with one torturous finger at a time. Shane is a mess by finger three, sweating and swearing, grabbing at Ilya's arm, whatever he could reach. "Please."

Ilya stands, undoes his belt. His button follows, his zipper, his pants. Shane watches with reverence. "Turn over, награда."

Shane stretches his arms up, then rolls over onto his stomach. Ilya, damn him, isn't looking where Shane needs him to, reaching for a condom, rolling it on with one hand while the other holds Shane's hip possessively, blocking what's supposed to be the highlight. Once again, the stupid thought enters Shane's head, what if he doesn't care, what if -

A sharp inhale, and then silence. Shane looks over his shoulder at Ilya, who had gone still, hands moved down on his hips, his thumb frozen over the ink.

Ilya's eyes are wide in shock, mouth half open. He rubs his finger over the small black "81," tucked behind Shane's right hip, next to the curve of his ass.

“You like it?”

Ilya looks up and meets Shane’s gaze. His eyes are dark.

“You… got a tattoo?” Ilya sounds awestruck, a little breathless.

Shane nods.

“Of my jersey number.”

Shane nods again.

Ilya inhales, looking back and forth between the tattoo and Shane’s face. His face was unreadable.

“Is it… do you like it?” Insecurity bleeds through Shane’s voice, just a little.

Ilya moves his thumb over the 81 again, circles it. Presses it lightly.

“It’s small, but I can cover it if I need to, and I just thought… just wanted…”

Ilya looks up to meet Shane’s eyes. Lust, adoration, maybe, and something darker, possessive, flickers on his face. “Just thought what?”

Shane swallows. “You’re the only one.”

Wind roars in Ilya’s ears. He moves up Shane’s body, twisting him a little to crash their lips together in a kiss Shane can only describe as dominating. Ilya bites at his lip, sucking it into his mouth, making Shane gasp. “Yes,” Ilya says, low in his throat. “Yes, I like it.” He slides back to his original position, straightening off Shane and standing behind him. Ilya tapped his knees, and Shane spread them again, allowing Ilya to position himself between his legs. “You’re wearing my number, Hollander.”

“I am,” Shane says, and sucks in a breath as Ilya pushes into him. It’s slow but hard, purposeful.

Ilya pauses, fully inside Shane, and once again smoothes his hand over his number. He mutters something in Russian before he pulls out, and slowly pushes back in, steady and firm. And again, faster. Shane is left gripping the comforter as Ilya makes true on his promise, fucking him into the mattress with a brutal pace. It’s perfect. Again and again, Ilya moves Shane’s hips in time, thumb pressing right below the tattoo, making the skin raise.

“Look at you,” Ilya breathes, still moving, sounding desperate. “My prize, already engraved with my number. Fuck, Shane,” he pants, draping himself now over Shane’s back. Shane tries to push up, to move his hips back, but all he can do is hold on while Ilya takes him. He feels his orgasm coiling inside him, getting closer with every thrust. Ilya swears. “I’m going to come here,” he growls, thumbing again over the black 81, “So you really know who you belong to, hm?” Overcome by the thought, Shane tenses beneath Ilya, orgasm ripping through him. He cries out, curling in on himself, and Ilya doesn’t stop. Five more thrusts, six,

and then he is pulling out and the condom off, grunting, and spilling himself over Shane's ass, his hip, his tattoo. He braces himself on the bed, breathing heavily.

Shane groans happily and rolls over beneath him. A smile plays around his eyes. "That's exactly what I hoped would happen."

Ilya huffs a laugh, crawls up a few feet and collapses next to Shane. Shane's head immediately finds Ilya's chest, burrowing in. "When did you get it?"

"Last week. I thought it would be nice."

"Hm. It is nice. It's hot." Ilya smiles into Shane's hair. "I love it. It suits you."

Shane hums. "Don't expect any special treatment. But, I don't know. It makes me feel good. Complete." Shane is blissed out, unaware, maybe, of what he said. The words lodge themselves in Ilya's chest. Complete. He files that thought away for a later date.

"I'll be right back." Ilya slides out from under Shane's head, who reluctantly lets him go. Ilya comes back with a wet washcloth to wipe Shane's front, then rolls him gently so he can clean his come off Shane's back. He sees the 81 there, fresh and new, and feels a surge of possessiveness of this man who gives himself so willingly to him.

Ilya pushes his thumb into the number again, and Shane groans. "Come here," he reaches for Ilya, and Ilya comes. They lay together, quiet for a few minutes, naked and tangled together. Shane smiles against Ilya's neck, then again as he looks into his eyes. "Congrats on the win." Ilya laughed.

"If this is what happens with every win, you'll be covered by the end of the season."

Shane smiled lazily. "Fuck off, Rozanov."

"You can't tell me that anymore. My number is on you. I am always here."

Neither of them pretended that it didn't feel good to hear.

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