

autograph

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autograph

by [bugbaby7638](#)

Summary

"A game?" said Shane blankly.

Ilya waved his arms around as if to communicate through hand gestures. "You know, a sex game. Where we pretend to do something in a sexy way."

"You have a... fantasy? Like, you want to act out a scenario?" Shane said hesitantly.

Ilya snapped his fingers. "Yes. I have a fantasy."

"What's your, um. Fantasy?" Even asking, Shane felt a hot blush rising up his cheeks.

Ilya leaned forwards so that his lips were to Shane's ear. "I want you... to be a fan."

Shane shuddered at Ilya's breath ghosting across his skin. "A fan?"

"Yes, a fan. My biggest fan. And you ask me for an autograph."

Or: Shane loses a bet, and Ilya wants Shane to pretend to be his biggest fan.

Set Pre-Tuna Melt

Notes

Disclaimer: The timeline might be a little skewed.

Please let me know if I am missing any tags :)

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

June 2015, Boston

Shane arrived at Ilya's exactly on time. He had been planning on a cool five, ten minute delay but— who was he kidding, he had spent all day thinking about this moment and Shane had never played anything cool in his entire life.

Jane: Here.

Barely a minute later the door was swinging open and a shirtless Ilya was standing there.

"Hi," said Shane, trying to keep the nerves from his face.

"Hello," Ilya returned, smirking.

Shane slipped past him and moved into the kitchen, hands stuffed awkwardly into his pockets. *How was he still awkward after all this time? So many years in, how was it possible that he could still be nearly breathless with nerves?* He felt lightheaded, sweaty, unable to look Ilya in the eye.

Ilya, perhaps taking pity on him, put a light hand on his back and guided him until he was crowded up against the kitchen island, turning Shane around to face him. Reaching up to cup Shane's face, Ilya kissed him gently but firmly. Shane relaxed a little into the contact.

"I am supposed to say congratulations, I think," said Ilya. He pet Shane's cheek, then drew his thumb from Shane's brow bone and up towards his hair. "To the Stanley Cup champion."

Shane frowned, but leaned into the touch. "That's not really the same thing as actually *saying* congratulations, Rozanov."

Ilya chuckled. "Ok. Congratulations."

Shane was still chasing Ilya's fingers across his cheek. This particular touch was a direct precursor to Ilya kissing him deeply, pulling on his hair, reaching—

"But it is not you who gets a reward, I think," Ilya said.

"What?" said Shane dazedly, staring at Ilya's mouth.

"Remember? We had a bet," Ilya said, his voice dropping.

Shane struggled to remember what Ilya could be talking about. They frequently made little bets about hockey games over text. It could be anything: who would drop gloves, the final score, how many faceoffs a certain player would win. Occasionally, the prize for winning a bet would be a sexual favor.

"I don't—" started Shane.

"You said you would get that trick in the final," pointed out Ilya. "And you did not. My prize for winning is—"

Ilya held up his phone. It was open to their messages, scrolled up to reveal the text:

Jane: If I don't get three, you can have me any way you want me.

" 'Any way you want me'," repeated Ilya, tapping his chin in mock contemplation.

Shane rolled his eyes. "I mean, I still won the game."

"That was not the bet," Ilya said stubbornly. He was staring at Shane's message again. "Also, Hollander, who spells out 'three' when texting?"

Flushing, Shane squirmed against the counter. "I— Well. How?"

"How what?"

Shane swallowed. "How do you want me?"

Ilya grinned crookedly. "I think maybe you enjoy losing, Hollander."

"Alright," said Shane, raising his arms up as if to push Ilya off.

"No, no, Hollander, I am sorry," whined Ilya. "I have been thinking about this. A lot."

"Yeah?"

"I want to play a game," said Ilya, his grin getting, if possible, even broader.

"A game?" said Shane blankly.

Ilya waved his arms around as if to communicate through hand gestures. "You know, a sex game. Where we pretend to do something in a sexy way."

"You have a... fantasy? Like, you want to act out a scenario?" Shane said hesitantly.

Ilya snapped his fingers. "Yes. I have a fantasy."

Shane bit his lip nervously. They occasionally engaged in some role playing banter in bed, but never more than a throw-away line. This sounded more involved. It sounded far outside of Shane's comfort zone. It also sounded (potentially) very hot.

"What's your, um. Fantasy?" Even asking, Shane felt a hot blush rising up his cheeks.

Ilya leaned forwards so that his lips were to Shane's ear. "I want you... to be a fan."

Shane shuddered at Ilya's breath ghosting across his skin. "A fan?"

"Yes, a fan. My biggest fan. And you ask me for an autograph."

"Who taught you the word 'autograph'?" asked Shane, hoping that Ilya didn't notice how ridiculously hard Shane was right now. From their proximity, not the proposed scenario.

"Is excellent English word. And how could I not know? People are always asking me for an autograph. Do you know how many tits I have signed, Hollander?"

"Jesus," muttered Shane.

Ilya looked down at him delightedly. "So?"

Shane looked away from Ilya's face, face burning. "Ok."

Ilya guided his face back so that Shane's eyes were once again locked on his own. "We do not have to. I want you to be sure."

Shane's face was so hot, he had a distant thought that he might be outshining the nearby lamps. However, this time he maintained eye contact when he said, "I am sure. I— want to."

"Good," said Ilya, and, oh, if that word didn't just ricochet around Shane's body like an electric shock.

Ilya, still with one hand on the small of Shane's back, guided him out of the kitchen and down the hall. Once in the master bedroom, Shane stood next to the bed, fidgeting, while Ilya rooted around in his closet. He emerged a few moments later holding—

"Oh, no," said Shane.

"Oh, yes, Hollander," replied Ilya.

"I'm not wearing that."

Ilya raised the jersey in front of him, his shoulders shrugging upwards in a familiar gesture of rebuke, as if to say, *oh my god, what*, and said, "Hollander. Is obvious. If you are my biggest fan, you will have my jersey."

"I'm not—"

"You are fan. You will definitely be wearing my jersey when asking for an autograph."

Shane stared mutely at Ilya.

Ilya lowered his arms, bringing his hands (still holding the jersey) together in an imitation of prayer. "Is part of fantasy."

Relenting, perhaps too quickly, Shane reached stiffly for the jersey. "Ok. Fine."

Ilya grinned. "And pants off."

Shane gave him an exasperated look, to which Ilya merely raised an eyebrow.

After taking off his pants— but keeping his underwear on— Shane perched on the edge of the bed. Ilya's jersey was slightly too big. The poor fit allowed a small current of air to snake its way along his back and shoulder blades whenever he moved. This also meant that whenever he moved, some of Ilya's scent was released from the fabric. He tried not to inhale too obviously.

Hands clenched into fists, Shane worked up the courage to say something he had been thinking about on the drive over. "We won't have any games for a while. We'll have a break, for summer."

A pause from Ilya, and then— "Yes, I know this."

"So," Shane began. "So, you can leave marks if you want to. I mean, we can leave marks on each other if we want to. We don't have to be so careful, no one will see, no, you know, communal showers for a while." *Was he rambling?*

"Ah yes, I was hoping you would say this," said Ilya, and Shane flushed with pleasure. It would be nice to keep the evidence of this meeting for a little while, at least. Hickeys. Bruises on his hips...

Sitting down on the bed, his gaze passed over the bedside table. On its surface was the familiar lube and condom packets, but there was also a black marker.

"Rozanov," Shane said in a warning tone.

"Hollander," mimicked Ilya.

"Why do you have a marker?"

Ilya gesticulated with one hand, the palm raised towards the ceiling, in a motion that meant, *come on, Hollander, keep up*. "For autograph."

Shane was glad that no one seemed to have taught Ilya the word "duh." He would be a terror.

"Ok, but I don't actually want your autograph. You know that, right? The fantasy is just me asking."

Ilya moved in an almost predatory way so he was standing over Shane, sliding his hand through one side of Shane's hair. "Are you sure? You do not want my autograph," he said, his voice very low.

Shane's mouth had gone dry. He didn't answer.

"I'm just going to sign something of mine," said Ilya, picking at the collar of his jersey where it rested on Shane's skin. "If you... ask nicely."

Shane's thoughts had scattered. He nodded. *Why did this man make him so, so dumb?* "Okay," he whispered.

"Good," said Ilya. It was that word again. "If you want to stop. If you do not feel comfortable. You need to say."

Ilya's eyes were boring into Shane's, but this time he resisted the urge to look away. "I will say."

"Good," murmured Ilya. He leaned down and kissed Shane, slowly at first, and then bruisingly, licking into Shane's mouth. He loved this feeling, the sensation of Ilya's curls in his fingers, the feeling of being consumed. Nothing had ever been so addictive, made him feel so complete.

After a few minutes of kissing, Ilya slowed the pace and pulled back to watch Shane. His hand had drifted from Shane's hair to the side of his face, trailing until his thumb caught on Shane's mouth. Reflexively, Shane partially opened his mouth.

Ilya's smile had faded, his gaze burning. Ilya asked, "Is there anything you wanted to ask me?"

Shane swallowed. This was insane. He was insane. This had to be the most humiliating moment of his life. But apparently his body hadn't got the memo that humiliation was supposed to be bad, because he was still rock hard. "Can I... have your autograph?" asked Shane in a moderately steady voice.

Ilya tilted his head. "An autograph? Are you sure you want mine? And not, say, another player's?"

Shane nodded. "Yes. Ilya Rozanov. I want you to sign something."

Ilya's gaze darkened even more at the use of his full name. Interesting.

"And why do you want my signature?" Ilya continued in a conversational way. His tone was still nonchalant, but Shane could tell by a quick glance down that this was a lie by the way Ilya was straining through his sweatpants.

"I'm a huge fan," said Shane, maintaining eye contact while beginning to mouth at Ilya through the fabric of his sweatpants.

"ебать," said Ilya. There was a hitch in his voice now. "You think I am the best player in the league?"

Shane paused at that. "You are an excellent player," he said, before continuing to mouth and suckle at Ilya. The fabric of his pants was getting damp in places.

Ilya reached a hand around the back of Shane's head and tugged on his hair to force Shane's head back. The pain went straight to Shane's cock.

"You claim to be fan, but don't think I am the best player in the NHL?" His tone was light, but his gaze was still dark, dark, dark.

"You're incredible center forward. Vicious. Fast." Shane's throat worked as he swallowed. "You're my favorite player to watch." This was all true, actually, but saying it out loud made Shane's heart rate skyrocket in a way that nothing else had.

Ilya made a little noise in the back of his throat. Emboldened by Ilya's obvious arousal, Shane opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue, looking imploringly at Ilya. His head was still tilted back because of Ilya's grip on his hair. "Please," he said.

Ilya groaned, muttering something in Russian, and yanked down his pants. His cock, now freed from his pants, hovered red and thick near Shane's mouth.

"Please, what?" rasped Ilya.

Ilya's grip on his head now relaxing, Shane moved forwards slowly and started giving Ilya's cock kittenish licks. "Please," he said between licks. "Please can I have your autograph."

"Ты меня убьешь," Ilya groaned. "You can have my autograph if you are good for me, yes?"

"Yes," mumbled Shane. "You mean, good like this?" And took Ilya as far down as he dared.

Ilya's hips jerked forwards, his hand still resting on the back of Shane's head. "Yes, yes, just like this."

Shane loved sucking Ilya's dick, and over the years he flattered himself he had gotten pretty good at it. He relaxed his throat, working his mouth methodically up and down, reveling at the heaviness of Ilya in his mouth, the smell of him.

"ебать, god, you would do anything for me, wouldn't you? My number one fan, such a cockslut."

Shane whimpered around Ilya's cock, straining for some friction for his own dick. He reached a desperate hand down to palm himself through his boxers, but Ilya's free hand shot down and grabbed his wrist before he could touch himself.

"Mmm, I don't think so. You will cum too fast. I think you should focus only on this," and as Ilya said this, he jerked his hips forward. Shane's eyes watered and he groaned again.

"You follow me from game to game, yes? Maybe I should keep you locked up in my hotel room so I can enjoy you after every game. Just for me."

Ilya was thrusting faster into Shane's mouth, and between the feeling of Ilya using his throat and the words coming out of his mouth, Shane was in serious danger of coming untouched.

Maybe Ilya recognized the sounds Shane was making or his expression, because Ilya suddenly pulled away from him, swearing, and said, "Not yet, любимый."

Ilya rubbed at Shane's bruised, spit covered lips, then briefly kissed him before saying, "On the bed." Shane complied immediately, scooting backwards until he was in the center of the bed.

"Turn around," Ilya said in the same tone, and again, Shane moved so he was on all fours facing the headboard.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Ilya reaching for the bedside table, grabbing the items there and then moving quickly to settle behind Shane.

Ilya tugged at his boxers, and Shane moved his legs to help Ilya get them off completely. Then there was a pause, Ilya not moving or saying anything.

Shane wondered at it for a fraction of a second, and then realized how he must look. He was naked except for Ilya's jersey, bare ass in the air. The number 81 must be resting between his shoulder blades, and he was painfully hard. Ilya was clearly admiring his handiwork.

The blush that had been present since the kitchen flared up stronger than ever, so strong, in fact, that Shane was sure even his neck was bright red.

His suspicion was more or less confirmed when Ilya dragged a thumb across the back of his neck.

"A dedicated fan deserves a prize," said Ilya, his voice sounding wrecked. It was reassuring to hear Ilya was just as affected as Shane was. A lube-coated finger probed at Shane's entrance.

" 'Dedicated fan', " gasped Shane as Ilya inserted one finger. "Your English is better than I thought it would be."

"Oh? You thought it would be not so good?" asked Ilya in a low voice. He was moving his finger slowly, teasingly.

"Wasn't sure," said Shane, breathing heavily. There was soon a second finger, maybe too soon, but he liked the burn. "How— how it would be in person. I've only ever seen you on TV before and from the stands— oh!" Ilya's fingers had curled to find his prostate.

Ilya chuckled. "You are talking a lot."

Shane writhed and moaned, shaking as he struggled to think, to form words.

"See, this is better," Ilya said calmly.

"Please," breathed Shane. "Please—"

"Please, what? Always with please," said Ilya. A third finger joined the other two.

Shane's hips bucked, his cock bobbing and leaking all over his stomach, the sheets. "Please. Fuck me."

Ilya was kissing his neck, his neck, his ass, licking and biting as he went. Between kisses he said, "But I want to hear more from my fan."

"What?" groaned Shane. He might start crying.

"I want to hear," said Ilya, biting at the skin on the inside of his thigh. "From my number one fan."

Shane made an unintelligible noise. "You're— ah— an amazing player. That goal against Toronto— last month— was— ah— incredible— I replay it on YouTube all the time—" (this was all true).

Suddenly, the fingers were gone, and Shane whined at the loss. "What? I thought—"

But then Ilya's dick was right up against his hole and he was saying "Am the best player in the league, yes?"

And Shane was saying "Sure, one of the best," and Ilya was pushing in with a shout of Russian.

Ilya set a bruising pace, and all Shane could do was take it. He moaned unabashedly into the mattress as Ilya said things like, "So good for me," "You're such a big fan, you would do anything, anything for my cock," and "My name— on—" (in the moment, Shane thought nothing of it. It was only later, that he wondered at what Ilya might have been trying to say).

Ilya said other things in Russian. His fingers were buried so deeply into Shane's hips that he was sure he would see the fingerprints tomorrow. The thought almost made him cum instantly because it was ok— Ilya could leave marks this time around.

Shane was close, very close, despite not touching himself ever since Ilya had grabbed his wrist.

"Please," he was saying again.

"Please, what?" grunted Ilya.

"Fuck me," whimpered Shane. "Touch me."

"I am," answered Ilya. "Is there anything else you want?"

Shane was struggling to remember. They were playing a game, that was what Ilya had called it. A sex game.

"Autograph," he gasped out. "Please— sign—"

And then there was the sound of a marker top clicking off, and Shane, expecting to feel a light pressure on his back as Ilya signed the jersey, instead felt—

The marker. Scrawling across his ass, near the top.

Shane froze.

"Rozanov?"

"Hollander?"

Shane was perfectly still in disbelief. "Did you... just. Sign. My ass?"

Ilya had also stilled behind him as soon as Shane stopped moving.

"Yes, I did this."

"Oh my god."

There was a beat of silence, and then Ilya pulled out of him and flipped him around, surprisingly gently.

"Hollander. You are panicking. Why?"

"Why?" Shane was having trouble breathing. "Why? Because we are in a secret sex hook-up thing. And you just *signed* me."

"Hollander—"

Was his vision going black? "You autographed me. Your name is scrawled on my ass."

Ilya was petting his hair.

"Is ok. Just breath."

Shane opened his mouth to argue some more, but found that speaking was becoming difficult, and so focused on breathing instead.

After a few minutes of petting and breathing, Ilya said, "I thought marking was ok. As you said, no one will see."

Shane gave a hysterical laugh. "Hickeys. I meant hickeys."

Ilya considered this. "No one will see, it will wash off soon. Is not permanent marker. I got, how you say, kid marker. I tested it on my skin."

Shane snorted. "How do you know no one will see? What if I was planning to hook up with someone else, like, tomorrow? How am I supposed to explain this away now?"

The petting paused for a second before resuming. "I guess you will have to wait on hook-ups." There was another moment of silence filled with only breathing and petting. "I did not mean to scare you."

"It's ok," Shane said quietly. And then— "I thought you were going to sign the jersey."

"Ah. No. I said I was going to sign something of mine."

Shane flushed from the top of his head to his toes at the presumptuousness of this. "You're saying my ass— is yours?" Unfortunately, his traitor cock also twitched at this.

Ilya must have noticed, because he hummed and said, "Yes. Right now, is mine. It is incredibly sexy."

"My ass?"

"My signature."

Shane let out a bark of laughter. "Fuck off."

"No, is true Hollander, my signature looks amazing on your ass. Goes from your hips to the top of your hole. Looks like it belongs there."

What the fuck, Shane thought. Shane's dick was beginning to throb again. *Why was he like this. How was this so sexy.*

They were spooning, and Ilya began to trace his fingers down Shane's side, eventually moving to trace his fingers over Shane's butt. Shane realized Ilya was tracing the lines of his signature.

Shane shivered and almost involuntarily ground his hips against Ilya.

Ilya was running his hands up and down Shane's body, still gently, and leaned over to kiss Shane.

"Is ok?" asked Ilya.

"Yes," said Shane.

Ilya continued kissing him, grinding his cock into Shane's ass. He wrapped a hand around Shane's cock, and Shane let out an ungodly moan.

"Is ok?" Ilya asked again.

"Fuck," said Shane. "I mean, yes."

Ilya continued to stroke him, the pace picking up, his dick still grinding into Shane's ass. "I will let you sign me sometime. Even the score," Ilya was saying.

"Oh yeah?" said Shane, breathing heavily.

"Will not wear jersey though."

Shane made a noise that was half laugh and half groan. "You're wearing my jersey for sure."

"Where will you sign me?" asked Ilya, his voice strained.

On your chest, thought Shane. *Just above your heart.* And then: *oh my god.*

"Oh my god," Shane said out loud. *That was so corny. So stupid. Ilya can never know I thought that.*

"Wow," drawled Ilya. "Must be somewhere very kinky. Your dick just got even wetter. Somehow."

"Shut up," grunted Shane, but there was no feeling behind it.

Ilya leaned back, still managing to stroke Shane's cock while looking at Shane's ass. "So fucking hot," he muttered. "Your hole all fucked. My name where my cock was. It looks—" but he was interrupted because Shane was coming all over his own chest, soaking his skin and a portion of the jersey.

Ilya removed his hand and began jerking himself off, coming shortly after Shane with a litany of "ебать."

After spooning for a little while longer, Ilya got up and moved into his en suite bathroom. He returned with a glass of water and a wet cloth, handing the water to Shane and then beginning to wipe Shane down.

When Shane was substantially cleaner, he left Ilya in the bed and moved into the bathroom himself, ostensibly to finish washing up. But. Really, he wanted to see.

Ilya had left the bathroom light on, so when Shane entered, he was immediately confronted with his own naked reflection in the enormous mirror above the sink. He twisted around so he could see his ass.

And there it was. A large, haphazard signature nestled at the top of his left ass cheek, some letters looping further down his skin. Ilya really had terrible handwriting. There was almost no way it could even be positively identified as saying "Ilya Rozanov." *Almost* no way, but as if to erase all doubt, on the direct center of his ass cheek, Ilya had also scribbled '#81'.

"*Jesus*. You put your number as well?" asked Shane.

He was pretty sure he heard laughter from the next room.

Shane kept staring at his reflection, taking in the fingerprint impressions left on his hips, the bite mark on his ass, the signature overlaying it all. It looked... possessive. Owned.

"Is very sexy, yes?" asked Ilya in a sing-song voice from the bedroom.

"It is NOT!" Shane called back, lying.

However, later, when Shane was in the shower, he washed the skin bearing the signature but did not scrub the way he was probably supposed to. Ilya had told him that it was washable kid's marker— with enough scrubbing and soap, it should come off fairly easily.

When Shane emerged from the shower, Ilya's name had faded but still demonstrably present. Before putting on his clothes, Shane traced the loopy lines of 'Ilya' with his finger. He chest felt very tight.

Bonus: The next day

Jane: Fuck. Hayden just saw your signature, I'm panicking

Lily: What

Lily: Signature is on your ass, how did he see this

Jane: Well he didn't see the whole thing. Just the very top

Jane: We were at the gym

Jane: My shorts slipped down a little

Lily: Ok then, is ok, he did not see

Jane: But he noticed there was something written there

Jane: He wouldn't stop asking about it

Jane: Thinks I have a tramp stamp. Or a weird sex fetish

Lily: I had to look up fetish. Yes, you have this

Jane: Shut up

Lily: I can't believe Hayden thinks you have a tattoo

Lily: He is idiot. You are way too boring for a tattoo

Jane: Lily, this isn't funny

Lily: Is a little funny

...

Lily: So you did not wash it off

Jane: It wouldn't come off completely

Lily: Ok. If you say so

...

Lily: Tell Hayden, if he wants autograph, all he has to do is ask

Lily: 😈

End Notes

Should I do a follow-up where Ilya gets signed? 🙄

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