

off script

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by Anonymous

Summary

Picture this, Ilya wants to tell the naysayers and the haters, the pearl-clutchers and the busy-bodies.

A cold, late afternoon in Ottawa during the throes of a winter hockey season. A warm, cozy two-story home in Rockcliffe Park, snowed-in with a tendril of smoke coming out of the chimney. Shane Hollander, hockey-playing god in human form and the dearest love of Ilya's mortal life, bent over a dining table covered in pristine hockey cards of themselves while Ilya fucked into him from behind.

Ilya and Shane have a combined 800 hockey cards to autograph. Shane wants to get the job done. Ilya has other ideas (and an unexpected use for that permanent marker).

Notes

happy belated new year 🙄

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

Sunday

Picture this, Ilya wants to tell the naysayers and the haters, the pearl-clutchers and the busy-bodies.

A cold, late afternoon in Ottawa during the throes of a winter hockey season. A warm, cozy two-story home in Rockcliffe Park, snowed-in with a tendril of smoke coming out of the chimney. Shane Hollander, hockey-playing god in human form and the dearest love of Ilya's mortal life, bent over a dining table covered in pristine hockey cards of themselves while Ilya fucked into him from behind.

It ought to be jarring, seeing hundreds of their own tiny faces staring back up at them, but at the moment, Ilya couldn't really care less.

Not when he gets to watch his husband sprawled out on top of the place they eat, the hem of his cotton shirt rucked up past his pecs and up to his shoulder blades, his fingers white-knuckling on the edges of the heavy dark teak and his plush ass fucking desperately back down onto Ilya's cock.

He's so fucking sexy. He's so fucking *delicious*. Ilya would throw himself into the sun multiple times if it meant he could keep Shane like this, horny and blissed out and riding the life out of his dick in the middle of a Sunday afternoon, when they're technically supposed to be working through the long, long laundry list of their usual PR stuff.

("I mean, it's one of the less annoying side gigs we have to do for this job, isn't it? At least we can sit at home and lounge in sweats and put on the game while we're doing this. Let's just get it over with.")

"I join MHL to score disgustingly perfect goals and annoy pretty Canadian boy into marrying me, not breaking hand over putting name on *four hundred hockey cards*."

"Oh my god. Look, if you just—if you get all your cards signed and back in the box for us to take to practice tomorrow before dinner, you can—hear me out, stop rolling your eyes, you fucking baby—you can choose something from the drawer for tonight. Hm?"

("...Am listening.")

Ilya shakes his curls from his eyes and gazes over the mess they're presiding over, grinning to himself as he tightens his fingers around Shane's hips. They're never going to finish autographing all of their cards before dinner, but this consolation prize isn't half bad at all.

It's just getting messier and messier, both between their bodies and on the table. The cards are all shaken out of order now, scattered from the neat little stacks Shane had spent the last hour and a half putting together in perfect bundles of ten, every corner aligned and each card turned so it faces the right way. Then, he got annoyed with the way Ilya was haphazardly flicking aside and shoving the glossy cards into a general 'signed' and 'still fucking

unsigned' pile, and eventually couldn't stop himself from taking over Ilya's side to organize. His lovely, beautiful, stunning husband had sat pressed leg-to-shoulder beside Ilya, grumbling and muttering under his breath until Ilya rolled his eyes and started grabbing his thigh and dick under the table with his free hand—which had resulted in *more* swearing and heavier breathing.

And then, well. Here they are.

The mess is probably annoying the shit out of his husband, but right now Shane is also panting and gasping and pushing his ass onto Ilya, so he thinks maybe he's doing something right to make Shane disregard all of that for the time being.

Rose once sent him a meme of a 'smug cat' with a fake knife pointing at it, and the accompanying text *it's so you!* 😊. She's really not wrong.

"F-Fuck, Ilya, right there," Shane moans, shoulders slumping forward a little, head hanging like he's just skated a three minute shift and he's finally back on the bench. "Fuck, please, please, oh my god, *Ilya*."

They've reached the point where he's completely given up ghost on any form of control, reduced to a sobbing, wrecked mess on Ilya's dick, and Ilya loves that *so* so much—cherishes any form of Shane handing himself over unequivocally and fully for Ilya to cradle and hold and fuck and love. And by god, does he love this man; so much he thinks his heart might be bleeding out from the gaps of his ribs until it seeps straight out of him and into the earth in honour of his husband.

He exhales raggedly when Shane shifts a leg back, trying to deepen the angle; that strong, muscular thigh bumps up against Ilya's own and he can't help but curse lowly and reach down to grab Shane's leg.

God, that monster thigh, thick with hard-earned muscle and compacted with a strength that has left Ilya trailing behind him in the speed category by infuriating seconds for nearly a decade, and counting. Ilya loves it when he's got Shane on the bed in missionary, when his husband is nearly out of it with pleasure and throws both legs around Ilya's middle and squeezes the literal oxygen from his body. Shane is so fucking strong. Ilya drools over this fact on the daily.

He ducks his head and gives Shane a quick bite on the shoulder, then reaches down and gives his leg a quick smack. It's probably shockingly hard for the quote-unquote 'normal people', but would hardly count as a love tap considering the game they play. And Shane moans, so loud it rattles through Ilya's bones and echoes across the open concept of their dining area-slash-den, before he braces himself against the wood so he could lift his ass higher.

Ilya sucks in a breath, to compensate for the way all the air vanishes from his lungs at the sight of it.

Shane's gorgeous hockey ass, bubblier than most, with the softest smattering of freckles and tiny tiny moles and beautiful stretch marks all along the side. And—Ilya's personal favourite

part—the two matching dimples on his lower back that he swears he’s deepening by how often he digs his thumbs into those divots while he’s pounding his husband from behind.

It makes him so hard he can barely keep his head on straight. Ilya sometimes thinks he could be a bit of a dog, but he also thinks he should be given a bit of grace considering it all. For all that he likes to tease Shane about how easy it’s always been to get him on his knees, Ilya is the first to admit he would sooner take that space between Shane’s delicious thighs and *bark* if Shane just said the word.

He drags the tip of his finger slowly down the length of his husband’s spine, trailing over each bump and ridge, feeling him shudder under Ilya’s featherlight touch. It’s a contrast to the way he’s bruising Shane’s hipbones against the edge of the table, with only the waistband of his bunched-up joggers to cushion it. But Shane is such a champ, and so *good* at taking it, made perfectly to take it. Ilya vows to soothe away the purples and blues with many, many kisses and massages in the near future.

“God, fuck,” Shane pants, managing to heave himself a little more upright on his elbow. He huffs a disbelieving noise when he finally registers the chaos before him: the heap of cardstock showing the scattered images of himself rocketing down the ice, ferocious in his focus, and Ilya rounding behind the opponent’s net, arms raised in victory and expression scrunched in a blood-hot snarl. The ones with Shane’s long, slanted autograph and the ones with Ilya’s barely-there scribble from a perpetually dying permanent marker, mixed in with all the unsigned ones he’d spent more than a few minutes organizing before.

“Shit, Ilya, we’re making a mess.”

“Oh, are we?” Ilya asks, out of breath and full of fond sarcasm. He drives his hips a little harder, bumping into the table through Shane, and the slippery material of the cards shake apart by another half-inch. Shane swears, low and throaty.

“We still—ah, fuck—we still have t-to finish these—”

“Hm. So you want to finish marking cards instead of letting me mark you up *inside*,” Ilya muses, and he practically feels the way Shane makes that ‘I am not amused by your sex comments’ face he loves to do when he’s actually so turned on by Ilya’s dirty talk.

“We’ve got so many—”

“They can wait,” Ilya growls, lowering himself so he could plaster his front against Shane’s back; he’d shed his long sleeve a long time ago, too hot for fabric around his chest, and he can feel the hard edges of his necklace press right into the soft space bunched between Shane’s broad shoulders. “I have you now. I’m *in* you now.”

“Clearly,” Shane gasps, and Ilya can feel his leg trembling where he’s shoved up onto his tiptoes now, fighting to stay balanced with Ilya’s extra weight pressing down on him. Sweat gathers at the nape of his neck; Ilya licks it away, tasting salt and skin, and he relishes in the pure strength on display here.

Ilya's stacked, sure, but Shane has an excellent sense of balance and lower body power that's all *Shane*. It makes him well-suited for yoga. It makes him immovable like a rock when he's bodying bigger, taller players off him and makes his puck protection an invaluable part of the Cens' second line attempts to put up goals. It makes Ilya want to push him until he breaks and then scoop him back up and thank him over and over again for trusting him so wholly.

"So why you thinking about cards?" Ilya demands (he doesn't whine, no he *doesn't*), leaning in to take Shane's earlobe in his mouth and sucking. Shane's whole body jerks like he'd been shot. "Am I boring you, pretty?"

"Jesus, fuck, *no*, you're not, y-you're actually annoying the shit out of m-me—"

Ilya bites, just hard enough for Shane to gasp raggedly, hand flying up to grab a handful of Ilya's curls and *pull*. Ilya moans as all the blood leaves his brain for his dick and never returns. Shane's grip is so tight, careless in his pleasure, and Ilya loves it, adores it. He lets Shane drag him around until their mouths could meet in a spit-slick, pleasure-driven kiss. It doesn't even feel like a kiss, honestly, it just feels like Ilya trying to fuck his tongue down his husband's throat and Shane fighting to let him from the awkward angle.

"Baby," Ilya groans, tugging at Shane's lip between his teeth, then smacks a kiss onto his chin, his neck, and the bit of space peeking out from the collar beneath his shirt, creased to hell and back.

He goes further, kissing the junction of his arm to his torso, across the freckles decorating his back, then moves up and sucks a mark into the spot under Shane's ear. It's too low for his hair to hide it, but too high for a shirt to cover. Bood is definitely going to force them to pony up their fines, Shane is going to turn red like a tomato, and Ilya is going to sling an arm around his husband's neck and plead for forgiveness with his puppy eyes and pay for them both.

"You fucking jackass," Shane gasps, working his hips frantically back. "T-That's gonna be a hickey."

"Mm, yes, I know," Ilya purrs.

"Everyone's gonna see."

"Oh, no, will they?!"

"Fuck you," Shane chants, shuddering through a particularly bruising thrust. "Fuck you, fuck you—"

"No, no, baby, fucking *you*," Ilya replies, spreading own legs, finding his stance and dragging Shane further off the table. The sounds of skin-on-skin fills the room, and it's so hot it makes Ilya feel like he's getting out of a hot tub after spending too long in the hot water. Dizzying, liquifying, *scalding*. Shane scrambles to find purchase against the wood, hands accidentally shoving a small cluster of cards and permanent markers to the edge of the table next to him.

“Want everyone to see you’re mine.”

“Oh, believe me, t-they fucking *know*—”

“Reminder then. Shane Hollander, who takes weird awkward selfies with fans, who poses in wet t-shirt and underwear for fancy drink, who gets on ice and makes defensemen look like little babies on knife shoes.”

Ilya snags one of the photocards and flips it upright, holding it in front of Shane so they could both look at the ‘please get the fuck out of my way’ expression he’s making on the paper. Shane’s perfect autograph cuts through the right half of the card, covering the 24 and the upper half of his shoulder.

“They can have silly hockey card,” Ilya declares. “But you’re mine. You’re *mine*. ”

“Fuck,” Shane cries out, letting his face thud down onto the table, and Ilya drops the card and leans back so he can see the way his own cock is fucking in and out of Shane’s puffy, pink, glistening hole. So hungry, so eager, and all Ilya’s, all his, *all his*. “Yes, yes, yours, I’m yours, show t-them, want e-everyone to know—”

Ilya snarls, a guttural incoherent sound of want, and he snatches up one of the markers in a complete haze. He uncaps it with his teeth, spitting the lid aside, and grabs Shane’s hip and digs his thumb into that beautiful dip before pressing the wet tip of the marker into his skin.

And then he signs, big and bold right across Shane’s lower back, ink bleeding across sweaty skin before sinking in.

Ilya Rozanov

“I-Ilya—?”

Ilya tosses the pen somewhere over his shoulder and pulls out.

Shane wails, half cursing him, half begging him, but Ilya would never make his husband wait long, *never*. He flips Shane over onto his back, careful not to let him hit the back of his head on the wood, and hefts his ass right up onto the dinner table before bullying his way right between his thighs. He anchors them, throwing all of his substantial upper body strength into keeping Shane pinned right where he wants him. His cock is crimson, hard and weeping, and Ilya drags his tongue up the length of him before he takes Shane in his mouth and deepthroats him until he’s got his nose pressed right into the fuzz at Shane’s navel.

“Ilya,” Shane sobs, nearly ripping Ilya’s curls from his head. He’s thrusting weakly, hips jackrabbiting frantically against what little space Ilya’s affording him with his hold, and he keeps Shane in his throat and swallows and swallows until Shane’s chest heaves and he’s coming, thick and hot, down the back of Ilya’s throat until Ilya milks him dry and leaves him writhing at the overstimulation.

“O-Oh my god. Oh my *god*. ”

Ilya staggers back, the tip of Shane's cock dragging over his lower lip, wetting his mouth with a mix of come and saliva. The taste is musky and heady, so concentratedly *Shane*, and he's absolutely drunk on the taste and sensation of it all.

Shane reaches shakily down, expression already hazy and soft from his post-orgasm bliss, and cradles Ilya's jaw gently with those beautiful fingers.

"How d'you want it?" he slurs, stroking his thumb over the high of Ilya's cheekbone, his other hand scratching gently across his scalp. Ilya could whimper if he had any functioning brain cells (or blood) left in his head.

He heaves himself upright with a herculean strength instead and gestures with his index finger, a universal sign to *turn over*.

Shane huffs a breathless little laugh, ruffling Ilya's hair fondly, and then he's gamely rolling over on the table, careful not to lay down on any of the cards, which are all mixed up beyond any recognition now. He does everything without a sound of complaint, even though he must be sore. Not for the first time, Ilya is very aware that Shane loves him *very* much and says it with every little action he does for Ilya.

He takes his cock in hand and goes to hoist Shane's left leg up and over the table, admiring his husband's incredible flexibility. Then, he moves to stand between Shane's legs and starts jerking himself off, rough and frantic.

His knuckles brush up against Shane's lush ass with every frantic motion, relentlessly jiggling the soft muscle, and he hears Shane whimper and sees him clench his fist on the table. There's a very light gape in his hole, open because Ilya carved the space out in him, and he groans, panting like he's sprinting down the track at the gym, letting go of Shane's leg so he could hook his thumb inside him and tug, very gently.

Still, Shane keeps his knee high on the dining table, rutting forward and crying softly like Ilya had just fucked back into him, the muscles in his back rippling with the effort to hold still.

"Oh, fucking god, Ilya—"

Ilya bites down on his lower lip, hard, and drinks in the sight before him: Shane's ass in his hands, his cock smearing precome all over his hole and cheeks, and his own signature scrawled into Shane's lower back, deliberately placed between those perfect back dimples.

Ilya has a sudden, full-body vision of Shane with a *tattoo of his name etched into his lower back*—

He comes like his orgasm is punched out of him, gasping Shane's name and fisting his cock viciously over Shane's back, so he could watch the streaks of white cover his hole, his ass, and his name.

Fuck.

Fuck.

Hours later, while Ilya is checking on the mashed potatoes in the oven and keeping an eye on the pasta while it boils in the pot as his husband heads off to take a shower, he finally hears it.

A *clatter* like something had fallen over, a *bang* of the bathroom door violently opening, and Shane's voice hollering down the upstairs landing of their house. Ilya grins, leaning up against the counter, shirtless in the aftermath of the dining room, and waits for it. His sweet, sweet husband can be *so* loud when he wants to be.

"ILYA! WHAT THE FUCK!"

Monday

"Fine," Bood says loudly, walking past them in his skates with a very pointed look. "Both of you."

Shane immediately goes bright red and his shoulders hike up to his ears, as if anything short of turtling right into his shoulder pads could hide the monster hickey Ilya had left behind on his neck. A futile, though not unexpected effort.

Laughs echo in the locker room—only playfully teasing, and never *ever* cruel—and Shane's cheeks and ears get redder and redder as their teammates chirp them good-naturely as everyone dresses for practice.

"Jeez, someone check on the state of Cap's mouthguard if he's got chompers like that."

"Hollzy, are you *sure* you're not dating a vampire?"

"Roz, you're a fucking legend and a menace."

"Yes, is true," Ilya announces, dropping his arm around Shane's shoulder, forcing them down as he presses his cheek against Shane's flaming hot one. "Am big scary vampire, hypnotize pretty Canadian hockey playing star, to get him to let me do some serious *sucking*—"

"Okay, alright," Shane interrupts loudly, reaching up to grab a handful of Ilya's hair and pulling. Ilya, who's got at least a quarter of his brain still daydreaming about the amazing sex

they'd had yesterday, has to actively fight down a whine at the sense memory the hair-pulling evokes.

Shane shoots him a curious side eye; that did *not* get unnoticed.

Ah, well. While he's got his husband's attention on him...

"Baby," Ilya pouts, batting his lashes, and jutting his lip out to make it wobble pitifully. "Will make it up to you."

Shane rolls his eyes, but he's fighting back a smile, hard.

"I'm sure you'll figure something out."

Ilya laughs, heart happy and light, and presses a quick, sneaky kiss to Shane's temple as he straightens.

He lowers his arm, and lets his palm drag down the length of Shane's back, lingering for a brief moment on his lower back.

He feels, more than he sees, the hitch in Shane's breathing, and the way he barely presses back into Ilya's palm before he immediately straightens and goes to reach up for his elbow pads. The back of his neck and his ears are bright pink.

Ilya grins, rolling his tongue over his teeth, and flexes his hand at his side.

Interesting.

End Notes

hudson williams back dimples grahhh rahhhh dot png sent tweet

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