pretty boring

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/75403081.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Montreal Voyageurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers), Ottawa Centaurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers)
Additional Tags:	POV Outsider, Humor, 5 Things, Implied Sexual Content, dumb but i had fun
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of from the outside
Collections:	Outsider POV My Beloved, my fav gay hockey players, *Heated rivalry melts my heart*, Ship Fics I Love, dopamine hits ✨💕, Hollanov is to die for, Best of Hollanov
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-22 Words: 3,285 Chapters: 1/1

pretty boring

by goldengalaxies

Summary

"You won't if you want to fuck me tonight." Hollander had said in Russian.

Dmitry glanced up, pausing from where he was unlacing his skates. What the fuck could in the conversation possibly have possibly led to this?

He glanced at Rozanov, who'd been smirking and teasing Wyatt only a second earlier. Now, his mouth was firmly shut. All the rest of the team stared at Rozanov.

Wyatt laughed. "Oh my God, Roz I don't even know what he said but you are so damn whipped!"

"One word from the husband and he shuts up!" Bood crowed.

Chouinard jumped in. "Yeah, what the hell did you say to shut him up that quickly, Hollzy?"

(4 times shane was less boring than people thought. including hickeys, never have i ever, being in the room next door to them at a hotel, and a russian rookie)

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: 【授翻】索然 by Krisha0101

1. Hickeys

J.J, Montreal

J.J loved Shane, but everyone knew that the captain of the Montreal Voyagers was famous for being a little boring. It was to be expected, he supposed, when you were labelled Canada's 'golden boy' at the age of seventeen. But it wasn't just Shane's reputation that kept him far away from the players who snorted lines, drank to excess, and went through girls like tissues. No, Shane Hollander would much rather be at the gym or reading books. Which was fine, of course. J.J had no issue with that. In fact, most of the time, he hugely preferred it - his team had a great, dedicated captain.

However, sometimes he just wanted to make sure that once in a while, Shane got to relax and have some fun. Or at least got laid.

J.J truly didn't understand Shane's aversion to relationships. It was clear the man wasn't one for one night stands, fine, but he'd not even been on a date for years, as far as J.J knew.

Maybe the captain was just private, but they all spent a lot of time together, and JJ hardly ever saw him with a girl, or going out to meet anybody.

It was a little strange, especially because of who he was. J.J liked girls, but even he could see that Shane was smoking hot. And as captain of a two-time Stanley Cup winning team, women were throwing themselves at him constantly.

J.J supposed that even being Shane Hollander didn't make up for having absolutely zero game with women.

So, tonight, J.J was determined to get his captain out to whatever afterparty they found. Or laid. Preferably both.

Whatever. He was about to be the wingman of the century, whether Shane liked it or not.

He skated off the ice, shaking hands with his captain.

"Good game."

He grinned back at Shane. He was sweating and aching but in the particularly sweet way which he always felt after a win against the Boston Bears. Walking through the tunnel he could still hear the home crowd booing. He didn't give a fuck that he was in Boston, he was definitely going to party hard tonight.

He followed the guys into the locker room, making his way to his cubby where he pulled off his gear with a sigh of relief.

"Okay," Cormeau shouted over the chatter. "Who's coming out to celebrate tonight?"

"Fuck yes!" J.J hollered. A few of the other guys cheered at his response and he grinned.

They'd been in Boston already for a week, but hadn't been able to have any down time. Their coach had put them on a strict regime of early morning skates, and their captain had bag skated them until they'd begged for mercy. Naturally, Shane had no issue with this, as he never seemed to be interested in anything except hockey, but J.J was itching out of his goddamn skin to go out and let a little loose.

"Shane?" Hayden prompted.

"Come on, Hollzy!"

Shane sighed but was suppressing a smile. "One hour. Then I'm out."

J.J rolled his eyes. He was about to attempt to convince his captain to have a night off for once, but the sight of Shane's bare skin stopped him. Correction, the sight of the mark's on Shane's bare skin.

An incredulous laugh escaped J.J as he took in the sight before him. Clearly, Hollander hadn't realised what everyone else could see: he was covered in dark purple hickeys.

"I'll bet you are, Hollzy. Late night last night?"

Someone let out a low whistle.

Shane frowned. "What do you mean?"

J.J gestured to his neck, and then to his thighs, which were both littered with bruises.

Shane glanced down and immediately went fire-engine red. "Oh, God."

He immediately tugged on a hoodie and joggers, covering up the marks.

"You never said you got any last night, *Capitaine*." J.J said. "You've been holding out on us!"

"Yeah, come on, who was she?"

"It was nothing, guys." Shane pulled on the hood of his jumper to cover his face.

"Doesn't look like nothing."

"Yeah, looks like someone got attacked!"

"Who is this girl? She must be an animal-"

"It's always the quiet ones-"

Hayden interrupted. "Come on, guys, its private. The captain is allowed to have some privacy."

"Thank you, Hayden."

"As long as he agrees to come out for longer than an hour." Hayden added, smirking.

Shane groaned. "I hate you all."

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2. Never have I ever

Drapeau, Montreal

"Come on, guys, it'll be fun. And we need a game to pre-drink to!" Drapeau was already feeling pretty drunk, if he was being honest, which was probably why he'd suggested the game in the first place. No one else was on his level, and he was determined to get everyone else as drunk as he was, or he would be in for a very long boring night.

Well, maybe not Shane. Drapeau knew no amount of cajoling would get his captain to have anything more than a few beers and loosen up.

"We're not fifteen, Drapeau." Taylor rolled his eyes.

"I have kids, dude, I'm not playing *never have I ever*." Hayden said.

Shane glanced between the rest of them. "What even is it?"

"Okay, now we have to play! Shane's never played before!"

"Dude, how have you never played this before. It's like, a teenage staple!"

Shane just shrugged, looking a little embarrassed. Bless.

"Too busy playing hockey and doing nothing else." Cormeau jeered.

"And that's a bad thing?" Hayden butted in. "Maybe if you focused more on hockey you wouldn't have let fucking Rozanov score on us three times last month!"

A few of the guys laughed and cheered.

Drapeau thought privately that Cormeau hadn't said anything that was strictly untrue, but kept quiet, not wanting to get involved.

"Whatever, are we playing or not?" Shane asked.

"Yes." Drapeau said, before anyone else could voice their rejections again.

J.J shrugged. "I'm down. Besides, I want to see Hollzy get wasted."

"Ha!" Cormeau laughed. "I don't think this is the game for Hollander to get wasted to."

Shane frowned, as if he was offended, which made no sense because he hated getting drunk and also because he didn't know how the game even worked. So fucking competitive.

"Fine, lets do it.” Shane nodded. “How do you play?"

J.J cheered. He was also on his way to drunk Drapeau was happy to see.

Hayden groaned. "This is so childish."

"Too late, the captain agreed!" Drapeau said.

Drapeau explained the rules of the game, and made sure everyone had a drink in their hands, even Shane. Not that it was likely he'd drink much of it. Cormeau was probably right. Until they'd all seen the hickeys in the locker room last month, D would have guessed maybe it had been at least a year since Hollander had gotten laid. It was kind of weird. What kind of dude that looked like Hollander and had his level of fame and wealth didn't take the opportunities that it provided. Plently of women threw themselves at all the team members, no matter what city they were in, but especially their captain. Women fucking loved him. But Hollander was weird like that.

"I'm going first. Okay. Never have I ever scored a hat trick." J.J grinned and looked at Shane, gesturing for him to drink up.

"Dude, are you targeting Shane on purpose to get him drunk?" Hayden asked.

J.J shrugged, pretending to look all innocent. "Maybe."

Shane glared at J.J as he sipped his beer. "Are we allowed to do that?"

He was ignored.

Cormeau went next. "Never have I ever done drugs."

No one drank.

"Boo! What a waste of a turn."

"What? I just wanted to know. Seriously no one’s even smoked a bit of weed-“

”Weed doesn’t fucking count-“

”Uh, yes it does. It’s a drug-“

Drapeau cut them off. “Shut up, guys, its Taylor’s turn.”

Taylor hummed. "Um... never have I ever... had car sex."

Everyone drank. Including Shane, who looked flushed at the admission.

"Hollzy, damn! I didn't know you had it in you dude!" Drapeau laughed, clapping him on the back.

Shane just shrugged, looking painfully shy. Bless. Only Hollzy would get shy about admitting to car sex.

"Your turn, Hollander." Drapeau tipped his head. "You have to come up with something you haven't done."

"Should be easy." Cormeau muttered under his breath.

Drapeau wasn't sure if Shane had heard, but maybe he had because his jaw tightened. But he said nothing.

"Never have I ever skipped practice for being hungover." Shane said finally, looking smug.

They all groaned. "Fuck you, Hollander."

Shane grinned as every last one of the guys drank. It was only Shane who hadn't. He'd probably never gotten a hangover in his life, and for that Drapeau was extremely jealous.

The group was silent for a beat. Drapeau looked at Hayden, who didn't seem to realise it was his turn.

"Hayd?"

"Oh, right, me. Sorry. Um-" Hayden paused, thinking. "Never have I ever skipped practice to get laid."

No one moved for a moment. Then, of all people, Shane lifted his bottle and drank.

"*What*?" Cormeau shouted.

"Dude, when was this?"

"Er, better question, who was this for?"

J.J tutted, acting disappointed, but the massive grin on his face couldn’t be hidden. "*Captain*, what a terrible example to set!"

Shane flushed but ignored them all. "Who's next?”

“Come on, you have to give us more details than that-“

Shane just shrugged. “Is that in the rules of the game?”

"Whatever. Keep your secrets, dude.” Drapeau laughed. “Never have I ever had phone sex."

Shane drank.

"Oh, what the hell!"

Taylor leant forward, looking intrigued. "Who did you even do this all with?"

"Dude, was it Rose Landry? Holy fuck, you had phone sex with Rose Landry."

Shane stayed silent, smirking slightly.

"Holy shit!"

"Hollzy, I have never been so jealous,"

"Was it really her?"

Shane shrugged. "I don't kiss and tell, guys."

"Oh, come *on*."

Shane just shook his head. "Come on guys, I'm her friend now."

Well, Drapeau was taking that as an admission. Christ, he was so jealous. Rose was *fit*.

"Okay, okay. Who's next?" Hayden asked.

Taylor raised his hand. "Er... never have I ever had sex in public."

Hayden rolled his eyes. "Are these all going to be sex related?"

J.J suddenly let out a laugh. "They definitely are if it gets the Captain drunk! Hollander, *putain*, where?"

Drapeau's head whipped around. He hadn't even been watching Hollander to check if he was going to drink in that because he'd wrongly assumed that Shane Hollander would never have sex in public. What the hell?

Cormeau scoffed. "No fucking way, dude."

Shane just shrugged sloppily. By this point, he'd finished almost four beers, which was far more than anyone else had drunk. It was also far more than Shane usually drank, so he was on his way to drunk. Drapeau grinned at the sight.

The next rounds of questions proceeded to get Shane even drunker.

By the time it was Drapeau's turn again, him and Shane were probably equal levels of drunk, and Drapeau could admit he was properly *drunk*. He was sure when he got up the world was going to spin.

"Guys, I think we know enough about each other. This is *too much information*!" Hayden said. "Please, I can't take it - my view of my best friend is forever ruined! I can never look at him the same way again."

"Shut up!" Shane went to push at Hayden's shoulder but completely missed, launching himself face forward into Drapeau's arm. "Where's my next beer?"

J.J hollered. "You drinking yes to that one, captain? You devil!"

Hollander was now fully resting on Drapeau's shoulder, so he had to crane his neck to look down at Shane. He had a sloppy smirk on his face.

Hayden fake gagged. "I need brain bleach!"

Drapeau cackled. He'd never expected this.

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3. Overhearing

Boodram, Ottawa

Zane Boodram had to admit that before Shane Hollander had joined the team, he wondered a lot about how his relationship with Ilya worked.

Ilya Rozanov was both very intense and very unserious. Possibly the most ridiculous person he'd ever met. But fucking hilarious.

And Hollander. Well. He was the poster boy who spent his time doing ads for ginger ale. If his TV special was to believed, his idea of a good time seemed to be doing yoga and working out. He was, in the nicest way possible, a very normal, boring person. On the ice, he was intense, yes. Off the ice, not so much. And there was absolutely nothing wrong with that.

It just confused him, because it seemed absolutely incompatible with what he knew about Rozanov. That man's idea of a good time was fast cars or motorcycles, clubbing till dawn, or a nice, Russian vodka. He regularly couldn't stay still for longer than five minutes, not could he shut his mouth for longer than that either.

Ilya thrived on on ice punches, dirty plays, and getting under the other player's skins. Any chance to be an asshole to another player, he took it. And Hollander? He was famously known for his sportsmanship; his sheer refusal to get involved in any sort of violence or argument with the opposition - bar that one time with Scott Hunter, sure.

So, sue him, he was a little confused on how they could possibly have been in a relationship for so long. They simply did not seem compatible.

Unfortunately for Bood, simply daring to even think these thoughts had landed him with a shitload of bad karma, because it was two in the fucking morning and the two of them were *still* going at it next door.

Bood pulled his pillow tighter over his head, desperately trying to muffle the sounds.

God, he'd never be able to look either of them in the eyes after this. He actually might have to quit the team. Possibly hockey entirely.

It had begun at midnight. He'd thought nothing of the initial sounds of muffled talking and a few creaks of the bed. That was nothing. Then came a few noises that were a little too much information for Bood. But it still hadn't been anything too bad. Or at least nothing he hadn't heard before on the road with his team.

In fact, he'd been relieved when it had been over quickly. Maybe he'd even felt a little amused at how quickly it had been over. If only he'd known how bad things were about to get.

Twenty minutes later the first stirrings of noise had started up. A few bangs of the headboard, a few other noises. Then, it had begun in earnest.

A long, consistent symphony of the bed creaking, moans, and the headboard banging against the wall.

Then, when Bood had been just about to thump on the wall and shout out for them to shut the fuck up, blissful silence.

At that point, he'd almost thought about praying to God to say thank you. It was over.

But nope, he'd been wrong again, because not even five minutes later, it had begun yet again. This time things were even louder than the last time. They were speaking so loudly Bood could almost hear everything.

"*Fuck*," He heard Hollander moan.

Jesus Christ, someone take him out the back and shoot him.

For a moment it had gone silent, and Bood had held his breath. Were they finally done fucking?

No such luck.

Instead, he heard Rozanov speak. "Get on top."

The sounds came back even louder.

Goddamn, how was the noise of the headboard even louder with Hollander on *top*? It didn't seem humanly possible. Even for two professional athletes this was ridiculous; how did anyone have this much goddamn stamina?

Bood shifted angrily in bed again, grabbing another pillow to muffle the sounds even more. He was probably going to fucking smother himself under all these pillows, but by this point that option wasn't even sounding too bad. Anything to get him out of this hell.

"You going to come for me, Hollander?"

"Fucking make me, Rozanov."

God, they called each other by their last names in bed? Bood laughed hysterically.

“Come on, Shane, my-“

More moaning.

Jesus Christ, Bood would never think of Shane Hollander as boring again.

“Fuck, Ilya-“

Then, blissful silence.

After five minutes of silence, Bood felt sure enough to think that hopefully his torture was over.

Finally, he could sleep in peace.

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4. The Russian Rookie

Dmitry, Ottawa

Dmitry was mostly tuned out of the conversations going on around him in the locker room. Mostly because he was exhausted from being bag-skated within an inch of his life by Ilya goddamn Rozanov, but also because his English was still lacking, and it got especially tricky when multiple loud conversations were occurring at the same time.

However, one sentence caught his attention. Firstly because it was in Russian, and secondly because he'd just heard Shane Hollander, Canada's golden boy of hockey, say *'fuck me'*.

"*You won't if you want to fuck me tonight.*" Hollander had said.

Dmitry glanced up, pausing from where he was unlacing his skates. What the fuck could in the conversation possibly have possibly led to this?

He glanced at Rozanov, who'd been smirking and teasing Wyatt only a second earlier. Now, his mouth was firmly shut.

All the rest of the team stared at Rozanov.

Wyatt laughed. "Oh my God, Roz I don't even know what he said but you are so damn whipped!"

"One word from the husband and he shuts up!" Bood crowed.

Chouinard jumped in. "Yeah, what the hell did you say to shut him up that quickly, Hollzy?"

"We all need to be taught your ways, master." Dykstra added, grinning widely as he dramatically bowed to Hollander. "How to shut up Roz in less than five seconds. This is key information."

Rozanov narrowed his eyes. "You are all terrible teammates. You should be nicer to your captain."

"Well!" Dykstra prompted. "Are you going to share your wisdom with us, Hollzy."

At this, Rozanov's annoyance turned into a deep smirk. "Yeah, translate, Hollander. Tell them all what you told me."

Hollander flushed deep red and glared at his husband which brought even more laughter.

"Come on, Hollzy, we want to know."

"Then learn Russian." Hollander gritted out between his teeth, clearly mortified.

Bood laughed. "We don't need to, do we, rookie?"

"Oh, God." Hollander groaned, putting his head in his hands. "I forgot-"

The entire team turned to him, suddenly remembering he existed. God, this was exactly the opposite of what he wanted. Everyone was staring at him expectantly, except Hollander and Rozanov, one of whom was shaking his head at Dmitry as if saying '*do not dare tell them*', and the other, who just smirked as if to say '*go for it*'.

"What did Hollzy say, huh, rookie?"

"Come on, tell us!"

Rozanov smirked, clearly enjoying his husband's embarrassment.

Dmitry held his hands in the air. “I heard nothing.”

The guys all groaned, needling him for more, but he wasn’t going to give it up. He did not want to get on either of the Hollander-Rozanov’s bad sides. Besides, there was absolutely no way he was repeating *that*. He’d been looking up to both of them since he’d been old enough to own a pair of skates, this was more than he’d ever wanted to know.

He thinks he preferred it when Hollander was Canada’s pure golden boy.

End Notes

as always i will edit as soon as i feel like it lol

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