

Call Me Boring

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Call Me Boring

by [burkiebeans](#)

Summary

Ilya was being too kind. Not that Ilya was ever, like, a bad boyfriend or something. He was very in love with Shane. It was noticeable. But usually their relationship revolved around shit-talking, making jokes, ribbing the other any chance they got.

But Ilya had been weirdly nice the past few days.

In which Ilya thinks he is being too mean to Shane, and Shane tries to figure out why his menace of a boyfriend is suddenly a saint.

Notes

I am obsessed with this book and show!!! I haven't written in a while so, this might be a little rough. But I thought some fluff with a side of angst would be cute!!

Lmk what you think!

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

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: [无聊先生 \(授翻\)](#) by [SLoan_1007](#)

Shane eyed Ilya suspiciously. They were currently sitting on opposite ends of their couch, lounging in sweatpants and t-shirts. Ilya had flicked on the TV to SportsCenter, to which he was now watching himself zigzag through Vancouver's defensemen to score a goal in their game 2 nights ago.

"Must be a slow week if that's on Top 10." Shane said, aiming to get a rise out of him.

Ilya just snorted, eyes only briefly leaving the TV to roll them at Shane. He'd recently gotten a haircut, so his soft blond curls were framed neatly on his head, no longer blocking his eyes.

"Is good goal, yeah? I think deserves Top 10." He quipped back, but with no malice whatsoever in his voice.

This was very strange to Shane. Ilya was being *too* kind. Not that Ilya was ever, like, a bad boyfriend or something. He was very in love with Shane. It was noticeable. But usually their relationship revolved around shit-talking, making jokes, ribbing the other any chance they got.

But Ilya had been weirdly nice the past few days.

On Tuesday, they both got up like normal for a game day. Shane woke up first and snuck into the kitchen to get started on his uber-healthy, high protein, energizing shake. He was just stuffing the spinach into the blender when Ilya sauntered out of the bedroom yawning and stretching. His hair was tousled in all the right places and the way his stretch made his v-line very visible made Shane want to shove him right back into the bedroom. But he refrained. *After* the game could be their bedroom time.

"You make me some?" Ilya said as he wrapped his arms around Shane's waist, kissing up his jaw.

"Some of what? My smoothie?" Shane coughed out. He twisted in Ilya's arms so that they were facing each other now, with Ilya bracketing him against the kitchen island. Ilya squinted and furrowed his eyebrows, as if to say *duh*. As if he *ever* asked for Shane's smoothie.

"Uh, yes? Is healthy. I prefer to beat Boston today." He said.

Right. Boston. Today.

Well, that cleared things up then. Ilya just wanted to be in the best condition to beat his former team. In fact, Shane would say that he was proud of Ilya's choice. No bagel and Nutella today! Very big of him. Responsible even.

The rest of the day seemed normal. Ilya chirped everyone in sight the second they got to the rink, he pushed one of the rookies out of the way when the social media team wanted a volunteer to play a game for TikTok, and he of course had his pre-game jam sesh where he

blasted Russian techno music in his air pods for 15 minutes. All very normal, and they beat Boston 3-2, so better than normal.

Shane also got a really nice, very thorough, celebratory blow job afterwards for scoring the game winning goal, so he considered that perfect, even.

On Wednesday, Ilya woke Shane up by peppering kisses up and down his chest and bringing him a platter of eggs, bacon, and toast in bed. He's not sure how he slept through the making of it all (he wouldn't say Ilya was the quietest, or the cleanest cook), but he must have been so spent from the hours before, that he did. It was good though, he welcomed the gesture and afterwards, returned the favor.

It was the start of a fantastic off day. Ilya drove them to pick up their dry cleaning, go to the grocery store, and stopped at Starbucks on the way home. He *even* took the Jeep instead of the Lambo. Shane felt like he was falling in love all over again.

On Thursday, Ilya had to go to the rink a few hours early to get checked out by the trainers. He'd taken a puck to the calf last week, which normally would've been fine, but it hit a little too close to his ankle and the team just wanted to triple check that he was fine. (He was. He would not have been able to do some of the things he did last night if he was hurt).

But when Shane walked in to the locker room later though, he found his pregame ritual all set up for him. His BioSteel was already mixed and in the bright red squirt bottle. His two granola bars were sitting very neat, side by side in his stall. His stick tape and the sharpie he used to write his number on his stick were already very kindly, placed right next to his helmet. It was pristine.

Shane thinks this is when he started to get suspicious. This wasn't their equipment manager. It was *Ilya*. Ilya was being *too* nice, and Shane couldn't figure out why.

Ilya walked in the room a second later as Shane had already started digging into his granola bar. He turned and smiled at the sight, but walked over to Browne instead to talk to him. *Okay, whatever.*

Slowly but surely, the captain made his rounds around the locker room until all that was left was Shane.

"You ready?" Ilya said, pushing Shane over with his hips as he sat down next to him in the stall. It was still weird to see Ilya act as his captain. But it was also hot, so.

"Yeah, I'm ready." Shane elbowed Ilya lightly in the ribs. Ilya didn't elbow him back.

"Good. We beat Vancouver. Very easy."

"Right..."

They did beat Vancouver. Very easily. 5-1, with one of the goals being Ilya's wrist shot right in front of the goalie.

On Friday, Shane decided he was going clinically insane. He had done everything to try and get Ilya to break.

He started by exaggerating his shower, trying to see if Ilya would yell at him for wasting the hot water. This proved to be a bad idea since:

1. They could afford the hot water. They were both NHL players.
2. It didn't matter to Ilya. He just stepped in with Shane and started showering himself.

Then he tried to lecture him about his off-day breakfast which consisted of a pop-tart and pancakes.

"Yes Hollander. Is very bad. Is why I score such good goal against Vancouver last night." He said, words dripping with laughter as his eyes twinkled up at Shane. Shane just stood there ready to pull his hair out. What the *fuck*.

Then, after they had already made plans to go out to the movies, Shane decided he was too sleepy and that a nap would be better.

"That is ok. We've been very busy. Movie another time, yes?"

Shane nodded warily.

"Yeah. Are you sure though? I know you've been wanting to see the new Hunger Games." Shane said.

"Yes, is fine." He said with a comforting, smiling look.

Ilya took him by the wrist and dragged Shane into the bedroom from the couch. Once through the doorway, he slipped off Shane's shirt and tugged down his pants, leaving him in just his briefs and socks.

Usually, this would be the point where they got down and dirty, but no. Ilya gently led him to the bed and tucked him in, following suit a minute later.

Shane couldn't nap. He was too busy thinking about what alien planet had abducted his menace of a boyfriend and left him with an angel.

So, all of this led him to now. Saturday morning. Smoothie in hand, comfy clothes on, watching SportsCenter with Ilya.

Shane huffed.

"Ok, cut the shit. Why have you been so nice this week?"

Ilya looked over confused. He moved his foot from where it was touching Shane's shin.

"What do you mean? I am normal."

Not true.

“You drank my gross smoothie and made me breakfast and cleaned and ran errands and drove the stupid fucking *Jeep* that you hate. I was an asshole yesterday and you didn’t even call me out! So, um. What is happening?”

Ilya pondered for a minute. Shane could see him thinking, going through different scenarios in his mind.

He hummed and scrunched his nose for a second and then said, “I think fans on Twitter think I am mean.”

Ilya? Mean? Maybe he was mean when they played, but even then, it was like normal mean. He wasn’t mean. He only fought on the ice when a teammate could’ve been injured, or when another player spews something that no one should ever hear.

“Like... what?” Shane was so confused. What does Twitter have to do with Ilya?

“Like. I guess when we do interviews. Or from our Instagram stories. They think I am mean to you. Tease you.”

Ok fair, he thought. They teased each other a ton. And maybe Ilya was better at it. Shane was never very quick about his responses when Ilya would muss up his hair or playfully shove him against the boards and steal his puck during warmups or jump in the background of the reporter interviews and question why they were letting the *boring* teammate respond. But that was okay. That was Ilya. Shane loved Ilya. Shane wanted to be called boring and have fun during warmups and walk out of his house with his hair sticking up at different angles. He spent so much of his life being serious and scared and *boring*.

“No, Ilya. What? No, no. Why were you even looking at social media? What?” Shane asked. He pushed himself over to his boyfriend and cupped his jaw, moving it so that Ilya was looking at him now, not the couch. He looked so sad, like Shane had just figured out his secret. Like how he would look when they first started seeing each other in hotel rooms, when the clock hit 1 am and they realized they’d have to leave.

“Ilya, I don’t want you to change. I like us, how we are now. I want you to tell me my breakfast sucks and that your yellow sports car is cool and that you are the best damn hockey player on this team. I love you, ok? We are perfect. *You* are perfect.”

Ilya let his head fall so that his forehead was on Shane’s shoulder. Shane rubbed his back in circles with one hand and threaded his other fingers through Ilya’s curls.

“I love you too. I don’t want people to not like me for you.” Ilya mumbled.

“I don’t care about people. Those people have only known us for a year. I’ve known us for, like, 10, so don’t go snooping on social media or I will personally delete your accounts.” Shane said. He would. Social media was stupid, anyways.

Ilya looked up with a little spark in his eyes.

“No, no. Don’t do that. How else will I show you off?” he softly smiled.

Shane groaned and rolled his eyes. He looked at Ilya, at the man who had been nothing but sweet to him, who quite literally chased him for years, and felt nothing but adoration. He gently pushed Ilya into the couch and hovered over him.

“I can think of a few ways.” he said and nuzzled his face into Ilya’s neck.

The next morning, Shane trailed Ilya into the locker room with light purple bruises on his collarbone. He was hoping he’d get chosen to do media so he could wear his long sleeve shirt that was ripped at the neckline, but the cameras flocked over to the group of rookies near the door instead. But that was okay though, because that meant there was enough time for him to scroll through his camera roll and find the best pictures of Ilya. The one where he was sleeping on the plane with his toque on, the one where he’s lying on the ground in the weight room giving Shane the middle finger, the selfie they took at summer camp the year before, the one of Ilya carefully wrapping presents with glittery paper and big red bows. He gathered his favorites and launched the Instagram app, posting them with the caption, *Captain appreciation post <3*

Ilya just laughed from across the room.

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed!!

I'm thinking about writing a longer story, maybe like a college AU? Idk, I have spent so much time thinking about these characters though. It is so GOOD

Works inspired by this one

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