

not so boring after all

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by [localwordsmith](#)

Summary

Ilya has the first proper conversation with David Hollander and comes to find that boringness is apparently not genetic.

Notes

this was just an excuse for me to write ilya getting the care he deserves from a male parental figure and then shane and ilya flirting the house down

enjoy xxx

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

“I’m just gonna—,” Shane starts, awkwardly getting up out of the chair. “Bring her a cardigan. It’s a little—”

“Yeah, sure, good thinking,” David Hollander says, smiling softly. Ilya only catches Shane’s eye for a second, but it’s enough to reassure him that Shane’s okay. Still nervous, still awkward, but one look and he knows that Shane just needs to go talk to his mother. But Shane doesn’t move, just stands there looking at Ilya, waiting.

Ilya nods, smiles reassuringly. “I can manage small talk with your father, Shane.”

Shane barely manages to contain his disagreement, but David Hollander is quick to speak up himself. He lifts his glass, tipping it at Ilya. “Yeah, we already have a taste in vodka in common.”

They do have the vodka in common! How did Shane never mention David drinks *Russian* vodka? Ilya reaches for his own glass, and clinks it against David Hollander’s held out towards him. “Yes. We will talk about vodka and the *New Yorker*.”

“Oh? You read the *New Yorker*?”

Ilya throws Shane a look hoping to convey the lengths he is willing to go for him. He would sit here and talk about the boring *New Yorker* for as long as David Hollander wanted, if it meant Shane was happy. There was little he would not do, if it meant Shane was happy.

Shane nods, once, curtly and then spins and heads out the front door after Yuna Hollander.

Ilya watches him leave. He’s almost expecting anxiety to claw at his own heart, but no such thing. There is worry, of course. There is some tension, still, but mostly he feels calm. And how could he not?

There had been no screaming. No disgust. No accusations. Only genuine interest. The awkwardness that comes with a conversation long overdue. All things Ilya can take any day if it means the really bad things are kept at bay.

He’s glad his presence in the Hollander home has not ruined anything. They are a family, in the true sense of the word. Ilya is glad that Shane has always been so loved. If his presence, his love for Shane had ruined anything in this family, he would never have forgiven himself.

“I have to say, I didn’t peg you as a reader of the *New Yorker*,” David starts, looking at Ilya sheepishly.

“Why not?” Ilya will never admit that on occasion, there is something of interest on the pages. Not just the English phrases and vocabulary.

“Mostly because it’s pretty boring,” David says with a chuckle. There’s a glint to his eye that Ilya recognises from having seen Shane’s eyes twinkle much the same when he says something he thinks is funny.

Ilya's burst of laughter is a sudden, uncontrollable thing. He tries to reel himself in, but when he sees David smiling widely at him, he lets himself laugh fully.

"It is pretty boring," Ilya agrees, breathless from laughing.

"Sometimes there'll be an article worth while, but most of it is pretty standard pretentious bullshit." David takes a sip of his vodka and Ilya stares at the man with uncontained joy.

After having stormed out of the cottage upon seeing them, and Shane's following meltdown, Ilya had expected David Hollander to be very different. Boring, of course, and probably deeply uncomfortable at the thought of a gay son. It's rare that Ilya is wrong and it's even rarer that he enjoys being so.

"I will cheers to that," Ilya says, offering his glass for clinking.

David chuckles again and they cheers to it. A comfortable silence settles between them and Ilya feels his mind wandering to Shane outside with his mother. He hopes beyond all hope that their conversation is going well. He knows Shane loves his mother deeply and feels terrible for having lied to her for so long. But if she's the impressive, reasonable woman Ilya thinks her to be, then he is sure she will forgive her son for keeping a secret. After all, he had good reason to.

"May I ask a personal question?" David asks carefully, calling Ilya's attention back to him. He's fiddling with his now empty glass and it's a little funny to Ilya that the man who has seen him feel up his son is suddenly nervous to ask him a personal question.

"Of course," Ilya says, straightening his shoulders.

"Does your family know? I know your father passed not long ago—for which, by the way, my deepest condolences—"

"Thank you," Ilya interrupts quietly.

"But your mother? Does she know?"

Ilya clenches his jaw. He hasn't talked about his mother this much in years. The conversations he's had with Shane about her have left him feeling raw, a little like he's been picking at a scabbed over wound. It's bleeding again, uncomfortably stinging. But then, Shane's idea for the hockey school, for their charity, his questions about who she was as a person, have been a soothing balm.

"My mother," Ilya starts. "died when I was 12."

David's face crumbles, but he catches himself. "I'm sorry, Ilya. That must have been tough to deal with."

Ilya can only nod. "It was. It still is, some days."

"Grief is a complicated thing," David agrees. "You know, my father died when I was 13. Car accident."

It's Ilya's turn to offer condolences.

"It's been a long time. And still, to this day, I'll have moments where it just hits me that he's gone. That he never got to meet Yuna. Never got to meet Shane." David sighs and when he looks at Ilya again, there is a slight sheen to his eyes. "All that to say, I can somewhat relate."

Ilya's own throat feels a little tight, and he only manages to smile a little, give a curt nod. He takes the final sip of vodka and relishes in the burn.

"I imagine you hadn't quite figured out you liked both yet," David says. "Before she died."

Ilya shakes his head. "No, it, uh. Took me a few years still."

David nods, contemplating. "And do you have any siblings?"

"One. An older brother. Alexei." The sheer mention of him has a fire starting in Ilya's chest. His brother has respected his wishes since their father's funeral. There have been no calls, no texts. It's what Ilya asked for, but he can never say it's what he wanted.

"He doesn't know?" David guesses.

"No. He is very old-fashioned. Police," Ilya responds and David presses his lips together, nodding in understanding. "I think he suspects. Or maybe he is just very fond of calling me names. Could be both."

Ilya says it with a bit of a smile, intending for it to be a joke, but David's face is devoid of any amusement. It's all sincere sympathy and it's the first time Ilya feels the urge to run far, far away from the Hollander house.

"I'm sorry to hear that." The worst part is, Ilya believes him. He believes that David Hollander is sorry to hear that. The father of the love of his life is sorry to hear that Ilya has no one. Has told no one. Then, to Ilya's utter surprise, David reaches out and lays his hand over Ilya's, clutching the small glass like his life depends on it. The touch eases his grip. He hadn't even noticed he'd been holding it that tightly. "I'm glad you told us. And it really goes without saying, but maybe you do need to hear it, so—" David pauses briefly, making sure Ilya really looks at him when he says, "You are safe here. You don't have to hide."

David Hollander says the words with such ease, it knocks the breath out of Ilya.

"Thank you," he says, after collecting all the rogue feelings crashing about his chest. "I appreciate."

David smiles and taps the back of Ilya's hand twice. "Of course. Although, feel free to keep the details your affair with Shane to yourself. There are some things parents don't need to know."

Ilya laughs again and it's the first time he thinks that maybe David Hollander is not so boring after all.

Later, when they're back in the car to the cottage, Ilya brings it up. "Why did you never tell me your father drinks Russian vodka?"

Shane blinks. "I honestly didn't know. I don't really drink, so it's not like we talk about alcohol a lot."

Ilya looks over at Shane. He's a good driver, always adequately focused on the road. Idly, Ilya wonders if he could ever convince Shane to let him suck his dick while he's driving. He'd already managed to blow him while on the phone to a friend, and Shane had very much enjoyed that.

"Sorry I just left you with him like that," Shane apologizes, briefly looking over at Ilya before dutifully returning his eyes to the road. "Did you find something to talk about?"

"We did," Ilya says, smiling softly, thinking back to their conversation. He reaches over to rest his hand on the back of Shane's neck and delights in the way Shane's shoulders instantly relax. "I think we will have much to talk about."

"Most of all the *New Yorker*, right?" There's that glint again. Ilya wants to see it for the rest of his life. It's mad to think now he might actually get to.

"Yes, we both agree it's boring," Ilya says and Shane looks genuinely surprised.

"What? But he always says he loves the *New Yorker*!"

"Is lie. Liar told you that."

Shane laughs and it's the best sound in the world to Ilya. "You're an asshole, you know that?"

He squeezes the back of Shane's neck lightly. "Yes, but I am *your* asshole."

"That's not—No. No, you can't say that," Shane says, but he's still laughing to Ilya's utter delight.

"What? Why not? Am I not your boyfriend?"

Shane looks at him, eyes shining and in love, and Ilya wants to lean over and kiss him. But even though he's not as much of a goody-two-shoes driver as Shane, he is not so irresponsible as to distract Shane *that* much.

"Yes, you are. You definitely are." Shane's voice is soft and loving, and they really need to get back to the cottage. Ilya has gone long enough without Shane's dick in his mouth. Without his *boyfriend's* dick in his mouth. He lightly strokes up the back of Shane's neck into his hair.

"And I am asshole, yes?"

"Sometimes. Often. Most of the time," Shane says, but it's all still steeped in his gentle tone so none of it scalds Ilya. Besides, he knows himself. He *is* an asshole sometimes. Often. Most of the time.

“So, is settled then. I am your asshole,” he declares, and only *that* time does he hear how it sounds. Shane is already laughing again. “Ah. I hear it now.”

“Yeah,” Shane says, out of breath from laughing. “You really can’t say it like that.”

“English is stupid language,” Ilya grumbles, but he can’t even commit to pretending to be upset. Not when Shane is smiling so widely. Not when he’s so happy and relaxed after having dinner with his parents, boyfriend by his side. Not when Ilya himself is happier than he ever thought he could be. “Is boring language.”

“I’m starting to think you don’t really know what boring means, Ilya,” Shane teases, eyes on the road again, but the hand from the gear shift has migrated to Ilya’s thigh. Ilya lets his hand drop out of Shane’s hair, opting instead to tangle it with Shane’s on his thigh.

Through all the years of them fucking, he’s learnt Shane’s body inside and out. He knows where to touch, to kiss, to lick to turn him on, to have him beg for more, to make him come. He learnt them diligently, intently. single-mindedly. It was all part of the game, part of the allure of Shane Hollander, this ever-present magnetism that he could not shake. And he loves that knowledge, too. But this, knowing the softer touches of holding Shane’s hand in the car, or stroking down the back of his neck, or softly laying a hand on his thigh at his parent’s dinner table. The touches of a *couple* seeking connection, affection, reassurance—these are the ones Ilya can’t wait to know just as intrinsically as he knows the others.

When he’d seen other couples over the years—holding hands, wrapping an arm around each other when sitting, guiding with a gentle hand to the lower back—he’d rolled his eyes. Thought them predictable, and worst of all, boring. He’d thought himself above all that mundane shit. Touches, kisses, all of it were just a prelude to the actual exciting bit: the sex.

But now, he craves this, Shane’s hand in his, just as much as he craves the other stuff, Shane’s dick in his mouth. And getting to experience Shane’s hand in his as they drive to their little hideaway is the very opposite of boring.

“Boring means boring,” Ilya says. “For example, you are boring, because you probably would not let me suck your dick while you drive us back.”

Shane’s head turns to look at him with comical speed. Ilya just grins.

“Are you offering?”

“Are you accepting?”

“Ilya,” Shane says, sternly, eyes back on the road.

“Shane,” Ilya singsongs, and then he’s laughing as Shane curses as the cottage comes into view at the end of the road. “Oh well, maybe next time?”

“Wouldn’t want you to think I’m boring,” Shane chirps, that particular glint in his eye again. Ilya worries his heart might burst from all the love it’s trying to contain for one Shane Hollander.

“Exactly,” Ilya says, squeezing Shane’s fingers before letting Shane untangle them, so he can bring the car into park. “Especially now I know it’s *not* genetic.”

Shane huffs a laugh. With the car now in park, he’s free to look at Ilya for as long as he wants. “One conversation with my dad has you convinced, huh?”

“Shane, he drinks Russian vodka and thinks the *New Yorker* is boring,” Ilya says plainly. “When you and Yuna came back in, we were talking about European sports cars. He is man after my heart.”

“Should I be worried I went and fell in love with a man who apparently has so much in common with my own father?” Shane grimaces slightly, which manages to make Ilya cackle in a way he’s certain he never has before. “It’s not funny!”

“It is *very* funny, actually,” Ilya wheezes, wiping at his eyes.

“Stop laughing! You’re such a—” But Shane doesn’t finish his sentence, instead leaning over to press a wild kiss to Ilya’s mouth. Immediately, Ilya is on board, letting Shane lick into his mouth to his heart’s content. But then he remembers Shane’s grimace and their kiss ends up devolving into giggling into each other’s mouths.

“I love you anyway,” Ilya says, after they’ve both calmed down enough to speak again. “Daddy issues and all.”

“I will literally tape your mouth shut,” Shane threatens with the effectiveness of a puppy baring its teeth.

“One kink at a time, my love,” Ilya teases with a grin, biting his lower lip. Shane rolls his eyes so hard, Ilya needs to kiss him again. He kisses him hard, determined to work him up enough so that blowjob in the car becomes a definite possibility. Who cares if the car is driving or not?

“I love you, too, by the way,” Shane murmurs into a kiss, beautifully breathless and flushed, and Ilya’s heart sings.

He doesn’t think it’ll ever stop.

End Notes

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