

Boring

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Boring

by [Pipergirl17](#)

Summary

Spending time at Shane's cottage, Ilya learns that boring isn't so bad.

Notes

takes deep breath Okay, here I am, dipping my toes in a new fandom. This is always equal parts scary and exciting, but these boys have captured my full attention. I've watched the series (maybe twice, maybe more), and am partially through the first book. And I will have fanfiction to carry me through to the next season.

So I present you my first ficlet; I hope I've managed to keep their voices true to character!

And thanks to anyone sharing content on Tumblr, otherwise I may have remained ignorant <3

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

Ilya Rozanov was used to living the fast life. Fast sports, fast money, fast wheels, fast women... For the longest time, he lived under the firm belief he couldn't have slowed down if he wanted to.

Not that he ever, ever would want to. That would be boring.

That was until he met—and fell in love with—the world's most boring man, Shane Hollander.

Until he found out that a little bit of boring was ok, sometimes.

Like going to Shane's cottage out in the middle of nowhere, where there were no parties, no night clubs, no neighbours to talk to, even.

Where they did boring things like go to flower stores...

"Garden centre," Shane corrected, the corner of his mouth pulling up in the same smirk he always wore when Ilya used the wrong English.

But Ilya was undeterred in his choice of words. "But they sell flowers there, yes?"

"Well, yeah, but when you say 'flower store' it makes it sound like we went to a florist—like where you go to buy flowers for someone."

Never one to miss an opportunity to tease his boyfriend, Ilya smiled, shooting Yuna, Shane's mom, a secret, mischievous smile. "You want me to buy you flowers from the flower store? That is a... how you say it... hint?"

"What?" The pink that rose immediately to Shane's freckled cheeks was exactly what Ilya had been aiming for. His boyfriend was so easy to fluster. "No! That's not a hint! What are you... You're such a shit."

"Mmm," Ilya hummed, leaning across to smack a noisy kiss to Shane's temple. "But you love me anyway."

And, because he really was a shit, he added, "And you buy very nice fountain that I choose for front of cottage. Not boring at all."

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Or turning the TV and lights off to watch a thunderstorm roll in over the lake.

Ilya lay on his side, his head on Shane's lap, and watched the light show through the cottage's wall of windows.

"God, that's something, isn't it?" Shane said, his voice full of wonder.

“Da,” Ilya agreed, watching the sky light up in shocking flashes of white and blue. “Is beautiful.”

Shane’s hand, which rested on Ilya’s shoulder, slid up to his head, his fingers carding softly through Ilya’s curls. The repetitive motion was soothing, and Ilya felt himself settling into a sense of calm he could only find at his boyfriend’s side.

“You ever f”— Ilya caught himself in time, remembering the conversation Shane had initiated about how sex wasn’t always fucking; sometimes it was fucking, yes, but sometimes it was just sex, and sometimes it was making love—“have sex during a storm?”

He felt Shane squirm beneath him, a sure sign the question struck its intended target. “You know I haven’t,” he admitted quietly, his voice barely audible over the rolling thunder.

The fingers twisted through Ilya’s hair flexed, tugging it tightly, and the sensation shot straight to Ilya’s cock. Ilya knew Shane so well, but Shane knew Ilya, too. “Would you like to?” he asked, his own voice roughened with desire.

God, he loved those moments where all it took was a sly look, or a fleeting touch, or a whispered question for them to become desperate for each other.

Already hard for one another, they shifted until Ilya lay atop Shane, one knee slotted between his legs, his thigh pressed against his boyfriend’s erection.

Their mouths collided for a series of wet, hungry kisses that belied the fact they’d already come together twice that day (both times counted as fucking, Ilya was sure of it and had the bite marks to prove it).

And as Shane reached for the waistband of his pyjama pants, Ilya decided that, maybe, storms weren’t boring after all.

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The Ilya from *before* would have bitched and moaned at the prospect of spending a rainy day with his nose in a book. Out of everything, reading was the most boring thing ever. Who would want to sit still for so long and read about boring people doing boring things? However...

“When did you buy this?” Ilya had to ask again, because he wasn’t sure he’d heard Shane correctly.

“In December, when we were playing in Toronto. I stopped in a used bookstore and they had a section of books in Russian, so I picked a few up.” Shane shrugged as though this wasn’t a big deal. As though revealing that he’d been thinking of Ilya even back then, buying him things like they were already together, wasn’t turning Ilya’s world on its axis.

“In December.”

“Yes.”

“We weren’t... You didn’t know I would be coming to your cottage in December.”

“True,” Shane conceded, appearing to finally catch onto the reason for Ilya’s mini crisis. He took a step forward, bridging the gap that separated them, and brought his hand up to cup Ilya’s cheek. “But there was always a chance, right? I already loved you then, so I had hope.”

A tumult of emotions lodged themselves in Ilya’s throat, and he found himself unable to find the words to describe what Shane’s thoughtfulness meant to him (he couldn’t have found them in Russian any more than in English). So he kissed his boyfriend passionately, hoping that conveyed the message adequately.

Soon after, he found himself reclining on the cottage’s sofa, already deeply vested in Jason Bourne’s adventures (which were by far not boring).

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And sometimes things really were so boring that he had to make his own fun.

“What’s this?”

Tired of the cottage’s usual distractions, Ilya had grabbed the key to the shed with the goal of both keeping himself occupied and annoying Shane.

He lifted a cardboard box off a shelf and held it up for his boyfriend to see, stepping around everything he’d already pulled out and set aside pell-mell.

The sigh he heard told him he had already met his goals halfway. He knew the mess was making Shane’s skin itch, but a little chaos was good for him every now and then. “It’s a croquet set. They had a twofer last fall at Canadian Tire, so mom bought one for her and Dad and another one for me.”

None of what Shane said made any sense, and Ilya found himself becoming irritated. “Yes, but what is it?” he repeated, shaking the box.

“Croquet,” Shane replied. “It’s a game. You set up these little wire arches and use the mallets to tap balls through them. It’s what you would probably classify as ‘boring,’ though.”

Hands shoved deep in the pockets of his khaki shorts, Shane rocked back and forth from his heels to the balls of his feet. He appeared innocent, but Ilya knew his boyfriend well enough to recognize when he threw down a challenge.

“Is competitive game, yes?” he asked.

“Yeah,” Shane answered, mischief dancing in his gaze and his tone. “But it’s pretty tame. I don’t know if it’ll be entertaining enough for you.”

Ilya narrowed his eyes, tearing the top flap of the box open. “I will judge what is entertaining or no.”

Later, they lay side by side on the grass, panting.

"I don't think I've ever played full-contact croquet before," Shane chuckled.

"Is better, though, yes?" Ilya lifted his arm to block the midday sun from his eyes and turned to look at his boyfriend. At some point in the game, Shane had lost his shirt (maybe, maybe, Ilya had pulled it off him in a scuffle), and his golden chest rose and fell with each deep breath he pulled into his lungs.

God, he was beautiful.

Lust hit Ilya suddenly, the desire to lose himself in Shane, and he'd no interest in fighting it.

"What are you doing?" Shane's voice held a sliver of panic as Ilya settled atop him.

"I believe is called 'making out,' hmm?" Ilya replied, pressing his hips down to Shane's as his lips brushed against sun-kissed skin.

Beneath him, Shane struggled, pushing weakly at him. "Not out here! Someone could see us!"

Ilya laughed, genuinely amused. "Who? The fish? That creepy wolf bird with the red eyes?"

"Loon," Shane corrected weakly, a smirk pulling at the corner of his mouth despite his obvious discomfort.

"No one will see us," Ilya assured when he noticed Shane's anxiety ramping up. "And we will not do anything too"—he searched for the right English word—"revealing. Just like this, da?"

He moved his hips, feeling Shane's cock stiffening beneath him. "Just like this," he repeated breathlessly, his pulse already thrumming in his veins. No one had ever made desire pool in his belly as quickly or fiercely as the man lying beneath him.

The first brush of his lips was tentative, because if Shane truly didn't want to do this outside, Ilya wouldn't push him. But Shane pressed back, deepening the kiss, and soon both men were chasing their pleasure, their mouths moving to the same wanton rhythm as their hips.

"You close?" Shane broke away to ask, pupils swallowing the deep brown of his eyes, making them nearly black. He'd wrapped a leg around Ilya's waist, holding him so tight that they were just grinding together.

"Fuck, yes," Ilya replied, not slowing down. "Come on, Shane. Come with me."

The peace of the day was broken by their choked cries as they toppled over the edge. Despite the summer day's heat and humidity, they clung to each other as they came off their high, both sweaty and panting.

"I like this croquet," Ilya said once he was able to talk. "Is fun game."

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Early mornings. Laid-back days. Quiet evenings spent staring into a fire, the soundtrack coming not from bass beats, but insects and birds. It all sounded terribly boring on the surface, but as Ilya was discovering, it was also calming, grounding. He was at peace with himself and the world.

All because of a little bit of boring.

End Notes

I would love to hear your thoughts on this! If you have a moment, please leave a comment :)

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