

boring? never heard of it

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by [noisehues](#)

Summary

Shane shouldn't care about what the Centaurs have to say about sex life years into marriage. They say it's normal for it to get boring, and he can't help but disagree with how far from the truth that statement is.

Until he sees Ilya laughing with Haas about it. That's when he starts to spiral.

or: Shane thinks Ilya finds their sex life boring. Ilya thinks he's insane. They fuck about it.

Notes

got sidetracked from writing my very long and very complicated fic by Thought(TM) and had to do something about it. still obsessed with them to the point it makes me sad. i haven't written a pwp in about five billion centuries, feeling very rusty at the craft. uh, enjoy? LOL

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

It all starts with an innocuous comment in the dressing room.

Shane is still in his gear, foot barely through the door and LaPointe hot on his heels, when the conversation starts. He has no idea how they even got to the topic, but it's not hard to imagine that Chouinard simply wanted to talk about it, so he did. The voices of his teammates are loud over the music playing from the tinny speaker of a phone, the lights are too bright, and Shane is too exhausted to fully tune into what's going on.

He isn't entirely interested in other people's marriage issues, anyway. Right now, all he wants is to shower and to drive himself and Ilya home.

Shane only starts paying attention when Boyle says, "I mean, but it's normal for it to get boring years into the marriage. You can't expect your sex life to be the same as when you met?" and the statement is met with a wave of agreements from their teammates.

Glancing around the room, he takes in the reactions of the men he has come to consider his friends and how they laugh it off like it doesn't even matter—like that's something Chouinard shouldn't even worry about. And maybe it *doesn't* matter, but then his eyes fall on Ilya—all sweaty, down to his jockstrap, hand on Haas' shoulder as they both laugh—and Shane feels his stomach churn so uncomfortably that he thinks he's going to be sick.

Shane looks away, but not before Ilya looks right back at him with his ever so charming smile tacked on his infuriatingly beautiful face. Ilya winks at him and turns back to Haas, saying something that Shane can't hear.

It's a moment of team camaraderie that shouldn't stick with him. Shane grew up in the sport, hearing every offense under the sun being spoken between the walls of dressing rooms, and he has always been able to compartmentalize these things and brush them off his back.

There is something about this one, however, that he can't seem to let go of, no matter how hard he tries. And he *is* trying.

He never thought his marriage with Ilya to be boring. It's been five years since they tied the knot, and Shane is still as head over heels as he'd been back then, if not impossibly more. They're still very much sexually active—though, if he does stop to think about it just a smidge more deeply, he finds himself forced to admit that it *isn't* the same as it once was, back when they weren't officially a thing.

Things are different now. They are out, married, and awfully domestic, but it doesn't mean he would have it any other way. He loves doing mundane things with Ilya simply because they *can*. He loves it when Ilya fucks him nice and slow into the mattress, lips to his ear, reminding Shane in whispers how much he loves him.

Which, well. Has been every other night.

It's been almost two weeks since the incident, and Shane is still thinking about it. Every time Ilya smiles, he hears the echoes of Boyle's voice saying that it's fine to be boring. As Ilya

kisses him lovingly, hands pushing up his thighs to fold him in half as he buries his cock deep in his ass, Shane's chest tightens with something other than the unbridled pleasure he has always gotten from this.

He doesn't mean to be distracted. It's almost an offense to his husband that he isn't fully into it, but he doesn't know how to make his brain stop. He can't help but think, *does Ilya find it boring too?*

He's being ridiculous. Shane buries his fingers into Ilya's curls and pulls him into a kiss so desperate that he nearly shoves his tongue down Ilya's throat. Ilya grunts pleasantly, picking up the pace of his thrusting, his fingers digging harder into Shane's flesh, and Shane hopes—he *prays*, even though he doesn't know how to—that the grip will bruise. That the next time they're in the dressing room, their teammates will see the bruises Ilya left on him and will have proof that their marriage *isn't boring*.

Perhaps he isn't doing that great of a job at trying not to think about it. The worst part, though, is that Ilya must notice—he slows his hips back down, pulling away from the kiss. Shane keeps his eyes closed for a moment, not wanting to be met with the frown that must pull at his husband's beautiful features.

“Is this boring to you?”

The question leaves Shane's lips before he even has a chance to think it through, and the regret is almost immediate. Ilya stills completely, and when Shane finally finds the courage to look at his husband, the confusion on his face is more than obvious.

“What are you talking about?” Ilya asks.

“This,” Shane says against his better judgment, gesturing between them with a hand. “Marriage. Sex.”

Ilya's frown deepens. “Are you insane?”

Heat creeps up his neck and settles on his face. He shouldn't have said anything—not *now* of all times. Unfortunately, there is no putting those worms back in the can, and since he's already ruined the mood and the moment, he might as well get this over with.

“You were laughing,” Shane says, observing every minute change to Ilya's expression as he tries to make sense of what he's saying. “In the dressing room, when Boyle said the sex gets boring years into marriage. You and Haasy were laughing along with everyone else.”

Ilya looks... appalled by the mere suggestion. “Do *you* find it boring?”

“I didn't say that.”

“What are you asking me right now, Shane?” Ilya probably didn't intend for the words to dig so harshly at him, but Shane still recoils with shame. “Do you hear yourself?”

“Why were you laughing, then?” He knows he should drop it. This is probably just one big misunderstanding on his part. Still, he knows he will be restless if he doesn't get an answer.

“I told Haasy to not be like these guys.” Ilya’s baffled tone doesn’t change, disbelief written all over his face. “Literally told the kid that was not true. Is that where your head has been these days?”

Some of the tightness in his chest releases, but his shame burns hotter. “No,” he lies, but it sounds terrible even to him. Shane lets out a long sigh. “Maybe.”

“Sweetheart,” Ilya says, softening. He brings a hand to Shane’s face, caressing his cheek tenderly, tracing his freckles. “How could it ever get boring with you?”

Shane shrugs, leaning into Ilya’s touch. “I don’t know. It’s different from before.”

“Yes. Different is not bad, though, is it?”

“No.”

“I like looking at you when I fuck you,” Ilya continues, his tenderness bleeding into his lips and smile. “We couldn’t do that for a very long time. I am afraid I will never get enough of looking at your pretty face, Hollander.”

Shane chases Ilya’s lips, and his kiss is welcomed with the love they’ve been harboring for years now. “I feel like an idiot,” he murmurs without pulling away. “Sorry for ruining the mood.”

“You did not ruin anything, *my love*,” Ilya says that last bit in Russian just because he knows how much Shane likes it when he does.

The statement, however, is a lie; he can feel that Ilya’s cock has softened slightly with the confusing questioning, and he can’t refute facts when he ends up pulling out anyway. Shane feels terrible, but Ilya knows him too well to let him sit with those feelings for too long.

“I should take you to the trophy room again,” Ilya says conversationally, trailing his kisses up Shane’s jaw, down his neck, over the curve of his pec. Shane still thinks of that day in very vivid flashes. “Maybe to the gym. Even here would do, don’t you think? In front of the big mirror you had installed? Then you would see what I do, and how it’s never boring to look at you.”

“Ilya...”

“The face you make when you come,” he continues his trajectory down Shane’s stomach, teeth scraping the skin very lightly. Shane’s chest shakes with every breath he takes. “It is one of my favorite things in the world.”

“I-in the whole world?”

Ilya kisses around his cock, but doesn’t take it into his mouth. Shane swallows the needy whine that sticks to the back of his throat. He keeps going down, and Shane is buzzing with anticipation of what he knows is to come.

“Yes,” Ilya breathes against his perineum, and his hole clenches around nothing. “But I think the world is too small. In the universe, maybe?”

“Jesus Christ,” Shane lets out like a curse as Ilya teases a dry finger to his hole, face burning when his body offers very minimal resistance. “Please.”

“No need to beg, sweetheart,” he says even though he loves it when Shane does. “Not right now.”

Whatever he means by that doesn’t really matter. Ilya only pulls away from Shane’s body to find the lube in the tangled mess of their sheets, coating his fingers with a more than generous amount. And while Shane has already been stretched by both Ilya’s fingers and his cock, a moan still rips through his chest when Ilya slips slick digits into him again, pleasure shooting quickly down his spine.

“I have been neglecting you,” Ilya says almost in mockery. They both know it isn’t true. “I could not tell what was wrong.”

You can’t read minds, Shane wants to say, but the words get lost before they ever make it to his mouth. Ilya presses his fingertips against his walls, massaging him gently as he pushes up, and up, and up. It takes him seconds to find his prostate and rip an filthy moan out of him.

Ilya knows him too well, if there is even something like knowing the love of your life *too much*. He brushes against the nerves only a couple of times, just to tease—just so he can hear Shane let out a broken sob when he pulls away. Shane’s cock rests against his hip, hard and leaking, and he doesn’t wrap a hand around himself.

There’s no need for him to do it. Ilya closes his free hand around the base and then his lips around the head, the warmth of his mouth enough to drive Shane insane. The pace Ilya sets is obscene with the quick drilling of his fingers dead on his prostate and the bobbing of his head.

Pleasure overwhelms Shane quicker than the shame had, leaving him acutely aware of all his nerve endings, of the way Ilya’s breath is warm against him every time his nose brushes against the dusting of his pubes, and every minimal flexing of his fingers inside him. His balls tighten too quickly with the promise of release, and through his muddling thoughts, he can’t get the words out to warn Ilya about it.

But, again, it’s not like he needs to. Ilya has had his cock in his mouth so many times by now that he knows even what his precum tastes like, what every twitch of his limbs mean, how his breathing changes when his orgasm starts to build up.

(And, honestly, if their positions were reversed, Shane would be able to identify all of Ilya’s tellings as well.)

That is most definitely the reason for Shane to whine the way he does when Ilya pulls his mouth off him with a lewd pop, pupils blown as he looks up at Shane—the loss of contact wasn’t something he wanted or was prepared for. It’s not what he needs right now. Ilya keeps

the hand wrapped around the base as he eases the fingers on his prostate, and he doesn't really *do* anything with it.

He just watches Shane as he pants and squirms, desperate to come.

"You think this is boring?" Ilya repeats the question right back at him, his voice low and rough and extremely arousing.

Shane wants to blow himself up with his mind. He shakes his head furiously, uncaring of how he sounds when he says, "I never did."

Ilya pushes his fingers just a bit deeper again, barely enough to touch Shane where he wants him to. "It has been a while since I made you cum twice in one night," he says almost flippantly.

He couldn't hide the shiver that courses through his entire body even if he wanted. His throat and chest tightens, and even to his own ears, he sounds slightly deranged when all he can get out is: "*Ilya.*"

"You can hold out for me." It's not a question. Ilya's plan is to torture him for as long as he can, and Shane has no choice but to take it—he can see it perfectly clear in his blue eyes.

Shane nods, desperate to get Ilya moving again. "I can."

It's a weak promise at best. He does better at lasting longer than he did when they started sleeping together, but it isn't *long* by any means. He's usually so overtaken by pleasure and his never-ending love by his sexy Russian of a husband that he doesn't even try to hold back on showing Ilya exactly how turned on he makes him.

Unless Ilya explicitly asks him to, which he does tonight. And it's obvious that Shane would do anything for him.

The smile Ilya shows him is only slightly sadistic. When he gets his mouth on him again, tongue flat on the underside of his cock and cheeks hollowed, Shane isn't sure he's going to be able to follow through with his promise; and when Ilya starts finger-fucking his prostate again, he's *sure* that he won't.

Ilya's pace is brutal, like he's just as desperate to get Shane off as Shane is to finally find relief. And it's a beautiful thing, Shane thinks through his horniness, how sucking him off turns Ilya on. The noises he makes, the moans he muffles around his cock, are possibly the best thing Shane will ever hear. For the few moments he manages to keep his eyes open, he loves to see the way Ilya ruts against the mattress like the horny dog he seems to be.

Shane grips Ilya's golden curls with a hand and the pillow under his head with the other. His body is so hot that it feels like he's running a fever, his muscles pulled tighter than after a long day of practice; his toes curl into the bedsheets, and his hips stutter, sending his cock deeper into Ilya's mouth.

Ilya gags but doesn't pull off, and that almost sends Shane over the edge. His moans grow louder and irregular as the pressure on his bladder gets to a point that it's possible to ignore; Shane tugs harshly on Ilya's hair, and Ilya quickly pulls off him again—both his mouth and his fingers.

Frustrated tears well up in Shane's eyes, but he doesn't open his mouth to complain. He swallows down a sob, taking deep breaths to steady himself, but it doesn't do much. Not when Ilya pushes his legs up to his chest and, without warning, presses the tip of his tongue against the pucker of his rim.

The sound he lets out is almost animalistic. Ilya grips his thighs just as hard as he'd done earlier, bruising, and pushes his tongue in. Shane feels the vibrations of every moan he lets out, and the eagerness with which Ilya eats him out. He's unfairly good at this—with his mouth, with his tongue, still managing to pleasure Shane in ways that don't seem possible to any person on earth.

Shane feels himself leak pathetically on his stomach as Ilya laps at his hole, and he wishes he could be stronger than this. He wishes he could stop his orgasm from pushing against him so dangerously fast. The coiling in his stomach is too tight; he feels too good.

"Ilya," he breathes out as Ilya fucks him with his tongue, barely letting out a hum of acknowledgment. Shane wraps his fingers in a tight ring under his cockhead, thumb covering the slit. He's too fucking wet. He's going to come. "Baby."

Instead of stopping, Ilya pushes two fingers into him. The probing on his walls, added to the slickness of Ilya's tongue, has Shane breaking into sobs. He doesn't know why he ever thought he could do this when he has come untouched by watching Ilya sunbathing by the lake. He's pathetic, and hopeless, and about to have the best orgasm of his life—

Ilya pulls away completely, sitting back on his haunches. Shane doesn't have the strength to get a good look at him right now, but he does it anyway. He does it so he can see the hunger in Ilya's eyes and the raging boner between his legs. So he can see the exact moment Ilya regrets ever starting this.

The good thing about wanting Ilya so horribly bad is that he knows Ilya wants him back just as much.

The set of Ilya's jaw as he holds onto his last bits of composure would be funny to watch if Shane wasn't completely out of his mind. He watches Shane's hole clench around nothing, and apparently that's enough to get him moving again. He grabs the lube and, this time, squirts it all over his cock—far too much, sure to make a mess.

Ilya leans over Shane and, with no humor in his voice, he asks again, "Is this boring to you?"

"Shut up," Shane grits, feeling like he's ready to explode. He *is* going to come the second Ilya touches him, he thinks. "I never said that."

Ilya hums. "Good."

The pushing of Ilya's cock inside him feels impossibly better now than it did earlier, before they got sidetracked by his stupid, nonsensical question. Probably because of Ilya's dedication to bring him to the edge and then deny him his release, but he isn't keeping track. All that matters is that he can feel Ilya everywhere, and he feels better than he's felt in ages, and *oh, god*—

Ilya drills into his prostate ruthlessly, his thrusting frantic, sweat dripping from his forehead and onto Shane's face. With a hand on the back of his neck, Shane pulls him into a kiss that is all tongue and teeth, just as messy as he feels. Every press of Ilya's cockhead against his nerves sends a shockwave through him, precum beading from his slit and onto the pad of his thumb.

Shane rubs his thumb—once, twice—over the sensitive skin, and the first spurt of release rips through him with a hiccup. He covers his cock with his palm, but once it starts, there's no stopping it; cum leaks through the gaps of his fingers, tears of relief rolling down the sides of his face.

"Look at me," Ilya grunts. "Look at me, Shane."

It's hard to keep his eyes open when he's this much of a mess, but he looks at Ilya anyway, letting his gaze pierce right through him. The pinch of his brows, the hard line of his mouth, the prominent vein on his neck, those are all signs that Shane knows all too well. He clenches around Ilya's cock and Ilya folds, his pace faltering.

It only takes two thrusts into him for Ilya to come with a loud, broken grunt of Shane's name, his moans turning into whines as he fucks him straight into overstimulation. There's little Shane loves more than this: feeling Ilya stuff him with cum, even when he knows he's going to hate the cleanup of it.

"Love you," he manages to get out, failing to keep his body from shaking. "So much."

Ilya kisses him again, softer this time, no urgency behind it as his hips slow to a stop. Shane's heart beats impossibly hard against his ribcage, and the rush he gets from the knowledge that Ilya loves him just as much is enough to silence his ever-racing brain.

"Tell me what you want to try next time," Ilya mumbles against his lips, and Shane is so out of it that he can't formulate a question, so he hums it instead. "To let your freak out."

At that, Shane snorts. "My *freak*. Next thing I know you'll be offering to build us a sex dungeon."

He feels Ilya's smile against his cheek. "If that's what you want I will get you one, love."

"Shut up," he says with a chuckle and a weak slap to Ilya's shoulder, instead of saying how much he *doesn't* hate the idea. "Say you love me too."

Ilya hums just to be difficult. "So I didn't make myself clear enough?"

"I want to hear it."

"I love you," Ilya whispers in Russian, lips to his ears, and Shane can't believe he ever thought there was an issue here.

End Notes

would be more than happy to hear from you in the comments if you enjoyed it!! i'm @noisehues everywhere if you wish to find me! see you next time!!!

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