

i'm sick and twisted and borin'

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i'm sick and twisted and borin'

by [buttercupkisses](#)

Summary

“Rocking the new look, Rozanov.” Hayden says, walking over to where Ilya has been fiddling around in the kitchen for the last hour or so.

“Thank you Hayden. At least someone can say something nice about it.” He looks at Shane who’s purposely staring over his shoulder and avoiding any eye contact.

or, Ilya cuts his hair. Shane isn’t a fan.

Notes

this turned into not what I was expecting but I lowkey love it. also ilya not having a buzzcut once in his entire situationship with shane is like unrealistic as hell. have we seen this man??? it is something he would do.

Shane loves Ilya's hair.

Of course there are other aspects he enjoys about the other man, but his curly blond hair is his not so secret obsession.

He loves the way the it turns a gorgeous golden colour against the pillow in the early mornings, when the sunlight begins to seep through the half drawn curtains.

He loves running his fingers through the curls when Ilya rests his head on Shane's lap while they are watching a movie together in the evening.

He loves tugging on the strands when Ilya takes him in his mouth, the last bit of control dissipating from his body.

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Shane holds the phone to his ear as Ruby and Jade are in the middle of excitedly telling Shane about their latest roles in the school play.

He has a sneaking suspicion this whole phone call was just a ploy by Hayden to get the twins off his back for a bit, while Jackie is out of town, because the thing is they can really talk. Just like their father.

"And my teacher said that I had the best singing voice." Jade chimes in.

"Oh yeah?"

She proceeds to go on a tangent about the latest song she has just learnt and he pretends to recognise the name, trying to make the correct affirmative noises in all the right places

Shane is doing his best to keep up with their very busy seven year old social lives, when he hears the familiar sound of a key in the lock followed by heavy footsteps in the hall.

And then Ilya appears in the doorway, clad in a black puffer jacket, zipped all the way to the top and a black beanie pulled over his head. He looks similar to as if he has just emerged from an arctic expedition rather than a trip to the shops to pick up a few groceries they have run out of.

The recent few weeks have been freezing, and Ilya hasn't stopped bitching about the cold Canadian weather. Shane's reminders that Russia isn't exactly known for being warm falls on death ears.

He leans over kissing Shane lightly on the lips in greeting.

“Uncle Shane, are you listening?” Ruby demands through the phone and he winces at the sudden loud voice in his ear.

Ilya raises his eyebrows at him as if to say *are you?* and Shane gives him the finger before returning his full attention back to the phone call.

“Yes, you got the part of the wolf.” He says trying to backtrack through the rather long conversation they have been having.

He watches as Ilya disappears off into the kitchen, shedding layers as he goes.

“No! I just said I want to get a person role next time.”

“Oh yes, a person role.”

One with actual lines, he thinks. Although knowing Ruby she will make the wolf get a solo somewhere.

The phone call eventually ends, and when Hayden sheepishly takes over the phone, thanking him for staying on the line for so long, Shane is exhausted.

Shane hangs up, and tosses his phone aside onto the couch seeking out his boyfriend, who he finds standing at the kitchen preparing lunch.

Shane wraps his arms around his waist, pulling his warm body against his own and rests his head against his shoulder. He watches Ilya as he skilfully uses the knife making a colourful array of salad that fits in perfectly with Shane's diet. He loves hi,.

Ilya settles the knife on the chopping board and turns around in his arms, moving on instinct. He cups Shane's cheek, his thumb softly rubbing the smooth skin as if he's going to kiss him when Shane freezes.

He blinks, wondering if his mind is playing tricks on him. But the image in front of him doesn't change.

Because Ilya has a buzz cut.

When Ilya left the house this morning he did not have a buzz cut.

“What did you do?” He doesn't mean for the words to come out as accusatory, but he can't take them back.

“You don't like it?”

“It's not that I don't like it...” He struggles to find an appropriate word, "It's just different.”

Ilya looks at him disbelievingly, “It's hair, Shane. Hair grows back.”

He goes back to making lunch, leaving Shane standing there in shock.

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“Rocking the new look, Rozanov.” Hayden says, walking over to where Ilya has been fiddling around in the kitchen for the last hour or so.

It had been Ilya's idea to host an official house warming for their close friends and family now that they have officially moved in together. When he had first mentioned it, it made Shane feel strangely fuzzy inside and he had proceeded to kiss him senseless.

“Thank you Hayden. At least someone can say something nice about it.” He looks at Shane who’s purposely staring over his shoulder and avoiding any eye contact.

They have been playing this game for the past few days where the two of them have been throwing biting comments at each other all day. It’s stupid but Shane’s competitive side has decided he won’t be the first to give in. Ilya can do that.

“Okay I feel like I’m missing out on something.” Hayden looks between them both a question in his eyes.

“Shane thinks I shouldn’t have done it.”

“I never said that.”

Hayden blanches, “What? And here I thought you would be getting far more head for it.”

“Can you not discuss my sex life please.” Shane says turning a delightful shade of red that has Ilya grinning at him.

He will absolutely not be giving into him now.

“Even annoying 15th best Montreal player gets it. Take notes.”

“It’s giving member of biker gang and his perfect next door neighbour who he corrupts.” Hayden continues, “I swear I’ve seen Jackie read some book about it.”

Ilya is nodding along. Shane swears this is the first time he has ever seen his best friend and boyfriend agree on anything and it’s at his own expense, so he can’t even enjoy it.

“I think I’ve seen Shane read that book too.” Ilya says,

”No I haven’t—“ Shane begins.

“Is joke. You don’t read anything that’s not about hockey.”

Shane walks off, he will get him back later.

Forced celibacy has never been Ilya's forte.

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Shane is happy to report he wins their little argument, even if he used slightly unethical measures of walking around in the tightest shorts he owns. Ilya had barely been able to restrain himself and he hadn't taken long till he was pinning him down on his yoga matt, whispering dirty nothings into his ear.

Shane deepens the kiss, his hand moving to run his fingers through Ilya's hair only to be reminded when he feels the tickle of the short hairs against his finger tips. He groans into Ilya's mouth with frustration.

"So ungrateful." Ilya murmurs, but he continues kissing Shane, his hand moving under his shirt, his large hand spanning over his stomach. "I'm starting to think you only loved me for you my hair."

"Finally he gets it."

Ilya doesn't let him get off that easily for that part.

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It's Jackie's birthday, and they have all gone out to a bar not too far from their place to celebrate, somehow having managed to wrangle a babysitter for all four of the Pike kids.

Shane feels for whatever poor teenager they have found. He knows they won't be wanting to do a repeat no matter how well they pay them.

Shane is watching Ilya who is stood chatting to the bartender, gesturing wildly as he explains whatever story is on his mind. He's terribly endearing and Shane finds himself staring at him, taking in the faded leather jacket and the flash of his tattoo on his lower back. Suddenly, Shane is reminded of their previous conversation with Hayden.

Biker and perfect boy next door. He knows that Ilya continuously calls him boring and his team likes to make the occasional comment about his kill joy tendencies when they are on their nights out

But is that really what the pair of them look like? He looks down at his own white polo and jeans and realises the descriptions feels pretty fitting.

The thought has him squirming in his seat and he doesn't miss the odd look Jackie sends his way.

"Do you have some biker romance book? Hayden mentioned it." He blurts out when Hayden disappears off to the bathroom, leaving the two of them alone.

Jackie sits up, suddenly very interested in the conversation. “Are you expanding outside of the hockey world of books?”

Later that evening, Jackie slides the book discreetly into Shane’s bag.

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Reading a book in secret is much harder said than done, especially when your boyfriend likes to constantly be in your business.

Shane wakes up early one morning and finds Ilya still fast asleep, soft breaths leaving his body. He can’t help but miss the way his curls used to fall around his head, like some sort of halo. He sits up in bed, doing his best not to disturb Ilya as he reaches for the book, stuffed at the back of his bedside table. Out of sight.

He starts reading, and becomes so absorbed in the story he loses track of time, missing his usual morning run. The main character vaguely resembles Ilya in looks, the buzz cut being the main similarity but everything about the rest of the character couldn’t be more different. That doesn’t stop him from picturing Ilya, as he fucks the main character against his motorbike, warning the main character not to make a mess on his prized possession.

That’s till Ilya starts to stir and he slams the book shut. He shoves it back into his drawer and turns his attention back to his sleepy boyfriend and begins to pepper kisses all over his face in greeting.

Ilya smiles, his eyes remaining shut. Shane’s hand falls to the back of his head, his hair is beginning to slowly grow back but it’s still much shorter than it originally was.

But he cannot stop thinking about the female main character from the book, pushing his lips together to stop the words from slipping out when Ilya asks him what he wants.

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Much to Shane’s dismay he maintains his haircut, well at least that’s the facade he’s trying to put out.

He has been slowly making his way through the book, and against his better judgement he is thoroughly enjoying it even if he can only read it in snippets.

On the surface, the relationship is toxic. The push and pull of the characters, only for all of their disagreements to be made up with by sex. He considers asking Jackie for further recommendations when he finishes it.

“I seen your book.”

Shane pauses, where he had been applying his daily moisturiser in the mirror.

”What?”

He didn’t need clarification. He knew exactly what Ilya was talking about and he would really like the ground to swallow him up.

”Motorcycle romance book.” Ilya says, a slow grin spreading across his face. “You read it. I saw it in your table.”

”I just wanted to see what all the fuss was about.”

”And?”

”And.” He doesn’t know what to say.

He’s not sure if I’ve now seen your hair in a new light, thanks to a straight erotica novel, and now want you to fuck me on every surface we own is a suitable answer. “It was interesting.”

”Interesting, yes?”

”Ilya.” Shane groans, knowing his boyfriend isn’t going to let the subject drop easily.

”Shane.” Ilya says copying him. “I want to know about this interesting sex motorcycle book you reading.”

“I keep thinking of you in your leather jacket and that stupid haircut, pushing me onto my knees and making me take it.”

“What like this?”

Ilya makes good of his promise.

And Shane comes around, accepting that maybe the buzz cut isn’t so bad.

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