

All the Things Unsaid

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All the Things Unsaid

by [ThePromptWasntThisLong_\(shredded_potato\)](#).

Summary

Shane gets called 'boring.' Ilya makes it worse by playing along. Shane tries to pretend it's fine. Ilya calls his bluff.

Cue in a fight, a stubborn silence, a slammed door that never closes, and a tiny, broken sound that changes everything.

"You say you're boring, fine. You can be boring for the whole damn world. I'll still kiss you senseless and drag you home after every game. I'll still make you moan loud enough to shake the walls. None of that changes."

Notes

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

Shane only hears his name because the laughter dies down. One moment the Volchisty locker room is a thundering, overlapping roar of Russian insults, English chirps, muffled curses; the next it's all low huffs and smirks, a drawled "Hollander," pronounced with a sneer that immediately sets his shoulders tight.

He's only here because Coach thought it'd be good for the two captains to get to know each other's teams better, some stupid idea about camaraderie ahead of the preseason scrimmage. He agreed because Ilya asked him with that insufferable smile that means he's half joking, half hoping for another hour with Shane leaning against his locker, waiting for him to finish. It felt easy then, leaning close enough to brush arms with the man he's somehow rearranged his life for. The boys were friendly, the atmosphere warm. Shane could relax with them, or so he thought.

But now some forward with dark eyes and sharper teeth is chuckling as his gaze slides over to Shane. "Your boyfriend is boring," he tells Ilya, in English butchered just enough that it sounds like a delicious taunt. "Boring man."

It's an old word, one he heard a thousand times in his rookie season, one that came attached to a dossier of negative commentary: steady, disciplined, safe. It usually made him proud. That was the brand he cultivated when he'd been trying so hard to distance himself from mistakes, from the off-ice noise that has ruined careers. But over time, the word frayed, the edges catching on insecure thoughts in hotel rooms and dark arenas. Boring. Predictable. No fun.

He waits for Ilya to laugh it off. Instead, Rosanov shrugs elaborately, throws his arms around two of his teammates, and says in a voice that could cut glass, "Boring? Sometimes I just have to shake him awake, you know? 'Shane, wake up, you're the hockey robot, beep boop,'" and he tosses his head while everyone laughs. Ilya's accent thickens when he's joking. He runs a hand through his hair, smirks. "At least he keeps the house clean."

The sunken pit opens in the center of Shane's chest so fast it steals his breath. He knows Ilya's playacting for his guys, but the word echoes. Boring. No more interesting than a clean kitchen and a box checked on some list. He doesn't say anything; he just steps back a little, lets them all have their time. He focuses on lacing his skates, on tying and retying the knot until his fingers ache. When he looks up again, Ilya is watching him with narrowed eyes, a small furrow between his brows. Shane gives him a bland smile and reaches for his helmet.

The afternoon drags. Practice ends, locker room noise fades, and they head for the car in a silence that carries crackling static. Ilya tries, at first; he jostles Shane's shoulder, throws a few 'You good?' texts while they're still among the team, but Shane just thumbs back a tight 'Sure' and stands a little straighter.

He can't bring it up. He can't complain about what some kid said in a locker room in a city where his Russian is shaky at best. He doesn't want to start a thing, to seem fragile over a stupid joke. He tells himself he doesn't care, that he's used to it, that there's nothing wrong with being boring. When Ilya unlocks the car and glances at him, waiting for something, Shane smiles again, a precise upturn of lips. "Ready?"

They drive through the city with the windows cracked. Late afternoon light spills over Ilya's profile, a glow that turns the edges of his ears scarlet. He's typically a talker in cars, but today he keeps flicking glances over. Shane turns the music up a little, a curated playlist of instrumental piano, because that's what keeps him steady when the noise in his brain won't quit.

"It was just a joke," Ilya says finally, voice soft. "You know that. Marleau makes jokes, he's baby. You can't let him under your skin."

Shane keeps his eyes on the road. "I know."

"Hey." Ilya reaches over, wraps fingers around Shane's wrist, guiding his hand off the shift long enough to press it to his thigh. "You're quiet."

"Just tired. Long practice. You're right, it was a joke." Shane breathes through his nose, slow and measured. "I'm fine, Ilya."

"You sound like one of your interviews." Ilya squeezes, then lets go, clearly unconvinced. "You're not fine when you say fine like that."

“Drop it.” The words come sharper than intended. Shane can feel the tremor in his voice, the way the single syllable bristles with the panic he’s refusing to show. “It’s nothing.”

“Mm.” Ilya doesn’t argue. He leans back, eyes on the passing city, but the silence thickens.

They reach Ilya’s apartment after a quiet elevator ride. The door shuts with a soft thud. Shane toes off his shoes, lines them up carefully. He stretches his back, rolls his shoulders, tells himself to shake it off. Ilya tosses his keys into the ceramic bowl Shane’s mother bought them, kicks his sneakers into a messy pile, and shrugs out of his jacket, letting it fall across the back of a chair.

“Shane.” He says it once they’re in the kitchen, the word a coaxing murmur. “Talk to me.”

“What?” Shane reaches for a glass, fills it at the tap. Water sloshes over his hand. He can’t make himself meet Ilya’s eyes. “I said I get it.”

“You’re lying.” Ilya steps closer, close enough that Shane can smell the clean sweat still on his skin, the hint of his cologne. “I see you making little fists with your hands. You’re rubbing your chest. You only do that when you’re unhappy.”

“I’m not.” The lie tangles in his throat. He forces a laugh, the sound thin. “You’re paranoid.”

“Maybe.” Ilya tilts his head, studying him. “You don’t like when someone says you’re boring. That’s it, yeah?”

Shane snorts, drinks his water, sets the glass down a little too hard. “You guys were messing around. I’m not going to get upset over a joke.”

“You are upset.” Ilya steps around the counter, closes the distance between them. “Tell me.”

“No.” Shane shoves his hands into the pockets of his sweats, nails digging into fabric. “I’m not going to be that guy who can’t take banter. Drop it.”

The sound of his own voice ricocheted off polished tile, too sharp, too brittle. He grabbed the dishwasher handle, yanked it down, and let the rack screech out.

“Shane-“

“Damn it, Ilya!” Plates clanged under Shane’s shaking fingers, ceramic clicking like teeth. He didn’t even know where the heat came from; it rolled out of him anyway.

“Are you fucking deaf? I told you it’s fine. It’s a joke, I get it. Drop it already. Fuck.” Shane slammed a bowl onto the counter, then realized his hands were trembling so badly that the porcelain shuddered.

Shane spun away, stalking to the kitchen island. Anything to keep busy. He stacked mail, wiped an already spotless counter with small vicious circles, straightened the chairs under the table until their legs lined up perfectly with the tile grout. Every motion was tight with fury he couldn’t aim anywhere safe. He felt Ilya’s stare on the back of his neck like a brand.

The silence stretched long and taut, an elastic band ready to snap. Only the low hum of the refrigerator filled the air. Shane could sense Ilya standing motionless near the doorway, still as a statue. He counted seconds in his head, breath coming shallow. The kitchen smelled like citrus cleaner and the lingering spice of locker room sweat.

He reached for a stray sweatshirt draped over a barstool, shook it out, folded it on autopilot. The fabric rasped in his fingers. He smoothed it again even though there were no wrinkles left. His jaw locked.

From the corner of his eye he saw Ilya rub both hands down his face, palms dragging hard as if he could scrub away frustration. The faint rasp of stubble under those calloused hands echoed in Shane’s ears. A muted, disbelieving chuckle slipped out of Ilya, low and humorless. Shane’s stomach turned over. His fingers clenched on the sweatshirt until the seams bit into his skin.

He tried to stay focused on the meaningless tasks, but the silence grew heavier by the second. Sweat tickled the back of his neck. He braced his hip against the counter to steady himself. His breathing stuttered.

Then came the rustle of fabric. The smooth slide of faux leather over cotton, the metallic clatter of zippers. Shane kept his gaze fixed on the countertop but his ears tipped toward the sound, every sense tuned to Ilya. A jacket zip rasped. The faint thud of soggy practice socks hitting the floor. He didn't have to look to know Ilya was shrugging into his leather jacket, the one that creaked when he stretched his shoulders. The scrape of hangers, the soft thump of a closet door he wasn't bothering to close quietly.

Shane froze mid-fold. His heart punched at his ribs. He stood rigid, eyes trained on the polished counter, but his peripheral vision tracked Ilya sliding his arms into sleeves, tugging the jacket snug across his broad chest. He listened to the shuffle of feet as Ilya shoved them into sneakers without untying the laces, lazy loops tightening with sharp jerks. A buckle clinked as Ilya fastened his watch. Shane leaned harder against the counter, one hand splayed on cold marble, the other still gripping the sweatshirt. He tried to swallow but his throat was dry. His jaw clenched until the muscles burned.

"I'm going out," Ilya said, tone flat, final. He adjusted his collar without looking at Shane. "Just call me when you finally decide to talk."

The words hit like a sucker punch. Shane's vision washed white for a heartbeat. He swayed. Somewhere outside, a car horn blared, distant and irrelevant. In the kitchen, only silence answered.

Ilya stood facing him now, fully dressed, hair raked back. He looked almost bored, which hurt more than yelling ever could. Shane couldn't lift his head. He stared at the floor, at the way his socked feet lined up with the grout lines. His knuckles went bone-white around the edge of the counter.

"You need something?" Ilya asked after a beat, voice still cold.

Still nothing. Shane's lips barely parted. A hot prickle crawled up his spine, the urge to bolt warring with the need to keep his composure. He shook his head once, tiny, hopeless.

Another stretch of silence, heavier. Ilya remained rooted in place, arms crossed loosely, eyes boring into the crown of Shane's head. The pressure of that gaze made Shane's chest seize. He forced air in, out, brittle little puffs that did nothing to calm him.

Footsteps approached, slow and deliberate. The floorboards creaked under Ilya's weight. Shane's breath hitched. Every muscle locked. When Ilya stopped a foot away, the heat of him radiated across the gap, close enough to touch yet still out of reach.

"Look at me," Ilya murmured.

Shane's fingers dug into the counter. He couldn't. He stared at the polished wood floor until the grain blurred. His shoulders drew up toward his ears.

"You—" Ilya began, frustration roughening the word, but he cut himself off mid-sentence. The interruption came because Shane couldn't stifle the tiny hiccup that snapped out of him like a fragile twig. It was followed by another, more desperate, that rattled his ribcage. His shoulders trembled. His grip on the counter tightened until veins stood out on the backs of his hands.

The sound carved through the tension. Ilya's anger evaporated in a hissed inhale. He let out a weary sigh, softer now. He lifted one hand, cupping Shane's chin with slow care, thumb tracing along the stubborn line of his jaw. The touch was cautious, like he was afraid Shane might shatter. He tipped Shane's face upward.

Soft, brown eyes stared back at him, blown large and glassy. Red rimmed the edges, lashes clumped with unshed tears. Shane's lower lip was reddened and swollen from his teeth. Another hiccup broke loose, jerking his chest, almost a sob. He still refused to make a full sound, jaw clenched so hard the muscles vibrated. Anger and humiliation battled across his expression, two storms colliding.

Ilya leaned in until their foreheads nearly brushed, breath fanning warm against Shane's cheek. The stern facade melted into aching tenderness. "You fucking brat," he whispered, voice raw. "Why couldn't you just admit that it bothered you?"

Shane gulped air around another hiccup. "I—" He tried, but the word disintegrated into a tremor.

"Shut up." Ilya didn't bark it; he breathed it, the command gentle and absolute. Before Shane could pull away, Ilya tilted his head and captured his mouth in a kiss that was deep and devastatingly slow, a tide pulling him under.

Shane's knees almost buckle. Heat crashes through him, a molten wave that obliterates every scrap of anger and bares the raw center he spent decades hiding. Ilya presses in, chest to chest, crowding him until his spine kisses marble. The kiss stays slow, ruinously slow, each sweep of Ilya's mouth deliberate, meant to soothe and possess all at once. Shane clutches helplessly at the leather jacket, fingers catching on the collar. He trembles as his entire body melts into the hold, eyelashes fluttering shut while fresh tears leak from the corners. Ilya drinks them down, tongue tracing the salt on Shane's lips, coaxing him to open wider, to let himself be carried by the rhythm.

The line of the counter digs into Shane's hips, anchoring him. Ilya's hands bracket his neck and waist, caging without crushing, his thumbs stroking at the hinge of Shane's jaw. Shane whimpers against his mouth, the sound small and muffled, a hiccuped plea. He can't stop shaking. Every string inside him is wired tight, and Ilya plucks them with patient force—pressing, withdrawing, returning even deeper. He kisses until Shane's chest expands purely on instinct, until every breath is borrowed from Ilya.

"You don't get to keep secrets from me," Ilya murmurs against his lips, each word punctuated by another slow kiss. "You don't tell me you're fine when you're not." Another kiss, this one lingering, teeth nipping at Shane's lower lip until it reddens further. "You don't shut me out, understand?"

Shane sobs into the mouth that's claiming him, the sound warped by the steady glide of tongues. He nods, tiny frantic motions that brush noses together. His hands flatten against Ilya's chest, feeling the steady thunder of his heart through leather and cotton. He clings, wrists trembling.

Ilya deepens the kiss again, tilting Shane's head to change the angle, diving back in until their lungs burn. His hips pin Shane harder, the counter squeaking under the pressure. When he pulls back enough to speak, his breath fans hot against Shane's swollen mouth. "You can be boring as much as you want," he whispers, voice gone low and jagged. "You hear me? I don't give a fuck. You can color-code your socks and schedule our sex life in iCal. You'll still be leaving that rink with me, getting fucked by me in our bed, because you're mine."

Shane's exhale shudders. He squeezes his eyes closed again, cheeks flushed deep pink. The words stroke something dark and possessive inside him, winding tighter than any insult ever could. He nods again, jaw working, but words elude him. All he can do is breathe Ilya in and let the possessive affirmation seep into his bones.

Ilya kisses the corner of his mouth, then his cheek, then returns to his lips with renewed purpose. Each kiss claims another piece: the slope of his nose, the soft divot above his chin, the pulse fluttering in his throat. He presses in harder, forcing Shane to arch. The kitchen fills with the wet sounds of slow, thorough kisses and the faint broken noises Shane can't hold back anymore. His hiccups dissolve into soft mewls that Ilya swallows greedily.

"You think some rookie gets a say in what you are to me?" Ilya mutters, dragging his mouth down along Shane's jaw. He sucks at the tendon there, drawing a mark that will flush purple later. "You think if they call you boring, I will be bored? Idiot. I want every part of you. Even the part that alphabetizes the spice rack." Another kiss, right under Shane's ear, sharp and grounding. "Especially that part. Because it means you care. It means you want things stable for us. And I," he sucks at the skin again, "am obsessed with you."

Shane gasps, back bowing, fingers sliding up to tangle in Ilya's hair. Tears keep streaming, cooling on his overheated skin. Ilya doesn't pause; he keeps kissing and talking, weaving the words between hot presses of lips.

"You say you're boring, fine. You can be boring for the whole damn world." Kiss. "But when that door closes, you belong to me." Another kiss, messier, licking into Shane's mouth like he's starved. "When you lace my skates, when you sit on that stupid couch with your spreadsheet open, when you fall asleep on my chest at nine p.m.—that's everything. That's the hottest thing I've ever seen." He bites gently at Shane's lip, soothes it with a lick. Shane trembles, a small sound rattling loose from his throat as Ilya keeps working him over, slow and relentless.

His words sink in, each one paired with another press of lips, another glide of tongue. Shane starts panting, breath coming fast through his nose as he lets himself float in the reassurance. The kitchen blurs. His hands slide down Ilya's back, grabbing at leather, desperate for something to hold. He pulls Ilya closer, as if he can crawl inside him and hide from the world's judgments.

"You're mine," Ilya repeats, voice a gravelly growl. "My calm, my anchor, my favorite thing. I don't care if you never say another spontaneous word in your life. I don't care if you spend every Saturday reorganizing the pantry. You'll still be taking my cock, moaning my name, losing that composure only for me."

Shane's breath hitches, a soft, wrecked noise. He presses his forehead to Ilya's, breathing him in. His cheeks burn. Embarrassment and pleasure mix until he goes dizzy, overwhelmed. His fingers dig into Ilya's shoulders. He nods helplessly, the motion messy. "Okay," he whispers, voice shredded, but Ilya captures the word with another kiss before it fully leaves his mouth.

Ilya never stops. He kisses until Shane's knees go weak. He pins him harder to the counter, thigh slotted between Shane's. The friction sparks another whimper. Ilya drapes his arms around Shane's waist, hauling him close as the kiss turns languid again, dragging on and on until Shane's limbs feel boneless. Every so often he breaks the kiss only to speak directly against Shane's mouth, letting the words sink in. "You don't hide from me." Kiss. "You don't swallow your hurt alone." Kiss. "You tell me so I can shut the whole world up for you." Kiss.

Shane's panting now, mouth falling open between kisses, chest heaving. The tears have slowed to wet tracks that catch the light. He feels raw and electric, nerves buzzing from head to toe. He's embarrassed by how thoroughly Ilya has unraveled him, but the embarrassment is soft, almost sweet—a fuzzy warmth under his skin rather than a burning shame.

Ilya cups the back of his head, fingers threading into damp locks. He pulls him into another deep, drugging kiss that leaves them both gasping. When he finally eases back, Shane is an overstimulated mess: lips swollen, eyes glazed, cheeks blazing crimson. His breath comes in quick pants that brush Ilya's jaw. He trembles, clutching at Ilya's lapels, tethering himself.

"You see?" Ilya murmurs, brushing a thumb over Shane's cheekbone. "This is what happens when you're honest. I get to hold you. I get to remind you who you are to me." His smile

crooks, tender and fierce. “You can be shy, you can be quiet, you can be the most boring man alive. I’ll still kiss you senseless and drag you home after every game. I’ll still make you moan loud enough to shake the walls. None of that changes.”

Shane blushes deeper, eyes closing on a shaky exhale. He lets his head fall against Ilya’s shoulder, breathing in leather and sweat. His body trembles with residual emotion, but the panic has ebbed, replaced by a profound exhaustion that feels almost peaceful. He nods against Ilya’s collarbone, and the motion rubs his nose along the seam of leather. He inhales again, steadying. His voice is a wreck when he finally finds it. “Okay,” he whispers, hoarse. “No more pretending.”

“Good boy,” Ilya murmurs, pressing a final lingering kiss to his temple. He keeps him pinned against the counter, cocooning him with warmth until Shane’s breathing slows and his heartbeat evens out. The kitchen is quiet again, but the silence is no longer suffocating; it’s full and dense with unspoken promises, the air smelling like citrus cleaner and the salt of tears. Shane clings a little tighter, letting himself bask in the safety of that grip, flushed and shy and loved all at once.

End Notes

I figured I'd take a break from writing smut haha!

Btw if you feel like giving me a prompt (since im running out of ideas lmao), pls comment down below 🙏 i'd really appreciate it hehe

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