

boring

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boring

by [strandnreyes](#)

Summary

Shane worries that their sex life might grow too boring for Ilya. He decides to try something new.

Notes

ilya is down bad and so in love with shane hollander. that's it. that's the fic.

Boring.

It's what Ilya has called him since the beginning. At first, Shane was annoyed by it. Fuck Ilya. Just because he didn't like to sleep with half the city or go to clubs didn't mean he was boring. But then sometime throughout the years, Ilya started saying 'boring' with a smile on his face or a twinkle in his eye. He said it like it delighted him, like *Shane* delighted him, and Shane decided it maybe wasn't such a bad thing.

He wonders if that feeling will last. He wonders in five, ten years from now, if Ilya will decide boring isn't such a good thing. He knows Ilya loves him more than anything, but he also knows Ilya has a past. One that's much more interesting than Shane's boring sex life. The most scandalous thing Shane ever did was fuck his rival and now that man is his husband, so not much trouble there anymore.

Ilya likes trouble.

Ilya likes sports cars and grinding with Shane on a dance floor in Ibiza and taking shots with Svetlana. He also likes fucking Shane. Halfway through the season, their sex life isn't nearly as adventurous as it can get in the summer. They mostly trade handjobs in hotel showers or happy, celebratory sex after wins. They haven't really touched their drawer of toys since preseason. It makes sense. They're busy and pushing their bodies to the limits and so fucking exhausted all the time, but Shane wonders when this routine gets boring for Ilya. He wonders when lazy morning sex on off days becomes monotonous instead of everything they always wanted to have.

Shane, being the type A perfectionist that he is, wants to nip it in the bud. He can be exciting. He can still be the daring guy that hooks up with Ilya next to Scott Hunter's room like he was once.

It starts with an online order and a package snatched off the porch before Ilya has a chance to even breathe near it.

It's hard to hide something from someone he lives and works with. They're together nearly every hour of the day, but when Ilya leaves for a session with Galina, Shane finally works up the courage to open the box. Seeing the item in person skyrockets his nerves. He has dressed up—or down—for Ilya plenty of times before, but this is uncharted territory for him. As he runs his fingers over the soft, black fabric however, he feels an undeniable rush of excitement.

There's a chance Ilya will hate this. If that's the case, Shane hopes they laugh it off and never speak of it again. But there's an even bigger chance that Ilya will love it. That's the thought that spurs Shane forward.

It's nearly a month after Shane becomes the owner of a pair of panties does he get to actually bring his plans to fruition.

The lacy garment has lived in Shane's suitcase for the last several road trips. It's never felt like the right time between bad games or exhaustion or being constantly on the move. Maybe those are just his excuses. When they land in Vancouver the day before an afternoon game, however, it feels right.

The team is already chatting about places for a team dinner on the bus ride back to the hotel after the afternoon skate. Shane wants to do it in public. That's sort of the whole point, he thinks. He can wear them at home or in their hotel room, teasing Ilya with them for all of five minutes before they're ripped off. That doesn't feel like enough, though. He wants to drive Ilya *wild*, to have Ilya give him that *look* that he used to when they first started. The one that said 'I didn't know this side of you existed, but I like it'. He wants Ilya to want him.

The hard part is getting Ilya to leave him alone long enough to get ready.

"I'm gonna grab a shower," Shane says after rooting around in his suitcase, grabbing clothes for dinner.

Ilya looks up from where he's lounging on the bed, mindlessly flipping channels. "You just showered at the rink," Ilya points out in confusion, and Shane shrugs.

"That soap made me itchy."

Ilya blinks at him a few times and then smiles fondly. "Okay. I will join you."

"No," Shane says quickly. A little too quickly. As much as he wants to, it's a little hard to surprise his husband with a plug in his ass when his husband wants to follow him into the bathroom. He decided on the plug as a last minute addition. When it finally comes time for Ilya to fuck him, he doesn't want to waste a minute. "I just mean... aren't you supposed to be finding us someplace to eat, Captain?"

Ilya lets his gaze rake over Shane and Shane tries not to shift on his feet. He feels like he's being studied. "Barrett is picking."

Ah. Well, that makes sense. He would know places to eat here better than anyone, Shane supposes. When Shane takes too long to think of a second excuse, Ilya nods and hops up from the bed.

"Okay. Barrett is FaceTiming Harris. I want to see Chiron." He shoves his feet into his slides and kisses Shane's cheek as he passes. "I will leave you alone to jerk off."

"That's *not*—"

Ilya is already at the door, pulling it open. He gives Shane a smirk. "Goodbye, zudyashchiy."

Shane scowls at the closed door once he's alone. *Itchy*, he's pretty sure. Great. His plan to remind Ilya that he can be exciting is starting off by making Ilya think he's even more neurotic. Shane tries to put it out of his mind and gets to work.

Twenty minutes later, Shane stares at himself in the mirror. He looks no different than he looks for any other dinner, but he feels different. He worried the lace might be itchy, but the

tight band around his hips and the occasional scratch of it when he moves only thrills him. It reminds him that he's keeping a secret, something for only him and Ilya to know.

He feels the plug shift in him slightly as he starts to walk and he has to gingerly take a seat at the foot of the bed. Fuck, this is going to be a long dinner.

Shane abruptly stands when he hears the door open.

"Chiron is getting so big. We should—" Ilya cuts himself off when he spots Shane. His eyes roam over his body and then he smirks. He's in front of Shane in a second, holding his hips and claiming his mouth. "You look hot. Maybe we skip dinner."

"Not a very good look for the captain," Shane murmurs as Ilya kisses his neck.

Ilya hums. "But you are a *very* good look for the captain."

Shane smiles despite himself and then gently nudges Ilya away. "Get dressed."

Ilya sports a look of mock offense. "Are my clothes not good enough for you?"

He looks over Ilya's sweats and cut-off t-shirt. "Your sweatpants have a hole in the knee. They're like... two years old. How did you even manage that?" he questions.

"Must be because I am on my knees so much for you," Ilya teases before wandering away in search of his own suitcase.

—

"You two are late," Boody tells them when they appear in the lobby. Ilya shrugs like nothing could bother him. Shane flushes red. He knows what they're assuming and for once, they're wrong, but he knows trying to say that will only make him sound more guilty.

"We are on time," Ilya corrects. "Shane was worried about his hair."

Shane throws a bitchy look in his husband's direction. "*What?* No, I wasn't."

Ilya's mouth curls into a smirk. "So easy to rile up," he murmurs, and Shane huffs.

Wyatt watches them for a second before shaking his head. "You two are the weirdest couple I know," he mutters.

—

Shane's being weird during dinner. He knows that. His husband knows that. His teammates know that. The damn waitstaff probably know that. But he can't fucking help it.

He must've ordered the wrong size or something because the way these things dig into his hips as he sits in the hard chair is enough to drive him mad. Not to mention that every time he shifts, he can feel the plug shift with him. There's probably lube leaking from him, dirtying

the panties before Ilya even gets a chance to. The only saving grace is that he wore dark pants tonight or else he'd be pretty fucking sure all of Vancouver would know what a slut he is.

"Shane."

Shane nearly drops his fork when Ilya murmurs his name like that into his ear.

"Hm?" he says casually, still half-pretending to be listening to the story Haas is telling.

A hand lands on Shane's thigh. Low, by the knee. A touch not meant to rile Shane up, but to show concern. "What is up with you?"

This time Shane spares a glance in Ilya's direction. His eyes convey the same worry his touch does. "Huh? Nothing."

Ilya raises a brow. "You have..." Shane can tell Ilya is searching for a word and he gives him a moment. "Bugs in your underwear."

Shane's eyes nearly bulge out of his head. "I— *What?*"

Ilya flaps his hand at Shane's lap. "You are, you know, antsy."

Shane blinks at him a few times, and then nearly bursts out laughing when he realizes what Ilya is trying to say. "*Ants in my pants?*"

Ilya's face scrunches up and he mutters something in Russian so choppy that Shane can't even translate. "Whatever. Stupid fucking English language."

Shane grins wider at Ilya and relaxes into his seat. Some of the tension is gone from Shane's body, he realizes. Ilya can make him feel better without even trying.

"I'm good. Really," he promises.

Ilya searches his gaze. "Okay."

"Okay."

He manages to pull it together for the rest of the meal. He talks to Hayes about his kids and asks how Chouinard's new house is coming along. But then he shifts, grabbing the check from the waiter who brings it over, and the move causes the panties to pull tightly against the plug. He tries to shift back, but that only makes it worse and he nearly lets out a whimper right here at the table.

Fuck, he needs to adjust.

"I—" He stands up too quickly, accidentally bumping the table with his knee as he shoves the bill at Ilya. The movement rattles a glass and earns him more than one look. "Bathroom. Excuse me."

He brushes a hand against Ilya's shoulder as he goes, hoping that'll be enough to not make him worry.

"What's up with Hollander?" he hears Dykstra ask.

"Don't know. Might be feeling sick or something." There's the slide of a chair on the floor followed by Ilya saying, "I will check on him."

"He better not be. We need him tomorrow."

"Hey. We did just fine without him last season."

Shane gets too far from the table to hear the rest. He locates the bathroom in the back of the restaurant quickly, beelining for the biggest stall and locking himself in. Thankfully, it's empty. He swiftly unbuttons his pants and adjusts himself before the main door swings open again. He quickly makes himself decent before there's a knock on the stall door.

"Shane. Let me in."

Shane unlocks the latch a second later and Ilya steps inside, instantly locking them in the stall together. His frown is prominent and he touches Shane's waist like he'll be able to feel whatever is bothering him.

"What is wrong?"

"Nothing," Shane tells him right away. "I just..."

He doesn't know why he's lying, he realizes. He should tell Ilya. That's half the reason he's doing this, to have Ilya know what he's doing in public.

"Fuck," he mutters under his breath and then launches himself at Ilya, kissing him hard and desperate. Ilya lets out a surprised hum before he's cupping the back of his neck and giving as good as he gets.

Shane's knees go weak and Ilya's strong arm around his waist feels like the only thing that's keeping him upright as Shane's forehead falls to Ilya's shoulder and he catches his breath. Ilya lets him stay there for a moment, breathing in the dizzying scent of his cologne, and then Ilya tilts his head up.

His eyes are imploring, seeing right through Shane. "You are horny," he decides.

"*Yeah*," Shane murmurs against Ilya's mouth as he goes to kiss him again, like it isn't obvious.

"You have been acting weird all night because you are horny," Ilya repeats.

"I am not acting weird," Shane brushes off and Ilya grins.

"The team thinks you are in here throwing up."

Shane wrinkles his nose. "Gross. No."

Ilya hums. His lips brush against Shane's ear and then over to his jaw. "Should I go back and tell them all clear? Hollander is all good to play tomorrow. Just wants my dick?"

"Ilya," Shane exhales, somewhere between a gasp and a protest.

"You want me to get on my knees?"

"No."

Ilya pulls back, raising a brow at him. "No?"

"No. I have a surprise for you."

Ilya bites his bottom lip as he smiles, going back to kissing all over Shane's face. "A surprise?"

"Y- Yeah," Shane exhales as Ilya sucks below his neck. The sensation is gone before he can leave a mark and Shane misses the summer fiercely in that moment.

"What is my surprise?"

"You should find it," Shane murmurs. It earns him a pinch on his ass.

"Trouble," Ilya murmurs. His hands start to caress Shane's body. He runs them up Shane's chest, squeezing his pec. "Is it... here?" Ilya asks as one of his fingers brushes Shane's nipple like he somehow had time to go get them pierced today.

He chuckles. "No."

Ilya hums. He continues his search, hands mapping Shane's body from his waist to his thighs to his fucking ear lobes. Finally, his fingers dip past Shane's waistband, and then his hand is sliding down to squeeze his ass. His whole hand freezes once he realizes what Shane has been hiding underneath his clothes all night.

"What the fuck is this?" Ilya says so quickly that the words all sound like one. He searches between Shane's eyes before unbuttoning the pants and yanking the zipper down as if to confirm what he's feeling is real. "What the fuck is this, Hollander? You been hiding this from me all night? Why? Do you not love me?"

A rush of warmth feels Shane at Ilya's unabashed interest. He's so stupid for thinking Ilya wouldn't be into this. *Him*. "Do you like it?"

Ilya slams their mouths together. "*Fuck*. You are going to kill me."

"Not before you fuck me."

"Yes." Ilya nods rapidly, shifting his hands back to Shane's waist and backing him into the wall.

“Not *here*.”

There’s *exciting*, and then there’s having the restaurant staff leak to the press that Hollander and Rozanov fucked in their nice bathroom.

Ilya practically whines in his ear. “Hollander.”

“Wanted to look pretty for you,” he says bravely, and Ilya groans.

“So fucking pretty, Shane. Cannot wait to unwrap my present. You are so good to me, *moya lyubov*.”

Shane lets his eyes fall closed and his head tips back. He’s transported far from this bathroom and its moody lights to someplace only Ilya can take him. “I put a plug in before we left. Didn’t want to wait.”

Ilya murmurs something in Russian that Shane’s brain can’t even attempt to translate and then he’s being kissed with every inch of his life. “So that’s what you were doing in your slutty shower? Getting yourself ready for my cock?”

The words go straight to Shane’s dick and he needs to fucking calm down. “Okay, you need to stop. I’m not going out there with a fucking hard-on, Jesus Christ.”

“You started it. Wore fucking panties to team dinner while you asked Dykstra how his wife is.”

“She started a new job,” Shane says pathetically.

“God, you are so fucking Canadian,” Ilya mutters before planting a hard, lasting kiss to Shane’s mouth. “Let’s go get this over with so we can leave.”

Ilya threads their fingers together, and Shane glances at their reflections in the mirror as they pass to make sure they look decent. His cheeks are a little flushed, but he’s hoping the dim lighting will hide it and if not, he’ll blame it on it being warm in this restaurant. Ilya doesn’t let go of him even as they cross the restaurant to the private room their team is in. It’s thrilling in a new way. Shane still isn’t used to being able to hold Ilya’s hand so freely. He hopes it never grows old, the feeling of everyone knowing they love each other just from one look at them.

When they reclaim their seats, Shane clears his throat and picks up his glass of water, trying not to choke on it as Ilya rests his hand high on Shane’s thigh.

“All good, buddy?” Hayes asks, and Shane nods.

“Yup.”

He receives a couple of curious glances and Ilya stays thankfully quiet beside him until everyone moves on. Shane listens silently as Troy mentions a place down the street they should check out. He mentally groans. Ilya’s going to be all over that idea just to torture Shane. But then—

“We are going back to hotel,” Ilya says without room for argument. Shane’s cheeks heat up again.

Troy rolls his eyes. “Oh my god.”

“We are newly weds,” Ilya defends while Shane just ducks his head and fights a smile. Never in his life did he think his teammates would openly tease with affection and not disgust.

As they leave the restaurant, Shane and Ilya turn left as the rest of the guys go right. “Have a good night, boys!” LaPointe calls out.

“Glad I’m not in the room next to them.”

“Fuck,” Troy says. “Switch with me please.”

Bood laughs. “No chance.”

“Relax, sweetheart,” Ilya tells him quietly as the voices of their teams grow more distant. “Is all good fun.”

Shane hadn’t realized he tensed up. It’s just... having their teammates know they have sex is different from them shouting about it on the street. Baby steps, he reminds himself.

“Besides,” Ilya continues. “We will be done by the time they get back.”

That pulls a laugh from Shane. Probably Ilya’s intent. “I do not come that fast.”

Ilya hums, but instead of putting up an argument, he states, “But I might when I finally see you in those.”

The familiar rush of arousal floods through Shane again. “Guess you’ll have to take them off then.”

Ilya clicks his tongue. “No, no. They stay on while I fuck you.”

“Jesus, Rozanov,” Shane hisses when he feels his cock start to harden. He blows out a breath and then picks up the pace. “Hotel. Now.”

—

He feels giddy as they practically race each other from the elevator to their room, bumping shoulders and elbow and fighting their way to see who can scan their card first. Ilya beats him, swinging the door open and yanking Shane inside.

“Take off your clothes,” he orders as he pulls his own shirt over his head, flinging it to the side.

Shane’s jacket drops by the doorway as he steps out of his shoes. He practically rips his shirt off next, but Ilya stops him before he can get to his pants.

“No, no.” Ilya stops him. “My turn. My surprise.”

Shane’s breath hitches as Ilya pops the button. His eyes meet Shane before he slowly begins to pull the zipper down. One finger comes to the delicate fabricate, dragging firmly against it over Shane’s rigid cock. “Already so wet for me,” Ilya murmurs in Russian before yanking the pants the rest of the way down.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya practically growls. “Stay still. I need to look at you.”

Shane’s heart is beating in his chest. He feels like a sculpture on display at the museum, not moving a muscle as Ilya’s eyes lock in on him. Ilya walks around him, looking him up and down, ensuring he can see every angle.

“Unreal. Is too perfect.”

“Ilya,” Shane exhales, his smile beginning to take form.

Suddenly, Ilya is pressed up behind him. He’s still fully dressed, but Shane can feel his hard cock pressing against his ass. “Do you know how lucky I feel?” Ilya murmurs into Shane’s ear before nipping at his earlobe. His big hand slides down Shane’s torso before cupping over his dick. His thumb slips under the waistband of the clothing, teasing the head of Shane’s cock, and Shane gasps. “That you do all this? For me?”

“Only for you,” Shane tells him, an unnecessary promise but one that feels good anyway.

“So fucking hot, Hollander,” Ilya growls.

Shane isn’t given the opportunity to respond.

Ilya drops to his knees in front of him and his eyes meet Shane’s again before they shutter closed, beginning to mouth along the damp fabric. Shane’s head falls back and his fingers find purchase in Ilya’s soft curls. Ilya kisses and licks between murmured words of praise, telling Shane how beautiful and wonderful he is, and by the time Shane is flipped onto his stomach, he’s a pleading mess.

True to his promise, Ilya doesn’t take the panties off. He simply pulls them to the side before exposing Shane’s hole, taking him apart with the toy, his tongue, and finally, his cock. Shane is a whimpering mess, begging and pleading for more even as Ilya takes him so deep he feels it in his fucking throat. He can barely make out the praises Ilya showers him with over the roaring in his ears.

The friction of the lace on his cock is becomes much, and he paints the underwear with his come before he can even think of giving a warning. It seems to give Ilya the permission to shoot all over the back of the black fabric, turning Shane into an absolute mess. He lets himself bask in it for a moment. It’s just him and Ilya. He can be messy.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya groans after a few moments of heavy breathing. He rolls onto his side. “What got into you tonight? Besides me.”

An uneasy flutter makes its way into Shane's stomach, threatening his afterglow. Now that the hot sex is over with, he forgot there were deeper reasons he wanted to do this. Slowly, without trying to wrinkle his nose at the wet fabric clinging to him, Shane shifts onto his back. "Are you complaining?"

Ilya leans forward, his lips grazing Shane's pec. "Hardly."

Ilya falls silent, wanting for an answer, and Shane takes a deep breath as he stares up. "Want to keep things interesting," he says causally.

Ilya slings an arm over his waist and pinches his hip. "Oh, were they not interesting before?"

"You know what I mean," Shane mumbles.

"I do not."

Shane's bottom lip finds itself between his own teeth, being chewed on and abused as he fights with his thoughts. "We have way more sex now than we ever could before."

"Yes. Is amazing," Ilya says bluntly, and Shane can't help but crack a smile at that.

"Right. I guess I just... don't want you to get bored."

Ilya pushes up onto his elbow, looking down at Shane. "What are you talking about? Impossible."

But Shane can't meet his eye. "It might not be."

Ilya doesn't let him get away with it. His fingers come to Shane's cheek, turning his head until their gazes meet. "I don't think our sex life is boring," he says, without any teasing. Shane doesn't think so either. Not now. But... *he's* boring.

"You might."

"No."

"Ilya."

"No. This is stupid argument. I'm not having it."

He shrugs and rolls away and Shane sits up.

"Ilya—"

Ilya grabs his face, pressing a firm kiss to Shane's lips. "Shane Hollander, you are boring, but your ass is not."

Shane huffs, looking to the side. "Wow, Jesus. Romantic."

"Is good thing. Perfect," Ilya promises him. This time when their lips meet again, it's gentler. Comforting. "I never had boring before. Boring means safe. It means home."

Well, fuck. Now Shane might cry.

“And sex with you is not boring,” Ilya continues. He rearranges them so he’s laying on top of Shane like the best weighted blanket. “I’ve had you for ten years and still can’t get enough.”

He nips at Shane’s bottom lip and smiles. He supposes that’s true. It’s been more than ten years. Closer to fifteen, actually. He’s just as gone on Ilya as he was back then too. Maybe they don’t have to grow bored of each other.

“You drive me crazy. Just as much as on hotel gym floor,” Ilya teases, and Shane laughs. God, that feels like a lifetime ago, all those feelings about the cocky, asshole that gave him butterflies when he smiled.

“Shut up.”

Ilya smiles at him before stroking a thumb over his freckles. “Surprise me if you want, but you do not have to change anything about yourself.”

Shane’s heart melts and he’s reminded yet again that he married the best man in the world. “I love you.”

Ilya hums, kissing Shane once more. “I love you too. You should order more of those. Might rip it next time.”

Shane laughs. “Okay.”

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