

## **mother tongue**

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| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
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# mother tongue

by [saythemahae](#)

## Summary

Shane Hollander was a man defined by rigor. By structure. By the elegant logic of a system mastered through sheer, unyielding effort. He spoke seven languages, not because they came naturally—though French and English had been a delightful exception—but because he pursued fluency like a grand, intellectual hunt.

He, however, was failing Russian 301, and the solution was an enforced, peer-led intervention. His required tutor was a junior who knew the language “by osmosis”, and who, Shane knew from the university bulletin and an unfortunate run-in near the campus gym, belonged to the most obnoxious caste on campus: the frat star athletes.

*Ilya fucking Rozanov.*

## Notes

helloooo! i have some disclaimers for this story:

- ◆ i have no idea of Russian, so i really hope what i put in this makes sense!! but if doesn't that's why (i made some research, tho, so it should be okay !!)
- ◆ for the boy's physiques, they're basically inspired by the actors!! so there will be some differences from the book (even tho i kept ilya's hazel eyes because i love them)

i hope you enjoy this as much as i enjoyed writing it!!!

love, @saythemahae <33

Shane Hollander was a man defined by rigor. By structure. By the elegant logic of a system mastered through sheer, unyielding effort. He spoke seven languages, not because they came naturally—though French and English had been a delightful exception—but because he pursued fluency like a grand, intellectual hunt. Every mastered language was a trophy case of grit.

His deep, principled disdain for the careless, unearned success of others had always been a quiet motivator. He respected grit, not grace. He respected the grind, the early mornings, the red marks on the draft—not the man who woke up late, aced the test, and looked incredible doing it.

This was why the news from Professor Lavrova had tasted like poison.

He was failing Russian 301, and the solution was an enforced, peer-led intervention. His required tutor was a junior who knew the language “by osmosis”, and who, Shane knew from the university bulletin and an unfortunate run-in near the campus gym, belonged to the most obnoxious caste on campus: the frat star athletes.

*Ilya fucking Rozanov.*

Shane had done a brief, masochistic research. Major: Business (undeclared concentration, naturally). Minor TBD (also naturally). Primary extracurricular: Center for the university’s wildly successful, wildly aggressive hockey team.

Everything about the man screamed inherited privilege, easy charm and the fundamental belief that the world existed merely to applaud his existence.

And this person, this walking advertisement for biochemical efficiency, was now in charge of Shane’s D-.

Shane sat in the library’s tiny, stuffy, beige tutoring room, a fortress of neat notes and suppressed anxiety. He checked his watch: 3:07 pm. Rozanov was seven minutes late.  
*Unacceptable.*

He spent the extra time mentally drafting a complaint email to the Dean of Students regarding the abysmal commitment of his assigned academic support.

At 3:12 pm, the door was not so much opened as it was *ejected* from the frame by a muscular shoulder.

Ilya Rozanov strode in, bringing with him a gale of fresh, cold air, the distant sound of cheering and a concentrated scent of pine and high-end deodorant. He was, to Shane’s immense irritation, almost exactly Shane’s height—inch up, inch down—which meant his overwhelming aura was entirely due to his unnecessary volume. His shoulders looked like they belonged in a different zip code, straining the seams of a ridiculously tight, soft blue hoodie that proudly advertised Alpha Delta Rho’s latest spring philanthropy event.

Ilya's hair was a riot of sun-kissed curls, and his hazel eyes were currently scanning the room with a cheerful, predatory focus. He spotted Shane, and the smile that bloomed on his face was a hazard to navigation.

"Ah! The man with the failing grades! Found you," Rozanov's voice was warm and fucking loud, and carried a thick, rolling accent that smoothed out the sharp edges of his English.

He covered the distance between them in three easy strides and stuck out a massive, warm hand.

"Ilya Rozanov. Your favorite nightmare. You must be Shane."

Shane stared at the hand, which was large and calloused in a way that spoke of pucks and skates, not literature and dictionaries. He managed a stiff, barely there shake.

"Shane Hollander. And I fail to see how you are either my favorite or a nightmare. You are merely a contractual obligation, much like this language credit," he said, retrieving his hand and immediately returning it to the safety of his lap.

Ilya didn't take offense. He actually laughed—a booming, rich sound that probably violated the library's volume regulations.

"Oh, come on, buddy. You are so serious. Your spine is a flagpole, yes? Loosen up! You know why I'm here, right? Lavrova. I was involved in a campus incident and... Yeah. She is terrifying." Ilya settled into the chair opposite to Shane, leaning back and resting his elbow on the table, his bicep practically demanding attention.

Shane raised a perfectly skeptical eyebrow. "I'm assuming the campus 'incident' involved a keg, a poorly-chosen costume, and perhaps a minor vehicular infraction?"

Ilya winced with theatrical sincerity. "A badger cyclops, actually. I was attempting to save it from a group of very mean sorority girls. And it was a campus scooter, not a car, so the infraction was very, very minor!. Still, Lavrova has the pictures. Blackmail is ugly, да? Anyway, I owe her. And she told me you are a genius in seven other languages, but Russian makes you cry. Is true?"

"I do not cry. I am *academically* frustrated," Shane corrected stiffly. "And my frustration comes from the illogical structure of the aspect. I am confident in the grammar; I simply cannot grasp the nuance of duration versus completion. It is confusing and archaic."

The Russian man listened with an unnervingly focused expression. He didn't look confused by Shane's precise jargon; he looked... assessing. But then the mask snapped back into place.

"Aspect. Yes, very boring." Ilya picked up Shane's meticulously labeled pencil and twirled it. "You are trying to *think* the Russian. But you must *feel* the Russian. Is a language of passion, Hollander, of deep, dramatic feelings. Not spreadsheets."

Shane watched his pencil rotate, feeling a strange mix of annoyance and fascination at the casual confidence. "Feelings don't dictate when I use the Perfective Aspect, Rozanov. A

spreadsheet would be immensely helpful, actually.”

The man chuckled, leaning forward, invading Shane’s space with his warmth and smell. He was close enough now that Ilya could see the tiny, fine freckles dusting the bridge of Shane’s nose and cheeks.

“I will give you some feeling. Listen closely, мой красавчик,” Ilya purred, using the Russian term that literally meant ‘my handsome boy’, and Shane’s internal alarm system went haywire.

“Let’s talk about reading a book. *Чумать* is the journey. Is the long, delicious, slow night with the book. You read a little, you put it down, you think, you go back. Is process. Is the long haul.” Ilya’s voice dropped lower, thick with intent. “But *прочитать* is the end. Is the final, ultimate moment. The completion. You turn the last page. The story is done. The tension is released. Is the satisfying *climax*.”

Ilya’s gaze, heavy and direct, was fixed entirely on Shane. The word, delivered with that low, accented rumble, hit Shane squarely in the chest. His cheeks flushed crimson, a catastrophic breakdown of his normally flawless control.

“That is—unnecessary. And wildly inappropriate,” Shane stammered, his mind short-circuiting. The visual was immediate, distracting and completely un-academic.

The Russian just smiled wider, the picture of disarming innocence. “But you will never forget the difference now, да? You connect the feeling to the word. This is how Russians speak. We don’t analyze our verbs; we *live* them.”

He then reached out and, with an almost tender reverence, flicked Shane’s copy of *Beginner’s Russian* right off the table. It landed on the cheap carpet with a dull, dusty thud.

Shane stared, mouth agape. “You... You threw my book! That was a required text, Ilya! I used a high-lighter system in there!”

“Books are a crutch for your brain, Shane. We are ditching the crutches,” Ilya declared, utterly unrepentant.

He grabbed a fresh notebook from his backpack—a battered, spiral-bound thing—and ripped a page out. He scribbled a single Russian phrase, then slid it across the table.

“Starting now, this is an immersion session. I speak only in Russian. You must answer me in Russian. You want to pass? Then you need to be less organized and more aggressive. So, what did I write here?”

Sighing, Shane’s eyes darted from the casual, messy Cyrillic to Ilya’s expectant face. The man had the audacity of someone who had never had to struggle for anything. Yet, the challenge was intoxicating.

Shane translated it, his voice low and stiff. “It says: ‘What happened that I am so handsome?’”

Ilya threw his head back and laughed again, loud and bright. “Господи, no! That is not what it says! It says: *Что случилось, мой друг?*—‘What happened, my friend?’—But I like your translation better! Such wishful thinking.”

Shane felt his cheeks burn again, humiliated by the error but momentarily stunned by the sheer chaos Ilya introduced into the perfectly ordered room. “I mistook *друг* (friend) for *красивый* (handsome). The vowel sounds are too close when you pronounce them so quickly.

“Mistakes are good! They mean you are speaking! You are learning a language, Hollander, not building a nuclear reactor. Relax. Now, tell me, *Молодец!* What is your biggest fear?”

Shane looked at the man: the bright eyes, the easy laugh, the confident posture. He thought of his meticulously planned schedule, his five-year career plan, his perfectly organized life.

“My biggest fear,” he said, meeting Ilya’s gaze, “is encountering unearned, effortless success that undermines the hard work of others.”

Ilya paused. The smile faded, and the ice in his eyes deepened for a moment. He tilted his head, studying Shane with a genuine, unnervingly perceptive curiosity that completely shattered the himbo façade he seemingly worked hard for.

“Oh, that’s deep. You think I’m unearned?” Ilya asked, not sounding angry, just genuinely interested.

“I know you are,” Shane challenged, suddenly emboldened by the intellectual sparring. “You admitted your presence here is based on a favor you owe for a lack of judgment. You speak Russian because... well, because you’re *actually* Russian. You rely on brute charisma and genetic luck. I rely on ten hours of study and perfect attendance.”

Ilya leaned back, a low whistle escaping his lips. “Okay, my friend. You are absolutely correct, my life is easier because I smile a lot. But you know what? You failed Russian. And you are stuck here with me for the rest of the semester. So, let’s go get some food. You can practice ordering in that Russian restaurant off-campus, and I will show you that even a frat-boy hockey player can be useful.”

He picked up his backpack, slung it over one shoulder, and looked at Shane expectantly.

“I am not hungry,” Shane lied.

“I heard your stomach growling. You are hungry,” Ilya corrected easily. “And if you don’t eat, you will fail the final and I will not get Lavrova off my back. So, put on your coat, *дорогой*. We are going to conquer the verb ‘to eat’ imperfectively, and then perfectly.”

The way Ilya used the Russian pet names wasn’t a casual greeting; it felt like a deliberate, personalized provocation, designed specifically to dismantle Shane’s defenses. It was obnoxious, inappropriate, and, worst of all, alarmingly effective. Shane felt his resistance

crumbling, not because Ilya was compelling, but because his brain was already demanding that he parse the next Russian challenge.

He grabbed his notebook and stood up. They were a similar height, but standing next to Ilya felt like standing next to a very warm, very dangerous bear.

“If you call me ‘darling’ again, I will deliberately use the wrong case for every single noun,” Shane warned.

Ilya’s infectious smile returned, a dazzling, terrifying promise. “Challenge accepted, Shane Hollander. Now, let’s go. Time for Russian immersion, Level One: Public Humiliation.”

Shane reluctantly followed, the scent of pine and sweat leading the way, his mind already spinning with new, terrifying, and utterly unwelcome calculations about the difference between grinding out a win and receiving an assist.

This was less a tutoring session and more an aggressive cultural exchange, and he was already losing control of the narrative.

...

Shane’s apartment was the physical manifestation of his self—control: clean, quiet and kept at a temperature that discouraged spontaneous outbreaks of emotion.

The only thing currently disrupting the perfect intellectual feng shui was Ilya, sprawled across Shane’s sofa like a very large, neon-green catastrophe.

It was their fifth official session, but Shane’s academic anxiety—the whole reason why that man was in his living room eating *his* chips—had been utterly eclipsed by a much hotter, much more confusing type of anxiety.

Ilya was reading the lesson plan Shane had painstakingly typed out, his brow furrowed in mock concentration. “Shane, man, this looks like the operations manual for a small spaceship. Too many bullet points. We are focusing on the Dative Case, not conquering a galaxy.”

“The bullet points are necessary to delineate the grammatical function from the semantic context, Ilya,” Shane replied, attempting to sound professional while internally screaming at the way Ilya’s tight hoodie strained across his shoulders whenever he shifted.

Ilya tossed the printout aside. “No. I told you. French is the language of structure. Russian is the language of life. Life is messy. We’re going off-book. We need to work on your *flow*.”

Shane stiffened. “My flow is exemplary. My failure is a matter of inconsistent decay in specific, irregular nouns.”

Ilya got up and walked over, his presence immediately dominating the small study table. The ugly shade of neon green of his hoodie made Shane’s eyes ache.

“Listen, *допоможи*,” Ilya purred, using the Russian term that now acted as a conversational detonator for Shane’s nervous system. “You try too hard to be perfect. When you speak, you stop and edit it in your head. I need you to just *spit* the words out. Like this.”

He reached out for his mouth. His large, warm thumb and forefinger lightly pinched Shane’s chin, forcing his head to tilt up, his eyes meeting Ilya’s in an immediate, dizzying proximity.

“Say: Мне нравится мой учитель. I like my teacher.”

Shane’s heart hammered a frantic rhythm against his ribs. His brain, usually a precision instrument, had turned into a static-filled radio. The audacity was astounding. The touch was agonizingly soft.

“I—Ilya, that’s not too beneficial to a focused learning environment. And I don’t like my teacher, what the hell,” Shane stammered, his voice thin.

Ilya’s thumb rubbed gently against Shane’s jawline, right where he could feel Shane’s pulse jumping. “It’s about practicing the hard sounds, Shane. The ‘mói’. Now, repeat. I like my teacher.”

The warmth of Ilya’s skin, the faint scent of pine and smoke, and the sheer nerve of the man were a powerful combination. Shane felt an involuntary shiver run down his spine.

“Мне нравится мой учитель,” he whispered, the sound husky and strained.

Ilya held the contact for one more beat, his eyes heavy with an unreadable intensity. Then he released Shane’s chin with a small knowing smile and sat down next to him. “Good boy. See? No overthinking. Just raw, messy Russian. That’s how we get past that D-.”

Shane snatched his notebook, feeling entirely exposed and definitely way too warm because of that pet name. “We are moving on to Cyrillic handwriting practice,” he announced, desperate for a rigid, tactile task.

“Excellent, because your handwriting looks like a drunken spider did the calligraphy,” Ilya agreed, pulling his chair so close that their knees were touching. He rested his forearm on the table, flexing slightly. “Give me the pen.”

The Russian took the pen, with devastating purpose, encased Shane’s hand in his. This time, the contact lingered. It wasn’t accidental. It was a calculated strategy to force Shane’s rigid body to relax.

*As if.*

“Look, you grip too hard. Relax the wrist,” Ilya instructed, his voice low and close, his breath warm on the back of Shane’s neck.

He guided Shane’s hand, drawing the distinctive curves of the soft sign.

“See? Smooth. Russian is like a river, not a straight line. You need to follow the flow, Shane. Stop resisting the language.”

But Shane wasn't resisting the language, oh no; he was resisting the tidal wave of desire that was threatening to drown his carefully constructed academic identity by kissing the shit out of Ilya.

He was hyper-aware of every point of contact between them: the firm pressure of Ilya's massive palm over his knuckles, the warmth of his thigh brushing Shane's, the scent of his skin that made the air suddenly thick and hard to breathe.

"I... I understand the technique," the Canadian managed, his voice barely a breath.

Ilya paused their joining movement, but didn't move his hand away. He looked straight ahead at the paper, yet somehow Shane felt the full force of his attention.

"I know you understand the technique, Shane. You understand everything. You are the smartest man I have ever had to sit with," Ilya said, his voice quiet, devoid of the usual frat-boy bravado. "But you are terrified of making an ugly mistake. And in life, in Russian, the ugly mistakes are often the most beautiful ones, да?"

He lifted their joined hands and kissed the back of Shane's knuckles. It was a quick, deliberate, feather-light touch of warm lips against cool skin, and Shane thought he was going to combust in that exact moment because *what the fuck*.

"Now," Ilya continued, releasing Shane's hand and leaning back with a satisfied smirk. "Let's talk about hockey. Because the Dative Case is exactly like a perfect pass."

Shane felt dizzy. He stared at the perfect letter on the page. His whole body was singing a high-pitched, electric tune of attraction. He clutched the pen, focusing all his energy on the sudden, welcome shift in subject matter.

Ilya, however, was suddenly serious, his hazel eyes sharp and intense. "The dative case. It is the destination of the action. To whom or to what is the action moving? Think of the puck. The object. The action moves the puck to the net. The net is the destination. The receiver. That is the dative. You don't need the complexity; you need the clear, aggressive target. Destination equals dative."

Then, Shane's brain clicked. The analogy was brilliant—concrete, physical and instantly clear. It was the only thing Ilya had ever said that completely bypassed Shane's intellectual defenses and just *worked*.

"That is... genuinely a perfect analogy, dude," Shane admitted, feeling a rush of genuine academic appreciation that was quickly followed by mortification. "I apologize. I assumed your linguistic knowledge was purely intuitive. But that explanation was... perfect."

Ilya beamed, that dazzling, genuine smile resurfacing. "See? I told you I was useful. Not just a pretty face and a really, *really* good physique. I'm a high-level educational resource."

He then spotted Shane's display of rare edition books on a nearby shelf, pausing at a pristine, leather-bound volume of 18th-century French philosophy.

“What’s with the old books, Hollander? Are you rich, or just obsessed with dust?” Ilya teased, but he picked up the book gently, reverently turning it over his hands.

“They are first-edition translations of the Encyclopedists,” Shane explained, his voice softening, his guard entirely down. “The Enlightenment is my primary focus. The sheer, ambitious scope of the project, the dedication to knowledge... It’s inspiring.”

“My father is like that,” Ilya confessed, putting the book back exactly in its place. “He’s a history professor back home, in Russia. He’s always correcting my grammar, telling me I have to be a serious, intellectual person. That’s why I was such a shitty student for so long—I was trying to be the exact opposite of what he wanted me to be.”

Shane stared at him, seeing the casual frat-boy mask slip away to reveal something honest and surprisingly bruised. “You... you’re trying to impress him by being a himbo?”

“It’s easier to be the loud, dumb one than to be the smart one who disappoints,” Ilya admitted, shrugging, but the movement was tense.

He moved back to the table and he pulled his chair right up next to Shane again, eliminating the space between them completely.

“So,” Ilya said, his voice dropping, his eyes holding Shane’s. “When I call you *допозой* or *красавчик*... I’m not just teasing, Shane. I’m giving you a warning. I find you genuinely distracting. It’s hard to focus on your grammar when I’m this close.”

Shane swallowed, suddenly breathless. This was it. The line they’d been dancing around for five sessions.

“I find you distracting as well, Ilya,” Shane said, the admission tasting like wine on his tongue. He had never been this honest about a physical feeling in his life. “You introduce a chaotic element that makes it hard for me to focus. It’s... unprofessional.”

Ilya smiled, his eyes lighting up with triumph and something hotter. “Good. See? We’re speaking the same language now. Let’s go back to vocabulary, now. Specifically, the verbs for desire.”

“I think the verbs for desire are too advanced for my current level,” Shane managed, his voice shaking slightly.

So Ilya leaned in, his mouth close to Shane’s ear. “I think you’re a natural, though. You just need a little hands-on practice.” He then lightly touched Shane’s hip, a simple, friendly pressure that felt anything but simple nor friendly. “I have to go now—team meeting. But next time, come to my room. We will study the Perfective Aspect. The action of *completion*. And no laptops. Just us.”

Ilya stood up, leaving a profound sense of warmth and chaos in his wake. He paused at the door, his eyes lingering on Shane’s startled, flushed face.

“Мои глаза только для тебя,” he murmured, his voice thick with intent.

“My eyes are only for you,” Shane translated instantly, feeling the weight of the phrase, no longer a random vocabulary term, but a very direct statement.

Ilya grinned, a flash of pure, infectious triumph. “See? I told you, you’re a natural. You already know the language of commitment. Now you just need to practice the verbs.”

And then he was gone, leaving Shane alone in his perfectly neat, suddenly too-small apartment, with a heart beating wildly and a bulge hurting inside his jeans.

...

Shane stood outside the most notorious door on campus—Ilya Rozanov’s room in the Alpha Delta Rho house—and mentally recited the declension of feminine nouns.

It was an academic ritual he used to combat any situation that threatened to unravel his control, which, in this case, was everything.

Fuck.

He knocked once, sharp and precise.

The door swung open immediately.

Shane’s careful composure vanished as soon as it did.

Ilya stood in the doorway wearing only a pair of grey sweatpants slung low on his hips. His chest was entirely bare, a magnificent landscape of muscle and a sun-warmed skin. He looked like he’d just walked out of the shower, his pretty curly hair damp and messy, and his scent—clean, pine and something deeply masculine—hit Shane like a physical blow.

*Fuck Ilya, fuck his professor and fuck himself.*

“Привет, дорогой. You made it,” Ilya greeted him, leaning against the doorframe, looking impossibly relaxed and unfairly gorgeous. “Come in. I was just getting ready to teach you about the Perfective Aspect. The action of *completion*.”

*Yeah, fuck him.*

Shane felt his cheeks flush, the heat instantaneous and overwhelming as fuck. His internal monologue, usually so sharp, dissolved into a single, frantic thought: *I am so ridiculously attracted to this man, I might actually fail this final on purpose just to keep seeing him.*

“I—Yes. I am here for that action of completion, yeah,” Shane managed, stepping past Ilya into the room.

Said room was typically Ilya: large, somewhat messy, but radiating a casual, overwhelming warmth. Shane was acutely aware that this was the most intimate space he’d ever shared with the man who had hijacked his education.

“I see you decided against wearing a shirt,” Shane said, the words coming out drier than he intended.

Ilya turned, closing the door and walking towards the desk.

Shane’s eyes, against his will, tracked every fluid movement of muscle across Ilya’s back and shoulders, focusing on the bear tattoo he had on his chest.

*God.*

“It is very hot in here, Shane. And I am an athlete. I generate heat,” Ilya explained, a familiar teasing smirk playing on his lips.

He turned to face Shane, leaning back against his desk.

“Besides, you need to be distracted, no? You study better when you are slightly outraged.”

“I am *not* outraged. I am pretty much aware that your bold choices are a deliberate attempt to undermine my focus,” Shane countered, gripping his notebook tightly.

Ilya walked over to the bed, propping himself up against the pillows. He patted the space beside him.

“We need to be close. How can I feel your confusion about irregular verbs from across the room? Come here. The bed is comfortable.”

Shane’s resolve was already wafer-thin. He abandoned the desk chair and walked stiffly to the bed, sitting on the very edge. He put his notebook between them like a fragile, academic shield.

“We are discussing the verb ‘to write’—писать versus написать,” Shane declared, trying to force his mind back to grammar.

The man, however, wasn’t looking at the notebook.

He was looking at Shane.

He reached out and gently took the notebook, setting it aside on the floor.

“Her. No. Today, we focus on the *feeling* of the perfective. The action is finished, the tension is released. It’s what we are both waiting for, да?” Ilya shifted, closing the distance completely. Their hips touched, and the heat radiating off Ilya’s skin was immediate and shocking.

Shane swallowed, unable to pull away. “We are waiting for a passing grade, Ilya. That is the completion we seek.”

The other then chuckled, his voice dropping to a low, husky rumble. He lifted his hand and began tracing the line of Shane’s collarbone with his thumb, the contact feather-light but utterly distracting.

*God fucking damnit.*

“I think we are waiting for something more, little genius. You look at me like you want to rewrite every logical rule you have ever lived by. You look at me like you want to *complete* this process right now.”

Shane’s breath hitched. He felt his pulse thrumming wildly beneath Ilya’s thumb. His body was fuming with desire, and he was too far gone to hide it.

“You are making this impossible, Ilya,” Shane whispered, the complaint weak and dishonest.

Then Ilya leaned in, his lips hovering dangerously close to Shane’s ear. “I am making it *possible*. I kissed your hand last time. You wanted me to kiss your mouth. I see it in your beautiful, frustrated eyes, Shane.”

He pulled back slightly, his eyes holding Shane’s, dark and intense.

“I told you, Russian doesn’t like to be forced. It likes to be persuaded. Are you going to keep resisting the inevitable, or are you going to fucking kiss me, huh?”

Ilya lowered his gaze to Shane’s mouth, a clear, beautiful invitation hanging in the charged air. He wasn’t moving to kiss him; he was waiting. He was giving Shane the power to choose the outcome, the *perfective aspect* of their entire relationship.

And Shane, the man who respected logic, grit and the completion of a challenging task, wasn’t about to back down from the final, most satisfying step of the process.

With a small, desperate sound, Shane launched himself forward. He covered the remaining distance, his hand gripping the warm, smooth skin of Ilya’s chest, pulling him close as their mouths finally crashed together.

The kiss was hot, urgent and immediately demanding.

It was a release of all the pent-up tension from five sessions, a riot of repressed energy. Shane felt Ilya respond instantly, his large hands coming up to cup Shane’s jaw, deepening the kiss until Shane felt dizzy with need.

Ilya tasted like freedom and immediate gratification.

It was the latter who broke the kiss, pulling back just enough to look at Shane, his eyes shining with triumph and passion.

“Good job, Shane,” he murmured almost over his lips, his voice thick with delight. “You finally embraced it.”

He didn’t wait for Shane to reply.

Ilya was already leaning in, one hand dropping to the back of Shane’s neck to pull him back into the kiss, while the other slid down his back, pressing him firmly onto the soft bed.

The notebook, the grammar, and the academic intervention were utterly forgotten. All that mattered was the warm weight of Ilya's body, the urgent pressure of his mouth and the sudden, overwhelming, perfect reality of their desire.

"You're... way too distracting to resist," Shane gasped, feeling the heat rise from his chest. He didn't care about the grade, the frat house, or the lingering scent of old beer in the hallway. All he could think about was Ilya's body.

Ilya grinned, a slow curve of his lips. He pressed a warm, open-mouthed kiss just below Shane's ear. "Good. No more talking about verbs."

He slid his hands down Shane's waist, pulling him up so their bodies could touch. The friction of their clothes was a frustrating barrier.

"Let's get rid of these clothes, I beg you," Ilya whispered, his eyes never leaving Shane's.

Shane didn't hesitate for a single second.

He was eager, driven by a desperate need to prove he wasn't just good at academics; he was good at *this* too.

He quickly worked on taking off his shirt, his fingers fumbling with the unfamiliar urgency. Ilya watched him for a beat, his intensity thrilling, before reaching out to help. His large, warm hands brushed Shane's chest as he pulled the soft shirt free of Shane's body. He tossed it aside, then paused his thumbs tracing the line of Shane's ribs.

"Beautiful," Ilya murmured, his voice rough with need. "So sharp. So ready for me."

Shane felt a shiver of raw pleasure at the praise. He reached for Ilya's sweatpants, his hands closing around the simple waistband. Ilya laughed—a brief, delighted sound—and helped Shane push them down. He took them off quickly, his breath hitching slightly, and watched as Shane did the same with his jeans.

Ilya then reached out, his hand closing gently, tentatively, around Shane's growing erection above his underwear. He stroked the length slowly, testing the heat, the firmness.

And damn, was it driving Shane crazy.

"You're so hot, Hollander," Ilya said, watching Shane's reaction with intense focus. "So eager. So perfect."

Shane gasped, the simple, focused contact sending a wave of pleasure through him. He reached out to return the favor, his hand finding Ilya's dick, which was already as thick and hard as his. Shane mimicked the smooth, confident rhythm Ilya had established, driven by a raw need to please him.

"Yes... Yes, just like that. You're doing so well," Ilya praised, his voice a low growl of approval.

But his eyes were fixed on his mouth.

And Shane took the cue instantly.

He broke the contact with a shiver and got off the bed to sink down to his knees on the carpeted floor. He looked up at Ilya, his eyes wide and hungry.

It took the Russian exactly 3 seconds to get up from the bed and stand in front of him.

“Go slow, baby,” Ilya whispered. “Take your time. Show me how good you are.”

Shane felt a powerful rush of heat. He loved being praised, loved being told he was excelling.

So he took Ilya’s underwear in a swift motion. Then, he took the head of Ilya’s dick into his mouth, his tongue exploring the perfect shape while his hands gripped Ilya’s thigh to anchor himself. He began to apply slow, deliberate pressure, moving with a rhythm that was eager to please, but careful to savor the feeling.

Ilya groaned, a deep, guttural sound that thrilled Shane to his core.

“Yes. Yes, that’s right. You’re a natural at sucking cock, Shane,” he whispered, his hands grabbing Shane’s strands of hair. “You learn so fast. Good boy. You are such a good, smart boy.”

“Hmm,” Shane intensified the effort, impulsed by the grip Ilya had on his hair. His focus was purely on Ilya’s pleasure, but his cock was definitely throbbing for attention.

He worked on Ilya’s dick with expert care and skill, determined to earn more praise. He took him deeper, the head of his member touching the back of his throat, driven by Ilya’s approving noises.

Ilya suddenly tensed, his voice thick and strained. “Fuck, baby. Don’t stop, you’re so fucking good. You drive me crazy.”

Shane continued, feeling the immediate, deep satisfaction of bringing Ilya to such a state. He felt a profound sense of achievement.

But then, Ilya let out a sharp, ragged breath, pulling away slightly but keeping his hands firmly on Shane’s head.

“Wait, wait,” he breathed, his chest heaving. “Not yet. I want to taste you too.”

He guided Shane back to his feet, pulling him into a long, deep kiss, tasting himself on Shane’s tongue. He broke the kiss after a minute, his eyes shining with desire and approval.

Ilya then turned them around, his eyes locked on Shane’s body, making a deliberate show of worshipping every part of him. He made him sit on the edge of the bed and kneeled between his legs, taking Shane’s cock into his mouth, his technique immediately expert and demanding, focusing entirely on every little sound Shane made.

“Fuck...” Shane cried out, clutching the sheets, completely overwhelmed. The sensation was quick and intense, the contrast between his careful academic life and this raw, physical

abandon overwhelming him.

“You are so sensitive,” Ilya murmured against his skin, his voice thick with pleasure. “So much feeling. Let me show you how to let go, sweetheart.”

Ilya worked his magic until Shane was breathless, trembling with need and nearing his own point of completion.

“I’m really close, Ilya. If you don’t stop…”

Rozanov looked up, his eyes dark with triumph. “Not yet, Hollander. Not yet. I want to fuck you and make you come with my cock.”

He then moved up, kissing Shane deeply again. He turned around after the kiss to the small table next to his bed and picked up some lube and a condom.

He guided him to the center of the bed, onto his stomach, pushing his hips into the air in a posture of immediate surrender. Then, he squeezed a generous amount of lube into his large palm, rubbing his hands together to warm it.

“You are so perfect like this, Shane. So open for me,” Ilya praised, running his hand down Shane’s back, pressing a kiss to his shoulder. “I’m going to prep you now. I’ll go slow. Just focus on the feeling. Tell me if I go too fast.”

Shane nodded. “Just do it. I won’t break.”

With a smirk, Ilya gently guided his warm, slick finger into Shane’s entrance, pressing in softly. Shane gasped, instinctively clenching.

“Relax, handsome. Let go of the control. Let me in,” Ilya murmured, applying gentle pressure.

Shane forced himself to relax, his eagerness to please overriding his instinct to clench. Ilya rewarded him instantly, slipping the first finger inside.

“Good, sooo good,” Ilya mumbled, entranced by how beautiful the man was, his voice low and approving. “You are learning so fast. The most perfect student.”

That made Shane moan, his eyes closing at the pressure that was slowly turning into pleasure.

“More… More, Ilya, fuck,” he demanded, then.

And who was Ilya to deny him anything, right?

He added a second finger, working the muscles slowly and deliberately, his touch careful but firm. Shane groaned, the sensation intense, but quickly turning into deep pleasure as his body accepted the intrusion.

“You’re so tight. But you’re opening up to me beautifully,” Ilya mumbled, his voice in a low, encouraging tone.

He continued the slow, methodical preparation, running his hands down Shane's back, pressing warm kisses to his neck, flooding him with constant, affirming praise.

"Are you ready for my cock, Hollander?" he asked, dying to be inside of him.

And Shane was as eager, apparently, because he said right away, "Please, fuck me Ilya. I need your dick in me like right the fuck now."

Ilya laughed at his impatience, and then withdrew his fingers, kissing Shane's back and holding his hips firmly. He put on the condom and positioned himself carefully behind Shane, his cock hot and hard, pressing against his slick entrance.

"You're perfect, Shane. So beautiful," Ilya whispered. Then, with a slow, deliberate movement, he pressed forward burying his dick inside him.

Shane cried out, a sharp, ragged sound of pain and immediate pleasure. It was so fucking intense, an overwhelming feeling of fullness and connection.

Ilya paused, instantly, his whole body tense, aching to move. "I'm sorry. Are you okay?"

Shane bit his lip, clutching the sheets between his fingers. "No. Don't stop. Don't you dare to stop, asshole. I need you to fuck me hard," he commanded, his voice raw with need.

The Russian man let out a relieved breath, his voice turning into a worshipful growl. "Yes. Fuck yes. I'm going to make you feel so good, Hollander."

He began to move, slow and deep at first, his hips pressing into Shane's. The friction was immediately overwhelming. He started a steady, rhythmic pace, praising Shane with every thrust, calling him a good boy, a genius, his beautiful Russian student who was finally exactly where Ilya wanted him: on his bed, whimpering and begging for more of his cock.

Shane moaned loudly, the intensity of it all making his toes curl, driven entirely by the power of Ilya's movements and the intoxicating flood of praise.

Ilya's pace quickened, becoming faster, harder and more demanding. He was deep inside Shane, reaching that sweet spot with every single thrust. His breath came out in ragged gasps, his low, thick voice filling the room in the form of moans.

And fuck, Shane loved a man who moaned.

"Fuck, Ilya. Harder, please. I'm so fucking close. You're so hot."

Shane felt himself hurtling towards the edge, the physical intensity combined with the emotional release of finally surrendering control to this man making him utterly breathless.

"Don't stop. Fuck, Rozanov. I'm coming," he gasped, unable to hold back anymore.

Ilya roared, his pace reaching a fever pitch. "God, Shane. Me too. Fuck," he cried out some Russian words that Shane didn't understand, plunging deep inside him one final, powerful

time as they both reached their climaxes. Then, he collapsed onto the soft duvet in a heap of sweat, pleasure and spent energy.

They lay there, the air thick and warm, their bodies slick and intertwined. Ilya rolled slightly, pulling Shane tightly against his chest, his heart hammering against Shane's flesh.

"See?" Ilya whispered into his hair, his voice rough with exhaustion and satisfaction. "I told you. You're a natural."

Shane didn't speak. He simply squeezed Ilya's frame, feeling the safe, heavy weight of his body. He had failed his academic rigor, but he surely had the best fuck of his life.

...

The intense, messy intimacy that had defined their last few "study sessions" had annihilated any last remnants of Shane's structured life.

The Russian textbook was long gone, discarded beneath the bed, a symbol of the necessary academic lie they had shared. Their time together had evolved into a secret, physical language—a powerful, fluent conversation of touch, intense praise and pure unabashed desire.

Shane, the meticulous architect of his own existence, now knew he was completely hooked on the high of Ilya's attention and the unique, freeing way Ilya looked at him. He craved the worship and intense focus he gave him, feeling seen and accepted in a profound way his intellectual life never allowed.

Ilya, for his part, excelled in drawing out the chaos in Shane, relishing the challenge and the raw joy of making the academic completely surrender. The tutoring was over, but their true *conversation* had only just begun.

...

Shane had spent the hours after the Russian final vibrating with anxiety. Even the B+ in the email—a stunning victory, to be fair—was overshadowed by the sudden, terrifying realization that the practical excuse for their closeness was now completely obsolete.

He shoved his laptop into his backpack and headed straight to the university ice rink, needing to see Ilya, needing to tell him the news.

Inside the vast, echoing arena, the air was sharp and cold. Ilya was on his own on the ice, even though he was surrounded by his teammates, working a grueling drill. He moved with a focused, relentless energy, every movement of his large frame both powerful and perfectly controlled.

He was utterly captivating, a magnetic force that Shane couldn't—and definitely didn't want to—look away from.

Shane stood by the high glass barrier, clutching the strap of his backpack until his knuckles were white, a desperate anchor against the rising tide of emotion.

Ilya eventually saw him. The drill stopped instantly. He skated to the boards, slowing with a practiced elegance, stopping with a fine, controlled spray of ice. He leaned over, his eyes shining with immediate warmth.

“Shane! What are you doing here? Tell me you didn’t need me to define a tricky adverb or something,” Ilya joked, but the tension in his stance was palpable. His voice was low, strained with unspoken hope.

The Canadian swallowed, forcing his breath to steady. “The exam results came in about an hour ago.”

Ilya’s easy smile faded, replaced by a serious, demanding intensity. He watched Shane with unwavering focus. “And? Stop delaying the inevitable, *дорогой*. Tell me the final score. I need to know if I am a good tutor!”

Shane let a wide, genuine smile finally break through. The relief of the victory felt secondary to the joy of telling Ilya. “I got a B+, Ilya. I passed! The most complex sections? I fucking *aced* them. I finished the semester with a solid B.”

A profound stillness hung between them. Then, Ilya let out a roar of triumph that echoed across the vast, empty stands.

“Yes! I knew it! I knew it, you genius. You just needed to trust the process! You did it, Hollander.”

Before Shane could even process the powerful surge of pride in Ilya’s voice, the athlete launched himself up, scrambling over the barrier with shocking agility. He grabbed Shane’s face in his large, warm, gloved hands, pulling him down, and kissed him.

It was a fierce, very public, undeniable declaration—a shock of sheer triumph and shared victory. Ilya’s mouth was urgent and demanding, tasting the cold air and raw excitement. He pulled back just slightly, his helmeted forehead resting against Shane’s, his warm breath hitting his cold, bare skin.

“I’m so proud of you, Shane. You worked so hard. You earned this,” Ilya murmured, his voice thick with sincere emotion.

Shane’s face flushed a deep, immediate scarlet. The shock of the public display—the certainty that anyone watching could suspect what they were—should have sent him into a full panic.

Instead, the sudden, fierce possessiveness of the kiss overwhelmed the embarrassment entirely. He was *thrilled* that Ilya was proud of him, and completely unconcerned that they were being watched. He gripped Ilya’s shoulders, holding him close.

“Ilya, we are very much in public,” Shane whispered, but his tone held no actual protest.

Ilya laughed, a soft, rich sound. He kissed Shane again—a slow, deep press of lips that was both an apology and promise—before dropping back onto the ice. He looked up at Shane, his

eyes losing all the ferocity of the game, becoming entirely focused.

“Well, I guess this means you don’t need me anymore, дорогой.”

The core question hung in the air, cold and sharp as the ice: *Does this spectacular, messy, and hot as fuck, thing between us ends now that the academic cover is gone?*

Shane looked at the man before him: the sweat, the powerful build, the raw, honest desire in his eyes. He realized the rigid, cold structure of his life had been obsolete since the day Ilya walked in.

“I passed the exam, Ilya,” Shane confirmed, meeting his intense gaze without hesitation. “The assignment is over. But I think we need to talk about what happens now that we’re just two guys who—who like being naked on the same bed and really like spending time together.”

Ilya’s smile was devastating, slow and entirely focused. He leaned on his stick, his entire body language radiating commitment.

“Yes, we absolutely do. We need to figure out if this is going to be a fun distraction or a long-term project,” he agreed, his voice dropping to a low, seductive rumble. “But first, we celebrate your victory. You earned yourself the highest reward, little genius.”

He pushed off the boards and gestured with his stick towards the exit.

“Go home. Get *comfortable*. I’ll shower and meet you at your apartment in one hour.”

“And what exactly is the agenda for this celebratory meeting?” Shane asked, his lips curving into a pretty, challenging smile.

Ilya’s eyes darkened with unmistakable intent. “Well, I’m going to give you the best fuck of your life, A+ worth it. Now, go. I need to finish practice so I can properly reward you for your success, my favorite student.”

Shane laughed, shaking his head, and then turned from the rink, adrenaline pumping, his mind already clearing the sofa and aligning the throw pillows. He was no longer worried about a grade, which surprised him; he was focused entirely on the beautiful, Russian boy that left his lips tingling and his heart racing with anticipation.

Oh boy, he was in for a wild ride.

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