

I want you.

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I want you.

by [Blombus](#)

Summary

Rozanov glanced at Shane's phone screen, reading the top notification. Then his mouth curved. “Duolingo, huh? So fucking boring, Hollander.”

Shane’s face went hot. “Yeah,” he said. “Learning French.”

Rozanov’s eyes snapped to his. The smirk deepened. “Bad liar, Hollander. You are fluent.”

or - Ilya finds out that Shane has been learning Russian behind his back.

Notes

This one is a bit of canon-divergance.

It's in between their sneaking around, just around when Shane got the apartment. We are jumping the gun a bit, and giving the boys some good 'ol lovin' xx

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

Shane was being kissed into submission, and it was infuriating how quickly Rozanov could do it. He could not understand how easily he could be reduced to this—him, a man who just played a brutal hockey game, where more often than not someone lost their teeth.

Him—a man who loved to control every aspect of his life, especially just before the playoffs. This version of Shane Hollander didn't crack, didn't flinch, didn't need anything this badly.

And yet.

Instead, he was reduced to this: someone needy and dependent, someone who let himself melt under the weight of another man's mouth like it was the only relief he'd had all week. It was humiliating, how his body betrayed him. How quickly he turned pliant under hands that knew exactly how to hold him down.

Rozanov's body was all over him, pressing him into the mattress, as he belonged there, like Shane had been built for the sole purpose of being held down and claimed by him.

Shane could feel every bruise from the game: his hips where Rozanov drove him into the boards or ribs where the Boston defenseman clipped him. Nothing major, just the regular wear and tear after a professional hockey game. All these signs, no matter how small, should keep him guarded. It should make him want space, to recoup.

Yet, it made him want this...want him...with an ache that felt embarrassingly like insanity.

He even won tonight—against Ilya. He liked winning. He liked the clean, bright satisfaction of it. He liked the way it steadied him, how it confirmed that every bit of discipline was worth it.

But he liked this too, and that was the problem.

Because this wasn't control. This didn't fit into the structure he'd built around himself. This was surrender, and it coincidentally tasted like Rozanov's mouth—faint cigarette, mind and salt of sweat, and something sharper still.

Maybe vodka?

Definitely trouble.

Shane liked that here they could be this. No teams, no crowds or cameras or fans. Just them, and their passion. He liked that the softness of their kisses didn't translate to the softness on ice. How, in the constraints of the rink, they were still rivals—vicious and out for blood, sole focus on securing wins.

Now, in his hidden apartment on his home soil in Montreal, Shane was pinned by Rozanov. The place was quiet and anonymous—tucked away like a secret Shane could almost pretend didn't exist. But he could not pretend that he didn't love this...having the beast of a hockey player, on top of him, kissing along Shane's mouth, his cheek, the hinge of his jaw—slow enough to make it feel like he was choosing each point of contact on purpose.

Shane's brain was still buzzing from the game, from the post-game adrenaline. From the fact that he'd been thinking about this—about him—all day, all night, sitting on the sidelines of the rink, in the seconds between the whistles.

Shane made his way to the apartment, as fast as humanly possible, after winning the game. Hoping he could get himself a bit under control before Rozanov arrived.

However, Rozanov arrived at his apartment way too quickly. Shane hadn't had the time to do his last-minute minute-checks. Over the last few times Rozanov visited, he had perfected a little routine. He made sure the bedroom was spotless, there was lube and condoms within reach, the lights were dimmed, and the phone was turned to do-not-disturb.

He was certain everything was in place—pretty sure he'd done it—but he always liked to check. Always. It was stupid, the way it soothed him, like tapping the posts before a game. Like if he did it right, nothing could go wrong. The secret was safe.

Usually, he'd have until midnight or one a.m. to freak out, to overthink and overanalyse, to pace through the apartment. But at 11 pm, his phone buzzed.

Lily - here

Shane's stomach dropped. He hastily shoved his phone under the pillow and ran down the staircase to let Rozanov in—the cold air not soothing him at all. Instead, he felt adrenaline, just like at the game, but this time it wasn't because he got to play hockey, or because the crowds would roar his name, or even the win...

It was *him*.

The door barely had time to close behind Rozanov before he crowded him. Ilya's hands found his hips with ease, dragging soft fingernails under his shirt, across his back. And Shane's body betrayed him immediately, leaning in without permission.

In seconds, they were on top of the bed sheets, Ilya pinning him. Shane made a small, helpless sound when Rozanov nipped at his neck. "Gah...no marks."

He felt Ilya's smile against his skin. Then a softer kiss, like an apology.

"Da", Rozanov murmured, and that was one of the ways Shane could be rendered useless—Ilya speaking Russian. Even a simple confirmation, one foreign syllable, turned him on like nothing else.

They resumed kissing, mouths moving passionately, re-learning. Before they could move further...

Shane's phone sounded below the pillow. It was a loud notification. He forgot to turn his phone off. *Oh god*.

It was a bright *ding* that did not belong in the room. Before, it was just their breaths and moans. Now, however...Shane froze. Not because of the sound itself...because of what it meant. Because of what it was signalling.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

Rozanov kept kissing him like he hadn't heard it at first, like he was willing to ignore anything that interrupted what he wanted. Shane tried to drag Rozanov's mouth back to his and swallow the panic whole.

Another *ding*.

Rozanov paused, but not fully. Just enough that Shane felt the shift. One notification is a coincidence. Two is a pattern.

Damn you, curious Russians.

A third ding.

Rozanov's mouth brushed the corner of Shane's lips. His voice was low and amused. "You shut it? Or I will, Hollander?"

"Just let me get it," Shane said, too fast, already reaching past him to turn the damn thing off.

Ding.

Rozanov pulled back just far enough to look at him properly. Shane's cheeks were a little flushed. More so than from a usual make-out session between them.

"Posted a photo or what? Instagram, yes?" Rozanov asked, and there was teasing in it, but also interest. Shane knew this look in Ilya's eyes...it did not bode well for him.

"No." Shane swallowed. "It's nothing."

Rozanov's brows lifted, just slightly. Ever perceptive. Always too good at reading him. His gaze flicked down, caught the flush creeping up Shane's neck, the way Shane's hands had gone still on his shoulders. And something pleased flashed behind his eyes.

"Ah," Rozanov murmured.

Then he moved.

Quick as he was on the ice...quicker, even. One moment, Shane's phone was safely hidden, the next, Rozanov's hand was under the pillow, and the phone was in his grip like he'd plucked it out of thin air.

"Hey!" Shane lunged, reaching for the phone.

But Rizanov moved too. Just like in the second quarter, taking a puck right off Shane's nose and skating away like it was nothing. He held the phone up out of reach with one hand, the other hand pinning Shane's chest to the mattress.

Shane's stomach dropped.

Rozanov glanced at the phone screen, reading the top notification. Then his mouth curved. “Duolingo, huh? So fucking boring, Hollander.”

Shane’s face went hot. “Yeah,” he said. “Learning French.”

Rozanov’s eyes snapped to his. The smirk deepened. “Bad liar, Hollander. You are fluent.”

Shane made a sound of protest, but it was useless. Rozanov looked back down at the phone. It wouldn’t open without Shane’s pin, but the notifications were still there, more popping up. *Persistent, fucking app.*

Rozanov read them aloud with mock solemnity. “388 day streak, da?” He whistled softly. “Impressive.”

Shane tried to reach for it again. He wanted to get the upper hand. If Rozanov kept going, he was risking almost everything. A big, fucking secret he kept from everyone...especially the handsome Russian.

But Rozanov shifted his weight and blocked him, moving his forearm over Shane’s shoulders, pinning him with more force. The movement was practiced, like he had fought before, knowing how to immobilise his opponent. It made Shane’s pulse stutter for reasons that had nothing to do with panic. “Stop,” Shane hissed, but it came out as a plea.

Rozanov ignored it.

He turned the phone so the screen faced Shane, almost blinding him with the brightness. Before Shane could even react, before he could twist his face away...

The phone’s camera caught him. Instantly, it recognised Shane’s face and opened the main screen. Shane’s soul left his body.

“Oops,” Rozanov said, delighted. Like this was a happy accident, and not the end of Shane Hollander’s whole fucking life.

Shane went to tackle him, truly tackle him, but Rozanov expected it—of course, he did. Shane’s attempt died before it even started. Shane lay helplessly on the bed, his body pinned down from top to bottom.

Ilya moved his hand and tapped the notification. The Duolingo app opened straight to the lesson. And a familiar Russian phrase sounded loudly from the speaker—bright, enthusiastic audio in a cartoon voice that did not understand the stakes of the moment:

“*Lev bolshoy*” The lion is big. (Лев большой)

Silence slammed into the room.

Shane couldn’t breathe. His ears were ringing. Cheeks flushing red.

Rozanov didn’t move at first. His thumb hovered over the screen. His face went still in a way Shane has never seen. He surprised Ilya Rozanov—truly caught him off guard.

Then Rozanov's eyes lifted to Shane's, slowly. A small smile tugged at the corner of his mouth, soft and fond. And somehow that was worse than smugness.

Shane tried to salvage the situation, "It's—" he started, but nothing coherent came. Because what could he possibly say? *He spent every day of the last 383 days thinking about Ilya Rozanov in one way or another. He'd open the app, and repeat the phrases, learning the new alphabet, just to feel closer to him—to the person he could never truly have.*

It sounded pathetic even in his head. It felt worse out loud.

Rozanov glanced down at the screen again, like he needed to confirm it was real, then he repeated the phrase back to him, all fluent and perfect. Then he let out a short chuckle. "Yeah. No shit."

The innendo was so obvious, Shane blushed even further. Definitely no shit. The nine glorious inches that would hopefully split him open tonight were not a laughing matter.

Rozanov's gaze dropped to Shane's mouth. "French," he repeated, like tasting the lie again. Then he nodded toward the phone. "This is not French."

Shane let out a shaky breath "No." He tried to speak, but he knew it would sound just as hollowed out as he felt. "It's just... Duolingo."

Rozanov looked deeper into his eyes. Then, in a quick move, he released him, only to rearrange him. Shane had barely time to inhale before he was turned onto his stomach, face turned towards the pillow. Rozanov settled behind him—not an unfamiliar position for them, but this time it felt more intimate—especially since they were still half-clothed.

The phone appeared in Shane's line of sight, held near his face, the screen bright in the dim room. The Duolingo lesson sat there, plain and simple.

"Speak," Rozanov murmured.

Shane swallowed hard, "I—"

Rozanov's breath warmed his shoulder, his nose brushing where Shane's neck met. "Speak," he repeated, this time with a soft growl. "Show me."

Shane felt wrecked. "I can't...Roz."

"Do it. For me." After a second, quietly, he added "Please."

Please.

Ilya Rozanov never begged.

The word hit Shane like a clean shot to the chest. He swallowed. *Please*—one syllable almost undoing him. He released a shaky breath and grabbed his phone with trembling fingers.

He tapped the first question and answered automatically. It was muscle memory, as it had been all his days in the last twelve months. However, never before had his Russian man been plastered to his back, watching and listening.

Next, it was match the animals and the words. Easy. He dragged the pairs into place, hands steadier than his pulse.

“Good,” Rozanov murmured behind him.

Oh god. Not the praise. It coiled through Shane’s body like heat. He bit his lip, hoping Rozanov would not notice the effect the simple compliment had on him.

The next question asked him to translate a sentence. Shane hesitated, second-guessing himself, still thinking about noun placement, unlike the English he knew. He could, however, rely on his French to support his understanding.

When he chose correctly, after a second of thinking, Ilya rumbled behind him in satisfaction, the sound vibrating through Shane’s back. He craved to have this sound back.

The third and fourth questions were simple. He did them with ease. Each correct answer gave him a little confidence, all he needed to get through this. Then, he could hopefully get fucked into the mattress. And judging from the hardness he could feel behind him, Ilya was not going to hold back.

Then the fifth question loaded.

A speaking prompt.

Shane’s stomach dropped again. How could he speak in front of him? He could barely breathe. Let alone speak a full sentence...in a foreign language.

His finger hovered over the skip button, instinct screaming to take the easier route, to type it out where no one could hear him, especially Rozanov.

“No,” Rozanov said immediately, like he’d read the thought right off Shane’s hand. “Speak it.”

“Rozanov—”

“Speak it,” Rozanov repeated, and his mouth brushed Shane’s shoulder, not quite a kiss. “For me.”

Shane stared at the screen until the letters blurred. His tongue felt too big in his mouth. His heart was hammering like it wanted out.

Then he pressed the microphone icon and inhaled. On the exhale, he got the words out in Russian. “*Malenkiy kotyonok goloden*” (The little kitten is hungry)

His voice sounded unfamiliar. Whenever he spoke in Russian, it was always into the empty room—to no one. Cruel was the fate to make him speak it, in front of Ilya Rozanov. As soon

as Shane closed his mouth, the app notified him it was correct.

Ilya hummed behind him, pleased. His mouth brushed the line of Shane's neck again, warmer this time. "Khoroshiy malchik moy malenkiy kotyonok", Ilya whispered into his skin (Good boy, my little kitten).

Shane knew exactly what Ilya said. He understood the phrases, knowing that Ilya specifically slowed down to allow him to translate the words. All of it made it all so much hotter...this specific phrase, *good boy*, its degradation. His cock, already half-hard from the kissing, went fully erect against the mattress. Shane mewled into the pillows, grinding his cock into the mattress, feeling Ilya hot and heavy behind him.

"One year," Ilya murmured, his accent thicker than Shane had ever heard it. "You learn Russian this long."

Shane squeezed his eyes shut. "I—" He returned to what he knew the most lying through his teeth. "Not a whole year—"

"Don't lie," Ilya said quickly, his free hand sliding down Shane's spine to the small of his back. "The app says 388 days. That is more than year." Then he moved lower, pressing his index finger down Shane's crack...his whole body vibrated.

"Why?" He asked quickly. "You want to understand when I talk?"

"No."

"When I curse you on the ice?"

"Sometimes."

A low chuckle vibrated through Shane's spine. "Then why, kotyonok?"

"I wanted," Shane started with a tremble in his voice, not knowing if it was the truth he was about to spill, or the feeling of Ilya's exploring fingers pressing on his hole through his briefs, especially after long abstinence from any sexual activity. *Not even on his own. "I wanted to —"*

"To what?" Ilya's voice was low when he continued. "To surprise me? Or to understand when I call you my pretty little whore in Russian?"

Shane's face burned. "You never—"

"I have," Rozanov cut in, his thumb hooking into the waistband of Shane's briefs and pulling them down just enough to expose him. "Last time. I called you moya krasivaya shlyukha while you were choking on my come." He pressed a dry finger across his sensitive rim, and Shane arched off the bed with a moan. "You did not know what it means, but you still come and come. Just from the way I said it."

Shane buried his face in the pillow, mortified and impossibly turned on. "Rozanov—"

Ilya soothed him. "Shhh, you are my good boy. And good boys tell truth."

Shane's breath hitched as Ilya pressed two fingers into him, now wet with lube and Ilya's spit. The stretch was immediate, a burn that Shane welcomed.

"Answer me," Ilya demanded loudly. "Why did you learn my language?"

Shane's hands fisted in the sheets. He could feel Ilya's cock against his thigh, and it made him want to lie, to say something witty. But Ilya's fingers found his prostate with expert ease, pressing intently. The truth spilled from him on a whine.

"Because I wanted to know," Shane gasped. "When you fuck me, when you...when you say things, I wanted to know if you meant them."

Ilya went still behind him. "Mean what Hollander?"

"If I'm really your good boy. If I'm—" He swallowed hard. "Moj, fuck tvoy If I'm yours. J-Jesus fuck, Rozanov. Don't tease. Not tonight."

The desperate confession was heavy between them. Shane wanted to take it back, to shove Ilya off and pretend this was just another hate-fuck between rivals. But Rozanov did not relent, he kept opening him, now three fingers deep.

"Da," Ilya murmured against his shoulder, the Russian word vibrating through Shane's skin. "You are mine, kotyonok. My good boy. My sladkiy malchik." *My sweet boy.*

Shane cried out. There was always passion between them, but tonight felt like more—it was so real. *Too real.* "Please," Shane moaned.

"Please what Hollander?" Ilya's teeth scraped his shoulder blade, sharp and claiming. "Tell me in Russian."

Shane's brain short-circuited. He'd practiced phrases, conjugations, restaurant vocabulary. Not this. Not please fuck me, I'm yours while three fingers deep and dripping.

"I— I don't know—"

"Liar," Ilya purred, but there was no cruelty in it. "Try."

Shane squeezed his eyes shut, reaching for the words through the haze of pleasure. "Ya... ya khochu..." He faltered, the pronunciation clumsy on his tongue. "Tebya."

Ilya stilled completely. His fingers stopped moving, his breath hitched against Shane's skin.

"Tebya," Shane repeated. *You.* He completely butchered the conjugation, but the meaning was clear enough. *I want you.* "Ya...tvoj." *I am yours.*

For a moment, nothing happened. Then Ilya's fingers withdrew, leaving Shane empty and clenching around nothing. Shane's heart dropped. He fucked up the language. Rozanov will laugh at him and leave him like this, open and vulnerable. Maybe he would take a picture and

show the rest of the Boston Bears, and they would all laugh and mock him. How the mighty Metros Captain has fallen.

But then Ilya's hands were on his hips, flipping him over. Shane found himself on his back, staring up at Ilya's curls. The Russian's expression was unreadable. Then he reached down, wrapping his hand around the base of his cock. Shane's gaze fell down. *Christ*. He's never seen, Rozanov this thick, this swollen and wet. It was usually him who leaked, not Ilya.

"Say it again," Ilya commanded, his voice rougher now. "Say it properly." Rozanov's cock kissed his rim, just so.

Shane's throat was dry, his legs spread wide on the bed sheets. He could feel himself gaping, empty and wanting, his own cock flushed against his stomach. "Ya khochu teba." *I want you*.

Ilya's eyes fluttered shut for a second, like the words had physically hurt him. When they opened again, something in them had shifted...less teasing, more desperate. "And?"

Shane swallowed, his heart hammering against his ribs. This felt like the last ten seconds of the game, on a tied score, puck in his possession. "Ya tvoj," he whispered. "I'm yours."

The confession seemed to break something in Ilya. He surged forward, kissing Shane with a ferocity that stole his breath, his tongue pushing deep like he was trying to taste the Russian words straight from him.

When he pulled back, his forehead rested against Shane's, their panting breaths mingling. "You learn," Ilya breathed, "for this?"

Shane's cheeks burned. He'd spent a year learning a language just to understand the filthy, tender things this man whispered while fucking him. That was the honest truth.

"Da," Shane whispered back, using the Russian word without thinking.

Ilya's eyes searched his, the hazel irises nearly swallowed by the pupils. Then he did something that made Shane's chest tighten: he smiled. The smile that was almost always reserved only for Shane. He then shook his head and said in English. My very good, very stupid boy."

Shane would've protested if Ilya hadn't chosen that exact moment to push inside.

The entry was smooth and deep. Ilya's cock filled him in one long, claiming slide. Shane's back arched off the bed, a broken cry tearing from his throat. He was open, but not loose. The stretch was vicious, almost as the shove to the boards hours ago at the rink, in front of thousands of people.

Here, however, there were no crowds. Just Ilya's nine inches of raw cock pushing deep, the head pressing against his prostate with unforgiving pressure. Shane's thighs trembled, his breath coming in short, sharp gasps. It felt like being split open, like Ilya was trying to reach his fucking soul.

"Fuck...Ilya!"

"Shh," Ilya murmured, but his own voice was wrecked. He held still, buried to the hilt, letting Shane feel every thick inch of him pulsing. "Feel. Just feel."

Shane felt it. God, he felt it. Every single bit of it. He clenched instinctively, and the drag of Ilya's cock against his inner walls made them both groan. Ilya's hips twitched, a shudder running through his entire frame like he was fighting not to move, not to fuck into Shane with everything he had.

"Fuck me," Shane gasped. Then, without thinking, the broken Russian words spilled before he could stop himself. "Trakhni menya—please—"

Something snapped in Ilya. His control was shattered completely. He began fucking him in abandon, with brutal force that punched the air from Shane's lungs. The rhythm he set was punishing, hips snapping forward with enough force to make the headboard slam against the wall.

"Fuck you, Shane," Ilya growled against Shane's throat in English, his accent thickening with every thrust. "Goddamn you for making me—"

Shane couldn't answer. Couldn't even think. Ilya's cock was driving him mad. His own cock leaked untouched between them, smearing pre-come across both their stomachs. He was close already, so fucking close.

Every aspect of tonight, cumulated to this moment, every touch, every kiss, Ilya's filthy praises... everything. It was all pushing him toward the edge faster than he could keep up with.

"Come on," Ilya demanded, shifting his angle to hit deeper. "Come on my cock like the good boy you are."

The words in Russian, finally understood, broke him. Shane's orgasm hit like a body check from behind...violet and completely unavoidable.

He came with a choked shout, untouched, soaking them both.

Their gazes met, and the understanding dawned on him— Ilya understood that the command he'd given Shane in his mother language was understood by Shane. He learned Russian...just for him. The thought and the feel of Hollander's hole squeezing around his cock, milking him, pushed him over the edge as well. The heat was overwhelming, a flood of wet warmth spreading deep, marking him from the inside out.

They stayed locked like that, trembling and gasping, Ilya's weight pressing Shane into the mattress. After what felt like ages, Ilya slowly pulled out, the slick slide of his softening cock leaving Shane feeling hollow and used.

Ilya collapsed to the side, breathless, his chest heaving.

They both lay there, wrecked. The only difference was that Shane was actively leaking. He could feel Ilya's come sliding out of him. It was all so obscene...he revelled in this feeling.

Then Rozanov's arm reached over, bringing his head to snuggle into Russian's chest, smelling the scent of sex and something that was distinctly Ilya. Shane closed his eyes.

Next, Ilya's hand that was holding him close, reached down across his back, towards his swollen rim, hooking two fingers in with ease.

"Look at you," Ilya murmured, awed. "So full of me."

Shane shuddered, oversensitive, but unable to resist the touch.

They stayed like this for a while. Hollander wanted to clean up, change the sheets, maybe kick Ilya out of his apartment. They never slept together before, not like this. It was just sex and goodbye.

Instead, he found himself asking a question he hadn't meant to ask: "Will you stay?"

"Yes," Ilya said without thinking. "If you want."

Shane answered, just like before, using the Russian words he knew "Ya khochu." *I want.*

Ilya's smile was devastating. "You are ridiculous, Hollander. Totally crazy." His fingers were still buried inside him, giving him a curl that made Shane's thighs twitch. "Let's see how much Russian you really know, okay?" His thumb pressed deeper, finding his abused spot. "If I say *ya lyublyu tebya*...would you know what it means?"

I love you.

End Notes

I hope you like this one! This was fueled by TikTok edits and Tumblr gif sets 🥵

19th Dec just around the corner 🧠🧠🧠

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!