

Can you stick with me? Maybe for life?

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by [lexibug_1738](#)

Summary

What if Shane started learning Russian after the first time they hooked up without telling Ilya? What if Shane never told him because he was afraid of being judged? And what if Shane actually understood everything Ilya said on the phonecall?

A quick one-shot where Shane understands everything Ilya said on the phone + one time Shane tells Ilya how he feels about him in Russian.

Title from 'Talk Talk' by Charli XCX and Troye Sivan

Notes

Hi guys, this one is a cutesy fic inspired by another work I read called “I’m reading your lips (You’re speaking my language)” by [some1_around](#) here on AO3.

I do not know Russian, so for any italicised text, that will be Russian and it will also be stated what is in Russian and what is in English.

Hope you guys enjoy reading this as much as I enjoyed writing this, and leave a comment if you wanna see anything more :)

P.S. This is not beta'd so if anything is wrong pls ignore or lmk in the comments!!

- Inspired by [I'm Reading Your Lips \(You're Speaking My Language\)](#) by [some1_around](#)

Chapter 1: Chapter 1

After the first time Shane heard Ilya speak Russian in a post-game interview, he had become obsessed. He liked watching the man's mouth move around the words in his native language, watching the set of his jaw as he opened and closed his mouth.

It would be after the first time they hooked up, where Ilya cursed in Russian, that Shane would set out to learn the language.

Shane was embarrassed to admit that he had fantasized about Ilya's native language more than once. Shane had no clue what Ilya was saying. He could be calling Shane nice things, he could be calling Shane bad things. Both ideas excited him much more than anyone needed to know.

He had downloaded a Russian speaking language, and had bought some children's Russian work books online, and he began to learn. He wasn't bad at learning languages, being brought up in Ottawa while also going to a French-Immersion school has taught him how to adapt and go outside his comfort zone.

Shane was by no means fluent in the language, but after a year of working through beginners Russian, he was able to understand many of the profanities said by Ilya during their hookups, but Shane would never tell him he knew what he meant. He tried not to show his understanding when Ilya called Shane his cockslut, or when he told him how good his mouth was in Russian, but Shane thought Ilya could sense it.

When Shane had a bit of a better grasp on the language, he made himself an anonymous, fake Twitter account, and made his bio, and first post in Russian. His first post said that he was looking for Russian friends to practice the language with, and he had quite a few replies.

Over the years, Shane's favourite online friend had become a woman who went by the username 'Raidersgoat69' who was a woman named Svetlana who was from Russia but visited Boston quite often.

Keeping his fake identity up, Shane would strictly only text her, but she would send him voice notes at bars. They weren't close friends, by any means, but over the 5 years they had been texting, they knew they both liked hockey, and Ilya Rozanov. Shane didn't mind expressing his admiration to Svetlana over text because one, she didn't know who he was, and two because Svetlana herself was a bisexual. Shane felt comfortable talking to her about his sexuality and finding out who he was as a person, and she never judged him.

Shane vowed that if he ever came out, he would see Svetlana in person, and he would thank her for being a good friend to him over the years, maybe even introduce her to Ilya and get her an autograph. He smiled at that thought.

Shane was laying on his bed in the hotel room, watching some shitty documentary with Hayden when he got a text from Ilya

Ilya: Can I call you?

Shane furrowed his brows and typed back a quick, 'yes'

"Hey, Hayd I'm just gonna take this real quick" he said, getting out of the bed and pulling his sneakers on. He gets into the stairwell and accepts the call from Ilya.

"Hey. How are you?" Shane asks, sitting down on one of the stairs, pressing his forehead against the cold metal railing.

"Okay." Ilya says. Then a beat. "Not good." Another beat. "Probably bad."

Shane hears cars moving in the background and debates asking about Ilya's family. He asks anyway. "How's uh- How's your family?" he says, tugging at the neck of his sweater.

"At their worst" Ilya responds flatly. Shane knows when Ilya's tone gets like that he's frustrated, or sad. Shane just really wishes he could hold him right now.

“My brother is uh. I don’t know, scared?” Shane hears Ilya sigh on the other end. “It makes him terrible, and it makes me terrible”

Shane’s heart hurts for Ilya, and he tries to understand how his family could be so cruel. “Is it upsetting?” He asks, already knowing the answer.

“Yes.” Ilya says, that frustrated sigh hanging on the edge of the word. He huffs. “But maybe I am upset about the wrong thing”

Shane listens and offers an answer. “You mean not your father?”

Ilya sighs, and Shane can practically see him rubbing his temple. “I don’t know. Maybe I wish he could know me? Or maybe, just, ugh. English is too hard for me right now.”

Shane wanted to tell Ilya that he could understand him if he spoke in Russian, but Shane was scared Ilya would talk too fast, and Shane would have to ask him to repeat it and then Ilya would feel worse about his shitty family and dead dad, so Shane just settled for, “I wish I spoke Russian”

Ilya chuckles and says, “You could probably learn it in a week.”

Shane flushed. It in fact, had not taken him a week to learn, but had taken many years. Close to 5 and he was only confident writing it, not speaking. Shane suddenly got an idea.

“Ilya, what if you- what if you tell me how you feel in Russian? Just to get it off your chest, you know? Maybe it might help?” Shane lets the question linger in the air.

When Ilya starts pouring his heart out in Russian, Shane feels guilty for not telling Ilya he could understand everything he was saying. ‘What if Ilya didn’t want him to know these things? What if he was only saying it because he knew Shane couldn’t understand?’

Shane was snapped out of his guilty mind-rant by the end of Ilya's speech.

"I have no one now. Well, not no one. I have Svetla. She loves me, and I love her, but"

There is a pause, and Shane inhales, not knowing what Ilya will say next.

"But not like-fuck me- not like I love you"

Shane inhales softly, eyes going wide. He's extremely thankful this is a phone call and that Ilya couldn't see him right now. Because if he could, he'd know that Shane understood the whole thing.

Ilya loved him. He was in love with him. And it took everything in Shane not to say it back. Because he loved Ilya. He was in love with him, and he wanted to tell Ilya he loved him every single day until Shane physically couldn't.

Shane inhales sharply as Ilya tells him he's finished. A quiet "feel better?" escapes Shane's throat.

Eventually Shane and Ilya hang up, and Shane doesn't know what to do. How the hell was he supposed to live life knowing Ilya loved him, but Shane couldn't tell Ilya he knew because he wasn't supposed to be able to understand anything of what Ilya said to him?

So naturally, Shane does the only thing he knows to do and calls Svetlana. Shane vowed to never let her hear his voice because she might recognize his voice from interviews, but he thought that maybe in Russian he would sound different enough.

Svetlana picks up on the second ring.

"What happened? You've never called me before. Are you hurt?"

Shane exhales shakily.

“No, Svetlana, I just. I didn’t know who else to tell this to. Remember the guy I’ve been hooking up with? He kinda just told me he loves me, in Russian, which he thinks I don’t know.”

Svetlana inhales sharply on the other end. Shane notes that she sounds like she’s walking, the sounds of cars rushing past her.

“You’re fucked, love. Why didn’t you tell him you knew when you guys first started hooking up?”

Shane huffed and lightly hit his head against his knuckles.

“I learnt it for him, so I could understand what he was saying in bed. I never thought he’d be telling me he fucking loved me.”

She sighs on the other end and hums thoughtfully. *“Don’t bring it up. Pretend you don’t know. It might be best for both of you. But don’t wait to tell him you love him back, alright?”*

Shane nods, even though she can’t see him and gulps. *“I will. Thanks Svetlana, you’re the best. I’m sorry for calling, I know it’s late there.”*

She tuts and says, “Never apologize. I’m always here to help. You’re Russian is very good by the way. I think this is my first time hearing it. Near perfect accent” she says this in English and it makes Shane smile.

“Thanks. Have a good night alright? Goodbye” and he hangs up the phone, pocketing it and running his fingers through his hair.

“I’m so fucked.” He grumbles.

On the other end, Svetlana stares at her phone. She had only known her friend by his online handle. ‘Зайчик’ which translates to baby bunny in English. She stares at the name. She had heard the man's voice, recognized it when he spoke in English even more. Fuck this was gonna bother her so bad.

It wouldn't be until the summer, when Ilya arrives at Shane's cottage, that Shane tells Ilya about his Russian. He was careful at first, taking his bags for him and bringing them upstairs while Ilya explored.

Ilya would make comments about the house in a mixture of English and Russian, and when that happened Shane would reply in English. Ilya must not have noticed he was mixing English in Russian because Shane didn't look like he couldn't understand what Ilya was saying at all.

Shane showed Ilya the backyard and they both stood side by side on the dock, looking out at the water lapping gently against the shore.

“Ilya, I need to tell you something, but you can't freak out, okay?” Shane says, glancing at Ilya.

Ilya turns to Shane, brows furrowed. “Are you dying? You cannot die on me Shane. I will die too-”

Shane shakes his head. “No, no, nothing like that” he decides to just go for it.

“I've been learning Russian” He says in Russian.

Ilya blinks. He registered that Shane just spoke in Russian, but he hadn't processed it. Shane Hollander, his Shane, was speaking Russian?

"What?" Ilya says in English, staring at Shane with his brows knit together. Was he going deaf? Or dreaming?

"Ilya. I meant to tell you this, like years ago. But I started learning Russian after the first time we hooked up and I feel so guilty for not telling you-"

Ilya puts his hand up, stopping Shane.

Shane's heart stops. Oh god. He was going to be mad at Shane, he was going to leave him. Shane pushed him away again. Fuck he was- Ilya was smiling?

Ilya takes a step towards Shane and gently reaches up to cradle his face. *"You did this for me?"* he says, switching to Russian.

Shane flushes and looks down. *"Yeah, I know it's not perfect but I wanted to know what you were saying when you spoke-"*

Ilya kisses him deeply, pressing his cheeks together, smiling into the kiss. Shane grins against his lips, and pulls away.

Ilya smiles down at him with the softest gaze and Shane melts. *"I couldn't keep it from you anymore. I didn't want to"*

Ilya's face shifts for a moment. *"So when I called you, from Moscow, after my father died, you-you understood"*

Shane cringes. This was what he dreaded. He looked down at the grass, only for Ilya to pull his chin back up with his knuckle. "Shane." he says quietly.

“Yes. I understood.”

“Everything?”

“Yes, everything.”

Shane inhales, expecting Ilya to explode, or break up with him. What he doesn't expect is another deep kiss. His eyes flutter shut.

“You're not mad Ilya?” Shane whispers, pulling back just enough to stare at Ilya apologetically.

“No. The opposite. Because now you know I love you. More than I love anything in this world”

Shane swears his heart explodes. He lays his head on Ilya's chest, free hand coming to rest against his heart.

“I love you too. I wanted to say it so badly to you Ilya, I was just scared you didn't want me to know. But I love you so much, so much it scares me sometimes. I never want you to think I don't love you. I want you to know I will love you until I die. As long as I'm alive you will never be alone. There will never be someone who doesn't love you”

Instead of responding, Ilya just kisses Shane. Unafraid, confident, like he believes Shane's words as much as Shane does.

“Thank you” Ilya whispers in English, kissing Shane on the nose before pulling him into a tight hug, gripping Shane's shirt and pressing kisses to his face, and down his neck.

They stand like that for a while, holding onto each other until someone calls Ilya and he has to go inside to take his call. Shane just stands there, stupid grin on his face while he holds his fingers to his lips like a teenager after their first kiss.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

This is basically the little shorter part where Svetlana meets Shane and realizes that she knows her hehe

pls enjoy!

It would be close to 3 years before Svetlana figures out where she knows his voice from.

She had received a thick cream envelope from Ilya, with him and Shane Hollander's wedding invitation nestled inside. She grins at the invitation, happy for Ilya, even if he was marrying Shane Hollander.

Ilya had invited her to be his maid of honour, but she politely declined, saying she'd rather watch from the front row as Ilya's family member, not his friend, and Ilya had loved that idea so much more.

So that's how Svetlana Vetrova found herself standing in expensive white heels on the grass wearing an even more expensive dress, lilac and long, fitting her slender form beautifully.

She was eyeing up a pretty girl who she found out was Rose Landry, an actor or something, hoping to get a turn with her, when Ilya found her.

He turned her around and handed her a glass of vodka. Good vodka. The kind they had back home in Moscow. She looks at his wedding band, and then at Shane Hollander attached to his arm.

"Shane, I want you to meet my best friend in the whole world, Svetlana Vetrova" Ilya introduces Svetlana to Shane. He grins and reaches his arms out for a hug.

“Incredible to meet you, Svetlana, I’ve heard Ilya talk about you so much, thank you for being there for him.”

Her eyes widen and she almost drops her glass. Obviously she had heard Shane Hollander speak, but it had just clicked to her now.

“Зайчик?”

Shane’s mouth drops open. “No” He says

Ilya looks between his husband and best friend, anxiety rising in his chest.

“What? What is it? Guys-”

“Shane Hollander you are Зайчик? No fucking way, I can’t believe this” She says putting the drink on a table to stare at Shane.

“I cannot believe you’re that Svetlana. I thought there were so many people named Svetlana it was just a coincidence- Holy fuck-”

Ilya huffs and grunts. “Now would be the best time to fill me in here. I hate being left out of things.” He crosses his arms with a pout. Shane wraps his fingers around Ilya’s bicep comfortingly

Shane switches to Russian to explain.

“When I first started learning Russian, I made a Twitter account to find friends to practice my Russian with, and Svetlana replied. We’ve been online friends for like 7 years, but we never really called and we never saw each other. This is insane. Your Svetlana is my Svetlana”

Svetlana nods and then jumps in.

“Yeah, and we talked so much, I helped him with his Russian for you, even though I didn’t know it was you at the time. Wow, fuck this is crazy.”

Ilya giggles, a wide smile stretching across his face. *“I didn’t know you did that for me, Shane”*

Shane huffs and rolls his eyes, but he can't help the grin that betrays his annoyance. *“Well, what can I say? I’ve loved you since the first time we met. I knew I wanted to be with you forever”*

Svetlana snorts and giggles, switching to English. “You guys were made for each other. My two best friends, in love, practically thanks to me”

Ilya pulls Shane into a deep kiss and Svetlana fake gags “Get a room dorks. I’m going to talk to a very pretty girl and try to convince her to join me for the night”

She winks at Ilya, and Shane watches her glance in the direction of Rose. Her smirks.

“You are exactly her type Svetla, go get her”

Svetlana grins like a cat. “I’m so happy I get to be in your lives. I love you both. Congratulations”

And she turns and walks right up to Rose Landry. Ilya and Shane watch, held on to each other like they’d never be letting go, and share a gentle kiss.

“To forever, my love.” Ilya whispers in Russian, just quiet enough for only Shane to hear.

“To forever.”

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