

Rossiya

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Rossiya

by [shampoobottlrealness](#)

Summary

Shane realizes Ilya is struggling being around people who don't speak his native language. Shane decides to learn, but after some difficulty, he decides to simply learn the words he knows they use the most.

Notes

1. I don't speak Russian, sorry!
2. the Russian words aren't written with the Cyrillic alphabet so it's easier for English speaking readers

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

Ilya was homesick, it was obvious.

He'd started watching what Shane could only assume were the equivalent of Russian soap operas. He was *assuming* because he couldn't understand a thing that was happening, despite Ilya explaining several times. He'd still sit with him and watch, making up his own dialogue, or just resting his head on Ilya's shoulder until he fell asleep.

He'd been speaking less, in general, too. He tended to get quiet when he couldn't figure out how to translate what he was thinking or feeling into English. Over the last few weeks, when Shane and him would talk, he would open his mouth as if to speak, only to close it and nod, or pause, only to say he agreed with whatever Shane had said, even if it didn't make sense.

The most obvious change to Shane was how he talked to him during sex. Ilya liked to talk him through it, generally. He'd either tell him what to do, or ask him what he wanted, all the while muttering how "hot," "sexy," or "fucking beautiful," Shane is. Recently, though, the further in they got, the less he spoke English. It wasn't really a problem, by the time he'd gotten to the point of moaning slews of Russian words into Shane's ear, Ilya was already fucking him, there wasn't much else he could ask for. Still, Shane noticed.

He guessed Ilya wasn't really missing the people. Aside from Svetlana, the rest of his friends and family were either dead, or didn't give a shit about him. Svetlana travelled to Canada a handful of times in the last few years, and they still messaged each other regularly. He didn't really seem to *miss* Russia, but as things started to build up, Shane realized he probably missed being able to communicate in his own language, to not have to think so hard before speaking.

Shane decided then, laying with Ilya's arms around him in his bed, that he was going to learn Russian.

“Rose, I don’t think I can do this!” Shane groaned over the phone.

“Of course you can! You don’t have to be perfect, he’ll appreciate that you’re trying!” Rose told him over the phone.

Shane was laying on the couch with his laptop, he’d just gotten off a zoom call with the Russian teacher he’d gotten in contact with. They’d started slow, the bare bone basics, he learned how to say hello, how to introduce himself, and they’d gone over the Cyrillic alphabet so Shane could get more comfortable with the characters. It wasn’t until he’d started trying to go back over the characters alone after the call that he realized he was in way over his head.

“Did you know they don't have articles? I’m starting to feel bad for bullying him about his English,” Shane closed his laptop and fell back onto the couch.

Rose laughed on the other end, “Alright, well if it’s that challenging for you, how about you start with what you want to tell him.”

Shane furrowed his brow, “What do you mean?”

“Well you aren’t going to become a fluent speaker over night, so just learn phrases or words you know you use a lot. He’ll know you’ve been trying at least,” Rose explained, and Shane agreed, that made a lot of sense.

They had a routine in place. It was mostly unspoken. Ilya had his place in Boston, and Shane’s in Montreal. Instead of staying at a hotel during games, they’d stay with each other. It took a while until their respective team managers stopped bothering to even book their hotel rooms. During an extended stay, with two games in the same city, two weeks apart, Ilya

had basically moved into Shane's apartment. He'd only intended to stay a night or two, but that quickly turned into a week, and then two. Ilya kept asking if he wanted to be left alone.

"Do you want to leave?" He'd ask.

"Uh, no, not really," Ilya would tell him.

"Good, so stay then."

Ilya had stated the entire two weeks until he had to go back to Boston.

This weekend, Shane was playing in Boston. Even being in the same city, practice, meetings, and games took up most of their time, and every second counts.

He told Ilya he was flying in the night before the Saturday game, but it was Wednesday, and he was walking through the hallway of Ilya's building, stopping at a familiar door, and knocking.

"Yebat!" a voice from inside called, as he heard Ilya get closer to the door, his voice followed, *"Who show up at someone place at 11 at night-"* the door swung open and Ilya's voice stopped suddenly. The look of frustration clearly present on his face melted away in an instant, *"Malysh, baby, why you here so early?"* Despite the question, Ilya didn't give Shane much of a chance to respond. He quickly reached for Shane's hips, pulling him in for a kiss as they stood in the doorway. It was slow, and warm, and Ilya's hands on him were gentle, his thumb moving under Shane's sweatshirt to rub smoothly over his skin.

Ilya pulled back after a moment, somewhat hesitantly, he looked at Shane, gently reaching one of his hands up to run through Shane's hair, a mild look of concern gracing his face
"Why you here? Everything okay?"

"Perfect," Shane told him, *"Just didn't want to wait for Friday."*

Ilya's eyes softened, he pulled Shane further into the apartment, closing the door behind him, and taking Shane's backpack off his arm, placing it on the ground, "Wish Boston and Montreal not so far." He wrapped his arms around Shane from behind, kissing along the side of his neck.

Shane huffed, "Better than Montreal and Moscow-" He realized what he said immediately after and paused, "Sorry I didn't mean that like-"

"S'okay," Ilya told him, squeezing him in a tight hug, "I know you mean. Too far, and not same timezone."

Shane relaxed against Ilya's chest, focusing on the press of Ilya's lips against his neck.

"Missed you," Ilya whispered in his ear.

Shane hummed, a smile falling on his lips, "It's only been two weeks."

"Too long," Ilya told him, biting gently at the base of Shane's neck, making him let out a noise that could only be described as a whine. One of his arms was wrapped around Shane's chest, keeping him close, the other moved down, toward his hip, pulling them flush together.

Shane felt the way Ilya's hardening cock fell against his ass. He pushed back into the feeling "Fuck, Ilya."

Ilya licked from the base of his neck to his ear, "Hmm, I think I fuck you, no?"

Shane's head fell back against Ilya's shoulder as he tried to slow his rapidly increasing heart rate.

Ilya just held him there, letting him relax as the hand on his hip gently smoothed the skin on his side.

Shane let out a slow, deep breath, “Want you in my mouth,” he muttered.

“Yebat malysh,” Ilya breathed, “Here or bed?”

Shane didn’t answer, just pulled away, his hand sliding down to catch Ilya's as he made his way toward his room. The bed was unmade, and Shane was hit with a spark of realization, “Shit, did I wake you up!” Shane spun to look at Ilya.

“Only just, early practice tomorrow,” Ilya told him, his hand untangling with Shane’s and slowly trailing up his arm.

“Oh we don’t have to- I don’t wanna keep you up if you have to get up early,” guilt was laced in his voice, and Ilya just couldn’t have that.

“No, no, I rather skip doing practice then you,” Shane’s face reddened, but he still turned to Ilya, distressed.

“You can’t skip practice, it’s important,” Shane argued.

Ilya brought Shane’s hand up and kissed it, “you more important.”

Shane groaned, “I’m trying to be responsible, you’re making it difficult.”

Ilya smirked, “I adult, make own decisions, I choose you get you want, and you say you want me in your mouth so...”

Shane glared, “We have a game on Saturday, if you skip practice for me they might think I’m trying to sabotage your team.”

Ilya’s smirk only grew, “If you think me fucking you know will be problem for me beating you later you wrong.”

Shane rolled his eyes, “Ilya.”

“Shane?” Ilya mocked and kissed Shane’s cheek, “I appreciate worry, but I fine, promise.” Shane felt more settled but his face still looked a bit distressed, “We don’t have to if you not want-”

Shane kissed him then, slow but firm, hands moving to run through Ilya’s hair.

“I want.” Shane assured him, “Just please don’t skip practice.”

Ilya groaned, “Fine, I go.”

Shane smiled, “Good.”

“Khoroshiy,” Ilya said, and Shane realized he understood. “*Good*”

He remembered suddenly what he’d spent the last few weeks working on. He got distracted when he first saw Ilya again. He hadn’t been confident enough to try anything out the last time they were together. He’d been focusing with his teacher on pronunciation, explaining his desire to learn certain phrases first. When his teacher offered to help translate them, Shane blushed, and declined the offer. He still wasn’t particularly confident, he was far from perfect, but he just wanted to try it.

Shane’s hands ran up to Ilya’s shoulders, guiding him until his knees hit the edge of the bed and he sat, pulling Shane down to straddle him. Ilya bit and kissed along Shane’s neck, hands

pushing Shane's hoodie and shirt up. Shane got the message and pulled back to lift both over his head, “krasivyy”

Ilya breathed, Shane blushed in understanding.

Shane leaned forward to meet Ilya's mouth with his own. This kiss was different than before. It was deep, wet, and messy, Ilya biting Shane's bottom lip as he pulled away to catch his breath. Shane rocked his hips over Ilya's feeling both their cocks growing harder as he ground down into his lap.

“Der'mo,” Ilya breathed, his hands moved down to massage Shane's ass, relishing in the way Shane moaned against his mouth.

Shane continued to grind down into Ilya's lap as Ilya's hands dipped below his sweatpants, Shane gasped as Ilya's hands grazed his hole, his hips stuttering in their movements.

He breathed slowly, mind going blank as he tried to focus, “khochu tvoy chlen,” the words came out smoother than he'd thought, but he still worried Ilya would make fun of him. Instead, he felt Ilya's entire body still, and Shane began to fear he'd done something wrong.

He looked down, meeting Ilya's eyes through panted breaths.

Ilya's eyes were wide, “What?”

“khochu tvoy chlen,” he said again, “pozhaluysta.”

Ilya blinked, confusion plastered on his face, but a hint of a smile peaking out at the corner of his mouth “When you?...”

“Been busy,” Shane smiled, “You always speak to me in English, figured I'd give Russian a try.”

“And?” Ilya asked, a smile spreading across his face now.

Shane groaned, “It’s so fucking difficult. I don’t get how you do it.”

Ilya kissed him deep, but slow, pulling back after a moment, “Now know how I feel. English is stupid language.”

Shane laughed, “They’re both stupid, how about that?”

“Hmm, no, only English, Russian make sense,” Ilya countered, kissing Shane again, “Your accent pretty good for first time.”

Shane smiled, “Thanks, I was trying to work on it with my teacher, figured I could learn the words on my own,”

Ilya looked confused again, “Teacher?”

“Oh, yeah, I hired someone to help teach me, y’know, can’t always trust google translate,” Shane moved to kiss him again but Ilya gripped his hips, picking him up and spinning them around so Shane was laying on his back, he went with a yelp of surprise, “What-”

Ilya hovered over him “You not need teacher, have me,” he kissed down Shane's chest, “I teach you what important.”

Shane’s breath quickened as Ilya’s hands pulled down his sweatpants, revealing his hard cock straining in his underwear, “R-really?” Shane panted.

“Course, but first,” Ilya placed kisses down Shane’s stomach, eyes pointed up through his eyelashes to meet Shane’s as he began to mouth at Shane’s cock through his briefs, Shane’s head fell back in a gasp as Ilya covered his cock in open mouth kisses, one hand moving back

to grope at Shane's ass. Ilya pulled away, scattering kissing along Shane's inner thighs for a minute before pausing to look back up at him, "What else you learn?"

Shane tried to grind his hips down into the mattress, his hand moving to grip himself through his underwear, but Ilya grabbed his wrist with one hand, the other keeping him from moving his hips.

"Cmon Malysh, know you want my cock, but what else you learn?" Ilya was looking down at him, a smirk evident against his lips, "Can't do if you don't tell me."

Shane racked his brain as he tried to catch his breath, he'd had quite a lot before they started, but with every second that past the words were slipping, "rakhni menya," he remembered suddenly.

"Chert, ty khochesh' moy chlen, detka?" Ilya's accent was thick, the words like syrup as they left his mouth.

Shane wasn't positive, but he thought he knew what the question was, he nodded vigorously, "Yes, yes, pozhaluysta!"

Ilya's yanked down Shane's underwear, his hard cock springing free. Instead of touching him, Ilya reached for his nightstand, coming back with a bottle of lube. He warmed some up on his fingers before gently running one against Shane's rim. Shane gasped, head pressing back into the mattress as he tried to push back down onto Ilya's finger.

"Chert, so tight, Ty takoy napryazhenny," Ilya breathed, pressing his finger deeper into Shane, "You ready to learn?"

Shane's eyebrows furrowed slightly confusion and pleasure colliding, "W-what?"

"You say you learn, I teach you," Ilya pulled out and massaged Shane's rim with two fingers, "You want another, you ask."

Shane panted, “Okay, okay, how?”

Ilya smirked, “Yeshche odin, pozhaluysta. You know last word.”

Shane tried to focus, his cock straining and begging him to cum, ““Yeshche odin, ” the words ear barely forming in his voice, but he’d tried his best, but Ilya only looked at him, expectantly, “ pozhaluysta,” he added, and Ilya pressed both fingers into Shane.

Shane moaned deep in his chest, hands clenching in the comforter as he tried not to touch himself. Ilya worked his hands in practiced movements, knowing that part of Shane's body better than he knew it himself. He scissored his fingers, stretching Shane further until he began to squirm again.

“Drugoy?” Ilya asked.

Shane knew it was a question, “Sorry, I don’t-”

“You want another?” Ilya explained.

Shane nodded. Ilya raised an expectant eyebrow, “Yeshche odin, pozhaluysta.” Shane said it in one go this time, and was rewarded with a third finger.

Shane was ready to come like this, untouched, with Ilya’s fingers stretching him open as he muttered words in Shane’s ear, pressing gentle kisses against his neck, each one making a shiver run down his spine. He recognized some, but others left him with questions, “*beautiful,*” “*sexy,*” ““*tak khorosho dlya menya.*” He wanted to ask, wanted to know what Ilya was saying to him, wanted to know what he was thinking about when he was thrusting his fingers in and out of Shane, but he couldn’t form the words. All he could do was moan and shift his hip back into Ilya’s thrusts. Even though he was ready to, he didn’t want it to be over.

“Ilya,” Shane whined, hand gripping Ilya’s shoulder.

“Da, detka? Yes, baby?” Ilya translated it himself just in case Shane’s brain couldn’t process it, “What you want? What you need?” He slowed his movements, allowing Shane a second to breathe, to process.

Shane panted, eyes falling close as he tried to focus, he knew if he said it in English Ilya wouldn’t do it, it was part of the game now, so he focused and tried to find his voice, “Ilya... trakhni menyа.”

If Ilya hadn’t stopped touching him, the noise Ilya made would have tipped him over the edge. It was like he growled in Shane’s ear, like something else took over him, and suddenly he was pulling his sweatpants and underwear down, his massive cock hanging heavy and hard between his legs. The sight made Shane’s mouth water, and he remembered suddenly that this had started with him wanting to suck Ilya off. He’d have to do that later, *or maybe in the morning*, he thought.

Ilya coated himself in lube, he pulled Shane towards him, knees bent on either side of Ilya as he sat between Shane’s spread legs.

Ilya looked pointedly at Shane, cupping his face with his hand to make sure he met his eyes. “You not need tell me to stop in Russian, you say stop I stop okay?”

Shane knew he probably wouldn’t need him too, it had only ever happened once, Shane had thought he’d prepped enough, but he hadn’t. Ilya had felt awful despite Shane assuring him it was fine, he’d made it a point to remind Shane every time. Shane nodded, “Yeah, yeah, okay.”

Ilya kissed him, Shane’s lips parting without hesitation as he pressed his tongue into Shane’s mouth at the same time as he pushed his cock into Shane’s hole. He was slow, and as one hand held his body over Shane’s the other moved soothingly down Shane’s side, helping him to relax as he adjusted. He’d gotten more used to it now since they’d gotten their shit together and started sleeping together more regularly, but still, he felt the cosmic mix of pain and pleasure as Ilya stretched him.

Ilya slowed further, meeting Shane's eyes, "Okay?"

Shane nodded.

"Need hear you say it."

Shane huffed, "Yes, yes I'm okay, I promise," he said in open gasps, legs wrapping around Ilya as he tried to push him further.

Ilya didn't make him wait any longer, he pushed into him further until he was completely buried inside of Shane. He waited, watching the tense expression on Shane's face. After a moment, the muscles in his face relaxed. Ilya began sucking kissed down Shane's neck as he began to slowly thrust in and out. He heard Shane's moans as they echoed through his room, and felt their vibrations against his lips.

"Fuck, Ilya.... fuck, harder!" Shane gasped

"Sil'neye?" Ilya asked against his ear.

Shane wasn't asking questions anymore, "Sil'neye." It came out whinier than he may have liked, but when him and Ilya were like this he could hardly care. Repeating the word seemed to do it, Ilya quickened his thrusts only slightly, instead focusing on pushing harder into him.

A quick series of gasps left Shane's throat as Ilya's cock met his prostate, hammering into it repeatedly. He felt like Ilya was rearranging his insides with each thrust, and he made a note to google that one later. He clenched around Ilya, a warning that he was close.

"tak khorosho dlya menya, so good for me," Ilya said the words as his teeth grazed Shane's neck. The heat in his stomach pooled, and his legs tightened around Ilya, "konchi dlya menya, moya lyubov'," Ilya kissed his lips, deep and wet, pulling back as he thrust in, somehow even harder, "Come for me."

That did it.

Shane came in between them, coating both their stomachs as they continued to slide together. Ilya wasn't far behind, only a minute or so after Shane, Ilya was coming inside of him. It was still new for them, not using condoms, they'd been safe about it, with testing and everything. It was one of the best ideas he had, and it had been Shane's idea, although frankly Ilya seemed to be enjoying it more than him. Shane loved the feeling of being filled, and loved that even after they were done he could still feel it inside him, warm and wet.

Ilya was mesmerized by it. The first time he'd come inside him and pulled out to watch it drip out of his hole, Shane thought he was gonna have to jerk himself off again. He got hard so fast.

Today was no exception. Ilya came deep inside of him, continuing to thrust his hips for a minute until he was satisfied.

Shane was panting on his back, legs fallen to the side, no longer able to keep them locked around Ilya. Ilya collapsed half on top of him, face buried in Shane's neck as they both worked to catch their breaths.

After a few minutes, Ilya pressed gentle kisses along Shane's throat until he met his mouth, a soft, gentle, press of lips, much like when he'd first come into Ilya's apartment. Ilya pulled back looking at him softly but fainting accusatory.

"You say you learn Russian, but do you learn anything but fucking words?" he asked.

Shane's face reddened, "Yes! I did originally I promise! It was just so hard and I figured I had to start somewhere, I kinda just... fell down a rabbit hole."

Ilya smiled, "Mmm, is okay, cute anyway, and seksual'nyy." he kissed him again.

“I know that one!” Shane smiled dopily.

Ilya turned them so Shane was laying on his side, Ilya wrapped his arms around him, pressing a kiss to the back of his neck, as he gently ran a hand along Shane’s side.

“I noticed you were getting frustrated with English,” Shane added.

“Hmm, stupid language, we talk about this,” Ilya recalled.

“I know,” Shane told him, squeezing his hand against his chest, “I still feel bad. I mean everyone around us speaks English or French, I know both so I don’t really think about it but... well I’m sure it must be annoying sometimes so I just figured if I learn some then maybe when you’re struggling to find the words I can, y’know, understand.”

Ilya didn’t say anything, his movement on Shane’s side stopping, and Shane was suddenly worried he’d offended him, but then Ilya rolled him so they were facing each other, a look of shock and adoration of Ilya’s face as the words left his mouth.

“Ya tebya lyublyu,” Ilya whispered, “It mean-”

Shane cut him off with his lips, hand on the back of Ilya’s neck until neither could breath. Shane pulled back, the brightest smile Ilya had ever seen on his face, “I love you too.”

End Notes

yebat - shit/ fuck

Malysh - baby

krasivyy - beautiful

Der'mo - shit

khochu tvoy chlen - i want your cock/ dick

pozhaluysta - please

Trakhni menya - fuck me

Chert, ty khoresh' moy chlen, detka? - shit, you want me cock baby?

Yeshche odin, pozhaluysta - another one please

Drugoy - another

Tak khorosho dlya menya - so good for me

YA tebya lyublyu - i love you

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