

папочка

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Summary

“How is your father?” He asked, looking at Ilya’s incredibly neutral expression.

“Ah you speak Russian now?”

“I know the word for Father.”

Exploring why Shane knows the Russian word for Father.

Notes

This is my evil brain worm. I know that the word Ilya uses for father is basically just Papa, but this is making my brain rot so I needed to write it. If people enjoy it maybe I'll write a second chapter but I needed this out in the world so it stops infecting my brain :.)

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

“How is your father?” He asked, looking at Ilya’s incredibly neutral expression. The other man stopped messing with his hair, stopped looking at the tv, before he spoke. He doesn’t know anything else that occurred in their conversation, but from the way Rozanov went from happy, to stone faced, he knew it couldn’t be good.

“Ah you speak Russian now?” He smiled a bit, but it didn’t quite meet his eyes.

“I know the word for Father.” He answered. Something about Rozanov’s face... changed. His eyes darkened and a small smile grew on his face, but within seconds it was gone. And he was just grinning like an idiot, like he always did.

He pulled him into his arms and played with his hair, and just like that it was over.

At least for the time being.

His distance, his inability to cope with his own sexuality pushed him apart. Years later, he still carries the burden of that in his heart. The way he hurt Ilya by trying to deny what they were, what he meant to him, was something he’d never recover from. Even though he tried every single day.

Things got better and better at the cottage, and things got as close to perfect as they could be when they were *officially* together and spending every free moment they had wrapped up in each other’s arms.

A few months after Ilya’s trade to Ottawa, they laid together in his house in Montreal. Ilya’s head on his lap as he maintained his streak on Duolingo. He’d thrown himself full force into learning Russian for him, even though over the years, his understanding of English had only gotten better.

“отец” The word made Ilya raise his head, as he quickly tapped ‘father’ on his screen.

“Father.” Ilya spoke. “You know this one already.” He said it like it was a statement, not a question.

He nodded. “Yeah, it was in some of the other lessons...” He tried to ignore the way Ilya stared at him, eyes filled with lust instead of the gentle look they usually took during their post-game cuddles.

“No.” he shook his head. “Back in Boston. At my house. When you ran.” He stared at Ilya like he had grown a third head. “You said you knew the Russian word for father. Why.”

“I...can’t believe you remember that.” He laughed, because it honestly was funny. Ilya remembered a lot of little things that his own overactive brain didn’t have room for.

He knew exactly why he knew the word. In his strive to better understand himself, the things he liked...he did a lot of things. Bought his fair share of sex toys (including his

original dildo that Ilya still teased him about), read a lot of blog posts about other peoples gay awakening...and researched kink.

It wasn't even an intentional part of his learning process. One of the posts he'd read had talked about how part of how he learned he didn't enjoy sex with women, or being on top, was because a woman he was sleeping with called him 'daddy', and it made his skin crawl. But the thought of that word never went away for him, and when he had sex with a man for the first time it became...a thing.

The thought of that word didn't go away for him either. It lingered in his mind in a way he couldn't understand and like with most of the things he didn't understand, he did research. Which led him to...a lot of information that he didn't like.

A lot of people were interested in what he was because they had bad relationships with their fathers, or because they didn't have a father's figure to begin with. He *loved* his dad, they'd always been close, and his dad's easygoing nature contrasted with his mom's overbearing one perfectly. He had a perfect childhood, so it never made sense to him.

So...he never brought it up to Ilya. The urge to call him...something during sex wasn't odd. They messed around with dynamics a lot, with Ilya taking complete and total control over him until he dropped so deep into subspace that he could only bring himself to call Ilya 'sir'. Very early on in their relationship, he'd looked up how he would call Ilya that in Russian, and while it wasn't exactly the same as the word Ilya had used on the phone that day, he still remembered all the forms that he had found.

"Why did you know it?" Ilya asked again, snapping him out of his trance. He weighed the pro's and con's of bringing it up.

"It's uh- universal. Kind of. It's similar in French." It wasn't exactly a lie, 'Papa' was a common title. It was just...an odd thing to specifically lock onto when someone is speaking a foreign language so quickly.

Ilya made a small noise to express his disbelief. "Yes. Maybe. But that's not why you know." He sat up, looking Shane in the eye for a second before he looked down at his lips.

He frowned, and Ilya frowned back. "I just know, okay? Can't I just know?"

"Everything you know, you know for a reason." He took hold of Shane's chin. "Tell. Me."

He inhaled sharply, the dark look that he barely remembered from all those years ago returning to his eyes. "I researched it. For...For reasons."

"What reasons." Ilya's hand trailed from his chin to his neck. He didn't apply any pressure, but the gentle grip alone served as a warning of what would happen if he didn't behave.

“I...do you know how some people...” Ilya raised his eyebrow as a silent encouragement. “You know how you like when I call you sir?” He tilted his head back and forth before nodding.

“I know *you* like to call me that.” He leaned a bit closer. “I know I like to hear you tell me that I’m better than you.”

He shivered. “Some people like to call their partners other things. Like...master.”

“Yes. I know this.”

“I...I have things I’ve thought about calling you. And I thought...that maybe if I ever did it I should surprise you with Russian.”

“Surprise me.” He nodded, unable to read Ilya’s expression. “Would have been weird. To break out into Russian during sex.”

He laughed, and Ilya removed his hand from his neck, and put it between his thighs. “Yeah...Yeah it would’ve been. It was just a dumb fantasy.”

“Do you still want this fantasy?” His hand trailed from his thighs to his crotch. “Do you still want Father to take care of you?”

He swallowed hard. “Daddy.” Ilya’s hand gripped his crotch. “Please take care of me...”

His grip went away, and he reached down into his boxers to start stroking his cock. “Like this?”

He inhaled through his nose. “More?”

“More what? More of this?” He squeezed his dick near the head, and he let out a strangled moan. “Use your words.”

“I-I want your mouth.”

Ilya backed to the edge of the bed and pulled him to a laying position by his ankles, then pulled his boxers off him. Time moved too fast, because before he could even thank Ilya he was mouthing at his balls.

“Ilya-“ He choked out as the other man stopped entirely. “Why are you stopping?” His mind raced, thinking he had done something wrong. Regretting the fact that he even brought up the kink in the first place.

“I thought you were calling me something else tonight?”

He inhaled. “R-right. Sorry, Daddy.”

Ilya smirked, and started carefully licking at his dick, clearly taking pleasure in his reactions. He gripped his hair, pulling it to try and get him to do *more*. It worked, but Ilya still

took his sweet time sucking him off. Carefully tracing his tongue along his shaft as he took him as deeply as he could.

He couldn't stop moaning, and just as his muscles began to tighten, Ilya pulled away and he *whined*.

"Why...!" He cried out. "Please...Please?" He sat up, taking Ilya's face. All the other man did was smirk.

"Maybe later." He pat his thigh, sending shockwaves through his entire body. "Be a good boy and be patient. Yes?"

He flopped onto his back and groaned. He was going to regret telling Ilya about this, wasn't he?

End Notes

If you enjoyed please let me know so I can write a second chapter where they actually finish the deed :,) If you didn't enjoy don't tell me I'd probably cry.

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