

Gazonokosilka (Lawnmower)

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by [Birds On a Concrete Wall \(AmetistLex\)](#)

Summary

"So what does this word mean? You've called me something new again." asked Shane.
For the first time ever, Ilya just giggled instead of answering.
"Ilya." Shane turned his head and bit Ilya's ear, failing to frown himself.
"Is..." he held a long theatrical pause. "A hole in the ice."

*

5 times Ilya called Shane random Russian word pet names + 1 time when Shane called him one.

Notes

I was trying to finish this fic before New Year but I suddenly left home, spent the day wandering throughout Seoul streets, getting maple drink and unfortunately-not-tuna melt in Canadian coffee house, discussing HR with a friend, after midnight countdown passed I was yelling 'All The Things She Said' in karaoke with a said friend and then 5am met me in a PC club watching DnD game.

And then wrote the rest of the scenes on a subway going back home.

Perfect New Year, dare I say.

Starting 2026 with new fandom! I wish happy endings to us all, be it in books, series or our lives~

(Ilya and Shane are everything)

I planned to write something angsty with them, but decided to start with a comforting warm-up.

I'm a sucker for Ilya's canonical nicknaming habit in the book, so I had fun with it. It could've been crack but something touching happened...

P.S. Don't judge my transcriptions, it felt weird writing down how Russian words sound and not how they look (so I made it easier for any Russian reader, you can look up correct pronunciation on your own if you want to)

Hearing unfamiliar words out of Ilya's mouth had become a regular thing in their relationship. Shane secretly had been keeping a collection of these weird Russian nicknames Ilya had been calling him. He wrote them down in his phone notes, along with the small descriptions. Initially, he looked them up online in web dictionaries, to make sure he understood these words properly, but soon it turned out that Ilya was offering more fun and nuanced explanations.

"*Gazo-noko-silka...*" Shane repeated after Ilya, when they shared a breakfast at his place and he was given a gentle kiss, followed by the murmurs in Russian. "What is that?"

"A lawn mower," eagerly explained Ilya. There was no way he encountered these English words often in real life, Ilya must've prepared them because he knew Shane would be intrigued.

Shane frowned. "So I'm a lawn mower in your eyes?"

"Did you see yourself right now? How fast you inhaled that pathetic looking salad?" Ilya gave him a crooked wide smile, very obviously poking in his carefully-crafted diet and very obviously enjoying it a little too much.

"That's a healthy choice for breakfast, Ilya," Shane responded in a strict voice. "You should try it once, instead of ordering these awful burgers."

"Burgers are basically salads!" Ilya protested. "Only staked up like Lego toy."

"But you don't want to know in what conditions these burgers have been cooked, and if any ingredients are already past their expiration date. At least I make my salad myself. What if you get diarrhea right before the game?"

Ilya shamelessly giggled right into his face. He reached out to embrace Shane in his arms. "I'd rather put my bet on Scott Hunter, he's old enough to have diarrhea in the middle of ice rink."

Shane lightly shoved him in his shoulder, though he couldn't hold back his smile. "Shut up."

Ilya wasn't deterred. He planted a loud kiss on Shane's lips. "I will allow you to make me burgers from now on," he said.

"Oh, you will *allow* me to prepare *you* delicious burgers right from scratch? The audacity."

"Yes." Ilya nodded solemnly. "And I will do math for you so you don't have to feed the rest of remaining burgers to the entire Montreal."

"How kind of you." Shane reached back to Ilya, — to shut him up so he can have the last word, — and both of them melted into a single entity once again, completely forgetting their never-ending talk about food preferences.

They were lazying around in bed on a good sunny Sunday morning in Shane's apartment. No one needed to go anywhere today, so they used the precious time available to them to the maximum. As soon as they woke up, they'd gone for the first round, and only cleaned themselves and cooled down for a couple of minutes before Ilya whispered into his ear:

"I love seeing you like that, *shan'ga*."

"*Shan'ga*?" Shane hummed questioningly, rubbing his cheek on Ilya's flaming hot chest.

"*Shaneshka*, even," corrected himself Ilya. His correction did not explain shit. It sounded like two different words, and also kind of like an extremely butchered version of his name.

Shane waited for a few seconds, but Ilya seemed to be too sated and content to provide any meaningful information. "Seeing me like — how? Naked?"

"No-no-no," Ilya moaned through the almost closed lips, disagreeing. "Well, yes. But also. Like that."

He gestured vaguely at Shane. Shane wasn't doing anything in particular, he was half-lying on top of him and lazily fidgeting with Ilya's fingers in his hand.

"Soft, warm and tasty. So, *shan'ga*. *Shaneshka*. It's like a bun. With potatoes on top."

"Huh... potatoes?"

"M-m-m... Not whole potato. How do you say it? *Puree*?"

"Did you just tell me a French word for mashed potatoes?" Shane raised his head to stare at Ilya wide-eyed. "You couldn't pick up this word in *pommes purée* culinary recipe, that's for sure."

Ilya blinked back at him. "I guess. But it's same word in Russian."

Shane was intrigued and excited at the same time. Learning other languages was one of his rare hobbies outside of hockey, and he loved finding coincidences like these. But he still had questions about his new Russian nickname.

"So *shun'ga*. Or... Shane-no, *Shu-nesh...ka*? What's the difference?"

"*Shaneshka* sounds cuter." Ilya murmured, almost too hesitantly, like it was still too unusual for him to call Shane cute. Shane found Ilya himself adorable instead. "You can change words and names in Russian to make them sound cuter, like you are right now."

"So... Ilya-shka?" tried Shane.

Ilya laughed. "Not exactly."

"Russian is confusing."

"No shit. But I'm sure that you, Mr.Perfect French, can definitely tackle big bad Russian."

Shane was never the one to back away from the challenge. He grinned and swiftly rolled himself to sit on top of Ilya, bracketing him between his thighs. He leaned down and left a trail of kisses under Ilya's jaw.

"Oh, brace yourself for what's coming," Shane promised him.

Shane and Ilya were lying on a couch in each other's embrace in front of a TV. They didn't have enough time before tomorrow's match, and a few years ago, they'd taken any opportunity and precious couple of hours to satisfy their hunger, but on that evening, both of them unconsciously slipped into a cozy hangout as soon as Shane arrived in Ilya's hotel room. Suddenly, a chill breeze caressed Shane's shoulders, and he regretted wearing a tank top in December.

"Why do you open the window in winter?" he glanced at Ilya. Shane hoped it sounded more like curiosity and not accusation, but he wasn't too skilled in this department.

Ilya, of course, looked at him with worry. "Mm? Are you cold, my *prorub*?" Should I close it?" His hands immediately started running up and down Shane's arms, but he stopped them with a gentle hand.

"No, it's fine. I just felt some cold air and noticed the window in this room is slightly opened. So I was just thinking whether you preferred living in low temperatures... or wait, is it a stereotype?"

Ilya snorted. "Yes. Russians do not like being cold. Home should be warm. Like you." He squirmed on the couch a little and eventually settled back, hugging Shane. "But opening window helps me sleep better — fresh air, you know."

Of course. Shane hummed, vocalizing his understanding. There was one detail left without explanation, though.

"So what does that word mean? You've called me something new again." asked Shane.

For the first time ever, Ilya just giggled instead of answering.

"Ilya." Shane turned his head and bit Ilya's ear, failing to frown himself.

"Is..." he held a long theatrical pause. "A hole in the ice."

Shane huffed and slapped Ilya's chest. "Really?" There could be several implications to this choice of a word, and he decided not to find out what exactly was in Ilya's annoying mind.

"Is a good thing!" Ilya kept giggling, unperturbed by Shane's offended gaze. "I love diving in this hole. So refreshing, y'know."

"Refreshing?"

"The ice water," Ilya clarified. "Imagine, winter is so fucking cold, and then you drive far out of city through the fuckass forest, to the lake. It's frozen. Like 10cm of ice. Then you make a hole in it, then throw away your clothes and dive in the water."

"Wait, completely naked?!" Shane couldn't believe what he'd just heard.

"If that's what you like."

"Still, that sounds dangerous," Shane said with a doubt in his voice. "Why would anyone do this?"

"Religion? Fun?" Ilya shrugged. "I was quite young so I just followed my parents. And it is dangerous, yes. You can actually die."

"Of course, it must be too cold! In the forest, too?"

"No, you know cold is healthy. You die if you jump too deep, and water... steals you. Under ice. Some people end up on the news."

Shane raised his eyebrows. "God, Rozanov... how have you even survived up until now?"

"By being so handsome and charming, Death just doesn't want to break everyone's heart."

Ilya deadpanned and shook his head slowly, as if he was offended that Shane did not find submerging himself in freezing water appealing. "And you would like it. Good for your body. Especially if you go sit in *banya* first, get real hot and then go dive in ice water. Feels like being born again. You like contrast showers, don't you?"

Shane had taken ice baths in his career indeed, especially when he was younger and often over-exerted his muscles during intense workout, trying to achieve what was expected of him and out-compete his rival, but the way Ilya described his experience was still different from what Shane knew about doing cold plunging in a controlled environment.

"You just said anyone could die from plunging in this... *prorub*!" Shane protested.

"The risk is always worth it, don't you know it," Ilya whispered into his ear, and then stared in Shane's eyes with his crooked smile. Shane couldn't help but eventually smile back. Suddenly, he felt Ilya's hand grab a handful of his ass. "I could die from *not* diving into *this* hole, tho."

Ilya rightfully earned another slap. Shane let go of his worries, his man would probably find a way out of any near-death experiences.

Soon, their talk about intricate Russian traditions was completely forgotten, giving way for a more simpler and dirtier conversation. However, Shane still made a mental note to search

how much it'd cost and what would be needed to build a sauna — or *banya*, was it the same thing? He should conduct a research, — next to his cottage, since he already had a lake nearby with temperatures dropping near zero in winter.

Ilya would love it, if he could find enough time to visit their cottage in winter amidst all games. Or, well, the *prorub'* with *banya* could always come in handy when they both retire. In any case, Shane had all the time in the world to properly plan their future.

The weather was too good to not take a walk near their cottage. Ilya was walking first, curiously looking around. Shane already knew he grew up in a city and didn't have as much time to connect with the nature as he did, so it was fun watching him.

Suddenly, Ilya let out a happy exclamation. Shane turned around a bush and stepped closer, but didn't find anything interesting. It was a small field patch, filled with flowers.

"What?" He asked Ilya, confused. Ilya squatted down, grabbed one flower and showed it to Shane.

"*Romashka*, look at this!"

"Ro-It is a chamomile flower, am I right?"

Shane could guess the translation quite easily this time. But he still couldn't quite grasp the excitement about chamomile. He wouldn't have thought Ilya was a flower guy. Flowers really didn't go well with his image, but maybe Shane should have re-examined his default imagination settings when it came to picturing Ilya in his mind. Typically, all the unnecessary accessories — and clothes too — were quickly discarded in his thoughts, he had to admit that.

Meanwhile, Ilya had attacked a field they stumbled upon, gathering hands full of chamomile flowers.

"Should I call Greenpeace?" asked Shane, only slightly concerned. "You're destroying our forest."

"Ssh, I have idea," Ilya waved him off. As soon as he was satisfied with his catch, he jumped up on his feet, turned around and went back to the cottage. Shane had to follow along.

"Cutting the peaceful walk so soon? Why?"

"You'll see, Mr. Environmental Activist."

Ilya was true to his words. Not even taking a rest and not getting inside the cottage, he sat on a grass and pulled out his phone. Shane crouched next to Ilya. With the steadily raising

curiosity, Shane watched him search video on Youtube and fidget with the flowers. Soon, curses were heard too.

Ilya was somehow weaving the flowers together, one after another. Slowly but surely, the flowers took shape of a long line, and Shane guessed:

"You're making a flower crown?"

"A crown! Yes," Ilya affirmatively exclaimed, very delighted.

"Why?" only asked Shane.

"For a princess like you."

Shane huffed. "No, seriously, why?"

Ilya kept putting flowers together and messing it up, his eyebrows meeting each other and tongue poking out in the corner of his mouth. "I saw Russian girls wear these. I grew up in city though so never really had experience of making one."

"Am I a girl to you?" Shane raised an eyebrow, still looking between Ilya and poor flowers in his hands, trying to find connection between his desires and his determined plant-weaving.

Ilya raised his head to stare at Shane — staring long enough to be annoying on purpose. "You're just as pretty," he claimed eventually and went back to his DIY project at hands.

After some time, Ilya presented a chamomile flower crown to Shane. It was quite crooked but still surprisingly holding itself together.

"Come here," he commanded and carefully put it on Shane's head. Shane felt around and made sure it wasn't going to fall off. The closest mirror-like surface was the lake nearby, so he went down the hill and crouched to check himself out in the water.

This was the first time Shane saw himself looking so gentle. He understood what Ilya was talking about — but he suspected that Ilya himself and his newfound child-like caring gestures were to blame for the change in his demeanor.

He also took a couple of photos on his phone, but prayed that they would never be discovered by his hockey teammates.

When Shane returned, he found Ilya crouching with the one remained chamomile. He was doing something strange — taking one petal out after another with the carefulness of a surgeon. He was also murmuring something. Shane walked closer.

"Lyubit. Nelyubit. Lyubit. Nelyubit. Lyubit. Nelyubit."

"Are you casting a spell on me? Will I die or will I forever fall in love with you now?" Shane had decided to ask, chuckling to himself.

Ilya stared at the last remaining petal with a strangely dopey smile on his face.

"Ha! I think no spell needed." He put the flower behind his ear and stood up, offering Shane a hand. "Let's get inside, my lover, before stupid Canadian wolf bird did not find and eat us."

"Ew, I told you this is a gross word." Shane said automatically, following Ilya to the cottage.

"*English* is gross. The word lover is made out of *love*. I think calling you boyfriend is more stupid. What are you, Canadian boy in white fleece with hot Montreal maple drink from Tim Hortons who sends me '*Je t'aime*' messages every morning?"

Shane laughed. Yeah, that was not their relationship style. "I could be."

"Ew, no, Shane, that's gross."

Feeling like messing with his lover-boyfriend, Shane stopped in front of the door, took the chamomile flower crown from his head and gently put it on Ilya's. When he was satisfied with how it sat, Shane smiled at Ilya, staring at him with the overflowing emotion exploding in his chest.

"*Je t'aime*, Ilya".

Contrary to the displeasure he just voiced out at the idea, Ilya bit his lip and blushed.

Ilya's head was lying on Shane's legs, he was looking at the bonfire in front of them with half-closed eyelids. Shane preferred looking at him instead of the fire. He had been slowly carding fingers through Ilya's golden curls, and it was more relaxing than any of his usual meditation sessions. The picture and the atmosphere felt perfect. He always loved the summer weeks: they got each other all to themselves and didn't need to rush anywhere.

"There should be guitar," suddenly spoke Ilya. He was pressing his cheek into Shane's thigh, as if he was melting, so his English was less distinctive. "I'll bring guitar next time."

Shane frowned, being confused at to what led Ilya to this suggestion. "If you want music, I can play something on my phone. I've got classical pieces saved as mp3, no internet needed."

It was hard to see, but Shane guessed that Ilya silently rolled his eyes. "Of course you have, *vecher*," he said. Shane smiled at his grumbling, it was nice to be known. "I don't want music, but it's still strange to just stare at the fire without doing anything," Ilya added, the warm glow dancing on his face.

"I would offer marshmallows or sausages for you to grill, but you know I don't have them stacked in my fridge. I know you love spitting on healthy eating, but I still didn't think you'd want to spit on it to this extent," Shane said apologetically, caressing Ilya's jaw with the back of his hand.

Ilya cackled softly, catching Shane's hand with his own and rubbing it with his thumb.

"Yesli-b znali vy, kak mne dorogi podmoscownye vecher-a..." With fascination, Shane heard Ilya quietly sing. His low voice rumbled, sending vibrations to Shane's skin.

Shane closed his eyes, attentively taking in foreign sounds and trying to interpret them, or just feel them. The song went on for a few minutes, and it perfectly blended in to the night forest scenery surrounding them and the wood cracking in the bonfire. Shane almost fell into a trance. Ilya had a nice voice, but it sounded... melancholic, almost sad.

"What was the song about?" Shane asked carefully, afraid to break a moment. Ilya had been staring at the bonfire, and only started rapidly blinking after the last note dissipated in the air.

"Moscow nights," he answered after a few seconds, his voice getting rougher. Shane put his hand to pet Ilya's hair again, trying to comfort him.

"Do you miss Moscow? Miss your home?"

"...Yes." The pain in Ilya's voice was barely hidden. Even to Shane, it did not sound like an easy answer.

"Do you want to go back?" he asked — hesitantly, because he remembered what kind of a reaction the last conversation like this caused.

"...No." This time, the answer was quick and short. Ilya sighed and turned on his back, looking at Shane and raising his hand to touch his face, as if he wanted to make sure Shane was there with him. "The home I miss does not exist anymore," he said as if it was the most casual thing to say.

Shane didn't know how Ilya still never cried when talking about his family or homeland. If he was forced to leave Canada, or his parents didn't like him, he wouldn't fare well, that was for sure. He felt grateful to his mom and dad once again.

Shane bent down, taking Ilya's face in his hands, and put all the emotions he felt into a kiss.

"We'll make a new home for you," he promised to Ilya, and breathed with relief when he saw a ghost of a smile on his lips.

The collection of random Russian words in Shane's phone had turned out to be solid, 69 words so far. The words were all over the place, ranging from affectionate and softly-sounding to teasing, with punching pronunciation.

Shane had worked on researching and learning them in his free time, and he finally had enough confidence to perform a revenge.

He pushed Ilya on a bed. His boyfriend readily fell and shifted to press his back to the pillows. Shane climbed after him, ogling Ilya's naked chest that was rapidly raising and

falling. He crawled closer, sitting on top of Ilya, drinking in his buzzing excitement and grinning, anticipating another hot night.

Shane leaned in and seductively — as he hoped — whispered:

"You're *mayo solnyshko*. Want to know why? You're hot and unbearable and make me blush." With these words, he dived in to catch Ilya's lips in a deep kiss, pressing into his body and not closing his eyes this time. He wanted to catch his reaction.

Ilya responded in a second, wide-eyed, his mouth open. His hands grabbed Shane's sides, steadying him — or himself.

Satisfied, Shane straightened up, licking his bottom lip. Usually, Ilya would throw back words immediately, loving to run his mouth and having the last word. This time, he didn't say anything and just stared through him. Shane only noticed Ilya's eyes... welling up.

He panicked. "What's wrong? Is it a bad word? But I found it in a dictionary, it should mean 'my sun'." His hands desperately but lightly touched Ilya's face, afraid to make the situation worse. "Am I stupid?.. But I did the research, and I'm sure I found the correct grammar version of 'my', for some reason the sun in your language is not male or female but some middle gender — and I also found the correct way Russians like to add suffix *-shk* to words to show more affection and cuteness, like you told me, but I was worried-"

Ilya shut him up with another kiss. It was wet and slightly salty.

After a long minute, Ilya leaned back to lie on pillows, his fingers unconsciously finding the Orthodox cross on his neck. He finally looked at Shane with the coherent gaze and whispered — in an unusual broken voice: "My mom used to call me like that. When I was a little kid. In the exact same words. *Господи, за какие такие заслуги в прошлой жизни ты мне вообще такой достался...*"

He exhaled something indistinctive in Russian — Shane didn't know most of these words yet — and nuzzled into his shoulder, hugging Shane so tight it almost brought back memories, less happy ones.

"*Ya lyublyu tebya, ya tak lyublyu tebya,*" he whispered into his skin, a puff of warm damp air making Shane shudder from goosebumps. These words of love he already knew.

"*Ya lyublyu tebya,* too," he echoed back, leaving a light kiss to Ilya's temple. "I really love you, *mayo solnyshko*."

After he was finally released from the hug, they followed with the most emotionally complex sex Shane ever had.

End Notes

- * Correct diminutive cute version of Ilya name would be Ilyushka or Ilyusha.
- * Ilya was performing a typical girl ritual of asking the chamomile flower "Does (he) love me? Does he not?", and the last standing petal told him that yes, Shane loves him^^
My silly Russian guy. I'm ride or die for him.
- * You can listen to the song he sang by clicking on the phrase in the text. It's beautiful and melancholic on its own, now imagine a capella with Ilya's voice when he and Shane sit next to s bonfire.

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