

if only you could understand me (now I do)

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by [sescudos](#)

Summary

Ilya starts speaking Russian around Shane, using it to hide desire, affection, and fear he doesn't yet know how to name.

Shane doesn't understand the words, but he feels them anyway.

Notes

For chapter 1: do not translate the Russian parts (if possible). it will make chapter 2 and 3 much more intense :)

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

Chapter 1

Shane is deeply nervous, but watching Rozanov go down on his knees made everything tingle in a very pleasant way. He yanks down his pants and underwear and Shane knows he should feel a little embarrassed, but he just can't. Especially when Rozanov murmurs something, that Shane is sure is filthy, in Russian.

“Ты, блядь, идеален, канадский мальчик.”

His tone was deep, his voice low, and it did things to Shane. It was difficult to name it, this was only his first time with a man and there were a lot of complications considering which man was now sucking his dick like his life depended on it. Shane only wished Rozanov could speak more in Russian before he left.

Илья's dick was deep inside him.

They finally made it here.

Shane was scared before, obviously, but now everything was just so good and...

“Холландер, малыш, твоя дырка создана для меня.” Rozanov said.

Shane moaned and he almost came only by listening to Rozanov's voice in Russian.

Well, he was also being fucked ruthlessly by him, so that probably helped too.

“I can't understand shit in Russian,” Shane says, his voice muffled by the bed, only to make sure his brain was still working and not permanently damaged with this amazing sex they were having.

“No shit. Вот поэтому я и говорю это, малыш,” Rozanov answers.

And that's it. That's the end of the line. Shane came violently, his whole body shaking.

When they are done, Shane is sitting at the stairs, Rozanov jacket clutched between his arms. He didn't tell him, but he was trying to extract every single drop of his scent, to get in his own clothes, to memorize it.

Shane watched as he closed the door, and he heard Rozanov saying something in Russian. “Какой же ты горячий мужчина.”

Maybe, in the future, he could learn Russian or ask him to teach him.

The thought alone terrifies Shane so he gets up and goes back to the apartment.

To do all of that in that penthouse in Vegas felt amazing.

But he missed the kissing. The hugging. The warm feeling of Ilya, no, Rozanov's body against his.

He typed that but he wasn't brave enough to actually press send.

Maybe he could start talking in French with him. He could have an escape like Ilya.

Rozanov.

Shit.

To hear his own name in Ilya's voice again was not scary anymore. It was sexy, and kind, and loving, and... well, it was everything he had ever wanted.

He knew that the whole world wanted him, his body, his blond curls, but now, kissing every inch of his skin, from head to toe, Shane knows he is his. And no one else's. Even if they needed to hide, like now, in a hotel room in Tampa.

"Oh, Ilya," Shane moans because the realization is powerful. They were each other's, even if that meant a whole lot of trouble.

"Пожалуйста, останься со мной навсегда," Ilya's voice was trembling like he was about to cry. "Никогда не отпускай меня, и я никогда не отпущу тебя."

Shane had absolutely no idea what he was saying, even if he had started some Russian Duolingo lessons. Ilya said a lot of words and Shane doubted that any of them meant "I ate an apple".

In the back of his mind, laying down on top of Ilya, Shane wished he could be with him forever. A shiver goes through his body. They were really each other's.

"I wish I could stay," Shane says. He wanted to add forever, but just couldn't.

"Я тоже," Ilya said.

Shane wished this was his way of confirming his own feelings.

He wouldn't know right now, but he is sure that he would have time with him to ask him all about it in the future.

Chapter 2

“You’re fucking perfect, Canadian boy,” he says, that very first day after the commercial was shot, while Ilya was on his knees about to blow Shane.

Shane moans and Ilya swears he has never heard such a beautiful noise. Pretty. Just like him.

After they are finished, he goes back to his hotel room and fingers himself. It’s been a long time since he wanted to push anything inside himself, but Hollander made him feel things he hadn’t felt for a while. He came almost untouched in the shower and then Ilya collapsed onto the bed, smiling.

The NHL wouldn’t be just hockey, after all.

“Hollander, baby, your hole was made for me,” Ilya said in Russian with each thrust of his hips, his dick going deeper and deeper.

Ilya was going to lose his fucking mind. He thought that sucking and being sucked by Hollander was already paradise, but this... the way Hollander just took him, eager in his first time! Ilya was almost proud.

“I can’t understand shit in Russian,” Hollander grunted, his face smushed in the mattress. His whole upper body was smushed, but his lower body was up, being held by Ilya’s hands where his hips met his thighs.

“No shit,” Ilya answers in English, feeling his orgasm building faster than he wanted. “That’s why I say it, baby,” he continued, now in Russian.

When they finished their business and Ilya left as soon as possible after those fucking kisses on his mouth and forehead, he kept replaying the way Hollander was holding his jacket. If it was anyone else, in any other situation, Ilya probably would have given it to him.

But he needed to pretend that their thing didn’t mean shit to him.

“What a hot man you are,” Ilya murmured in Russian to himself while closing the back door of Shane’s building.

After Shane (because now in Ilya’s mind he just couldn’t call Hollander by his last name, which means that he needs to be extra careful when he’s around) left, in Vegas, Ilya cried. He thought about his mom and the rest of his family. He thought about how much he wanted to lie in Shane’s lap, feeling his fingers in his hair until he fell asleep. He wanted to sleep by his side and wake up to see, first thing in the morning, those beautiful fucking freckles.

“Shane. What should I do?” Ilya asked himself in Russian, once he stopped crying.

He grabbed his phone and typed different texts to him.

Would you come back?

Could I have asked you to stay?

Are you falling in love like I am?

I think we should fuck every day.

I think we should talk every day.

He ultimately deleted them all without sending a single one.

“Shane,” Ilya moaned his name like a prayer in his hotel room in Tampa. Because now he can. Because now he knows he won’t run away again. Because now he knows that Shane feels like he feels.

Shane was kissing Ilya’s entire body. He started at his neck, and was going down, currently at his belly.

“Oh, Ilya,” Shane moaned back and Ilya could have literally cried in that moment. The way his own name sounded in Shane’s voice was enough to make Ilya fall even more in love.

“Please, stay with me forever,” Ilya said in Russian. “Don’t ever let me go, and I will never let you go”.

Shane kissed his body, including his whole legs, his feet, his toes. Ilya felt like being adored.

“Come here,” he said in English.

Shane lay down on top of him, his head resting on Ilya’s chest.

“I wish I could stay.” Shane’s voice was nothing more than a whisper.

“Me too,” Ilya replied in Russian.

Chapter 3

After they said I love you for the first time, Shane noticed that it wasn't the first time he had heard Ilya say that in Russian. He smiled widely.

"You told me. That day. When you were in Russia," Shane said, still holding Ilya, who was lying on top of him

"Oops," Ilya replied. Shane couldn't see his smile but he could definitely hear it in his tone.

"Ilya! That's unfair."

"I told you so many things in Russian, Shane. You have no idea." Ilya was now looking at him, his chin on Shane's chest. It hurt a bit, but Shane was in such a state of deep happiness and love that it didn't really matter.

"Oh. Do you remember any? Like, after that commercial?"

Ilya felt a bit embarrassed. They had just said I love you for the first time. "Don't know. Feeling... what the word? Make me blush?"

Shane laughed. "Embarrassed? Baby," Shane then held Ilya's face between his hands. "We have known each other for a decade now. There's no single part of our bodies that we haven't explored. You're in my house, while we make plans for the future. I'm already thinking about having a nice dinner with my parents in the next few months. No need to feel that way. Please tell me."

When Shane finished talking, they both had tears in their eyes.

"Okay, okay! I would probably tell you, no need to make me love you even more," Ilya replied, shuffling his body up to kiss Shane. "I remember calling you Canadian boy that day."

Shane rolled his eyes. "That's it? You tell me you said a million things to me in Russian and..."

"And I said you were perfect too." Ilya interrupted Shane, smiling, knowing already how much this would disarm him.

Shane did in fact get disarmed. He looked like he was struck by lightning. "What else?" Shane managed to whisper.

Ilya laid his head back on Shane's chest. "Day that I fucked you for first time, I say your hole is made for me."

"Okay. That's hot." Ilya could listen to Shane's heart beating, which sped up a bit after this. "You said something while you were leaving, right?"

"You heard?" Ilya was genuinely surprised by it.

“Yes. It kept me wondering for a while if you hated everything and was telling me to fuck off. I know now that it wasn’t the case, but...” Shane’s embrace got tighter around Ilya.

“What a hot man you are. That’s what I said.”

“Come here,” Shane said immediately, grabbing Ilya and putting him on the mattress. Ilya usually was the one moving them around so every time this happened, he remembered that Shane could probably carry him just as easily and this made him feel horny and loved. They lay facing each other. “I’ll die if we keep this conversation and not look into your eyes.”

Ilya smiles. “I was definitely falling in love at that time. If I wasn’t in love already.”

“Me too. I was terrified,” Shane laughed.

“After Vegas. I talked to myself in Russian. I cried when you left. Family situation was terrible. I just wanted you to stay and tell me what to do,” Ilya closed his eyes because he felt very exposed.

Shane rested his hand on his face and kissed the tip of his nose. “That day I experienced the hottest, sexiest moment in my life. But I also missed kissing you. I wish I could have stayed, that day and all the other ones. I remember telling you this in Tampa.”

“Yes. And I said me too in Russian.”

Shane took a deep breath. “I need to learn Russian. I mean, you can’t keep getting away with telling me stuff because I don’t understand you.”

“I agree now. Before, it was good to... hide. But we don’t need anymore. I’ll tell you in English, in Russian, in French and any other language that you want, I love you so much.”

Silent tears were falling down their eyes again. “We’re crying a lot this past hour,” Shane said with a soft smile.

“Well,” Ilya got closer, throwing his leg on top of Shane, kissing the tear on Shane’s cheek, “maybe we could get other parts wet.”

They both smiled and met in a fierce kiss.

End Notes

like Shane, Russian is a mystery to me so I had Google Translator and a dream to make this work.

(English is also not my first language so it was a wild ride).

sorry if I ofended your language in this :P thanks for reading.

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