**greed in waves of words**

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| Fandom: | Heated Rivalry (TV) |
| Relationship: | Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov |
| Characters: | Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander |
| Additional Tags: | Fluff, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, POV Ilya Rozanov, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, like seriously ilya is whipped in this one, Fluff Without Plot, Sexual Fantasy, i guess? ilya is recalling their past shenanigans, Languages and Linguistics, ilya thinks of russian words that fit shane better :), are we using this hrao3 i think we should, Fluff and Smut, basically ilya cant fall asleep and waxed poetic about shane. and then shane wakes up. and ilya keeps at it, theyre so silly and in love ur honor i love them, Anal Sex, Oral Sex |
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# greed in waves of words

by werevolche

## Summary

*Devour* was a good word for what Ilya wanted to do to Shane. *Eat. Devour*. Rolled off the tongue. But he hated that he could not think of an English word to convey the resonant, drilling consonants ringing in his brain when he kissed Shane with depth and hunger bordering on cannibalistic. The consonants in the Russian word that meant an act between *consume* and *gobble up*, with hard *zh* and rolling *r* sounds, were a crunch so delicious he could chew on it forever. Sometimes Shane felt like that. Like the crunchiest, most delicious hard candy in the mouth.

God, the stupid *fucking* English.

or

Ilya thinks in English. With Russian subtitles.

## Notes

oh this is bad news for me, a bilingual russian canadian with complicated feelings about literally everything in my life re: being a bilingual russian canadian.

this is my first hollanov fic. more coming (it's a threat)

title is a lyric of a niche indie song (на луну by рубеж веков) which is in turn inspired by a hugely popular punk rock song (звезда по имени солнце by кино). here are some lyrics from the former. i recommend it, it is very ilya (in tlg especially).

let us both fly to the moon
полетели на луну
there is no one there, for sure
там точно нет никого
the star* is forever there
там вечно светит звезда
from songs by the band "kino"
из песен группы “кино”
forever, we're on the run
мы будем всегда в бегах
and will tear our hearts to bits
и сердце порвем в клочки

See the end of the work for more notes

The falling snow had a strange softness to it. Against the wall of trees, black in the deep grey of the winter night, the flakes looked like the cereal that came in huge American boxes. When the snow got like this, huge and puffy, soft and undisturbed by the wind, his mother used to say they were chickens falling. He never asked her why.

Ilya lay on his back, legs sprawled under the blankets, watching the floor-to-ceiling windows. He still felt damp from the shower, his hair clinging to the back of his neck and his temples. The clammy feeling bothered him a bit, and he couldn't quite stop his mind racing. The messed-up schedule it was, most likely. Or maybe the noise of the city still buzzed under his skin, deep enough not to dissipate after just one day here, in the cottage.

He'd flown in from Boston, first thing after New Year's celebrations with Sveta and some of her friends. Burnt paper with a New Year's wish drenched in champagne still lingered in his bloodstream. Memories of past New Year's Eve parties, all held in Moscow, came up on their own: the faint handshakes and the slaps of greeting on the shoulders at galas, the sound of the skates on the rink of the Red Square, an odd conversation overheard at the rental booth… or maybe that was from this year in Boston, actually, because they did go to a skating rink in Boston. Something about red caviar, too expensive for the family dinner this year. Definitely Moscow, then. But it was so vivid it had to be recent, and surely there were plenty of Russians in Boston. Boston, then, made sense. He couldn't even remember if he heard it in Russian or English. Ilya shook his head in hopes to get the stupidity out. The bed shifted a bit, and he turned his head to the right.

Before him, on the next pillow, the scarce light reflecting off the snow barely lit up the most beautiful face known to man.

Ilya's breath hitched. Noise of memory shut off. It was quiet and present at once. He shifted under the blanket, closer, closer to the heat of the warm body.

Shane looked peaceful, in deep, restful sleep. They'd barely *talked*, after Ilya arrived. They'd decided Ilya would drive himself, because if Shane were to come they'd likely never get off the parking lot at the airport. Now, after hours of lovemaking, interrupted by some not very long or informative conversations and some not very well-prepared food, Ilya stumbled into missing Shane's voice. Would work well to get the crackling static of messy thoughts out of his head. The dozens of noises that Shane makes, his gasps, moans, and whispers came to mind instantly, and though pleasant they didn't really move Ilya now. He thought of Shane's excited speech. Shane should have stories about scrimmages they'd had at the latest practice, or a factoid he'd recently read in a book about, fuckin', physics of hockey, or what Yuna had told him the latest angle for PR would be best. That brought out a smile. He will ask. In the morning.

The moon must be up, as the blue glow was almost bright enough to make Shane's freckles stand out. Ilya carefully pinned down the pillow so he could better see the view. The freckles were almost invisible, but knowing they were there probably made Ilya see them, even now. He'd kissed every single one of them countless times by this point, and though maybe he was still learning their exact pattern, it was a welcome challenge to undertake. Shane's lashes, long as they were, looked almost fake. Almost too beautiful not to be, and *oh*, the faint

shadows of them on the cheeks made it worse to bear. Ilya stopped himself from reaching out to caress just under Shane's eyes, like was his habit.

They'd barely had time to *look*, after Ilya arrived. They'd surely said something like *hey* to each other, right before giving in to violently uncontrollable *need*. Touch was their language today, and, *oh,* did Ilya touch. Now, in the stillness of the night, Ilya thought he would burst with the need to memorize the whole of Shane, for safekeeping. He was allowed to look, always, and he indulged incessantly, until Shane huffed and tried to hide from him, until Ilya had to force him steady with a firm grip of his jaw. But this was different. This felt like a secret.

Shane's lips were parted just so. Like when he was surprised, or deep in thought, or mesmerized, or just on the brink of orgasm – or asleep, like he was now. His brows were relaxed. Because of that his face had a sweet, young look to it. Not that Shane didn't look it ordinarily, sometimes, only when they were alone. His hair, a bit grown out, and madly adored by Ilya, was ruffled. By sleep, or maybe still by their earlier tumble. The soft swell of the shoulder, peeking from under the shared blanket, quietly rose, fell, in a soothing rhythm of sleep.

Everything was just barely visible, and everything looked quiet. Ilya almost reached out, again, to graze a finger across Shane's cheek. He smirked at the trace of his teeth just starting to set in the dip of Shane's neck. He should ask about it in the morning, too, should see Shane's face falling with realization, change with faux annoyance, melt into endearing smile as he'd touch the spot. There it was, again – a feeling almost unbearable with the weight it put on Ilya's heart.

If he'd had to put a name to this…

*"had had" or just "had"?*

Ilya looked up to the ceiling.

If someone asked him…

*yeah, if he were asked, he'd have a hell of a lot to deal with, then.*

He shut his eyes for a moment, hard, and sighed sharply.

If a name were to be put…

*there must be a simpler way.*

Ilya opened his eyes and pursed lips. *Stupid* English. Fine. He turned back again, and simply watched.

*simpler*:

Naming what Ilya felt for Shane was difficult.

Not because the feeling was bad, or weird, or unpleasant somehow. Not because Ilya didn't know *what* it was, because he did; he'd put it to *words*; in both languages he knew; and he felt it. Not because it made him uncomfortable, or made him question anything. The opposite: he felt, ah, calm. *Grounded*, was a good word for it.

In Russian he wouldn't use it. *Grounded* in Russian was simple. Like he was pinned to the ground. *Yes*, the English also meant that literally, but in Russian it was vulgar, was dismissive, like closeness to earth meant absence of higher aspirations, like being grounded was a bad thing to be. In English, he'd come to experience, people used it to mean attachment. An anchor, or a guiding light, perhaps.

That's what people do, turn to the light, to the warmth. Ilya shifted on his side, hand under cheek. This was, yes, warmth. Physically Shane was always warm, and so was Ilya, and their close proximity felt warm for that reason. It was hot, *scorching* hot on frequent occasions. Ilya hid a smirk in the back of his palm, as if Shane was watching. Even if he was, Ilya shouldn't hide it, and he actually was learning not to. He was, in fact, *so* good at it. At not hiding. Shane was, too. Small things, of course, and only in private, because in public they still could only be seen as founders of a charity, and the brittle compromise was too precious yet to test.

No, this was getting ridiculous. Staring at Shane, impossibly beautiful and so close, was torture. Ilya thought, for a brief moment, to reach out and pull Shane close to his chest, to make them a whole, skin to skin. He thought of how it wouldn't be weird and Shane wouldn't mind. He could do it now, anytime he wanted.

But right now, he realised, Ilya wanted to let Shane sleep. He sighed and rubbed eyes in frustration. There's no way he's falling asleep for a while now. In the stretches of time he still lived without Shane by his side, he tried his best not to linger on thoughts of him for this exact reason, because lingering made life more difficult. It overwhelmed him – how much he *wanted*. He wanted to be in Shane's presence all the time. He wanted to look, touch, hear and listen, walk, watch, play, kiss, fuck – make *love* to Shane. He was constantly, constantly pulled by the tether of his own heart to Shane's, like a tug in his chest.

Ilya gave up, cast a longing look at Shane, and got out of bed, in a way a kid wanting to skip school at seven thirty in the morning would. He wanted to stay, but he had to leave. Wasn't that the irony. In any case; a cup of hot tea never failed to make him feel at ease. He didn't bother dressing, except for the briefs, which he did put on only because they miraculously happened to be close to the bed on the floor.

In the kitchen, he put the kettle on. The quiet of the house was almost palatable. Without Shane's breathing, the sound of his beating heart, Ilya was almost deafened by it. The kettle lit up with LED lights, and the electricity rung very quietly. All the times Ilya would want tea in Boston, New York, Las Vegas, anywhere in the states that he'd stay, alone or with his team, people would reach for a fucking microwave to make him a cup. Shane never did. Shane readily expressed disgust, in fact, and shared deep frustration with the same observation he made about his colleagues across the pond. *They just don't know how anything works*, Shane had said. *Stupid Americans, right*? Ilya had smiled into Shane's hair.

And Ilya has thought much about that sort of thing recently, about how, despite their differences, despite them not even speaking the same languages – Ilya's French was a distant memory from middle school, in Russia, and Shane's Russian was so far a largely useless indulgence – despite this, Shane had found ways to get at Ilya just right. In casual conversation, in their view of the world. In, uh, other things, too.

Recently it was, in the kitchen – Ilya cooked dinner, at the stove, back at Shane's place in Montreal. Music was playing, something in French, and Shane was singing along in near distance, until he wasn't – until he pressed against Ilya's back, chin firm on his shoulder, hands wrapped tight around his body. It was a learned, swift motion on Ilya's part to turn off the heat and thank God it was not a fancy sauce, sensitive to temperature. Because then, of course, Shane's hand went south, the other hitching up Ilya's shirt to grab at his chest, and then nothing could be done except for turning around and hoisting Shane up on the kitchen island, and clawing at his skin in the desperate need to get under, kissing him with the hunger that was never tamed, just dormant for a while. It was messy, with teeth on lips and teeth clanking, too, because smiles could not be contained.

And then Shane pushed off the counter first, and that startled Ilya. It startled him, too, when Shane said *couch, now* instead of a faint *please,* and when Shane said *how'd you like to fuck me?* on top of Ilya, with almost completely steady breath instead of a shaky, whiny, hot *fuck me, please,* and Ilya almost blacked out, honest to God. When he was finally, f i n a l l y fucking deep inside Shane's *perfect* heat at impossible pace and when Shane said *good, you're doing so… good for me, Ilya*, it almost ripped the soul out of Ilya, the force with which he came.

He kissed Shane, he could not stop; Shane was so, *so* fucking *wet* and *hot* and right there. Kissing felt like drinking, like thirst was death. Like nothing they'd say out loud would be as good as this.

*Devour* was a good word for what Ilya wanted to do to Shane.

*Eat*. *Devour*. Rolled off the tongue. But Ilya hated that he could not think of an English word to convey the resonant, drilling consonants ringing in his brain when he kissed Shane with depth and hunger bordering on cannibalistic. The consonants in the Russian word that meant an act between *consume* and *gobble up*, with hard *zh* and rolling *r* sounds, were a crunch so delicious he could chew on it forever. Sometimes Shane felt like that. Like the crunchiest, most delicious hard candy in the mouth. God, the stupid *fucking* English.

The kettle clicked off. In the cupboards above the stove, they kept the spices and the teas. The former Shane had stocked back when they first came here, in the summer, for cooking. The latter came only this time around. Over the months they'd had to learn things about each other, Shane had learned that Ilya likes his tea. He has sort of panicked, too, and got about five different kinds, one of them an unmarked *Ziploc* bag from Yuna, one of the kinds she kept in her stash of festival Japanese teas. When Ilya found out over FaceTime, he didn't know what to say at first. Shane beat him to it by trying to play it off, like, *come on, it won't spoil, I just won't have to worry about tea here ever again*. But Ilya had to remind him that, no, Russians like tea, a lot. It's like a whole thing. His mother always had at least five types on hand.

Ilya looked over into the dark, where the lake was, where the moon cast a long reflection on the water. He picked up the mug – boring, plain, the kind you'd find in a hotel – and walked up to the windows. He couldn't place the restlessness that he felt. His thoughts jumped all over the place, and his heart raced.

Maybe bothering Shane was an answer after all. He'd woken Shane up before, once or twice, in hotels if they had late mornings the next day. He'd done it, and Shane was just – *ecstatic*. Not in the moment, but after, because in the moment Shane was delirious, agreeable. In the moment, Shane woke up to kisses going down from his face to his chest and abdomen, and then immediately, unquestioningly, pulled at Ilya's shoulder and opened his mouth and rolled his tongue out. His eyes were hooded, from sleep or want and the intoxicating obedience he exuded, and Ilya let out a full, rumbling, deep whine when he thrust into the tight heat of Shane's throat. Shane was a goner. His eyes in a fog, his jaw slack and *so*welcoming. He was tired, sleepy. Shane was – and that's the word – *swimming* in it. In the warmth, the sleepiness, Ilya's heat and musk. In Russian it sounded that much more delicious. *Swimming*. It suited Shane, it fit the way he moved, confident and deliberate, but sort of in a daze at times. Ilya had to take him through it, hold him up, guide him, like a rising tide and a dragging, heavy wave. Watching Shane like that, in his element, was a pleasure almost beyond physical. It mesmerized Ilya. The mere possibility of it happening again, like this, in the night, was a sweet ache in Ilya's chest.

*Ache* was a good word, too. Specific, very good for many things. Helped Ilya with doctors, with some of his injuries in the past. Ilya sipped the tea and felt it burn down, down, nice and easy. The rush of the heat sent shivers down his spine and his arms.

In truth, some things English *was* good for. *Cross-eyed*, for example, was just brilliant. In Russian it was a word to mean affliction, something to point at and laugh. If done as a joke, the eye-crossing, it could be explained in a phrase, but then it was not a word, it was a whole thing to describe.

Was there *time* to even *think* a phrase when, after long, excruciating minutes of lovemaking Shane would go still, taut for a second, before shattering completely, in a gasping, *cross-eyed* mess? There simply was not. And Ilya would have to work for it, too. He'd have to start slow, and mind the intricate pace, listen to gasps and heartbeat not to rush – because rushing would make Shane go off too fast – bright and loud, yes, but unsatisfyingly so. Ilya watched, and held Shane just on the edge, just enough, just so. He had to work up Shane's every nerve, light up his skin, send burning, constant shiver through Shane's body – and his own, God, Ilya's own, too, because they'd be merged, he'd be too wrapped up and deep in Shane he wouldn't know where Shane ended and he began. And then, when Ilya's touch and Ilya's whispers and his breath on Shane's neck and Ilya's brutal thrusts and kind words would collide – then Shane would feel too much at once, claw at Ilya's back and shoulders, whisper frantically, and Ilya would slow down, and watch, as he'd keep grinding, deep, *deep* and slow and excruciatingly deliberate, and he'd watch as Shane would start squirming, and Ilya would have to hold him down by the wrists, and then, if Ilya got out a shaky *look at me* just in time, then

Shane would arch, so beautifully. And go *cross-eyed*.

Right after – and there was another good English word for it – Shane would be so *pliant*. Easy and so touchable, is the best way to put it. Ilya knew the word for it in Russian, of course, but it felt wrong, with a pointed *da* instead of the softer *lia* in English, unfit to describe a welcoming body in his arms and under his lips. The thought of touching Shane – *really*touching him, with skin squished and muscles rippling under the grip – always did it for Ilya. That he could dig fingers in Shane's flesh, feel the warm, real, live beauty of him, made his head spin. He could hold Shane in his hands. *Pliant* was a perfect sound for it.

The moonlight was glitter on the surface of the water. With the hot tea in his gut and the warm mug in his hands, the air around him grew chill. Ilya could put on a sweater, find his socks and boots. He could sneak out into the frigid air and take a walk around. Shane would be pissed, if he found out. It's apparently dangerous to roam here after sunset. Too few people around, too many wolves watching.

"Hey, you 'kay?"

Ilya turned. Shane stood by the steps to the kitchen, leaning on the doorframe. He wore no shirt, just his sweatpants, and they hung low on his hips, untied. His happy trail showed. Shane's hair was just a bit of a mess, still, and he squinted, as if the barely-there light from outside was blinding. His every move was so familiar to Ilya, like watching a recording he had seen over and over again. Like this wasn't real, could not be real. Like he'd fallen into the habit of imagining Shane, and was now hallucinating.

"Yes, okay. Sorry, did I wake you?"

A beat passed, which only made it feel more like a dream. And then Shane pushed off the doorframe, heavily stooped down the steps, sighing, rubbing his eyes. He closed the distance between them fast, and Ilya kept trying to catch his eye but couldn't. And then Shane all but walked into him, dropping arms around Ilya's shoulders and practically fusing with Ilya, bodies close as could be. Ilya's shoulders dropped, then – he had not noticed he was even tense like that.

"Yeah," he mumbled into Ilya's neck, and that tickled. Ilya held Shane's waist with his arm, the mug in the other, as if Shane was going anywhere now. "'s okay though. I heard the kettle."

"Sorry."

"No, no," Shane finally looked up. The moon reflected in his eyes, left licks of light on eyelashes. God *damn* it. "'s alright. I'd wake up… anyway," Shane said and put his head back down, buried in Ilya. "Without you."

Ilya hummed into Shane's hair.

"You're tense," Shane said into Ilya's neck again and dropped his arms slowly, gripping Ilya's sides a bit on the way, as if to unknot the muscles.

"No," Ilya breathed out a chuckle. "I'm relaxed. You're here."

Shane huffed. “Did you have a good time in Boston? How was New Year’s?” Shane stood upright, hands resting on Ilya’s waist. He was leaning on Ilya, his exhaustion almost physically present between them. “Anything like Moscow?”

Ilya felt a small smile on his lips at the question. He tugged Shane away from the window, to the kitchen counter, leaned on it and set the mug down. Shane willingly followed, fitting right between Ilya’s legs, standing close again, hands on Ilya’s chest.

Ilya watched Shane’s face in the dim light of the moon. He thought of skyscrapers and old buildings crawling into the water in Boston. In that sense, yes, Moscow had a similar feel at times. He thought of the people, a lot of homelessness he’d come to deal with in America and was seeing there too. He thought of crowded American bars and wide American streets. Of highways running over the rivers – if Boston were anything in that sense, it’d be St. Petersburg.

He thought of Sveta and her loud, beautiful friends. People he’d met in his youth, never really got close to enough to know but has seen enough to manage small talk. The strobe lights of a few clubs quickly blasted through his mind, the heavy air and the smell of sweat with cologne and alcohol by the morning. It was loud and buzzy, a really good time he’d gotten used to craving at times. It didn’t feel like New Year’s Eve at all.

“No,” Ilya shook his head once.

“I figured,” Shane said. “Can’t be the same, in America. ‘cause it’s like Christmas to you, right? Can’t imagine Christmas without my family. Sorry,” Shane’s eyes widened, he was immediately fully awake, hearing his own words. “Sorry, I–”

“Is okay,” he hadn’t even registered the meaning fully, before Shane freaked out. Ilya followed Shane’s face with sympathy, with calm and softness. He reached to brush a finger on Shane’s cheek – blessedly, finally he could. “Is alright. ‘s not the same, without family, true.”

“No, but I just– sorry. Stupid…”

“No,” Ilya shook his head and gently grabbed Shane’s chin, to force eye contact. Shane looked, obediently, and visibly relaxed. “You are right. Not the same at all. Loud,” Ilya slowly let his hand trace Shane’s jaw down, to his neck, let it rest on Shane’s shoulder. Shane looked back at him with furrowed brows, focused a bit too intently. “Was a good time, but… it was crowded, with a lot of strangers. Not really traditional.”

Shane nodded and bit his lip momentarily. His small expressions Ilya was still learning to read were fascinating. Shane appeared to most as calm and reserved, even shy – off ice, that is, because on it no one would ever make that of him. But in life, Ilya had come to know, people thought of him as this perfect golden boy, quiet in his absolute confidence. And he was – beautifully confident, of course. The minute changes in him, though, in intimate moments like these were for Ilya only. Shane was nervous. Unsure, perhaps, a little bit, and still careful. Ilya made a mental note to work on the former, because he *was* sure in what they had with Shane, and Shane needed to feel the same. The latter, though, Ilya quietly adored. Very few people have ever been careful with him.

Another thing about him was that Shane liked to ask Ilya questions. Shane was impossible not to love exactly for his endless curiosity. He'd never not asked, if he was interested, and it meant Shane was interested in Ilya, and that made Ilya's heart jump a little bit in excitement. He couldn't help a smile, even now.

Shane noticed, and his eyes sparkled as he tried to suppress a smile himself – impossible; when Shane smiled, his whole face lit up. "What?" he said on exhale, eyes glued to Ilya.

"Nothing," Ilya said and cupped his face. Shane leaned into the touch. "Nothing. How was yours? New Year's?"

"Nothing exciting," Shane said. "Just… read, did some drills on the rink. Rewatched some games with mom. I think we, uh, went to bed before midnight."

"Oh my god," Ilya said through a laugh. "You serious?"

"What?" Shane swayed forward, hypnotized – Ilya could tell, by his lips. "I just… was tired."

"But is New Year," Ilya leaned back a bit, hand stopping Shane from chasing after him. "You went to bed before it? Didn't even make a New Year wish?"

"No, I…" Shane stopped and looked into Ilya's eyes. Beautiful. "I made a wish."

In the brief pause, Ilya pressed his thumb into the corner of Shane's lips, his cheek. He looked at it, because if he saw Shane's eyes he'd probably do something stupid, like tear up. "Okay," he said, "good."

He didn't stop Shane from leaning in this time. Shane kissed him softly, gently, like they had a million years to do this. Like there was nowhere to rush. When Shane leaned away, just so, Ilya chased it, and kissed him again, firm this time. Like a reassurance. Shane came away smiling.

"I didn't, uh," Shane said, with blissful expression on his face, "I didn't fall asleep right away, though."

"No?" Ilya drew circles with thumbs on Shane's hips, his sweatpants hanging somehow even lower now.

"No. I lay awake, alone," Shane pointed every word with a nod, "in the dark. And I thought maybe, maybe I will wait, and I'll go for a drive, at three in the morning."

In a beat, Ilya laughed. "Would you really?" he asked, when Shane chuckled at his reaction.

"Probably not," Shane offered a shrug. "I can't just… go do that on my own, you have to make me. Not the same without you."

Ilya nodded. "No, not the same."

"But we could go now."

That got another soft smile out of Ilya. Soft, because that's the way Shane made him feel, a lot. Soft because, in truth, he was starting to feel exhaustion creeping in. Shane's warmth and his touch, his gentle kiss, his real, beautiful presence seemed to melt away all tension. Ilya's shoulders dropped, felt heavy, and his eyes he could barely keep open, only because Shane was right before him.

"No. You made me sleepy, Shane Hollander," Ilya sighed and lightly pushed Shane away to hop off the counter. He took Shane's hand instead, walking backwards, watching Shane, to tug him towards the bedroom.

"Oh, wow," Shane drawled, pulling Ilya back, "are you calling me boring again, *Rozánov*?"

"I am calling you my favorite, favorite person. Let's sleep."

They will wake up in the morning, and they will have coffee and breakfast together. They'll talk about other stuff that happened over the break, and over the days they have not seen each other before that. They'll stretch properly, and then put on some gear and do the drills on Shane's rink. They will have a schedule. They'll even go for a drive, Ilya decided.

In bed, with Shane on his chest and his quiet breathing synced with his own, Ilya thought that this, here, could very well start to feel like home. *Home*, not just a house, like would be in Russian; they're the same, *home* and *house*, no distinction whatsoever. The domesticity of their time together, once they knew what they felt for each other, was natural and comforting, and Ilya wanted to build his life around it with increasing intensity. *Home*.

This was one more thing English was good for. Ilya's heart jumped at the thought. It felt wrong, impossible even, a little bit unfair, perhaps. *Home*. He couldn't possibly put that into better words in Russian.

End Notes

they make me insane INSANE ur honor. currently writing another stupid fluffy oneshot and a yakuza/russian mafia (opg) au. release me

words Ilya thinks of:

grounded – приземленный, заземленный [pree-zem-lyón-nyi/za-zem-lyón-nyi]
devour/gobble up – сожрать [sozh-rát']
swimming – плыть, поплыть [plyt', po-plýt'], in this specific context поплыл [po-plýl]
cross-eyed – косоглазие (косить глаза) [koo-soo-glà-zy-ye]
pliant – податливый [pou–dàt–lee–vyi]
home = house – дом [dom]

*the "star" in question is the sun. :)

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