

Romance Language

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77421841) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77421841>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Français French , Implied Sexual Content , again idk how to tag , i think this is canon compliant , Shane Hollander Speaks French , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , in part of it , Depression , References to Depression , POV Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-10 Words: 1,091 Chapters: 1/1

Romance Language

by [ancientzebra \(ancient_sewing_machine\)](#).

Summary

"Ilya knew, conceptually, that Hollander spoke French. Hearing him actually speak it was a different thing entirely however."

vignettes of shane speaking french from ilya's pov

Notes

short little fic! just me beta-reading as always lol

a couple of things:

- this is me going off of my highschool/ college French and I am by no means a native speaker so lmk if there are any errors
- also I speak France French not Canadian French so there's probably some differences that I missed

anyway I hope you enjoy!!

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

November 2015

Ilya knew, conceptually, that Hollander spoke French. Hearing him actually *speak* it was a different thing entirely however.

Ilya was home in Boston and Hollander was away playing (and beating) Ottawa. Ilya was lounging on his couch, scrolling on his phone as post-game interviews played on the TV. One of the journalists asked a question in french and he looked up just in time to watch Shane respond. The harsh lights of the arena's press area illuminated every detail on Hollander's face; Ilya could pick out every freckle scattered across his nose and cheeks.

“Ouais, j'espère que nous avons continué ce streak. L'équipe est préparée et nous..”

Hollander continued, his accent curling around the vowels in a way that made heat simmer low in Ilya's belly. The subtitles on the screen translated for Ilya, told him that Hollander was talking about strategy for the next few games (including one against Boston) but Ilya couldn't give less of a fuck about hockey right now.

As soon as the broadcast ended, Ilya returned to his phone and messaged Shane.

Lily: didn't know you spoke french

It was a) untrue and b) a bit needy, but Ilya really did not care as long as he got Shane Hollander speaking more french to him as soon as possible. *Was this how Hollander felt when he spoke Russian?* Probably not. Ilya's phone pinged, dragging him out of his reverie.

Jane: I thought I mentioned it before? yeah, i do, had to learn in school.

Lily: do you have time to call

Jane: i'm just leaving now, i'll call you when i get back to the hotel.

Ilya moved into his bedroom and played a game on his phone until a call from 'Jane' came through.

“Hello Hollander.”

“Hi.”

“It is ‘bonjour’ no?”

Hollander laughed. “Your accent is terrible, but yeah.”

Ilya smiled. “Maybe I want you to correct me.”

“Hmm. D'accord. C'est bon-jour,” Hollander enunciated the last word slowly, drawing out the nasal “on.”

“Ah I see.”

“Somehow I get the sense you didn’t call me for a french lesson.”

“No. It is funny though. Usually I am the one doing the directions, no?”

“Fuck you.”

“Ah-ah. In french Hollander.”

“*Connard.*”

February 2019

Ilya had developed a collection of saved YouTube videos over the years that he would never admit to. He had an entire playlist of Shane Hollander compilations, and a second one dedicated solely to clips of Shane speaking French. He took the curation of said playlist very seriously. In his defense, they were both on the road for a good part of the year, and while they could call, opportunities were limited and he missed his boyfriend. He was watching a video of Shane doing a Q&A in french when his phone rang.

“Hello любимый,” Ilya greeted as he picked up the call.

“Hi baby,” Shane sounded in a good mood, his voice light and cheerful. “What’re you up to?”

“Ah, boring stuff. Not important now I can talk to you.”

“Oh stuff even more boring than me huh?” Shane’s grin was audible.

Ilya wondered briefly how Shane would react if he told him what he had actually been doing. It would definitely fluster Shane, and might even get him to speak more french, if Ilya was lucky. He had been on a quest to hear more of Shane’s second language for years, and while he’d made a little progress, he was still hungry for more.

“Clips of you are much less interesting than the real thing.”

Shane hummed. Ilya waited for his words to register as a beat passed. “Wait. Were you watching clips of me?” *There it is.*

“Yes Hollander. I miss your face, what else am I supposed to do?” Ilya was eternally grateful for the fact that he could be more honest about his emotions with Shane. Holding himself back had been exhausting, and plus, the honesty paid off more often than not.

“Fuck. Rozanov, do you really miss me that much?”

“Да. Especially your mouth.”

“What video were you even watching?”

“Q&A you did with team last year in french.”

“Seriously?”

“It should not be shocking that I find you speaking french attractive, no?”

“I mean, no, but a little bit, yeah.”

“I wish you would speak it more, around the house.”

“Maybe.”

“It would go well for you. You know how you get rewarded when you’re good.”

“Ouais, je sais. Vas-tu continuer à parler ou vas-tu enfin me faire jouir?”

October 2022

“Ilya, mon cœur, we have practice, we need to go.”

Shane’s voice was soft in the darkness of their bedroom, and closer than Ilya expected. The last he remembered, his husband had been in the kitchen making one of his nasty smoothies.

“Ilya?” Shane sat down next to where Ilya was wrapped up under the covers, pulling the duvet down a bit to expose his face. “What’s going on?”

“Tired.” Ilya murmured, avoiding Shane’s assessing gaze. He’d gotten nearly nine hours of sleep, he had no reason to be tired. He didn’t want to go to practice. The responsibility of being captain felt like too much at that moment. He could hear his father’s voice echoing in his head: “lazy, useless boy,” over and over again, a tortuous loop of memory adding to the heavy tightness in his chest. He loved Shane, but his husband had better places to be and better people to spend time with than a miserable Ilya.

“Oh, bad day?” Ilya nodded, burying his face in his pillow. There was a pause before he heard a soft thump and then Shane was crawling into bed next to him, jacket and pants removed. He laid on his back and pulled Ilya into his side, picking up one of Ilya’s arms and draping it across his waist. Ilya curled into Shane, who ran his fingers gently through the blond’s curls.

“You do not have to stay. We have practice.”

“Nope. I texted, said we’re taking a sick day.”

Ilya looked up at his husband. Rule abiding, routine following Shane Hollander, who had just told him that he was skipping practice. “Really? You are fine with skipping?”

Shane nodded. “Chéri, you’re having a rough day and I *want* to be here for you. You’re more important than any practice.”

Ilya didn’t trust himself to speak as he felt tears well up in his eyes. Shane kissed the top of his head gently. “Je t’aime. Je suis ici pour toi. Tous les jours. Tout le temps. Pour toujours. Je

te promets.”

End Notes

traductions:

- "Ouais, j'espère que nous avons continué ce streak. L'équipe est préparée et nous.." - "Yeah, I hope that we can continue this streak. The team is prepared and we..."
- "Hmm. D'accord. C'est bon-jour," - "Hmm. Okay. It's bon-jour,"
- "Connard." - asshole/ motherfucker
- любимый - darling
- "Ouais, je sais. Vas-tu continuer à parler ou vas-tu enfin me faire jouir?" - "Yeah, I know. Are you going to keep talking or are you actually going to get me off?" (bratty Shane ily)
- "mon cœur" - my heart
- "Je t'aime. Je suis ici pour toi. Tous les jours. Tout le temps. Pour toujours. Je te promets." - "I love you. I'm here for you. Everyday. All the time. Always. I promise."

thanks for reading!! kudos and comments keep me going!

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