

The Lumberjack Who Saved Me

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Category:	M/M
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Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Unnamed Uber Driver (I call him Ted)
Additional Tags:	Shane Hollander Speaks Russian , its a secret tho , idk is this crack? , shane and ilya are in love , but they cant tell each other that , Trashy Romance Novels , Dirty Talk , No Angst , dont ask me where this fits in the timeline , i have no clue where in canon this lives , no beta we die like men , came up with this idea wrote it in a few hours and now here we are , ooc (they talk about feelings)
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The Lumberjack Who Saved Me

by [larold](#)

Summary

Except Shane just sighs, hanging his head shyly and rubs the back of his neck, “I...I didn’t mean to leave that out, you got here early last night, surprised me so I just threw it down there, god, this is uh, not how I imagined you would find out.”

“Find out what?” Ilya breathes.

“That I’ve been learning Russian since the first time I sucked you dick.” It’s unusually brave of Hollander, and Ilya can’t help feeling that the normal roles they play have been severely flipped.

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Caught reading a trashy Russian romance novel, Shane and Ilya behave exactly as expected (they fuck about it)

## Notes

I do not speak Russian even a little bit, I use italics to show when theyre speaking Russian. Sometimes italics means inner thoughts tho but, you all are smart people, you'll get it

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

It's the beginning of a very rare, overlapping week off for both Ilya and Shane, who have decided to spend the time at Shane's condo in Montreal. Ilya's Uber drops him off around 8pm, but Shane, who was trying to quell his anticipation and anxiety by reading, wasn't expecting Ilya's text for another hour. All that work to try to calm down was completely undone by a single word. "Here". Shane jumps up, shoves the book in the ever growing stack under the coffee table, and tries not to sprint to the door.

The first time they see each other after months apart always starts with one of them slamming the other into the nearest wall, and ends with them tangled together on some horizontal surface. Tonight is no exception, they fuck for hours, eat dinner at midnight and pass out holding each other sometime after that.

When Ilya wakes up in the morning, it's later than he usually sleeps, and Shane is not in bed. Grumpy, in the way that only someone who has just woken up can be, he shuffles towards the noises he hears coming from the kitchen. Shane's back is towards him, so he takes the opportunity to slide up behind him, making sure he lines up his morning wood to rub against Shane's ass, and rests his head on his shoulder.

"Mm, good morning to you too."

"You were not in bed."

"I'm making coffee, you're usually very grumpy when you wake up."

"I am grumpy because you are not in bed." Ilya says, grabbing Shane's hips to spin him around, press him against the cabinets, and kiss him stupid.

After a quick blowjob, breakfast, and then a second blowjob, they settle on the couch. It's comfortable silence and Shane's head in his lap while both of them scroll on their phones. Ilya is softly combing through dark hair, both of them content with the knowledge that this is just the beginning of a full week together.

Eventually, Shane stands and stretches with a comment about needing the restroom, Ilya can't resist reaching out and slapping his fat ass. Shane hardly reacts though, knowing Ilya was asking for some sort of reaction, it riles him up more when he doesn't get one. The blonde who is indeed riled by the lack of reaction, has to tell himself not to follow Shane to the bathroom to force a reaction out of him. Instead he looks down at the books.

It is not breaking news that Shane Hollander, Canada's Hockey Golden Boy, is a clean freak. His whole life is organized to a T, of course his house is fucking spotless too. But Shane Hollander also has, in everyone's opinion besides his own, too many books. There are bookshelves full to the brim everywhere, and also countless piles scattered about. On the entryway table, the desk in the office, under the coffee table. Shane is a clean freak in every

way except for his books. So Ilya scans the books, looking for a way to keep his mind off Shane for two fucking minutes, when he spots something in...Cyrillic? He picks it up, his eyes widening as he reads the title. Why does Shane have a fucking trashy Russian romance novel in his living room?

Ilya thumbs through the pages, surprised when they stop flipping abruptly, looking down he sees a bright red bookmark pressed into the crease of the book about halfway through. Is...is Shane actively reading this? *How*, is the immediate question, *where did he get this*, is the next, followed lastly by possibly, the most profound one of all, *Why*? Some part of him, carefully buried inside his chest, whispers, *you know why*. He inhales and it feels like the world is spinning.

“Hey what were you thinking about for food, cause like we have leftovers from—” Shane’s return, masked by socked feet, surprises Ilya enough for him to visibly startle, suddenly afraid that perhaps this was crossing a major boundary. For a moment, both boys stare at each other before Ilya all but blurts out, “Are you reading this?” He feels, oddly fragile, waiting for Shane to speak, it hangs heavy in the air around them and for some reason, he is expecting the worst.

Except Shane just sighs, hanging his head shyly and rubs the back of his neck, “I...I didn’t mean to leave that out, you got here early last night, surprised me so I just threw it down there, god, this is uh, not how I imagined you would find out.”

“Find out what?” Ilya breathes.

“That I’ve been learning Russian since the first time I sucked your dick.” It’s unusually brave of Hollander, and Ilya can’t help feeling that the normal roles they play have been severely flipped.

That part inside of Ilya whispers again, the feeling coiling around his throat, choking out a strangely vulnerable single word, “Why?” It hangs in the air. Shane makes his first move out of the doorframe and into the room as he takes a deep breath.

“Because you’ve always been it for me. I wasn’t consciously aware of it for the longest time, but I think... I think something in me always knew, knew that you had ruined me for anyone else.”

A thousand things are running through Ilya’s mind. He has what feels like a never ending list of questions to ask but what ends up coming out is, “You learn world’s best language to read... *The Lumberjack Who Saved Me*? Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, ever heard of them?” He swallows, mouth feeling dry as Shane finishes making his way across the room, slowly settling himself into Ilya’s lap, (he’s 75% sure Rosanov’s shaking is a result of nerves, rather than anger, and right now, he’s feeling brave enough to take the risk). Ilya’s hands settle on his hips, the softness of his thumbs unconsciously rubbing back and forth motions is proof enough to Shane that he is reading this right. He smiles, loops his arms around Ilya’s neck, and returns the softness with a hand moving to the base of his skull, fingers tangling in blonde curls.

“Those are on a different shelf,” Shane laughs out, “I read the ‘classics’ as soon as my reading comprehension reached beyond children’s books.” He says it as airily as possible, but Ilya’s eyes widen further still, in a way that squeezes Shane’s heart, “I’m sorry I kept this from you for so long,” he says quietly, but full of belief and intent, he doesn’t want Ilya to think he’s being insincere about this.

Ilya swallows again, that same question swirls in his chest, but this time when he asks it, he says it in Russian. “*Why did you?*”

Shane takes a breath, “Because I didn’t feel—”. The hands on his waist squeeze, cutting him off.

“*No. In Russian.*” Ilya’s eyes are staring at him with such intensity, but there’s something else there too that Shane can’t quite place. He takes another breath.

*“Because I didn’t feel like it was good enough for you yet. I wanted it to be perfect, to feel like there were no barriers between us. I wanted to be able to be there for you completely, I didn’t want to do it halfway.”*

Ilya’s pupils are dilating, his breath is coming out a little shorter now, but still he manages some snark when he says, “*And trashy romance novels are vital to this ‘perfection’? Had to read erotica before you, fuck Shane, before you could talk to me like this? I would’ve been satisfied with any amount of Russian coming from those beautiful fucking lips of yours,*” a hand moves from one of Shane’s hips to softly rub across the corner of his lips, before leaning in for a gentle kiss.

Shane smiles wickedly, “Where else would I learn how to say things like,” he leans back a bit creases his eyebrows and parts his lips and *grinds* down as he says, “*Fuck, Ilya, fuck put it inside now, please, fuck yes just like that, ugh your cock was ma—*” a hand is very suddenly sealed over his mouth, and Shane opens his eyes to see a very overwhelmed looking Ilya below him. Before he can think of how he wants to deal with this situation, Ilya is standing, *holy shit Ilya is carrying him*, carrying him back to the bedroom.

“*You’re a fucking menace you know that?*” Ilya all but growls, “*Do you have any fucking idea how you sound right now?*” The walk to the bedroom is short, and soon enough Shane is falling the short distance from Ilya’s arms to his bed.

“*Ilya,*” Shane moans, he’s never said his name to him like this before, he spent years working on his accent for quite literally, this exact moment.

The soft pajama shorts both of them are wearing are tugged off, and Ilya’s body is now blanketing his own, a hand appears before Shane’s mouth, who dutifully spits into it. Ilya wraps his hand around the both of them, stroking hard and fast, “*Ilya, fuck, fuck.*”

“*Keep going, please, talk to me more, want to cum listening to you dirty talk in Russian, come on, Hollander, it’s only fair, seeing as I’ve done the same for you countless times, time for you to repay the favor, yes?*”

*"Fuck,"* Shane breathes as Ilya's hand slows down between their bodies, and it only takes Shane a second to conjure something to mind, *"The first time you called me a slut, I didn't, I didn't recognize that word, and later after you left, I tried to look it up, but I couldn't remember exactly what it was, it took me a little bit, but once I figured it out, I...I jerked off twice in the shower, even though you had just fucked me within an inch of my life a couple hours before."* Ilya groans, he's been watching Shane with such intensity since he first started speaking, but his head finally falls to rest on Shane's shoulder, his hand still lazily stroking between them, trying to preserve this moment, but too overwhelmed for it to really make a difference, he was not going to last long.

*"But the second time you called me a slut, you called me 'your slut' and, and I knew what it meant this time and I came on the spot."* Ilya remembers this well, he was starting to think the sentiment carried across the language barrier enough for Shane to understand the meaning behind it, never did he think that the other man was understanding the literal meaning of his words.

*"You are a fucking slut, should see the way you look with my cock up your ass,"* Ilya's hand is speeding up between them, peppering sloppy kisses on Shane's shoulder.

*"Your fucking slut, just for you, only for you, it's only ever been y—FUCK!"* His orgasm hits him by surprise, and Ilya follows right after, screaming Shane's name before fully collapsing on top of him. They lay there for a while, just breathing.

Eventually, Shane breaks the silence, he can't quite fully relax without asking Ilya what's on his mind. "Are you...upset with me in any way for not telling you about this sooner?"

"Hmm, I think I see why I should be mad, but... sorry would be easier in Russian, could we...?"

Shane smiles so wide before breaking out into an affectionate laugh. *"Yes, of course, that was, kinda the whole point of me learning in the first place."*

Emotion blooms in the pit of Ilya's stomach, and it's almost strong enough for him to forget what they were originally talking about. *Love*, that part of him whispers, *you love him*. He took a steadying breath.

*"Okay so, I think it would make sense if I were mad, you were essentially Russian Spying on the Russian, yes? But... I just cannot stop being so fucking amazed that you learned a language, no, my language, for me. Highest IQ on the ice and you chose to use that big beautiful brain of yours to give me a way to feel..."*

"Heard?"

"Yes."

Ilya is choked with this emotion again, but it's too big to talk about right now, so what he settles on saying is, *"I, I haven't been with anyone else in years."* Ilya hopes he understands, that he can't say it outwardly right now, but that he feels it.

Shane inhales sharply, “Ilya.”

Ilya groans, “*I fucking love the way you say my name baby, your accent is so good, so sexy, did you fucking practice saying my name over and over until you liked the way it sounded too,*” he’s honestly only semi-joking, because he feels that is definitely something that Genius Shane Hollander would do. And from the way Shane’s ears flush pink, he can tell he’s right. Smug, Ilya has decided he has to know everything about how he learned Russian.

Ilya, who’s still draped over the top of Shane, noses under his jaw, leaving kisses not strong enough to bruise in his wake, “*Who fucking taught you to speak Russian so well, angel? Tell me everything, please, I won’t be able to rest until I know absolutely every detail.*”

“*Mmm, you’re so polite in Russian, is this always the case?*” Shane muses, shivering as Ilya’s mouth makes its way to his ear.

“*How could I be rude to someone who has given me the greatest gift,*” he says earnestly.

“Ilya,” Shane groans.

“*Tell me,*” he urges again. So he does.

“*At first, it was pretty lowkey, I checked out a couple super basic books about the alphabet and pronunciation, then I started taking an...*” he groans as Ilya starts kissing down his chest, “*an online class. It was once a week, and after I had been taking this class for a while, there was an assignment to, like, go out and find somewhere you could practice speaking with native speakers, I, of course, thought of you first, but I couldn’t, not yet, I wasn’t strong enough to be able to hold a conversation outside of ‘hello, my name is Shane, where is the bathroom?’ So I randomly found this little restaurant about 45 minutes away from here. It’s owned by this woman and her daughter, and well, the first time I went, she absolutely frightened me. She had no patience for how little experience I had speaking Russian, but I kept coming back anyway.*”

Ilya pauses his journey down Shane’s abs to ask, “*Why?*,” for what feels like the hundredth time tonight.

“*The food was amazing, Irina makes incredible pelmeni, we will have to go, she would probably love to have someone else to speak Russian with, I’m sure you know that there are very few Russian speakers here in Montreal. My Russian started really improving too, so whenever I could, I would swing by for a couple of hours. She’s where I got the romance novels from, she gave them to me to, uh, spice up my vocabulary.*” Ilya, who has successfully worked his way down Shane’s body, is happy to see the precum dripping down the head of his dick. With a satisfied grin, he takes the tip into his mouth, swirls his tongue around, licking up every drop of precum, before taking him all the way to the hilt, desperate to hear the way Shane says his name now.

“*Ilya, Ilya, baby, fuck, your mouth, so good so fucking good, fuck I’m—ah—I really am sorry I didn’t tell you. At a certain point—ah—it felt like I would never feel ready to tell you, like it would never be good enough —fuck, Ilya—wanted it to be perfect, you deserve perfect, you’re so good to me, people think you’re this big scary asshole, and,—oh my fucking god—*

*you are, but you also fucking take such good care of me, you keep ginger ale at your house even though I'm the only one who drinks it, you bought the biggest blanket I've ever seen for your couch because I complained about yours not covering both of us fully, you always clean us up after we fuck, and when we kiss, I forget about everythi—shit, Ilya I'm gonna cum—Ilya!*" Ilya doesn't pull off, takes the bucking hips and swallows every last drop. When he does finally pull off, he reaches down to stroke himself, knowing it won't take long with Shane's words still echoing in his head. Shane tries to help when he notices, but Ilya gently smacks his hand away, leans down to kiss him and says, "That was number four today, yes? You lay there and let me look at you, you can do that right, *angel?*" Shane groans at the name, and does what he's told. It really doesn't take long after that.

They collapse into a puddle, feeling ready to sleep, even though they still haven't had dinner yet. Ilya forces himself up to get a washcloth before the cum fully dries on either of them. After which he lays back down and gives himself permission to close his eyes for a minute, there is still much to talk about, but that can wait for later.

Right now, with Shane Hollander wrapped in his arms, head on chest, and a hand carding through his sleek hair, he really couldn't bring himself to care about anything else.

## End Notes

Woah so uh I haven't written anything in years and haven't really had the desire to either, but these boys make me feel things! hope you enjoyed

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