

In a Language You Don't Speak

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In a Language You Don't Speak

by [KatWrites_1](#)

Summary

Ilya Rozanov was bad at feelings—and speaking English.

Shane Hollander made him feel things he didn't know how to say. So Ilya said them in Russian instead.

The problem was, Hollander didn't understand a word of it.

And Ilya couldn't decide if that was a good thing... or not.

Notes

I love them. Like seriously I can't get enough. First fic of many... <3

Russian Translations:

O chom ty dumayesh: What are you thinking about?

Nichego. Prosto glupyye mysli: Nothing. Just stupid thoughts

Destvitel'no: Really

Ey! Ya voobschche-to eto smotrela: Hey! I was watching that (feminine)

Bol'she ne nado: No more

Pogovorite so mnoy po-russki: Speak to me in Russian

Vsegda: Always

Ty opozdal: You're late

Prosti menya, papa: I'm sorry, papa

Der'mo: Shit

Yebat: Fuck

A: Huh

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

Ilya Rozanov wasn't fluent in English.

No matter what the reporters said or the podcast writers wrote, he wasn't as good as they assumed. English felt like gibberish beside Cyrillic— all soft vowels, tangled conjugations, stupid tenses that refused to stick. And still, he'd spent years forcing it into his head, all for the chance at a real hockey career in either North America or Canada.

He got it.

So why is it still so *fucking* hard?

Ilya leaned back deeper into the couch in his mansion in the Boston suburbs. Some hockey game was playing quietly in the background, a team that Ilya knew was going to lose no matter what. He didn't mean to be cocky, but really, he was the best the NHL had to offer.

Well, him *and* Hollander. But mostly him.

The only good thing about today was that Svetlana was sitting beside him, dressed in one of his Boston hockey shirts and leggings. They didn't have sex— they kissed, but they didn't actually do it.

Ilya didn't know why he stopped.

But he blamed it on wanting to keep his energy for tonight—with Hollander.

“*O chom ty dumayesh?*” Sveta asked, looking up at him from where she sat beside him, scrolling on her phone.

Ilya turned lazily towards Svetlana, one hand relaxing on the back of the plush, gray couch.

“Nichego. Prosto glupyye mysli.”

Sveta cocked a brow. She obviously didn't believe him. She was always good at that—knowing when he was lying. Growing up, they had been inseparable, constantly together on the rink or at each others' houses. Even though Sveta's father didn't allow her to play hockey, she still skated around the ice with him on figure skates.

“Deystvitel'no?” She asked, resting her chin on her hand.

Ilya rolled his eyes.

“Deystvitel'no.”

He couldn't tell her his actual thoughts, mainly because they consisted of a certain hockey player that he was definitely not supposed to be dreaming about.

Sveta sighed, deep and unconvinced, but didn't push the topic further. Ilya was thankful for that. He knew that even if he were to tell her the truth, that she wouldn't judge him, but he didn't want to completely stop doing this with her either.

He liked Sveta. He liked having sex with her. It was easy and fun, and didn't force him to think.

Ilya turned his attention back to the screen. The hockey game was already over, and not to his surprise, the Columbus Blue Jackets lost.

Typical.

Ilya groaned, grabbing the remote off the coffee table, and clicking the T.V off. He couldn't stand to watch hockey anymore, he liked playing it, but he couldn't really watch it.

It just pissed him off for some reason.

He leaned back dramatically on the couch, resting his head against Svetlana's shoulder. She was scrolling through some press conference of his, him being surrounded by 10 microphones— all asking the same question:

“Are you excited to go back up against Shane Hollander in your next game?”

Ilya's brow furrowed. He hated that interview. He remembered saying something snarky just to get the reporters off his back, even though, in reality, he was fucking pumped to go against Hollander. It was always better than his other games, more fun and competitive, and always ended with amazing after parties.

Parties with vodka, kissing, and both of their clothes on the floor.

The reporters continued talking, rambling on about the same things over and over again. Ilya remembered not even understanding the questions they had asked. English always failed him during the worst times—and those damn reporters talked way too fast in their stupidly accurate English accents.

Ilya couldn't watch it anymore.

He grabbed Sveta's phone with one hand and shut it off quickly, tossing it somewhere behind him on the couch.

She squeaked in protest.

“Ey! Ya voobshche-to eto smotrela!”

Ilya groaned, laughing and wrestling Svetlana against his chest, when she tried to hit him.

“*Bol'she ne nado*,” he joked, grinning down at her cheekily.

“Fuck off, Ilya,” She said, pouting dramatically, her Russian accent thick. “You never let me do anything.”

Ilya actually always let her do anything she wanted. They went to clubs together, took shots together, and had sex together. Sveta knew she could sleep with whoever she wanted, and also knew that whoever she had problems with Ilya would deal with them.

Although she had proven numerous times that she was perfectly capable of taking care of herself during a bar fight.

“Whatever,” Ilya said with a smirk, unleashing Sveta from his tight grasp.

She unhooked herself from his arms but didn't go far, instead nuzzling into the soft, black t-shirt he was wearing. She closed her eyes, breathing in his smell.

Ilya realized he probably smelled like Russia. And to her—not really him, it smelled like home. Sweet, like *medovik*, yet as tangy and pungent as Russian vodka.

“*Pogovorite so mnoy po-russki*,” Svetlana murmured, her face buried against him. He could feel her breath through his shirt, warm and sweet, like cigarette smoke.

Ilya brought a hand up to her fluffy, brown curls and brushed through them. Sveta exhaled against his touch, relaxing further against his body. She was warm and soft and exactly what Ilya needed to distract himself from his other, more intrusive thoughts.

“*Vsegda*,” he said, because he meant it. Despite not currently being fond of Russia, he still loved speaking the language. It was more a home than the country ever was. It was the language that his mother spoke while she dried his tears and hummed her favorite songs in the kitchen, and it was the language that taught him hockey.

So Ilya would never pass up the opportunity to speak his native language with Sveta.

Ilya arrived at Shane’s apartment at exactly 10:00 pm. He didn’t like to be late. He was always on time for team meetings, practices, and even those stupid conferences he hated.

From an early age his father had preached to him the importance of being punctual.

“Ilya,” he tsked, voice raspy and pungent. “*Ty opozdal*.”

Ilya always stood there obediently in his father’s study, hockey stick clutched in one hand and his skates half-tied. He remembered racing home from the rink on those nights, when his father’s patience was about as thin as the ice he skated on.

“*Prosti menya, papa*,” he would say, head bowing the slightest bit in submission.

His father only responded occasionally. He’d just nod and take another sip of his vodka, staring at him icily as he swallowed the tangy alcohol.

Ilya shook the thought from his head. He could focus on the past later, right now he was in for a good night with Hollander.

He needed this.

He *needed* to let go.

Hollander answered the door quickly. He was wearing a soft, gray t-shirt and a pair of black sweatpants. His hair was mussed in the exact way that Ilya always loved—messy but still soft, perfect against his fingertips.

Ilya stepped inside.

Hollander's apartment looked exactly the same as it did before, the same paintings and decorations, and even the same vase, only with different flowers. It had shocked him a bit when Hollander had told him he'd hired someone to decorate for him. Ilya had laughed at him, but he actually thought it was kinda cute.

Somehow Hollander's boringness was starting to become somewhat adorable.

He couldn't believe he just thought that.

Der'mo.

Hollander cleared his throat. "So, *uh*—you wanna talk first... or?"

"Hollander, you *always* want to talk," Ilya smirked, pulling himself up to sit on the edge of Hollander's wooden dining table. "What do you want to talk about, *a*? Something boring?"

He rolled his eyes, but Ilya saw the blush forming on his cheeks—the faint sheen of pink.

"Fine, Rozanov. What do *you* want to talk about?"

Ilya hopped down from the table and sauntered closer to Hollander, lips pulled into a slow smile.

“Maybe I don’t want to talk,” he said, grazing a hand across Hollander’s soft jawline.
“Maybe just want to fuck.”

The black-haired boy shivered underneath his touch, Ilya could feel it against his fingertips. The quiver of want and not chill—the thoughts of pleasure no doubt spiking down his spine.

Hollander didn’t respond, Ilya realized he’s probably too shocked to. It had only been a couple months since the last time they had seen each other, but Hollander hadn’t changed one bit. He was, as always, still adorably horny.

“*Then kiss me,*” Hollander breathed, bringing his face closer to Ilya’s.

That shocked Ilya a bit. Hollander wasn’t usually this bold with his words—but he wasn’t complaining. He would never admit that he liked when Hollander got all controlling, that somehow it made the Canadian even sexier.

The Russian could feel Hollander’s breath against his lips—could practically taste the want radiating off of them.

He connected their lips quickly. It was fast and passionate and rough, with their tongues slashing for dominance. It was just like being on the ice, the same adrenaline and desire, just a different outcome.

A better one.

As they kissed, Ilya forgot about his father and Russia and his past. All he could feel was Hollander’s warm lips against his and his soft groans as Ilya’s hands traveled lower and lower.

He grasped Hollander's hips and used his strength to push him against the wall. The picture frame above them rattled, but Ilya didn't care. Neither did Hollander.

Ilya could feel Hollander becoming desperate beneath him—squirming and undeniably *hard*. He was starting to rub against Ilya's thigh, desperately trying to chase any amount of friction he could get.

Hollander suddenly pulled back, not all the way, just enough to speak. He was breathing heavily, his chest heaving in a way Ilya knew only pleasure could create.

“Rozanov, *fuck*, I need you,” Hollander whined, low and desperate.

Ilya was entranced. He always was when they did this, when Hollander's face was hot and sweaty because of Ilya—when he knew that he'd caused him to be drunk on pleasure.

“*Yebat*, Hollander,” he breathed heavily, his own chest rising quickly, sweat starting to drip down his forehead. “Where do you want it?”

“Here, *please*, I need you,” Hollander responded, his hips starting to chase Ilya's. “Or *anywhere*, I don't care. Just fucking do it.”

Ilya would have laughed if he wasn't so turned on right now—desperation in his face was something he had never seen before. And *yebat*, it just made Ilya want him even more.

He kissed Hollander again. It was sloppy and wet and exactly what they both craved.

“Then get on your knees.”

It was always quiet after.

There were no soft kisses or cuddling, just silence while they both recovered their breathing.

They had done it twice. Once against the wall by the kitchen and then again on Hollander's bed. It seemed that the number of months they spent apart, they counted them in sex.

But Ilya was definitely not complaining.

Hollander sat up farther on his bed, leaning heavily against the headboard. Soft, white sheets pooled around his waist, and his face was still sheened with sweat. His bare chest rose with each quickening inhale.

"That was," he took a shallow breath, "*fuck*. That was really hot."

Ilya laughed.

"Of course it was." He replied, smirking.

"Don't let it get to your head. I'm still gonna beat your ass at our next game." Hollander snarked back, rolling his eyes.

Yeah right.

Ilya hummed in response, then reached back and ran a hand down Hollander's arm—his fingertips grazing pale, freckle-dotted skin.

One of these days Ilya was going to pin him to the bed and count those freckles one by one—mesmerizing them and treating them like the stars they were.

Sexually, of course.

Not love-y.

“Come ‘ere,” Ilya said instead, using his hand to pull Hollander closer.

They never cuddled during their “aftercare”. It was always quick and messy with cocky remarks, but it just felt different this time.

The *tension* was more static.

Hollander must have felt it too by the way he leaned into Ilya’s arms, snuggling into his chest subconsciously. They were both still naked, and every slide of bare flesh made Ilya’s skin tingle.

“Do you always do that?” Hollander suddenly asked, his voice murmured against Ilya’s shoulder.

“Do what?”

“Speak Russian during sex,” he said, lifting his face to catch Ilya’s eyes.

Ilya didn’t realize he did. Having sex with Hollander was like having sex with the sun, he never could look too long or he would get burned. Scabbed with heat blisters from his beauty and the feelings of love that Ilya kept shoving down.

He only spoke Russian when he couldn't muster English, and he could never think of English when his brain was preoccupied with better things.

Like Hollander's body.

And his fucking freckles, all kissed from his being—the bright, burning sun.

“I did not realize,” Ilya said, accent thick. “Do you not like it?”

Hollander quickly shook his head, like the words themselves burned.

“No,” he said, a sheen of pink rising on his cheeks. “It's nice, even though I don't know what you're saying.”

“You want it more often, *a*?” Ilya teased, smirking.

Hollander shoved him hard, groaning, and shimmied away from him.

“Fuck off,” he said, rolling his dark eyes.

God, Ilya could stare into those orbs for hours, getting lost in their agonizing beauty.

He laughed, sharp and deep in his chest. It was always fun to rile Hollander up, especially when they were like this—all loose and naked. It was warm in a way that only his early childhood was—when his mother was still alive and well.

“Hollander,” Ilya groaned, reaching out his arms and using his hands to make a grabbing motion. “Come back.”

It didn't take much convincing for him to come back into Ilya's arms—only a slightly muttered *asshole* that he pretended not to hear. Sometimes it felt as if Hollander was molded to rest in his grasp, that every inch of his curves and muscle were meant to sit snugly against Ilya's chest.

Nights like these made him wonder what it would feel like to settle down one day. To have a big house and kids and to play hockey in the backyard on a frozen over lake.

Growing up in Russia, especially in Moscow, Ilya never had those luxuries. Sure, his house was big and beautiful but it never felt like a home. Especially when his mother died, when it started feeling more like a graveyard than anything else.

Ilya looked down and saw Hollander cuddled into his chest, his eyes drifting closed. Shane *fucking* Hollander was drifting off against Ilya's bare sweat-drenched skin, like it was one of his own pillows.

It was... oddly endearing.

Ilya didn't know how he felt—well he actually did, but those weren't his *real* feelings. It was just sex. Simple, jaw-dropping sex that made Ilya's mind go blank—but that was it.

Right?

"Sleep," Hollander suddenly demanded, eyes still shut tightly and his brows slack.

Ilya didn't know if Hollander realized what he was saying or even who he was speaking to. They never usually did stuff like this, such domestic things like cuddling after sex. Although some days they stayed, sitting up in bed beside each other, and drinking complimentary vodka from their hotel of the night. But even then it wasn't like this.

Hollander looked out of it already. Even though he had just spoken, he had immediately fallen back into a shallow sleep. His face was soft in a way that Ilya never saw on the ice, there were no hard edges or furrowed brows, just smooth, pale skin dotted with freckles.

He was beautiful. So astonishingly, stupidly beautiful that it pained Ilya to look away.

That thought alone would get him booted from Russia forever. It would make his father frown and cut off all communication, it would make Alexei hate him even more, *god*—it would make his whole country loathe him.

And even though Ilya might not be on the best speaking terms with Russia currently, he wasn't ready to never return.

Ilya touched Hollander's face slowly, like he was afraid that if he pressed too hard the black-haired boy would realize his position and scurry away. And that was the irony of Shane Hollander—that no matter how much he swore he hated Ilya, he still melted under his hands.

Subconsciously. Like his body knew exactly what it wanted.

His skin was silky like a blanket, rosy, pale, and still drying with sweat. Ilya couldn't resist as he caressed his fingers across Hollander's curved jawline and neck. The way he swallowed in his sleep was entrancing, and Ilya held in the urge to clamp his hands a little tighter—just to see him try to swallow again.

Yebat.

Ilya's fingers traveled close to Hollander's mouth, tracing his kiss-swollen lips with his fingertips. They were almost softer than his skin. Light, pink, and fucking delicious.

He wondered what it would be like to hear those lips speak Russian. How they would look trying to sound out the foreign symbols of Ilya's native country. Hollander would probably

struggle at first since Russian is so different from English, but he was a fast learner, and Ilya bet that he could learn it in less than a year.

Ilya remembered watching Hollander's interview a while ago, entranced by the way his mouth pronounced each French syllable in a perfect accent. He didn't know the language himself, but he'd heard it enough times to know Hollander's version was flawless.

But as much as he loved it, he also hated it. He liked being better than Hollander—and even though competence turned him on, he always liked being a step ahead.

Ilya's hands kept tracing across the black-haired man's face, memorizing every curve and stopping on every blemish. But he was getting tired too. All the sex, hockey, and watching Hollander sleep made him the perfect type of exhausted.

Ilya gently took his hand off Hollander's face and laid it across his naked waist. His body was warm and still moist, the hard indents of his abs the only things that weren't smoothed over with pale skin.

Ilya was getting more tired as the minutes ticked by, but he didn't want to stop touching Hollander. It was a weird feeling of pure desire that for the first time wasn't clouded by lust or hunger. It was softer, like the satin sheets of Hollander's bed, heated and cozy that clung to his body just right.

He didn't want to let go.

Not yet.

They had time tonight. If Ilya really wanted to he could fall asleep with his head resting on top of Hollander's black hair and close his eyes. Hollander was already out cold, he hadn't woken up despite Ilya's fingers tracing his face and rubbing his bare skin. No one was awake to tell the Russian not to.

It was tempting. *Very* tempting.

Ilya closed his eyes and brought his head down to rest on top of Hollander's. His hair felt silky against his skin, like he had washed it right after the game. Which, knowing Hollander, he probably had.

Ilya exhaled, breathing in his smell and the lingering scent of sex filling the room. It was oddly comforting—*Hollander* was strangely comforting, it was a new feeling, but Ilya didn't hate it.

It was almost as if he... Ilya swallowed the thought down quickly, but it didn't stop his lips from moving. Maybe if he said it in Russian it wouldn't feel as real. Hollander didn't know the language, so even if he somehow was awake, he wouldn't know what Ilya was about to admit.

With his eyes still closed, Ilya pressed a chaste kiss into Hollander's hair, breathing in the smell of his minty, citrus shampoo. He took a deep breath, then mumbled the words he couldn't believe he was about to admit into Hollander's hair.

"Mne kazhetsya, ya vlyublyayus' v tebya," Ilya breathed out softly, face half buried in Hollander's dark, black locks.

(I think I'm falling in love with you)

It wasn't real. It didn't matter—at least not to Hollander. It wasn't in his language, he would never know.

But it was real for Ilya. It was so real that it made his chest hurt and his breath catch in his lungs. His admission helped, but not enough.

Russian felt the closest to his heart—more so than English ever had and probably ever will, but it wasn't the language that Hollander understood.

So it *wasn't* real.

Hollander's eyes were still closed when Ilya peered up from his hair. He could feel Hollander's sweaty chest rise and fall with every breath, and could almost feel the way his eyelashes tickled his skin where they laid.

But he wasn't awake—he never heard.

And even if he did understand—*which he didn't*— it wouldn't be real. Not unless he was conscious. Not unless he heard the words and understood what they meant. Only then would it count.

Sometimes, Ilya Rozanov wished Shane Hollander knew Russian.

End Notes

🥺 my poor baby Ilya. I promise I'll write some happier fics... I just have this problem where I love writing angst. Sorry.. not sorry?

Anyways, I hope you enjoyed it. I was lowkey kinda freaking out about the word count because I'm trying to my stories longer but sometimes they just end. I really want to make a fic about Ilya and Shane with chapters, so stay tuned for that.

As always, feel free to comment your thoughts! I would love to hear them.

-Kat <3

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