

What's In A Name

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What's In A Name

by [boopboop](#)

Summary

Shane wipes his eyes, still catching his breath. "What, you don't have any Russian towns with rude names?"

Ilya's dark brows knit together, his eyes drifting toward the ceiling as he mentally catalogs his homeland's geography. His fingers drum against the countertop, leaving small prints in the dusting of protein powder Shane spills. "There is Dobrye Pchely? Means kind bees."

Shane's laughter fades into a soft, genuine smile. "Okay, but that is fucking adorable." He leans his hip against the counter and takes in the morning light catching the stubble on Ilya's jaw. "How is Russia cuter than Canada?" he marvels, voice warm with affection.

Ilya's shoulders square defensively, chin jutting forward. "Russia is not cute. We have sensible names, not pant names!"

"There's also a town called Dildo," Shane tells him, eyebrows raised in challenge.

Notes

kuroneko13 made an excellent point that Ilya needed to learn about some of Canada's more... colorful town names. I then spent an hour throwing words on a page and... tada!

Yes, I am aware this takes me to 3 HR fics BUT IN MY DEFENSE (I have no defense)

Shane finds Ilya in the kitchen, hunched over his phone, glowering at the screen.

His first instinct is to take the phone away and ask as gently and nonjudgmentally as he can what the fuck the problem is, but experience has taught him that the expression Ilya is currently wearing only guarantees a wrestling match and some artfully deployed threats. Instead, he stands at the counter in the pre-dawn dim, pulls out the ingredients for his smoothie, and waits for Ilya to blink out of his trance.

Whatever it is, it's distracting enough to mean this is the first time all summer Shane has had to make his own breakfast.

"Is the world on fire again?"

Ilya shoves the phone at him with blank, almost academic annoyance. "Explain."

Shane squints at the screen. In the browser is a Google search for "Brise-Culotte, Québec." The results page is swarming with satellite images of a gas station, a snow-plastered road, and two ancient pickup trucks, one of which is apparently upside-down.

He feels his own mouth twist as he reads the name again. "Brise-Culotte?" he repeats. Jesus Christ, here they go...

"Yes," Ilya says it the French way, or tries to. "Ullette," he says, but with a phantom echo of Russian, so it's all tight vowels and too many Ls. "You speak French." It almost sounds like an accusation.

"Yes..."

"Bood is fucking with me then, yes?"

"I mean, probably?" Most of Ilya's friendships revolve around them fucking with each other in one way or another. "What did he say?"

"That it means pants-breaking," he says. "What the fuck is pants-breaking, and why did you name a town after it?"

"More like... I don't know, broken underpants? It doesn't translate so well."

"English is a stupid language."

"It's French..."

"Also stupid! Canada is a joke country," Ilya says, and there is real betrayal in it, a petulant child's wounded dignity.

Shane can't. He doubles over, elbows cracking against the counter as he gasps for air.

“Not that funny,” says Ilya, but his annoyance is an actual wave, not a blip, which only makes it funnier.

Shane wipes his eyes, still catching his breath. "What, you don't have any Russian towns with rude names?"

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"There's also a town called Dildo," Shane tells him, eyebrows raised in challenge.

“You are lying. You lie to me this early in the morning!” Shane flicks the phone back across the counter. It lands with a dull thud, no damage, but Ilya huffs at him anyway, eyes narrow and sharp with accusation. “You made it up.”

“I swear on my dad’s collection of vintage tapestries.” The glass blender whines to life, drowning out Ilya’s muttering. Shane grins and lets it run for an extra five seconds, just to fuck with him.

“You do this to mess with me, it is your hobby,” Ilya shouts over the noise, a scowl digging in deep. He’s very cute when he’s so cranky.

Shane kills the blender. “It’s a real place! Google it if you don’t believe me.”

Ilya glowers at the phone like it’s betrayed him, then stabs at the screen with his thumb, scrolling rapid-fire. “Dildo, Newfoundland,” he reads out, and there’s a tightness in his voice that Shane recognizes instantly as the stunned realization that, yes, the world is even more batshit bizarre than it was yesterday. “Jesus fuck. You are not lying. The mayor is named... Muggleworthy? This cannot be real.”

Shane has to double-check that one, craning to see the tiny print. “That’s - oh my god. You’re literally reading a CBC article about them crowning a Dildo Queen.”

Ilya turns, mouth dropping open, and for a second there’s nothing but outrage and awe stitched together. “Why do you let children live in this town? It is scandal.”

Shane shrugs. “It's a weird place.”

He pours out two smoothies, the color an off-putting swamp green, and pushes a glass toward Ilya without comment. Ilya glares, but after a moment, he snatches it up and drains half in a single go. He pulls a face right after.

Shane is nice enough for him to swallow before saying, “There’s a place called ‘Spread Eagle’, too.”

Ilya looks horrified.

“I have once more lost respect for all of Western civilization,” Ilya says. Then he decides. “We are going to these place. We will investigate for authenticity.”

Shane doesn’t quite expect the pivot, but Ilya’s operating system is run by hyperactive cats so maybe he should’ve.

“You think ‘Spread Eagle’ is bad? There’s also a ‘Come-by-Chance,’ and there’s ‘Big Beaver’ and ‘Crotch Lake’ in Saskatchewan. Oh, and ‘Climax’.” His dad made a whole PowerPoint once about ‘the greatest minor league hockey towns in North America’, and half the jokes were about towns like Wetwang and Muff.

Ilya sips again, mulling the information over as if preparing a travel guide for the Rozanov Foundation’s ‘Research Mission to the World’s Dirtiest Place Names’. “I wish to see this Climax. It is educational, yes?” There’s the faintest smirk playing at his lip, and Shane can picture the routed itinerary already: three hard days on the road, custom jerseys from every truck stop along the way, and an Instagram shot at every genital-related signpost from here to the ocean.

Shane leans over the counter, schooling his expression and meeting Ilya’s gaze with a look they both recognize. “If it’s authenticity you’re after,” he drawls, “we could probably cover half those names without ever leaving this house.” He glances down at the countertop, then back up through his lashes.

Ilya leers back. “I think I would have noticed if you had a Big Beaver.”

“Yeah, but you’d be shocked what you can miss if you’re not looking in the right spot. As Canada’s leading authority on Climax, I’d say we’re uniquely qualified to replicate these experiences at home. Full immersion. Honest-to-god ethnography.”

“You want to try for Climax again?” Ilya asks, deadpan. He circles around the island until he’s closer to Shane. “Last time I remember, you were finished first. Or is that Come-by-Chance?”

He expects, maybe, a hug from behind. Ilya’s new favorite move: the full wrap-and-squeeze, as if engaging in a bear attack at the fridge is a noble domestic ritual. Instead, Ilya catches Shane around the waist and just... lifts him. Like he weighs nothing. One second, Shane’s contemplating his smoothie, and the next he’s airborne and being tossed over Ilya’s shoulder.

He protests, but it comes out as half-laughter, half-yelp. “What the fuck - put me down!”

Ilya’s voice drops to that low, gravelly register that makes Shane’s stomach flip. “You want me to fuck you on the counter?”

“We cook there, Ilya!” Shane protests, but his fingers are already curling into the soft cotton of Ilya's t-shirt, betraying him completely.

“Exactly. Now prepare for Spread Eagle,” he purrs, his massive hands already sliding down to grip Shane's thighs, thumbs pressing into the sensitive hollows at his knees.

Shane needs to send Bood a fucking fruit basket.

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