

what the fuck did you just say?

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what the fuck did you just say?

by [larold](#)

Summary

“Yes, you’d fucking like that wouldn’t yo—,” Ilya cuts himself off, washcloth now discarded somewhere on the floor, hands slide up the length of Shane’s back, and stop to rest at the top of his shoulders. Ilya squeezes lightly before bending down to press a kiss right below the other man’s ear. *“What the fuck did you just say?”*

Notes

I do not speak Russian!

Italics are used to show them speaking in russian!

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

“Stay?” Shane whispers, hand outstretched, he feels like he’s floating, in the way only Ilya can make him feel after pounding him into the mattress for who knows how long.

Ilya grabs the hand, presses a soft kiss onto the knuckles and says, “I just get washcloth, be right back.” And he does, come right back, with a warm, damp, washcloth. Alternates swiping the washcloth over his cum covered abs, and his hand to check for any spots he’s missed. “*So beautiful, I fucking love your body, wish I could call it all fucking mine,*” Ilya muses in between wipes, rolling Shane onto his stomach so Ilya can clean back there too.

“Mmm you can. I'm all yours.” It comes out muffled, face pressed into the pillows. Shane might still be a little too blissed out.

“*Fuck, look at this ass, so fucking delicious, I think about this ass every fucking day, wanna take a picture and set it as your contact photo, wanna see this ass every time you text me.*” Despite the heat bleeding into his words, his hands and the washcloth remain gentle, making quick work of the mess between them.

“I’d probably do it if you asked.” Still mumbled from the pillow, Shane’s too fucked to care about the implication of his words.

“*Yes, you’d fucking like that wouldn’t yo—*,” Ilya cuts himself off, washcloth now discarded somewhere on the floor, hands slide up the length of Shane’s back, and stop to rest at the top of his shoulders. Ilya squeezes lightly before bending down to press a kiss right below the other man’s ear. “*What the fuck did you just say?*”

Shane’s eyes are still closed, he feels so warm with Ilya pressed against him like this, he is completely oblivious to what is happening above him. “I’d do anything you’d ask me I think,” is his eventual response, thinking is hard right now. Hands grip his shoulders, and he’s suddenly on his back, Ilya’s gold cross hanging between them is the first thing he sees when he opens his eyes, before shifting his focus to Ilya’s face. “*You understand me?*”

He sees black eclipsing the blues of Ilya’s irises, but his preservation instincts are too dulled right now, not sensing the storm hiding behind Ilya’s words, Shane says, “You have the most beautiful eyes.”

“Hollander,” he says it like a warning. A hum is his only response.

“*Hollander,*” he repeats. “*Did I fuck you hard enough you understand Russian now, hmm? Is that what’s happening here?*”

“Mmm, learned for my boyfriend, shh, don’t tell him ’s a surprise.”

“*For your boyfriend?*” Ilya, reading Shane like his favorite book, realizes that this man is nowhere near the coherence needed to have this conversation (*but coherent enough to fucking understand Russian apparently*, his brain supplies unhelpfully). He shifts gears a bit now, determined to coax every ounce of Russian out of his boy while he’s fucked out and pliant, deciding to damn the consequences (something they do best). Dipping down to place twin

kisses on Shane's collarbones, wanting to keep him floaty and comfortable, for as long as he can. *"Tell me about him, this boyfriend of yours, hmm?"*

"So pretty, prettiest hair, prettiest dick, fucks me so good."

Ilya laughs softly from where his face is buried in Shane's neck. *"You think his dick is pretty?"*

"So pretty, love it so much, the only dick for me."

"Angel." Ilya, who has moved a little lower, lightly bites Shane's nipple before kissing it, then moves to repeat it on the other side. Shane moans, and bucks his hips as much as Ilya's body pressing down on his allows. *"Do you know what you do to me? Can't ever have too much of you."*

"Rozy, please," he whines, shifting in ways that only spur Ilya on further.

"You are always so greedy, so insatiable, is this a word you understand too? Fuck, can you hear how fucking smart I am in Russian? No stupid English to hold me back from making you know what a fucking slut you are." He snakes a hand between them, wraps it around Shane's cock, pleased to find it as hard as his own, and starts slowly jerking him off.

"So fucking smart, best fucking hockey player, beat me so many times, get fucked so hard when I lose," Shane babbles. Ilya rocks his hips, seeking friction from where his dick is pressed against Shane's thigh. "Can't ever get enough of you either," he sighs when Ilya's hand speeds up, "want you always... *Ilya*." Shane cums, with his lips wrapped around the syllables of one of his favorite words, and Ilya, who swears he heard a Russian accent on his name, cums too.

The washcloth wasn't actually too far away from when he threw it earlier, so the blonde cleans them up once more, before laying down for the night. Ilya knows sleep is not far off for the man next to him, so before that happens, he gently grabs Shane's jaw and presses a slow kiss on his lips, drinking in his taste, dying to know what his own language sounds like coming from these lips, but knowing it would have to wait. They pull away, and Shane lays his head on Ilya's chest, who allows himself a soft smile. No matter how their conversation goes tomorrow, Ilya knows, he's so beyond fucked for this man.

Despite going to sleep much, much later than Shane, Ilya is the first up the next morning. It's not absurdly early, and they have no actual obligations today, so he busies himself with one of his favorite activities. Sucking Shane Hollander's cock. Head bobbing up and down, it's not long until Ilya feels a hand threading in his curls, hears the quiet grunts and moans, and finally tastes salty cum hitting the back of his throat. He pulls off, and rises up to bring Shane into a sloppy, good morning kiss.

That taken care of, there's only one thing left on his mind, *"How long have you understood Russian?"* An eyebrow raised, he tries to keep his tone light, afraid of spooking him like a baby animal.

“What the fuck I don’t—” Ilya swears he can see last night’s events wash over Shane, who cuts his own sentence off.

“*Yes, you don’t what?*” Ilya purrs, trying to signal to the other man that he’s teasing, that he does not care about the ‘why’ as much as he cares about the end product, hearing Shane speak Russian.

Shane seems more rattled than Ilya had anticipated though, it gives him enough pause to pull back and make eye contact. Shane looks panicked, like when Ilya first brought up the idea of fucking him, years ago. Ilya wants to try and breathe some relief back into the room, “Hollander, do I look angry to you?” He grinds his dick against Shane’s own, “Do I feel angry to you?”

Shane, eyes still wide, shakes his head ‘no’.

“Then relax, yes?” He waits for Shane to nod before continuing, “Good. *Now, be a good boy and answer the question. You can do that, right?*”

Shane nods again, takes a shaky breath, “It’s bee—”

Ilya cuts him off, chuckling darkly, “*No, no, no. In Russian, darling.*”

Shane tries to hide his face, but there’s nowhere for him to go, Ilya keeping him firmly pressed to the mattress.

“I-I can’t.”

Ilya growls, “*I fucking know you can.*”

“*Ilya,*” He whines.

“*Yes, yes, exactly like that, keep going, baby.*” He groans against Shane’s ear. Which is all the encouragement Shane needed.

“*Ilya, fuck, I, I can’t believe I’m doing this. Been wanting to show you forever.*”

“*Fuck, why haven’t you?*”

“*I’m...too much of a perfectionist, and there’s nowhere close by to practice with native speakers.*”

Ilya’s voice rumbles deep in his chest, “*I am not native speaker enough?*”

“*No, no, I just. The whole point in me learning was to...surprise you with it one day. And I couldn’t ask you to help me practice if it was intended for you!*”

“*But you could’ve.*”

“*Why? Do you think it sounds bad?*”

Ilya pulls back from his spot in Shane's neck to look him in the eyes. *"Fuck no, you speak my language so beautifully, I feel like I might die. It is unfair how beautiful you sound speaking Russian."*

"Then...Then why does it feel like you're upset with me."

"Hmm this is a fair question, but I am not upset with you. I suppose I am just mourning all the times I wished to express myself to you in Russian, and had to settle for pathetic, English language."

Shane laughs at him.

"But there is an easy solution to make up for this!" Ilya continues.

"What is that?"

"We will never speak in your horrible, offensive language ever again. We live out the rest of our days as a Russian only speaking household."

Shane laughs again, and this time, once he starts, he's incapable of stopping. The pressure of secretly trying to learn Russian has been building for years. Knowing Ilya knows, and that Ilya thinks he speaks beautifully, it feels like all that pressure has suddenly been released. So he laughs until his stomach hurts and there's tears in his eyes. Laughs until Ilya joins in, and there's hands cradling heads. Until the pressure dissipates and the echoes of their laughter swim around in their heads.

Ilya pulls back to make eye contact once more, *"You really...you really learned Russian for me? A whole ass language, Hollander?"*

Shane nods, *"A whole ass language, Rozanov."*

Forehead to forehead Ilya whispers between them, *"Highest IQ in hockey history, and you're all fucking mine."*

End Notes

this one was gonna stay a draft, but whatever, fuck it

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