

Say My Name

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Say My Name

by [howtfdidtheyfindme](#)

Summary

Ilya could count the number of times they had met on one hand, and they had only been playing in the NHL for a few months, so he had to have misheard him. He grabbed the remote and went back a few seconds, and he was certain. Shane had just said “Ilya”, on national television, in French, and Ilya was sure he was going to die from the massive rush of blood that shot to his dick.

This made no sense. Why would Shane, who had never called him anything except Rozanov, start calling him by his first name to a random French lady on some Wednesday?

TL; DR: 5 times Ilya interpreted the French translation of “there is” (which is il y a) as Shane Hollander saying his first name and one time Shane actually did say it.

Notes

Title inspired by that one clip of that guy at a Beyonce concert when Beyonce asks what the guys name is and he says "I'm yo HUSBAND" and he starts singing “Say my name say my nammeeeeeee”

November 2010:

“God the press can't get enough of his ass; this is the third interview in French I've seen today and it's only 1PM” scoffed Marlow as he plopped down next to Ilya on the bench in the Raiders' gym. “Seriously, why do the Quebecois news outlets love him so much?”.

“Yeah and why do they keep asking him about us? If he's gonna chirp us he should do it in English” someone else in the gym remarked. Ilya didn't notice who because he was completely focused on the way Hollanders' Adam's apple bobbed when he made that stupid French o and e sound. Svetlana had once told him what it was called - ettle? ethel? - he had no clue. English was hard enough, let alone French sounding like there's a dying frog in your throat. Yet somehow, Shane Hollander manages to make French sound like pure sex, or maybe Ilya just thought everything Hollander did was the sexiest thing ever.

It should be illegal for someone to be able to roll their r's as effortlessly and attractively as he can, is what Ilya wanted to say, but he mustered up a godly amount of self restraint and kept that to himself. “Maybe he is scared, too chicken. He must be mean in French as protection”.

Marlow laughed and started rattling on about some hot sports broadcaster he hooked up with in Montreal and Ilya used this opportunity to grab his phone to check the Bear's game schedule, purely for captainly reasons. Definitely not because he was going insane at the thought of Hollander muttering in French as he -

“Ouai, il y a beaucoup de raisons pour lesquelles je préfère rester dedans au lieu d'aller au teuf avec mes coéquipiers mais -”

Ilya's head snapped up and tried to understand what he had just heard. He swore on his hockey career that he had just heard Shane say “Ilya” in his stupid, sexy French accent, but that would be insane right? Ilya could count the number of times they had met on one hand, and they had only been playing in the NHL for a few months, so he had to have misheard him. He grabbed the remote and went back a few seconds, and he was certain. Shane had just said “Ilya”, on national television, in French, and Ilya was sure he was going to die from the massive rush of blood that shot to his dick.

This made no sense. Why would Shane, who had never called him anything except Rozanov, start calling him by his first name to a random French lady on some Wednesday? What little blood was left in Ilya's brain was working overtime, when suddenly he heard a very annoying voice.

“ -? Roz? Rozanov?? Jesus man are you fucking high or something? I've been trying to get your attention for like five fucking minutes!” Marlow exclaimed as he stopped waving his hand in front of Ilya's face and walked over to the bench press. “I was just saying that we should learn random French words and start yelling them at the Metros at our next game. You know, to fuck with them”.

Thankfully Ilya's positioning and baggy black sweats seemed to have hidden his boner from Marlow, or Ilya would have had an awfully hard time explaining why he was having such a difficult time focusing. He used the fact that Marlow was facing the other way to jump up,

mutter something about that idea being cheap, and all but sprinting out of the room towards the locker room. He was never one for subtlety.

After packing his stuff up and getting from the locker room to his car at a world-record pace, Ilya started rationalizing. There was no way that Shane had actually said Ilya in that interview. It had to be some random French word that sounded concerningly similar to his name. No matter how many times he repeated that theory, Ilya knew deep down that he would replay that clip of that interview that night in the dark, wishing that Shane would - could - say that to his face and mean it.

February 2013:

Four years into their MLH careers, Ilya had gotten used to going a bit insane with desire every time he watched Hollander get interviewed in French. He had not, however, gotten used to the feeling he got when he heard Shane say “Ilya”; the sinking in his stomach knowing that Shane would never say that to his face, and the heat that rose at the base of his spine while Ilya pretended Shane was talking to him.

After that first time he heard Shane say those French words, back in 2010, he had googled “ILYA French”, but chickened out before he could actually search it up. He was 99.5% sure that Shane was saying some French word, and he had heard countless reporters and random French people say it too, but he refused to learn what it meant because that meant a small part of his brain could pretend Shane was actually saying his name. He was telling the entire hockey world about Ilya, not Rozanov, not Roz, not the Raiders captain, but Ilya.

He had just got home after a particularly exhausting home game against Montreal where they lost by one, with the winning goal being scored by none other than Frenchman extraordinary, Shane Hollander. He should be mad about this loss, but all Ilya can think about is how adorably cocky Shane gets when the Metros win, and how immensely more satisfying it is to get him whimpering and begging after. Speaking of, he knew the Metro’s captain would still be finishing up some interviews, because even though they were in Boston, TSN was always there to interview Hollander - in French - and drive Ilya insane. So naturally, as a captain would do, Ilya turned on the TV and made sure to watch the whole interview. Hollander’s voice came floating through the TV. “Je pense qu’il y a seulement une raison pourquoi...” . Ilya deserved a trophy for how deep he shoved the heartache he suddenly felt knowing Shane wouldn’t ever be saying “Ilya” to his face, and tried to focus on the way Hollander’s lips moved as he spoke effortlessly.

He picked up his phone and spent an embarrassingly long time drafting a text to ‘Jane’. He was Ilya Rozanov, the man who was able to make anyone swoon. Why is this amazing stupid immensely talented boring French French freckled man turning him into this mess?

Lily: I will take you to Paris myself with private jet if it means I get you moaning and begging in French for my cock.

Okay no, he can be a bit more subtle than that. As amazing as that idea would be, Ilya had to get it together before he scared Hollander away. This fragile routine they had established is

the best part of his season, and Ilya is not going to throw it all away because of some hidden language fetish.

Lily: I am going to switch job to news reporter for French news so I can follow you, tell you how good you are on TV and hear you speak my name in pretty French forever.

This was so much worse. Ilya could not tell him that his deepest dream was to be around Shane forever and to follow him to the ends of the Earth; to make sure Shane knew how amazing he was and take care of him. He couldn't even admit that to himself. "Ебать" he said to himself mostly, "Фокс Розанова". He is one of the greatest hockey players of this generation, he can draft a singular text to his ... whatever Hollander was. He finally came up with something to send to 'Jane' that wouldn't get him immediately blocked from Shane's phone.

Lily: Are you too busy being boring and French to come suck my dick?

The reply came almost instantly, which didn't surprise Ilya anymore but it still did things to his heart that most people would call pathetic.

Jane: Fuck you.

Jane: I'm on my way.

After what seemed like an eternity (realistically like 20 minutes), Ilya finally heard the faint, precise knock on his door and practically leapt up from his couch. Nobody had to know that while Shane was on his knees, while he was lying on his back begging for him and while he was walking back out the door, Ilya was thinking about that interview from earlier that night, pretending that "Ilya" was falling from the lips of this amazing hockey player with beautiful freckles like they did during that interview.

March 2015:

It had taken an excruciatingly long time to get back to Shane's apartment after the game. The game had gone into overtime, and the interviewers after seemed to have no consideration for the fact that Ilya was desperate to get out of his sweaty uniform and into a certain Wasian. After practically running away from the CBC journalist, he had finally made it to Shane Hollander. Well, he was trying to. Ilya had texted 'Jane' almost 5 minutes ago to let him know he was on his way up. He knew the door code but he still liked to give Hollander a heads up just so he didn't freak out when someone started opening his door.

This time however, instead of opening the door to a horny and worked-up Hollander practically jumping on him, he opened the door to a very empty apartment. The only thing he could hear was the faint murmur of someone - Shane - talking on the phone in the living room?? Ilya couldn't tell, so he decided to follow the voice into the bedroom and oh- .

There was a very flustered Shane Hollander sitting on his bed, body still wet from the shower, naked except for the towel sitting very low on his hips and his mouth talking in very fast French.

Ilya has died and gone to heaven. He had finally been killed in the creepy alleyway behind Hollander's apartment and this was what was waiting on the other side. From his lust filled haze, he sees Shane press a button on his phone and start pointing out the door.

“ - and JJ needs help with something really quick and it's important but it shouldn't take longer than like 10 more minutes? You can help yourself to anything in the kitchen, I have some of the good vodka you like, or you can put something on the TV. I'm sorry I was planning to get this done before you got here but -”. Ilya cut Shane's anxious rambling off with a bruising kiss, grabbing his jaw so hard he was worried (or hoping) it would leave a mark.

Shane indulged him for a few seconds, whimpering into Ilya's mouth as his tongue made its way into his mouth, but quickly pushed him off looking even more flustered somehow. “I am on the phone you asshole! Get out of my room now or else I'll kick you out for the entire night”. There was no real bite behind Shane's words, in fact it was clear he was working incredibly hard to keep his voice steady, but Ilya would never deny this man anything. So, with one last longing look, he begrudgingly made his way into the kitchen to pour himself some of the good vodka Shane had offered. As much as he would love to be completely sober for what was coming next, Ilya knew he would not survive Shane's flustered, naked, French self without a little liquid help.

Fifteen minutes later, Ilya was sitting on the couch scrolling mindlessly through the TV channels,, his mind completely occupied with the man sitting in the next room. He could hear his beautiful voice talking in French, but a French he had never heard from Shane before. It was so different from the pristine, controlled French he spoke with the reporters, but then again the same could be said about the way Shane spoke English. A small part of Ilya that was growing louder with every sip of this concerningly strong vodka told him to go listen closer to the phone call. It's not like he would understand anything anyways, and when would he ever get the chance to hear Hollander talk like this again? It would be foolish to not take advantage of this opportunity.

He got up and walked as quietly as a 6'3” giant hockey player could walk and pushed his ear against the crack in Shane's bedroom door. “Ben j'sais pas! J'ai aucune idée pourquoi il t'a appelé JJ ... Calisse alors tu vas faire quoi? ... Il y a seulement trois gars, tu peux le faire!”

There it was again, but this time it sounded different. Anything Hollander said in an interview always sounded rehearsed, like he had known exactly what to say from the moment the conversation started. Even though that mysterious awful French word still drove Ilya insane, it never truly sounded like Shane was saying it. This was different, and it was going to ruin Ilya. Shane had said it with care, clearly trying to convince Boiziau to do something he did not want to do if the yelling from the other end of the phone was any indication.

Ilya truly, from the bottom of his heart, could not care less about what Boiziau was going through. He could be actively bleeding out under a semi-truck and Hollander could be his only hope of survival and Ilya still would not care. Now that he knew what Shane sounded like saying “Ilya” with such care in his voice, that moment would occupy his every waking moment. He couldn't do this. Ilya knew that if he saw Shane's face right now, had his hands on his body and kissed him, he would not stop thinking about how his name would sound on

Shane's lips and that would destroy him. He had thought he was fucked before, but Shane Hollander had managed to ruin him in a completely new way. His jacket suddenly felt way too small and the hallway he was creeping in felt like it was shrinking. He left as quietly as possible and texted some bullshit excuse to 'Jane'. His mind was too confused to think in English and his hands were shaking too hard to come up with a coherent message so he knew Hollander would immediately know he was lying, but he didn't care. He just had to leave. His phone dinged with a reply from Hollander, but he couldn't bring himself to check.

Lily: Sorry was got late and curfew early I did not want interrupt so I leave.

Jane: You're an asshole for getting me all excited and then leaving.

Jane: See you next season.

Jane: And I'm sorry about the phone call.

January 2014:

Ilya was going to hire someone to follow him and Hollander around to fold their clothes whenever they fuck so he didn't have to lie on this shitty hotel bed, agonizingly hard, waiting for Shane to make sure there were no wrinkles in his shirt. If he was being honest, Shane's compulsions were one of the things he admired most about the man. He would never dream of taking them away from him. Finally, Shane put down his clothes and walked over to the foot of the bed, crawling up Ilya's body until his mouth was right next to his dick.

Shane started kissing around his v-line before moving lower and placing gentle kisses on his inner thighs. "Can I?" he murmured, so quiet Ilya almost didn't hear him. "Can you what, Hollander? Use your big boy words." "Fuck you asshole" Shane spat back, his cheeks turning an adorable shade of pink that highlighted his freckles as he placed a light bite on the crease of his inner thigh. Ilya let out a gasp. "Can I please suck you off?" Shane asked, lust pooling in those beautiful brown eyes that Ilya loved. Ilya would do anything if Shane asked him like that. So of course he nodded his head and let Shane get to work and Shane went at it like a man starved. He took all of Ilya in his mouth, bobbing his head up and down and wrapping his tongue around the head of Ilya's cock every time he came up for air.

After a minute or two, Ilya couldn't take it anymore. He yanked Shane up by his hair, flipped them over, and pinned his arms above his head as he bit down into his neck. Not hard enough to leave a mark, but hard enough to make Shane gasp and let out a sharp "Putain-". Ilya stilled above him. Shane Hollander speaking French had never been anything except for a guilty pleasure, but now he had Shane Hollander speaking French, naked, rock hard and pinned under him. He felt something snap inside him and switched his grip so both of Shane's wrists were pinned with one hand.

His newly freed hand grabbed Shane's face and moved it from where it was leaving a trail of kisses along Ilya's neck to face him. "Say that again" Ilya growled, and he was sure his pupils were completely dilated. "...what?" Shane looked so adorably confused. "Say what you said again. Say it in French" Ilya says against his neck as he licks a stripe from his collarbone to his ear, biting into his earlobe. "Why do you have - fuck - a fetish or something?" and god Ilya loved how stubborn this man was.

“Yes, so if you want me to do more than hold your hand, you should start speaking French soon”. He let go of his jaw and reached down to tweak one of Shane’s nipples. “Putain Rozanov tu me rends dingue” and oh it was truly over for Ilya. He leaned over Shane and reached over to the bedside table to grab the bottle of lube he had left there earlier.

“СОЛНЫШКО if you want to come on my cock, you better keep talking like that”. He uncapped the lube and poured some on his finger, warming them up so Shane could be as comfortable as possible. He started trailing kisses along his chest, free hand resting on his hip as pushed the tip of his index finger against Shane’s hole.

“Calisse de chrisse Rozanov”. Ilya pushed the rest of his finger in and got the most delicious gasp in return, which he swallowed up with a kiss. He pushed his tongue into Shane’s mouth as he pressed his finger against that sensitive spot inside him. “Plus forte putain” Shane honest-to-god whimpered into his mouth and who was Ilya to deny him?

He slowly pulled his finger out and pushed two in, gentle but quick enough to cause Shane to arch his back as he bit along his collarbone. Ilya started scissoring his fingers, getting Hollander ready for him when Shane grabbed his hair to yank him up until they were eye to eye. “Defonce-moi Rozanov je t’implore” and while Ilya had absolutely no idea what Shane was saying, he got the gist of it. He pulled his fingers out of Shane’s ass and the man started squirming. “Do you have a condom?” he asked as he bit along Shane’s jawline. “Ouais, il y a - calisse - il y en a un dans - putaain -” Shane gave up trying to talk and started pointing vaguely to the lowest drawer of his bedside table, not noticing that Ilya had suddenly frozen with his mouth pressing against his neck. He had said it. He said it to him. Directly. He had said that awful French word while he was desperate under him, begging to be fucked - or so he assumed. Ilya swore he could feel his eyes dilate and the last of his resolve disappear. He almost didn’t recognize the growl that left the back of his throat as he sunk his teeth so deep into Shane’s jawline that he was sure he left a mark. Shane was going to kill him; he was going to put him through a slow, torturous death and Ilya did not care. This was a great way to go.

He grabbed the condom out of the drawer and rolled it on at record speed as Shane left open-mouthed kisses along his pec. He grabbed Shane’s arms from where he had been running them along his sides and grabbing his ass to pin them back up above his head. “ТЫ МЕНЯ УБЬЕШЬ, МОЯ ЛЮБОВЬ” murmured Ilya in Shane’s ear and the way Shane whimpered and arched up when Ilya spoke Russian made him think that he wasn’t the only one with a language fetish.

As Ilya lined up with Shane’s hole, he tried really really hard to ignore the fact that this would be the closest Ilya ever got to hearing Shane say his name. He had discovered the secret to getting Shane to say his name and he would never have sex in English again. A small price to pay but Ilya would choose to never speak again if that meant Shane would keep saying that to him. “Bouge toi Rozanov” Shane wrapped his legs around his waist and used his ankles to push him forward, and the tip of Ilya’s dick pushed past into Shane’s ass.

The whine Shane let out was covered by the sound of Ilya swearing “О Боже!”. As much as Ilya wanted to make this last forever, Shane was clawing at his back and grinding his hips down into Ilya’s dick. “Bouge toi connard - tabarnak Roza-” Shane words were cut off into a

loud moan as Ilya started thrusting into him hard enough to push him up the bed until his head was against the headboard. One of Shane's hands reached above him to grab the headboard to steady himself, while the other reached down to grab Ilya's hair and pull him into a messy kiss that was mostly teeth and spit. He knew neither of them would last long, so he grabbed Shane's face rough enough that his jaw dropped open. "Spit" Ilya reached his free hand under Shane's mouth, and Shane, being the good boy he always was for Ilya, spit immediately leaving a line of drool down his chin. Ilya raised his hand to his own mouth, spit, and wrapped his hand around Shane's cock as his other hand moved to grab his hip so he could keep thrusting into him. "Je vais bientôt jouir" Shane whimpered as he arched his back up into his hand. Ilya kissed the shell of his ear "Come for me мой любимый" and Shane came all over his and Ilya's stomach with a filthy moan. Feeling Shane clench around him as he rode out the last of his high is all it took for Ilya to bury his hips deep into him and come as he bit Shane's pec.

He collapsed on top of Shane, making sure not to crush him with his body weight. They laid there for a while as they both caught their breath; until Shane started wriggling around. "We're gonna get all dry and crusty and gross" and god Ilya wasn't going to survive this man. He got up and threw the condom in the trash while he got a washcloth from the bathroom that he ran under warm water. He cleaned Shane and himself up, trying to wipe the sappy love-filled look off of his face and then got them both under the covers. He knew neither of them would stay in bed long, but it was nice to pretend that they could be domestic, cuddle after sex and fall asleep in each other's arms.

As if Shane knew what he was thinking, "I should get some sleep since I have an early flight" and Ilya tried to ignore the feeling of his heart breaking a little more. "Yes would not want to ruin your beauty sleep Hollander, you need your pretty face" he said as he leaned in to steal a slow kiss from Shane. It was chaste, no tongue for once, but sweet and Ilya hoped it conveyed all of the emotions he wasn't allowed to say out loud. He got up and got dressed in silence but stopped once he reached the hotel door. He wanted to tell Shane that he is the most beautiful thing in the entire world and that he could speak gibberish for all he cares and he would still drive Ilya insane and that he would do anything to get him to say Ilya's name for real. But he couldn't say any of it, so he just let out a sigh and hoped that Shane didn't notice the utter sadness in his eyes. "I wish the world could see the great Shane Hollander lose his mind in English and French from my cock мой дорогой." and then Ilya was gone.

November 2016:

Ilya had fucked up the best thing that he had going for him. He couldn't have been satisfied with seeing Shane - fuck Hollander- a couple times a year for nothing but a quick fuck. He had to go and ask for more and now he had scared him off for good. Before Shane had run away, Ilya had felt the happiest he had felt in a long time. What's worse is that he finally got to hear Shane say his name and he couldn't feel shittier about it. It was dark now and Ilya was still sitting on the same spot on his couch. He had gotten up briefly to grab a handle of vodka from the kitchen and he had sat down exactly where he was when he had scared Shane off. The sound of his name on Shane's lips was all he could think about; it had been playing on repeat in his head for hours.

The sound of his phone buzzing from somewhere drew him out of the miserable trance he had been in for hours. He had no intention of answering it, but it did make him realize he probably should get up. He really didn't want to get up. He knew he had practice tomorrow and that being hungover on an empty stomach would make him even more miserable, but what was the point of practice and hockey if the only real competition he had hated him and never talked to him again? He needed something to drown out the memory of "Ilya" coming from Shane's beautiful lips, so he reached over to the coffee table and grabbed the remote. He turned on ESPN, not really caring what came on, but just his fucking luck, the first thing he saw was an old video of Shane fucking Hollander doing - oh the world was truly fucking cruel - an interview in French.

"Ben je sais qu'il y a des équipes-" Ilya suddenly felt a sob wrench its way out of his throat. He scrambled for the remote and turned the TV off, throwing the remote hard against the wall. He was pathetic, sitting on his couch all alone crying for a man he almost had. A man he could never have. He let another sob wrack his body as he took another swig from the concerningly empty handle of vodka sitting on the table, his tears making it taste gross and salty. Ilya laid down on the couch, his tears now dripping up his forehead instead of down his cheeks. He let himself cry harder than he'd cried in a while, letting the grief of losing Shane Hollander take over his body.

After what felt like hours, he felt himself calm down - or maybe he was just too dehydrated to cry anymore. He felt nauseous and sticky and just tired. He wanted a cigarette - he already disappointed Shane once today, might as well go all the way. He got off the couch feeling like he had just gotten slammed into the boards and walked to where he had hidden his cigarettes before Shane came over. He grabbed one out of the pack and used the lighter he hid with them to light it in the middle of his living room. He checked the clock - 2 am - and gave up on getting any sleep that night. He could drink and smoke and cry until the morning, when he had to get up and face his new reality where he had lost Shane Hollander.

A part of him wanted to turn the TV back on and spend the night watching interviews where Shane would say that awful French word over and over, just to hear Shane say his name again. However, a darker part of him knew that after hearing Shane say his name for real, that French word would never be the same. It would be a shallow replacement - a reminder of what Ilya briefly had and then immediately fucked up. He knew practice the next day would be fucking brutal after a sleepless night of drinking and wallowing in his own pity, but maybe that was good. Maybe it would take his mind off of that beautiful freckled man. He knew it wouldn't - nothing would ever replace the memory of Shane whispering "Ilya" and he had to accept that.

July 2018:

"Ilya I swear to god if you burn the garlic bread I'm gonna invite Hayden Pike over to stay with us for the next week". Shane was grabbing a bottle of wine from the pantry while Ilya was supposed to be watching the oven to make sure the garlic bread didn't burn. He had gotten a little (a lot) distracted by the view of a shirtless Shane Hollander bending over to grab the bottle. He had let out a very loud wolf whistle that surprised Shane enough that he almost dropped the wine and was now very flustered and annoyed.

His nose was doing that adorable crinkle that he did when he was trying to stay mad at Ilya but they both knew he wouldn't. "Is not my fault my boyfriend has ass that should be in museum" Ilya walked over to where Shane was trying to act mad and grabbed his waist. Shane dodged his arm and walked over to the oven, putting on an oven mitt to pull the garlic bread out of the oven.

"This is why I don't let you be in charge of anything in the kitchen". Shane put the tray down on the cooling rack on the counter and turned to Ilya with his hands on his hips.

"Yes but you let me be in charge of more important things. Like your dick and your ass and your mouth and your -". Ilya was cut off by Shane grabbing his shirt and hauling him into a kiss. He smiled into it, turning them so Shane was pushed up against the counter. He grabbed under his thighs and lifted him so that Shane was sitting on the counter. "Ilya fuck - hold on" Shane's phone had started to ring from somewhere and Shane always answers his phone.

"Boooooo I think you should ignore it - but I think it's in living room"

"I can't ignore it that's rude and thank you babe" Shane leaves a quick kiss on his lips as he jumps off the counter to go grab his phone.

"Shit it's Hayden is it okay if I take it really quick?"

"Yes of course I will keep dinner warm for my lovely boyfriend as he ignores me for some loser". Shane smiled and blew him a kiss and walked towards their bedroom.

"Hey Hayden what's up? ... Yeah for sure put her on ... Hi! Oh sorry salut! Comment-ça va Jade? T'es bien?". Ilya could faintly hear Shane talking to Hayden from their bedroom, but why was he speaking French? He suddenly remembered that Pike's kids were at a French school and that they loved talking to their Uncle Shane in French. They must have learnt a new word and wanted to tell Shane about it - how sweet. He walked closer to the bedroom, wanting to say hi to the twins.

"Ouais tu parle très bien Ruby, toi aussi Jade! Je suis à la maison avec Ilya, est-ce que ta mère est là?" There it was again. You know, Ilya had never asked Shane what that word had meant, but it sounded different this time. He wondered if Shane had actually said his name this time or if he just said the word with less of an accent? He heard Shane saying goodbye to the twins and there's no time like the present right? He walked into the room and over to where Shane was sitting on the bed.

"I thought you were supposed to be keeping dinner warm like a good boyfriend? Also Jade and Ruby say hi!"

"That's sweet" Ilya grabbed his boyfriend's jaw and sat down next to him. "I have a question - a serious question" he clarified when he saw Shane's eyes flicker with lust. "Now who's the boring one?" Shane says which makes Ilya giggle and kiss his nose "But yeah what's up?"

"There is a French word, you say it often. It sounds like Ilya but it is not that. Everyone says it a lot, I asked where condoms were once and you said it and pointed. What does it mean?"

“It sounds like Ilya? Ilya - il ya? Il - ohhhhhhhhhh” and Shane actually burst out laughing. He doubled over clutching his stomach and Ilya thought he might fall off the bed. “You are asshole, forget I asked” Ilya got up and turned. Shane grabbed his hand and yanked him onto the bed, straddling him. “Nonono you’re right it is Ilya I just never thought about how it sounds the same as your name before! Did you think people were talking about you all the time or something?”

“No I am not that big of asshole, but sometimes - never mind.” Shane started kissing up his jaw “Pleaaaaaaase tell me Ilya”.

“You are lucky I do anything you ask. Whenever you said it - said Ilya - I always hoped you were talking about me, or I thought about what it would sound like if you actually said my name. Is why I like your French interviews so much.”

Shane was very quiet and Ilya was scared he had gone too far, scared him off again. His fears quickly went away when Shane moved his head away from where it was nuzzled into his neck to kiss him so hard they both fell back onto the bed.

“I cannot believe it took me so long to get my shit together. I could have had you for so long but I was stupid and -”

“You have always had me Shane, body and heart.”

“Fuck you Rozanov you’re gonna make me start crying”

“Don’t do that”

“Do what you asshole?”

“Rozanov” Ilya mimicked with a truly awful Canadian accent that made Shane giggle. “You call me that for so long. I want to hear your beautiful voice say my name. I never want you to stop saying my name мой дорогой, okay?”. He captured Shane’s lips into a gentle kiss, his hands running through his dark hair. “Ilya” Shane whispered into the kiss, a small smile on his lips as he leaned back away from him. “I love you Ilya” as he left a kiss on Ilya’s cheek.

“Yk, if we eat now, you’ll have enough energy to fuck me so hard the only thing I remember is your name” Shane said quietly, that lovely blush appearing on his cheeks again. No matter how many times they fuck, Shane was always so shy about sex and it was so endearing.

“That is perfect. You are perfect” Ilya grins as he lifts Shane off the bed, ignoring Shane’s loud complaints, and moves him over to sit him on the chairs by the dining table.

“я тебя люблю Shane” Ilya leaves a kiss against Shane’s cheek as he goes to get their dinner plated. “Ya tebya lyublyu Ilya” and god Ilya was never going to let this man go.

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