

The Romance of Somewhere Where Trains Go Direct

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The Romance of Somewhere Where Trains Go Direct

by [billowyy](#)

Summary

Shane isn't learning Russian because of Rozanov. He's *not*. Is it nice that he now knows the sweet things Rozanov tells him in Russian during sex? Definitely.

But he's *not* doing it for Rozanov.

Or Shane starts learning Russian because one of his rookies doesn't speak a lot of English, and he tries to convince himself that it's the only reason why.

Notes

This came from a prompt I saw from onceandfuturelesbian on Tumblr!!

Since this fic has so much Russian being spoken, it took me a bit to figure out how I wanted to do it. I decided on having any Russian dialogue being italicized.

Title from Salt Throwers off a Truck by Grian Chatten.

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

Shane wasn't doing it for Rozanov. He *wasn't*.

He could count on two hands the number of times him knowing Russian would have been beneficial.

The time he was in New York and the person in front of him checking out at the store was having trouble telling the cashier what kind of cigarettes they wanted. Whenever Lipovsky and Molchalin say something in Russian to him on the ice and he has no idea what the hell they're saying. He assumes it's compliments based on the tone.

The thing that *really* pushed him to start taking Russian lessons was their new rookie Morozov.

The kid was just barely nineteen and a fucking *powerhouse* on the ice. Off the ice though, he was timid and barely said a word to anyone that wasn't Lipovsky or Molchalin. The few times Shane's tried to talk to him, the language barrier made it so difficult for either of them to communicate anything.

Shane is the fucking captain. He can't be unable to communicate with one of his players.

So he started learning Russian.

It *wasn't* because of Rozanov.

Rozanov's kissing him as soon as he steps into the hotel room. Montreal had won tonight, but it didn't seem like he had any hard feelings about that as he kissed and panted his way down Shane's neck.

Shane's head thuds against the wall and he closes his eyes. His hands grip onto Rozanov's hips and tug him forward. It's been a while since they last saw each other, and *fuck* did he miss this.

"Fuck, Hollander. *You were stunning out there. Gorgeous. So fucking talented.* Take your pants off," he says as he pulls Shane's shirt up.

It takes Shane a moment to register that he *understands what Rozanov said*. His brain translated it so fast that it takes him until he's stepping out of his pants to realize that Rozanov was speaking Russian. And that he *understands* it.

He falters a bit, but quickly recovers and folds his pants. Rozanov is too busy taking his own clothes off to notice.

Stunning. Gorgeous. Talented. He's going to be thinking about those words the rest of the night. Fuck, for the rest of his *life*.

They meet each other again, with hands and lips, and eventually make their way to the bed.

It happens again, weeks later, as Rozanov is between his legs and fucking into him with a pace that has Shane crying out at every thrust and holding onto Rozanov so firmly so that he doesn't bang his head into the headboard.

"You feel so good. *So perfect for me. Fucking love this.*"

Shane gasps and tightens his hold on Rozanov's shoulders.

Rozanov grips his chin in one hand, turning him to look at him. His heavy-lidded eyes rake over Shane's face. Leaning in, he presses kiss after kiss to his face.

"*These fucking freckles. Fuck. Wish I could see them in the summer.* Ah! I'm close, Hollander."

Later, once they've both come but before they've started to clean up, in that sweet spot where they're both *so* relaxed and sated, Shane surprises himself by bringing it up.

"You know, you say stuff in Russian when we're together." He doesn't even know what he wants Rozanov to say to that. He *definitely* doesn't want him to find out that Shane knows what he's saying because he *knows* Rozanov would stop saying that shit to him immediately.

"Oh, do I?" he says sarcastically.

They're on their backs, sides pressed together, and when Shane turns his head towards him where it's resting on Rozanov's outstretched arm, his eyes are closed. He looks peaceful. Beautiful.

"What do you... what're you saying?" He doesn't think Rozanov is going to answer him. Rather, he doesn't think he's going to give him a serious answer, but he still wants to hear what he's going to say.

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

And Shane can't do anything but smile softly to himself.

So maybe it *was* because of Rozanov. Just a little.

It took him a bit to figure out how to let Morozov know what he was doing. Part of it was that he wanted to wait long enough that he'd actually be able to have a conversation and have

more to say than *Do you understand Russian? Yes, I speak a little bit of Russian.* In the end, he decided to just keep it simple and start with what he knew.

"Good morning." He said it as the kid was passing him in the locker room.

He must have still been fighting to wake up all the way, because his response was a sluggish, *"Good morning,"* said with a sleepy nod in his direction as he kept on walking to his locker.

Then he stopped, did a 180 so fast Shane was worried he was going to slip, and narrowed his eyes at him.

"Since when do you speak Russian?"

Morozov spoke so quickly and with such a thick accent that Shane only understood about half of it, but he knew enough that he was able to figure it out and respond with what he hoped was a correct response. Up until now, the only person who had heard him speak Russian was himself.

"Since I started learning a couple months ago." He knew his pronunciation and accent still needed some work, but he could tell he did a good job based on the way Morozov's eyebrows raised praisingly and how the corners of his mouth ticked up.

"Very nice, captain." He nodded.

"Thank you." He nodded back, and they both went back to their own lockers.

Shane thinks that's the most he's seen of Morozov's real personality since he met him.

Word must spread quickly among their Russian players because it's not even an hour later that Molchalin is skating up to him while they're running drills and knocking their shoulders together.

"Someone told me you speak Russian now. A little birdy."

Molchalin's Russian is definitely easier to understand than Morozov's. He speaks slower, not as thick. He'd think it's to make it easier for Shane to understand if he hadn't been listening in on their conversations the past few weeks. That's just how he talks.

"Barely. I just started learning," he replies, shrugging.

"Why?"

"The rookie. Can't be a good captain if I can't even talk to everyone, can I?"

It's only a partial truth, which he can admit to himself. But Molchalin absolutely doesn't need to know that his off and on again hookup for the past fiveish years also speaks Russian and that Shane likes knowing what he's saying to him during sex.

Molchalin gets that same impressed look on his face that Morozov had earlier.

"Impressive. And respectable. My sister-in-law has been trying to learn for my brother for years, and she's not even that good."

"I barely even said anything."

"You're holding this conversation very well for someone who just started learning a few months ago, Hollander."

"Well." He shrugs.

"I shouldn't even be surprised. I know how good you are at hockey. It makes sense that you'd be good at learning languages. You understand everything I'm saying, right? It definitely seems like you do."

"I'm pretty sure I do. Trust me, I'm surprising myself here with how well I'm doing."

Molchalin laughs and taps his bicep with the back of his hand.

"With me and the other guys, you'll be fluent in no time, captain."

That's pretty much exactly how it goes.

For the rest of the season, his Russian teammates speak almost exclusively to him in Russian. By the end of it, they're telling him he's practically fluent, and he's sad that he's going to have to go the summer break not having someone to practice with.

It blows Hayden's mind a bit the first time he heard Lipovsky ask him something in Russian, only for Shane to respond in Russian without hesitation. He had made a joke about Shane learning so that he could chirp better with Rozanov on the ice.

He half-considers telling Rozanov so that he can text with him and practice his writing. But then he remembers how fucking *sweet* Rozanov gets during sex when he thinks Shane can't understand him, and he absolutely does not want to risk that going away. Rozanov would probably get freaked out once he realized just how long Shane has been able to understand him.

So he doesn't tell him. They meet up one more time before the summer, and Shane goes home with *so sweet, so beautiful* in his head, among the other things Rozanov could only tell him in Russian.

He texts Molchalin instead.

It takes a surprisingly long time for Rozanov to find out—about a third of the way into the next season. Well, maybe not since they don't see each other that often. But it certainly feels like a lifetime.

He still has trouble keeping up with Morozov a lot of the time, which keeps him from calling himself fluent. But then Molchalin says that even *he* has trouble keeping up with him, so he doesn't feel that bad about it.

Montreal is up against Boston for the first time of the season, at home, and Shane is fucking buzzing.

It's been so long since he's been in the same room as Rozanov. Anytime they play against each other it's a good game. Even if they lose, it's a good game. He just fucking loves being on the ice with him. He can tell Rozanov probably feels the same by the way his face lights up when they go up for the face-off together.

Jesus fucking christ. He can't wait to feel that smile against his own when they meet up later.

Lipovsky skates close, tossing a quick, witty, *"What are we thinking, Hollander? I feel kind of bad. Boston is down by two. Maybe we should let Rozanov have a pity win,"* in Russian.

It's honestly the perfect timing.

At first, Rozanov just glances at Lipovsky and rolls his eyes. He must think the chirp is directed at him.

But it's not. Obviously.

Shane locks eyes with Rozanov. The ref comes over with the puck.

"I think you're right. Got to let them catch up a bit. It'll be more fun that way," he says, never looking away from Rozanov.

Rozanov's eyes widen and he freezes. His grip loosens on his stick.

Shane wins the face-off.

Rozanov's glaring at him when Shane lets him into his apartment.

"Hello to you, too," Shane says, shutting the door.

He follows Rozanov until they get to the couch. Rozanov turns to face him, still glaring and still silent.

"Surprise." Shane shrugs.

There's several feet of space between them and Shane desperately wants to close the distance so that he can kiss him and take that fucking look off of his face.

"How long?" Rozanov asks in Russian.

"About a year."

At that, Rozanov's eyebrows raise. It looks like his breath catches for a moment and his eyes rake over Shane in an intimately familiar move.

Oh.

He's not just mad about this. He's *turned on*.

He's absolutely going to use this to his advantage.

"Don't get too excited. I didn't learn it for you. It has had some benefits, though."

Rozanov's eyes glaze over for a second like he's trying to remember everything he's ever said in Russian to Shane. *Beautiful. Talented. Sweet, sweet boy. Mine.*

"No, you just learned it so you could speak sexy Russian to your teammates. Lipovsky, no?"

"And Molchalin. And Morozov."

Rozanov narrows his eyes at him. Is he fucking *jealous*?

Shane continues, serious now, *"I actually learned it because Morozov's been having trouble learning English. I needed to be able to talk to him without having one of the other guys translate all the time. Didn't like seeing him so left out."*

"Right." His glare has turned into something like awe. There's definitely something horny happening in those eyes, too. Shane knows him too well. Kinda sarcastically, Rozanov says, *"Would you have learned a third language for any little rookie who was having a hard time? Swedish? German?"*

Would he have? Shane's honestly not sure. Maybe if Rozanov was Swedish or German. He doesn't say that, though. Rozanov probably knows that already.

Instead of responding, Shane slowly walks up to him. He keeps going until his hands are on Rozanov's ribs and he's pushed him up against the back of the couch. He leans in and presses a slow, close mouthed kiss to his lips. Rozanov sighs as he pulls away.

Shane only leans far back enough so that he can look him in the eyes properly. Their lips are still touching.

The way Rozanov is looking at him makes him feel fucking powerful.

"Get on the floor and suck my cock. Please."

Rozanov's mouth falls open, eyes heavy.

And then Shane gets the blowjob of his fucking *life*.

End Notes

[billowyy](#) on Tumblr.

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