

## Good For Me

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77098821) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77098821>.

|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Rating:          | <a href="#">Explicit</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Archive Warning: | <a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Fandom:          | <a href="#">Heated Rivalry (TV)</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Praise Kink</a> , <a href="#">Dom/sub Undertones</a> , <a href="#">Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot</a> , <a href="#">Porn with Feelings</a> , <a href="#">Rough Sex</a> , <a href="#">Spanking</a> , <a href="#">Crying During Sex</a> , <a href="#">Developing Relationship</a> , <a href="#">Established Relationship</a> , <a href="#">Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">POV Ilya Rozanov</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Stats:           | Published: 2026-01-04 Words: 4,322 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |

# Good For Me

by [aislinnn](#)

## Summary

*“Think you can be good for me, Hollander?”*

*Hollander swallowed. There was that vaguely panicked look in his eyes, like every other time Ilya had introduced something new to his understanding of sex.*

*“What does, uh. What does that mean, exactly?”*

## Notes

I am so, so gone for these two.

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

Ilya circled his hand around Hollander's wrist and tugged upward, pushing it down into the bedding above Hollander's head. The pressure was firm but not harsh; testing the waters. Carefully tracking Hollander's expression, he caught the slight widening of Hollander's eyes, the hitch of his breath.

Ilya tempered his reaction, only giving a small smirk; Hollander could be easily spooked, he had come to learn. "Is good, Hollander?"

Hollander licked his lips before audibly swallowing. It gave Ilya a hot thrill even before Hollander stumbled to say, "Um, yeah. Yeah, it's – it's good."

Humming, Ilya leaned down to kiss Hollander's cheek and under his jaw, where he could hide an excited grin against Hollander's throat.

He didn't press any farther that night, but it was something to keep in mind.

---

"Grab the pillow."

Hollander's brow furrowed but, with the kind of quiet obedience he often offered up in bed, he leaned over to grab a pillow from his left and hold it up to Ilya. With a scoff, Ilya ripped the stupid decorative pillow out of Hollander's grasp and threw it blindly over his shoulder. There was a small crashing sound and Hollander, eyes wide with alarm, began to sit up. Ilya grunted and shoved him back down with a firm hand on his chest.

"I will pay you back," Ilya said dismissively.

"You're such a fucking –"

"Asshole, I know. We establish this. No, Hollander, grab *your* pillow."

The angry pinch of Hollander's brows gave way to something more wary. As he began to lift his head, Ilya rolled his eyes, realising Hollander was just going to try to hand Ilya that pillow as well.

"No," Ilya said, firm and on the edge of impatience. "Like this." He grabbed and lifted Hollander's hand above his head and pressed it down into the pillow.

"Okay, so you want me to *hold* the pillow," Hollander said, eyes bright and the twitch of a teasing smile on his lips.

"Grab, hold." Ilya gave a careless flick of his hand as he made a *tsk* noise. "Be good, yes?"

And that – the effect was immediate and intoxicating. Hollander's gaze sharpened even as his mouth softened into a slight opening. His dick twitched against Ilya's hip.

Mouth twisting into a slow, predatory grin, Ilya said, "Think you can be good for me, Hollander?"

Hollander swallowed. There was that vaguely panicked look in his eyes, like every other time Ilya had introduced something new to his understanding of sex. His fingers were gripping the pillow so hard, the muscles in his forearm flexed and Ilya leaned down to trace them with his tongue.

“What does, uh. What does that mean, exactly?”

Against the bend of Hollander’s elbow, Ilya smothered a too-soft smile. “Grab the pillow. Both hands,” he instructed. It was a testament to how gone Hollander already was that he did not tease Ilya again, did not tell him to say *hold* instead.

When Ilya looked back up, he could see that Hollander’s right hand was gripping the pillow as well now – *good* – but his attention was primarily drawn to the expression on Hollander’s face. He looked vulnerable and unsure, so much like their first encounters, and it carved out an ache so deep in Ilya’s bones, so desperate, that he had to dive forward to capture Hollander’s mouth in a bruising kiss. Wet and glorious as their legs tangled together, Ilya roughly grasping Shane’s face and angling it every which way he wanted. But then Ilya felt a hand on the back of his head, and he had no choice but to pull away.

“Ah, ah, ah,” he said, wagging a finger in Hollander’s face. “Hand stay on pillow.”

Hollander made a noise and jerked his hand back as a slight wince flashed across his face.

“Is okay,” Ilya murmured, stroking Hollander’s cheek reassuringly. “But I am going to suck your dick and you cannot touch, even when I swallow your come. Yes?”

Hollander groaned and threw his head back, hips bucking into Ilya. “Why is your English always so much better when it’s about sex?”

Ilya gave Hollander’s cheek a kiss and, on impulse, a little smack, before trailing down his body. “I focus on most important thing,” he said between kissing and licking Hollander’s chest and stomach. “You should try.”

As Hollander let out a sharp laugh, Ilya was treated to the rippling sensation of Hollander’s muscles under his mouth.

“Oh, yeah?” Hollander asked. “Like what?”

Resting his chin just below Hollander’s navel, Ilya propped his hands against Hollander’s ribs and interlaced his fingers. He hummed, as if considering it, then said, “Your backhand shot.” Lifting one of his hands, he gave a *so-so* motion and affected an exaggerated grimace. “Is weak.”

Hollander’s mouth dropped open as he released a startled sound. He made an aborted motion, probably intending to lob his pillow at Ilya’s head before remembering the instructions Ilya had given him.

“You are *such* an –”

“Asshole, yes, yes,” Ilya cut him off. “Even your insult is boring.”

Hollander only groaned. Ilya did not blame him; it was hard to argue knowing that Ilya scrutinised his every move on the ice and was well aware of his weaknesses, as few as they were. But he deserved a reward for his sweet obedience so Ilya tugged down his underwear and immediately wrapped his mouth around his dick. Hollander's groan shifted into something more needful and Ilya gently slapped at his lower belly a few times in acknowledgment.

As Ilya bobbed his head and suckled at the tip of Hollander's dick, Hollander moaned and shifted and let out shaky breaths but did not grab at Ilya's hair or head or shoulder. Pulling his mouth off, Ilya relished Hollander's small, devastated sound as he leaned down to press kisses into the quivering skin of Hollander's inner thigh.

"You are so good for me, Hollander," he said. Quickly glancing up, he did not miss the arch of Hollander's back, the way his mouth fell open even wider. When Ilya pushed back up, he saw the glistening of precome at Hollander's tip and bit his lip against his own needy sound. He laved at it greedily, moaning louder at the salty taste across his tongue.

"Rozanov, you –" Hollander's hips bucked and Ilya had to quickly pull back to prevent Hollander's dick from bumping against his teeth. "Please."

"You can use words, no?"

Met with silence, Ilya glanced up. Hollander's mouth had tightened and from the flutter of his eyelashes, Ilya could tell his gaze was flicking around the room. Recognising the look of discomfort, of Hollander being pushed a little too far tonight, Ilya relented with a simple, "Okay," and took Hollander back into his mouth.

When Hollander came, it was with a desperate barrage of, "*Fuck, fuck, fuckfuckfuck*," and a leg slinging over Ilya's back, calf pressing him down, desperate to keep Ilya as close to his body as possible without using his hands. Not outright cheating but certainly circumventing the spirit of the instructions Ilya had given him, and that was such an unexpected departure from Hollander's usually stringent rule-following that Ilya felt a flood of excitement along with something softer, something like affection.

Pushing it away, he focused on swallowing Hollander down until Hollander made a sharp inhale, oversensitive.

"Good boy," Ilya said after letting Hollander's dick slip out of his mouth with a wet *pop*. He watched Hollander's eyes flutter at the rasp in his voice.

Ilya crawled back up Hollander's frame and Hollander was already lifting his head, eagerly awaiting an open-mouthed kiss. It always drove Ilya mad, especially those first few times together – the way Hollander, shy with inexperience yet eager to please, was entirely unabashed against the taste of his own come on Ilya's mouth. Such a surprise from Shane's typical demeanour, carefully folding his clothes before they fucked and cajoling Ilya into showering as soon as they finished.

After a few minutes of grinding into the cradle of Hollander's hips, Ilya pulled away and settled Hollander with an expectant look. Hollander blinked at him. His hands shifted on the

pillow but his grip did not relinquish. Then he suddenly relaxed, tension easing from his body as he relaxed into the mattress.

“Did you want something, Rozanov?” he asked, aiming for oblivious but the teasing twitch of his lips gave him away. “I’m afraid my hands are supposed to stay on the pillow.”

Huffing, Ilya said, “Yes, until you come. You have come, Hollander.” When Hollander only shrugged with a triumphant smile, Ilya narrowed his eyes. “You are true asshole. No one knows but me. But, is fine.” With his own shrug, Ilya continued, “I come on your face. Will be very nice for me.”

Hollander made an indignant noise, though he couldn’t hide the flush across his cheeks. But Ilya had successfully goaded him into reacting the way he wanted, shooting up and pushing at Ilya until their positions were reversed.

“Okay, you are not entire asshole,” Ilya allowed, graciously, as Hollander diligently licked his palm before wrapping his hand around Ilya’s cock. “No, you are very good boy for me, hmm?”

“Stop it,” Hollander muttered but the way he ducked his head as his cheeks reddened even further spoke of shyness rather than discomfort.

Overcome with that surge of softness again, Ilya pushed up onto his elbows and grabbed Hollander’s face, pulling him in for a lingering, tender kiss.

---

“Shane,” Ilya said. It still felt like a benediction, after so many years, to finally get to use Shane’s first name. He thought Shane might feel the same; his eyes often dropped to Ilya’s mouth when Ilya said his name, as if the experience had to be seen as well as heard. “I want to fuck you until you cry.”

“Uh.” Shane blinked down at the book in his hands as a flood of colour rushed across his cheeks. They were settled on the couch, Ilya scrolling endlessly through the TV channels as Shane boringly read his boring book. “Fuck. Um, okay.”

Chuckling, Ilya tugged the book from Shane’s hands. He did not toss it into the air, though that was his first impulse; instead he carefully flipped it over and rested it on the coffee table face-down, so Shane wouldn’t lose his place.

Seeing the slight crinkle of Shane’s nose, he sighed. “What?” he asked.

“It’s just... you’re gonna bend the spine like that,” Shane said.

Ilya’s brow raised in confusion. “I am going to bend your spine? When I fuck you?”

Rolling his eyes, Shane gestured at the book. “The spine of the book, Ilya,” he said. He pointed at some part of it, but Ilya was entirely too bored of this conversation and the utter lack of Shane hot and panting beneath him.

“Forget about the stupid book, Shane,” he groaned, standing and pulling Shane up after him. The couch wouldn’t suffice for the sweaty, messy kind of fuck Ilya was after; he could already hear Shane complaining about the cushions needing to be drycleaned afterwards.

Instead they kissed and groped their way to the bedroom, where Ilya ripped off his clothes and tossed them away blindly while Shane stripped one article at a time, carefully folding each item.

“Glasses on, Shane,” Ilya said, voice low with warning.

Shane’s hands were raised halfway to his face. “I thought you wanna –” He glanced down, awkwardly scratching at his neck. “Make me cry.”

“And glasses stop this?” Ilya asked, tone falsely surprised as he pulled his features into an exaggerated frown.

“No, I just...” Sighing, Shane continued to stare at the ground. “They’re gonna get all smudged.”

“And you cannot clean?” Ilya asked as he settled into the bed, leaning back against the headboard and stretching his legs out in front of him. But Shane still lingered by the bedside table, posture awkward as he glanced at Ilya and then away. “Okay,” Ilya said. “No glasses.”

Shane gave a tight nod as he took off his glasses and carefully folded in each arm before placing them in the case he kept there. He kept a glasses case in each room of the house, except for the guest rooms, and one in each of their cars.

“Sorry,” Shane muttered as he climbed into bed and settled on Ilya’s lap.

“No,” Ilya said, immediate and firm. “No sorries. I just have glasses, ah, fetish.”

Shane laughed. The shake of his head was familiarly affectionate. “I don’t think it qualifies quite as a fetish.”

“Mm, everything about you gives me fetish.”

Shane’s mouth pulled into a wide smile and, helpless against the sight of it, Ilya’s own mouth followed suit. “Ilya, that doesn’t make any sense.”

Flipping them over with ease, Ilya grabbed Shane’s hands and slid them above his head. Shifting his weight, he gripped Shane’s wrists in one hand, freeing his other hand to seize Shane’s jaw. “You will cry for me, yes?”

Shane’s smile was deliciously teasing. “You kind of have to give me a reason to, don’t you?”

“Mm,” Ilya hummed, licking a broad stripe up Shane’s cheek. “That is no problem. I give you many reasons.”

He prepped Shane swiftly but diligently and when Shane was squirming and panting for more, he swooped down to give Shane a quick peck on the lips. “On your hands and knees,

my love,” he said.

Settling onto his side with his head propped up with a hand, he savoured the view as Shane rolled over onto his stomach and carefully pushed up onto his knees, bracing his elbows beneath him. His back arched eagerly and when Ilya did not immediately settle behind him, he looked over, worrying his bottom lip between his teeth.

“You are beautiful,” Ilya said. “So pretty,” he added, grinning as Shane’s head dipped, hiding slightly behind his bicep. Ilya placed a hand on his side, soothing up and down. “Such a good boy, Shane.”

“Fucking –” Shane cut off. His voice was strangled as he said, “Ilya.”

“What?” Ilya asked. He pushed up to his knees but stayed at Shane’s side. He slid his hand across the warm expanse of Shane’s back to settle just behind his heart, feeling it already rabbiting against his ribs. “Do you not like this, to know how good you are for me?”

“It’s just...”

“Overwhelming?” Ilya offered when Shane fell silent. He peppered gentle kisses across Shane’s back as he shifted to kneel behind him.

Shane’s laugh was bright and a little hoarse. “I swear to God, Ilya, you only ever use four-syllable words in bed.”

“And how is your Russian, hmm?” Ilya asked, giving Shane’s lower back a gentle nip.

Turning his head to give Ilya a glare over his shoulder, Shane said, “I haven’t been learning Russian for over ten years!”

This was true, and yet it was already clear he was going to master Russian as he did every other thing in life. But Ilya did not say this; instead, with a cluck of his tongue, he just said, “Excuses.”

It wasn’t deliberate. Of course, Ilya had thought about doing it plenty of times over the years – in fact, Shane would probably blush and sputter if Ilya ever told him how often he fantasised about it. So it came perhaps a little too naturally, for Ilya to lift his hand and quickly bring it down, palm firm against the flesh of Shane’s ass.

Ilya froze, tongue unusually thick in his mouth as he considered whether he should apologise. He looked up, carefully examining the back of Shane’s head and the dip of his shoulders as he sank further down into the pillow.

Then there was a loud moan and Shane’s hips shifted. His left knee slid outward, stretching further across the bed, a clear invitation.

“Fuck.” The word was drawn out, deep and throaty. “Ilya. Fuck. Fuck me, please, now.”

“*Da*,” Ilya quickly agreed, slipping into Russian without meaning to. His own heart was pounding now and his palms were sweaty as he gripped Shane’s hips to position himself. His

eyes were drawn to Shane's right ass cheek. The skin wasn't even reddening – the slap hadn't been that hard, after all – but Ilya, overcome by the mere thought of it, bit into his lip so hard that he grunted.

“That's good, Shane, good,” he said as he first pressed in, the head of his cock immediately sheathed in tight heat.

Shane made a garbled sound. The thick muscles of his traps rippled as he shifted to press one hand against the headboard, already bracing himself, and gripped his pillow with the other.

Stroking Shane's back as he continued to push forward, Ilya felt the expansion of Shane's ribs on every breath, the beating of his heart, the clench of his muscles. Once he was fully seated, he draped himself over Shane's back and nudged his nose against Shane's hair.

“I will fuck you hard today, sweetheart,” he said. “You can take it?”

Shane turned his head. His eyes were narrowed and mouth firm as he said, “You know I can, Ilya.”

“Ah, yes, of course,” Ilya said, pressing a placating kiss to Shane's cheek before dropping his hand to grope at Shane's right ass cheek. He watched, rapt with fascination, as Shane's eyes widened before he turned to hide his face in his pillow. “I want to see you.”

Shane made a disagreeing noise, shoulders tightening slightly.

“Okay,” Ilya relented easily. “Later.”

He did not give either of them time to build to a harsh pace. Each moan he drew from Shane had his hips snapping harder and faster until all he could hear was the slapping of skin on skin and Shane was forced to brace both hands against the headboard to keep from bashing his head against it. Ilya held Shane's hip in a bruising grip with one hand as his other rubbed at Shane's belly, groped at his tits, curled around his throat and the curve of his jaw.

“Gimme kiss,” Ilya said, gently pushing his fingers into Shane's cheek to encourage him to turn his head. The kiss was sweaty and more an exchange of panting breaths than anything. Pulling away, he mouthed at Shane's jaw and nipped his ear before licking along the back of his neck. “You taste so good, Shane.”

Shane moaned. “Ilya, fuck!”

Huffing, Ilya rubbed his nose against the nape of Shane's neck. “You know other words?”

“Fuck *you*, ” Shane said, and they both laughed, breathless.

“Can I –” Ilya patted Shane's ass. “Again?” It was not shyness that prevented him from speaking plainly; rather, he did not want to scare Shane off.

“Yes,” Shane said, immediately, the word drawn out on a ragged breath.

Grinning, Ilya pressed his face into the back of Shane's shoulder. Struck with a surge of affection, he wrapped both his arms around Shane's chest in a hug, even though it forced him to slow his thrusts.

"Ilya, aren't you going to..."

Shane did not finish the sentence and that made Ilya grin impossibly wider.

"Ah, yes," he said, as casually as he could manage while panting for breath. "When I feel like it."

"Ilya, I swear to God, you better fucking –"

"Oh, I have upset you," Ilya interrupted, voice teasing. "Don't worry, *moy lyubimiyy*, I will treat you right."

Pushing up onto his knees, Ilya took a stolen moment to appreciate the setting sun streaming through the window as it danced golden light along the expanse of Shane's sweat-slick back. He drank in the broadness of Shane's shoulders, the strength of his biceps as he pushed back against the headboard. Before Shane could snap at him again, Ilya raised his hand and swiftly brought it down against Shane's ass. Above their panting breaths and the blood rushing in Ilya's ears, the sharp sound of the slap filled the room.

Mesmerised, Ilya dragged his fingers across the patch of skin, lips quirking as he heard Shane hiss at the touch. He made a half-hearted soothing noise before he raised his hand, repeating the motion, harder now.

Shane's head tipped back on a low, throaty groan and Ilya suddenly longed for them to be face-to-face, to see each minute reaction flitting across Shane's expression.

"Beautiful," he said, fingers digging into Shane's flesh, not cruel but hard enough to draw a ragged sound from Shane.

He savoured the redness that now bloomed across Shane's skin. The sight of it pacified something deep within Ilya – the knowledge that he couldn't mark up Shane's throat with kisses or bites, couldn't slide a metal band onto his finger. Not yet, at least, he hoped. *Knew*.

But Shane was growing impatient again and when the shifting of his hips failed to prompt Ilya back into moving, he said, "What, you can't multitask, Rozanov?"

The name was only meant to be goading but it felt jarring, wrong, in the intimacy of this moment. Shane seemed to sense it, too; he turned his head, not quite looking back at Ilya but enough that Ilya could see his profile as he said, softer, "Ilya. Ilya, please, I need you."

Ilya's hands slid up Shane's back, luxuriating in the slippery smoothness of his skin, before settling at the tops of his shoulders with a firm grip. Finally, he shoved his hips forward. Shane, apparently thrown off guard, grunted as his head hit the headboard. Ilya did not fully manage to smother a laugh even as he reached out, ghosting his fingers across the top of Shane's hair in quiet concern.

“Motherfucker,” Shane muttered but there was a lightness to his tone as he reached up and grabbed Ilya’s hand to give him a quick, reassuring squeeze. “You did that on purpose!”

“What on purpose, give you what you want?”

Without allowing time for a response, he slapped Shane’s ass again. He wanted to pause in his thrusting, ears greedy to hear every jagged edge to Shane’s gasp, but Shane had asked him so sweetly to keep fucking him so instead he leaned down again, slinging his left arm under and across Shane’s chest to grasp at his right shoulder.

He slapped Shane once more, and then twice more, unable to resist Shane’s strangled sounds under the noise of their bodies slamming together.

“This is not punishment,” Ilya panted directly into Shane’s ear. “You are so – obedient. You know this, yes? So good, Shane, perfect for me. Made to take this.”

“Ilya.” Shane’s voice was choked. Fingers grasped at Ilya’s hand and he quickly released Shane’s shoulder, intertwining their fingers as Shane pressed their hands into the mattress. Shane tipped his head down, resting his forehead against the back of Ilya’s hand as he groaned, “Oh, God. Ilya, I can’t –”

“Is okay,” Ilya soothed, hearing the fragile tremor in Shane’s voice. His body was shaking under Ilya. “But I want to see you. Can I see you?”

This time, Shane nodded, a small but rapid motion. They worked slower than usual, both left feeling emptied by the loss of contact as Ilya pulled out. Gently, he coaxed Shane down onto his side and then onto his back. When he pressed back inside, they both hissed.

Only then, with his cock back inside the warmth of Shane’s body, did Ilya dare look up at his face.

“Shane,” he whispered, careless of how his voice cracked.

“‘S good,” Shane was quick to assure Ilya even as his face turned to the side, embarrassed.

“I know,” Ilya said. “You are perfect. So perfect.”

Despite Shane’s shaking muscles and sweet noises, when Ilya wrapped his hand around Shane’s cock, he was not prepared for come to immediately spurt all over his fingers and across Shane’s belly. It was almost agonisingly arousing and yet it was overshadowed by a swell of unadulterated affection as he watched Shane’s face crumple with pleasure, eyes squeezing shut, another tear rolling down his cheek.

“Shane,” Ilya said, desperate. He cupped Shane’s cheek. “Look at me.”

Shane made a small noise – not one of refusal, though; Ilya was quite sure Shane, too lost in his own orgasm, was responding only to Ilya’s voice and not his actual words.

Ilya’s hand slid down Shane’s face to squeeze his jaw, giving Shane’s head a careful shake. “Please. Look at me, *moy lyubimiyy*.”

Shane's eyes finally opened and Ilya had to fight against his own eyes aching to close, overcome by Shane's dazed look under a glassy sheen of tears. Staring up at Ilya with a doe-wide gaze, Shane blinked a few times. Gradually, he came back to himself, and his hands caged around Ilya's head, fingers tightening in Ilya's curls before pulling him down for a kiss.

*"Ya tebya lyublyu,"* Shane said. In any other moment, his pronunciation might have been annoying with how accurate it was. But now, Ilya only felt his throat tighten.

Lightly shaking his head, he pushed his face into Shane's hair. *"Ya lyublyu tebya,"* he choked out, hips stuttering as he wrapped Shane in his arms. *"Vsey dushoy."*

Shane was no longer the only one with tears in his eyes when Ilya's groin clenched impossibly tight as he spilled inside Shane. Where once Ilya would have burned with shame and apologised for such an emotional display, he instead let himself sink down against Shane's body, shaking as Shane's arms enveloped him in a tight embrace. He felt wrung out, like his whole body was one huge bruise.

The *I love you's* he whispered into Shane's throat were a mix of Russian and English as Shane stroked his hair and intermittently kissed the crown of his head. Shane responded in kind, drawing an amused huff from Ilya when he threw in some French, just to show off. But in truth, Ilya knew that Shane was not showing off at all. He knew it was because two languages, even three, could not suffice to express the enormity of what they felt for each other.

## End Notes

Moy lyubimiyy — my sweetheart

Ya tebya lyublyu — I love you

Ya lyublyu tebya vsej dushoj — I love you with all my soul

I hope you enjoyed!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!