**Say it again in Russian?**

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# Say it again in Russian?

by IamPoof

Summary

What if Shanes Memory is better than even he thought? What if he remembers more of Ilyas russian monologue than he thought he would?
Or: A small change in their love confession

Notes

I read a tweet where someone was saying "what if Shane remembered, that he heard the russian I love you before? what then?" And then this story was born.
So I hope you enjoy the fluff I wrote instead of sleeping!
It was 3am, I was in my feels and I love them with my whole heart.

“Say it in Russian again?” Shane asked quietly. He loved the way Ilyas voice sounded in his mother tongue.

“*Ya tebya lublyu*.” Ilya said in a whisper, making short breaks after every word.

Shane sighed, closed his eyes and laid down on Ilyas chest. His heart was full of love and he couldn’t help but wish to hear the words again. He thought about the times Ilya had spoken to him in Russian, always short phrases Shane had always assumed were some kind of chirp or weird nickname. Then he remembered the day Ilya had called him from Russia. The day he had listened to a 5 minute rant in Russian. Not saying anything, just listening to the deep voice, that had been full of emotions.

He opened his eyes again, staring unseeing into the room. Something was niggling in the back of his mind and he just couldn’t remember.

He lifted his head again to look at Ilya, who had also closed his eyes and seemed deeply relaxed. “Say that again in Russian?”

Ilya opened one eye in question. His brows furrowing a little in confusion. “Say again? *Ya tebya lubylu*?” Ilya opened the other eye and started grinning in delight. “Can’t get enough of me saying I love you Hollander? *Ya tebya lubylu*!”

The last sentence was followed by a short kiss, that got deeper the longer it turned. Shane kissed back with all he had, but an almost forgotten memory of Ilyas speech resurfaced. He broke the kiss, looking at Ilya in thought.

Ilya grinned a little at the stare. “What? You want to hear again?”

“You said that before.” Shane answered.

“Said what?”

Shane pushed himself up a bit, one hand on Ilyas heart, that was beating strong. The heat of Ilyas torso was warming his hand.

“You said I love you in Russian before, right? When you went to Russia for your father’s funeral!” Shane hoped it was true, hoped that his memory was not failing him, but that he remembered right. It would be way to embarrassing otherwise.

In all honesty, Shane kind of expected Ilya to laugh it off, to say he spoke about family or friends and love. Maybe that Ilya didn’t even remember what he had rambled in the dark, while Shane had sat in a stairwell of some random hotel.

What he didn’t expect was the blush, that started spreading. It was subtle, but it was there. Ilya Rozanov was blushing and Shane felt his heart speed up. Lucky hand placement right there he thought to himself.

Ilya turned his face away a little, breaking their eye contact. “I don’t know what you are talking about.”

“Bullshit.” Shane couldn’t help but smile. “You said it before.”

Shane hesitated a second before adding “Did you say it to me then?”

Ilya stopped moving, the blush still present, his heart pounding and Shane hoped. Hoped that he was right, because that meant they both had felt love before, even if they were not able to share it then.

“I did. I said it, yes.” Ilyas broke the silence in an uncharacteristically shy voice. “I said I love you and I don’t know what to do.”

Shane stared at this beautiful man, that loved him back. That had loved him for longer than he had hoped, when Ilya had worse things happening in his life right that moment he had confessed his love. In a language Shane couldn’t understand, but he had.

Shane lowered himself to free his hand that was still glued to Ilyas chest with a little more impact than necessary leaving Ilya to grunt, when the air was forced from his lungs. He needed his hands free to cradle Ilyas face, sliding one hand into the blond curls and kiss this man as if his life depended on it.

Ilya answered immediately, deepening the kiss and holding Shanes face in his hands as well. They would probably have a crick in their necks later from the awkward angle, but Shane couldn’t stop.

When air got a little tight he broke the kiss to take a deep breath before dropping small little kisses all over Ilyas face. His mouth, cheeks, nose, eyes and finished with a forehead kiss. He let his forehead fall to Ilyas, breathing him in and listening to the small gasps they shared, trying to catch their breaths.

“If I would have known then.” Shane started slowly. “I would have told you I love you too. So much it scares me.”

Ilyas breath hitched in surprise. “Really?”

Shane nodded. “Really. I probably have loved you longer than even I understood at the time.”

“I love you too.” Ilya answered and pulled Shane closer. Shane cuddled up to his boyfriend. Head on Ilyas chest so he could feel his heart pound as strong arms closed around him.

A moment of silence, before Shanes curiosity got the better of him.

“What else did you say? If you don’t mind me asking.”

Ilya chuckled amused. “Always so curious. “

“That’s how we got here. You always made me curious.”

“You made me curious too.” Ilya said with a grin, clearly also remembering their first time. The grin fell quickly though, as he thought about the question.

Shane tried to stop his nervous squirming as the silenced dragged on.

“You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to!”

“Mhm no, I want to.” Ilya answered, “But have to remember first. I think I complained about my brother being asshole. Always wanting more more more, never anything was good enough. I complained about not wanting to go back to Russia ever again. Is mostly bad memories with my brother and father.”

Ilya stopped a moment, clearly deciding what to share.

“And then I said I have Sveta, she is my best friend and she loves me. I love her.” Ilya stopped again, but his eyes that had ben focused on the ceiling fell to Shane. Locking him in in their intensity. “I said I love her, but not like I love you.”

Shane felt himself tear up. He had been jealous of Svetlana for a while, the same way Ilya was jealous of Rose, but it was obviously unnecessary. He couldn’t help himself and kissed Ilya. Slow this time, stroking his face softly.

“I love you too, Ilya.”

Ilya smiled. The sunlight from outside illuminated his face, giving him an angelic glow. Shane felt like he could burst with feelings.

A moment later Ilyas soft smiled shifted into a grin. He turned them around in a fast swooping move, pressing Shane into the mattress with his body. Shanes breath hitched, like it always did when Ilya was so close.

“Enough.” A kiss. “talking” A kiss. “I have better idea now.” A third kiss, this time deeper.

Hands started travelling down and Shane could only nod in agreement. They could use their time differently.

He let himself fall.

Ilya would catch him.

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