

A Study Of Russian Terms Of Endearment, By Shane Hollander

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76352866) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76352866>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	Soft Hockey Boys , Soft boys are soft , Shane Hollander Speaks Russian , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Russian Pet Names , Pet Names , intimacy through language , Intimacy , this was supposed to be entirely fluff but I can't not write porn apparently , so this is fluff with porn I guess , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-24 Words: 2,074 Chapters: 1/1

A Study Of Russian Terms Of Endearment, By Shane Hollander

by [forbala](#)

Summary

They go to the cottage. Shane has a surprise in store.

Notes

My last fic I complained about the lack of Russian in these fics and I'm back with more Russian cuteness. Again, I am YOI-pilled and hockey brained and I need more boys being Soft™ in Russian. You cannot stop me, I am too bisexually powerful.

Disclaimer 1: I have not (yet) read the books, I've only seen the show, so this is post episode 5 and set at the cottage. I cannot vouch for whatever we're about to see in ep6 although I have seen a few spoilers. Consider this a slight AU/Canon Divergence.

Disclaimer 2: I do not actually know any conversational Russian. I know a few phrases and words from YOI fandom but I can't actually communicate in this language. This is all from Google translate and scouring the internet for my best effort at getting faithful translations. Enjoy!

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

Unbeknownst to Ilya, Shane had been learning Russian since that phone call. He couldn't bear listening to Ilya struggle and being unable to ease his pain or even understand what he was saying. So, Shane had taken it upon himself to download a language learning app and get to work.

Ilya had joked that Shane would be fluent in a week, and while that was certainly not true, he did pick it up quickly. Before long, Shane was listening to podcasts in Russian and reading books in Russian with only a little help from Google translate.

So, while Shane waited at his cottage in Ottawa, he read over the notes he'd made to refresh his brain. He wanted to welcome Ilya, and he wanted to do it right. A knock came at the door and Shane jolted, dropping his notebook and rushing to the door. He took a moment to take a deep breath and smooth his hair before he opened it.

Ilya was smiling, bright and cocky and self-assured. Shane took a deep breath and said, "*S vozvrash'eniem.*" Welcome home, if he'd pronounced it right.

Ilya's eyebrows shot up his forehead. "You speak Russian now?"

"I've, uh, been learning it."

"How long?"

"Just a few weeks."

"Ah, so you are fluent, then, *da*?" Ilya pushed inside the cottage and dropped his bag, looking around.

"Not at all," Shane returned with a laugh. Then, softly, almost inaudible, "But... I want to be."

Ilya looked back at him and his smile was tender. "*Idite syuda.*"

Shane thought for a moment, trying to parse the words, but he had to give up. He didn't know them. At his hesitation, Ilya translated. "Come here."

Shane filed the phrase away in his brain and stepped closer, his hands going to Ilya's waist. Ilya kissed him, slow and deep. Ilya's tongue pushed into Shane's mouth, sliding across every millimeter of his mouth while Shane tried not to melt. Even after all these years, kissing was still so intense for Shane, something that wrecked him even before they really got started. He swallowed down the whine that threatened to expose him while Ilya took him apart with lips and tongue.

Ilya's hands slipped under Shane's t-shirt and over his abs, up to his chest, where he immediately zeroed in on Shane's nipples. Pulling and rubbing until the little buds were peaked. Shane knew it wouldn't end there; Ilya loved his chest, loved to suck and twist his nipples until Shane lost all sense.

They made their way to the couch before Ilya pushed him down and climbed on top of him. Ilya let loose a string of Russian, of which Shane caught only a few words: *mouth* and *hot* and *fuck*. They stripped quickly, tossing clothes to the floor. As always, Shane felt the need to fold his clothes, but he was too distracted to stop and do it.

Exactly as he expected, Ilya went immediately to his chest. “Your tits get prettier every time I see them,” he said, voice a low rumble, like thunder. Shane arched into Ilya’s hands as they pulled his nipples.

“I have... in the bedroom...” Shane gasped, not quite getting the words out.

“What you have, *lapochka*?”

Shane concentrated hard to get the word out. “Clamps.”

Ilya froze. “You buy clamps for me to put on your pretty tits?”

Shane nodded.

Ilya groaned and dropped his forehead to Shane’s chest. “*Gavno*, you will murder me.” He licked over Shane’s nipple once before continuing. “Later, I will use this. I will tie you to bed and play with your nipples for hours.” Ilya continued to play with Shane’s chest as he kissed down his torso, then kissed over the head of his cock. With seeming reluctance, Ilya pulled his hands away from Shane’s chest and moved over his whole body — his sides, his thighs, his calves. Ilya picked up one leg and kissed from his anklebone up to his cock.

Shane’s hands buried into Ilya’s hair and he thrust his hips into the tight channel of Ilya’s throat. “*Yeshche, yeshche*,” he chanted. *More, more*. Ilya groaned, evidently enjoying Shane speaking his native language, and sucked Shane even deeper. When Ilya pushed one fingertip against his hole, Shane came, shaking, down Ilya’s throat.

Ilya sucked him through it, only pulling away when Shane said, “Too much.” Even then, he left a sweet, little kiss on Shane’s tip. Ilya crawled his way back up Shane’s body and lay down on his chest. Shane could feel Ilya’s hard cock against his thigh, but he seemed in no hurry to get himself off, so Shane relaxed for the moment. He petted Ilya’s beautiful, blond hair.

Shane took a deep breath and then tried out the one Russian word he’d been most anxious about. “Did you have a good trip up here, *Ilyusha*?”

He could feel Ilya’s cock kick against his thigh and a full body shiver go through the man. “Fuuuuuuck, what you call me?”

“Um... *Ilyusha*. Is that — is that okay?”

Ilya pushed himself up to look at Shane. “Is perfect, *solnyshko*.” He kissed Shane on the tip of his nose, then his forehead. “My little Shayneka.”

Shane had studied Russian diminutives probably longer than he should have and recognized what Ilya was doing with his name. Shane wasn’t a Russian name, it didn’t have a standard

diminutive, but Ilya was making it happen anyway, including Shane in his culture and his world. Shane felt a flush go through him and turned away to hide his face. This seemed to make Ilya even more happy, as he laughed and said, “My little Shayneka is so shy. Come, we go to bed. I have more I want with you.”

Shane let Ilya pull him off the couch and they disappeared into the bedroom, where they spent several hours reuniting and then sleeping. When they woke up, they showered together, and Ilya gave Shane vocabulary lessons. The words for bathroom, shower, sink, and soap, and other words that were decidedly less innocent. By the time their summer break was over, Shane might really be fluent.

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Ilya didn’t have the words, in any language, to describe how he felt when Shane spoke Russian. More so when Shane called him *Ilyusha*. Ilya liked to think of himself as a big, strong, scary hockey player, a Russian archetype of masculinity, but Shane made him go soft and molten like chocolate in the sun. He’d known for a long time that his feelings for Shane were too deep, but he’d also known they could never entertain a real relationship.

Until fucking Scott Hunter had outed himself on the ice and international television. In the past few days, the media had blown up with discussions about Hunter. The whole story had come out, the Admirals had been unflinching in their support, and most people seemed pleased. There were, obviously, plenty of angry homophobes — amongst fans, commentators, managers, and every level of the hockey world — but Ilya was surprised at how positive the reception was overall.

Now, Ilya couldn’t stop himself from imagining something new. He could picture a life with Shane, playing the sport he loved with the man he loved, out in the open. He would never be able to go home, he knew this, but he had already burned those bridges after his father’s death. Maybe, maybe, they could build a life together.

Ilya pushed those thoughts aside for later. For the moment, he wanted to enjoy his summer break with Shane, isolated in their little cottage on the lake. After dinner, he pulled Shane out to the lake shore with kisses and talk of looking at the stars.

“I love the sky out here,” Shane said, his voice soft and head tilted back to see the stars and the full moon. Ilya hadn’t actually intended to look at the stars, but he took a moment to do just that and he had to admit, it was beautiful.

“Da, very pretty.”

“What is ‘stars’ in Russian?” Shane asked, looking at Ilya.

Ilya took his hand and kissed the knuckles before answering. “*Zvezdy. Luna* is ‘moon.’ *Nebo* is ‘sky.’ *And you are prettier than all the heavens combined,*” he added in Russian, hopefully too fast for Shane to catch the words.

“What’d you say?”

“Nothing, is just shit talk. Come, we go swimming.” Ilya said, pulling Shane to the lapping water’s edge.

“It’s dark, it’s not safe,” Shane protested, but he was smiling and Ilya knew he would fold.

“Is fiiiiine, *Shayneka*, I will protect you.”

“You’re going the wrong way,” Shane said as they stepped into the water. “Our swimsuits are back at the cottage.”

“Don’t need suit. We skinny dip, will be more fun.”

A surprised laugh burst out of Shane. “We are not going skinny dipping!” he protested.

Ilya simply stripped his own clothes off and threw them into the sand. He saw Shane’s eyes flick down quickly and back up again. “Come, join me.” Ilya walked backwards into the water until he was standing waist-deep. Shane laughed, hesitated for only a moment, then stripped off his clothes and joined Ilya in the warm waves.

“See, is fun, *da?*” Ilya said, pulling Shane close and kissing him. Shane’s arms wrapped around Ilya’s shoulders. Ilya reached under Shane’s ass and lifted him, legs wrapping around his waist. Holding Shane with one hand — a much easier feat in the water — Ilya reached his other hand back and pushed two fingers inside Shane’s hole. He was still loose from their earlier activities, it would be no trouble at all for him to slide inside. He felt Shane getting hard against his stomach. Ilya pumped his hips, his cock rubbing against Shane’s ass, until he was hard enough to push inside.

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They spent the next few days fucking all over the cottage and the grounds. Ilya taught Shane more words and phrases, and they practiced having conversations in Russian as much as possible. Ilya kept it simple, *What do you want for dinner?* and more important phrases like, *Ride me harder, darling, just like that.* Each and every time Shane spoke a word of Russian, or particularly when he called out *Ilyusha* in the throes of ecstasy, Ilya’s whole body ran hot. At this rate, he might actually catch a fever.

Even if he died of that fever, he would have no regrets.

One morning, after an early romp, Shane curled in close to Ilya’s chest. “Thank you for coming,” he whispered.

“Mm, I like that.”

“What?”

“You thank me for my cum. I like it. You should do this always.”

Shane slapped his chest. “Don’t be an asshole, I’m being sincere over here!”

With a laugh, Ilya pulled him in closer. “Don’t be upset, *zhopa*. I only tease. I am also glad I came to your boring little cottage.”

Shane laughed and slapped him again. “I will hurt you, Rozanov, don’t think I won’t!”

“Mm, maybe I like you to hurt me. Could be hot.”

They dissolved into laughter, and then kisses, and then something more.

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By the time their two week summer break was over, both centers were absolutely dazed from their idyllic vacation. They hadn’t discussed any of the big, serious questions hanging over them like stormclouds, but there would be time for that later. They would always remember that summer as the beginning of something new for them, special and delicate like a butterfly. It didn’t matter what the future held, only that they had one. Shane’s Russian had improved remarkably in the short span of time, and soon they were holding entire conversations in Russian with only a few interjections in English. Ilya felt spoiled that his — well, whatever they were — was so talented and skillful and interested in understanding him.

As they left the cottage, Ilya pulled Shane in close for a tight hug that seemed to go on forever. “I will see you soon, *lapochka*, on the ice, where I will beat you up.”

Shane laughed into his neck and didn’t pull away. “Or maybe I’ll beat you up. You’ll never see me coming.”

“No, I see you coming many times. Is very pretty, very hot.”

Shane laughed again and they finally pulled apart. They both got into their separate cars and pulled away from the cottage. The new season loomed overhead, along with many unanswered questions about their future, but neither man felt anything but hopeful anticipation.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! I've been really depressed lately and unable to do much of anything but 2 fics in 2 days? Damn Heated Rivalry really took my brain and said "write more yaoi now!!!"

ETA: totally just realized I forgot to include the translations.

Zhopa = ass/brat, a common term of endearment

Lapochka = my bunny, a common term of endearment

Solnyshko = my sun

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