

Ilya Rozanov's Free Rhinoplasty Service

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Ilya Rozanov's Free Rhinoplasty Service

by [strawberry](#)

Summary

Something Ilya did not study in English were the forbidden words. *Slurs*, in English. Why would he? He knew the big ones that he should 'be careful to not even *rhyme* with when there's a camera on him,' said the Bears' PR manager, so he didn't, and that was that.

Except, now they were saying something about Hollander in the locker room.

Notes

sigh. yes i'm into gay hockey show/book now. i don't wanna talk about it. i just love them... is that such a crime. i had this idea like immediately after finished the book and wrote it in a mad dash so i hope it's not too ooc or anything! who else waiting (im)patiently for ep 4 :)) oh and i made up most of ilya's teammates except for a couple lol

timeline is like, hand-wavey after their rookie year but before ilya becomes captain. and then five years later is like, directly after end of hr. i haven't read tlg yet, no spoilers pls! :) <3

CWs: racism, specifically to east asians, nothing crazy or violent.

hope u like it love u mwah!

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

Ilya learned all of the English curse words first. Obviously. His favorite was ‘fuck’.
Obviously.

It was both fun and practical—these words made up a non-insignificant portion of the things his new teammates said to him. “Fucking awesome shot, Roz,” and “Don’t be a shithead,” and “You’re such an asshole.” From there he moved into the sex words. Also very fun. Also very practical. He loved to say ‘cocksucker’ so much that he would just walk around his apartment muttering it sometimes. He loved to understand when girls told him they were ‘wet’ for him. He loved asking Hollander if he liked sucking his cock. *Oh, those English words you know?*

He’d wanted to say, *Yes, Hollander, and I also know how to say that you look like the hottest slut on planet earth when you’re on your knees*, but in reality he didn’t actually know how to say that. Yet.

Some would say he put off learning hockey terminology, but he would say that it was all pretty universal. When Marlow was getting in his face after the puck hit wide off the post, Ilya knew what the fuck he was mad about. He knew what the coach was saying—the same shit his old coach said to him. *Сосредоточься, Илья! Ты катаешься как черепаха, Розанов!*¹ He got by the first few months by simply pointing at whatever he didn’t know the name of. Then the press conferences started ramping up, and he watched ESPN clips of himself sounding like an idiot, and he reluctantly bought a language workbook. Plus, it was difficult to text people who were not Hollander, with whom he almost exclusively exchanged numbers of hotel rooms. He mostly sent voice notes, which pissed everyone off, which he didn’t see the big deal about. But fine. He would learn the stupid Western language and sound less like a Russian idiot and more like a regular idiot.

“When did your English get so good?”

Ilya felt his face heat, Hollander close enough that he could feel it on his jaw when he spoke. He turned away, leaning against the bathroom counter, feeling sort of embarrassed and sort of proud and sort of flattered, that Hollander had noticed.

“I uh, I read *New Yorker* now,” he said, in a dignified sort of way.

“Really?” Hollander asked, half-excited, like he was going to tease Ilya about it, because Shane Hollander was naive and gullible. Like a lemming. Ilya’s lemming.

“No,” he told Hollander, “*The New Yorker* is boring.”

“My dad loves it,” Hollander said, which just figured.

“Ah. So being boring is—is genetic.” He’d learned that word recently. He was showing off. Ilya could not bring himself to look at Hollander as he did it. He could feel Hollander’s eyes on him, though, warmth at his left side. He just knew that if he looked at him, at his watery brown eyes, he probably would suck Hollander’s dick anyway, which was not what he

wanted to happen. If he did that, it might be—Hollander might consider that to be their... hookup. Done. Ilya had grander plans than that.

They made their deal, and Ilya gave him a kiss because he could not help himself, and made sure to squish Hollander's face, because it was very squishable, and left.

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Something he did not study in English were the forbidden words. *Slurs*, in English. Why would he? He knew the big ones that he should 'be careful to not even *rhyme* with when there's a camera on him,' said the Bears' PR manager, so he didn't, and that was that.

Except, now they were saying something about Hollander in the room. They'd just played the Voyageurs, and lost, and people were pissed because Hollander had pulled a hat trick on them, because Hollander was very good at hockey. Johnston, half of their defense, was very pissed. He said something that sounded to Ilya like, "That Hollander chick should go back to China or wherever the fuck he's from."

Ilya said, "He is from Canada," somewhat automatically, but he didn't say it very loudly and was ignored.

Kane, the other half of defense, said, "Fucking reign it in, Johnny."

The captain, Zinter, snapped too. "That's enough outta you, Johnston."

"What?" Johnston said. "I'm surprised he even got into hockey. Aren't they better at fucking ping pong over there?" One of the forwards, Ilya couldn't see who, laughed, and Zinter just sighed deeply.

"If you were better with stick, Hollander would not have gotten that bardown. Is not his fault you dragged in game," Ilya said, loudly this time. It was true; Johnston's girl had been in the audience, and he kept trying to pull spectacular shit that he wasn't capable of. Hollander had sniffed out this weak spot in their defense, because Hollander was very good at hockey.

"Oh the Russki speaks," Johnston said, pulling his bag out of his locker and slamming it closed. He haphazardly began stuffing his gear into it. "The Russki and the—" and he said that word again, which Ilya had thought was 'chick,' but he knew this time it was not. Everyone in the room shifted uncomfortably. Ilya frowned, pulled out his phone, and typed the word phonetically into Google.

Twelve seconds later, he punched Johnston in the face. Regrettably, he only got two good hits in before Kane and Zinter and half their forwards were on them, breaking it up, and moments later the shrill noise of Coach's whistle sounded.

"He is fucking Japanese, and born in Canada, and you are a fucking тупая сука² and—Да я тебя на клочки раздеру!³" Ilya kept shouting over the noise, intermittently laughing at Johnston's stupid fucking face and the free fucking nosejob Ilya had just given him.

Twenty minutes later, Marlow was smoking with him outside on the curb, and Johnston was with the medic and presumably would be shipped off to the hospital shortly. Ilya was of the opinion that he shouldn't bother coming back, but Zinter and Coach had told him to calm down. So. Cigarettes.

"It was only a matter of time 'til Johnny boy got his clock cleaned," Marlow said. Ilya grunted, thinking of a way to punch Johnston again without getting suspension. "Glad it was you, though."

"Why," Ilya asked, not particularly interested in the answer.

"Because I think you probably have one of the nastiest right hooks in the league right now," Marlow replied, and laughed.

Ilya snorted and took another drag. He savored the sting as the tobacco hit the back of his throat. The gum was shit. The patches were itchy. He didn't want to quit. The only downside was that Hollander made him brush his teeth before sucking him off, which was annoying. And the wrinkle Hollander got between his eyebrows when he smelled the smoke on Ilya. That was annoying also. Hollander would say that the cancer and the black lungs were also downsides, but Ilya was not moved. Hockey players had short careers anyway.

Marlow finished his cigarette and left. Ilya lit another, and thought about punching Johnston. His knuckles twinged as he flexed them around the lighter in his pocket. He also thought about Hollander. He had seen Hollander's mother briefly, on a few different occasions. He knew she did not speak with an accent, and neither did Shane, obviously. Ilya was about two hundred percent more foreign to North America than Hollander was. He'd played hockey his whole life, longer than Ilya. He also thought about Hollander's blush, that first time, when Ilya had commented on the smoothness of his body. *I don't... it's natural, all right?* Ilya knew the stereotypes, and he knew that Hollander was Asian, he just... had never really connected the two. Hollander was just so—*Hollander*. How anyone could pick out something as boring as his race to affix judgment to, and completely ignore the entire—*rest* of him, Ilya could not figure.

Johnston was a fucking idiot. Ilya stubbed his cigarette on the sidewalk, and abandoned it there.

Jane: *Heard Johnston is on med leave.*

Ilya: *Yes.*

Jane: *I didn't see him get hurt during the game?*

Ilya: *You are asking me a question or no*

Jane: *You are so fucking impossible.*

Jane: *What happened to Johnston. I also heard a rumor there's a penalization involved*

Jane: *That's like. A punishment. btw*

Ilya: *I know penalization. I got these in Russia team every week 😊*

Jane: *Of course you did.*

Ilya: *There was locker room fight. He is the worst idiot ever.*

Jane: *That I believe. Who fought him?*

Ilya: *Our center*

Jane: *Dude that's literally you*

Jane: *Wait*

Jane: *You fucking fought Johnston???????? In the fucking locker room??*

Ilya: 😊

Jane: *Bro. Why the fuck would you do that. You could be suspended!!!!*

Ilya: *No suspension because I am best player*

Jane: *You're the worst*

Jane: *What the fuck was it even over?*

Ilya: *I tell you before. He is worst idiot in the world.*

Jane: *He probably just badmouthed your precious russian rapper*

Ilya: *Hahahah. Noize MC is genius everybody knows this. Even idiot Johnston.*

Jane: *Are you like. okay.*

Ilya: *No. Hurt my hand. Need Jane to nurse me back to health in hotel tonight.*

Jane: *Does that mean I'll be doing all the work again*

Ilya: *Its not work. Its very noble task. You like this. to be gentleman*

Jane: *Yup that's me. Gentleman Jane.*

Ilya: *Exactly.*

Jane: *Fine. Same time?*

Ilya: *Waiting with bated breath.*

Jane: *oh. okay.*

Ilya: *I learn this from New Yorker.*

Jane: *I hate you.*

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FIVE YEARS LATER

“Zach Johnston got traded again. What is that, like, the fifth time?”

Ilya nuzzled into Shane’s shoulder, trying to subtly encourage him to get back under the covers with him and sleep some more. “Sixth,” he corrected.

Shane snorted and kept reading the article on his phone. “Seems like he’s really bad in the room or something. Wait—hey, *you* got into with him when he was on the Bears, didn’t you? I don’t think you ever told me what that was about.”

“Hmmm,” Ilya said, turning his head away from the blue glow of Shane’s phone screen. “Wish he didn’t get traded so I could’ve punched him more.” There was a beat of silence, the sound of Shane’s phone locking, and then he finally settled onto his back and wrapped his arms around Ilya, who made a contented noise. *Finally.*

“Hey,” Shane said.

“Hm. Да. Привет.⁴ Shane. Love you.”

Shane chuckled. “Love you too. Hey, tell me what the fight was about.”

Ilya smirked, eyes still closed. “Because you think is sexy when I fight.”

“Well, yes, but it’s also kind of rare for you. I mean, I can count the times you’ve actually dropped gloves on one hand.”

“S’not worth it most of time.”

“Soooo what made it worth it with Johnston?”

Ilya sighed deeply. He knew now that Shane was not actually going to sleep in more with him and was just cuddling to draw out this information. Ilya would take it. “He insulted you. He was mad because you were good that game.”

“I’m good every game.”

“Most, yes.” Ilya heard Shane let that slide.

“So, what, he just called me an asshole? Said I had weak backhands or something?”

“Mm. Something.”

Shane snorted. “I can’t imagine that was super uncommon in the Bears’ locker room, though?” Ilya groaned, propped himself up on an elbow, and looked Shane in the face. It was a lovely face. Shane blinked at him. Sure enough, he was wide awake.

“Shane. Киса.⁵ He was racist, yes? Called you bad word. Uh. Slur. Because of your ethnicity. I break his nose for that, because it is wrong. Okay?”

Shane blinked at him again, shocked. “Ilya...” he breathed.

Ilya rolled his eyes and shucked off the covers, trying to ignore the chill air in the room. “Now, we run the five kilometers, yes? I’m not doing ten. It’s Sunday.”

Shane caught his arm before he could get out of bed, though. “Ilya,” he said again, and drew him in for a kiss. It was a slow, tender, almost awestruck kiss, on Shane’s part. “I can’t believe... I mean, we had only seen each other, what, four or five times at that point? And you still...”

Ilya caught Shane’s hand on his cheek and held it there. “Shane... I’m not going to say I would have only done it for you. I love to punch racists. Favorite pastime. But yes... when I understood what he said, and it was about *you*... I kind of. Maybe. Lost it. Little bit.”

Shane was a little bit pink under his freckles, which was adorable. “That *is* kind of sexy...”

“Oh yes? Sexy enough to skip run and stay in bed?” Shane pushed him back down onto the pillows and straddled him while he considered that.

“I’m open to other kinds of physical activity, just for this morning, yes.” He leaned down and kissed Ilya again, this time with more intent.

“Hm. I will have to find more racists to punch for this.”

“I guess you will,” Shane smiled, and proceeded to give Ilya a very good blowjob indeed.

End Notes

thank u so much for reading!! what'd u think?

i also just want to be clear that this isn't like "omg shane's savior... his knight in shining armor ilya" like what ilya did IS bare minimum, it's just not something anyone's ever really done for shane before, so he is kind of simping for it. but that's his right i think lol

here are all the translations for ilya's russian! i consulted my friend who is russian but if anything's wrong pls lmk!

¹*Focus, Ilya! You're skating like a turtle, Rozanov!*

²stupid bitch

³Yeah, I'm gonna beat your ass/tear you to shreds!

⁴Yes. Hello.

⁵Kitty (petname)

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