

5 times people found out Shane spoke Russian and one time he told the world.

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5 times people found out Shane spoke Russian and one time he told the world.

by [Theemperor95](#)

Summary

what it says on the tin folks

Shane speaks Russian because of course he does, no one knows, and then they find out.

Notes

Posting to a new fandom is kinda scary, but these boys just beg to be written don't they
So I did.

They have taken over my life

enjoy

1. Ilya

The feeling of being in Ilya's arms was like no other. Here, he was free, free of expectations, free of his inhibitions and his ever-restless mind. This was his own little slice of paradise, even if it often ended in an anxiety-fueled spiral when he ended up inevitably alone again.

Throughout the years of finding himself in his arch rival's bed, Shane had come to know a few things about the man. Like how Ilya liked to shower alone right after, to decompress. Or how he went feral when Shane stripped of everything but his socks. Or how, when he lost himself in it, in Shane's body and the pleasure of what they were doing, he would press words and phrases in Russian into Shane's skin with such urgency that Shane had the feeling they had been burning his throat to get out.

It was that thought that had Shane looking for a tutor. He told himself it would be easier to chirp Rozanov in his native tongue, that catching him off guard would give him an edge, and that was probably true. It still didn't explain why he had requested to start learning poetry first.

It was slow going. Between games, brand engagements, and just life, he didn't get much time to practice. It took a few months before he started to understand what Ilya had been saying in their hidden moments together, how wonderfully open and honest this enigma of a man was when he thought he was not being understood. Ilya called him good, and beautiful, and perfect. He told him how well he was taking it and how pretty he looked doing it.

It was a lot, honestly. Shane had always had a hair trigger when it came to the this man, and now that he was being showered in praise, it was just embarrassing. Maybe his next challenge would be to improve his stamina.

It took about a year before Shane felt confident enough to be conversational. He wanted to show off to Rozanov immediately, insult him on the ice, watch his eyes go wide and his focus slip long enough for Shane to slide the puck from right under him. Yet he didn't. The fear of losing Ilya's soft admiration in bed was greater than his need to win, and that was probably the first clue to how gone he was. Nothing had ever come before his need to win.

Then Ilya's father died.

Ilya was alone in Russia, and there was nothing Shane could do to make that better. With the years, they had gotten better at communicating, less volatile and more honest. And now Shane was once again helpless to do anything but watch the love of his life, yes, he was admitting that to himself now, walk into the proverbial lion's den alone.

When Ilya called him, Shane knew he would do anything to see this man at ease, preferably in his arms. They talked as Ilya walked. Shane could hear the strain in his voice, the way his accent thickened, the way it did when he was about to slip into Russian, so Shane pushed a little.

"You can speak to me in Russian. I'll understand."

There was silence on the other end of the line. For a minute, Shane thought he had been hung up on. Then Ilya started talking. He didn't ask when Shane had learned. Shane suspected that would come later. For now, Ilya spoke about his life, his family, how unfair everything was, how everyone hated him there and how he hated them right back. Shane could not fathom a world where people were not absolutely in love with this incredible man.

Ilya told him how much he missed him, how much he wanted him always, how much he loved him. Shane let the words wash over him, calming his overwhelmed mind. He knew he loved Ilya, and hearing that love returned was like a balm over his aching heart.

"I love you too, my Ilya."

There. No more guessing. Everything was out in the open.

They hung up not long after, with promises to see each other soon, maybe start taking this thing between them more seriously and spend some actual time together.

The next time they met was on the ice in Montreal, and Shane finally got to show off his impeccable Russian to his boyfriend. It turned out it had exactly the effect he had been hoping for.

2. Yuna and David

Finding out your son had been in a ten-year-long secret relationship with his rival, no less, had been shocking. Yes, they had suspected he might be gay, but getting cold, hard proof in the form of watching your kid get groped against a window was still a shock. Still, both of them prided themselves on being open and supportive, so they adjusted quickly.

It only took one lunch for them to realize how different Ilya was when he was not playing up being an asshole for the cameras. He was soft and gentle, a little awkward, but so clearly in tune with Shane's needs that it was impossible not to see how much they loved each other.

After a lunch full of strategizing about the future, brand deals, and contingency statements, they made plans for dinner and board games. Both Yuna and David wanted to spend time getting to know this side of their son, a side that for so long had lived in fear and in the shadows.

They texted with plenty of time to make sure everyone was decent when they showed up, chicken and salad in hand. They had been told the door was open and to let themselves in. The open-concept layout of the house meant voices carried. They could hear two voices speaking fast Russian. Weird. Maybe Ilya had invited a friend over? But that was something Shane would have told them, right? Then again, their son was apparently better at omitting information than they had realized.

Ilya came into view first, speaking fast, gesticulating wildly as if he were telling a thoroughly entertaining story. The other voice answered in the same tone, light and teasing. When they rounded the corner, they were faced with their son, wide grin on his face, eyes twinkling, speaking perfectly fluent Russian as if he had been doing it all his life.

David cleared his throat. Both men turned wide-eyed, like they had been caught kissing against the glass again.

“Right,” David said. “Any more secrets we should know about? Please spare our aging hearts now.”

He injected as much teasing as he could into the statement, hoping his son would catch on. The frown etched between Shane’s brows told him he had failed. Before he could fix it, Ilya placed a hand on Shane’s shoulder and said a single word in Russian. Shane visibly calmed.

“I think the boy kissing and the secret third language are it for today,” Shane said. He looked back at Ilya for approval and was met with a warm, adoring smile, which he could not help but mirror.

Yuna’s huff of shocked laughter broke the moment. Shane’s humor was so underrated

Dinner conversation was kept light. They talked about the season so far and answered all of Ilya’s questions about Ottawa, assuring him that yes, Ottawa was nice, and this time he would not be alone. He had family here. Eventually, they could not hold it anymore.

“So when did you learn Russian?” Yuna asked. Her tone always carried a bit of her no-nonsense attitude, like she could not fathom not knowing about every one of her child’s achievements.

“Umm...” Shane closed his eyes, likely trying to remember the exact date.

“About four years now,” Ilya answered, pride obvious in his tone, “although he didn’t start speaking with me until my father’s passing.”

“I wasn’t conversational before then,” Shane defended.

Ilya’s unimpressed, piercing blue eyes said otherwise.

Watching them interact was fascinating. They were just as competitive as they had always been on the ice, but there was so much tenderness behind their words. Yuna and David had never seen Shane like this, and now that they had, they could not fathom a world where their boy had to hide it.

Dinner was cleaned up and the board games were brought out. They chose Sorry!. It was fast-paced and fun, but still required enough strategy to keep Shane and Yuna happy. The night was only made better by watching Shane and Ilya chirp at each other in Russian.

3. Hayden

If anyone asked Hayden what it was like to be best friends with the golden boy of hockey, he would tell them it was easy. Shane was easy to love, loyal and literal. What you saw was what you got. Hayden would say he was a better man for having someone as radically honest as Shane in his life.

The truth about Shane, as far as Hayden could tell, was that for as guarded and in control as Shane wanted to be, his every emotion was written on his face. Happiness was the slight lift of his lip. Anger was the hard set of his jaw. Confusion was the furrow of his brow. Shane would not tell you how he was feeling if he could help it, but he didn't need to. His face did it for him.

It was truly unfathomable to Hayden that Shane could keep a secret from him for long, so he could not make sense of what he had just walked in on. Shane was sitting on the fire exit stairs of the hotel, speaking fluent Russian on the phone. That alone was shocking. He had never even heard Shane speak Russian to the rookie on the team, and the kid hung on to his every word.

What was most shocking was that Shane ended the call with an "I love you" in English.

Hayden retreated back to their room before Shane even knew someone had been listening.

He paced the small hotel room until Shane walked in.

"Hey, buddy," Hayden said, trying to sound nonchalant. "Where'd you go?"

Shane shrugged. "On a walk. Needed some fresh air."

Hayden searched his face for the usual tells of a lie. He found none.

Oh shit.

The realization hit hard. Maybe he didn't know this man as well as he thought. Shane could stand in front of him and lie convincingly. The thought left a hollow feeling in his chest. Who did Shane love, and for how long, and why had he not told him? They told each other everything.

Sleep did not come easily. Shane was in love. Probably for a while, since Shane was not the type to fall quickly. Shane spoke to the person he loved in Russian. The only person who had stuck around in Shane's life for years was Boston Lily.

Right. Lily. This Lily person Shane was weirdly secretive about. From Boston. Spoke Russian.

Maybe Lily was not a girl at all.

Sleep took him before he could finish the thought.

Shane's alarm dragged everything back to the surface in the morning.

"Hey, buddy," Hayden said carefully. "Can I ask you something?"

If he didn't do it now, while Shane's defenses were down, he would lose his nerve.

"Are you in love?"

Shane froze, every muscle still and coiled like he was ready to run. Then nodded, eyes fixed on his rumpled duvet spread around him.

"Lily's not a girl, is she?"

It was not a question. Shane shook his head, tears slipping down his face.

"You know that doesn't matter to me, right?"

That made Shane look up. The sight broke something in Hayden.

"I don't care who you love," Hayden said softly. "I'm just sad you've had to do it in secret."

Shane swallowed. "You wouldn't be saying that if you knew who I was in love with."

Hayden frowned, then it hit him. Boston, Russian, Lily. His eyes went wide.

"Rozanov?"

Shane exhaled, falling back onto the pillow with his arm covering his eyes, he nodded.

It took Hayden a moment to catch up to reality. "When did you learn Russian?"

Shane scoffed in disbelief, and looked over at his friend on the other bed "I just told you I'm in love with Ilya Rozanov, and that's your question? And how do you even know I speak Russian?"

"I walked in on you yesterday, on the staircase" Hayden admitted.

Shane nodded slowly. "I've been learning for years. I wanted Ilya to be able to talk to me even when English got hard."

God damn. This man was a saint and apparently really in love.

"Ilya, huh?" Hayden teased.

"What, you think I yell Rozanov in bed?" Shane smirked.

Hayden threw a pillow at him.

4. His Team

Practice was always fun. The Metros took their dynasty seriously, but Shane believed that after getting their asses handed to them by the coaches, they deserved time to goof off and remember why they loved the game.

They were mid chaos when a few players noticed Shane muttering under his breath as he ran drills. Whatever he was saying did not sound like English.

“Yo, Cap, need help?”

“*Niet*,” Shane replied without looking up.

That got everyone’s attention.

JJ grinned. “We’re going to kill it in New York this weekend, then you’re coming out with us, right?”

“I’ll be spending my night getting railed into next week by my very sexy boyfriend,” Shane said calmly. *“So no.”*

Silence.

“You speak Russian?”

“Yeah,” Shane said. “For years now.”

“Why didn’t you tell us?”

“Why would I tell you I speak a language you don’t understand?”

From his left, Kadinsky spoke up. *“Your secret’s safe with me, Cap.”*

Shane blanched. He forgot about the new rookie

Later, Kadinsky sat beside him. *“I’m queer too you know. Haven’t told anyone here. It’s nice knowing I’m not alone.”*

Shane looked at him, really looked. Maybe being honest was worth it after all.

5. Svetlana

Shane had people in his life that knew about him and Ilya, people he could go to for advice or to complain about how hard it was to be queer in sports. He knew Ilya had his parents, they loved him like a son, especially his dad, but he didn’t know if Ilya had anyone else in his corner to talk about their messy lives with.

They were playing in Boston this weekend. Shane had finished practice early and let himself into Ilya’s place to make them dinner. He was steaming some zuchinni when he heard the

door open.

“ Go shower, dinner will be ready in 10 my love” Getting to speak to Ilya in Russian was still a novel feeling even after all these years, it felt like their own language, a secret dialect made of syrupy sweet words and the filthiest filth Ilya’s clever mind could come up with.

A voice replied in Russian, but it sure as hell was not Ilyas *“ Do I finally get to meet the mysterious Jane”* Shane froze. This was someone important enough to have the code to his boyfriend’s house, someone important enough to know about Ilya, and yet, Ilya hadn’t told this woman his identity. Well too late now.

A beautiful woman with wild curls and long legs appeared in front of him. He recognized her from pictures of Ilya in the tabloids, even in the hight of Ilya being photographed spilling out of clubs with every actress and model in North America, the only one that appeared in nearly every picture was this woman

“ Svetlana, nice to meet you Shane Hollander”

They stare at each other for a minute, Shane still in shock at being found out, and Svetlana just looking at the man his best friend fell in love with all those years ago.

Svetalana decided to break the silence when it becomes clear that Shane won’t

“ I’m sorry to barge in like this, I just got to Boston and I hate hotels. I won’t be in your hair though, I’ll go put my stuff down”

That seems to shock Shane back into his body *“ no no please, dinner’s almost ready, I’d love to know how you know Ilya, I’ve only seen your face in the tabloids”*

Svetlana would say she’s taken aback by Shane’s perfect Russian but with everything she knows about the man, it makes so much sense he would be as perfect at being Ilya’s boyfriend as he is at everything else

“ Ilya is my best friend from childhood, we don’t see each other as much as we both want as I travel a lot between here and Russia, but I do try to make it to every Raiders v Metros games as he takes those losses the hardest and now I know why” Her smile is radiant and teasing

Shane pours her a glass of wine, and grabs himself a ginger ale and they sit so Svetlana can fill him in on all the embarrassing secretes of Ilya’s childhood. That’s how Ilya finds them, sitting on the couch legs tucked under themselves giggling over hushed Russian. His heart warms at seeing his two favorite people get along.

They both greet him when he makes his presence know, a fond smile playing on his lips. Dinner is a lovely affair, even if the two hockey players are exhausted, and the food is made for performance enhancement and not taste.

The game the next day is fun, him and Ilya push each other, rile each other up with whispered promises in a language no one else in the ice understands. They hurl playful insults and make stupid bets on center ice waiting for the puck to drop. Shane can’t remember the game ever

being like this. They lose by a single point, and he can't even find it in himself to be all that upset about it. He hopes to someday be able to play in the same team and his boyfriend so they can share their wins and losses.

+1 Shane tells the world

Ilya has been playing in Ottawa for a few seasons and he's flourishing. The team has rallied around him, giving him the support and family he had been missing in Boston. Having Yuna and David close has healed something in him he had forgotten was broken. Seeing him be so happy, so free on and off the ice was dazzling to Shane. Ottawa had been out of the playoffs early, Montreal was still fighting for the Cup though. After several grueling weeks, Shane was holding his third title. He had lead his team to victory once again. In that moment he let the joy and adrenalin take over, he looked right at the camera and yelled “ *this one is for you my love* ”

He knew what it would mean, he wasn't naive enough to think people wouldn't translate the words, that his words wouldn't be everywhere in an hour, he just simply didn't care. Ilya was finally in a good place, he was a three time champion, the best in the league, let people wonder who he was in love with, and why he announced it in Russian. The celebration in the locker room was wild, champaign showers everywhere, his team screaming and jumping, Shane though, he was glued to his phone sharing his celebration with his love.

There was no fallout from his declaration just curiosity and speculation. Yuna talked Shane and Ilya into capitalizing off of this moment. It would probably be the best time to come out she said. The friendship is established, Shane is at the top of the league, public favor is at an all time high. She was right of course, so she booked Shane on a late night show to talk about his win with the promise of an exclusive on who the declaration had been about.

Jimmy had been nice, he wasn't great at interviewing but he was great at putting Shane at ease enough that he could be a bit less guarded. It didn't hurt that Ilya was waiting for him just backstage, it seemed silly to keep him away since Shane would be declaring his love for him in about 25 minutes. Fallon lead him through the obvious topics, Hockey, his team, his diet, having his mom as his manager, until they finally landed on his love life. Jimmy asked him why he chose that moment to open about something he had kept so private for so long, Shane told him that a mix of elation and adrenalin had made him careless but he did not regret it. Jimmy asked him who this mystery person was, Shane looked straight at the camera, like they had practiced with his mom, his agent and Ilya and said the words that had been burning in his throat since he started the interview “ *Ilya Rozanov has been the love of my life since I was 18* ” He said it in Russian for dramatic effect and also because he knew what it did to Ilya, but then he turned to Jimmy's reversed surprised face, he of course had seen Ilya backstage, and his real surprised face wasn't far off from what he was showing the camera now.

“ Did I just hear Ilya Rozanov?” Shane smiled that was Ilya’s cue to join them on stage.

He smirked at the camera as he made his way over to Shane, playing up the cocky persona everyone loved. He shook Jimmy’s hand, kissed Shane as if the act wouldn’t break the internet, undid the button on his jacket and sat down, arm slung over the back of the couch, cocky and powerful, tucking Shane into his side.

The interview after that was short, they answered a few questions, how long has it been, what do their friends and family think, if they double date with Scott and Kip. They even managed to tie a few answers back to the foundation which made them happy, and before they knew it, they were wrapping up as the new power couple of hockey.

“ I love you asshole”

“ I love you more pretty boy”

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