

i couldn't satiate the hunger i contain

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i couldn't satiate the hunger i contain

by [yeehaw_my_beebaw](#)

Summary

"Everything was too much. Every number was too high.

He didn't necessarily want to change anything about his reflection. He had a healthy body, a good body--He was healthier than most of the population as a pro-athlete, and he took care of himself. But he did want to make sure his body stayed that way while he was resting. Limiting his intake made this possible, and he smiled a little when he saw the number on the scale go down, little by little every day, sickeningly proud of himself."

-or-

Shane Hollander is forced to rest. This has consequences.

Notes

TRIGGER WARNING FOR HEAVILY DISORDERED THOUGHTS!

Calorie counts are mentioned, and numbers are given. If any content relating to disordered eating triggers you, I would probably not read this specific fic <3

Shane definitely has an eating disorder, especially in the long game, and I really want to explore that a little more!

Title from I BELIEVE by Erin LeCount

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

Shane wanted to eat. God, he wanted so badly to just eat everything in sight.

It was easy to control the urge at home, when all he had on hand was rice cakes and grapes, but when he was with Ilya, surrounded by candies and chips and any type of carb you could name, it was much more difficult to ignore the ravenous clawing of his stomach.

The plus side to all the ultra-processed foods calling his name was the nutrition label slapped onto the back of every package; calories and fiber contents and protein percentages taunting him from where they sat, unassuming on a bag of baked potato chips or a container of nuts. Everything was too much. Every number was too high.

His nutrition plan allowed him to eat plenty. What *he* allowed himself to eat was a completely different story. Especially now, when he was supposed to be resting after getting his second concussion of his career. It wasn't anything major, but the doctors wanted him to be cautious because of the first head injury he had gotten being so dangerous. So, he listened, as best he could. He didn't want to do anything to jeopardize his future as a hockey player. He wanted to be the best he could.

Regularly weighing himself was a part of that maintenance process for him. At least that's what he told himself. He had been doing it for a while now, so small shifts in the numbers was something he was used to, but when the scale jumped by almost six pounds after he'd gotten out of the hospital, well, he was shocked to say the least. And he made a plan: he was barely allowed to exercise (and he hardly wanted to, what with the crushing pain in his head), so he would eat in a slight deficit. He knew how to calculate his maintenance calories, and he knew what to subtract from that so he could get back to (and stay at) his normal, healthy weight.

Of course, this was more difficult than he'd originally anticipated. He had been dieting for a long time, almost as long as his professional hockey career had taken off the ground, but he hadn't necessarily tracked his calories that entire time. Now, looking at all the foods that he used to eat regularly, everything seemed too much—*why* was a handful of nuts almost 200 calories? It didn't make sense to him.

Ilya didn't think about calories at all, of this Shane was sure (though he'd never asked him outright). Shane found it unfair that he was able to maintain his gorgeous body, all while fueling it with McGriddles and potato chips. They had very similar workout routines when

neither one was injured—if anything, Shane was more rigorous with his exercise than Ilya. And still, the Russian’s body was perfect.

God, it wasn’t fucking fair.

Since being on concussion protocol, Shane had very little he was allowed to do. Reading was a no-go, phone time wasn’t allowed, and even sex was frowned upon by his doctor when he had (embarrassingly) asked about it. So, he spent a lot of his time thinking. Which, admittedly, might not have been the best for him, with his history of anxiety.

But it was what he could do. He thought about everything, from hockey, to his injury, to the logistics of his relationship, to... food.

Admittedly, food consumed most of his thoughts. So did his body. And his weight. Looking at himself in the mirror had become a pastime during his weeks resting at home, examining every fold of skin, every patch of hair, the protrusion of some bones and the dips of others.

He didn’t necessarily want to *change* anything about his reflection. He had a healthy body, a *good* body, especially for someone of his (unfortunately increasing) age. He was healthier than most of the population as a pro-athlete, and he took care of himself. But he *did* want to make sure his body stayed that way while he was resting. Limiting his intake made this possible, and he smiled a little when he saw the number on the scale go down, little by little every day, sickeningly proud of himself.

“Shane,” Ilya called from the kitchen, where he stood with only his shorts on, the rest of his clothes forgotten on the floor of his bedroom. “Breakfast! I made gross smoothie for you.”

Shane walked in, stretching his arms over his head, engulfed in an Ottawa Centaurs sweatshirt. He mumbled something unintelligible, still ruffled from sleep, and slouched down into one of the chairs at the kitchen island. It was unusual that Shane woke up after

Ilya, but the concussion had made him far more tired than usual, and he had been sleeping much more.

“Good morning,” Ilya said, setting the smoothie down in front of Shane, “how is your head?”

“Mmm...fine.” Shane mumbled, rubbing his eyes groggily. He felt better than he had yesterday at least, when he had been confined to bed all day with a debilitating headache. “Thank you for making my smoothie.”

Ilya kissed his forehead in response and sat next to him, a breakfast sandwich on his plate. *Well*, Shane thought, *at least it's homemade*. He quickly calculated the calories in his smoothie, knowing Ilya often put extra berries in it, but beyond that, he usually stuck to the ingredients and portions that Shane put in his own smoothie every morning.

-400

“I was thinking maybe we go to the gym today, and we do some of the um,” Ilya paused, searching for the word in English, “the sitting, that you do. The doctor said you can do this.”

“Meditating?”

Ilya snapped his fingers, “yes, yes, the meditating. We can do this, if you would like?”

Shane smiled and took a sip of his smoothie, nodding. “Yeah, we can do that. Maybe a little light yoga too?”

Ilya looked at him skeptically. “Your doctor approved yoga?”

“I’m sure it’s fine. It’s been two weeks, and I’m feeling much better today. Plus,” Shane smirked, “we wouldn’t want me to lose my flexibility, now, would we?”

Ilya's lips quirked at that, and he grabbed Shane around the waist, pulling him in for a slightly sloppy kiss. "No, we would not want that." He practically growled the words into Shane's mouth and deepened the kiss. His hand found its way to Shane's thigh, crawling higher and higher, teasing near his genital area. "Finish your breakfast." Ilya smirked and pulled away.

Shane eagerly gulped down the rest of his smoothie.

After yoga (+100) and a little bit of meditation, Shane was ashamed to say that he was exhausted. Far more exhausted than a professional hockey player should be with such little activity.

Somewhere in the back of his mind he worried that he was already losing muscle mass. His body was deteriorating under his watchful gaze, even as he did everything he could to prevent it.

Ilya noticed Shane's silence immediately, pulling him close as they walked up the stairs to the bedroom. He didn't need to say anything, just held Shane as if he understood. *As if he could ever understand.*

-500

-700

-50

By the end of the night, tucked into bed and running through numbers in his head, Shane felt satisfied. He'd stayed under his allotted calories for the day, even given himself a bit of extra

wiggle room for a small snack at the end of the night. He was proud and he was excited to see what the scale had in store for him tomorrow.

Ilya tightened his hold on Shane slightly, shifting in his sleep and snorting a breath through his mouth. Shane glanced up at his boyfriend, who always looked so beautiful, the silhouette of his profile illuminated by the moonlight shining through the window.

I wonder if he'll be proud of me, Shane thought, not for the first time, *when he sees the changes I'm able to make. When he sees what I'm able to do when I put my mind to it.* He smiled a little bit at the thought of Ilya seeing the number on the scale. He would be happy for him, wouldn't he? He'd be proud of Shane's dedication, of the things he was willing to put himself through for the betterment of his career, his life.

Maybe he would look at him the way he used to. Adoring, like Shane's body was a prize he had won, something that was only his and that he was proud to call his. Shane missed that. He missed the sparkle in Ilya's eyes when he took his clothes off. He told himself it was just because Ilya didn't want to seem too eager when Shane was unable to do much in terms of sexual intimacy.

But in the back of his head, he'd already convinced himself that it was more than that: Ilya was able to see the changes in his weight in a way that even Shane had tried to ignore at first, but which were now so glaringly obvious in the mirror. Maybe he could see the extra layer of fat that clung to Shane's abs, the pudginess that sat just above his hips, the sag of the skin on his arms and the squish of the skin on his thighs.

Maybe he counted his blessings that they needed to keep their relationship hidden.

End Notes

Shane is not thinking clearly and is obsessing over things that don't exist to the extent he believes they do, as many people with eating disorders often do. Ilya loves him very much, and there are no visible changes in Shane's body that he should be worrying about.

Eating disorders are extremely dangerous, and if you or someone you know is suffering from one, please reach out for help. <https://www.eatingdisorderhope.com/treatment-for-eating-disorders/eating-disorder-hotlines>

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