

mangetout

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by [RMarie124](#)

Summary

"Shane heart reacts to the message. Ilya imagines him taking an uneasy bite from the toast, but still enjoying it. He waits until he's done getting ready for practice before texting again.

Lily: you have eaten it all?

The reply is instant.

Jane: [image attachment]

Jane: I'm still shaking

The plate and cup are both empty. Ilya's heart clenches. Shane is...he's so perfect."

Or: A series of moments centered around Shane's recovery process.

Notes

This was a fever dream fic. These two possessed me and wouldn't let me go until I finished writing this!

The timeline is nebulous on this one. In my mind it's somewhere during The Long Game, since Shane is still playing for the Voyageurs/Metros.

TW for eating disorder recovery related behaviors/setbacks/feelings, as well as brief homophobic language that Shane uses in reference to himself

And of course, thank you to my good friend OlivesOwlrey for beta reading this!!

Enjoy :)

Jane: [image attachment]

Jane: I missed bread like, so much

Ilya smiles sadly at his phone. He knows that Shane is probably holding his own phone with shaking hands, waiting for Ilya's reply. The photo is of his normal gross morning smoothie, but with one slice of whole wheat bread with peanut butter on it next to the cup. It's all about compromise, Ilya learned, so this is a first step for Shane.

Lily: you are being very brave, moya lyubov

Shane heart reacts to the message. Ilya imagines him taking an uneasy bite from the toast, but still enjoying it. He waits until he's done getting ready for practice before texting again.

Lily: you have eaten it all?

The reply is instant.

Jane: [image attachment]

Jane: I'm still shaking

The plate and cup are both empty. Ilya's heart clenches. Shane is...he's so perfect. He knows that this is Shane's anxiety trying to externalize itself, that he doesn't feel like he can really tell anyone except his own therapist and Ilya. And Ilya has learned from Galina that he needs to be supportive, as if he ever *wasn't* going to give Shane whatever he needed. So, he texts back.

Lily: good boy

Lily: very proud of you solnyshko

Lily: you will do it again tomorrow, yes?

Jane: fuck you

Jane: ...I will

Ilya smiles, locks his phone, and heads to practice.

Ilya likes taking care of Shane. He always has, even when they “hated” each other. Taking care of Shane gives back to him in ways that he can’t put into words in either English or Russian. It settles something in his chest.

And one of his *favorite* ways to take care of Shane is to make him come so hard he lands in a soft, floaty space where his brain finally leaves him alone.

Shane is close, now. Ilya has his ankles resting on his shoulders and is pressing him nearly in half. His moans are echoing off the walls and he’s begging incoherently for something that Ilya is more than happy to give him. More, harder, deeper. Ilya has played him just right up to here, edging him for half an hour before opening him up and fucking him into the mattress.

God, Ilya’s going to come soon, too. Sweat trickles down his face and he watches as Shane reaches up to capture his cross in his mouth. His eyes are hooded and partially rolled back. He looks so fucking pretty like this, it’s unreal.

“‘m gonna come, Ilya,” Shane whines, words muffled by the cross. “*Please.*”

“You don’t need to ask, moya lyubov,” Ilya chides, tugging slightly at Shane’s hair. “You have earned it. Let it happen.”

Shane’s back arches, his mouth drops open, and he comes hard. Ilya watches, enraptured, as Shane shivers and shakes and moans unabashedly loud. It’s the most beautiful fucking thing in the world, and it tips Ilya over the edge, too.

When he tries to pull out a few minutes later, Shane whimpers and claws at him. Ilya shushes him with soft kisses and soft words, before standing up and sliding his arms under Shane’s legs and back. He carries Shane to the bathroom and washes them both off in a warm, steamy haze.

He helps Shane get dressed, too, and Shane looks at him with soft, dreamy eyes as he does. Shane clings to him, follows him downstairs to the kitchen, drapes himself against Ilya’s back. Ilya loves it when he gets like this, and feels a deep sense of satisfaction that he can turn *the* Shane Hollander into a floaty, clingy, koala.

“Will you feed me?” Shane asks, his mouth muffled by the skin of Ilya’s back.

“Of course. What would you like?”

Shane’s arms tighten against Ilya’s waist, a minute sign of anxiety. “I want French toast.”

“Okay.” Ilya starts moving to get the ingredients, then laughs lightly as Shane refuses to let him go. “*Malysh*,” he says in a low voice. Shane sighs and tries to burrow deeper into him. “Go sit at the counter. You will still be able to see me.”

Shane reluctantly slides into one of the stools at the island in their kitchen. He leans down on his crossed arms and looks at Ilya with a besotted expression.

Ilya laughs. “You are so cute, Shane. Like little puppy.”

“Fuck off.” But there’s no real heat behind it.

“Really. You look at me with these big eyes. You follow my commands—”

“Fuck you, Ilya.”

“*Moy shchenok*,” Ilya coos. “Maybe I will get a collar for you.”

Shane grumbles something Ilya can’t quite make out, but when he turns to look at Shane, he’s blushing. *Interesting*.

They chat as Ilya cooks. Shane stays in that hazy space, Ilya can tell by the relaxed slur of his words and the lighter tone of his voice. Finally, he slides a plate of two pieces of French toast tin front of Shane. He turns away to pull out butter and syrup, and when he does, Shane is blinking down at the food. His eyes are just a bit clearer, sharper.

“I want this.” Shane whispers. His hands are shaking.

“Yes.”

“I specifically asked for this.”

“Yes.” Ilya sets the butter and syrup down gently.

“I won three fucking Stanley Cups. I can take a bite of this food.”

“Yes.” Ilya plates his own food. He doesn’t make any other movements. “What do you need from me?”

Shane looks up, meets his eyes. Speaks quietly, his voice a bit wobbly. “Tell me to do it.”

Ilya pulls himself up to his full height. He looks at Shane, who has also straightened in his chair. His hands are still shaking, but Ilya sees some of the haze return. Good.

He levels Shane with a look, then jerks his chin at the food in front of him. “Eat.”

Shane’s hands wrap around his silverware. “Do I have to...do I have to put butter and syrup?”

“No. Not unless you want to.”

“I don’t...I don’t know.”

“That is okay, *solnyshko*. Right now, you just take one bite. That is all.”

Shane exhales. “Okay.”

And he does. His hands shake the entire time, and Ilya can see that really, he’s shaking all over. But his mouth closes around the food on his fork, and he chews and swallows and—

Tears spill down his cheeks.

Ilya makes a soft noise and immediately rounds the counter to take Shane’s face in his hands. He wipes away the tears that spill and fall down Shane’s cheeks.

“Shh, moy lyubimyy.” Ilya whispers. “You are so good. So perfect. Thank you for doing that.” He kisses Shane on the forehead. “See? One bite. Is not so bad, right?”

Shane shakes his head, more tears spilling down his slightly flushed cheeks. “No.” He lets out a watery laugh. “It was really fucking good, actually.”

“Then you can take one more bite for me, can’t you?” Ilya urges.

“Yeah. Yeah, I can.”

Ilya stays close to Shane, and leans over the island to grab his own plate. Shane takes a third bite unprompted. They eat quietly; Ilya stays pressed up against Shane as he eats his own food. Between bites, he runs reassuring fingers through Shane’s hair.

And then, before he knows it, Shane’s plate is empty. Shane looks up at him, eyes wide and searching. Ilya smiles down at him, a soft thing, he knows.

“Yes, Shane. You did well. I am so proud of you.”

Shane’s smile is bright like the sun.

Moy solnyshko, Ilya thinks. *I would do anything for you.*

Another road trip, another picture.

Ilya is toweling his hair off when he hears his phone buzz. He picks it up.

Jane: [image attached]

Jane: out with Rose. She thinks I’m going to post this on Instagram. It’s like she doesn’t know me

Ilya laughs. He zooms in on the picture. It's something Shane gets all the time, but he sees small changes. White rice instead of extra kale. The dressing has been left on. At the top of the picture, something that looks fried sits on a small plate in front of Shane's bowl. It's too cut off for Ilya to make out what exactly it is.

Lily: the gram is not eating first?

Jane: what the fuck does that even mean?

Ilya imagines Shane's adorably scrunched up nose.

Lily: ask Rose

He hesitates before sending the next message.

Lily: and send me picture when you are done eating

Shane heart reacts and then Ilya doesn't hear anything from him for a few hours. He spends the time flipping through channels, jerking off, and texting with Svetlana. He's just considering what to order for dinner when Shane texts again.

Jane: [image attached]

Jane: couldn't finish it all, but I tried. I even ate one of the karaage.

Ilya frowns in confusion. After a quick Google search, his eyebrows shoot up in surprise. His fingers fly over the keys.

Lily: you ate fried chicken!!!

Lily: this is big. You have not eaten something fried in so long

Lily: I will reward you later

Jane: it was so good. Rose helped

Lily: that is my job

Jane: don't worry, she didn't help the same way you do

Jane: she just...she didn't make a big deal about it. She just talked about how yummy it was and then we talked about something else right away

Ilya's heart softens.

Lily: I am glad she was there

Jane: me too

Jane: what's my reward?

Ilya grins.

Lily: call me when you get home and find out

Ilya watches the screen and feels his heart sink. Montreal is losing. Badly. It's clear that things are not clicking with the team, and Ilya wonders if the cracks in Montreal's façade are starting to show.

Hayden and Shane are the only ones who give some semblance of having it together and even then it's not enough. Ilya also notices that Shane isn't on top of his game like he usually is. It wouldn't be apparent to anyone who didn't know him the way Ilya does, but the signs are there. A split second delay on a snapshot. Going around the net instead of right back to center ice after getting slammed into the boards.

He turns his head over to Shane's kitchen, dread pooling in his stomach. He turns the volume up on the TV so he can still hear it and makes his way to the kitchen. He doesn't even know what he's looking for, because Shane is so meticulous about cleaning that even if he *had* eaten something before leaving for the game, there wouldn't be any signs. Shane had been doing so well recently, too. Eating breakfast, lunch, and dinner every single day. Sending Ilya

pictures Requesting recipes, things he hasn't eaten in years that Ilya had happily made for him.

Ilya takes a deep breath and reminds himself that Shane's recovery, much like his own depression, is a spectrum. It's not linear. Shane is having a bad day. A very bad one, from what Ilya can tell. Especially given the way he's playing.

"And that's it folks, a *devastating* loss for Montreal on their home ice. It seems like the normally pulled together team is going through a bit of a rough patch," The announcer says. "Hopefully we'll see a return when they go up against Colorado next Tuesday."

Ilya returns to the living room, turns the volume back down, and watches the reruns of the final few plays. He sees Shane going down the handshake line, then giving his team fist bumps as they skate off the ice. To anyone else, it would look like Shane is trying to keep it together for the sake of his team. But the faraway look in his eyes and the terse, barely there fist bumps tell Ilya otherwise. His teammates don't want anything to do with him, and he doesn't want anything to do with them, either.

It's another hour before Shane stumbles through the door and drops his stuff unceremoniously on the floor. Ilya hears his dress shoes being tossed aside as well.

"Fuck. Fucking *fuck*." Shane mutters. Then he starts swearing in French, too.

Ilya meets him at the top of the stairs. He doesn't know how he's going to approach this, but he knows he needs to. Tough conversations are getting easier for them, but that doesn't mean he wants to have them. That doesn't mean they don't hurt.

Shane looks worse for wear. There are dark circles under his eyes. There's a thin sheen of sweat across his forehead and he's swaying slightly. His normally tanned skin looks pale. He looks on the verge of tears.

"Sweetheart," Ilya says softly, opening his arms. "Come here."

Shane collapses into his arms and cries. He cries and cries and cries and Ilya tries not to cry with him. He rubs Shane's back, his hair, whispers to him in English and Russian. Eventually, Shane sags into him, exhausted. Ilya tilts his face up and swipes a thumb across Shane's cheek to brush away the last of his tears.

"Tonight was hard, yes?" Ilya whispers.

Shane nods.

"Let me take care of you, *solnyshko*. What do you need?"

"You."

Ilya gently extracts himself from Shane's arms and moves towards the kitchen. "Come. I will make you some food."

Shane doesn't follow him. When he speaks, his voice is terse. "I'll be fine. I ate before the game."

"No. You are eating."

"No."

Ilya turns and looks at him. "Not an option. Get changed, then sit. I will make you food."

"Ilya."

"Shane."

"I'm *fine*."

"Don't be a brat. I know you have not eaten enough, and I am changing that." Ilya gestures to the stairs. "Now, go get changed, then come back and sit."

When Shane doesn't move, Ilya steps back out of the kitchen and into his space. "Are you looking to get punished, *malysh*?"

Shane looks at him defiantly. "Maybe."

Ilya pats him on the cheek a little bit harder than is probably necessary, but he knows it's what Shane needs. It's as much as he'll give him, though.

"And why is that?"

"I deserve it." Shane says, after a beat. "I played like shit, my team doesn't want to listen to a fucking faggot anymore than I want to give them directions. I'm not good enough for them, even after the last ten years and three fucking cups that I gave them. All it took was them finding out I'm a fucking cocksucker for them to lose any respect they had for me."

Rage burns hot and bright in Ilya's chest, but not at Shane. Every single one of the Voyageurs is on Ilya's list now, and none of them will be safe. He tries to keep his voice level when he speaks. "They use these words with you?"

"Not to my face. But I've heard them behind my back. I know they're thinking it."

"Then why do you feel you need to be punished for something that is not your fault?"

"I..." Shane falters. "I don't...I'm the captain. I should be making sure my team clicks. It's my responsibility to bring people together and make us work, not be the very thing that's making it impossible for anyone to play well."

"Your teammates are shitty people." Ilya says firmly. "I will not be punishing you for this. I will be punishing *them* later on the ice. But you, *solnyshko*, I will be treating you kindly tonight. Enough for the both of us."

Tears gather at the corners of Shane's eyes again and he nods. "Okay."

“Now. Go upstairs. Take any of my sweatshirts that you want. Then come and sit. I will make you food. And you will eat it, yes?”

Shane inhales shakily. “Yes.”

Ilya kisses him, slow and sweet. “Good. My sweet boy.”

Twenty minutes later, Shane is curled up on the couch in sweatpants and a Boston hoodie that’s two sizes too big for him. The hood is pulled up and one of the strings is in Shane’s mouth. Ilya hands him his dinner—a tuna melt with a small salad on the side.

Shane looks at it and pauses. His lower lip trembles a bit, but he takes a steadying breath and takes the plate anyway.

“The salad is compromise.”

“Yeah. Yes, it is. Thank you, Ilya.”

“Of course.”

Ilya smiles at him, and feels something unclench in his chest. That worry that Shane was doing this to hurt himself is starting to fade, even though he knows that’s exactly what it was. The fact that he’s taking small bites of food and is willing to move forward makes Ilya relax ever so slightly. He reminds himself again that Shane’s recovery is not linear. He suspects that this won’t be the last time this happens, but if Shane is willing to put in the work even though it’s clearly taxing him mentally, then he knows it will be okay.

Once Shane is finished, he sets his empty plate on the coffee table and turns his gaze to Ilya. Ilya is more than happy to oblige.

“Good job eating all your food. You feel better now, yes?”

Shane nods. Visibly relaxes.

“Come.” He opens his arms and lets Shane snuggle into him. “We watch some stupid trash TV before bed.”

And later, when Ilya is fucking Shane slow and deep, Boston hoodie rucked up around his chest, Ilya feels that possessive creature that lives inside him preen with a smug sense of pride. *He* talked Shane off the ledge. Shane listened to *him* and him only because he trusts Ilya so implicitly with his heart and body. It is *Ilya* who gets to treat Shane with a level of care and kindness that no one else gets to.

He gently cups Shane’s cheek with his hand. “You are so beautiful. So perfect.” He whispers. Shane whimpers softly in response. “I can’t believe you are mine. I am so proud of you every single day.”

“*Ilya*,” Shane whines.

“I will take care of you forever.” Ilya breathes against Shane’s neck. “Whatever you want. You do not need to be anything but yourself.”

“Fuck, I love you.” Shane gasps out. “God, you feel so good. I needed this. *Fuck*, I needed this.”

“I know.” Ilya presses in deep and Shane moans. “Now touch yourself. Let yourself feel good.”

It doesn’t take long after that for either of them. Ilya slides down Shane’s body and cleans him up with his tongue, and Shane comes again with a hoarse cry. Ilya grins at the sight of him, red faced, stomach and chest covered in come. Completely blissed out.

He cleans Shane up with a washcloth and pulls his thankfully unscathed sweatshirt down over his torso. Ilya softens when Shane pulls one of the strings into his mouth, a contented smile across his face. He cleans himself up and gets into bed and Shane snuggles into him without prompting. Ilya sighs happily. His whole world in his arms at the end of a long night. God, he’s gone soft.

“Thank you.” Shane murmurs, already half asleep.

“I told you, *moya lyubov*. Anything for you.”

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