Accounting

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Accounting

by theribbonsweregreen

Summary

“What is grailed dot com?” Shane reads out loud from the computer screen.

“How have you spent almost fifty grand on it in the last year?”

Ilya doesn’t reply.

“Is it a-” it’s like Ilya can hear the gears turning in Shane’s head, “Is it a porn website?”

Ilya laughs lightly, endeared by Shane's choice of words, “As if you would know.”

“Fuck you, I’ve watched porn.”

Ilya turns to face him, a look of pleased incredulity painted on his features. He watches as Shane processes what he just said and then shakes his head as if to rid himself of the trance. Shane both hates and loves these moments when Ilya gets him to say ludicrous things in his own defense. As if he even needs to defend himself.

Shane and Ilya talk about personal finance, porn and they are in love.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Before being in a relationship, Ilya had never really needed to not have god awful financial sense.

“You make too much money for your own good,” Shane tells him from time to time when Ilya is sharing details of his latest splurge.

He’s always been a spender, on himself and other people. Cocaine and cars and cigarettes and alcohol and weed and clothes and food and hotel rooms and vip booths and plane rides and the list goes on, and on, and on.

“Is special edition.”

“It’s not. It’s the same thing, it’s just twice as expensive.”

“I don’t need to save,” Ilya says and rolls his eyes. “And is good deal! Two for one, see?” he flips his phone screen in Shane’s direction. They were sat toe to toe on Shane’s sofa in the cottage. The burning fireplace making Shane’s hair appear reddish on the edges.

“Why the fuck would you need two industrial pizza ovens?”

“Why not?”

“One day we are going to be old and dying. And we’re going to be medically fucked because we spent thirty years playing hockey. Do you know how expensive good hospice care is? Actually, you should know!”

Ilya feels every inch of the inside of his body turn to pure silk. He is overwhelmed in it. Shane is pure fire. He gets so fierce with him, but never patronising. Like Ilya is a peer, a worthy opponent, an equal.

“I love you,” he says simply at Shane’s irritated face.

The irritation smooths out, “I love you, too.”

“And maybe,” Shane swallows, “I would like to leave an inheritance to our fucking kids or whatever.”

“Our fucking kids or whatever?”

“Yes.” Shane nods once, blushing and refusing to make eye contact.

“Our kids would fucking love a pizza oven. Perfect. Two for one. No fighting over who gets the one pizza oven. I am planning ahead. This is what you are always saying.”

Shane goes quiet for a moment and then says, “I’m not going to tell you what to do,” straightening his posture and looking away, back towards his own phone, and it makes Ilya want to suck his dick and lock Shane down in the next minute or two. Get some of those kids

so that Shane can never leave him alone for another second of their lives. Shane is a good man like that. He wouldn't make his children have two christmases.

"Okay, yeah. You are right," Ilya concedes, crawling over the space between them on the sofa so he can smush his face between Shane's pecs and push his head under Shane's sweatshirt, mouthing wetly at his abs, until Shane laughs.

When Shane says he is going to hook Ilya up with his personal accountant Ilya groans and rolls his eyes, but on the inside he wants to dip Shane low to the ground and kiss him loud and hard like in the movies. It feels the same as when Shane stares at him long and severe when Ilya has a random coughing fit and then demands to know if Ilya has been smoking again. Or tells him he's added Ilya's name to his car insurance. Or when he offhandedly tells Ilya that Jackie and Hayden are planning a trip to Italy in two years and they should consider joining them for parts of it.

"I already have an accountant," he complains.

"Clearly not a very good one."

"How good can one person be at adding numbers together?"

It is care. Shane cares for him. Shane wants to build a life with him. Wants to entangle their laundry and schedules and CDs and friends and finances. In ways that are stupid and dangerous and only worth it for true idiotic love. When you want to be with somebody fucking forever or whatever.

The report is damning. Ilya almost considers not showing Shane when it arrives in his inbox on a Saturday they are both in Montreal, but then he remembers how he loves when Shane hangs his head in his hands and says, "What are we going to do?" all dramatically. Loves the 'we'. The plural. How Shane wants to be responsible in some way for Ilya, even if it agonises him. Especially when it agonises him. Ilya did not grow up accustomed to being loved despite being inconvenient. Despite being a burden. Sometimes he thinks he's overdoing it and that Shane is going to snap the next time Ilya purposefully makes himself cumbersome, almost like he's testing Shane. But Shane is sometimes kind of like a trained dog, he doesn't really stop to think why his owner is throwing the ball for the fifteenth time, he just sighs and goes to retrieve it, again. Shane always tackles any issue they face like he was born to do so, like it is his issue too.

"You know you don't have to do that?" Shane had whispered, one night in bed in Boston, when his limbs were loose and eyes heavy from their hard deep fucking. Ilya had done something stupid and man-like like leaving dishes in the sink and Shane had sighed and then they had argued – "Hollander, is not even your house!" – and then they had started making out and then Shane had ridden him, torso straining and sweat pearling at his hairline while Ilya had asked him, "Yes, Hollander. Fuck. Can you take it?" over and over, aware that he was probably asking in a deeper sense than just dirty talk. Making it all the sweeter when Shane tucked his bottom lip under his teeth and nodded like he was an adventurer about to brave a path through the wilderness. Like riding Ilya's dick was putting together IKEA furniture. So sweet. So eager. So confident.

“Hm?” Ilya had feigned ignorance.

“Be purposefully annoying. Like you’re testing what I’m willing to do for you.”

“I am offended, Hollander. I was not doing on purpose.”

“Okay,” Shane had said simply. And kissed his temple, body moving slowly with sleep. When Shane was so plain and unwilling to entertain Ilya’s stupid mind games; it was always when Ilya felt the need to open up.

“Maybe I like seeing how easy you are for me.”

“Well, I’ll tell you now, and you’ll never have to wonder again,” Shane was falling asleep, where he was tucked into the crevice of Ilya’s armpit, facing away from Ilya’s face. Half his naked body was draped on top of Ilya’s. Ilya had one arm wrapped around his waist, stroking in very small incremental movements with the back of his hand. His other hand was itching to reach for the cigarette packet and lighter on the bedside table.

“Anything,” Shane whispered, it was not a purposeful whisper, like it was a secret or a shameful thing to say. Just a whisper in the fact of it, any power in his voice falling away before it could make its way through his lips. Like Shane was using every last drop of energy he had to tell Ilya this – this awful, beautiful thing – “Anything.”

It made Ilya feel vaguely like he was going to be sick. He was so happy. He had once heard it in a song on the radio, ‘so happy it turns back to sad’. He had hated it. He had hated the idea that Shane could or would ever make him sad. Sad like he felt on his own, sometimes. Sad like his mother. He guessed that he hated that he felt seen by it, and that it was his fault. That he was failing somehow, at alchemising all the joy and peace Shane brought to him correctly.

That single word rang through Ilya’s head like a bell for the following weeks, in all their time apart. When he was brushing his teeth in the morning and eating dinner alone. When Boston played a slew of other teams with uninteresting centers and no worthwhile beds to sleep in.

When he finally saw Shane again, standing in the hollow of the back door of his apartment building, socks on the linoleum like he couldn’t even be bothered to put shoes on, one hand resting against the door frame so he could balance his body weight outwards to grab Ilya by the front of his shirt and haul him inside, he thought the word so perfectly clear and it was like he understood finally exactly what Shane had meant. Anything.

Всё.

Anything.

Of course Ilya also thinks of how fucking hot it is when Shane crinkles his brow at Ilya like he’s a moron and tries to be vocally mad at him. Ilya’s body has started responding to “You’re such a fucking idiot” the way other men must react to “Wow, it’s so big.”

How he gets to shut Shane up with two hands on his waist and a gentle thud against the nearest wall. How Shane shuts up immediately. So he lets Shane read the report with him,

one hand under Shane's shirt where he's stood leaning on his elbows, after whipping his glasses on. Hot.

"What is grailed dot com?" Shane reads out loud from the computer screen.

"How have you spent almost fifty grand on it in the last year?"

Ilya doesn't reply.

"Is it a-" it's like Ilya can hear the gears turning in Shane's head, "Is it a porn website?"

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"Fuck you, I've watched porn."

Ilya turns to face him, a look of pleased incredulity painted on his features. He watches as Shane processes what he just said and then shakes his head as if to rid himself of the trance. Shane both hates and loves these moments when Ilya gets him to say ludicrous things in his own defense. As if he even needs to defend himself.

"You probably watch porn where they say 'I love you' after." Ilya is still scrolling through what is admittedly a spooky overview over his spending habits.

Shane crinkles his nose. He hates that even in this stupid fucking conversation a competitive edge in him is rearing its head, "No, I don't." It's true, he hasn't but he also didn't know that would be in some way particularly odd until Ilya joked about it just now.

"Okay, what kind of porn do you watch, Hollander?" Ilya asks partly as a jibe, partly out of true curiosity, and partly because he's trying to distract Shane from the absolutely insane number that stands next to the "food delivery/eating out" category.

"Like normal," Shane hesitates, "porn. I don't know?"

Ilya is going to fucking die. Shane's earnest answer makes his hands feel sweaty and his heart beat faster. He feels like his bones are going to liquidate into goo. Shane would probably sigh, scoop his goo up in heaps from the chair and floor, and then call his insurance company to see what cover they have for spontaneous bone liquidation.

"Did you search 'Hot Russian'?"

"No, fuck you," Shane spits, and then he murmurs, "Once."

Ilya almost gets whiplash the way he throws his head to the side to look at Shane, his eyebrows raised like he's just caught Shane in the most delicious lie. But it's just the truth with Shane. Always the plain truth, delivered so eagerly. Shane is very pointedly not looking at him, elbows balancing in complete stillness on the kitchen counter where Ilya has his laptop open. Shane isn't looking at the laptop screen either though. He's looking somewhere indistinct in the middle distance.

“Really?” the ‘r’ rolls guttarally, like Ilya is purposefully affecting the accent. “Was it hot?” He slides his hands around Shane’s waist and doesn’t stop moving them, rubs around Shane’s middle like he’s kindling and Ilya’s trying to start a fire.

“It was okay,” Shane responds like someone he’s not very close with asked him about a newly released blockbuster.

“Tell me,” Ilya drags the last vowel out, while he grips Shane by the hips where he’s standing, maneuvers him so he’s sat on Ilya’s knee. Shane smiles fondly and brings his arm up to drape over Ilya’s shoulder. As much as he has come to understand himself as a deeply jealous partner, a surprise to himself, Ilya has also found that he is categorically obsessed with the idea of Shane in any kind of sexual encounter. When they did the body count conversation early on in their relationship it was the closest Ilya ever got to actually cumming in his pants. Shane’s hesitant blushing words, the way he shared despite the difficulty, the way he wanted to share, like even this, even his memories and past experiences, were actually Ilya’s. Even that part of Shane belonged to him.

“I don’t know,” Shane fidgets in his lap, “It was okay. It was- serviceable.”

Ilya hums in contemplation. “Was he hotter than me?” He interrupts himself, “It was a man right?”

“Of course,” Shane scoffs.

“Was he hotter than me?” Ilya repeats.

“Obviously not.”

“What do you like then?”

“There was that video of you,” Shane closes his eyes for a moment like he can’t believe what he’s about to say – Ilya thinks the beauty of Shane is that he always, always, ends up saying it anyway – “working out on the Raiders Instagram page.”

Ilya remembers the video. Remembers thinking he looked good. Remembers thinking he wanted Shane to see it, wished Shane would see it. Considered even sending it to him himself as a half-joke to make sure of it, but then he would know Shane had seen it and the mystery would be gone. And he knew that Shane wouldn't be able to watch it in the same way if he knew Ilya knew he was watching it. He liked the fantasy of it more, that Shane had stumbled upon it. Ilya thinks he should fantasise more if they were all going to come to fruition like this.

“What about before me?”

“Jesus Christ.”

“Come on. You are being so exciting right now.”

Shane is tracing his thumb softly over the dip behind Ilya’s ear, shifting slightly in his lap, still avoiding eye contact, “I don’t know. Just like normal porn…”

“Is that the name of the site? Normal porn for good Canadian boys dot com?”

“Fuck off.”

Ilya starts placing openmouthed kisses to Shane’s exposed neck, making him shiver and smile.

“Come on,” Ilya whines, bouncing one knee so Shane is jostled up and down. A surge of energy.

“Okay, whatever, okay,” Shane says like he’s psyching himself up. Ilya can see Shane mentally flicking through his mind before he lands on an answer.

“Locker room, maybe?”

Ilya swears in Russian, he feels like he’s going to explode.

“Or like,” Ilya can see how Shane’s entire face blushes bright scarlet, he says the next thing like it hurts to break the words from his throat, in a tight airy squeeze, “being passed around…”

Ilya stands up abruptly, spinning Shane around to grab him under the thighs and lift him onto the counter in record speed. Shane is looking him directly in the eye now. The computer screen is still showing the spreadsheet from Mr Lucas Martin. Dunkin Donuts: $2000.

“Shane Hollander.”

“Shut up.”

“I was your dream come true?” Ilya’s eyes are wide and shining and flickering over Shane’s face, taking in every embarrassed part of him. Shane starts swatting away his hands where he tries to place them on Shane’s neck and shoulders and the small of his back.

“Fuck you, you were just there,” he says with finality, pinning Ilya’s hands under his on the counter next to his splayed thighs.

“Thank god. If it was anyone else, someone might have… what is it? Like use…”

“Take advantage of?” Shane’s smile is brilliant and dumb.

Ilya snaps his fingers once and points, “Yes. Someone might have…taken advantage of you.”

“I think you thoroughly took advantage of me yourself.”

“I had nothing but good- goodness.”

Shane hums, his eyes falling to Ilya’s exposed collarbones, where his biceps are straining under the pressure of where his hands are clenching against the cold marble of the counter top. The light on the laptop has dimmed but hasn’t gone dark. Ilya is starting to worry Shane will keep him here, make him wait, until the battery has completely drained. CVS: $800.

“What about you?”

“What about me?”

“What kind of sick shit are you watching?”

“Ah, you don’t want to know. I think you would have,” Ilya makes a hand motion over his chest like something is exploding, “heart attack.”

“No, fuck you! I told you mine.” Ilya can do nothing but smile at the deep crease in Shane’s brow.

Ilya groans and takes the opportunity to slip his hands out from under where Shane’s hold has gone slack. He places them on Shane’s hip, his ring finger threads the belt loop on Shane’s jeans. He pulls Shane flush against him, with a little dramatism, “Come on,” he whines, “let’s fuck.”

“No,” Shane exclaims, “Tell me.”

“You are so demanding today. Usually…” Ilya leans in close to let the words paint over Shane’s neck, continuing with dirty compliments and suggestions that let him feel Shane melting into his touch. Shane pulls away.

“You’re trying to distract me.”

“Is not working?” Ilya’s face is deadpan.

“Tell me.”

Ilya sighed.

Ilya had a mental rolodex of phrases he had learned from the international melting pot that was the Raiders locker room. The majority were dirty, of course. Some were downright disgusting. Bood had taught him the phrase ‘shut up ring’ on the occasion of his brother getting engaged. Karlson, their Swedish defenceman, had taught them all ‘gråtrunka’. Affre, a half-french half-englishman who had only played with them for a season before being traded, had taught him a phrase that came to mind now. Wank bank.

“I don’t really…” he looked away, oddly bashful, “like porn.”

“Bullshit.”

“Is true!”

Shane just looked at him.

“Is true,” he said again, more seriously, like it was some damning statement. In one way he felt like it was for him, like the time at the cottage when he’d told Shane he hadn’t hooked up with anyone since Tampa, or when he admitted that the idea of Shane having sex with anyone

else made him see red. Emotional vulnerability that didn't exactly coincide with this image of himself that could act as armour.

The look on Shane's face, however, showed that he wasn't yet understanding that that's what was happening in this moment.

"I don't believe you."

"Of course, I have watched porn, but not like…that."

"So you only watch porn recreationally? With breakfast?"

Ilya just looked at him.

Shane got a curious look on his face, like he was thinking.

"I know you hooked up with a lot of people, but jesus christ you didn't have a single lonely night in ten years?"

Ilya suppressed a look of hurt passing over his face. He'd had a lot of lonely nights in those ten years. Mostly lonely nights, regardless of whether there was someone else next to him in bed. Someone who wasn't Shane.

"I would just…" he sighed, realising he would have to spell it out, "think about you."

"Oh." Shane breathed.

Ilya felt very on display.

"Me?" Shane sort of whispered, lifting a limp hand to point at himself.

Ilya couldn't understand how it was so unbelievable. Shane clearly had no idea the kind of grip he had on him. There was a long moment in Ilya's life where he thought he would be cursed to have his only truly satisfying sexual experience be masturbating alone while thinking of round brown eyes and a smattering of freckles against a curving neck. The tight warmth of someone he couldn't possibly have the way he wanted to have him. His soft rolling voice saying dirty, unbecoming things. Yes, please. More, please. Please. Please. Please.

"Yes, of course, you. You fucking idiot."

He groaned and tucked his head into Shane's neck as he watched a smile break out on Shane's face.

"Me," he repeated a little more confidently.

"Oh my god, you're so annoying," he grumbled into Shane's neck.

"You're a sweetheart," Shane said teasingly, a lilt of surprise in his voice, like he was just realising it. Ilya pushed back into the sensation of Shane rubbing his hand over where it had

fallen to grip just above Ilya's elbow. It felt so fucking good.

"And you are a whore." Ilya dug his hands hard into where they were still resting on Shane's hips, making him yelp. "You cannot play tomorrow. I cannot let you go. Who knows what will happen in that locker room?"

Shane rolled his eyes and scoffed and didn't say anything at all. They both knew what would happen. They would play against each other. Sometimes playing against each other felt like an awful thing. Like their secret was exploding inside Shane. It felt like shame and betrayal and the worst way to be able to love someone. Shame and betrayal for his team, but also for Ilya. The idea that he was hiding him away like something dirty that couldn't be said in the light of day. He hated that feeling.

But then sometimes it also felt nice to play each other. It felt fucking amazing. This shared knowledge between them like a live sizzling telephone wire across the rink. Like the whole air was flavoured with their connection. Nobody knows. Like a sacred prayer. A promise. An oath.

And after the game – when I have won, they both thought in tandem – Shane would message Ilya something short and snappy about Ilya's performance in the locker room. And they would race home to each other, and Ilya would find Shane rinsed and fresh and still slightly cold around the edges from the outside air. And he would take his head between his hands and kiss him, and kiss him, like they had all the time in the world.

Shane tucked his face into the open expanse of Ilya's neck, trailing a line of kisses up from his collarbone, past his jaw until his lips landed deliciously on Ilya's own.

He moaned into the touch, drawing his brows together

"Can we fuck now, please?" he groaned, impatient, despite the long stretch of time that encircled them now. Forever, or fucking whatever.

"Da," Shane smiled, curling his hands around Ilya's neck to pull his body weight on top of him.

The laptop was still open to the side. Personal Travel: $4000.

End Notes

thank you for reading!!!!!!!! i am on tumblr as aslongasitsblack x

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