

Buckle On Your Belt

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Buckle On Your Belt

by [bunniesarebad](#)

Summary

Shane has a new thing he does in bed now.

He says: "Tell me I'm your favorite." "Tell me I suck you better than anyone else." "Tell me I'm the best fuck." Ilya knows he must have wanted to say this before, but thought it was too revealing. He still only says it when he's pretty lost in what they're doing.

Ilya loves it.

Loves anytime Shane is desperate and possessive and needy. It's one of his favorite ways for Shane to be. He thinks this, and he doesn't think anything else because he is very stupid, maybe. He says "yes yes yes" and watches Shane light up. Sometimes he says "I don't know" just to make him blush harder, work harder, cry harder. Get even hungrier underneath him.

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Instead of Ilya pitching an open relationship in TLG, he finds out Shane thinks they already have one.

Or: Ilya finally realizes how deeply he fucked Shane up by conditioning him to accept that he would never be enough for Ilya. He tries to address this insecurity in true tuna-melt fashion by showing Shane fuckboy-era sex tapes of himself with other people. Somehow, they still manage to work it out.

The first time it comes up they're still in that happy, sunshine-filled, impossible bubble. Those two weeks at the cottage, the very first time. Shane is hanging over his shoulder, pretending to supervise the way he's frying bacon, actually just abusing the fact that they can touch as often as they want for the first time in a decade. Ilya cannot even tease him about this because he does the same thing. Finds himself plastered to Shane's back while he showers, "helping" him take out the trash, generally being a nuisance and high on the fact that the only thing it causes is laughter, teasing. No leaving. No breaking the thing they have between them. No clock counting down minutes until he has to pretend to want to leave.

"Sorry Ottawa has, like, no nightlife," Shane says, like Ilya has any idea what he's talking about when he's speaking mostly into the side of his neck. He wiggles his head so he can kiss the side of Shane's ear, edging Shane further back so he isn't at risk of getting popped with the grease.

"How will I survive the boredom, you think?"

Shane laughs and it's like someone plugged in Ilya's cord, like he's switched on, like he's powered by Shane's joy and noises and the smile he can feel against his skin.

"Welllll, I'm not always here, you know. Almost never during the season. You'll still have to spend a bunch of time bored here by yourself. Although, it's not too far a drive to Montreal." Shane's smile is fading now, he can feel it where they're still pressed together.

"Is okay. When my boring boyfriend is not here, his boring family says I am welcome anytime." And Shane is melting, grinning at that, and Ilya decides the bacon is done enough. It's not like Shane will agree to eat any of it anyway.

He doesn't even know to be scared then. It's so small.

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Three months later Shane has a new thing he does in bed now. He says, "Tell me I'm your favorite, tell me I suck you better than anyone else, tell me I'm the best fuck". Ilya knows he must have wanted to say this before, but thought it was too revealing. He still only says it when he's pretty lost in what they're doing.

Ilya loves it.

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Another month passes and it is hard, being Shane's boyfriend. Much better and much easier but much harder too, than just being Lily. He's never been owned before like this. Except by the team who holds his contract, or his obligations to his family, his country. This type of

owning feels freer. But it also means he has significantly less ways to make himself forget how far away he is from what he wants. How many things could happen that would break this forever. How long it's going to be before he can see Shane again.

It's easier at home because of his team, or when he plays in Ottawa and Montreal because of Yuna and David, who he really does like to spend time with. It feels greedy almost, like he's tricking them, when he comes over and gets all that care and attention and he hasn't even brought Shane. They overlook this loss and act like he's supposed to be there anyway.

When he's on the road in other cities and won't see Shane for a while his fantasies get weirder and more embarrassing than they even were before all this, which is saying something. He wants to quit his job. Be Shane's puck bunny. WAG maybe. Follow him on the road, show up in the WAGS section with some little kid who looks like Shane on his lap. Make him weird macrobiotic food and ask about his day and drop off his dry cleaning. He might actually consider it if it wouldn't mean never getting Shane on the ice again, which is simply unbearable, even more than being 1000 miles away and not even getting a text back because his boyfriend is busy with some event. Shane never mentions it and he rarely mentions it to Shane except to say 53 days, 14 days, 2 days. He thinks there's no point in talking about what they can't change. He thinks they're in that together.

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One of his favorite parts of being a boyfriend, on the very very long list of favorite things that include not having to pretend he doesn't want to lick Shane's freckles at literally every opportunity and getting to hear Shane talk about him in the future tense is ditching condoms. He thinks it can't feel much different for Shane, at least during, but Shane was made in a laboratory specifically to drive him insane with lust and comes faster when they don't use them, just from knowing they're that much closer, just from thinking about how Ilya's going to stay in him afterwards, dripping out slow, leaving him just slightly less empty.

He tells him this with his cheeks red and his lips all puffy and his eyes glazed over and his hand rubbing his lower stomach like he can feel where Ilya's come inside him. This is lucky for Ilya because Ilya absolutely comes way faster than usual. He keeps thinking he's going to get used to it but so far that is not the case. It's still so much fucking hotter, wetter, softer he ends up ordering Shane to come before him. Or pulling out and eating Shane as a breather before he keeps on fucking into him, all messy and open and so sensitive he tears up and smacks into Ilya's back with his heels. What a hardship.

So, part of him is kind of relieved when Shane wants to keep using them sometimes. He's not completely surprised. Shane mostly drops his aversion to all things mess when he pops a boner but it comes back tragically fast in the aftermath when the sheets are wet and tangled up and the pillows aren't in the right place. He's completely insane and Ilya loves it, loves him, loves being ordered to grab a towel for gods sake.

So whenever Shane kind of awkwardly asks about using condoms again sometimes, he doesn't mind at all. It just means he can focus on driving Shane out of his mind and crawling inside him and not having to do English language conjugations in his head to keep from going off too fast like he hasn't had to since he was a teenager, before Shane ruined him, turned him into whatever he was now. If there's a pattern to when Shane asks, if it lines up

with the times one of them surprises the other after an injury or canceled game or unscheduled flight he doesn't notice.

He doesn't notice.

...

He figures out that the thing he's scared will break has already been broken when they have a whole two days together during the season. Shane is worried about something and Ilya is making Shane tell him what it is because Shane likes when Ilya makes him say things and Ilya likes to know. Likes to help untangle the knots that curl up in Shane's head when he's had too long to think over something. What if the storm delays the game Ilya? What if the refrigerator is set at the wrong temperature by accident and we get sick? What if I get tetanus from this ginger ale can lid?

Usually he is worried about things between them these days so Ilya laughs, happy, when he finally drags it out of him and it's Ilya's Instagram stories. He thinks nothing very bad can be happening to them from Instagram. Shane is blushing and saying things about how he "noticed you don't really do your, um, bat signal, anymore," his face gets redder when he says "bat signal", his fingers making little crooking motions in the air. He was far from the only guy in the NHL to let their hookups know when they're in town with badly disguised instagram stories. He still loves using Instagram for stuff like that even though he's not trying to fuck any of the women who follow him. Loves seeing the numbers on his posts and stories go up up up, loves the attention.

The guys on his team say fuck signal, not bat signal, and he thinks Shane knows this. He loves that a man that can literally beg with tears in his eyes to get choked on cock until he loses consciousness can turn red from saying fuck. He wants to lick Shane's face right over where his freckles are standing out against the blush of it.

"I just, I didn't know why you were maybe...not doing that anymore. Like it's fine. It's none of my business. But is it just because you go to clubs, or, like. Is it." He bites his lip. "It's not because it's the same girls right? That's not..."

He doesn't know what Shane is trying to ask. He is distracted by his freckles and the way he squirms around but still makes himself meet Ilya's eyes.

"You are stalking my Instagram?" He says, "You are a stalker now?"

Shane rolls his eyes and Ilya says, "Crazy fanboy."

Like he doesn't spend every night before bed going through Shane's google alerts, news articles, gameplay, social media, and text thread in that order. Like he hasn't for years and years. Shane doesn't even use social media, he's pretty sure Yuna uploads all the pictures of Shane from brand deals and events, the polished corporate sounding messages about gratitude for opportunities and sportsmanship. Shane shuts him up with his mouth and they get distracted for a minute before Ilya refocuses. He still doesn't understand what has Shane upset. He makes him say it again and it still doesn't make sense. He says "girls". He says "your girls". He says "none of my business".

“You think I am sleeping with other people? Women?” Ilya teases, and he laughs.

Shane does not laugh.

None of my business.

“Shane.” Ilya says, carefully. “I am your boyfriend.”

Shane smiles, bumps him with his shoulder. “Yeah, you’re my boyfriend, asshole.”

“I love you,” says Ilya, and Shane smiles a small smile.

“I love you too. I’m sorry, I get jealous sometimes, I guess. I know you aren’t...that it’s not like that.”

Ilya still does not understand.

“I am your boyfriend.”

He says it again, like this time it will clear everything up.

“How am I sleeping with anyone else? We are dating? Did you forget?”

Shane is not really blushing anymore, he's frowning.

“Don’t joke about that. I know...I know it’s different now. That you love me and everything. I just got scared I guess that it wasn’t just random girls, that maybe you weren’t updating your story because you’d found some girl you liked enough to visit more than once. Like with me. It...it just made me worried.”

Ilya is very still. None of my business.

“Shane. Do you think I’ve been cheating on you?”

“No,” says Shane quickly. “No, I know you wouldn’t cheat, it’s not cheating... just. You know. I know you’ve always had other people and when I’m not around... it’s fine. I’m being needy.”

“Shane.” Ilya twists to look at him fully, still feeling like he’s missing something, like he’s waiting for that little bit of context or mistranslated word to click and clear things up. That still happens to him sometimes. He doesn’t know why he even needs to be reminding Shane of this.

“Is not fine. It is not fine. I am not sleeping with anyone else. How am I sleeping with anyone else when I am your boyfriend?”

Does he not understand what the word boyfriend means? Did he get something wrong? He feels almost sick. He feels scared, suddenly.

“I don’t send stupid pictures on my story when I land new places because I’m not fucking anyone else.”

He says it slowly, like maybe this is just a language issue, like maybe this is still just a silly miscommunication.

“Never?”

He doesn’t understand what is happening, he can’t, and then suddenly he’s scared that he does anyway. The things Shane has said. The way he begs Ilya to say that he’s his favorite, his best. The way he quietly pulls out condoms when Ilya hasn’t planned on meeting Shane, hasn’t had time to...what? To get tested?

He thinks about how Shane’s always desperately done everything Ilya’s ever suggested he might want in bed, always carefully applied himself to learning everything new Ilya taught him. He’d thought it was hot. He thought it was Shane being eager for it too, Shane wanting to be the best at anything just like he was on the ice. He’s suddenly scared that maybe it wasn’t.

He’s going to be sick, he thinks. It doesn’t seem possible, that Shane could not know that even back then the others were just a distraction. That Shane could not know that what they have is so different, so much better.

He feels this most strongly when he looks carefully at Shane’s face and Shane is not blushing. Shane is not even teary, or mad. Shane is confused a little and...hopeful, maybe?

Hopeful.

He should be mad. Ilya thinks. He should hit him. That is what people do when they find out their boyfriend is cheating. Shane is too nice for that but he should yell, maybe. Be angry. He does not look angry at all. He did not expect Ilya to be faithful to him.

That is the worst part, the part that makes his stomach really turn over. How has Ilya done this to him?

“Shane the women I slept with, before. It was... I was scared, and I was hurting, and I couldn’t have you and that was just how...They were just how I made that more numb. Like alcohol, like, like...”

He can’t think of more words. Shane is looking at him, considering.

“So you haven’t been having sex with anyone else?”

“No. Fuck no. Not since before Tampa. Not since...” A new thought occurs to him through the shaky, soupy mess that is his brain right now. “Are you fucking other people?”

Shane looks confused now. “No I haven’t...you know I haven’t.”

He looks down, at his feet.

“You know you're the only man I've ever been with.”

“And you don't want to.”

“No,” he says sharply.

“Then why would I want to?”

“Because you always have?” Shane says, looking at him like he's lost his mind, like he's taken too many bad hits and he's got that brain problem the older retired players get, like his dad, sort of. Shane needing to remind him of basic facts.

“You...you've always been with other people. I know it's not like that for you. I don't expect you to just, I don't know... go without, if I'm not around.”

Is this why Shane apologized about no nightlife in Ottawa? Is this why Hayden looks at Ilya like something that has been scraped off of a shoe? Maybe he is right too, if he thinks this about him.

Ilya has no idea how to fix this. For the first time he is not so happy that Shane has only ever been his. He thinks maybe if he knew anything else he'd know why what they have is so different, would believe Ilya when he says these things.

“They were not- not like you. I don't want them. I don't...”

He breaks off, frustrated, unable to communicate to Shane how special he is. How much of a dream. That Ilya had to ration him, had to limit how often he let himself touch because Shane was golden and perfect and someone would notice if Ilya smudged him. That he would only ever get so many times before Shane realized there was better out there, much, much better. He'd just gotten lucky, that Shane's job and Shane being gay meant he couldn't find anyone else as easily. If he or Shane were a woman. If Shane worked in a stupid smoothie shop like Scott Hunter's boyfriend, he would not have even bothered with Ilya.

He feels, not for the first time, like he's taken advantage of him. Like it was wrong, to keep him for himself, though he'd tried not to, tried to let Shane make a better choice. Maybe he had poisoned him. He must have, if Shane thinks this is okay, not having him, sharing him. Having to beg to hear he's Ilya's favorite.

He gets frustrated, makes a noise.

“Do you want to see?”

He says it suddenly, grabbing for his phone.

“You don't have to show me your dms. I believe you.”

You shouldn't. He wants to say. If you really thought this about me. But he doesn't.

He opens his photo app, starts scrolling. He keeps Shane's scarce few pictures and videos he's sent, the one audio message he agreed to in 2014, all the little bits of him Ilya had

promised to delete and then hadn't, neatly locked away in a folder. Of course Shane was right to doubt him. Mostly the file is clips and screenshots of press and ads Shane has done, and he opens that folder probably as often as his message app. Definitely more often than anything else.

He's tried to clean up his actual camera roll but there are just so MANY so he scrolls quickly, flicking impatiently through pictures of beers half drunk with his team, gnarly injuries he sent to Shane and sometimes girls, dog videos, dick picks he sent to Shane and sometimes girls, cars he likes, thirst traps he sent to Shane and sometimes girls. The nudes and videos he'd bothered to save from women that get more frequent the farther back he scrolls and it takes him a minute but, yes. 2015, a badly lit video with terrible audio quality, it's right there.

"What is this?"

Shane sounds guarded, confused. Probably not feeling reassured by the tour through the filth that is his camera roll now that he thinks about it.

"Other people," says Ilya. "What it's like with other people."

Shane jerks his head up from looking at the screen as soon as it starts, as he realizes what he's watching.

"Ilya, you can't just show me a video of some girl, that's private! She's...I'm sure she wouldn't appreciate that."

"She will not care," says Ilya, honestly, from what he could remember of that night. "I will delete after, delete all of it, I don't care, but watch, please."

Shane evidently decides to set aside his moral integrity for Ilya once again and glances nervously down at the screen again. Ilya pulls the playback button back, makes it start over. He doesn't remember it well, isn't sure what they've missed. He cranks the sound up on the shitty audio, barely audible still as it leaks out of his phone speakers.

His phone is clearly propped up haphazardly on something on the bed. It shakes whenever they move too much. Ilya doesn't bother watching the screen much, unable to tear his eyes away from Shane's face, only glancing down when he can see Shane react to something.

He's never been a selfish lover in the way people mean it. Didn't matter how out of his mind he was on anything, he always went down, always made them come at least once. Blackout drunk, couldn't walk, didn't matter. But it was selfish. No other word for it. Impersonal, maybe.

In this video, for instance, past him is not even looking at her face. Past him mostly stares at the camera with a sloppy, too drunk grin on his face. Stares at her tits when he's got her on her back so he can get her off quick with his fingers, stares at her ass when he flips her over, orders her up on her hands and knees, rolls on a condom quick, ignoring her when she makes a joke not joke about skipping it. Current Ilya makes a brief mental note to be thankful he's never been so far gone he'd actually listened to anyone who said shit like that. Mostly past

Ilya stared at his own cock where it slid in and out of the woman, or else kept his eyes screwed up.

Present Ilya is still not a good person, so he's distracted for just a second by the way his necklace hangs from him as it moves, is pleased to recognize that his shoulders have gotten broader, filled out even more, then feels bad because that's not the point of this. The point of this is that they don't speak beyond a couple "yeah harders" from her that he mostly ignored and "take its" from him when he's getting close. He smacks her ass a couple times. Reaches to get her off again before he finishes. It lasts, according to the bar at the bottom of the video, 12 minutes. He rolls off her before collapsing, they catch their breath for a minute or two. There's a kiss before he stands up to grab his pants, an offer to text her whenever he's in town, a non committal response from him. The video ends as past-Ilya grabs at the camera and hits end.

Shane looks like he's thinking, eyebrows drawn together, like when he's working out a play on the bench, when he's dissecting one on the tv screen after.

"That's it?" Shane asks.

Ilya says yes because he's pretty sure Shane doesn't mean "is this the only poorly conceived sex tape video on your phone".

"You didn't-you didn't even really...like, look at her."

"Yes," says Ilya, because it's true.

"Is was always like that?"

"Mostly," says Ilya, because that is also true. Different locations, different partners.

"Sometimes I was less drunk, we did different things. Sometimes it was hotter, better, but mostly yes. It was just this. Just...fucking. Just bodies."

He wants to ask if Shane understands now, how stupid he was, pretending it was ever just sex between the two of them. That he knows he only got away with it because Shane hadn't had anything to compare to, couldn't call him out on his lie.

Shane looks considering.

"I almost feel bad for her."

Ilya snorts.

"She came three times. You're too gay to know this but ask Rose. Was much better than most men."

"Even like that?" Shane asks skeptically and Ilya smiles at his nose crinkles. His Shane. Gay and watching his boyfriend plow another person and still upset about the plight of female pleasure.

Shane taps the delete button, then navigates to the garbage bin and deletes it permanently. Ily slides his phone back into his pocket.

“When I say those things,” Ilya starts, because it is very important to him that Shane knows this, suddenly. “Not the best, only okay... like that. I do not mean it. I have never meant it.”

Shane nods.

“Okay.”

He bites his lip.

“So it’s really just me?”

“Really, really only you. Only want it to be you. I...”

He gets quiet for a moment because it is a gamble, bringing up Svetlana right now, but decides anyway. “You can ask Svetlana, if you want. She wouldn’t even sleep with me after, I don’t know, 2015 or so. Said it wasn’t worth it, that I didn’t mean it anymore even for fun. You can ask Marly too, shit,” and he reaches for his phone again to send Shane his number. He should have thought of that first. He’ll have to lie about who Marleau is texting but he can definitely vouch that Ilya hasn’t been with anyone in ages.

Shane blinks at him.

“Why would Marleau know?”

Oh, yes, this was why he hadn’t thought of Marly first. Jesus he was going to be lucky if Shane didn’t set him on fire by the end of the night, none the less dump him.

“Ah. Marly was there maybe sometimes. Not gay,” he clarifies. “But, threesomes, early days in Boston. Girls who wanted two guys at once. He had this girl he was seeing and...it does not matter. Mostly I say him because he has been out with me at clubs the past year and gave me shit for not picking up until I admitted I had you. Had a girl, anyway,” he corrects.

“Everyone knows. It is on twitter even. ‘Rozanov doesn’t fuck anybody anymore’. Everyone knows this. People say I am whipped. It is true.” He should have stuck with that from the jump, god.

...

In the end, Shane believes him. Forgives him so easy Ilya is mad about it. Crawls into his lap when he tries to apologize, crying, and comforts him.

Ilya wants him to put the location app on his phone, like guys talk about their wives doing to them. He wants Shane to read his text messages, delete his social media, make him sleep on the couch. He wants Shane to think he is someone who deserves loyalty. Someone who is allowed to be angry if he is mistreated. To expect things.

Shane says, “You really just want me?” very quiet a week later and makes Ilya cry again.

Ilya pitches the idea of a chastity device, sends Shane internet links. Shane is only interested in it the other way around, which defeats the purpose and they fight about that. Ilya won't stop "babying him" in bed which they also fight about because what if Ilya says something mean and Shane doesn't know he is just saying it to turn him on? What if he thinks it's true again? Shane insists half the things he says are probably true, like how Shane gets wet for him or is a slut for his dick and that makes Ilya forget to be fighting with him.

At one point, desperate, he tells Pike to fight him on the ice the next time their teams face off. He intends to lose, because maybe if Shane won't do anything to right this his little guard dog can. Pike turns him down, and Ilya knows it's just to piss him off, and it works. He will never forgive Pike for this.

In the end the only concession he makes is sharing his location with Yuna. He figures having your boyfriend's mom know where you are all the time is at least as good as sharing it with your boyfriend. She only agrees to this because he says it's important for safety, and because Yuna already has Shane's, but still. The next time Shane presses a kiss into his cheek, before they go their separate ways and board planes for different cities, it helps him breathe a little easier. Helps him keep meeting Shane's eyes. It's something.

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