

Just for a moment

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Just for a moment

by [soapbubbles44](#)

Summary

Shane gets a sudden urge to push Ilya away and get dressed, to go to one of the guest bedrooms and hide under a blanket until this is long forgotten. All of this would be forgotten. But he doesn't. Instead he reaches for Ilya's face, leans forward, cradles it in both hands and tries to drag him upwards. Away from his thighs. "Look at me," he says, desperately, "kiss me, kiss me, please."

Ilya's eyes are wide as he pulls away, "Shane," he says, voice stern, "from when?" Shane doesn't know what to say, doesn't know why he thought Ilya wouldn't notice, why he thought it could still be something unsaid between them, something that was clearly there but wasn't that big of a deal. "It doesn't matter, Ilya please-"

Or: Healing is never linear.

Notes

First of all thank you so much for the positive feedback on 'It lingers on my tongue', it really means so much to me! This is part 2, I think it can be read as a stand-alone but it will definitely make more sense if you read part 1 first.

TW for referenced self harm, there's no graphic descriptions of self harm in the fic, but it's discussed in detail. Also TW for referenced disordered eating and a brief discussion of suicide (no suicidal characters!)

This takes place post-cottage episode, a few years after part 1. Don't think too much about the timeline of it all.

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

The only thing on his mind as he searches through the glove box in one of Ilya's cars for a lighter, is that he's too old - too smart - to do this again.

It comes back to haunt him a day later when Ilya's between his thighs, about to suck his dick. It should be enjoyable, and it is. Until.

"Please don't-" Is all Shane can say as he feels Ilya's muscle tense and his movements stop, "don't, let's just- we can just-"

Ilya looks up at him, and normally seeing him like this would make Shane filled with uncontrolled lust, but right now there's none of that. Concern is written all over Ilya's face and Shane's afraid he might throw up if he tries to talk any more.

Ilya doesn't touch the red mark on his thigh, his fingers hover above it as if he wants to but is afraid to at the same time, "from when?"

Shane gets a sudden urge to push Ilya away and get dressed, to go to one of the guest bedrooms and hide under a blanket until this is long forgotten. All of this would be forgotten. But he doesn't. Instead he reaches for Ilya's face, leans forward, cradles it in both hands and tries to drag him upwards. Away from his thighs. "Look at me," he says, desperately, "kiss me, kiss me, please."

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"It's new."

He can't escape, "yes." He can't read the expression on Ilya's face either. Shane thinks he recognizes worry, but he's afraid there's a hint of anger too, maybe even distaste. God it was a bad idea and he knew that and Ilya's going to think the worst of him.

"With lighter?"

"Yes," Shane chokes out, looking down at his hands so he doesn't have to pretend to understand what Ilya's feeling.

It's been a long time since uncomfortable silence filled the space between them. Usually their silence is relaxed, comfortable. To his horror Shane feels unshed tears pick at his eyes.

"Lyubimiy,"

Shane dares to look up and into Ilya's eyes, there's no resentment there. At least he doesn't think so. Ilya's usually easier for him to read than other people, but something about the

dimly lit bedroom and the stress running through his veins makes it difficult. “I don’t want to talk about it,” he whispers. “I want to have sex with you.”

Ilya kisses his cheek, “I want to have sex with you too,” he says, “but when I see new burn mark I can’t ignore it.”

Shane shakes his head, “I didn’t mean to, I’m sorry, I’m so sorry. It was just- I didn’t know what to do.”

“Do not say sorry,” Ilya wipes a tear from Shane’s cheek, he hadn’t even noticed they’d started falling. “Do you want to tell me when?”

Shane shakes his head again, “just fuck me, please, please, I don’t want to talk about it.” He knows the mood’s been successfully killed, that even if they were to have sex now, the uncomfortability of it all would linger in the air like ever-present dust particles. But he wants it, he wants it so badly, wants Ilya to take the reins and make him forget everything.

Ilya sighs and gets up from the bed, Shane feels his stomach drop. “Is not even healed yet,” he says, Shane doesn’t know if he’s supposed to hear it or not. “Can cause infections, bad scarring, is not good...” He closes the bathroom door behind him and Shane doesn’t hear the end of the sentence.

He leans back against the pillows and takes a deep breath, it comes out shaky and he curses himself for being so bad at keeping his emotions in check.

Ilya comes out of the bathroom a minute later, brows furrowed and holding a jar of some kind of cream Shane hasn’t bothered to look at when opening the cabinet before.

“It will heal nicer with this,” Ilya says, sits down beside Shane on the bed and opens the jar, “antibiotic ointment. Why haven’t you used it?”

Shane shrugs, it’s easier to pretend not to know, that it simply didn’t cross his mind. It sounds better than *I don’t deserve it*. “I didn’t know we had it.”

“Okay.” Is all Ilya says, “I don’t know if it will sting or not, does it still hurt?”

“A little,” Shane confesses, he’s numb to it most of the time. “You don’t have to do this. It’s stupid.”

“Is not.” Ilya’s tone makes it clear that what he’s saying is final.

If applying the ointment hurts, Shane doesn’t register it. He stares at the wall, vision blurry, and replays the latest hockey game they played in his mind. Searching for mistakes. Something tangible, something to hold onto.

“Long time ago, I told you to tell me if you wanted to do this again,” Ilya says, slowly bringing Shane back to the present. “Why didn’t you?”

Shane wants to scoff and roll his eyes but knows better, “there are things you don’t tell me too.”

It's undoubtedly the wrong thing to say, but Ilya doesn't look mad. "I know some things are not easy to talk about."

Shane kisses him then, hard and hungrily, unable to handle one more second of whatever's going on, of the awkwardness, the vulnerability, everything.

Ilya pulls away, again, his gaze is pitying, "I love you, you know that?"

Shane nods because he does, never doubted it even for a second. "I love you too."

The burn heals quickly and when Shane looks at his inner thigh he feels as if it's always been there. When he was fifteen there'd been no regret, no guilt, and now at twenty-seven he also struggles to feel anything but indifference.

If he regrets anything, it's trying to let Ilya fuck him before the mark had turned into a scar, before the scar had faded enough for it to be less noticeable. He can't bear the thought of Ilya worrying.

All those years ago the only thing he cared about was hockey and obviously there was the fear of some of his teammates noticing the scars in the locker room, but surely, men didn't look at other men that closely.

This time he'd failed to think of Ilya, failed to think of their relationship and their intimacy, which makes him feel like the world's biggest asshole. Not to mention, he'd used Ilya's lighter, as if it wasn't already bad enough.

"Maybe you don't want to talk to me."

The words come out of nowhere and make Shane turn his head toward Ilya so fast it nearly gives him whiplash, "what?"

"I mean," Ilya clears his throat, "about the scar, the lighter. You don't want to talk to *me*, is there anyone else you want to talk to? Can talk to?"

Shane blinks. Stares at Ilya like what he's saying's still not making any sense. "I want to talk to you." *Just not about this, please.*

"But?"

Shane frowns, looks down, "I don't think there's anything to talk about. It was stupid, I regret it, I won't do it again."

Ilya's quiet for a while. Shane's not sure for how long. It feels like an eternity. "Do you at least want to tell me why?"

Shane lets himself sink further into the couch, maybe if he presses his back hard enough against the throw pillows they'll encapsulate him and he won't have to have this conversation. He tries to speak but the words get stuck in his throat, along with whatever air he's trying to get to reach his lungs. "I overreacted," he manages, voice shaky.

"To what?"

They know each other too well for Ilya to let this go, Shane's well aware. It was different three years ago when he hadn't even said Ilya's first name out loud yet. Ilya's his boyfriend. Ilya's supposed to care. He wouldn't be a good partner if he ignored this. But god, how Shane wishes he would. "Can we not do this?" He asks, squeezing his eyes shut, "I know you're disappointed, I know it was dumb. I know, I know."

"Hey, I'm not disappointed," Ilya interrupts, his thumb stroking the skin on Shane's chin, "look at me, please."

Shane wants to say that he can't, that he fears he might implode if he does. But he opens his eyes nonetheless and turns his head, "I ate cookies for breakfast," he mutters.

Ilya raises an eyebrow, "what?"

"And then we lost to Toronto." It sounds ridiculous when he says it out loud and Shane doesn't think he's ever felt this fucking stupid before.

"Okay," Ilya nods, Shane's scared he might laugh, but he doesn't.

"I know it was my fault, for not being focused. Jackie gave me cookies the last time I visited her and Hayden, she knows I don't eat stuff like that but she said it was an early birthday present so I felt like I couldn't refuse. I wanted to throw them out and I should've- or waited for you to visit so I could give them to you, or to my parents. But I was in a hurry that morning so I ate them like the idiot I am, and then I played like absolute shit and we lost to Toronto. Which was my fault. One hundred percent. Nobody wants to say it to my face but I'm not stupid, I know it. I know it." As Shane speaks his eyes slowly divert from Ilya's face and down to his own hands. He feels safer like that. Protected. He's still afraid of being laughed at even though logically he knows Ilya would *never*.

"Montreal Voyageurs are a team, or has something changed?"

Shane scoffs, "of course we are, but--"

"If you are a team, it cannot be only your fault if you lose. Was probably Pike's fault, if we're being honest."

Shane appreciates Ilya's effort at lighting the mood, but he's not convinced.

"I watched game on tv," Ilya continues, "not your best, it happens. But you scored a goal, most of your teammates cannot say the same."

Shane snuffles and wipes a tear from his cheek with the back of his hand. When did he start crying?

“You often talk about games and your team like you’re all alone,” Ilya mumbles, running a hand through Shane’s hair, “hockey is team effort.”

“Exactly, we are a team so I owe them to be at my best-”

“Eating cookies for breakfast one day out of what? Thousand days of being on track with your macrobiotic diet isn’t going to make you bad hockey player.”

The words make sense to Shane, by all accounts he should know them to be true, but something in him is fighting hard to keep him from believing them. “It was like I could feel the carbs pollute my body, I know that sounds stupid and is not how it works, I just- I felt slower. Heavier. Everything was wrong.”

“Yes, that is not how it works.”

“I felt just like I did when I was fifteen, and when I was fifteen the lighter helped, god it helped so fucking much, and I just wanted to feel the same relief. Just for a moment.”

Ilya wraps an arm around him and pulls him to his chest, Shane leans into the touch and closes his eyes again. “I meant it,” Ilya says, “when I told you to tell me if you felt like doing this again.”

“I know.”

“You can tell me anything, solnyshko.”

Shane suddenly feels incredibly guilty, he thinks of Ilya, thinks of what he knows about Irina. “I would never-” he doesn’t know how to put it into words, “I would never...” He can’t bring himself to say the words *kill myself*. Just thinking of them makes him anxious, and he can only hope Ilya knows what he’s trying to communicate.

Ilya doesn’t respond, but his grip on Shane tightens.

“Sometimes everything’s just really loud.”

“Does the lighter make it go away?”

“Yes.” *Unfortunately.*

“We will find something else. Something else to make it quiet.”

Shane wants to say that it’s not Ilya’s responsibility, that it’s him who’s fucked in the head and him who burns his skin when things don’t go according to plan. “Okay,” is all he can say.

He notices, the next time they’re at Ilya’s place, that there are no cigarette packs anywhere. “Did you quit smoking?” Shane asks between kisses.

Ilya lifts him off the floor and starts walking toward the bedroom, “you always say it is bad for me.”

“It *is* bad for you.”

Ilya lays him down on the bed and quickly crawls on top of him, “also this way there are no more lighters.”

Shane’s brows furrow, “what?”

“No cigarettes, no lighters.”

Shane feels like all the air’s been knocked out of him, like someone’s slapped him across the face, “that’s- you didn’t have to.”

Ilya shrugs, “I wanted to quit anyway. Now we both have to quit, you see?”

Shane knows he should be grateful, but all he feels is guilt. He wants to tell Ilya this is not why he wanted him to quit, that he’s not crazy, that he can be trusted around lighters- “thank you.” He manages to say instead.

Ilya kisses him again, Shane tries to get out of his head. He’s being kissed by Ilya, he’s safe, he’s okay. Ilya did this because he loves him, because he cares, he’s not disappointed, not angry. “Everything okay?” Ilya then asks.

Shane nods, “I’ve never been better.” He hopes it’s convincing.

End Notes

As always comments are appreciated, I love to hear your thoughts!<3

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