

My love mine all mine (all mine)

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by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

“A couple of years ago he’d told Shane, as casually as possible, that if he wanted to have sex with other men when they were apart—which was most of the time—he could.

Shane hadn’t taken Ilya’s offer well. He’d thought it had been Ilya’s backhanded way of letting Shane know that he’d cheated on him, or that he wanted to.

It had ended with Shane storming out of Ilya’s house in Ottawa and driving back to Montreal, which had been a horrible waste of a rare night they could have had together. He’d ignored Ilya’s texts for three days after.”

Or

My take on chapter 21 in “The Long Game” when Ilya tells Shane he can sleep with other people, and he doesn’t take it well. - what I think happened during those three days.

Notes

This is very short, I wrote it on my lunch break at work so let me know if you like it and I’ll flesh it out a bit

Ilya hadn't thought he'd regret it as soon as he said it but he did. As soon as he saw Shane's eyes water and that familiar tremble began in his lower lip. Ilya wanted to take it back immediately.

"You could, have sex with other people." He had huffed out casually a few minutes ago across the dinner table. "I do not own you and we are apart a lot of the time." He shrugged.

Shane dropped his fork straight into his bowl and swallowed a thick mouth full of pasta immediately.

"What?" He muttered his voice suddenly thick.

"You don't have to." Ilya responded, "If you want, it is okay."

"What are you saying?" Shane muttered suddenly frantic and willing his tears not to spill over. "Have- have you?"

"Hey." Ilya frowned. "I haven't, I just-" he murmured wishing he could go back in time, Shane clearly hated his suggestion and he hated knowing he'd made his boyfriend cry.

"I don't-" Shane took a deep breath before continuing, "I don't want that, and I don't know why you'd even ask." His lip trembled with hurt.

How could Ilya ask him this, how could he be okay with this?

"Shane is not a big deal, I'm sorry baby." Ilya soothed shifting to stand up and reach out to the other man, but Shane stopped him shaking his head with a hollow sniffle.

"No Ilya." Ilya flinched at his first name, not baby, just Ilya. "I- I think I need to leave." Shane muttered his hands shaking as he stood to grab his things.

"Shane, baby." Ilya scrambled towards him.

"No." Shane shot out a hand in his direction, "Ilya don't." He wiped his eyes harshly grabbing his shoes and slipping them on with no regard for the laces.

"What are you doing? We can talk, please don't leave, I am sorry!" Ilya huffed out raking a hand through his hair in frustration.

He hadn't intended to hurt Shane, they just spent so much time apart, it's not that he wanted Shane to sleep around with other people but he didn't want to stop him. Or did he?

The sight of his boyfriends shaking hand moving towards the handle snapped Ilya back to reality as he blocked off the door and looked down at him.

"We will talk, please stay."

"No." Shane pushed past him, Ilya let him. "Ilya I can't look at you, *I feel like I don't know you right now.*"

and with that he was storming out the door, off to Montreal and far away from Ilya.

-

The first day without him was hell. Shane sat at home scrolling Ilya's Instagram with relentless questions running around his head.

Did Ilya want to sleep with other people? Had he already done it? Did he want Shane to so he would feel better about cheating? How could Ilya ask him to do this if he *loved him*? Did Ilya not want this anymore?

Shane felt like he no longer recognised the face on his phone screen, the one possessive and loyal Ilya was suddenly against monogamy and Shane was dumbfounded, betrayed, and so confused.

He typed and deleted about fifty messages that day,

Do you still love me?

Did you cheat on me?

I want to talk

I want to apologise

Ilya I'm sorry

Baby I'm sorry

Are you okay?

Ilya I need you.

And many more. He hadn't sent any of them yet but he'd typed a simple red heart emoji and willed himself to press send, he couldn't do it, not today.

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The second day was a mess for Ilya, he had been thinking all day about it and he truly didn't want Shane to sleep with other people, the thought of it made his blood boil and even now he sat on his bed sweating with fury at the thought.

He'd only suggested it out of fear, he didn't want Shane to get bored or tired or *leave him*. He had nothing left without Shane and honestly he would bear the aggravation if he had to, in order to stay with him.

All this time apart was hard enough for Ilya, but it was accompanied by this constant thought that it wasn't enough for Shane, and that was terrifying.

He'd considered texting Yuna for some advice but he didn't want to bother her, he'd already done enough.

So he sat on his bed staring blankly at the wall flicking his eyes towards his phone waiting for a call, a text, anything.

Ilya imagined what Shane would say to him if he did call.

"You're too much Ilya, too complicated, I can't be with you anymore."

"I want to sleep with other people, I don't want to be with you Ilya."

"Block this number."

"I'm not coming back, I'm never coming back."

His chest rose and fell frantically at the thought and he had to raise his hand to clutch at his heart and steady its rhythm.

Just as his panic began to set in his phone screen lit up slowly, it was a text, from Shane.

Shane : 

-

Ilya was on his way to Montreal on day three, his foot stepping on the gas as fast as possible to reach Shane.

They had texted back and forth last night, both agreeing they would talk it out in person, it was brief but enough for Ilya's worry to subside.

When he pulled into Shane's driveway, he practically knocked down the door with anticipation.

After a minute, the door opened inward, revealing a sleepy Shane, his eyes were tired and red as if he'd been crying and he wore loose grey joggers and a blue sweater, he looked tragically adorable.

"Baby." Was all Ilya could mutter before he surged through the door and enveloped Shane in a familiar embrace.

It was sweet, warm and soothing, exactly what they had both needed.

Ilya's hand raked over Shane's hair, smoothing it out with soft murmurs. Shane leaned into the touch and shook softly as hot salty tears streaked over his face.

"Shane?" Ilya murmured grabbing Shane's face and tilting his wet gaze up to meet his own. "No stop this." He whispered wiping his tears. "Please don't cry."

"Sorry." Shane sniffled shaking his head.

Ilya pulled him back in and they stood for what felt like hours, breathing each other in and soaking up the warmth they both shared.

"I am so sorry." Ilya admitted earnestly as he pulled back once more. "Was a stupid idea and I hate it, I should not have asked." He shook his head as he spoke.

"Why did you ask that?" Shane whispered. "I thought maybe, maybe you cheated on me?" He frowned.

The hurt that crushed Ilya's face was invasive and devastating as his own eyes began to water.

"I- Shane." He whispered, crumbling inwards.

"I would never do that. Never as long as I am alive." He sniffled with a soft sad smile.

"I know that." Shane offered. And he did know that, but insecurity got the better of him often and it was enough to convince him of Ilya's supposed infidelity. "I just, freaked out."

"Yes, I know." Ilya soothed. "This you do a lot yes? Freaking out?"

"Shut up." Shane retorted but there was no venom behind it.

"I thought maybe you were, bored of me?" Ilya admitted closing his eyes as if he were pretending he wasn't being so vulnerable.

"Baby." Shane soothed now running his hands up and down Ilya's arms. "Look at me." He whispered.

Ilya's eyes opened softly.

"Never, as long as *I* am alive will I ever be bored of you my love." He tucked a loose curl behind Ilya's ear and continued. "I will always want you no matter how far apart we are, we will be back eventually, we always find each other." Shane whispered his gaze never leaving Ilya's.

Ilya just nodded, if he responded he was sure he would cry. After he composed himself he spoke once more, "I do not know how I deserve you."

"You deserve the whole world baby, I would steal the sun for you if you wanted it." Shane muttered leaning up to place a soft kiss on Ilya's temple.

"The sun?"

"The sun, the moon, all of it."

"Wow." Ilya huffed. "We would not have anywhere to put it."

Shane's eyes crinkled softly as he laughed and Ilya revelled in the sight.

"Beautiful." He murmured kissing Shane slowly and leaning backwards to look him in the eye. "And all mine yes?"

"All yours." He agreed taking Ilya's hand in his.

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