child like its mother

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child like its mother

by FakeButILikeYou

Summary

> “I don’t need to see a doctor. I am fine. You’re worrying for nothing. Let’s just go to sleep.”
>
> Go to sleep? Shane huffs, Ilya thought it was fine. It didn’t matter if he was in pain or danger? They should just move on? As if.
>
> “It’s not nothing. I’m worried about your health. Which you don’t seem to care about! Tell me one reason that I shouldn’t be worried!”
>
> “Because I didn’t take them.”
>
> “What?”
>
> “I threw the bottles away when you left. Happy?”
>
> Or,
> Ilya doesn’t keep pills in his house and Shane finds out why.

Notes

> honorary mention title: "the same outline" from lucy dacus' song "My Mother and I"
>
> TW for very vague suicidal thoughts and mentions of suicide, nothing graphic but still read with caution 💜
>
> not connected plot wise to the other fic in this series, they just both have sad ilya lol

See the end of the work for more notes

“Hey, babe?” Shane called out from the bathroom where he was getting ready for bed.

“Yes, *babe*,” Ilya replied, doing a poor imitation of Shane’s accent.

“Where do you keep your Tylenol? My back is killing me.”

“I don’t have that.”

“You don’t have Tylenol? What about Advil?”

“Don’t have that either. No pills.”

Shane appears in the doorway staring at him incredulously, “You’re a professional hockey player who picks fights every other game, and you’re telling me you don’t have a single painkiller in your house?”

“I don’t like them. We are supposed to deal with it and move on. Is Russian thing,” Ilya shrugs, it was more of a him thing, but Shane definitely didn’t need to know that.

“That’s crazy, you just don’t take them?”

“Eh, sometimes if it is bad I give in and take a few. What I need, I get from team locker room.”

“Are you really that cheap? You can’t buy yourself a $20 bottle of Tylenol?”

“*Cheep*? What is this?” He knows when it means, but he would love to move on from this conversation as quickly as possible.

“It means you don’t want to spend money.”

“Yes… I am like bird. *Cheep, cheep*.” Ilya gets up and walks over to where Shane is still standing, wrapping his arms around the other’s waist and teasingly running his nose up his neck. “Show me where it hurts. I will kiss it better.”

The words, punctuated with a gentle kiss, do their job and the conversation is forgotten.

~

A few days later, when Shane has officially left to go back to his team and the games they have lined up, Ilya finds bottles of Advil and Tylenol on the counter. There's a note sitting underneath them with his boyfriend's hand writing.

Taking painkillers doesn’t make you weak or whatever ridiculous things you Russians think. Take them if you don’t feel well.

Love you, Shane <3

He keeps the note but the bottles are gone by the end of the week.

~

It backfires a few weeks later.

There was a rare small break in their schedules so Shane was home with him and Shane's parents had come over to Ilya's for dinner. They'd spent the last three hours talking about hockey and possible brand deals. Family and money… two of Ilya's favorite things.

Yuna has been going above and beyond for them since the success of their first hockey camp this past summer. Ilya is more than interested in doing a car commercial if it's cool enough, and Shane has been reading through some agreement or other for half the night.

Maybe the paperwork and contract information is a little bit boring but he's been learning recently that boring isn't always the worst thing to be. Especially when it means, for a little bit, he can pretend he's a Hollander.

"My head is killing me tonight," Yuna sighs, threading her fingers through her hair and massaging at her scalp.

"Take some medicine. There should be some in the bathroom," Shane comments.

Fuck.

Ilya swallows thickly and jumps in, "I am so sorry Yuna, I just ran out."

"But-" Shane looks up from his papers to give him a confused look.

Ilya shrugs and hopes that Shane will at least wait until they are alone to ask him about it.

"Don't worry about it hun, I'll take some at home. We should head out anyway. I'll look into the car thing for you, okay?"

The kisses she drops on the tops of their heads when they leave are as sweet as ever.

The sweetness dissipates as soon as Shane closes the door behind his mom and asks, "What do you mean you ran out of medicine? I just bought those bottles for you less than a month ago."

"I was sore, used them all. I forgot to buy new ones," he dismisses. He feels like he's been caught doing something wrong. Like he's a child who misbehaved and needs to be reprimanded. And while the confusion in Shane's eyes is nothing like the anger he used to find in his father's, it twists his gut all the same.

Hollander is silent for a moment, "Is it serious?"

"Is what serious?"

"Whatever injury or sprain you have that's making you take those painkillers. Is it- are you sure you should be playing right now? You said that you don't even like taking pills. Maybe you should take a week or two to let your body recover."

“Why? Are you afraid I will catch up in the scoring race?” Even if his team isn’t as good as the Metros Ilya is still one of the best centers in the league.

He walks over and wraps his hands around Shane's waist, but the other man pulls away to look at him again before he can press their bodies together and distract him.

“I’m serious. Take a week off if it’s that bad. That was a big bottle, I bought in bulk for you. It should have been enough for six months at the least. It’s only been one. Is it your knee? Or your ribs? If they’re causing you this much pain you’ve got to see a doctor about it.”

Shane’s breath catches in his throat, “Wait, if you ran out that means you were taking more than the recommended dose. That’s not fucking safe. It’ll fuck up your kindeys or your liver… probably both. What the fuck were you thinking? You should know better than to do something that could hurt your body more. This is like cigarettes all over again.”

“I don’t need to see a doctor. I am fine. You’re worrying for nothing. Let’s just go to sleep.”

Go to sleep? Shane huffs, Ilya thought it was fine. It didn’t matter if he was in pain or danger? They should just move on? *As if.*

“It’s *not* nothing. I’m worried about your health. Which you don’t seem to care about! Tell me one reason that I shouldn’t be worried!”

“Because I didn’t take them.”

“What?”

“I threw the bottle away when you left. Happy?”

“What? Why would you throw them away?”

“I don’t want them in my house. Is that enough of an answer? Can we end this boring conversation now?”

There’s a sharp edge to Ilya’s words. Shane is used to teases and banter about being boring, but this isn’t that. Every different inflection Ilya has ever used with him is burned into his memory, he keeps them all together in a corner of his mind like a filing cabinet. Ilya only sounds like this when he’s getting too close to something that hurts him.

“Ilya, why don’t you want them in your house?”

“We are not going to talk about this.”

“You don’t get to just decide that. Why is this such a big deal?”

“You don’t want to hear it, okay? Fucking drop it.”

“If it’s about you, of course I want to hear it.”

The taller man shakes his head and starts towards their bedroom, cursing in Russian as he goes.

“You’re scaring me,” Shane calls out after him.

A weight settles in Ilya’s chest at Shane's plea and it freezes him in the doorway. He hates that he’s made him sound like this. He doesn’t ever want to scare him, the whole point of not telling him was so he wouldn’t be upset. He’s his boyfriend, of course he could tell him everything, if there was anyone in the world he would tell it would be him. But the answer to his question isn’t one that will make anyone feel better.

He knows that if he turns around, if he looks back at the love of his life, he’ll see the look in his eyes and give in. Because he always does when it’s Shane. Shane with his beautiful freckles and expressive eyes that can’t hide a single feeling. Shane who he holds more love for than he ever thought would fit inside him.

“Please, just talk to me.”

Warm fingers slowly close around his own and one look into Shane’s concerned eyes is all it takes.

“I don’t want to be like her.”

Her?... Who could he possibly be talking about? Shane’s breath catches in his throat when it clicks. His mother, who had taken her own life with a bottle of pills.

Flashes of Ilya doing the same appear behind Shane’s eyes and he swallows past the nausea they bring with them.

“You think about doing that?”

Ilya pulls his hand away, “No! Of course not.”

“Don’t lie to me. Not about this.”

“Is not *fucking* lie,” he turns on his heel and storms over to their bed, sitting on the edge.

Shane takes in the way he’s sitting, muscles more tensed than when they’re waiting at center ice during a faceoff, his fists clenched tightly. He walks over as if approaching a scared animal.

“Then what is it? What do you mean you don’t want to be like her?”

“My father always told me that what happened to my mother was an accident.”

The shorter man settles himself next to his lover, pressing their sides together. Ilya seems to relax a little at the touch and he keeps talking.

“Sometimes it hurts to wake up, and it feels like I will do anything to make that pain go away. What if this is what she felt? What if she thought that if she took a few extra she would feel

better? They are called painkillers for a reason, no?

“I don’t keep any pills in my house so if there is a day where I want the hurting to stop I don’t have an accident like she did. I don’t want to be like her. I cannot do that to you.”

Shane sniffs through the tears gathering, “You can’t do that to *me*? What about you? Would you do that to yourself?”

“I don’t know. I don’t want to. But…”

“But?”

At the sound of Shane’s voice breaking Ilya finally looks back at him, his eyes are just as broken as Shane feels.

Ilya’s voice is quiet this time, “What if I can’t help it? My mother was so much stronger than I have ever been and she… If she couldn’t help it, how can I believe that I can?”

“Don’t say shit like that. You are so strong.”

Ilya turns his head and Shane sees the tears trailing down his cheek.

“Hey…” He cups Ilya’s cheek and tries to gently turn him. He climbs into his lap when he doesn’t respond.

“I’m sorry.” Ilya sniffs as he hides his face in the crook of Shane’s neck. He’ll cry more if he thinks too much about how it’s the safest place he’s ever known.

“Don’t. You have nothing to apologize for.”

They’re gently swaying, the soothing motion a mirror of the night in Florida so many years ago. It stings that this is again somehow about his parents. What else had happened in his childhood that Shane didn’t know about yet?

Time passes as it always did when they were wrapped in each other's arms, slowly, or maybe quickly, in the way that it didn’t truly matter how long it had been because being together was the only thing that counted. Shane wishes he knew what to say. Were there words out there that could be combined in just the right way that they would take away the things that haunted Ilya? Or that would soothe the worry Shane knows will stay in his chest anytime he was away from his partner?

They eventually shift so Shane is laying on his back with Ilya’s head pillowed on his chest, it’s his favorite way to lay. “Do you really think about killing yourself?"

“No, not really… Only that I am afraid I *will* one day think about it.”

He tries his best to keep the movements of his fingers through the other’s hair from stuttering, “So, you don’t have plans to hurt yourself?”

“No. Throwing away the pills is like a- to be careful.” Exhaustion bleeds into Ilya’s voice and while his English has improved by spades in the last few years, when he’s as tired as he feels now words that should be there evaporate.

“Precaution?” Shane supplies.

He hums in agreement.

“You are the best part of my life, my fucking retirement plan is all about you and the future we deserve to have together. So would you tell me if that changed? If you did think about it?”

He nods.

“Promise?”

He nods again, closing his eyes and nuzzling deeper into Shane’s chest like maybe there was a way he could burrow into his skin so they never have to be apart.

“I’m going to need more than a nod.”

“*Ya obeshchayu,* I promise.”

“Good… I love you,” he turns his head to find Ilya’s lips.

Ilya happily complies, whispering into their kiss, “I love you too.”

End Notes

Edit: I can’t believe how many people read and kudosed this when I lowkey didn’t even like it??? Thank you?

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