drank my poison all alone

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drank my poison all alone

by Anonymous

Summary

Ilya wants to throw up. He thinks about someone else—a stranger—with his hands on Shane, unmaking him in the same way Ilya does, someone else getting to hear Shane's little sounds and moans, getting to watch him fall apart, getting to be *inside* him. Ilya is hit with a devastation that nearly topples him over.

Notes

i got the itch to explore the fight that ilya mentions in chapter 21 of tlg—he says he suggests sleeping with other people and shane gets mad because he thinks ilya is backhandedly confessing to cheating. i thought it would be interesting! content warning for mentions of ilya's mom.

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: 【授权翻译】自食其果 by Shiny_Park

They haven't seen each other in over a month between his both of their game trips, practices and commitments to stupid things like promotional photoshoots; Ilya is fucking losing his mind. Shane is *finally* supposed to be here at Ilya's house in Ottawa anytime, and Ilya is pacing a hole into the floor with impatience. Did he not move to the Centaurs so this wouldn't happen? And yet.

He knows he's being irrational; he's fully aware they used to go months without seeing each other; Ilya has no idea how he used to stand it. And they only get one night, which adds to his desperation, because unfortunately Shane has a flight to catch tomorrow. Stupid hockey. Stupid Voyageurs.

His muscles freeze and then release in quick succession when he hears the sound of the lock turn. He forces himself not to run to the front door, but once he sees Shane in the flesh—not just his voice, not on a screen—with his cute freckles, his face lighting up at the sight of Ilya—he loses all resolve.

It's less of a hug and more of a collision; it almost knocks the breath out of Ilya, but he couldn't give less of a fuck. He cups Shane's face in his hands while Shane wraps both arms around his shoulders, both of them trying to tug the other as close as possible. Their mouths stumble into a messy, ravenous, wonderful kiss that feels like home.

"Hi," Shane breathes into his mouth. "Missed you. Love you." Their bodies trip over themselves on the way to the living room, stopping halfway so that Ilya can press Shane against the doorway. He licks into his mouth greedily, tangling fingers in his hair, his other hand sneaking under the collar of his t-shirt.

"Never do this again. You should quit hockey and be home with me all the time."

Shane pulls back to look at him. "And why am I the one quitting hockey in this scenario?"

Ilya shrugs. "Okay. Let's both quit and never leave the house again."

"That idea kind of sounds good right now," Shane admits as he pulls him in again, wrapping a leg around Ilya's waist. They're both semi-hard, and Shane is rolling his hips against Ilya, pressing their growing erections together. They can't stop kissing each other, deep and chaotic, as they get more and more riled up. Ilya grabs a handful of Shane's ass, encouraging him to rut against Ilya's cock.

"Fuck, fuck, I'm close—"

Ilya grins. "Already?"

"Fuck—you—"

"Later, Hollander." Ilya pulls away to watch Shane's face. "Make yourself come. For me, yes?"

Shane keeps moving against him, his breath hitching. His eyes are squeezed shut, his cheeks patchy with a red blush. He's so fucking beautiful; Ilya has to keep a tight hold on himself to not come as well. He admires Shane as he brings himself closer and closer to the edge, fully dressed still, seeking friction against Ilya's erection like he can't stop himself, like he'll fall apart if he doesn't come right now.

"Good boy," he encourages with a squeeze of Shane's ass and Shane reaches his release, his body shuddering. He just came into his pants from simply rutting against Ilya. Fuck. Ilya crashes their mouths together again, biting on Shane's bottom lip as he comes down from the high.

"Can you do one more?"

Shane is panting, but there's a spark of challenge in his gaze. "What do you say?"

Ilya loves him so much. He drags Shane into the bedroom, tears both their clothes off before throwing Shane playfully on the bed.

"Ass up," he says. Shane rolls around, on his knees, perfect ass up in the air. Ilya's dick is so hard it's grazing his stomach. He gives himself a couple pumps, just watching the perfect slope of Shane's back, the globes of his cheeks—all that built, muscled body that Shane turns over to him so easily, trusting Ilya to take him apart and put him back together.

Shane turns around and makes an offended face when he sees Ilya jerking off. Ilya laughs and climbs on the bed.

"You are too much. Couldn't help it." He cups Shane's ass cheeks and pulls them apart, revealing the tight furl of his hole. Shane curses, burying his face in the bed. "Ilya," he moans in anticipation.

Ilya hums, diving in. He licks around the rim, getting it slick and wet; he can feel Shane trembling under him, fighting to stay on his knees. The wet sounds of Ilya sucking around Shane's hole fill his ears, mixing with Shane's yelps. He's so horny he wants to rut against the bed, give himself some relief, his muscles wound tight from the lack of release after waiting for weeks to have this. He could probably come just from eating Shane out.

It doesn't take long for Shane to loosen, and Ilya is able to push his tongue inside. Usually he teases Shane, edges him a bit, but he doesn't have the patience for it right now. He licks into Shane, starving for his heat, the feel of him around Ilya. When he pushes a finger inside along his tongue Shane *wails,* bucking against Ilya's face so suddenly he almost crushes his nose.

"Sorry, sorry," he breathes out. Ilya squeezes his thigh in reassurance, working his tongue and finger in and out ruthlessly, making Shane writhe under him. He slips the hand that's resting on Shane's thigh to his front and finds Shane's cock hard again and leaking. He pumps his hand over it while he fucks Shane's hole.

"Ilya, fuck, *fuck*, so good, don't stop." Shane's voice cracks halfway through the sentence and then he comes so abruptly that Ilya's rhythm stutters in surprise. Regardless, he fucks Shane

through it until Shane collapses on the bed, knees finally giving out. Ilya kisses the small of his back, his spine, his shoulders, and then rests his weight on one hand while he grabs his own dick. He's hovering over Shane now, hand flying over his erection. Heat coils tightly in his belly, a knot of hot tension that builds and builds until he's coming too, all over Shane's back and ass.

He falls on the bed next to Shane, spent and sated. Shane mumbles something that Ilya can't make out, and Ilya says, "That was so hot," in Russian. Shane hums in agreement—he's been trying to learn Russian for a while now and can pick up on some sentences—and they both go through the hassle of cleaning up before falling back onto the bed next to each other.

"Fuck," Shane breathes eventually, staring up at the ceiling. One of his legs is intertwined with Ilya's.

"That was fast, even for you."

"Shut up." Shane playfully slaps his chest. "It's been a while!"

"I made you come two days ago."

"It's not the same over a video call." It absolutely is not. It's a release, yeah, and Ilya is glad they still get to be somewhat intimate, but it's nothing compared to touching Shane. "I felt so wired, it really sucked."

Ilya stares at the side of Shane's face, mood sombering. How long is it going to be like this? A decade?

More?

"How early do you have to leave tomorrow?"

"By nine at the latest." Shane rubs his eyes. "I wish we had more than one night."

Ilya feels like a lot of their relationship is wishing. Wishing for more time, wishing for summer to come, wishing that one day things will be different. He hates that his mood turned so quickly; this isn't what he wants to feel like after sex with Shane.

"I will be free when you come back. I can visit."

"And I'll have my phone and my hand in the meantime," Shane jokes. "Can you believe we used to go so much longer without? How did we do it? I swear I've never been so miserable like this past month."

Something nasty tightens in Ilya's throat at the words. Shane's tone is lighthearted, but he can see some tension in his eyes at the thought of having to go without again, for the millionth time, because there's so many things still pulling them apart.

Shane will go on to be unsated and unsatisfied again, even after this. The thought sticks in his brain, annoying like a fly, and it reminds me of something he's already contemplated multiple times.

Maybe Shane should explore sex with other men, not just Ilya, especially considering they're apart so much. It's not fair to him to keep him bound to Ilya. What does it matter anyway, as long as his heart is with Ilya? It's just sex. And it will prevent Shane from being frustrated with him in the future, so it's a good thing for their relationship in the long run.

That's what he's been telling himself. He just hasn't had the chance to bring it up, so maybe this is a good time. A natural way to make the offer. "You don't have to be miserable," Ilya suggests.

"Huh?"

"If it's too much, there are other ways to find release." Ilya keeps his tone casual, even though he feels more nervous than he thought he would.

Shane is frowning at him in confusion.

"Fucking other people," Ilya says bluntly. It feels like it's being ripped out from his throat.

Shane stares at him like he can't comprehend what Ilya just said, and then he sits up abruptly. "What?" he says flatly.

"You know, open relationship. We're together, but we get orgasms somewhere else when we are not *together*."

"Ilya, what the fuck are you saying?" Shane's voice is getting higher with anger.

Ilya swallows. This is the right thing, he tries to convince himself. He needs to give Shane the option. "Is that not how you say it in English?"

"That's not—what the fuck!" Shane gets up in agitated movements, snatching his jeans from the floor and tugging them on sharply. "Why would you ever suggest that?"

Ilya gets up too, jittery and miserable and confused. "Why not? People do it!"

"Not us!"

"We did."

"That was before! What, do you miss it?" Shane asks accusingly. His mouth is a slash of tension.

If Ilya misses anything, it's Shane. All the fucking time. "Was just a suggestion."

"A dumb one. I don't why you would—" Shane pauses, working his jaw. His breathing quickens, coming out too fast, panicky. "Did you sleep with someone else?"

Ilya's mind stumbles over itself with the absurd question. "What?"

"Did you cheat on me?"

Ilya feels a stab of annoyance that Shane would ever think that. He pulls his sweats and shirt on, feeling ridiculous being naked as Shane throws stupid accusations at him. “When would I cheat? I do not have time!”

“Oh, so being busy is the issue?!”

“There is no issue, I did not cheat!”

“But you want us to sleep with other people!” Shane insists.

“Is not cheating if we agree so yes! And I do not believe in cheating anyway,” Ilya throws back pettily. The room is starting to get suffocating. He needs air. He needs to get out. He walks out to the living room, Shane hot on his heels.

“What the fuck does that even mean?”

“I don’t own you, so I don’t believe in cheating.” It’s a big, bold lie. This has gone terribly wrong, spiraled out of Ilya’s control. He doesn’t know how to take it all back. He just knows he fucked up, and he’s tired, and he misses his boyfriend all the time, and that’s making him act like a dick. It’s like he’s watching a car crash, helpless to stop it.

Shane is staring at him in disbelief. He opens and closes his mouth a few times. “I can’t deal with this,” he snaps. “Fuck you, Ilya.”

“Fuck *me?* You thought I had sex with someone else!”

“What was I supposed to think after you suggested we fuck other people out of nowhere? Where have I ever indicated I want that, Ilya? Please tell me!”

Ilya clenches his jaw, silenced.

“Right. Illuminating.” With that, Shane stomps back to the bedroom, taking all the oxygen with him. When he walks back out fully clothed and grabs his bag, Ilya’s breath stutters. *What did you do, what did you do?*

“Shane—”

“I don’t wanna hear it.” Shane’s voice is broken. Even worse, when he glances back at Ilya there are tears gathering in his eyes. “I don’t know what the hell is wrong with you right now, but I can’t—I need to leave.”

Ilya can’t find the words. The door slamming shut is a hollow echo in his empty house when Shane storms out.

-

Lily [11:12pm] : Did you make it home?

Lily [11:30pm]: Shane, please.

[read at 11.40pm]

Lily [12.05am]: Fine. Goodnight.

-

Lily [9.02am]: Are you still angry?

Lily [10.50am]: Can we talk about it without screaming?

-

Ilya is in a shit mood at practice the next day. He forces himself to play as best he can, but he's pissy and frustrated. He wants to go check his phone to see if Shane stopped ignoring him. He's annoyed they wasted the only night they had. He shouldn't have said anything.

He wonders what Shane is doing. If he feels as bad as Ilya does right now.

"Someone pissed on your shoes, captain?" Wyatt asks him while they head back to the locker room; it was not, admittedly, his most stellar practice, even though he tried.

"Bad day," Ilya grunts, tearing off his jersey and immediately grabbing his phone from the top of his stall. No texts, no calls. Ilya opens Shane's thread and scrolls back, stomach sinking further and further.

"Trouble in paradise?" Wyatt waggles his eyebrows at him.

Yes. "Mind your business, Hazy."

It's not like he can tell him. It's not like he can tell *anyone.*

"Okay, okay. For the record, if it was a girl, I'd be happy for you."

Zane interrupts them out of nowhere, wrapping his arm around Ilya and smiling curiously. "Girl? What girl? Rozy has a girl?"

Ilya sighs. "I am the captain. You should treat me with respect."

Wyatt laughs. "We just want to help."

"You help if you leave me alone."

Zane and Wyatt give each other an amused look. "Trouble in paradise," Wyatt mouths. Ilya shakes off Zane's arm and grabs his towel. He usually takes the teasing with a laugh and a joke, but he feels nauseous and fragile right now, and he doesn't want to talk about his imaginary girls.

"Respect," he says again somberly, and walks off to the sounds of Wyatt and Zane murmuring between themselves.

-

Lily [10.15pm]: This is stupid. You are going to have to talk to me eventually.

Lily [10.17pm]: I did not cheat on you. I don't want to cheat on you.

Lily [10.25pm]. I should have not suggested it. I'm sorry.

-

Yuna calls him on day two of Shane ignoring him. "Hello?" Ilya says when he picks up. Is she calling to yell at him?

"Ilya, hi! Am I bothering you?"

"No, I'm home."

"Good. I was wondering if you wanted to come over for dinner?"

Ilya hesitates. Yuna and David have been lovely to him in the past few years, and since he lives much closer to them than Shane, he's been at their house on his own a few times. He just didn't expect the invite right now; he wonders if they've heard from Shane in the past couple days.

"Hello?" Yuna says. "Did the line disconnect? Crap…"

"No, I'm here." Ilya clears his throat. He doesn't know if seeing Shane's parents is a good idea at the moment. "Thank you, but I have plans. Next time?"

"Sure," Yuna says easily. "How are you doing, Ilya?"

"Fine," Ilya manages to say with a shocking amount of normalcy for how not fine he is. In the end, his curiosity gets the better of him. "Have you…have you talked to Shane?"

"I heard from him yesterday," Yuna replies.

"Oh."

"Ilya.." He tenses in anticipation. "He didn't say much, but I got the feeling he wasn't in the best mood, especially when we talked about you."

Great. Ilya collapses on his couch, rubbing a hand over his eyes. "We had a fight." He doesn't elaborate; Yuna certainly doesn't need to know the details of how idiotic Ilya was.

"I'm sorry to hear that." Yuna pauses. "Ilya, I know we're his parents, but we love you too. If you think you have to avoid us because you and Shane had a fight—"

"I did not want to make it weird," Ilya confesses, throat tightening at Yuna's words. It's hard to believe that his part in this family is not tied entirely to Shane. He isn't sure what to do with it sometimes; he has not had a family in so long.

"You wouldn't, we'd love to have you. And I'm sure you and Shane will be fine, anyway."

Ilya snorts. If only Shane would talk to him.

“You’re both very stubborn boys,” Yuna adds, amused. “He’ll come around, and so will you. And maybe a distraction and getting out of the house will do you some good. Even if it’s not with us.”

Ilya has to swallow down a knot of emotion before he can reply. Maybe she’s right. Or maybe Ilya just doesn’t have the heart to tell her no again. “Only if you are making chicken parmesan."

“I can swing that.” Yuna laughs fondly, and Ilya feels a tiny bit better. He smiles for what it feels like the first time in months.

“Okay then. I will be there.”

-

Lily [9.28pm]: I’m really sorry.

Lily [9.30pm]: I love you.

-

Ilya is throwing away burnt eggs—he got distracted watching a highlight reel of Shane on TV, wallowing in his sour mood and feeling pathetic—when his phone buzzes. *Jane* flashes on the caller ID, a Facetime call, and Ilya nearly drops the charred eggs on the floor in his haste to answer.

The screen takes a couple seconds to load and then Shane is finally there, looking cozy in a Montreal Voyageurs hoodie and his glasses. He looks serious. No—he looks *sad.* Beaten down. Ilya would honestly prefer it if he looked angry.

“Shane.” Ilya breaks the terse silence.

“I’m still mad at you,” Shane replies instantly, pretty unconvincingly.

“Okay. You can be mad and talk to me, you know?”

“I didn’t wanna say something I’d regret.” Shane pauses. “Well, I didn’t wanna say *more* things I’d regret. I fucking hate fighting with you, Ilya.”

“I do not enjoy it very much either.” Ilya leans back against the kitchen counter, needing support. “It was my fault,” he admits. “I was stupid. Sorry.”

“You were.” Shane plays with the strings of his hoodie, clearly working himself up to something. Ilya gives him time, attempting for a distraction in the meanwhile.

“Where are you?”

“Hotel room in Philadelphia,” Shane says distractedly. “We won the game, if you care.”

Of course he cares. “You did a nice hat trick,” he compliments because he couldn’t help himself from watching the clips online. “Not bad for second-best player in the league.”

Shane’s face goes through a range of emotions, from annoyance to satisfaction to exasperation. “Fuck off,” he replies almost automatically, seeming to relax for a moment, falling back easily into their teasing before remembering. Then the displeased frown is back on his face and he sighs, resignedly. “Ilya…you really wouldn’t mind if I had sex with someone else?” He sounds like he’s forcing the words out.

A sickening sort of panic creeps through Ilya. The suggestion had always been hypothetical, and always confined to his head, far from reality. Everything had shattered when he spoke it out loud, but through it Ilya had done a good job of convincing himself he really wouldn’t care, because a body is just a body, right? Shane loves him, Ilya knows, so it wouldn’t have mattered because that love is what is important above all. The sex is just physical.

But Ilya *would* mind, he *really* would fucking mind, and it’s now that he realizes just how much. Is Shane asking because he changed his mind, because he plans to do it?

Ilya wants to throw up. He thinks about someone else—a stranger—with his hands on Shane, unmaking him in the same way Ilya does, someone else getting to hear Shane’s little sounds and moans, getting to watch him fall apart, getting to be *inside* him. Ilya is hit with a devastation that nearly topples him over.

You’re mine, he wants to scream. *I’m the only one who gets to touch you, gets to make you come, gets to have your body.*

“Of course not. If that’s what you want.” His mouth forms the words, but they’re so distant from what Ilya’s brain is doing that he wonders if he’s really the one who spoke them. He watches dazedly as Shane’s face screws up in an angry frown, bracing for him to say *Okay, I’ll go fuck someone else.* Or, worse, *I already fucked someone else.*

This is Ilya’s fault. He will have to deal with it.

“I don’t *want*, you fucking moron,” Shane spits out. Ilya sags against the counter, and if it hadn’t been there he’s sure he would’ve collapsed. The relief goes through him in a violent wave, leaving him shaky and unsure.

“Ilya?” Shane asks after a beat. The hardness of his tone has melted into concern.

Ilya is going to have to make a fool of himself. “I don’t want you to,” he confesses, voice so rough it sounds like it’s being dragged across gravel.

Shane splutters. “Then why the fuck did you suggest it?”

“I don’t know. Is stupid. I thought—” *I thought you’d resent me. I thought you’d hate me someday for taking up all your time, all your years, all the experiences you could have had. I don’t want you to leave me.*

The truth is that Ilya lives with the constant fear of losing Shane; it's a relentless thrum in his chest, nearly in tune with his heartbeat. He has lost everyone else—it started with his mom and never stopped—so why not Shane too? Has this not been the path of his life, the inheritance he never wanted?

The words get stuck to his tongue. He can't say all of this to Shane, doesn't have the courage to lay it all out. How does he explain that he just wanted to prevent the worst? That he just wanted to give Shane the tools not to leave him?

Shane is waiting patiently for him to explain, more patiently than Ilya deserves. Ilya has to give him something, even if it can't be the whole truth. "I did not want you to be miserable when we're away from each other so much."

"I'm miserable because I want *you,*" Shane says raggedly. "I would still be miserable with anyone else."

"I know, moy lyubennyy. I see that now."

"Do you…" Shane chews anxiously on his bottom lip. "Do *you* need to…see other people? To let off steam?"

"No," Ilya says immediately. He would be miserable as well, he knows. He has no interest in sleeping with other people; even if Shane had agreed, he wouldn't have done it himself. "And I did not cheat on you." He needs to make himself clear on that again.

Shane throws his head back against the headboard. "I know, that was stupid of me, sorry. I just got scared."

"I was the stupid one."

"Yeah," Shane agrees. He's smiling, finally. Small, but it's there. Exhausted from the past few days, Ilya lets himself slide down to the floor, sitting down against the counter.

"So…you don't believe in cheating?" Ilya can tell that Shane is calling him out on his bullshit.

Ilya huffs. "I think I do now."

"Just checking."

They end up staring at each other for a while, the silence now easy and safe. Ilya's eyes trace over the lines of Shane's face, so beloved to him, so familiar. He looks sweet with his glasses on. Ilya wishes he could see him in person.

"I love you," Shane says eventually in a hushed tone.

"Me too. I'm sorry I ruined our one night together."

"You better be." Shane's mouth twists in a bittersweet line. "I wish you were here."

“You wish I was also in a hotel room in Philadelphia?"

“Asshole. Fine, I wish I was there.”

“Better,” Ilya replies fondly. “Me too. You look very cute right now.”

Even through the screen Ilya can see Shane’s cheeks color. He’s shy about the glasses, for some reason, even though Ilya has had multiple, *very* elaborate fantasies about fucking Shane with only them on.

“Stop flirting with me, fiend.”

Ilya has no idea what that word means, but he can assume. “Impossible. So, what are you wearing? Other than hoodie, obviously.” He waggles his eyebrows.

Shane breaks and laughs. Ilya feels his own lips open into a smile. Fuck, he wants Shane to be in his arms so bad. He’ll be on the road for a while still, and the knowledge of the distance that lies between them is a dark cloud that he has to force away.

“I’m wearing underwear,” Shane replies adorably.

“Interesting. Take it off.”

“You are always so horny!” Shane accuses, but Ilya can see him wiggling, probably to push his underwear off. Ilya is grinning so much his cheeks hurt.

“Make up sex is necessary,” Ilya says seriously. His dick is stirring to attention. “Is healthy for relationships.”

“Didn’t know you became a relationship counsellor,” Shane mumbles. His eyes have gone half-lidded, his gaze darkening. Ilya’s hand slides down to the waistband of his pants.

“Stop saying big words. Touch yourself,” Ilya commands.

Shane listens. And after, he even admits that Ilya was right: make up sex is healthy. And most importantly, hot. Ilya can never imagine either of them sharing this intimacy, this piece of themselves, with anyone else.

And, since it seems they’re both in agreement, they’ll never have to.

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