

Bathroom Floor

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Bathroom Floor

by [Stillhurting](#)

Summary

“I am in control. I make the decisions,” Shane murmured to himself for the hundredth time that hour.

He felt a little bit insane, sitting on the cold bathroom floor locked in a civil war with himself. On one side: his rational brain; on the other, the oily, persistent whisper trying to sell him a regret he couldn’t afford. His stomach squirmed with what could either be nausea or anxiety—it all felt the same at this point.

Just do it. You’ll feel so much lighter and cleaner once it is all out of your system.

The temptation to believe that lie was a physical weight. He was exhausted from the fight. He could feel his dinner sitting like a stone in the pit of his stomach, heavy and stagnant. He knew he probably would feel better if he could get rid of it. But... fuck.

Or

Shane is struggling with a dangerous urge and is fighting a lonely battle with himself on the bathroom floor. Until Ilya reminds him that he’s not alone.

Notes

TRIGGER WARNING

Disordered Eating (Bulimia, but more like OSFED), Anxiety, Emetophobia, Graphic depictions of nausea and vomiting.

Please read with care, and seek help if you need it.

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

“I am in control. I make the decisions,” Shane murmured to himself for the hundredth time that hour.

He felt a little bit insane, sitting on the cold bathroom floor locked in a civil war with himself. On one side: his rational brain; on the other, the oily, persistent whisper trying to sell him a regret he couldn’t afford. His stomach squirmed with what could either be nausea or anxiety—it all felt the same at this point.

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The temptation to believe that lie was a physical weight. He was exhausted from the fight. He could feel his dinner sitting like a stone in the pit of his stomach, heavy and stagnant. He knew he probably would feel better if he could get rid of it. But... fuck. He swallowed hard, the back of his throat clicking, and pressed the heels of his hands into his eye sockets until neon stars bloomed across his vision. This was such a bad idea. He couldn’t believe he was even considering it.

Look, you’re already queasy, right? You’ll probably end up sick eventually. Why drag it out? Save yourself the time. Just two fingers to the back of the throat to jump-start the inevitable.

“No way,” Shane whispered. “Absolutely not.”

Shane hated vomit. While most people found it unpleasant, Shane’s OCD cataloged it as a Tier-1 biohazard. It was messy, acidic, and—worst of all—a total loss of bodily autonomy. It was the definition of uncontrollable.

Unless you take the wheel. Wouldn’t it be better if you decided when it happened? Instead of waiting for it to ambush you? Control the chaos. Two fingers and it will all be over.

“But there’s a chance it won’t happen,” he argued back. The nausea might crest and recede. He could still walk out of this bathroom with his vomit-free streak intact.

What streak? That died last week on the flight to LA. Remember?

Shane shuddered. That memory was a sensory nightmare. It lived in his mind with the same high-definition clarity as winning the Cup.

The long flight had been exceptionally turbulent, everyone’s nausea building gradually with each shudder and swoop. Shane remembered the violent lurch of the plane an hour in, the cabin air turning thick and sour as half the team reached for the seatback pockets. He remembered the exact moment of surrender—the realization that he wasn’t going to be able to stop his biology.

He’d reached for the bag with trembling hands and held it open in front of his face, waiting and dreading, swallowing over and over trying to hold it back. He remembered the first couple of unproductive retches—loud, painful, and embarrassing. And then, on the next prolonged contraction, the flood. Shane could still recall the taste, the texture, the color. He’d

kept his eyes wide, terrified that if he blinked, he'd miss the flimsy opening of the waxy paper bag.

He remembered the warmth of the bag against his palms. The sounds of his teammates around him. The splatter on the carpet when someone else's aim failed. The rancid smell of the confined cabin and its recycled air. It was one of the worst experiences of his life.

That streak is dead. You vomited on the plane. But you survived it, right? And was it really that bad?

Shane closed his eyes. In the cold light of the bathroom, he had to admit it hadn't been the apocalypse he'd anticipated. It was gross, but he'd kept it contained. He'd been "cleaner" than some of the others. And when it was over... the roiling in his gut had diminished. He'd felt a hollow, exhausted kind of peace.

See? It helps. And here, you have privacy. No witnesses. It's just practice, really. Training for the next flight. Practice your aim. Practice being discreet.

The logic was seductive. He liked to feel prepared. He'd already bought medical-grade emesis bags for his carry-on, tucked away like a shameful security blanket. Maybe he should test one? No. That was insane. That was a waste of a good bag.

Good point. Don't waste a bag, just use the toilet. It's right there. Lift the seat. One hand on the wall to brace yourself, one hand to trigger the gag reflex. Or you can use a toothbrush if you don't want to use your fingers.

But then, a flicker of a different shame surfaced. He wasn't even sure his gag reflex worked anymore. His cheeks burned as he remembered the "training" he'd done to ensure he could handle Ilya's considerable length without gagging. He was proud of that—of being able to take all of him without a struggle—but the irony was a bitter pill. No gag reflex meant no way to purge.

But are you sure? If you flex just right... if you visualize it... you can still make it happen. Just try.

"Shut up, shut up, shut up," Shane hissed. He needed to stand. He needed to leave this room and its porcelain gravity.

And then what? Puke in the bedroom trash? On the rug? Stay here. Get it over with. Purge the stress. Empty the anxiety. You'll feel so much better.

A soft, rhythmic knock fractured the silence.

"Shane?"

The Russian accent acted like a tether, pulling Shane back to the surface. "Shane? You have been in there over an hour. You are sick?"

Shane reached up and turned the lock. He wasn't "sick" in the way Ilya meant, but a healthy person didn't spend sixty minutes debating whether or not to stick their fingers down their

throat.

Ilya opened the door slowly. He crouched down, meeting Shane at his level, and placed a warm palm against Shane's cheek. His eyes flicked to the open toilet, then back to Shane.

"Did you puke?"

Shane shook his head, unable to meet his gaze.

"But you feel..." Ilya made a wavering motion with his hand indicating nausea.

Shane shrugged. The urge was still there, a dull throb, but the urgency had melted away under Ilya's steady stare.

Should have done it when you had the chance. Now you're stuck with the weight.

"I don't feel good," Shane said, his voice cracking. "I think... I think I'd feel better if I could... you know." He glanced at the toilet. "But it isn't happening. And I kind of want to... make it."

He couldn't look up. The admission left him feeling naked and exposed.

"You want to purge," Ilya said. It wasn't a question or a judgment. It was just a fact, stated with the same calm he used to discuss a play on the ice.

Shane nodded, tears finally spilling over. Ilya sighed and sat down on the floor, pulling Shane's head into his lap. "You ate bad food?"

"No," Shane said, his voice tight. "Not that kind of sick."

"Then... what? Flu? Infection? Concussion?"

"No. Just..." Shane searched for the words. "Just stress. Nerves. Like before a game when your stomach gets all squirmy."

"This is because of Hockey?" Ilya asked.

"Not exactly. It's just everything, Ilya. Being the captain. A role model. Not letting my parents or my brand or my team down. The regime, the diet, being a gay hockey player... keeping us a secret. It feels like all that pressure is literally sitting in my stomach. This stupid, fucking voice in my head keeps telling me that if I can just get rid of the food, I'll be getting rid of the anxiety, too. I know it sounds crazy, but... I don't know how to explain it. It makes sense in there."

"But you hate puking," Ilya said, his eyebrows knit. "You had to leave the house when I had that stomach virus last summer."

Shane huffed. "Yeah, because you sound like a wounded animal when you puke. Do you know how loud you are?"

“Is not loud. Is just... effective,” Ilya muttered. He nudged Shane’s shoulder with his own. “At least when I do it, it is over fast. You? You sit here and have a meeting with the toilet for an hour. You really think your way is better? Is much worse.”

Shane let out a long, ragged breath. “You’re right. It is worse. I hate it. And I’m terrified of it. Especially after everything that happened on the plane last week. That fucking memory just plays on a loop—” Shane cut off abruptly, pressing a closed fist against his mouth as his stomach gave a weak, involuntary dry-heave. “Like I said, I know it doesn’t make sense. But part of me thinks it will make me feel better. That it will help me feel more prepared for the next flight. That it’s easier if I make it happen now instead of waiting to lose control.”

“Voice in head tells you this?”

Shane nodded and buried his face in Ilya’s hoodie. “I know. It sounds insane...”

“No. Not insane. Just...hard,” Ilya sighed, carding his fingers gently through Shane’s hair. “I am sorry you feel this way.”

“Me, too,” Shane choked out.

“How can I help?”

Leave. Let us finish.

“Can you make me do it?” Shane asked, half-bitter, half-desperate.

“Wait here. I will be back.” Ilya folded a towel, tucking it under Shane’s head as a temporary pillow.

A minute later, he returned with a cold can of ginger ale and his phone.

“I give you choice,” Ilya said, leaning against the door frame. “Choice one: I tell you about the time I played a game with food poisoning from bad sushi. It is a story so disgusting, I guarantee it makes you puke. Choice two: I give you this ginger ale, we go to bed, and I read to you from the New Yorker. Is so boring, I guarantee it makes you fall asleep.”

A small, genuine smile tugged at Shane’s mouth.

You’ll feel better if you puke.

The voice tried one last time, but it sounded thin and distant now.

I’ll feel better with Ilya, Shane thought.

He reached up, letting Ilya pull him to his feet. “Okay. You win,” he said, taking the ginger ale. The first sip was sharp and cold, cutting through the stagnant feeling in his throat. “But you don’t have to read the New Yorker.”

“Yes, I must. Is very boring. I am part of Hollander family now. Your dad is boring. You are boring. I must learn to be boring.”

“Shut up,” Shane laughed softly, allowing himself to be led toward the bed.

“You are feeling better? Voice in head is quiet?”

“Mmm,” Shane hummed, the exhaustion of the battle finally catching up to him.

“Good. You sleep now,” Ilya whispered, pulling the covers up. “If voice comes back, you tell him Ilya Rozanov would like to speak to him. You bring me to the table. I am very good at arguing. I am Russian. Is our national sport.”

Shane let out a soft, genuine laugh, leaning his forehead against Ilya’s shoulder. The weight in his stomach hadn't vanished, but for the first time in hours, it didn't feel like an enemy. It was just dinner. And he was just Shane. And he wasn’t fighting alone.

End Notes

Confession: This story is more about me than it is about Shane. He definitely has eating issues in TLG, but not explicitly the ones I gave him in this fic. A therapist just suggested giving my issues to a character as a way to externalize them and control the narrative. And since I'm obsessed with Heated Rivalry at the moment...

I didn't really worry about sticking to canon for this story. I gave Shane my own phobia and invented some trauma for him that is similar to my own recent trauma, but otherwise tried to leave his character as intact as possible.

I wouldn't consider this my best work, but I figured since I took the time to write it, I might as well post it. Maybe there are other readers who have an internal voice like Shane's (mine) that is trying to "sell them a regret they can't afford". Maybe it can help someone else feel seen and know they aren't alone.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!