

Urge

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Urge

by [soapbubbles44](#)

Summary

The thing is, Shane is not stupid. He learned a thing or two from his last relapse. It had been a mess, dealing with Ilya and healing the wound. It wasn't worth the trouble, he told himself. But what if it was? What if it is? He knows his body and mind is tricking him, the way it remembers the relief and not the complications. He can't make sense of it because the memory of the pain and the airiness and the break from everything is so, so strong in his mind it kind of overpowers everything else.

Or: Shane doesn't want to keep secrets from Ilya.

Notes

How many fics can a girl write about her favorite character going through it? An infinite number apparently.

Putting TW's for this one is a bit tricky. It deals a lot with the thoughts before and after self harming, with the aftermath and what leads up to it. There are no graphic depictions of self-harm done with a lighter, but there is a depiction of unintentional self harm later in the fic. But not with a lighter. It might be triggering if you're in sh recovery and I can only tell you to tread carefully. Sorry. Also TW for an implied/referenced eating disorder.

It can be read as a stand alone but will definitely make more sense if you've read the other parts of the series.

Also I've seen many discussions of people using AI for their fics on twitter and tiktok and I just want to make it clear, if anyone's in doubt, that I do not and have never used AI for my fics.

And this is not beta read <3 love and light.

24/6/2026: Idk if anyone noticed my fics were gone for a while. I got horribly insecure and edited them a bit, nothing major.

It would be nice, Shane thinks, if the origin of the urge had been a mystery. If he could say “I don’t know” when someone asks why. But he knows, he knows.

Ilya asks if he’s considered seeing a therapist, Shane’s body reacts before his mind, and the expression on his face must be something akin to disgust, it makes Ilya sad, he can tell. “I didn’t mean it like that,” he says later, when they lie in bed. “I just don’t think it’s for me.”

“It’s for everyone,” Ilya mumbles, lying with his face turned away from Shane. It’s a rarity for them to not be face to face.

Shane bites the inside of his cheek in fear that if he doesn’t he might roll his eyes. Another expression that would undeniably hurt Ilya, even if he can’t see him right now. “Maybe,” he ends up saying. They leave it at that.

A therapist would ask how it started, maybe even if he knows why. And Shane knows he can’t handle having that conversation.

He’s at a gas station wearing a cap and the hood of a sweatshirt on top of it. Shane feels like he’s about to commit a crime, like the police could come and arrest him at any moment, airing his dirty laundry to the entire world. He chose his outfit hoping it’d mean nobody recognized him, but now he feels incredibly conspicuous. Would sunglasses have made it better or worse? He quickly pushes the thought away, it’s 10 pm, who wears sunglasses?

If the cashier recognizes him she doesn’t say anything, Shane can only look into her eyes for a second before he feels his face get hot and he has to avert his gaze. “Just this,” he says and places a lighter on the counter, “and uh, a pack of marlboro reds.” He can feel the sweat on his back, what would people think if they saw Shane Hollander buy cigarettes? *Nothing*. He tells himself. *Who gives a fuck?* He had thought it would make more sense to buy a lighter if he also bought cigarettes, now he’s suddenly not so sure. He almost wants to tell the cashier they’re for his boyfriend, but he convinces himself if anyone doesn’t give a fuck, it’s her. She sells cigarettes to people all day.

He walks back outside so fast it probably looks goofy, but he’s relieved when cold air hits his face. He leans forward and places his hands on his knees, as if he’d just run a marathon. He thinks he might be more exhausted than if he had.

When Shane gets back home he leaves the cigarettes in the glove box, Ilya still smokes on occasion, even if he’s tried to quit many times, he’s probably just going to think he left a pack there and forgot about it.

The lighter burns in his jeans pocket as he walks inside. He briefly wonders if all this trouble is worth it.

Anya greets him as he walks inside, he crouches down to pet her and almost wants to apologize to her for what he's about to do. As if she knows. As if she's capable of knowing.

It's weird not to be greeted by Ilya as well, but he's spending the weekend in Boston with Svetlana, he'd invited Shane to join them, but he'd said no. Given some excuse about how he'd like the alone time, it wasn't a complete lie.

Shane's not sure when exactly the plan went from being a vague idea in his head to something concrete. But it probably had by the time Ilya told him about his Boston plans.

And why?

Not being in the play-off's maybe, the feeling of not playing to the best of his ability, his rocky friendship with Hayden, the everlasting pressure that sits on his shoulders and never lets him go.

And the memory. It hasn't left his mind. Of the relief, at fifteen, at twenty-seven, and now, soon again, at thirty-two.

The thing is, Shane is not stupid. He learned a thing or two from his last relapse. It had been a mess, dealing with Ilya and healing the wound. It wasn't worth the trouble, he told himself.

But what if it was? What if it is? He knows his body and mind is tricking him, the way it remembers the relief and not the complications. He can't make sense of it because the memory of the pain and the airiness and the *break* from everything is so, so strong in his mind it kind of overpowers everything else.

Well.

Anya's settled in the dog bed in their bedroom, Shane stares at her for a bit before closing the door to the ensuite bathroom. He takes his pants off and sits down with his back against the wall, his grip tight around the lighter.

He looks at his old scars. They're barely there, it's been ages, after all. The burns weren't severe enough to do real damage, Shane had googled how to avoid that.

One of the reasons he picked up a lighter instead of a razor blade all those years ago was because he thought it'd be cleaner. More sterile. First of all because there wouldn't be any blood that would leave stains or make a mess, but also because flesh wounds get infected easily, and infections can get really fucking bad. Somewhere in the back of his mind he was aware the same thing could happen to burns if they were severe enough. But it'd seemed logical at the time. The lighter was safer and easier. Now, seventeen years later, it still is.

He wonders if he should do it to his left thigh this time, if it would be less noticeable that way. As his fingers brush against the skin on his leg he stares at his wrist. He thinks of deep wounds and sharp objects and bleeding out. That's not who he is. That's never been what this is about. That's not what this *is*.

He pulls off his hoodie nonetheless, feeling a little exposed, sitting only in his underwear. For what reason? He wonders, it's fucking normal to be naked in your bathroom.

He has to make a decision, but he finds that it's already been made for him.

Shane's in bed twenty minutes later. He's rinsed the burns under cold water, which proved to be difficult, given the placements, he's applied a ridiculously expensive aloe vera gel from some high end brand his mom recommended to him ages ago, and he would've applied bandages if they had any, but he supposes it won't make much of a difference.

Ilya comes back two days later, Shane had been excited for him to return, it feels weird to be apart, even if just for a weekend, and in his head he had hundreds of plans for how he would greet him, what he would say. How to properly sell the idea that nothing of significance has happened while he was gone.

He can't bring himself to say anything.

Ilya raises an eyebrow, "is everything okay?"

Shane nods, a bit too eagerly maybe, "yeah."

Ilya toes off his shoes, Anya's running circles around him, Ilya smiles at her but doesn't sit down to say hi to her. Shane feels like throwing up. "You look sick."

Shane tries to laugh, "wow, thank you."

"I'm not saying it to offend you, I say it because I worry."

"Well I'm not sick, so you don't have to."

Even as Ilya kisses him, Shane finds it hard to relax. He can't get out of his head, can't play it cool, can't be casual about this. He's scared that if he opens his mouth he's going to spill all his secrets.

"I'm never drinking shots again," Ilya says once they break apart, "Svetlana's tequila tolerance is crazy."

"Higher than yours?"

Ilya shrugs, "I'm getting old."

"Aren't you two the same age?"

"Yes, I do not know how she does it."

Shane shifts his weight from one foot to the other.

“Did you eat yet?”

“Yeah.”

“Hm, I was hoping we could order something.”

“You still can.”

“What did you eat?”

“Zucchini noodles, did you know-”

“It tastes just like regular pasta, yes you always say this. Is not true though.”

Shane’s heart’s beating so fast and violently he’s scared it’ll break his ribs, “I missed you.”

“I missed you too,” Ilya kisses his cheek.

They watch a documentary about animals in Antarctica that’s interesting enough but still lulls Shane to sleep somewhere around the halfway point. His feet are in Ilya’s lap and momentarily it feels as if he has no worries at all.

“We should go to bed,” Ilya says, tapping Shane’s ankle, “your neck will hurt tomorrow if you lie like that for too long.”

Shane blinks and rubs his eyes, “did the leopard seal eat the penguins?”

Ilya sighs, “only two of them survived.”

“That’s sad.”

His stomach hurts when he stands up, like there’s something in there gnawing at his insides, trying to get out. Of course, burns don’t heal in a day and a half. And maybe he went slightly overboard. Maybe he was stupid. Sue him.

Shane changes into sweatpants and a hoodie while Ilya brushes his teeth, he feels bad about having to deny Ilya sex, and then he feels even worse about feeling bad in the first place because he *knows* Ilya doesn’t expect anything of him. Maybe it’s himself he’s denying something.

He hits the side of his head with his right palm, trying to make his brain quiet down a bit. It doesn’t work. The thoughts keep coming so he keeps hitting, with one palm, with both palms, until Ilya walks back into the bedroom and places a careful hand on his shoulder.

“*Lyubimiy.*”

He doesn’t have to say anything else. Shane wants to apologize for being stupid.

“You want to sleep in this?” Ilya then asks, tugging at Shane’s sweatshirt, “you always complain about being too hot.”

There’s a joke to be made, but none of them bite. “Just... yeah.”

Ilya hugs him from behind once they lie down, he knows when Shane wants to be the little spoon, he rarely has to ask for it these days.

It does get warm very quickly, Shane feels sticky, and he’s not surprised when he feels his vision get blurry. He’s good at keeping tears at bay, usually, good at not letting them fall. It’s been a good skill to possess his entire life. However, he’s usually not scared of crying in front of Ilya, but tonight is different.

To his horror, he sniffles, and feels a tear run down the side of his face, he hates crying when lying down, it’s hard to breathe and the way the tears run towards his ears makes him feel suffocated. It makes no sense, it’s just how it is.

Ilya’s grip on him tightens, Shane squeezes his arm, “sorry.”

“For what?”

He wants to shake his head but can’t in the position he’s lying in, “I couldn’t help it.”

Ilya’s forehead rests against the back of Shane’s neck, “what do you mean?”

“It’s so dumb, I don’t even- I don’t even have a reason.”

Ilya lets go of him, the cold is imminent. He sits up, Shane can feel his eyes on him. It makes his skin burn. “Don’t speak in riddles. Or whatever it’s called.”

“I don’t want you to think it’s because you left for the weekend and I can’t be trusted to be alone, and I don’t want you to be mad- and I really don’t want a lecture or to be recommended therapy. I just want- I want you to know, I don’t want to keep secrets from you.” Shane sits up as well, pulls his sweatshirt over his head and points to the inside of his left upper arm.

Ilya doesn’t say anything. He’s quiet for way too long for Shane’s liking. With each second that passes he feels like oxygen’s being pulled from the room. It’s hard to breathe, it’s hard to think, it’s hard to see anything but that might be due to the tears that are still falling. “Okay.”

Shane knows he shouldn’t be, but he’s too afraid to look at Ilya. “Just- It’s there. I can’t remove it now. I can’t undo it.”

“Do you think I am mad?”

“Well maybe you, maybe you should be? Or disappointed? I don’t know.”

“I am not.”

Shane takes a shaky breath, “good.”

“It’s hard to ignore though, you know this, yes?”

“Yeah.”

“Is this the only one?”

Momentarily, Shane’s scared he might be sick. “No.”

“You don’t have to show me.”

“On my thigh. Next to the others.”

Ilya leans in and kisses his cheek, it’s wet with tears and the sensation is a little overwhelming, but Shane welcomes it nonetheless. “I’m sorry you felt like this was necessary.”

Was it? Shane chews on his bottom lip. Is it ever necessary? Probably not, it’s not like anyone or anything forced him. It’d been a moment of weakness. “It just feels so good,” his voice is small, barely above a whisper, like he’s afraid to say the words out loud, maybe he is. “Even if just for a second, it feels so- there’s nothing like it. And I hate that.”

Ilya nods, “that is how addictions work.”

“Addictions?” Shane says the word with so much distaste it surprises himself, but the thought of having- of being addicted to anything. That’s not him. That’s not who he is.

“It is an addiction,” Ilya says, “isn’t it? It’s bad for you but feels good still, that’s why you come back to it again and again.”

Shane frowns, “I’m not, I’m not a fucking addict. I’m not doing drugs.”

“I’m not saying you are.”

“I can- I will stop.”

“Of course.”

“You don’t believe me?”

“I think maybe you need help if you want to stop.”

Shane scoffs, “I haven’t done it in years. I’ve done it, what, three times in my entire life.”

“Preferably it would have been zero times.”

Shane stares at his hands. He imagines sitting in front of a therapist in a too bright office somewhere, he imagines her as a well meaning woman, maybe around his mother’s age.

And she’d ask him how it started, maybe even if he knows why. The thought makes Shane nauseous. He can’t confront whatever *it* is. Not yet. He can’t.

“Calm down *malysh*,” Ilya runs his fingers through Shane’s hair, “if you don’t want to I won’t force you.”

“I know it’s helped you,” Shane says, “but I can’t, I just can’t.”

“You’re okay. It’s okay”

“Yeah?”

“Of course.”

Shane goes for a long walk the next day, the lighter buried deep in his pocket. Every time he passes a trash can he wants to throw it out, he means to, he really does, but he can’t bring himself to do it.

When he walks back inside their house it’s still there, warm against the fabric of his jeans.

End Notes

As always comments are appreciated, I love to hear your thoughts!<3 I might not reply to them all but I read them all and they always inspire me to write more.

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