

taking the weight

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taking the weight

by [thepinkcrayon](#)

Summary

Shane's head is too loud after the season ends and they don't make the playoffs, so he tries to shut it up by pushing himself too far, too often, too hard. Ilya's there to take care of him instead.

Notes

this one fought me. I don't know why. enjoy!

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

Ilya walked into the gym that he and Shane had in their home, going to the stationary bike that Shane was pumping away on. He was covered in sweat, his clothes soaked through. His water bottle was empty where it was settled in the cup holder.

Shane didn't notice his boyfriend's approach, his headphones in his ears. He had his eyes closed and his head down, pushing himself harder and faster on the bike.

Ilya gently pulled a headphone free from Shane's ear, Shane jumping slightly. He slowed down but didn't stop on the bike, barely meeting Ilya's concerned eyes before he was looking down again.

"Shane."

Shane grunted in response, picking his speed up again.

"*Shane*," Ilya said again, firmer. Shane heaved an annoyed sigh, as loud as he could while so out of breath from the exercise.

"What?"

"Stop."

"I'm almost done." Shane glanced at the bike's screen. He was about 5 miles over what he'd set out to achieve. Ilya didn't need to know that.

Ilya reached out, cupping Shane's chin. He tilted Shane's face up until their eyes met. Shane was flushed deeply from exertion, sweat running from his temples, beading around his mouth. Ilya put on a firm expression, looking at his boyfriend pointedly. "*Stop*."

Shane obeyed, slowing to a stop. Ilya walked to the mini fridge they kept in the gym, grabbing a water bottle before returning. Shane took it wordlessly, taking careful sips. He didn't want to throw up.

Once the water was gone, Shane slid off the bike onto shaky legs, knees threatening to buckle. Ilya grabbed him. "Stop, I'm not gonna fall. 'm sweaty," Shane protested. Ilya didn't release him.

"I do not care. I have never cared about *sweat*." Ilya held Shane close, running his hand along his damp spine over his shirt.

"I'm *fine*," Shane insisted, sharper than he intended. Ilya hummed, a low vibration in his chest that said 'sure you are'.

"You have been... relentless this week, with your working out. The season is over, you are allowed to relax for a moment."

"The season *shouldn't* be over. I was too slow, so I'm fixing it. More cardio. I was planning on going to the rink after. I need to practice my backhand."

Ilya cupped Shane's face with both hands, forcing Shane to look at him. "No. You are done for tonight. You will go shower and I will go make dinner." Ilya left no room for Shane to argue, no matter how badly he wanted to.

"Fine," he muttered, digging a short nail into one of his cuticles. Ilya drew him into a soft kiss before he released his face.

"Good boy."

Shane went to their bedroom and showered while Ilya made them something to eat. After his shower, Shane dressed and met Ilya in the kitchen. They ate dinner in relative silence, migrating to the couch after to cuddle.

Ilya ran his fingers through Shane's still-damp hair, pressing gentle kisses wherever he could reach without moving too much. Shane dozed off first, head tucked against Ilya's chest. Once he was sure that Shane was asleep, Ilya settled in. They could move to the bed later.

Ilya woke up slowly, bleary eyes blinking open in the dim light. He was still in the living room on the couch, a blanket now covering him. Shane was nowhere to be found. Ilya sat up and stretched, grabbing his phone from the coffee table to check the time. 3:40 AM.

Ilya stood up and headed to the bedroom, expecting to find his boyfriend in the king-sized bed. It was still pristinely made from the morning. Ilya rubbed his face with one hand, trying to shake the warmth of sleep.

"Shane?" he called out, receiving nothing in response. Ilya sighed, the realization of exactly where his boyfriend was dawning on him. Ilya made his way to the back door, slipping his shoes on before he stepped outside.

He made his way to the next building, where Shane had a small rink. The lights were on. Ilya opened the door and stepped into the cold building.

Shane was on the ice, back to the door as he picked a puck up with the back of his stick, slinging it into the net. He immediately moved onto the next puck in line, giving it the same treatment.

"Shane."

Shane finished a third shot, beautiful as ever, before he turned toward Ilya. He looked guilty, his cheeks flushed. He skated to the edge of the ice, gripping his stick tightly. "I've only been in here for, like, 30 minutes."

“It is almost four in the morning.”

“Okay... Maybe longer then...”

Ilya shook his head, crossing his arms over his chest. “Go inside.”

Shane opened his mouth to protest, but let the words die before he spoke them. “Okay.” Ilya held out his hand for the stick, going to put it up. Shane didn’t hover, immediately swapping his skates for his shoes so he could escape into the house.

Ilya cleaned up the gear and turned off the lights before he went back into the house. He grabbed two bottles of water from the kitchen and made his way to the bedroom. Shane was still in the shower, so Ilya sat on the bed to wait for him, leaving the water on the nightstand for later.

Shane had a tendency to punish himself. Once Ilya had noticed this habit, he’d offered to take over the task. Ilya knew he’d be more forgiving with Shane than the man was with himself. It wasn’t often that Shane needed a punishment for breaking one of their rules. More frequently than not, Shane would drape himself over Ilya’s lap silently and accept whatever the other man gave him, using the controlled pain as a release.

Shane emerged from the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his hips, biting the inside of his lip when their eyes met. Ilya held a hand out, Shane stepping closer until he could take it.

“I’m sorry,” Shane whispered, letting Ilya pull him to stand between his spread legs. Ilya let his hands settle on Shane’s hips, over the towel.

“What are you sorry for?”

Shane shifted from one foot to the other, keeping his eyes on Ilya’s shoulder. “I kept going after you told me to stop.”

“You cannot punish yourself. That is for me. This we decided, yes?” Shane nodded slowly.

“I just... I could be better, I *know* I can play better than I did.”

“You are only one on team?” Ilya asked gently, raising an eyebrow.

“I have the C. I have to be better.”

“You are best on team, Shane. Losses happen. You cannot win every Cup, every game.” Ilya untucked the towel around Shane’s hips, letting it fall to the floor. Shane bit his lip. “You are done now, with punishing yourself in gym, on ice. Do you understand?”

Shane nodded, reaching out to rest his hands on Ilya’s strong shoulders as an anchor.

“Is now my turn,” Ilya said evenly, massaging Shane’s bare hips. He let his thumbs trace over the cut lines of Shane’s hips idly. “Unless you have hurt yourself from pushing. Are you hurt?”

“No, I’m not hurt. I’m a little... sore, I guess. My thighs,” he specified, before Ilya could ask. Ilya let his big hands trail down to Shane’s thighs, kneading the muscles gently. “I’m okay.”

Ilya nodded after a moment, squeezing Shane’s thighs comfortingly. He sat back a little, tilting his face up for a kiss. Shane ducked down and pressed their lips together, sliding one hand from Ilya’s shoulder to his cheek.

When they broke apart, Ilya patted his thigh. Shane bit his inner cheek as he draped himself over the other man’s lap. Ilya pinned Shane’s legs down with his, adjusting him until his ass was exactly where Ilya wanted it.

Exposed. In the air. Waiting.

Ilya didn't make him wait long for the first swat, his broad hand coming down across one cheek sharply. Shane took a measured inhale, pressing his warm face against the comforter covering the bed. Ilya laid down another swat, right below the first one.

"How many?" Shane asked, voice already straining to remain even. Ilya hummed, smacking the other cheek.

"I do not have a number in mind," Ilya told him, running his fingers over where he had just swatted. Shane shivered a little, back tensing. "It will be a lot, probably. I think you need it, sweetheart."

"Yeah, I know I deserve it. I let the team down."

"No. That is not why I am punishing you. We agreed that you were done, then you snuck out like naughty boy while I was asleep to push more. This is not for a game loss. You have a lot of tension right now, and this always helps you let go."

Shane took a deep breath and released it, nodding his head. Ilya was completely correct. He stacked his arms above his head and rested his face in the gap. Ilya rubbed his hand over Shane's lower back until he relaxed over his lap.

Ilya began a steady pace of laying down swats, alternating cheeks. When he did this for fun, he'd cup his hand as he swatted, squeeze where he'd just smacked, soothe the reddening skin with gentle fingers, maybe his lips.

Ilya focused on the roundest parts of Shane's ass for now, leaving his upper thighs alone. Shane tended to squirm *hard* when Ilya's attention moved there, always at the end of the punishment.

Shane tensed at a particularly sharp smack, whimpering into his arm. Ilya wrapped his free hand around Shane's bare hip, holding it firmly, grounding. Shane's hands squeezed into fists, wiggling a little over Ilya's lap. He wasn't able to move much with how Ilya had his legs trapped.

Shane could tell when Ilya moved on from a warm-up to the actual punishment, his strength doubling. Shane inhaled sharply at the first real smack, swallowing hard. Ilya laid down another smack, right over the first one.

"Fuck," Shane muttered, bracing for the next one. Ilya moved to the other cheek, swatting the pink skin a few times in rapid succession.

"There will be no more extended workouts to punish yourself. You will not do this. You will hurt yourself, then where will the team be? Understand?"

Shane nodded, whining when Ilya chose another spot to focus rapid-fire smacks.

"I want to hear you say it." Ilya's hand paused, hovering over Shane's warm ass.

Shane hesitated, too long for Ilya's liking. Ilya moved his hand lower and spanked his upper thigh a few times, unyielding. "Okay!" Shane yelped, finding a grip on the comforter. "I won't."

"Won't what?" Ilya asked, smacking the same place sharply. Shane jerked, toes digging into the plush carpet.

"*Fuck!* I won't go crazy in the gym!" Shane promised, ass flexing as he worked through the stinging pain that bloomed with each connection of hand and skin.

Ilya mirrored the swats on the other, untouched upper thigh. "You are done punishing yourself?"

“Yes!”

“Good. I am not.”

Ilya shifted the other man, tilting his ass up higher, making his thighs an easier target. Ilya didn't hold back now, covering all of Shane's upturned ass in mean smacks. Shane squirmed as much as he could in Ilya's strong hold, gasping wetly.

“Ilya! I'm sorry, I *pro-mise!*” Shane gasped, voice breaking on the final word.

“That is good. You will be a good boy from now on. You will let me take care of you like we agreed.”

“Yes!” Shane agreed, edging toward desperate. “I will!”

Ilya's hand didn't stop, didn't slow. He was brutally efficient, making sure every inch of skin that could be considered Shane's ass was turned red, as well as his sensitive upper thighs. The stinging melted into a deep ache as Shane's skin absorbed the swats, sweat starting to sparkle along his spine in the warm light of their bedroom.

The first sob took Shane by surprise. It always did. He was always so sure that he could hold it in, force the tears back, endure. Ilya was there to show him that there would be no *enduring*, that he would feel and process everything from the stinging skin of his ass to the internal frustration and pressure he felt.

With the tears came the release of *all* of that. Shane's body untensed, going limp over Ilya's lap. The sting of the loss faded away, taken over by the real, physical sting of Ilya's palm against his ass. Ilya still didn't stop, but he slowed, swats becoming even harder as he focused on Shane's thigh still.

Shane sobbed with each connection, relief washing over him. Ilya gave him two more, the hardest of the session. Shane's noises were pitiful, but he felt so *light*, floating in the comfort of letting Ilya make all the decisions.

Ilya released Shane's hip, rubbing the small of his back in long, slow motions. He let his hot hand rest against Shane's equally hot ass, unable to keep himself from rubbing his thumb over the abused skin soothingly.

"Done," Ilya murmured, slowly untrapping Shane's legs. Shane didn't move, body still trembling with sobs. "Good boy, Shane," he praised, giving the other man as much time as he needed to collect himself. "All done, you were so good."

Shane took a few moments to steady his breathing, tears still streaming down his cheeks as he carefully lifted himself off of Ilya's thigh. Ilya stood as Shane did, hands going to his hips to keep his boyfriend steady on his feet.

Immediately, Shane wrapped his wraps around Ilya's neck, pressing as close as he could. Ilya's arms settled around Shane's middle, palms splayed over the bare skin of his back, holding him like the most precious thing.

Because, to Ilya, Shane was.

Shane kept his face tucked against Ilya's neck as his shaky cries turned into little whimpers. Ilya held him through it all, taking as much of his weight as Shane would give him. "You were so good," Ilya murmured into Shane's soft hair, nosing at the silky strands.

"Thank you," Shane whispered, voice rough. Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane's temple, taking his hand and lacing their fingers together.

"Water, then laying down, yes?" Ilya asked, bringing Shane's hand up to press a kiss to his knuckles. Shane nodded.

Ilya led him to the nightstand, cracking open one of the water bottles so that Shane could drink his fill. While Shane took slow sips, Ilya flung the comforter back, lying on his back to wait for his boyfriend.

Shane recapped the bottle and carefully crawled on the bed. He settled halfway on top of the other man, cheek pressed against Ilya's pec. Ilya tugged the comforter over their lower bodies, wrapping an arm around Shane's middle to keep him close.

"I love you," Shane murmured, fingers tracing random lines over Ilya's other pec. He squirmed a little, the blanket rubbing over his sensitive skin uncomfortably. "I don't love the blanket."

"I love you too," Ilya chuckled softly, kissing Shane's forehead before he pushed the comforter down, until it was no longer in contact with the punished skin. "You will have to keep me warm."

"My ass is a fucking *furnace* right now."

Ilya settled in to sleep, resting his cheek against Shane's head with a smile on his lips. "You will be fine in a few days."

End Notes

please leave a comment if you enjoyed reading! I want to write more of this dynamic but it was a struggle, so who knows.

Contributor sign ups for the Heated Rivalry Pride Zine (and the 911 Pride Zine!) are now OPEN!

Info: <https://www.tumblr.com/pb-zines/805564316024733696/mlh-pride-night?source=share>

HR sign ups: <https://forms.gle/dK3JNqUgusT8o6Fv6>

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