

tallies

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tallies

by [thepinkcrayon](#)

Summary

Shane's injured. Doctor's orders are very strict but he feels like he can do more. Ilya's not having it.

Notes

quick little thing!

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

Chapter 1

Shane was resting on their bed, scrolling aimlessly on his phone, when Ilya marched through the bedroom door. He was holding a piece of printer paper, tape, and a marker. Ilya walked to the window and taped the paper to the glass, uncapping the marker.

Shane watched with mild concern. Had Ilya finally lost his mind?

Ilya scribbled something across the top of the page in capital letters, underlining the words twice before he started making tallies. “Uh... Ilya?”

“Yes?”

“What are you doing?”

Ilya finished making tallies, a few finished groups of five and one unfinished group of three. He moved out of the way so Shane could see the top of the page, capping the marker.

Spankings for Shane

Shane felt his face go warm.

“Every time you are naughty, I will mark it here,” Ilya told him, tapping the paper with the capped marker. “When doctor says you can do physical activity, I will spank you.” He tapped the paper again. “For now, at least eighteen times.”

“I’ve been good!”

“Good? Shane, you are *terrible* patient,” Ilya countered. “You have tried to do something you are not allowed to every day since coming home from hospital.”

“That’s not true,” Shane protested, though his voice sounded weak, even to him.

Ilya started ticking offenses off on his fingers. “Phone instead of rest, trying yoga, trying bike, trying weights, forgetting medicine, *refusing* medicine, sneaking off for forest walk while I sleep.” Shane bit his lower lip.

“Okay... Maybe I haven’t been the best patient,” he mumbled. Ilya walked to the bed, sitting on the edge next to Shane’s leg.

“Is why scorecard,” Ilya explained, patting Shane’s thigh gently. “You will be a better patient now, yes?”

Shane nodded, earning a soft kiss from his boyfriend. “Good. I knew you would be my good boy.”

Shane blushed *hard*, patting Ilya’s side of the bed. “Want to lay down with me?”

“I *actually* want to suck your dick. Can you stay still and relaxed for that?”

“Yeah, yeah, definitely.”

Chapter 2: healed

Chapter Summary

as requested!

Weeks later, Shane was cleared for regular physical activity.

The first thing they did was have a copious amount of sex, all over the cottage, every surface available.

Once they'd tired themselves out and showered, they collapsed in bed together, still naked. Shane tucked himself under Ilya's arm, nudging his nose against Ilya's chest. "Mm. Missed that."

Ilya smiled, looking down at his boyfriend. "Me too." Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane's damp hair. He was just about to settle in when the paper on the window caught his eye. Shane had gained more tally marks as time passed, but Ilya wasn't sure of the total.

Shane looked up, following Ilya's gaze. "Fuck, seriously?"

"Oh, very serious, Hollander. Go count."

Shane didn't move, resting his chin on Ilya's pec. "It's forty-five." He didn't need to look.

Ilya tsked a few times, shaking his head. "Naughty, *naughty* Shane." He slid his hand down from between Shane's shoulder blades to his ass, squeezing a handful. Though the touch was *nice*, Shane knew that Ilya wasn't going to take it easy on him.

“Tonight or in morning? Ilya asked, resting his hand on Shane’s ass. His other hand came up to push his fingers through Shane’s hair, smiling softly.

Shane groaned as he considered the options. “Tonight.”

Ilya patted his butt, leaning in to press a kiss to his nose. “Up, up.”

Shane rolled off the bed, watching as Ilya moved to the foot of the bed, planting his feet on the floor. Shane laid himself over Ilya’s thighs with a huff, stretched out along the end of the bed with his ass over Ilya’s lap.

“Forty-five times you were naughty and disobeyed doctor *and* boyfriend,” Ilya said, skimming his fingers over the curve of Shane’s upturned ass.

It had been a long almost two-month recovery time.

“Does it help if I say sorry?” Shane asked, muffling himself by pressing his face against the comforter.

“Try and find out.”

Shane sighed. “I’m sorry.”

“Mm. Is still forty-five,” Ilya told his boyfriend, obviously unimpressed with the apology.

Shane wiggled a little. “I’m sorry that I didn’t listen to you or the doctor as much as I should have.”

Ilya hummed again. “Better that time. Is still forty-five.”

Shane groaned softly. “And I’ll be a much better patient when I’m hurt. And you were right. And I love you.”

Ilya squeezed one ass cheek gently. “I love you too. Is still forty-five. But I like your try.”

“You’re an asshole.” Ilya wrapped an arm around Shane’s middle, holding him to his front tightly.

“And you like it. I will count for you. You’re welcome.” Ilya delivered the first smack without warning, right where Shane’s ass met his thigh. Shane hissed, tensing for a moment.

“*Fuck*, Ilya,” Shane groaned, jerking at the second and third swats, both exactly where the first had been.

“Why do you need to listen to what the doctor says?”

“Because she’s a medical professional-- fucking *ow!*” Shane yelped, grabbing a fistful of the comforter so he didn’t throw a hand back to block.

“Mhm,” Ilya agreed, still focusing on the same tender spot. It was turning bright red under his palm, Shane’s hips wiggling over his lap. “Why do you need to listen to me?”

“Because you like control!”

“Mm, no. Well, yes, but no. Is because I want you healthy. I like control, yes, but I like my uninjured boyfriend more than control. Understand?”

Shane nodded, forcing himself to take a deep breath and relax.

“Good.”

Ilya finally moved on to a new, untouched part of Shane’s ass. Unfortunately for him, it was the mirror of the first spot, still the sensitive junction of ass and thigh. Ilya focused a rapid volley of smacks there, turning it the same shade of red as the other side.

Shane did his best to hold in his little, pathetic noises, biting down on the blanket. Ilya paused, resting his hand below where he’d just been focusing, his palm hot against the unspanked skin.

“I want to hear.”

“Not part of the agreement,” Shane muttered.

Ilya grinned. “Oh, you are being a brat right now?”

Shane turned his head so he wasn’t muffled by the comforter. “No, no extra!”

Ilya let it slide, still grinning. “Has been sixteen, if you are curious.” He started laying down swats again, tightening the arm he had around Shane’s middle to keep him still. He didn’t focus on any particular spot this time, covering all of Shane’s ass in sharp smacks.

Shane gasped at a *mean* swat, right where the very first one had been. “Fuck!”

Ilya didn’t stop until Shane’s ass was blushing, almost *glowing* pink. Sweat was starting to bead along Shane’s spine, arching prettily when the stinging became too much to handle *and* stay still. Shane was panting softly, little whimpers leaving his throat every so often, especially when Ilya’s long fingers landed on the delicate skin of Shane’s inner thighs.

“Doing so good, Shane,” Ilya praised lowly, admiring his handiwork. “I know is punishment, but you are so beautiful like this.” Shane reached back, waving a hand around a few times until Ilya finally took it, letting Shane find a grip on his hand. “You need to hold my hand for the rest?”

“Yeah,” Shane said on an exhale, taking a deep breath. He always felt more at ease when Ilya was holding his hand.

“Ten left. Will not be nice ones,” Ilya warned, his heartbeat skipping when Shane squeezed his fingers a little tighter, a grounding touch that Shane needed. Ilya loved it when Shane needed something from him, even something as minor as holding his hand.

Ilya kept his word, laying down ten more swats, the hardest yet. Shane let himself react to each connection of hand and ass as he needed -- gasping and whining, hips jerking as if he could get away from Ilya’s focus.

Tears were burning in Shane’s eyes by the time Ilya finally got to forty-five, a soft, hiccuping sob leaving his lips. Ilya smoothed his hand over the *flaming* skin of his boyfriend’s ass, humming softly. “Good, Shane, so good. Done now. You did good, sweetheart.”

Shane took a moment to let it out, knowing Ilya would soothe him through the swell of emotional release that came after a hard spanking. Ilya kept murmuring soft praise, still gently stroking fingers over his punished ass.

Once Shane felt ready, he released Ilya’s hand, standing on shaky legs. Ilya reached out, steadying him with his hands on Shane’s hips. Shane stepped forward, kneeling on the bed. He straddled Ilya’s hips, settling heavily on top of him.

Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane, rocking them a little bit. Shane tucked his face against the side of Ilya’s neck, sniffing softly. “I love you. Thank you... for... *that*...” he muttered, just loud enough to be heard.

“I will always take care of you, sweetheart. You are mine. I love you too.” Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane’s sweat-damp temple, tracing his fingers along Shane’s spine with a comforting,

firm pressure. “Do you want to lay down now?”

Shane shook his head a little. “I want you to hold me like this for a little longer.”

“Anything you need.”

End Notes

what'd you think?

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>

911 sign ups: <https://forms.gle/B4g675ZgQ7953Wjx8>

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