Keep Up

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by thesagescribe

Summary

Shane has been struggling lately and Ilya notices. Ilya takes his worries away and reminds him who he belongs to.

Notes

This one was requested in the comments of my last story and I loved it so much that I wrote this the next day! Everything I know about domestic discipline has come from fics and brief internet research so please feel free to correct me on anything I may have gotten wrong!

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane had rules.

He was expected to follow them at all times—at home, in public, and on the rink. He and Ilya had agreed on them early in their engagement—Ilya needed control and Shane needed it taken from him.

In this, like everything else, they were a perfect match.

The rules fell into simple categories; disrespect, dishonesty, disobedience, safety, and health.

Shane was fairly certain he hadn't broken any, so when he comes home to see Ilya waiting for him in their bedroom, paddle on display, he's wracking his brain to figure out what he's done wrong.

And Ilya looks the picture of relaxation, legs crossed at the ankle, reading the new book from a series he likes as if he doesn't have Shane's worst enemy laid out next to him.

His face brightens when he sees Shane in the entryway, dropping his book to turn and smile brightly at him.

"Shane, you are home," he says casually, "How was lunch meeting with Yuna? Busy?"

Shane can't imagine what his face must look like. Usually he can't keep his eyes off of his gorgeous husband but now, he can't seem to draw them away from the *paddle*— seemingly taunting him with its very presence.

Ilya laughs—"I am invisible? My husband comes home after long day out and no hello for me? No kiss, no hug, no *I miss you*?"

"Why is that out?" Shane mutters, pointing an accusatory finger at the *paddle,* "I haven't done anything!"

Ilya, more serious this time, beckons Shane to sit next to him, patting the space beside him on their bed.

"I know this, yes? You have been *very good* boy lately. I want you to keep being very good boy, so we try this. Is called, um…upkeep spanking. Even when you are good, is important to remind you that we have rules, that you are cared for, and that you can be all of you here, with me."

Shane listens intently before replying, "A maintenance spanking?"

"Yes—exactly! Maintenance. Makes sure you stay good and happy and calm, even when you have behaved."

Shane gnaws on his bottom lip, anxious mind turning over the new information in his head.

“Why now?” He asks, “We haven’t done this before. Am I disappointing you? I can do better Ilya—”

Ilya interrupts him with a firm hand at the nape of his neck, squeezing gently until he hears Shane sigh, tension bleeding out of him instantly.

“You are *not* disappointment. Even when you are naughty or bratty or break rules. Tell me you understand,” he commands.

“I’m not a disappointment,” he whispers, as if he doesn’t believe it, eyes trained to his hands in his lap, picking the skin on his thumb.

Ilya swats his hand gently, stopping him before he makes himself bleed.

“When I spank you how do you feel?”

“Like someone beat my ass until I cried.”

Ilya squeezes his neck again.

“*No,* Shane. Afterwards. When spanking is done and crying is done, how do you feel?”

Shane shudders a little. After a spanking he feels *everything* and *nothing* all at once. Like all the noise in his brain has stopped, like no one is relying on him or expecting anything from him; like he doesn’t exist to be known by anyone but Ilya.

He can’t get his words to convey the depth of those feelings so he simply replies, “Good. Safe. Like nothing else matters but you and me.”

Ilya hums, pleased with his reply, and leans over to kiss him— right under his ear where he’s most sensitive.

“I want you to feel like this all the time. Not *just* when you are naughty. I want you to be able to let go more often, to be *real* Shane—not mask Shane.”

Shane huffs a laugh. When they first started dating, he’d tried to explain the concept of masking to Ilya, who’d taken to referring to Shane’s public persona as *mask Shane.* An inside joke as much as the truth.

“We try this, okay? You are very busy lately, come home tired and *quiet*. Is not you. I think you will feel better if you have reminder that you are safe with me— that I will take stress and worries from you.”

Shane *has* been busy lately. His mom had recently secured new sponsorships for the foundation that required either, or both of, his and Ilya’s attention. Shane was available more often than not as, despite it being the off season, Ilya was team captain and his responsibilities were seemingly endless.

Being ‘on’ all the time had starting wearing on him, and listening to Ilya speak he realized that it must also take a toll on the other man to see him like this.

He can feel his eyes getting wet, gratitude and relief welling up in them as he realizes how *happy* he is, how *lucky*, to have a husband like Ilya. Who sees him struggle and finds ways to help him, to remind him why they started doing this in the first place; the promise of security and understanding and guidance.

“Oh, Shane.” Ilya murmurs, turning the others head to lay in the crook of his neck. “Is okay, you are good here, with me.”

Only a few tears fall, mostly held back, but Ilya holds him until his sniffling subsides.

“Okay, let’s try it,” he whispers into Ilya’s neck.

“I *want* to try it.” He amends, voice firmer. He and Ilya had been working on increasing his comfort with voicing his wants and desires— even from his hiding place under Ilya’s chin he can see the other man’s smile splitting his face.

A kiss to his forehead, then another and another.

“Okay. I’m so proud of you, brave boy; telling me what he wants.” He runs a soothing hand through Shane’s hair in praise. “Go change into cozy clothes, leave off boxers and pants and come back to me.”

He frees Shane from his hold with another kiss, shooing him away with his hand as he stands to do as he’s told.

In the bathroom Shane takes a steadying breath, in and out, grounding himself. He struggled with new things, with additions and modifications to his schedule, and this, no matter how willing he was to try it or how beneficial it may be, was no exception.

In therapy he’d been working on his coping mechanisms, ways to center himself when the world was out of his control. Though he didn’t tell his psychiatrist all of his worries, he *did* tell them to Ilya, who’d clearly been researching ways to help.

After it’d been explained to him, he didn’t feel as overwhelmed as he first had—coming home to the paddle waiting for him for seemingly no reason—and Shane felt ready, *was* ready, to give all his worries away to Ilya.

And to the *paddle.*

After changing into one of Ilya’s old Raiders hoodies Shane had taken to wearing around the house, he returned to their room where Ilya’d been waiting for him.

If he had anything to say about how long it’d taken Shane to get ready, he didn’t comment, smiling warmly at him as he came to stand between Ilya’s legs.

“You are okay, yes? Still wanting to try this? You can always use your word and we will go to bed instead—no questions asked.” Shane can tell Ilya’s serious, that he means what he says wholeheartedly.

Shane shook his head, “No. I want to. I don’t think I realized how much I’d been struggling until you said so. I want you to…to *spank* me and make me feel better, make me feel *nothing*.”

Ilya hums, pleased at whatever revelation Shane had come to in the bathroom to make him ask so confidently for what he wanted.

He joins their hands together, kissing Shane’s knuckles reverently. “I’m so proud of you. I think we will have to find some way to reward you after this, hm?”

Shane blushes at his words, ducking his head a little at the praise. Stomach fluttering with anticipation and satisfaction and anxiety all at once.

“Sweet boy. What is your color?” Ilya says, reaching up to brush a gentle thumb over Shane’s freckled cheek, still flushed bright red underneath them.

“Green. I’m ready.”

Ilya nods, still smiling, and helps Shane lie across his legs, getting him settled with the pillow he prefers to hide his face in during spankings.

“I have no number in mind, and no counting in your head either— I will be able to tell. No hiding in your head, just be here with me, okay?”

Shane nods against his pillow, feeling seen through— he had no idea Ilya was aware he *always* counted, even when he wasn’t told to.

He can hear Ilya pick up the paddle, solid wood being turned over in his hands, Shane’s breath quickens.

Ilya knots a hand in his hair, pulling just barely, until Shane’s head is off the pillow and they make eye contact.

“Stop overthinking. Breathe.”

Shane lets out the breath he was hardly aware that he was holding. It comes out sharp and stuttery, but Ilya croons his praises nonetheless, dropping Shane’s head gently back to the pillow.

“We start now. You *are not* in trouble. You have not been *bad.* I’m spanking you because you need it, and because I love you. Because sadness and stress and worry belong to me when you come home. Understand?”

Shane nods.

The crack of the paddle makes him jump.

“Words, Shane. Tell me you understand.”

“I understand.” He’s breathless and they haven’t even started yet.

It's been awhile since Shane had earned a spanking, he'd forgotten how bad it hurt. How *good* it felt to be held firm across Ilya's lap and have all his thoughts fade away.

"Better."

Ilya starts without further comment.

He's slow at first. Swats coming in a predictable pattern— left, right, center— in sets of three over and over. Ilya always warms him up, giving Shane time to get used to the sensation again before he really gets into it.

The paddle leaves a sharp stingy pain, unrelenting in its pursuit. Shane focuses hard on not counting, he practices his breathing instead, squirming as much as he thinks he'll be allowed —as if his wiggling will dissipate the rapidly worse burning across his ass.

Ilya is thorough, though not as severe as he'd be if this were for disciplinary reasons. He can tell when Shane's gotten used to a pattern, quickly switching up his rhythm so he's not tempted to count in order to distract himself from *feeling* this.

It's mostly silent for the first few minutes, aside from the *swoosh* of the paddle cutting through the air and the *smack* of the contact against Shane's red backside.

Ilya can tell Shane's holding back, so he props up the knee under his ass and aims directly for the delicate flesh where his cheeks meet his thighs.

He's ten swats in when he hears a sob break free— mostly buried in the pillow, muffled, but there.

"Let go Shane. Those tears belong to me, let me hear." Ilya leans forward to whisper in Shane's ear, startling a whine from him.

Thwack, thwack, thwack, thwack.

Four hits in quick succession, all placed directly over each other on his thighs are all it takes to break him. It's as if a dam is released, Shane wailing and kicking in earnest now as Ilya continues, still swatting him soundly with the paddle.

The remaining hits come fast, no discernible pattern, and placed all over— no skin left untouched.

Shane can't even remember when it stops, next thing he knows he's being cradled in Ilya's arms, being rocked back and forth more gently than he thinks he's ever been held.

His throat is raw and sore, face wet with tears and nose runny from crying. He should feel *embarrassed,* though he can't bring himself to feel it, brain fuzzy, perfectly empty and blessedly *quiet.*

Ilya was right. Of course.

Shane can't remember the last time he felt this *good*. He's not even sure he could form a sentence now if he was asked— the weight of the world, of expectations and responsibilities lifted off his shoulders, leaving only the warmth of Ilya's arms and the sound of his gentle praises.

" Beautiful boy. Did so so *so well.* So proud."

Shane can only hum in response, but it's enough.

Ilya would win a cup for aftercare if there were such a thing.

He's diligent, gently rubbing soothing cream into Shane's skin, and pulling on his softest underwear and pajama pants, knowing how he hates to be cold or half-dressed.

There's water and chocolate, dark chocolate with barely any sugar— Shane's favorite— that's materialized before him. He's not sure where it came from but he's more than happy to allow Ilya to feed him morsels from his fingers and proffered sips of water.

He comes back into himself slowly. He's wrapped in a blanket, head in Ilya's lap as he strokes his hair and reads his book aloud, quiet voice filling the space.

"Hi," Shane croaks out, throat still raw from crying.

Ilya smiles down at him. "Hi, solnishko. How do you feel?"

Shane considers his answer, Ilya waits patiently, presence assuring and comforting.

"Better. Good. I feel *good.*" He says, slow and syrupy sweet— brain working at half capacity, sleep drawing near again.

Ilya's practically beaming when he leans down to kiss him, a gentle press of lips, saccharine and innocent.

"Good. I think we will keep this up in future, yes?"

"Yes, please." He murmurs in reply, eyes fighting to stay open.

Gentle fingers brush his lids closed, stroking over his cheeks and down his ears as they go.

"Sleep," Ilya says, "I will be here when you are ready."

He does.

It's the best he's slept in a long while.

End Notes

I hope you enjoy reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it! Let me know what you think and if you have any ideas on what you'd like to read from me next- I'm always looking for feedback and suggestions!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!