

pearly whites are cared for by the devil

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by [Tizniz](#)

Summary

Ilya stands there, arms crossed over his chest, one eyebrow raised. "Please explain why dentist office called me in regards to an appointment for you."

"I have no idea what you mean, baby." Shane replies, voice thick with sweetness. "I just had a cleaning last month!"

"And now you lie to me?" Ilya shakes his head, "Disappointed."

"I am not lying!"

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Spoiler: Shane absolutely is lying. So Ilya makes him go to the dentist.

Notes

I started this because I was going to the dentist for yet another procedure (this was a month ago, all is fine) and also I've noticed a trend in this fandom that we all have collectively agreed Shane would abhor the dentist.

And to be fair...I think that's justified. It's an autistic person's fucking nightmare. I was so aware of all the sounds at that last visit. Ugh.

The dental hygienist is based off my fav from my dentists, because Kim is an absolute sweetheart and has gotten me through some tough times there. She actually does do what I have her do for Shane in this story. The dentist is also based off my dentist but a different name. He's awesome. I will never go see anyone else because he's just so *good* of a person. Plus he helped me out when I was in a lot of pain and couldn't quite afford the procedure I needed some years back. He also wore socks with tacos on them once and I've never forgotten.

Anyways. Enough rambling. Enjoy some Hollanov 

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

“Shane.”

“Dammit.” Shane curses under his breath before lifting his head and smiling over at his husband, “Yes?”

Ilya stands there, arms crossed over his chest, one eyebrow raised. “Please explain why dentist office called *me* in regards to an appointment for *you*.”

“I have no idea what you mean, baby.” Shane replies, voice thick with sweetness. “I just had a cleaning last month!”

“And now you lie to me?” Ilya shakes his head, “Disappointed.”

“I am not lying!”

“You did not go to dentist last month. Nor month before. You have cancelled last *three* appointments.”

“Well,” Shane tosses his book to the side and crosses his own arms, slouching down on the couch, “I don’t need to go. My teeth feel fine.”

Ilya’s mouth twitches at the corner as he walks further into the room, “Very funny that man who is so particular about being clean does not want to get his teeth cleaned.”

“I brush and floss every day!”

“Not the same and you know it.” Ilya singsongs, dropping down beside Shanya, causing him to wobble on the couch and fall into his husband. “You are scared of dentist.”

“Fuck off.” Shane snaps, uncrossing his arms and shoving Ilya away, not that he goes far. The other man laughs, loudly. “I am not scared!”

“Hmmm,” Ilya turns, resting his chin on Shane’s shoulder, “And how many times have you been to dentist since we met?”

“We weren’t glued together at the hip for a good chunk of time, remember? I could have gone to the dentist without you knowing.” It stings, still, remembering the time they lost but then the weight of the wedding ring reminds Shane that they have the entire rest of their lives together.

“That is not what I asked.” Ilya pokes Shane in the ribs, making him squirm. “Hollander, you are scared of dentist. Admit it.”

“No.”

“It is fine if you are.”

“I’m not.”

“But that does not mean you cannot go, *moya lyubov*.”

“I’ve been busy!”

Ilya pulls back, that judgemental eyebrow raised once again, “Shane, it is summer. We are not playing hockey. We are not doing camps yet. We are not busy.”

“But I *was*.”

“Okay, fine,” Ilya waves a hand, “So you have excuse – poor one, but excuse – for other appointments. But now they are calling *me* asking when my husband is available because he hasn’t been in for a cleaning in almost two years.”

“What?” Shane laughs nervously, “It has not been almost two years...”

“They have records, Shane. More meticulous than your grocery list.”

“Just because I organize it by the aisles in the store—”

“Stop.” Ilya groans, flopping down onto Shane, twisting so his head falls into Shane’s lap, “I cannot listen to you explain how you organize list right now. I am still tired from sex we had this morning.”

Shane chuckles softly at that, brushing his fingers through Ilya’s curls, “Only you would get turned on by me explaining how I organize my lists.”

“Not my fault my sexy husband makes boring hot.” Ilya states, winking at Shane. “And no distracting.”

“You brought up the lists.”

Ilya blows a raspberry at Shane and sits up before standing, he plants his hands on his hips and stares down at Shane. “You have appointment tomorrow at 10am. I will take you.”

Shane’s jaw drops as his husband walks out of the room, “WHAT?! ILYA!”

“This is kidnapping.” Shane states as Ilya puts the car in park and turns off the engine. They’re sitting in front of the dentist office. It’s about ten minutes until Shane’s appointment. He’s definitely pouting in the passenger seat.

“It is not. I checked.”

“You literally picked me up and put me in the car!” Shane splutters, “I’m surprised you didn’t *drug* me!”

“Debated it. We are not getting tested since it’s off season, so I could have.” Ilya says, sliding his sunglasses off and placing them on the dash. Shane gapes over at his husband. “You are very different when on drugs.”

“Anethsia from a hospital is very different from you drugging me!”

“You are also more fun.” Ilya continues like Shane hasn’t spoken, “We should get you high. I’m sure Hayes can help with that.”

“I’m divorcing you.”

“We will call lawyer after appointment.” Ilya opens his door, “Let’s go. Or I will carry you again.”

Shane glares at Ilya as his husband climbs out of the car and the glare follows Ilya as he walks around the front of the car and towards Shane’s door. Even as the door is opened and Ilya stares at him expectantly, Shane continues to glare.

It isn’t until Ilya reaches for him that Shane makes a move. He hisses and swats at Ilya’s hand, which doesn’t startle Ilya anymore, but does make him laugh as Shane unbuckles himself.

“My angry kitten.” Ilya teases, accent thick. Somehow, Shane knows his husband wanted to say it in Russian but also wanted to be sure there was no misunderstanding what he was calling Shane.

Sometimes, Shane hates him.

(Not really. Not ever.)

Shane knows he’s probably behaving childish as he stomps up to the door and yanks it open, Ilya following behind with a smile on his face, but Shane doesn’t want to be here. He wanted to be at home. Hanging out with the love of his life who *hasn’t* betrayed him.

But nope. Ilya had literally picked Shane up off of the couch, thrown him over his shoulder, and carried Shane out to the car. Which, really, Shane should have expected something along those lines when Ilya had turned down the offer to have sex Shane had given only moments before that.

Curse his husband for caring about his health, teeth included.

Shane doesn’t know when exactly he formed this dislike for the dentist, but he remembers it starting early in his life.

For some reason, going to the dentist was, well, terrifying.

A *completely normal thing*, by the way. Shane researched this, because he didn’t need yet another thing to make him even more weird.

Ilya finds it entertaining, the fact that Shane is scared (even if Shane will absolutely deny being afraid to his husband), and will tease him about it from time to time.

They've never gotten to this point though, where Ilya has to kidnap Shane (and he doubts Ilya actually looked up what qualifies as kidnapping) just to get him to go. So *what* if Shane hasn't been in a little while. His teeth feel just fine! He's doing better than a lot of others in his profession! Many hockey players – Ilya and Hayden included – have fake teeth. Shane has managed to keep all of his original ones. The dentist should be rewarding him by *not* making him come for any check ups.

“Hello,” Ilya greets the smiling receptionist. Shane glares down at his feet, arms crossed tight against his chest. “Shane Hollander-Rozanov. He has an appointment at ten?” Ilya's hand is resting on Shane's lower back, thumb moving back and forth in what is probably meant to be a comforting gesture. Shane thinks it's more to make sure he doesn't bolt.

“Wonderful.” The receptionist replies, “I'll let them know he's here. Take a seat and someone will be out shortly to bring him back.”

“Thank you.” Ilya smiles charmingly, Shane scowls, and then they're moving to the chairs to sit and wait.

Ilya doesn't bother trying to start a conversation while they wait. Shane simply sits there and glowers.

But on the inside, his chest is tight and his stomach keeps clenching. He's freaking the fuck out.

Maybe Ilya knows because he places a hand on Shane's knee (and not any higher because he absolutely will be smacked by Shane because his husband is a menace and Shane has had to have a few stern talkings with Ilya about not teasing him in public, to which Ilya had simply acted innocent.) and squeezes gently. He's also leaned towards Shane, shoulder pressing into Shane's. Offering silent comfort without drawing direct attention to the fact that Shane is having a difficult time.

At least there's no one else in the reception area with them besides the nice lady working behind the desk.

(She may be nice but she also works for the devil so Shane kind of dislikes her.)

A few agonizing minutes later, during which Shane has thought of various ways he could make a possible escape only for them to fail because his husband is quite fast and will tackle Shane before he makes it to the door, an older woman in scrubs with very kind eyes and a name tag that says *Kim* steps into the room.

“Shane?” She greets him, “I can take you back now.”

The panic and fear that Shane had been keeping tucked inside exploded out of him. “No!”

The receptionist, Kim, and Ilya all look at Shane with varying displays of shock at the outburst. It does nothing to deter him though.

“No, no, no.” Shane shakes his head, fingers curling around the arms of the chair he’s sat in, “I can’t. I can’t. I’m not—I don’t—please, no.”

Kim’s face softens as she steps further into the room and Ilya curves around to look Shane in the face.

“Hey, Shane...” His husband says softly, “Breathe, sweetheart.”

“Please.” Shane whimpers, feeling pathetic and ridiculous and absolutely terrified. “I can’t do it.”

“You need to.” Ilya reminds him, hand now on Shane’s back, “Is just a check up. Nothing scary.”

“You can join him.” Kim says and both look towards her. She’s got wrinkles around her eyes and soft grey hair that curls around her head. She really does seem nice. “You’re his husband, right?”

“Da.” Ilya replies, quickly following it up with, “Yes.”

“If it’ll make Shane more comfortable, you can join him. Hold his hand the entire time and talk to him.”

Ilya’s eyes sweep back over to Shane, “Will that help?”

“Yes. No. I don’t know. Maybe.” Shane grits out. Panic is still throbbing through him in waves but the thought of having Ilya with him does make it slightly more doable.

“I’ll also explain everything along the way, before I do anything.” Kim explains. “So if something seems like it’ll be a bit too much, we can take a moment and build up to it.”

Shane likes that, too. Knowing what’ll happen. He doesn’t like when the hygienist just sticks their fingers in his mouth. He only likes when Ilya does that, actually. But that’s a different situation.

“Can we try, Shane?” Ilya asks, pressing a kiss to Shane’s temple, “Please, sweetheart?”

“We...we can stop...any time?”

Kim nods at Shane’s stuttered question, “We’ll take as many breaks as you need. I promise.”

Swallowing thickly, Shane nods. “Okay.”

Having Ilya there does make Shane feel a little better. Same with Kim explaining everything she's going to do, in detail, and showing Shane the tools. They have to pause a few times, when Shane's breathing gets a little too erratic for Kim to work around, but overall, it's probably one of the best dentist visits Shane has ever had.

He still hates it though.

"Everything looks great, Shane." The dentist states as he finishes his portion of the check up. "Teeth are perfectly healthy."

"Does that mean I can never come back?" Shane mumbles, fiddling with the blue paper bib clipped around his neck. It's annoying against his throat and he's very much looking forward to getting rid of it.

Ilya, having stepped back to the foot of the chair when the dentist had arrived to give the dental workers room, snorts softly. "No. You will come back for regular visits."

"Your husband is right, Shane." Dr. Salzar says with an apologetic smile, "Regular visits will help keep your teeth clean."

Sighing, Shane closes his eyes and drops his head back against the headrest. "Fine."

"Kim will get you booked in for your next visit — shouldn't have to be for about six or so months."

"Thank you." Ilya says for both of them while Shane keeps his eyes closed. The wheeled stool that Dr. Salzar had been using squeaks as he stands and there's the snap of gloves before he leaves. The sound of other machines and chatter from elsewhere in the office seeps into Shane's senses and he curls his fingers into his palms.

It is more than past time to leave.

"Ilya," Kim starts as she unclips the chain near Shane's neck. He tilts his head enough for her to slide it around before dropping back down. At least the scratchy paper is gone. "Why don't you and I sort out a date that will work for you both? Then we can get you and Shane out of here."

A hand is placed on his chest and even with his eyes closed, Shane knows the touch. He reaches up and curls his fingers around his husband's wrist, listening as dates are discussed, trying to tune out the other sounds.

"Come on, sweetheart." Ilya's gentle tone has Shane's eyes opening, looking up at his husband's smile. "Time to go home."

"Oh thank fuck." Shane mutters as he climbs out of the chair.

The hygienist laughs lightly and Shane sends her an apologetic smile but she waves him off. “Don’t worry about it. We’ll see you next time, Shane.”

“Unfortunately.” He sighs, letting Ilya lead him down the hall and to the front desk.

Ilya chats briefly with the receptionist, confirming everything is covered (being a big time hockey player means some *really* good dental coverage), and then they’re stepping outside.

The fresh air and sunshine is a relief on Shane’s skin and in his lungs. He stops a few feet from the building and just takes a breath, releasing it slowly.

“Better?” Ilya asks, a slight tease in the corner of his smile.

“You are the worst husband ever.”

“Absolutely.” Ilya nods, stepping closer, their hands still joined. “The very worst. Making sure your pretty smile stays pretty.”

Shane scowls instead of smiles.

“Come.” Ilya gives his hand a little shake, “We go home and I will suck you off for doing so good at dentist.”

“Please,” Shane scoffs as Ilya continues to lead him to their vehicle, “I deserve to *at least* be fucked.”

Ilya sighs dramatically as he opens the passenger door for Shane, “You drive a hard bargain. But okay. I fuck you so good that you forget all about scary dentist.”

“Thank you.” Shane smiles, leaning in for a kiss before he climbs into the vehicle, “Maybe I won’t divorce you after all.”

“I’ll cancel appointment with lawyer.” Ilya drawls, rolling his eyes as he closes the door, muffling Shane’s laughter.

End Notes

love you.

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