

Tell Me

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Tell Me

by [thesagescribe](#)

Summary

Shane pushes himself when he's injured despite warnings from both Ilya and his doctor that he's not ready. When he disobeys, Ilya reminds him of how important he is, on and off the ice.

Notes

Shane gets himself into trouble yet again. Ilya is firm and funny and lovely. They are the best. Enjoy!

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

When Shane comes home, Ilya can immediately tell there's something wrong.

He kicks his shoes off, leaves his jacket on the floor, and his keys are thrown on the entryway table— not the hooks on the wall *he'd* bought and fussed at Ilya to use.

Ilya looks at Shane quizzically, trying to decipher if his husband is purposefully misbehaving, seeking punishment as a form of self-control, or if his behavior is indicative of a larger problem.

“Shane,” he says gently, “come here, malysh, what is wrong?”

Shane bristles, seemingly as if he's noticing Ilya sitting, watching him from the couch with an analytical gaze.

He makes no indication he's going to obey, breathing deeply where he stands, chest rising and falling steadily.

Ilya can see the moment his bottom lip begins to tremble, tears welling up in his big brown eyes as he averts them— willing his emotions not to betray him.

“Oh, Shane.”

Ilya stands to gather the other man in his arms, hiding his head in the crook of his neck.

Shane lets out a sob, tears slipping down his cheeks, soaking the collar of Ilya's shirt.

They stand like that for a while, Ilya rocking them gently, kissing Shane's temple, hands traveling up and down his back in a soothing pattern.

When Shane's calmed down, breathing even and tears all but dried, Ilya pulls back to ask him again.

“ Shane. What happened today? Bad news?”

Six weeks ago, Shane had broken his arm and dislocated his shoulder during a, frankly, vicious game against the Voyagers. They'd won, of course, which softened the blow to his pride, but the resulting surgery, physical therapy, and being benched for the foreseeable future were beginning to wear on him.

Today's appointment had gone *horribly*.

His X-rays showed the fracture wasn't healed enough to remove his cast, and the doctor ordered another three weeks of physical therapy before even *considering* a transition to a brace.

If Shane sat in the clinic parking lot screaming out his frustrations while Yuna scheduled his follow-up appointment, that was no one's business.

“More therapy. More time in the cast. *More* time off the ice.” Shane spits the words out like they physically disgust him, a scowl taking over his normally neutral, apathetic even, features.

Ilya sighs. He could’ve guessed this would happen. The break was *bad*, a long recovery time was to be expected, but to Shane, whose whole world revolves around his ability and acuity with a stick and puck, this is tantamount to *torture*.

“I’m so sorry, solnishko. I know you were expecting better news, hm? But you will get through this, is better not to rush healing.” Ilya’s voice is sweet, spoken slowly, catching Shane’s eyes. “Is okay. This is why we come to cottage. You recover, rest, come back better and *healthy*—”

“I *am* healthy! I’m ready. I won’t get better if I can’t get back out there.” Shane interrupts, flailing his good arm wildly, emphasizing his words.

Ilya crosses his arms at his chest, brow raised and mouth twisted unhappily.

“Shane. You are forgetting rules?”

Shane gulps, shaking his head in disagreement.

“I did not think so. Smart boy like you *knows* better, yes?” He waits for the answering nod before continuing. “You are *healthy* when doctor says so. Not before. You are *ready* when doctor says so. You want to ignore doctor, you will have appointment over my knee next, is up to you.”

Shane is clearly still upset, but he does know better. He and Ilya had rules. Rules they’d both agreed to and consequences for violating them.

Disrespect, dishonesty, disobedience, safety, and health—the cornerstones of their dynamic, and right now he was toeing the line on at *least* three of them.

Ilya was a firm, but fair, disciplinarian—surprisingly patient and graceful. However, Shane’s well-being was never up for debate, and his ass had paid the price countless times for his habit of valuing the game over himself.

“ ‘M sorry, Ilya.” He murmurs, gaze trained at the floor, feeling chastised and more sorry for himself than truly apologetic.

Ilya smirked at him, clearly seeing straight through him. “Forgiven. Come, lunch is ready and is time for you to take medicine and nap.”

Shane restrains himself from rolling his eyes, not willing to test his luck any further for the day.

They eat, legs tangled together under the table. Ilya hands him his medication, which he takes without complaint, and feels very content to be rewarded with the kiss pressed to his cheek.

He's loath to admit that he *is* tired, the combination of the day and his pain medicine suddenly wearing on him.

Ilya ushers him up to their bedroom, helping him out of his sling and into his pajamas. They lie down together, Shane's head pillowed on Ilya's chest, the rise and fall of his breathing lulling him to sleep.

When Ilya wakes, it's to an empty bed. In itself, this isn't unusual. Shane is a light sleeper, early to bed and early to rise—Ilya's still surprised he managed to get him to nap at all.

He grows concerned, however, when, after a trip to the bathroom, the kitchen, the living room, and the den, his husband is nowhere to be found.

Backtracking, he finds that Shane's phone is still plugged up on the bedside table, jacket and shoes still out of place by the door, and keys where they'd been left. Even checking that their cars are still in the garage despite the fact that Shane can't currently drive, having been chauffeured around by Ilya or his parents for the past month or so.

He goes to stand in the backyard, anxiously trying to catch his breath, already dialing Yuna to see if she'd come to take Shane anywhere when he hears it.

Thwack, thwack, thwack.

The unmistakable sound of a stick smacking a puck into a net. Over. And. Over. Again.

But that's not possible, he thinks, because Shane hasn't been cleared to play. Because they'd *just* discussed this hours ago. Because Shane knows what the consequences of putting himself in danger, of disobeying his doctor—of disobeying *his husband* will be.

Taking a few steadying deep breaths, he crosses the backyard to the practice rink Shane had installed years ago when the cottage was built. Opening the door, he already knows what he'll see.

There stands Shane, still in his pajamas without so much as a single pad on, holding his stick in his uninjured hand— frozen in place in his skates as he watches Ilya enter the room.

Ilya says nothing, looking at his husband, who's panting hard with exertion, face flushed red and covered in sweat, rivulets running down his neck.

Shane's bottom lip has made its way between his teeth, a nervous habit he'd never been able to break himself of.

Ilya beckons him over with a crook of a finger, face unreadable and body stiff. He leads them over to a bench against the wall, pushing Shane to sit before crouching in front of him to unlace his skates.

"Ilya," Shane begins, "I'm, I- couldn't sleep and I just kept thinking about how far *behind* I'd be by the time I'm cleared and—"

Ilya interrupts him with a look. There's an audible *click* as Shane's jaw snaps shut.

He's *fucked*.

Ilya takes his hand and leads him back into the house, up the stairs, and to their bathroom. There, he strips Shane methodically, impersonally, checking him for injuries as he goes. They shower together, Shane on the shower bench and Ilya washing him gently, holding the shower head and directing the spray to avoid wetting his cast.

Every attempt he's made to speak, to explain himself, or apologize, or *grovel* is met with that same look. Ilya is livid, and rightfully so, which Shane hates to admit to himself.

He's dried off, and Ilya stands by as they do their nighttime routines. Shane's, of course, is twice as long, and Ilya waits patiently, watching with an indecipherable look in his eyes.

They head into the bedroom, Shane's belly full of nauseous guilt and heavy with shame. Ilya dresses himself for bed, then dresses Shane in only his sleep shirt, withholding his underwear and pajama bottoms—he won't need them for this after all, by the time they're done, he may not *want them*.

Ilya stands above him, cupping Shane's face in his hands, gentle, though his words are firm.

"Hollander. I do not like repeating myself. I do not like seeing you hurt. I *will not* watch you hurt *yourself* because you worry about playing. *You* are more important than game. You are *more important than everything*."

Shane feels even worse. Hockey, being his hyper fixation, has gotten him to where he is in his career, but it's also gotten him in trouble. He'd chosen hockey over a lot, over Ilya at one point, and now he was choosing it over himself, over his *health*.

The guilt must show on his face, tears welling in his eyes, and his bottom lip trembling.

Ilya wipes the moisture from his eyes and continues. "Is okay. Don't cry, solnishko, at least not yet."

The joke startles a laugh out of Shane, and they smile gently at each other.

"This is *my* job. You feel bad, tell me. You are sad, tell me. You need to punish yourself? You feel like failure or whatever your mind lies to you about? Tell *me*. We handle together."

Shane nods as much as he can with his face still in the other man's hands. He knows better, he does. They started this dynamic to get Shane out of his head, out of his cycle of self-flagellation without forgiveness that had been eating away at him for years. And Shane had forgotten, clearly, that his husband was the man he trusted more than anyone else, trusted him with this and everything else.

"No worries, hm? I fix now. I will forgive you so you can forgive yourself."

Ilya pulls Shane to stand before sitting in his place, patting his lap, helping him lay across his legs.

“How many, malysh?”

Shane cranes his head to look at Ilya quizzically—he’d never been asked anything like this in the many, *many* times he’d been in this position, and he wasn’t sure how to answer.

“How many...spans?” He asked.

Ilya laughed out loud, as if the very notion was humorous.

“No, of course not. Is up to me how many, of course. Goals, how many goals did you make when you snuck out of bed—when you were supposed to be *resting and healing*?”

Shane knows the number. He’d rather not say.

Ilya smacks him hard across his ass.

“How. Many.”

“Twenty-five!” He yelps in surprise more than pain.

“Twenty-five is a lot of goals with one hand. Impressive. So, I think twenty-five with my hand, and five with the paddle. I like thirty— is even number.”

Shane bristles but doesn’t argue; he’d learned long ago that would only earn him more.

Their paddle, bought the first year of their engagement when they’d first started doing this, was heavy and solid wood. The holes drilled in it made it fast and aerodynamic— leaving a sharp, stinging pain that lasted for *days*. And so did the bruises it left. The paddle only came out when the safety or health rules were violated, and Shane had certainly broken both.

Normally, if the paddle was involved, Shane could expect at *least* ten swats, but he could tell Ilya was holding back because he was already injured.

"Okay, Shane. Let’s do this fast so we have time to order dinner. I think maybe we won’t want to cook after this, hm? Why are we here?”

Shane hated this part, but knew he had to be accountable for his actions if he wanted to be forgiven for them.

“Um. I broke the rules. I disobeyed you and ignored doctors' orders...and I put myself in danger to practice even though I knew better.”

Ilya rubs a gentle hand across his backside, apparently pleased with his answer.

“Good boy. You don’t need to count, keep hands to yourself, or they’ll end up with me. Understand? What is your color?”

“I understand. ‘M green.” Shane mumbles into their comforter.

Ilya begins without another word.

Hockey has made him strong, of course, hard calloused hands leaving hit after hit across Shane's cheeks as he squirms and writhes.

Shane counts mentally; he can't help himself, but by the tenth swat, he's apparently forgotten his numbers.

"Never again, Shane. Next time it will be my *belt*. You will not lie. You will listen to your doctor. You will listen to *me*." He ends his statements with hits as if they're periods, his spans punctuating his words.

Shane's crying by twenty, and a sob escapes his mouth at twenty-five. Ilya, graciously, gives him a moment to catch his breath, murmuring endearments and rubbing a gentle hand down his back as Shane calms down.

"You did so good, very proud. Just five left. Ready?"

Shane replies in the affirmative against his better judgment, ready to be held and kissed and fed and *forgiven*.

He shrieks on the first swing of the paddle, uncasted hand flying backward to cover himself, nearly caught in the crossfire.

"What did I say, hm? Hand is mine now." Ilya sighs, taking Shane's uninjured wrist in his hand, crossing and pinning it at his lower back. "Okay, naughty boy. Count last four and thank me when we're done. Will help you keep focus."

He knows the last ones are always the worst. Ilya likes to aim these at his sit spots, the place where his ass and his thighs meet, skin sensitive and delicate.

He braces himself for the pain.

It makes no difference.

Smack. "One."

Smack. "Two."

Smack. "Three." He chokes the number out, pain fresh and sharp.

Smack. "F-four."

He stutters through the last number, voice trembling with the effort, face and comforter soaked with tears.

Ilya waits a while, then smacks him *again*. Not as hard, but enough to get his attention.

Shane yelps indignantly.

"What are you forgetting?"

“T-thank you, Ilya.” He whispers, throat sore and voice strained from sobbing.

He’s pulled from across Ilya’s lap to straddle him instead, sore bottom protesting, and it comes into contact with Ilya’s thighs. He rests his head on the other man’s neck, tears mostly dried and breathing barely hitched as Ilya wraps his arms around his husband, rocking them back and forth gently.

“Good boy. You did so well.” He kisses Shane’s cheek over and over, nuzzling into the shower-damp hair at the base of his neck. “I was so worried. Woke up and you were not here, I almost called your mom. *Scared me.*” The last words whispered as if he didn’t mean for them to come out at all.

Shane hadn’t considered that. How it must’ve felt for Ilya to wake up to his injured husband nowhere to be found, worked out of his mind.

He pulls back, cupping Ilya’s face with his hand, kissing him gently, then looking him in the eyes. “I’m sorry, baby. I’m *so* sorry. I didn’t mean to worry you. I didn’t think about how that would make you feel.”

Ilya smiles, nods. “You did *not think* at all. But you are forgiven. All you will be able to do tomorrow is think about behavior. Every time you sit down.”

Shane shoves him gently, and they giggle at each other before Ilya rolls him into his belly and promises to come back.

Ilya, who takes aftercare very seriously, returns to wash Shane’s face with a warm cloth and rub salve into his hot, red backside. He winces as Ilya helps him with his underwear and pants, receiving a kiss to his forehead when they’re done.

They traipse downstairs, Ilya mostly carrying Shane, and order dinner, spending the rest of the night entangled in each other's arms.

Shane thinks he won’t mind the rest of his recovery so much as long as it’s like this.

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed 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!

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