

## push and pull

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| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Yuna Hollander</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
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# **push and pull**

by [unwell\\_babe](#)

## Summary

Shane figures going on a run despite explicit orders from his doctors and his dom can't hurt. He finds out rather quickly that it really, really does.

## Notes

all the lovely comments on my previous fic and the consensus that Shane really must be spanked more often planted this idea in my brain, and so voila, enjoy.

not beta read.

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

Shane's breath tickled the back of Ilya's neck as he pressed closer, his hands sliding around Ilya's waist from behind. The frying pan hissed as Ilya flipped the eggs with one hand, the other covering Shane's fingers where they rested against his stomach.

"You are like осьминог today." Ilya hummed, turning the gas dial down, leaning back into Shane's touch.

"Like *what*?" Shane mumbled the question into Ilya's shoulder, barely audible.

"Like octopus." Ilya translates, patting the hand that's still resting on his stomach. "Stuck to me."

"Yea, well.." Shane hummed against his skin, nuzzling into Ilya's shoulder. "You're *soft*."

Ilya feigned a noise of protest, turning around to face Shane, hands finding his hips. "I am big hard muscle man."

The new position gave him a good look at his boyfriend, the dark circles bruising the space under Shane's eyes, his lids heavy even as he grinned. Shane had taken a hit on the ice a little over a week prior, nothing major, but a bad concussion nonetheless. Ilya had gotten to take him home relatively quickly, with a strong directive of plenty of rest, limited screens, and absolutely no *strenuous* activity. Much to their dismay.

"You need a nap," Ilya said, squeezing Shane's hip, his gaze soft as he studied the freckles decorating Shane's nose.

The grin quickly turned into a soft scowl as Shane scoffed, twisting his fingers into the fabric of Ilya's shirt. "No." He pouted. "I'm not tired."

"Liar," Ilya hummed, catching Shane's chin between his thumb and forefinger, tilting his face up. "You look like you're going to faceplant into eggs I made you."

"I won't." Shane protested, letting his weight lean against Ilya. "I want to go on a walk later."

"Uh-huh," Ilya snorted, flipped the eggs onto a plate one-handed, fingers still hooked under Shane's jaw. "No strenuous activity, Hollander. I know you. Walk would turn into run. Answer is no."

Shane groaned dramatically, rolling his head back as he stepped out of Ilya's space, one of his feet coming down in what looked an awful lot like a stomp. "You weren't concerned about strenuous activity when you sucked my dick last night!"

Ilya laughed, shaking his head fondly. "*I* suck *your* dick, exactly. No strenuous activity for *you* except looking pretty. Much strenuous activity for me, swallowing all of that. Such shame I couldn't fuck you senseless afterwards, would have saved me from this attitude, maybe."

Shane made a noise low in his throat, half protest, half something else entirely, flushing a delicious shade of pink. Ilya wished he could scrape it off his cheeks and bottle it up to save forever. "Ilya-

"Eat," Ilya said, pressing the plate into Shane's hand. "Then we take nap together, or I spank you first for wanting to be naughty boy and go against doctors orders." He hummed, whacking Shane's ass with the spatula he used to flip the eggs.

-

"Stop squirming," Ilya murmured as the arm draped around his boyfriend tightened ever so slightly, his other hand scratching the back of Shane's neck gently. "You will fall asleep if you just close your eyes."

"I close my eyes when I blink, and I don't fall asleep," Shane mumbled, shifting against Ilya's chest once more, jaw cracking mid yawn, which he promptly tried to disguise as a cough.

"*Hollander*," Ilya groaned, his hand going from the back of his neck to his ass. "I can give you something to squirm about if you want? At least that will also tire you out." He warned, cracking an eye open to look down at Shane.

Shane pouted right back up at him, face smooshed from where he was sprawled out across Ilya. "No, thank you."

"Sleep," Ilya said, pressing a soft kiss to his pout before finally, he felt Shane settle, his pulse slowing until they eventually fell asleep.

-

When Ilya wakes up, he immediately notices a lack of a 190-something lbs weighted blanket on top of him. He stretches his arms out above his head with a yawn, pushing himself up on one elbow, sitting up on the couch. He rubs his hands down his face, grabbing his phone from the coffee table.

No missed calls. Three emails and a text from Yuna in the Hollander family groupchat.

"Shane?" Ilya called out, pushing himself up as he took in his surroundings. No boyfriend.

He scans the downstairs, before going up to their bedroom, wondering if Shane traded the couch in for their bed. Worry doesn't really start to creep in until he's also checked the bathrooms, and he still hasn't found him, checking his phone again. It was very unlike Shane

to leave without notice, in normal circumstances, but especially when he was still recovering from an injury. Shane isn't even allowed to drive.

Ilya peeks out their bedroom window and notices both cars still in the drive, which deepens his frown. He turns the wifi on and off, making sure he didn't miss any texts, before his thumb presses Shane's picture to call him.

Besides him on the nightstand, a phone starts to ring, Shane's phone, plugged into a charger.

"Fuck," Ilya breathes, disconnecting the call as he tries to regulate his breathing. *Be sensible. Be calm.*

He forces himself to breathe in through his nose, out through his mouth as he goes over possible options.

*Dead in a ditch somewhere-No!*

He groans, rubbing his hands down his face. No. Realistic options. His mind is racing, his heart is racing. Calling Yuna seems like a good idea. He's on the second ring when he hears the front door open and close with a soft thud.

Ilya disconnects the call, going down the stairs so quickly he's pretty sure he misses most of the steps.

Shane looks at him like a deer caught in headlights, slightly bent over from where he is undoing the laces of his shoe. He looks fine, a little flushed but not sweaty, the hair on his head a little messy.

Ilya crosses the space between them, pulling Shane up and into his chest as he slowly regains control of his breathing. Shane's shoulders tense as he allows himself to be held.

"Ilya-" He starts, just as Ilya creates a little distance between them, hands on Shane's shoulders now, down his arms, his waist, squeezing. *Checking.*

"Ilya, I'm fine." Shane's bottom lip trembles as he takes in Ilya's demeanor, the stress that's seeping out of him as he takes Shane in.

"Where did you go?"

"I-," Shane breathes, steadying himself a little as he finds himself wanting to squirm under Ilya's gaze. "I went on a walk, you were still asleep and I-"

"You left your phone," Ilya interrupts, his voice clipped.

"I forgot." Shane lies, apparently very obviously, cause Ilya's jaw squares and his brows furrow.

"*Lie.*" He accuses. "Do not lie to me, Hollander."

"I'm-" Shane's brain can't seem to think of an excuse fast enough, and Ilya's seems to be putting the pieces together.

"Did you go on walk, Shane, or did you run?" He asks suddenly, his pointer finger curling under Shane's jaw, tipping it up. "Did you leave phone cause it would track your *workout*?"

Shane's breath hitches slightly, his palms suddenly sweaty as he squirms. "I didn't-, I didn't *run*, I just walked a little *faster* but I- Ilya!" He rushes as he watches the blue in Ilya's eyes darken dangerously. "But I'm fine! I'm not hurt."

"Not yet, you are not." Ilya huffs, spinning Shane around in one rapid motion.

The first smack landed before Shane could process it, a sharp stinging smack against the seat of his shorts that made his breath hitch.

"Ow!" He yelped, caught off guard by the sudden impact, hand flying back on instinct as his hips tried to twist out of the way of another flurry of stingy spanks.

Ilya caught it easily, giving him a dozen more spanks that had Shane dance in place before he was spun back around, eyes already wet and hand flying to his bottom to rub the sting out.

"You scared me," Ilya breathes, taking Shane's wrist, then grabbing his hands, pressing his thumbs into his palms, taking another big breath.

"You are going to take shower. I am going to calm down. When you are done with your shower, you will come to our room, and I am going to give you spanking of lifetime, Hollander."

Shane whimpers, sucking his bottom lip in, the wetness in his eyes rapidly building. Not because of the promise of a spanking, but because of the genuine concern that is edged into Ilya's features. "I'm *sorry*." He manages.

"I know," Ilya says, squeezing Shane's hands. "I know. I can see. I can see you feel it in your pretty little head, your tummy." Ilya drops one of Shane's hands to gently rest it on top of his stomach. "Is guilt, Shane. Is cause you fucked up. And is not yours to deal with. I will deal with it. Trust me. You will be punished enough when I am through."

Shane manages a nod.

"Color?" Ilya asks, and Shane mumbles "Green," before he's sent upstairs with another swat to his ass.

-

Shane's heels dig into the floor involuntarily as he catches the hairbrush next to Ilya on the bed. His initial reaction is to flee, because Shane *hates* the hairbrush, and its *mean* fucking

sting. But the pit in his stomach has only grown during his shower, and he can still feel tears burning behind his eyes.

Shane grinds the heels of his palms against his eyes, willing the tears to stop, feeling a little ridiculous. The spanking hasn't even started yet.

"Come here," Ilya calls out to him, voice gentle, the earlier edge softer.

Shane blinks, hands dropping to his sides as he steps closer with a sniffle, stopping in front of Ilya's legs.

"You know your word?" Ilya asks, taking one of his hands in both of his, *pressing, grounding*.

Shane blinks again, swallowing. "Yes."

"If you need to use word, that is okay." Ilya presses, making sure their eyes are locked when he says it. "Before, or during. We stop. We deal with this different way. You are in trouble, Shane. You will *never* be in trouble for using word."

Shane nods. "Okay," he breathes, squeezing Ilya's hand back.

Ilya waits a moment, possibly to offer Shane some time to think, to see if he will use his safeword, but he doesn't.

"Color?" Ilya still checks.

"Green," Shane answers.

"Good," Ilya answers, patting his lap.

Shane drops the towel around his hips and bends over Ilya's knees, barely getting any time to settle as the first smack lands almost immediately with a crisp *\*thwack\**.

Shane hissed, hand clamping down on Ilya's ankle as the sting bloomed bright and sudden. Ilya wastes no time, palm burning against his skin, each swat landing just slightly harder than the last.

"Ow- fuck! Ah-," He whined, shifting as Ilya lit a fire across his cheeks, no pause, no chance to catch his breath, just the sound of hand hitting bare bottom with punishing speed.

Ilya switched to the sensitive spot where his ass met his thighs, and Shane whined instinctively, hips twisting to get away from the sting.

"Stay," Ilya warned, his arm tightening around Shane's waist, legs shifting ever so slightly.

"Yes! Sorry-Ooow!"

Shane's breath came in ragged bursts, tears starting to leak from his eyes as he braced for the next round of swats, toes curling. Ilya's palm cracked down again, catching his thigh in a way

that had Shane arching.

"Ilya! *Ilya, Ilya*, Ow! Ouch, I- *fuck*. I'm sorry!"

"You go against doctor Shane, one thing. You go against me? Not good. I do not tolerate dishonesty, and I do not tolerate you endangering yourself. What if you had fainted, huh? What if you had needed help and you did not have phone so we could track you, so you could call?"

Ilya's lecture didn't slow him down one bit; the spanks coming even faster now, overlapping in their intensity, each one igniting fresh fire until Shane couldn't tell where one ended and the next began.

His fingers twisted into the fabric of Ilya's jeans, a sheen of sweat at his temples as he gasped, cried, blubbered out something that slightly resembled an apology.

Ilya's grip around his waist never faltered, anchoring him to this moment in time, narrowing his world down to the searing heat in his bottom. He hadn't noticed Ilya had paused until he felt his hand rub a big figure eight up and down his back.

"Breathe,"

Shane choked on his inhale, sputtering a second before he tried again, *in* and *out*.

"Color?" Ilya asked again, and Shane couldn't suppress the whine that came with the question, the implication.

He knew what was coming next if he didn't end this by giving Ilya any color that wasn't green, and it was very tempting. His ass was already blazing. Shane wasn't certain he'd ever sit again. But his head was still noisy, and the ball of guilt in his stomach hadn't completely dissipated.

"G-green." He blubbered.

Ilya hummed softly in approval, angling Shane's torso slightly downward, his backside high and exposed, and with that, the hairbrush came down in a volley of swats. Sharper, lower, and Shane yelped, toes curling against the floor.

Shane's entire body tensed when Ilya moved to his sit spots, a white-hot line of pain stealing his breath as a fresh wave of tears crashed over him. Each stroke precise, calculated to land where he was most sensitive, lighting up his ass in a way that made Shane shout.

"I know," Ilya hummed, landing a mean series of swats just *there* as Shane writhed. "That's the spot, isn't it, Малыш? Almost done."

Ilya's hand splayed across the small of Shane's back, holding him steady as his legs kicked, the dark pink across his ass and thighs blooming into proper red wherever the brush struck.

Shane's response was a wet gasp, going limp over his lap, breathing ragged, utterly spent.

"Good boy," Ilya murmured, pressing a kiss to the small of Shane's back. Letting the brush fall to the floor as Shane choked on a sob, body stuck between pushing into the praise and never ever fucking moving again.

Ilya's palm returned to his ass, softer now, massaging the burning skin in slow circles that made Shane whimper all over again, wet gasps leaving him.

"You're okay," Ilya murmured, warm fingers carding through his hair. "All done, Малыш. All done, Shane. *Baby, you're okay.*"

A fresh wave of sobs hit him, his shoulders bowing forward as Ilya pulled him upright, folding him into the space between his collarbone and his heartbeat. Shane's fingers dug into the fabric of Ilya's shirt, twisting it tight.

Ilya let him, held him, holding him tight, wrapping around him like a weighted blanket, rubbing slow circles into his lower back.

"Shhh," Ilya soothed, lips grazing the shell of Shane's ear, and Shane melted into the touch, breath hitching.

Here was just this, the solid weight of Ilya's arms around him, the quiet praise that was being murmured into his ear, and the steady unraveling of something sharp into something soft. The guilt swept away.

When Shane's breathing returned to semi-normal, Ilya gently tipped him back, hands cradling his face with unbearable tenderness.

"Ow," Shane whined, barely catching the faintest smile on Ilya's features before his hands brushed his hair off his forehead, pressing soft kisses to the skin there.

"I know," Ilya hummed. "You did so well, so good for me." The praise settled deep, warming Shane from the inside out.

He got another soft kiss before Ilya pressed a bottle of water against his lips. "Drink," Ilya ordered softly, and Shane obeyed, the water washing away the thickness in his throat.

Shane didn't have the energy to protest when Ilya told him he was going to get some aloe for his ass, sharply reminded of the way he would probably never sit again when Ilya carefully laid him down.

He twisted onto his stomach almost immediately, his hand balling into a fist to rub the last of the tears out of his eyes.

"Fuck," He gasped when Ilya's hands returned to his ass, the cooling greater than anticipated, eliciting a jerk.

"Easy," Ilya breathed, working the salve in slow circles that gradually widened. The aloe slowly seeped into the burn, allowing Shane's shoulders to relax, his eyelids fluttering shut as

the tension leaked from his muscles.

When the ache had dulled to a warm, throbbing hum, Shane felt lips brush the dimple above his ass, a quick kiss before Ilya wiped his hands on his jeans.

"Done."

Shane's hips shifted, and he quickly turned his face into the pillow to hide his smile, but Ilya caught it anyway, pressing a kiss to his jaw.

"No strenuous activity." He reminded Shane with a smirk, earning himself a whine muffled by the pillow Shane had pressed his face into.

Ilya laughed, crawling onto the bed, hoisting Shane up with him until he had him sprawled across his chest, his fingers carding through his hair.

"I love you." He said, cupping Shane's face. "More than life, Shane. Don't leave like that again."

Shane blinked, keeping his gaze on Ilya's. "I love you too, I won't." He said earnestly. "Maybe I will get you a tracking device for your birthday, mostly for my sake. Cause I don't want to risk another spanking like this."

Ilya's lips curled into a soft smile, thumb brushing across Shane's freckles. "Yeah?"

"Yeah." Shane hummed, a soft sigh leaving him.

Ilya's hand went back to Shane's hair, scratching slowly and hypnotically, while the other hand traced idle shapes along Shane's spine.

"You're okay?" It was a question this time, but really, Ilya knew the answer from the way Shane's muscles had gone liquid against him.

Shane hummed, pressing a kiss to the inside of Ilya's wrists, and let his eyes drift shut.

## End Notes

hope you enjoyed as much as i enjoyed writing it.

i will take any thoughts in forms of kudos and comments, i will also except kudos in the form of Thrills soap gum. yessir.

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