**he built a fire (just to keep me warm)**

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# he built a fire (just to keep me warm)

by phototrophs

Summary

> “What if I spank you?” Ilya suggested, entirely serious and far too nonchalant Shane nearly stopped breathing.
>
> “What?”
>
> “I spank you, get rid of guilt.”

Or, Shane still feels guilty for lying to his parents about everything despite their talk going well. Ilya helps him through it by proposing an unexpected solution.

Notes

First HR fic! Personally, I'm still at the cottage so what better to do than write hollanov smacks! (I just needed an excuse to spank Shane tbh and the cottage gave me the perfect opportunity. So.)

Enjoy :)

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane's heart wouldn't stop racing.

The… *talk* with his parents had gone about as well as it could have gone given all the "*what-if's*" swarming his head before driving over. They were—save for the very understandable initial shock—accepting, and Shane would go so far as to say that they were *happy* for him.

Everything was *fine*. And yet, the pit in his stomach only continued to grow.

Shane could tell that he was on the verge of another panic attack. He gripped the wheel so tight his knuckles turned white, eyes laser-focused on the road ahead of him as he drove on autopilot back to the cottage. The only thing keeping him from fully freaking out all over again was the steady presence next to him.

But that still wasn't enough to fully calm him down.

"Shane?" Ilya said, pulling him out of his own thoughts when he made no effort to get out of the car and just sort of sat there.

"Hm?" Shane replied, shaking his head in a desperate attempt to snap out of it. "Oh, right."

"Out, yes?" Ilya deadpanned, eyebrows arched in that infuriatingly unimpressed way. "Cannot waste time sitting in the car. We have three hours or we will—what's the word—ah, *traumatize* your parents if they show up no warning."

Shane couldn't help but snort, though the mention of his parents, unfortunately, killed whatever hard on he was on the way to. He still felt bad for lying to them, and the weight of that guilt was insistent, burrowing itself in his chest and refusing to go away.

"They promised they'd text," Shane joked halfheartedly, taking a deep breath before mustering all his strength to get out of the damn car. It shouldn't have taken that much energy.

Ilya followed suit, walking up behind him and interlacing their fingers together as they headed inside, the simple gesture eliciting a genuine smile out of Shane.

Almost immediately, Ilya had Shane pressed against the nearest surface, kissing him like his life depended on it. *This should be a good distraction*, Shane thought—because it was both difficult and rare to not be in the mood for sex with Ilya, which explained why he was always embarrassingly horny when they were together—but even as the kiss deepened, Shane couldn't fully get lost in it like he normally did.

Ilya, ever the observant partner, seemed to have noticed that something was wrong and immediately paused. Of *course* he did. And if Shane wasn't so overwhelmed with this suffocating new wave of anxiety that randomly decided to tackle him headfirst, he would've taken a moment to admire and gush over Ilya's attentiveness.

"Shane?" Ilya pulled back, one hand moving to cup his jaw. Concerned eyes swept over Shane's face, scanning, the softness in Ilya's eyes almost enough to make tears well up in his

own. “Hey, hey. *Shane*. Is okay. Tell me what’s wrong.”

Embarrassed, Shane tried to look away, but Ilya’s grip remained firm on his face. “I-I don’t —” he paused, not quite sure how to put into words the way he was feeling. “I still feel bad,” he whispered, clinging onto Ilya’s shirt for dear life.

“Bad?” Ilya questioned, leading them both to sit on the couch.

“Guilty,” Shane clarified, burying his face into Ilya’s side. “For lying to my parents. It won’t go away and I’m still kinda freaking out about it all, and I know you said we’re all good here, but I just—I don’t *know*.”

“Ah,” Ilya hummed noncommittally, “I understand.” His hand moved to run his fingers through Shane’s hair and massage his scalp soothingly. It felt nice. “They forgive you, though,” he said after a while, “You should forgive yourself.”

If only it were that simple.

Shane let out a deep breath, content to just curl up against his boyfriend’s side and let himself be pet like a cat. But the uneasy feeling that was the guilt wouldn’t stop eating away at him, and it was driving him insane just simmering in it.

“Yeah, but—I lied to them for *years*, Ilya,” Shane muttered, not quite able to get over it. “Just because—just because they’re okay with it now doesn’t erase the fact that I did it.”

The room fell into momentary silence, the both of them seemingly deep in thought. Then, Ilya turned to face him, a contemplative look on his face before he said, “You trust me?”

Shane paused. Not because he *didn’t* trust Ilya, but because he’d never actually thought about it before, and he realized then just how much he trusted Ilya. Shane didn’t trust many people, but he trusted Ilya with his *life*. “Of course,” he said without hesitation.

“What if I spank you?” Ilya suggested, entirely serious and far too nonchalant Shane nearly stopped breathing.

“*What*?”

“I spank you, get rid of guilt.”

Shane laughed nervously, shooting Ilya a skeptical look. “You want to spank me? To get rid of my guilt?" he repeated slowly, almost incredulously. The suggestion seemed ridiculous. Spanking was supposed to be something kinky they did in bed, or, on the other end of that spectrum, something sharp and corrective—none of which seemed to be what Ilya was getting at here.

“Yes,” Ilya shrugged. “You will keep thinking about it otherwise. If you can’t forgive yourself, let me take care of it for you.” The hand in his hair continued to move, comforting him while Ilya gave him space to think about it.

Shane sighed. He couldn’t believe he was seriously considering the offer, unusual as it was.

Maybe Ilya was right. It didn't hurt to try—or well, it *did*, if his poor butt had anything to say about it. But he was just about desperate to stop feeling bad, and he'd be lying if he said he wasn't a little bit curious to see if it'd work. So if there was a chance that this might help, he was willing to try it.

"Okay," Shane said softly, decision made. He still didn't quite understand how having his ass smacked would give him anything other than a hard on. But well. He'd find out soon enough.

Ilya didn't respond verbally, just slid his hand down to his neck and squeezed in a way that Shane always found grounding. He leaned down and pressed his lips against Shane's temple and said, "Come lie over my lap. Whenever you are ready."

He was used to having Ilya take charge in the bedroom, vaguely aware of the little power dynamics at play despite never really reading further into it. But this was something else, and it almost felt scarier.

Not wanting to prolong it, and because the anticipation was just adding to the tangle of knots in his stomach, Shane stole one more kiss before carelessly draping himself over Ilya's lap. He wriggled around, trying to get comfortable in the unfamiliar position, only to squeak in surprise when Ilya hooked his fingers in the waistband of his pants and boxers and tugged them both down in one smooth motion.

"Ilya!" Shane protested, hands flying back to try and tug them back up unsuccessfully.

"Don't act like you are shy, Hollander," Ilya teased, patting Shane's—now bare—butt lightly. "I have seen this beautiful, gorgeous ass so many times. Will look even more pretty with my hand prints."

"*Ilyaaa*," Shane repeated, mortified, feeling heat rise to his cheeks at the words, "That's different," he huffed. Because really, it *was* different. Yeah, Shane had absolutely no problem being naked in front of Ilya—hell, he wasn't even fully naked right now—but being bare ass up over Ilya's lap somehow felt far more vulnerable than being fully naked to fuck.

"Relax, Shane."

"Easy for you to say when you're not the one about to be spanked!"

"Uh-huh," Ilya replied, and Shane could practically hear the smile in his voice, not an ounce of sympathy in there. "But you need to relax or it will hurt more. Trust me."

And wasn't *that* reassuring.

Still, Shane's heart nearly burst at the unmistakable kindness in his tone despite the situation; how Ilya was always making sure he was okay, and comfortable, and checking in in his own ways. It wasn't the best time to marvel at how caring of a partner Ilya was, but how could he not when his *boyfriend* was amazing?

Shane took a deep breath, trying to calm himself down. Ilya hooked his free hand around Shane's waist and stroked the bare skin of his hips with his thumb soothingly. "You tell me to

stop, I will stop. But I think this will help," Ilya said softly, "I will start now, okay?"

"Yeah," Shane breathed out, the anticipation quickly growing unbearable because he literally had *no* idea what to expect considering he'd never been spanked before. And then the first swat landed, and it was fine. A quick sharp sting, yes, but nothing too bad. And then the second, and the third, and the fourth landed, and the smacks kept coming in a way that made Shane gasp and want to get away from the bite.

Look, he'd expected it to hurt, obviously, but this was pain he wasn't quite familiar with. He'd felt the pain of bruises on ribs, fractures, sprains, cuts—endured his fair share of common injuries that came with being a hockey player—but nothing compared to the burn that was quickly building on his backside. It wasn't unbearable, no. But it certainly fucking hurt.

Ilya kept a steady rhythm, alternating cheeks, apparently dead set on lighting a fire on every single inch of his bottom. It was getting much harder stay still with the way the swats came down hard and fast, and Shane couldn't help the way he squirmed and winced and whimpered. But Ilya kept going.

"Ow, fuck!" Shane yelped at a particularly painful hit, trying to wriggle away. Unfortunately, Ilya had a pretty solid grip around his waist. "*Ilya*, oww!" he drummed his feet on the couch, making a conscious effort not to kick his legs wildly, because this *hurt*, dammit!

Just when Shane didn't think it was possible for it to hurt more, Ilya started targeting the swats lower, right where his butt met thigh, and somehow, it hurt worse there. Especially on his upper thighs. Shane's breath hitched, the bright, hot, sting getting to a point where the control he loved to cling onto was quickly fraying.

"Doing so well, sweetheart," Ilya murmured, but the swats didn't slow down. His ass was on *fire*, and Shane, embarrassingly, found himself sniffling, partly at Ilya's words, and mostly at the pain. "Let it out."

A choked sob escaped Shane's mouth, like he was waiting for Ilya to give him permission to let go, and it was just like that the floodgates opened. Tears spilled hot and fast, his world quickly narrowing to the feeling of Ilya's hard hand on his throbbing backside, the only thing he was able to focus on.

He'd expected it to get worse from there, but it didn't. Instead, the pain shifted into this warm, fuzzy feeling, something akin to being wrapped in a soft blanket, comforting and deep. The tension bled from his shoulders, and he found it easier to breath despite the heaving sobs with the tightness in his chest suddenly gone.

He felt so much lighter.

Shane had no idea when Ilya had stopped spanking, but the next thing he knew, he was being scooped up and cuddled in big, strong, arms. Tender kisses were peppered on Shane's temple, sweet nothings in Russian murmured in his ear.

Finally, when Shane's sobs died down, Ilya pecked his lips. "Feel better?"

Shane nodded. “Thank you,” he whispered, burying his face in the crook of Ilya’s neck. “I love you, but my ass fucking hurts, you asshole,” he bit out, unable to help it, though there was no real heat behind the words.

“I love you, but I don’t have weak backhand. Unlike you,” Ilya said, a smug grin on his lips. “You will probably have hard time sitting for dinner, and I do not feel bad for you.”

Right. Why didn’t he think of that. His parents were coming over for dinner, and he was about to embarrass the hell out of himself by shifting around in his seat! Or give them the wrong idea and *really* traumatize them as Ilya had said.

“*Ilya*!”

Ilya only chuckled, patting his butt.

It might have been an unconventional solution, and his ass really did fucking hurt. But he felt so much better. He’d have to thank Ilya properly later.

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

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