Liar Told You This.

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Liar Told You This.

by thesagescribe

Summary

Shane hasn't gotten a physical in years, and it may affect his ability to play. Ilya is loving and firm, Shane is anxious; they get through it together.

Notes

I don't know what is possessing me, but I'm obsessed with these two, and I love putting Shane in uncomfortable positions. Ilya is the soft dom of all time. I hope you enjoy reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it!

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya entered their home calmly despite the irritation he felt under the surface.

The NHL had strict rules regarding player health and safety, which included regular physicals and a comprehensive vaccine schedule. It was up to coaches, and their captains, to make sure all players were up-to-date and paperwork was appropriately filed and turned in in order to keep players in compliance and ensure that teams were able to compete.

One would think that Shane Hollander, hockey prodigy, who was by all accounts diligent in every aspect of his life, would be on top of this- lest he jeopardize his ability to do the thing he loved most in the world.

Despite popular belief, Shane was an excellent liar when he wanted to be. Never outright untruths, of course not, but loopholes and misdirections that left you believing *exactly* what Shane wanted you to.

Probably one of Ilya's favorite things about his husband. Except when it was used against him.

Shane was sitting at their kitchen island, glasses perched on the end of his nose, typing away at his computer. If Ilya weren't so mad, he'd find it sexy- endearing to come home and find him domestic like this.

Shane turned his head to smile at Ilya briefly in greeting before turning back to his work. Ilya took his hand and closed the other man's laptop.

"What are you doing, Ilya?" Shane was confused but laughing, he knew wearing his glasses often distracted his husband, but there was work he needed to attend to before he could entertain the whims of his, frankly gorgeous, partner.

"Hollander," Shane's face paled, realizing immediately he was in some sort of trouble, "Do you know what these are?" Ilya waved a handful of documents around before handing them off.

Shane took the papers, eyes flitting across the pages, and his face flushing with embarrassment as he read.

"Well…this must be some sort of mistake. Or, uh, a clerical error. You know, nationals are horrible with keeping track of stuff like this." Shane stammered through the unconvincing argument, looking like he'd rather be talking about anything else.

"Shane Hollander. Do *not* lie to me. You are out of compliance with medical records for past *three years.* They are threatening to *suspend* you *and* the team from playing next season if this isn't taken care of by next week." Ilya is practically seething- a combination of anger and disappointment that his husband has been repeatedly neglecting his health.

Shane is well and truly upset, hating to be chastised by anyone, but especially not Ilya. He's chewing the inside of his cheek guiltily, avoiding eye contact, and trying to make himself as small as possible.

Ilya notices, because of course he does, and sighs deeply. “Come,” he beckons, wrapping Shane’s trembling form in his arms and kissing his temple. “I’m sorry. I know this is…a lot for you, hm? My baby all by himself and afraid.” Ilya understood Shane deeply, knew his fear, his phobia, of anything related to doctors- but knew that despite his desire to protect and coddle him, this was in his best interest.

“I just- I made the appointment, and then I kept rescheduling them, and then eventually I canceled them altogether. Every time I thought about going, I…I couldn’t breathe, couldn’t make myself go.” Shane was speaking barely above a whisper, as if confiding some deep, dark secret. “I’m sorry…I don’t want you to be mad at me. I hate that I’m like this.”

He paused, a sob catching in his throat, stopping him mid-sentence. “Shh, malysh. You’re my good boy, even when you make mistakes that make me want to punish you,” Ilya said sincerely, his words genuine but gentle. “You know you can come to me with this,” he gestured between them, “when you are afraid, and we will handle together.”

Ilya put his hands on Shane’s shoulders and pushed him back gently, putting some distance between them so he could look him in the eyes.

“ We are going to doctor today. I called on the way home to make appointment. This needs to get done, this *will* get done, and you will be so good and so brave like I know you can be.” He watches the way Shane’s face contorts. Clearly, he didn’t expect his day to go this way, and Ilya can see the excuses, the pleas, forming in his mind from where he stands.

“This is not argument, Shane. This is for your health and to make sure you can play, that the team is not disqualified, I know you do not want that, hm?” Shane shakes his head. He *doesn’t* want to be the reason the team he’s grown to love so much can no longer play.

“Good. We will go to doctor,” Ilya lifts Shane’s head by his chin with firm fingers and a firmer grasp, “ And when we get home, I will spank you for *lying* and for not taking care of what’s *mine*. We fix this…guilt you feel. All will be forgiven.”

Ilya and Shane had been engaging in this particular power exchange for quite some time now. Shane needed to feel good, needed to know he belonged to someone who would keep him accountable with praise and discipline. They’d both flourished, taking care of each other in this way, and it was helpful in times like this, where Shane was nearing a panic attack or a meltdown, to know that Ilya would take the weight of decision-making off of him. Shane wanted Ilya to choose what was best for him, letting him take charge.

“Tell me you understand, baby. Don’t go hiding in your head.”

“I understand,” Shane affirmed, voice barely above a whisper.

They move to the couch, no reason to rush with a few hours before their appointment, and Shane feeling too overwhelmed to return to his work. Ilya turns on a docu-series Shane had been watching lately and pulls him to sit in the cradle of his lap. Shane relaxes incrementally, allowing his husband to pet his hair and soothe him. Ilya, happy to see the tension bleeding

out of him, rewarded his compliance with gentle, absent-minded kisses, tucking Shane's dark strands behind his ears that were still bright red at the tips. The warmth of obedience, of rules and expectations, washed over Shane, leaving him in that floaty sort of headspace where he felt most free; where all he had to do was *obey* and know that Ilya would take care of the rest.

Shane was still in his own world as Ilya dressed them in their outerwear and led them to the car. Ilya felt *powerful* knowing that taking care of his husband this way could make him feel so secure, could reassure him through things that terrified him. He kept Shane's hand in his own the duration of the drive, rubbing soothingly over his knuckles with gentle pressure.

By the time they were heading into the office, Shane had become more aware of his surroundings, surroundings he decidedly didn't want to have anything to do with. He dug his heels in the blacktop of the parking lot- Ilya turning to look at him, where their linked arms strained at the distance between them.

Ilya leveled him with a look that made his stomach drop, already nauseous with anxiety, and the knowledge that he had *lied* to his husband- had disappointed him.

"Shane. You know I will carry you if I have to, yes? Up to you."

Shane nervously chews his lip, irritating the sensitive skin he often abuses when he's anxious. He's not actually considering those options. Aside from the supreme embarrassment he'd feel being hauled into the doctor's office like an unruly child, he *knows* that his husband would follow through, and Shane would rather not push his luck any further for the day.

Ilya is still watching expectantly, looking no more than a few minutes from throwing Shane over his shoulder and marching up to the receptionist with his whiny cargo in tow. He closes the distance between them, untangling their fingers and placing his hand on Shane's lower back, effectively ushering him toward the door.

Once inside, he deposits Shane on a chair furthest from the entrance. He'd already learned from Shane's last trip to the dentist that he *would* attempt an escape if given the opportunity. "Stay." He murmurs into Shane's ear, and hands him a three-month-old copy of Sports Illustrated he spots strewn on the low table in front of them. "I will check you in, you can read about how much better we are than everyone else in league." Shane huffs a laugh, but makes no moves to read the magazine, instead watching Ilya talk to the man at the front desk.

Ilya returns to sit next to his husband, whose leg is bouncing up and down at an impressive speed. He drops a large palm over the other man's knee, stopping the motion, snapping him out of whatever anxiety-induced haze he'd worked himself into in Ilya's absence. "Breathe, Shane," he instructed, nodding encouragingly as Shane inhaled deeply, then let out a stuttery breath. "Good boy," he whispered so only they could hear, loving the flush that colored his cheeks at the praise. Ilya rarely intervened when Shane stimmed, knowing how the repetitive motions brought him comfort and allowed him to self-regulate, except when he could see them feeding a burgeoning panic attack. He slung his arm around Shane's shoulders, bringing him close enough that Shane could drop his head on Ilya's shoulder while they waited.

“Shane Hollander?” A voice called. Shane all but squeaked, and Ilya stood up and, taking advantage of his husband’s shock, grabbed his hand, leading them toward the nurse who guided them to the exam room.

It had been years since Shane had been to the doctor for himself, but he’d been to this particular sports medicine clinic with Ilya numerous times, and many of the other Canadian players were frequent patients.

He sat on the crinkly paper of the exam table and zoned out as the nurse took his vitals, answering her questions quietly, nodding or shaking his head when verbalizing wasn’t required. Ilya looked pleased with him from where he sat, and his approval kept Shane grounded.

Before long, the doctor knocked at the door, entered, and introduced herself as *just* Jane- no title, which made Ilya snort and set Shane at ease somehow.

“Mr. Hollander, it’s been quite a while since you’ve been examined last. The league is fairly strict about medical records…not sure how this went unchecked for so long.” Jane mused, genuinely curious, with no malice or accusation in her tone.

“Nevertheless, we’ll get you taken care of today. I see we have a few vaccinations you’re behind on, and we’ll get some blood work done while you’re here- get it out of the way,” she gestured non-commitally with her hand, as if she hadn’t just listed all of Shane’s worst fears in one sentence.

A look must’ve crossed Shane’s face, because Jane’s face came into view, concern etched across her features. “Mr. Hollander, everything okay?’

Ilya, bless him, answered for him. “He is autistic and suffers from anxiety. Not big fan of doctors, not fan at all of needles. Overwhelming.”

Jane nods her understanding, looking sympathetic. “That’s completely understandable. This can be a lot for anyone. Let’s make sure to document that in your chart so we can remember for the future.” She wheels back over to the computer to do so and asks, “Have you ever fainted while getting injections or having your blood taken, Mr. Hollander? We like to keep track so our nurses can take better care of you during those procedures.”

Shane nods, and she presumably takes note of his answer.

They move through the exam slowly, Jane taking her time explaining what she’ll do, asking permission before touching him, and waiting for Shane to be comfortable before moving forward. By the end, he’s feeling much less tense, comfortable with someone who's intentional about providing care that meets him on his level, rather than rushing through an appointment that leaves him feeling touched out and nauseous.

He’s in perfect health, of course, though Jane does scold him gently- referring to his diet as “*too restrictive*,” which makes Ilya look at him with his patented ‘*I told you so’* glare. Then, Jane is washing her hands to take her leave. She shakes hands with Ilya, smiles and waves at Shane, and leaves, letting them know a nurse will be with them shortly.

Ilya moves to stand closer to the exam table, taking advantage of the empty room to kiss Shane's cheeks, across his nose, and down his neck until he's squirming and giggling.

"So. Proud. Of. You." Ilya tells him, punctuating each word with another peck. "My good, brave boy. On best behavior, hm?" Ilya's grinning; he knows better than most how hard it is for Shane to work through his fear and overwhelm- and even though he *is* going to spank him when they get home, his pride outshines his earlier outrage.

The moment is interrupted by a knock at the door, and a nurse who introduces himself as James makes his way into the room with a handful of items strewn on a metal tray. All of Shane's previous mirth dries up immediately as James walks him through the procedure. His voice is gentle and kind, but Shane's having a hard time focusing on anything at all.

"Mr. Hollander? I'm gonna have your partner stand here," he directs, and Ilya follows, "right in front of you. If you cross your arms across your chest, he can hold you close, that way I can get to your shoulder safely, and if you're feeling a little faint, you won't fall over."

Shane is intimately familiar with the position James is describing. Yuna and David took turns throughout his childhood restraining him in the 'hug hold' for many a vaccination.

Ilya gathers him in his arms as instructed, one arm looped across his upper back, and the other in his hair, holding Shane's head to his belly, effectively pinning him. Ilya is speaking to him softly, mostly Russian nonsense, and the combination of rumble in his voice in Shane's ear and the tight pressure of the hold is enough to comfort him.

"Alright, Mr. Hollander," James begins, "I'm gonna wipe your arm with the alcohol and then two pokes; the flu shot and your tetanus booster. Are you ready?"

Shane is *not* ready, but he nods jerkily and gasps at the cool sensation of the wipe. James, who must be an expert or some sort of vaccine magician, injects him with both shots in quick succession and doesn't comment when Shane yelps in pain and surprise. The bandages, decorated with cartoon bears of all things, go on next, then James gently rubs his shoulder. "I know it doesn't feel nice, but it helps the medicine disperse better. I'll be done in just a second."

Some tears have fought their way past Shane's waterline and down his cheeks, soaking into Ilya's shirt. Ilya kisses the crown of his head, telling him they'll be done soon, and Shane tries his hardest to believe him.

"We're all done with that, just the blood work, and we can get you on your way."

Shane holds in a whine, just barely.

"I heard you've fainted giving blood before, so I'll lay the exam table flat. If you feel faint, don't worry. Just stay as still as possible for me, and we'll be done before you know it."

Ilya releases Shane from his hold while James reclines the table, then puts a gentle hand on his chest, pushing him backward until his head hits the paper.

James is equally quick with the prep work, tourniquet on, and arm wiped methodically. Shane, who can't help himself, is gawking at the arm Ilya has so helpfully pinned for James to work on, making his own stomach turn at the thought of being stabbed. Ilya turns his head away gently, and the needle goes in immediately afterward- Shane's grateful he wasn't watching.

He's woozy, but doesn't faint, and is in a daze as they leave. Ilya stops at the receptionist to schedule his physical for the upcoming year, and if Shane had any strength at all, he'd find himself annoyed at his husband.

The car ride back is a blur, and they're home before he knows it. Ilya deposits him on the couch and heads to the kitchen to make lunch. Shane dozes comfortably, coming down from the stress, anxiety, and blood loss that occurred in the past few hours. They eat together and huddle together on the couch afterward to enjoy their favorite form of entertainment, watching replays of other teams and critiquing-*making fun of*- their skills.

Shane is well and truly tired by the end of the day. Ilya had headed to clean up for bed first, and Shane trailed behind after running the dishwasher and checking the doors.

While Shane had forgotten, the events of the day were far more present in his mind than whatever conversation had preceded them; Ilya had not. When Shane enters their bedroom, he finds Ilya sitting on the edge of their bed, waiting for him, arms crossed across his chest and a fond look on his face.

"You did not think I forgot, hm?" Ilya asks, lips quirked in what's almost a smile, "Come. Let us get this over with so we can sleep. I know a very good boy I'd like to kiss and cuddle tonight."

Shane drags his feet but complies. He knows better than to try and delay this, a lesson learned the hard way.

Ilya helps him across his lap, pulling down his sweatpants and boxers until his bare ass is on display. In any other situation, Shane might find himself turned on, but presently his stomach feels heavy with guilt and shame.

"Why are we here, Shane?" Ilya inquires- this is Shane's least favorite part.

He struggles to put his words together, but they've both agreed the reflection is an important part of the catharsis Shane gets from this, so he gives a meager reply about lying and neglecting himself that Ilya must find sufficient.

"Good boy. I think ten is enough, yes? You don't need to count. Just be still, keep hands to yourself."

Shane must nod, or at least he thinks so, because the next thing he knows, there's a burst of fresh pain across his backside.

He counts mentally, a tool he uses to keep himself present, and he's proud to say he keeps quiet through the first five swats. But he knows his husband, and the following smacks make

him gasp and squirm. Number six earns a whine.

Seven a sob.

By the eighth hit, he's crying in earnest, throwing his hand backward to shield his abused bottom. All that gets him is his arm twisted and pinned at his lower back.

The ninth and tenth hits are aimed at his thighs, just under the crease where his ass meets his legs, and he knows sitting tomorrow will be uncomfortable to say the least.

Then, Ilya- the *asshole*- smacks him again. Probably the hardest of them all, leaving Shane wailing into their comforter, his feet kicking like a tantruming toddler.

"Shh, shh. You were so good for me, baby. All is forgiven." Ilya has gathered him into his arms, Shane straddling his lap as he rocks them back and forth slowly until his crying has slowed to gentle whimpers.

"You *bastard*," he warbles wetly into the crook of Ilya's neck, "that was eleven. You said ten."

Ilya throws his head back in a laugh, eyes lit up with glee. "Yes, and I also said keep hands to yourself, no? One more for that *weak backhand* you pulled."

Shane is pouting, which Ilya loves, so he kisses him. His pouty lips, his ears, his neck, his freckled cheeks, just like he had at the doctors, until peals of laughter erupt from him.

While Ilya is gently rubbing cream into his sore backside, Shane thinks distantly that Ilya may be as good at aftercare as he is at hockey- and the thought makes him laugh.

Ilya feeds him bites of trail mix, making sure to give him all the morsels of chocolate he can find, and makes him drink an entire bottle of water before tucking them into bed. Though they normally spoon, Shane lays on his stomach tonight, for obvious reasons. Ilya mirrors his position, throwing an arm across his lower back and kissing his forehead.

They've turned their heads to face eachother, lying so close that the tips of their noses are touching. Ilya watches with a gentle smile on his face, rubbing circles into the dips at the base of Shane's spine until he drifts off. Ilya follows shortly after, content knowing that the person he loves most in the whole world is safe and happy and *healthy*- right there in his arms.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Comments please!! I love your feedback and knowing I'm not the only one going insane over these two.

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