

Punish

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Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
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Punish

by [Caraphernellic](#)

Summary

Shane punishes himself after the Voyageurs lose a game. Ilya saves him from himself.

Shane liked to punish himself.

He liked order. Rules. And when all of his strategic planning didn't go his way, he punished himself. It was the only way to repent. It was one of the rules.

Tonight, the Voyageurs had lost. Shane was the Captain, so it was his fault.

Another reason for his punishments was Shane's *reaction* to things that were out of his control or did not go according to plan. He tended to spiral, which also made him angry at himself. He should be able to handle things like a normal person, by bending instead of breaking. However, he's never been like that, as far back as he can remember.

Tonight, after his subsequent spiral after the game, his punishment is a cold shower. A *freezing* shower. He sits in the bottom of the walk-in shower at the Montreal apartment building he rents out, the one he usually meets with Ilya at.

He didn't deserve to go back to his real home.

He's been sitting here for a while, staring at nothing and letting the cold pellets of water pelt him over and over. He can barely feel it anymore.

"Hollander. *Shane*." A voice says. Shane looks over, through the glass door. Oh. Ilya is here. The shower door opens and he reaches in, then recoils when the water hits his arm.

"Hollander, this water is freezing!" Ilya looks horrified. He hurriedly turns the handle to off and cups Shane's cheek. "Why are you in freezing shower?" His palm is big and warm, and Shane doesn't deserve it. However, he's also not quite present enough to resist. He also hasn't found his words quite yet. They're locked up tight somewhere between his brain and his mouth.

Ilya's hand smooths his soaked, chilly hair back. "How long have you been here?" He asks. Shane doesn't answer, he can't. Ilya pulls him up gently by his elbows and tugs him out of the shower. Shane can't be bothered to be embarrassed by his nakedness, besides, they've seen each other nude and in compromising positions many times by now.

A fluffy towel is grabbed off the hook on the wall and wrapped around Shane. Then a smaller one is used to scrub his hair. Ilya wraps his arms around him after, pulling him tight into his chest even though he's still wet and freezing. Shane shivers violently against him. "Is okay. Is okay now." Ilya murmurs. He pulls Shane out into the bedroom gently by the hand. Sits him down. Takes the spare clothes out of the closet and dresses him in them with care. Socks. Boxer briefs. Sweatpants. A plain t-shirt and then a hoodie.

Shane doesn't think he deserves any of it. He's not sure if he finished his punishment sufficiently.

Ilya kneels back down in front of him and rests careful palms on his knees. "Hollander."

Shane looks at him.

"You should not ever do that again."

Ilya doesn't understand that he has to.

He gets up and Shane can hear him moving around the kitchen. He stays put, staring down at his socks. Ilya returns with a blender bottle filled with water and one of Shane's electrolyte packets. He shakes it overzealously and then hands it to Shane.

"Drink."

Shane drinks it diligently. He doesn't want to disappoint Ilya more than he already has. He's already been so bad today, he can do something right.

“Good job.” Ilya says softly when Shane hands the now empty bottle back to him. It makes Shane feel the tiniest, tiniest bit better. Like he’s chipping away at the dark aura that’s enveloped him, choking him on its tendrils. It feels like maybe at least one of them has loosened.

Shane looks up at Ilya, begging him with his eyes. Silently begging for more chances to be good. Maybe Ilya sees it in him, because he looks back, seemingly contemplating something.

“Go clean up bathroom.” He finally says. A task. Something for Shane to do. Perfect.

He gets up woodenly and goes back to the bathroom. He wipes up the wetness on the floor with one of his dirty towels. Then he puts all of the towels in the hamper. Shane uses his squeegee on the glass door of the shower. All of it is done pretty much without thinking, like his brain has been replaced with cotton candy. Soft and distant. Uncomplicated.

Ilya peeks into the room. “Good.” He says approvingly. Another vine inside Shane’s chest loosens. “You need snack.”

No. Shane doesn’t deserve a snack. However, Ilya is in charge.

“Come.” Ilya tugs him by the hand to the kitchen. He sits Shane down while he cuts up some fruit. Bananas, some strawberries, the single kiwi left in Shane’s fridge. It looks good all mixed together in the bowl, but Shane needs...something. He stares down at the food stupidly, then back up at Ilya. He hasn’t found his words yet.

Ilya cocks his head. He reaches in, plucks one of the slices of banana, and offers it to Shane. Yes. That’s what he needs. Somehow, Ilya just knows. He always knows what Shane needs.

Shane takes it from Ilya’s fingers with his mouth. Ilya smiles at him after. They go on this way for the entirety of the bowl. Then Ilya pushes it toward him. “Wash.”

Shane washes the bowl plus the unused fork for good measure. He puts them on the drying rack, then looks over his shoulder at Ilya. Ilya beckons him over. He puts his warm, solid hands on Shane's shoulders and looks at him carefully.

"Is okay to lose game." He says quietly. "Is not okay to be mean to yourself after." Shane wants to instinctively hunch in on himself.

"I'm sorry." Oh. His voice is back.

"Don't be sorry to me. Be sorry to you." Ilya says gently, so gently. He presses a lingering kiss to Shane's forehead. Shane leans forward when he pulls away, to hide his face in Ilya's collarbone. A minute or two passes like this when Ilya speaks again. "Shane?"

Shane pulls back to look up at him.

"Do you do that a lot?"

Shane hesitates. He shrugs.

"Do you do...anything else?"

This time, Shane flinches, and pulls away. "It's not like that." He spits harshly. But maybe, it is.

"Please tell me." Ilya says, his tone almost a beg.

"It's nothing. Sometimes I take really hot showers instead. Or I skip a meal." He says, not meeting Ilya's eyes.

Ilya nods. “Next time, you call me. I decide what punishment is.” He says definitively. “It will be fair, but it will not be...hurting you. Do you understand?”

“Yes.” Shane says automatically. In a way, it’s like a weight has been lifted. Someone else is in control, someone he trusts. Maybe, just maybe, he doesn’t have to spiral next time.

“You feel better now?” Ilya asks, some of the confidence gone out of his tone now.

“Yes.” Shane says honestly. The vines are stripped away from his ribcage and he can breathe again. He still feels disappointed at losing the game tonight, but it’s less sharp, more distant. “Although...you didn’t really punish me.” He points out hesitantly. Ilya had him do some tasks, but it wasn’t really the same.

“You already punished you.”

Shane and Ilya end up in his bed, but fully clothed. Shane lays his head on Ilya’s broad, tone chest and allows the other man to trace lazy patterns on his spine.

“Ilya?”

Ilya makes a soft noise to show Shane he’s listening.

“Thank you.”

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