

let me love, let me help

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Summary

Shane Hollander is anxious. He thinks he might have been tense since the day he was born, and it shows. He's constantly rolling his shoulders or massaging some limb that he just can't rid of soreness or tension.

He is Shane Hollander, of course, so he's seen the best massage therapists that money can buy, but nothing ever seems to stick. He'll get a week or two of relief, but he'll always feel the tension seeping back in. It's always worse when he has more interviews or shoots, which makes it obvious to Shane that he needs to cut back, but it isn't that simple.

Notes

we up. its fluff time and time for me to project my shoulder pain onto my newest blorbo :]

Shane Hollander is anxious. He thinks he might have been tense since the day he was born, and it shows. He's constantly rolling his shoulders or massaging some limb that he just can't rid of soreness or tension.

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He is *Shane Hollander*, which means that he has a lot of people counting on him. Not just his family, but his entire team, his fans, his sponsors. In short, Shane has too fucking much on his plate, even if his mother manages a good portion of the behind-the-scenes stuff.

So, eventually, Shane Hollander learns to live with it. He learns to go through his life with constant, nagging, almost-pain. His parents still ask, of course, but he lies that he's been managing it fine. He ignores his teammates' questions as to why he's always massaging his shoulders. He smiles and stacks up the gift cards for massage therapists from Hayden and Jacki.

When Shane sees Ilya, it's actually worse. With the positions his body isn't used to and the added stress of being discovered piled onto his shoulders, Shane actually considers seeing a doctor about his pain. But he doesn't. He doesn't have a good reason not to, he simply figures that he's tried everything, so what could a doctor do but confirm his worst fear: it isn't going to get any better.

Ilya doesn't know anything about Shane's shoulders—besides the fact that they're absolutely gorgeous—until he mindlessly starts massaging Shane's shoulders while they're at the cottage.

Ilya doesn't exactly know why Shane stops in the middle of slicing an onion and hangs his head over the counter, but he figures that a little shoulder massage couldn't hurt.

"Shane," Ilya says. He places his hands on either of Shane's traps and begins kneading them gently.

Shane takes a deep breath and groans slightly.

"The onion is making you cry?" Ilya teases. He starts to move his hands, intending to hold Shane's waist, when Shane's hand shoots up to keep Ilya's hands in place.

"Keep, uh, keep doing that," Shane says. "Please."

Ilya thinks then that this is some sort of *massage with a happy ending* fantasy, and he won't say no to that. "Of course," he says.

Shane rolls his neck left and right, making little noises of approval as Ilya kneaded his traps. "Harder," he says.

“Ah, so this is massage fantasy, hm?” Ilya says, his voice low in Shane’s ear. “I can do harder, *much* harder.” He digs a thumb into Shane’s muscle and relishes the satisfied noise it brings.

Shane exhales for a long moment. “Not...not necessarily sexy, my shoulders just hurt.”

“Is from when Marleau hit you?” Ilya asks. He works a thumb up from the middle of Shane’s back, all the way up his trapezius, and presses firm circles into the base of his neck.

“No, they...” Shane trails off, sighing. “Fuck, well, they’ve kind of always hurt,” he says quietly.

Ilya’s face screws up in confusion; his brow furrows and lips form a pout. “Always? Why you have never told me?” He continues his massage, determined to help Shane feel better as best as he can. “You have told doctor, da?”

“Yes and no. Nothing’s ever helped for very long, and it’s so expensive to get massages—” Ilya cuts him off.

“You can afford. You built this cottage, why you will not see massage person about this?” Ilya asks. His tone is so genuine that it makes Shane feel a little bit guilty.

“I...I don’t know. I can’t give you a good reason, Ilya. I feel like my shoulders have been hurting since I was born, and I guess I just have to live with it,” Shane says. Now that he says it out loud, he understands how fucked up it sounds. Shane Hollander, just giving up on himself.

“I do not think that is true,” Ilya says. He pauses his massage for a short moment to turn Shane to face him; taking him by the waist and spinning him gently around. He replaces his hands on Shane’s shoulders and sees him visibly relax. “You are professional athlete, there are people who have entire career in helping you not feel pain.”

“I guess,” Shane says weakly. “I just...I don’t want it to be a big deal. I don’t want to have a problem, so if I stop thinking about it, maybe it just goes away.”

“Is kind of a big deal to me,” Ilya says. “You are always in pain?” Ilya takes a hand and brushes Shane’s cheek with his knuckles.

Shane can feel tears pricking at his eyes. He nods quickly, sniffs, and tries to turn around and finish slicing the onion laying on the cutting board.

“Not so fast,” Ilya says. “Come here to me.” Ilya pulls Shane into a hug and allows Shane to rest his head in the crook of his neck.

Shane bites his lip, still holding his tears back. He can feel them dampening Ilya’s shoulder, but that doesn’t mean he won’t still try. He is Shane Hollander, and he doesn’t need to cry over his shoulders hurting. “I’m fine, Ilya,” Shane says, his voice trembling in spite of itself.

“You are not,” Ilya says. He says it so confidently that it breaks Shane.

Shane Hollander is not alright, and he doesn't know what to do about it besides cry, so that's what he does. He lets himself cry on Ilya's shoulder, all while Ilya tenderly pushes and kneads at his back.

Ilya Rozanov does not consider himself a soft person, but Shane makes him wish he was. He kisses the side of Shane's head and brings his arms up and around Shane's back. He presses his fingers into Shane's skin and prays that Shane will find relief. He doesn't know if god hears him, but he knows that he will do what god cannot—he will do everything in his power to make Shane feel better.

Ilya mutters reassurances and affirmations to Shane and peppers kisses wherever he can reach. "You're okay, *milaya*, everything will be alright," Ilya whispers. He squeezes Shane tight—something he had discovered calmed Shane down a couple seasons ago.

I love you, Shane mouths into Ilya's shoulder.

Ilya almost says he loves Shane too.

Shane picks up his head and wipes his eyes, then nods. Ilya holds Shane's chin with two fingers, gives him a short kiss, and looks him up and down.

"Feel better?" Ilya asks. He's still idly kneading at one of Shane's traps, searching Shane's face for a reason to keep doing so.

"Yeah." Shane takes a deep breath in, holds it for a second, then exhales. "Yeah, I do," he says.

"Do you want more of...this?" Ilya asks.

"Would you?" Shane almost pleads.

Shane's tone coupled with the look in his eyes makes Ilya feel like he's been shot. "Every night," Ilya says. He doesn't mention that, soon, that will mean every few months. "And maybe you should see doctor."

Shane smiles and kisses Ilya again. "Yeah, maybe I should," he says. "Before that, I should make dinner."

Ilya's eyelids flare a bit wider. "Yes, dinner is good. Do you need help?"

"I don't think so," Shane says. "But would you change the laundry over?"

Ilya pouts slightly. "Not as fun, but yes," he says. He gives Shane a final kiss on the top of his head before setting off to the laundry room.

Shane's shoulders don't feel much better, if he's being honest; he's back to rolling his shoulders and pinching his traps sooner rather than later, but he thinks he might try a little harder to fix that.

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