

put your back into it

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put your back into it

by [cmere](#)

Summary

"I have been thinking."

Shane lifts his head off the pillow only as much as necessary to turn his face toward Ilya. Ilya continues to trace nonsensical lines and shapes on Shane's bare back, leaving a trail of tingles in his wake.

"Hmm?"

"I have been thinking. I think I will retire at end of season."

Shane and Ilya are turning 40. Things are changing. Shane's not handling it well.

Notes

HAPPY BIRTHDAY STEPH! I'm so glad I've gotten to know you this past year! Thank you for being a wonderful friend and fountain of endless romance recommendations <3 ILY

My first foray into posting HR fic!! I hope I have done the boys justice. If you're not familiar with a Roman chair, you might want to google it now. Russian speakers, please forgive my google translating ass.

Many thanks to railmedaddy, shes_gone, and reallycorking for reading this over for me! <3

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

"I have been thinking."

Shane lifts his head off the pillow only as much as necessary to turn his face toward Ilya. Ilya continues to trace nonsensical lines and shapes on Shane's bare back, leaving a trail of tingles in his wake.

"Hmm?"

"I have been thinking. I think I will retire at end of season."

The words take a moment to sink in. Then, Shane bolts upright in bed, the covers flying off.

"You what?" Shane can feel his eyes wide and wild, a flush rising in his cheeks. "You can't be serious."

"Moy dymokhod." Ilya is speaking gently, which is how Shane knows his reaction is not what Ilya was hoping for. "You are turning forty next month. I am forty month after. Is time to think about this, yes?"

"No fucking way. We're both healthy, we're still playing well—why the fuck would you retire?"

"Healthy?" Ilya takes Shane's hand, holds it to his chest. "You had surgery last year."

"That was nothing—"

"I see trainer more than I see you during the season."

"But—"

"And," Ilya interrupts, "we agreed we do not have time for kids while we are still playing."

Shane's heart hits his throat.

"I want kids. And I want my kids to know Anya."

Shane opens his mouth again, but nothing comes out. He can't argue with that, but it hadn't even occurred to him that they were anywhere near acquiring actual live children. It always felt like some hypothetical future they would figure out when they were ready. But if Shane's honest with himself, he's not sure he'll ever be ready to give up hockey.

"I am not saying you have to retire with me—"

"We're supposed to retire together," Shane argues. "In what universe would we not retire together?"

"—but I want you to know I am serious about this."

Shane can't imagine not playing hockey. But he can't imagine hockey without Ilya, either.

There's a long, still pause. Shane reaches for Anya at the end of the bed, burying his fingers in her fur. She flops contentedly, nosing into his thigh.

"Okay," Shane says. The word wants to catch in his throat, but he pushes it out. Ilya squeezes his hand.

"Is long season. Lots of time to get used to it."

"I'll never get used to it," Shane grumbles. Then he finds himself being forcibly pulled down on top of Ilya, thrown off balance. "Hey!"

"Come here," Ilya says, as though Shane had another choice. He kisses him hard. Anya delightedly jumps on top of them, wiggling her snout between their faces and adding her own kisses. They break apart, breathless and laughing.

"Chimney?" Shane says absentmindedly. Ilya's smile widens.

"Ochen' khoroshiy," he says, then pulls Shane back down to meet his mouth.

—

Shane has just pulled the blender out after arranging all the ingredients on the counter when Ilya appears in the doorway.

"What are you doing?" Ilya complains. "It's early."

"It's nine A.M." Shane methodically drops handfuls of fruits and vegetables in the glass jar.

"What even is this?" Ilya crosses the kitchen and picks up two canisters of the new supplement powders that arrived yesterday.

"It's a smoothie."

"Is not your normal smoothie."

"They're just extra vitamins or whatever."

"Did you buy this online?"

"I did research." Shane's cheeks burn. He hates when Ilya interrogates his food choices, and somehow, Ilya always fucking notices when he decides to do something different. "It's fine. It's safe."

"Did you talk to nutritionist?"

"I will, I just wanted to start first and see how I feel. It's supposed to help with, like, rejuvenating youth cells or whatever."

"Sweetheart." Ilya sets the canisters back down and cups Shane's face. "We have talked about this. Nutritionist has told you. You don't need any of this extra mystery powder. What if it has

the bones of dead babies?"

Shane's eyes roll, but his hands still on the counter. "Jesus. It doesn't have the bones of dead babies. It's third party tested."

"Who is third party? Satanic demon?"

"Stop." Shane turns his cheek into Ilya's palm, moving closer to him without thinking. His eyes fall closed, hands finding Ilya's shirt.

"I thought you said no threesomes."

Shane squeezes Ilya's waist to avoid punching him instead. Ilya's lips touch his temple. They breathe like that for a moment, neither one speaking.

"You are perfect as you are." The words are murmured into his skin. Shane's heart constricts so hard he thinks it's going to stop all together. He can't bring himself to say anything.

What if it's not enough?

—

"Birthday boy!"

Despite having woken up too early in a cold sweat, Shane can't help smiling at those sing-songy words in the familiar Russian accent. He does one more rep on the bench press, then settles the bar back down.

"Hi."

"What are you doing down here?"

Shane sits up, gestures around the gym. "Isn't it obvious?"

"Is your birthday. I wanted to wake you up with blowjob." Ilya sounds a little whiny. Shane usually loves it when he sounds like that, but he can't quite shake the mist of foreboding surrounding him today.

Forty years old. He can't fucking believe it. It feels like yesterday that he was drafted to Montreal. That Ilya was coming to his hotel room for the first time. He always thinks of his *parents* as in their forties. How did he get here?

"Couldn't fall back asleep, so I thought I'd do something useful."

"Getting your dick sucked is useful."

"You could spot me so I can take more weight. That would be useful."

Ilya rolls his eyes, but he walks across the room. He's wearing nothing but boxers, his hair a mess, pillow creases on his cheek. Shane is smiling again.

"What?" Ilya straddles the bench in front of him.

"Nothing." Shane's smile grows.

"Happy birthday, Shane." Ilya leans forward and kisses him. He tastes minty.

"Thank you," Shane says against his lips. "Can you put another 25 on each end?"

"I thought we would have relaxing morning," Ilya complains, even as he stands and approaches the rack loaded with extra weights. Shane lies back down on the bench and closes his eyes.

Forty. Forty. Forty.

Clanks echo around the room as Ilya completes his request. Ilya says, "This is too much weight, Hollander. You do not need to do this much."

"I want to," Shane argues. His eyes fly open. "C'mon."

Ilya looks like he wants to argue back, but he finishes loading up the barbell, then stands behind it.

"Only because you are birthday boy."

"You can stop reminding me of that."

"You can stop being a brat."

Shane ignores him, placing his hands on the barbell above. "Spot me."

Ilya's hands hover below the bar as well. "Bossy brat. I have techniques for dealing with this."

Shane lifts the barbell. It is...heavy. Possibly too heavy. It's more weight than he's ever bench pressed before, but it's good to push yourself sometimes.

Right?

You can do this, he lectures himself. He lowers the weight to his chest as slow and controlled as possible. There's definitely an excessive amount of blood rushing to his face. Ilya looks concerned, face swimming above him.

"Breathe, Hollander."

His arms trembling, Shane inhales, then pushes up on the exhale. He did it! He fucking benched more weight than he ever has before. Forty can't stop him.

He starts to lower the barbell to his chest again when his arms go from shaky to loudly protesting to limp noodle in rapid succession. "Help—Ilya—"

Ilya swiftly grabs the barbell and helps Shane lift it back up. The heavy thud of the weight landing on the rack sounds like failure. Shane's bottom lip starts to tremble against his will.

"Don't say anything," he mutters, squeezing his eyes closed and pressing his thumb and forefinger into them. All he's proven with this stupid exercise is that he's a fucking forty-year-old loser who's probably on his way out. It doesn't matter what he's accomplished throughout his career or the trophies and accolades he's built up. When he's retired, he'll have nothing. He should have just stayed in bed and gotten a blowjob.

The part that's frustrating him the most, he thinks, is that Ilya is always fucking right.

"I was not going to say anything."

"Really?" Shane says sarcastically. He flings himself up into a sitting position. "Just go back to bed."

"No. You want to work out, I will work you out."

"What?"

"I will train you. You don't need to work on upper body anyway. Was stupid exercise. You need core. Get on the Roman chair."

"I hate the Roman chair."

"Yes. Is why you have weak core." Ilya cocks an eyebrow.

"Fuck you," Shane shoots back listlessly.

"Chair. Now. Facedown with ankles locked. One of my favorites." Ilya grins.

Shane follows the instructions without thinking, hooking his ankles to steady himself and settling his hips across the padded bar. He shakes his arms out, glad he can at least control them again.

"Good," Ilya says, coming to stand beside him. "Show me straight line."

Shane works to lengthen his body so it's held perfectly straight in the air at a 45 degree angle. He crosses his arms over his chest. A finger runs down his spine; Shane shivers.

"Is it good?" he asks, voice a little scratchy.

"Perfect, Hollander," Ilya murmurs in his ear. He kisses the skin just behind it, then Shane's cheek, then comes around to kiss him soundly on the mouth. Ilya curls a hand behind his ear, holding him for a moment. Shane's body, despite being held in a controlled posture, relaxes into itself. His breath comes easier.

Ilya kisses him once more, then returns to Shane's side. He presses a palm flat against Shane's lower back. "I want extensions. Keep this steady." He scratches lightly. Shane blinks, trying to ignore the very different signals now firing in his body. "Slowly."

Shane inhales as he bends at the hip, lowering his upper body until he's staring at his feet. Then, he exhales, drawing himself back up.

"You always compromise core. Too far. Keep flat. One."

Shane tries again, ensuring his whole back stays as flat as possible.

"There. Now back up. Good. Two."

Shane flushes with pride at the praise for his improvement.

Ilya counts him to five before Shane feels his fingers hook under the waistband of his shorts and tug down.

"What are you—"

"Is all part of the plan, Hollander. Keep counting. Very nice."

Shane blinks, but continues with the extensions, counting out loud. His ass is exposed, cool air skating across it. He hears Ilya's footsteps, but he's focusing too much on keeping his form perfect to try to figure out where he's going or what he's doing. Shane gets to eight when the feel of a slick finger between his cheeks makes him jump.

"Jesus, Ilya—"

The finger is inside him before he can think. He lets out a breathy noise that's not at all related to the exercise.

"Tight," Ilya murmurs. "Continue."

Shane does another extension, but this time, he can feel the way the muscles of his ass contract around Ilya's finger with the movement.

"Very good, Shane." Ilya slips another finger in. Shane's face is on fire. "Give me one more."

Shane does one more, but the pressure in his ass now is making him tremble in an entirely different way.

"Ilya, can I—can I take a break?"

"From extensions or fingers?"

"Extensions."

"Yes. You may relax."

Shane allows himself to slump forward over the pad, eyes rolling back as Ilya's fingers curl up at the same time. He groans, hips twitching.

"Relax," Ilya repeats, kissing near the back of his hip, then down his ass. His fingers slip out, but Shane can hear the sound of the lube cap popping open again. He shivers, pressing his

eyes closed tight. He can't even remember what he was trying to do down here in the first place; all he can think about is the sensations Ilya is drawing from his body.

Ilya must be on his knees. Shane can feel skin, the tickle of leg hair against the outside of his calves. Ilya kisses down the back of one thigh, then up the other. There's a sharp sting at the feel of his teeth sinking into Shane's ass cheek, which elicits a moan. After more kisses, Shane finds himself being spread open, senses Ilya standing up behind him, recognizes the blunt head of Ilya's cock at his hole.

"Oh," Shane says without thinking, gripping the handlebars of the machine desperately all of a sudden. Is Ilya really going to fuck him like this? Will he even be able to fit with how close together Shane's legs are? He tries to spread himself a little wider, but he doesn't have much room to keep his ankles hooked in with the machine.

"It will fit," Ilya says before pushing forward. It's slow but smooth, and with the position Shane is in, he's never felt more fucking full by the time Ilya's hips are pressed to his ass. His own erection, fully coaxed by all Ilya's careful, intentional touch, is pushed up uncomfortably against the padding of the Roman chair, but the pressure feels good, too.

Ilya rocks back and forth a few times, finding the movements he needs to make this work. Then, he says, "Okay. Begin again."

"What?" Shane nearly gasps.

"Extensions. Now."

"I don't think I—"

"You can. Show me, Shane. Show me you are the best."

Shane groans, but he rearranges his posture, straightening and lengthening his spine again. He crosses his arms over his chest. Then he lifts himself back up just as Ilya pushes back inside.

"Oh god," Ilya groans, and Shane can understand why, because the way his glutes tighten makes Ilya feel ten times bigger inside him. He's so full he can barely breathe. "One."

"You can't—"

"Another."

Shane is compelled by Ilya's command, as always, to lower his body again as Ilya pulls nearly all the way out. Then he rises up again and the pressure against his prostate makes him feel like he's going to black out.

"Fuck, Ilya," Shane chokes out. "Two."

"So good, Shane." Ilya's voice is thready, like he's barely holding on. "You're so strong."

Shane is already moving to complete another extension. The physical sensations are almost overwhelming, but he does feel strong, being able to do this while Ilya undoes him from the inside out. His thighs are trembling. He must be leaking all over the machine, but he can't think about that now.

"Three."

They get into a slow rhythm of fucking like that until Shane's muscles feel like they're going to explode and his cock is pulsing with every slow thrust. Right when he wants to tell Ilya he can't take it anymore, Ilya says, "Okay, Shane. Relax. You are incredible. Nobody can do what you do."

Shane's heart flutters as he allows himself to rest over the padding again, bringing his hands to the handles for support. Ilya starts fucking him again, in earnest this time, finding a real rhythm with Shane laid out over the Roman chair like it's meant for this purpose alone.

"You are the best. Even after all these years, everyone is still chasing you."

Shane wishes he had a pillow to press his face into. He's embarrassed and pleased and overwhelmed with sensations, both physical and emotional, with everything that Ilya is giving him. Only Ilya can make him feel this good while he's so fucking *exposed*.

"Even me. Especially me. But I long ago discovered I will never catch up. You are the best, Shane Hollander."

"Fuck, Ilya, I can't—" Shane's dick is rubbing against the padding and Ilya is nailing him with every thrust.

"You are perfect. Perfect at hockey and perfect for me. No one else can see you—like this. Have you like I do." Ilya is gasping for breath between words.

Shane comes with an intense, choked out cry as Ilya's thrusts turn erratic. Pleasure reverberates through his exhausted muscles, extending out to the tips of his fingers and toes, leaving liquid warmth in its wake. Ilya's groan behind him is long and loud as he stills. Shane can feel the heat of Ilya's release inside him.

"Oh my god, Ilya." Shane is struggling to catch his breath. He honestly can't believe that just happened.

"Well done, moya lyubov'." Ilya pulls out carefully, rubbing Shane's lower back. As he comes down, every muscle in his body starts screaming like he just played all sixty minutes of a game with no breaks. Right now, Shane feels like he could. Which, he realizes, is exactly what Ilya was trying to make him understand.

"Give me one more." Ilya's voice is a low growl. He's still panting.

"No fucking way."

"One more. Need to see something."

Shane groans, but he puts himself back into position. Ilya's hand massages his ass. As Shane pulls himself back up, his glutes contract, and Ilya's come drips down his thighs.

"Oh, god," Ilya says, and before Shane can say anything, he feels Ilya drop back down to his knees, then Ilya's tongue on his thighs, cleaning him up.

"Fuck, fuck," Shane says, trying to keep himself in position, but he's genuinely not sure he has anything left to give.

"So good. So perfect." Ilya is murmuring nonsense praise between wet kisses and licks, finding his way up to Shane's ass and squeezing his cheeks apart as he attacks Shane's wide open hole with his mouth. Shane collapses again, feeling even more wetness seep out of him at the change in position. Ilya is licking and licking, pressing inside, circling and curling his tongue. It feels so fucking good Shane wants to die. It's the kind of feeling only Ilya can evoke from him—not just physical pleasure, but being so sweetly tended to, cared for, desired.

"Ilya. Ilya. Please, I need—"

"Yes, come. Come here." Ilya holds Shane's hips as he unhooks his ankles and slides off the Roman chair. It's a good thing, because Shane physically collapses into his arms. Ilya pulls him to the ground, into his lap, holding him.

"I love you. I love you," Ilya keeps murmuring in Russian, full of unrelenting kisses to Shane's neck and jaw, soft touches to his hair and thigh.

"I love you," Shane says back once, then drops his head to Ilya's shoulder, pressing his forehead into Ilya's cheek. His entire body is wrung out, absolutely exhausted, but it feels like he flipped a car, like he summited Mount Everest, like he can accomplish fucking anything.

They stay like that for a while, Ilya rocking Shane gently, giving him the time he needs to come down.

"Forty is not so bad, yes?" Ilya finally says. Shane sighs.

"You wouldn't know. You're still young."

"I expect birthday blowjob, all right? None of this shit."

"That can probably be arranged. I'll hire someone." Shane pulls back to look at Ilya, the familiar face he loves so much. Crooked nose, crooked smile, dark stubble, and more lined than it used to be, but it only makes him look more ruggedly handsome.

Ilya smacks him. "Your mouth, Hollander. And I can train you anytime you need, if Centaurs are not doing enough."

Shane snorts. "Yeah, no one there is fucking me while I exercise, that's for sure."

Ilya fake gasps. "This is huge gap in your training. No wonder you are concerned about stamina. I have—"

"Shut up, Ilya." Shane snuggles in closer again. Ilya kisses his forehead.

"Happy birthday, Shane."

End Notes

Comments and kudos make my day! Thank you for reading <3

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