

don't wanna break it (just want it to bend)

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by [h0lyground](#)

Summary

Shane does yoga. Ilya helps.

or, pushing your body to its limits is kind of erotic

Notes

This was inspired by something my yoga teacher said that lit up the BDSM part of my brain so...sorry queen.

I've tagged this with free use since I feel like that is how their relationship functions and because I think TPE would be good for them so take that however you like re off-screen/implied consent etc. Set in some nebulous post-s1 time I guess.

Title from Lunch by Billie Eilish.

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

When your body is in pain, your brain doesn't know the difference between safe and unsafe, it doesn't know it's not in danger. Yoga is about controlling your responses to pain, managing your body, your breath, and your emotions so your brain understands that pain is not a dangerous thing and that it is succeeding in keeping the body safe.

Shane's current yoga teacher is a middle-aged British woman called Priti who offers her students cups of green tea and mysterious homemade remedies and adores making them hold excruciating positions for minutes at a time whilst reminding them about the importance of honouring your body's needs. Shane loves her. She understands that sometimes you have to be kind to your body, and sometimes you have to tame it. And she once said that Ilya seemed like an absolute darling, when he came to pick him up from the studio wielding Anya and a green smoothie, and that Shane was lucky to have a boyfriend with such broad shoulders - so of course Shane loves her.

Sprawled out on the outside deck of the cottage, following one of the flows she taught the previous week, he loves her a little less. Ilya makes fun of how wrecked he is after her classes, says Shane ought to be able to handle exercises that the little old ladies in town can do, but he remembers Ilya's thighs shaking after Shane had walked him through some of the positions. Although that could have been because Ilya had then held him up against their bedroom wall and fucked him until he cried, whispering about how fucking hot he had looked coaching him, which Shane tries not to think about too much.

He stretches out into child's pose before beginning the next flow, the tension in his hips loosening and noticing the soft slide of his chest against the mat as he lets his forehead sink down, his hands reaching out in front and the length of his spine pulling taut.

He had lost his shirt somewhere between coming into the kitchen to make his afternoon protein shake and Ilya fingering him open over the island, other hand alternating between grabbing at Shane's chest and hooking behind his teeth to keep his mouth slack, unable to stop himself from panting and drooling as Ilya pried him open. He only managed to persuade Ilya to let him keep his sweats afterwards because of his well-earned paranoia of his parents coming over unannounced and the desire for a modicum of plausible deniability over what him and Ilya get up to when they're alone. As punishment, Ilya hadn't allowed him to blow him after Shane had cum across the countertops, had spit in Shane's open mouth and pulled his sweats up, groping his ass as he walked away.

He feels more than sees Ilya prowl up behind him as he pushes himself into downward dog, his hips hinging up to push his ass into the air, his thighs straining to hold himself perfectly still as Ilya trails a hand up his ribs, forcing shivers down him as his cock valiantly attempts to harden again, as if they haven't been playing this game all day.

"Ilya-", Shane begins, arms starting to tremble, and Ilya moves away, fingers dancing up his spine before pulling off completely. He hears Ilya pad across the decking and the careless thump as he drops himself onto the sofa, out of sight.

"Carry on, my love, I would not want to interrupt your *practice*." He says the last word with a hint of sarcasm, borne of multiple lectures from both Shane and Priti about the value of

yoga in prolonging an athletic career. He flips open one of Shane's hockey books, left on the armrest the previous night when Ilya had decided a fire-side makeout-*cum*-handjob would be more edifying for Shane than a 'boring Canadian's memoir about his sad boring life after hockey'.

Shane has the good grace to pretend that Ilya's actually absorbing any of the words as he feigns reading with rather more attention than Ilya's ever given anything that didn't involve making Shane embarrassed, making Shane cum, or a combination of the two. He also really wouldn't mind being allowed to finish his flow before Ilya gets bored of this charade. He folds through his Vinyasa, allows himself to relax into the stretches, the niggles and twinges of a long hard season finally easing up, relishing in the strength needed to hold himself in each position, and making a list of the things he would need to work on more before next season. A weakness in his left hamstring, a tightness in his trapezius, a poorly healed torn intercostal that had made him suck in breath when he took a face-off during playoffs and when Ilya folded him in half the previous night, everything would be worked over, stretched or strengthened. This was why he practiced, what he worked for, to understand his body and to hone it, to find the pain and know he could press through it.

Ilya understands it, in his own way. Shane wouldn't love him if he didn't get that their bodies don't really belong to them, not more than they belonged to their teams and their fans. That the line between being a hockey legend and a cautionary tale was one bad hit, one lost edge, one fumbled shot. That playing and winning has to be synonymous, that that is what they were made for. And to be the best, to beat the opposition to the puck every time, to take the hits and keep going, they need to find the limits and ignore them.

So when Shane needs the stretch and pain, needs to get out of his head and be in his body again, to feel that all of his work means something, he has always turned to Ilya. And Ilya takes control, tells him that he is beautiful and strong and worthy, and that they are both going to be fucking legends, always chasing each other to the top. So when Ilya said he wouldn't fuck him until he adds another plate to his deadlift, Shane did. When Ilya tied his hands behind his back so carefully, making sure not to wrench or misalign his joints, and edged him three times after a hat-trick against Toronto, Shane served four against San Francisco, because he knew what was waiting for him. When Ilya came inside of him then plugged him before dinner with Shane's parents, just because Ilya wanted to, Shane dropped to his knees as soon as they were gone, and showed his gratitude for Ilya, for showing Shane how much he belonged to him.

And Shane trusts him, to know what Shane is capable of even when he doesn't know it himself. To never put Shane in a position he wouldn't actually enjoy. To see the limit and see the way through it.

He lays on his back, plants his feet and bends his knees, aligning his spine and shoulders as he presses them into the mat, and tilts his head back just enough to get a glimpse of Ilya in the process. He's still got his nose firmly lodged in his book but Shane can see his eyes darting up as Shane purposefully hitches his hips up into a bridge, core tight as he drives his hips further and further, forcing his glutes to support him.

He sees Ilya finally give in, tossing the book aside, making a small part of Shane cringe deep within, and stalk towards him. He kneels between Shane's spread knees, still held in an increasingly shaky bridge as Ilya peels his sweats and briefs down just enough to free his hardening cock. Ilya blows a puff of air across the head, making Shane's hips twitch away, before licking a stripe from base to tip. Shane's core clenches with the effort of keeping the position, and Ilya slaps at his abs, reaching up to fondle his chest again as he licks at Shane's cock, swallowing him down and forcing a groan out of Shane. His hips twitch more forcefully this time, and Ilya pinches his side, pulling off his dick.

"Come on, keep those hips still, Hollander. Don't you want my mouth?"

Shane feels his thighs faltering even as his hips jolt up, chasing the wet, sweet, warmth of Ilya's mouth, the kitten-ish swoop of his upper lip, the peek of pink tongue as he laps at Shane's cock. He feels his face twisting in discomfort until Ilya reaches out and smoothes his brow, thumb pulling down to his mouth, pushing in between his teeth to make Shane relax his jaw, forcing out a thin high whimper that makes him cringe at his own wantonness.

"Remember what Priti said, da? You control your brain. You think you cannot do it and you will not be able to. Your face is relaxed, you are relaxed. I know you, you can do 20 more seconds. For me."

Shane's face heats as he tries to relax into the pain, attempting to clear his mind even as Ilya nips and pinches at his inner thighs, sucking a hickey into the sensitive skin that makes lightning shoot through Shane's skin.

"OK, well done, my little love."

Shane's hips crash into the mat as he pants, suddenly out of breath despite himself. His head feels loose and easy, his knees widening as far as they'll go with his sweats still tangled around them. Ilya leans over him and kisses him sweetly on his open mouth, tongue slipping between his teeth as Shane struggles to catch his breath. Ilya pulls away and Shane chases after him, abs complaining as he forces them to comply, sitting up so he can reach out for Ilya again.

"Now, do that first one again, where you were all stretched out for me." Shane feels himself shift back to child's pose, almost without thinking, everything relaxed, chest pressed down to the mat, knees open. Ilya shifts to sit behind him, grabbing his hips and pulling them higher up, giving him enough space to pull Shane's sweats down even further, crudely restraining his ankles. He presses down on his lower back, stretching Shane's spine and further opening him up to Ilya's gaze. He'd like to think he's embarrassed by it, by knowing how easy he is now, or that he'd be scared of not knowing what Ilya's planning for him, but they know each other too well now, better than anyone else on the planet. Ilya made space for himself inside Shane a long time ago, there's nothing they can do about that now.

"My slut, my love, how could anyone look at you and not see how amazing you are." Ilya grabs his ass with both hands, thumbs teasing his hole, slowly pushing in and prying apart over and over again, Shane's hips pushing back against him, practically humping the air with how bad he wants something, anything more. "So flexible, so strong. I wonder if we can try getting your legs behind your head again."

Ilya spits, the glob of saliva dripping inside him as Ilya works it in with his thumb, claiming Shane so clearly it makes him feel light-headed. He presses his fingers in, one then two, testing how much Shane has tightened up in the last hour and clearly pleased with what he sees, as he presses in again with three fingers and his quick, cruel tongue, coating his rim in saliva and stretching him wide. Shane drops to his elbows, unable to hold position any longer, his head lolling between his arms as Ilya pulls away.

“But not today, today I want you just like this, yes?”

Shane feels movement again behind him, Ilya’s touch disappearing, and he can’t help but whine, absurdly terrified that Ilya isn’t going to fuck him despite what he had just said. Ilya’s hand suddenly presses down again between his shoulder blades, and at the same time his cock presses into his hole, the blunt hot pressure stretching him open, his body pulling him in, the familiar feeling that Shane knows is for him alone.

“Relax, love, I’m here, I’m right here, let me in.” And Shane does.

He thinks about trying to reach one of his arms back, touch his dripping cock or pull his hole open even more, but his attempt to lift himself up at all is foiled by Ilya’s heavy hand pulling his wrists out from under him to hold them together with one of Ilya’s hands at the small of his back, keeping him held down, shoulders and cheeks pressed to the mat, making him take it exactly how Ilya wants him. His glutes are aching again, Ilya half-holding his hips up as he grinds his cock down, driving further into him, impossibly reaching inside Shane, like he’s trying to carve out a space just for him.

“So good, so good following me, you’re so much stronger than you think, so perfect for me, for your team. Work so hard, and it’s all worth it.” Shane can’t really keep up with all the sweet nothings Ilya is whispering to him, ears starting to ring and eyes rolling as Ilya drives into him again and again, the sweet ache and stretch twisting him up until all he knows is Ilya everywhere around him.

“Come on, my love, cum for me. You deserve it.” Ilya releases his wrists and wraps the hand instead around Shane’s dick, slipping a thumb over the head, and Shane’s gone, cum spurting through Ilya’s fingers. Ilya’s taking all his weight now, continuing to hammer into him as Shane lets himself fall, letting Ilya use him for his own pleasure, whispering his thanks for Ilya’s help, his support, his love.

He thinks Ilya comes inside him, and rolls him over onto his back, legs loose as Ilya sweeps his fingers over Shane’s stomach, and brings them up to his mouth, feeding him his own cum, Shane laving his fingers with his tongue, kissing the tips as Ilya pulls them away.

“I don’t think I have any more left in me today.” Shane mumbles into Ilya’s mouth as he leans down to kiss him.

“Of course, Hollander, I understand.” Ilya pulls Shane up into his lap, yanking his sweats up over his trembling legs. “But we will see, I think. You often think you cannot do something. We know it is not always true, da?”

Ilya helps him to his feet, hooks his thumb in Shane's mouth and kisses him hard when he thinks Shane is slipping away too much.

"Come, let's eat something and then maybe you can tell me more about this drill you want to run next season."

Ilya knows how to take him down, and he always knows how to bring him back.

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed xx

I'm @h0lyground on tumblr, come say hi!

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