

You're as Young as You'll Ever Be

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You're as Young as You'll Ever Be

by [Legend](#)

Summary

Ilya is 38 and he feels it in all the ways that really matter.

A fic about kids, aging, and the life you build (but there's still smut, because come on, it's Shane and Ilya).

Notes

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

Ilya is 38 when he admits that, okay, he's not as young as he once was. He's plenty young of course—38 really isn't that old for people who didn't play professional hockey.

Unfortunately, however, Ilya did play professional hockey for a large portion of his life. So at 38, he's really feeling not-that-young, with his handful of gray hairs, his seven year old children, and the honestly horrifying moment where he can't get his hip to cooperate with the way he moves to fuck into Shane.

Beautiful, equally 38 year old Shane, who looks dashing with his graying temples and smile lines. Who hears Ilya exclaim at the pinch in his hip and looks with concern, but quickly realizes by the way Ilya slams his foot to the floor next to the bed and nearly slips out at the way he tries to subtly stretch out his hip, that he's going to get yet another chance to remind Ilya that Shane is practically a yoga master at this point.

Any other time, Ilya loves that little smirk and spark in his husband's eyes. Right now, he doesn't want to hear it.

"Do not—" Ilya starts, but Shane rolls his eyes and cuts him off, thigh falling from Ilya's grip and bouncing slightly on the bed before his foot settles next to Ilya's on the carpet.

"Ilya, just admit that you're not as flexible as you were when we were twenty."

"Mm," Ilya says, still trying to push his hip and release the joint outward, "no. I don't think so. I am still good at sex, still can fuck you. Just need a minute."

"Oh, do we need to start doing a stretching routine before we fuck from now on? Crazy, but you could just start doing yoga with me—"

"Ah, ah! No, no yoga necessary. Just need to be more careful in gym. Pushed leg day too hard."

Ilya knows that this lie isn't his best work, Shane is woefully unconvinced, but god *damn* it his hip won't release.

"Ilya—"

"Shane—"

"Oh my god you idiot, here," Shane declares, crunching and twisting toward Ilya in an annoyingly flexible way, grabbing a hold of Ilya's leg and yanking carefully but forcefully. Ilya gasps loudly, the sound melting into a moan as he simultaneously feels his hip pop and his cock slide deeper into Shane.

"Holy—Shane—" he tries, but it's lost in the way that Shane then shows off his still famous core by rolling them, getting Ilya firmly onto the bed on his back, Shane easily settling onto his shins, never letting Ilya slip out in the entire maneuver. "Oh my god—"

"Now," Shane says, wasting no time before lifting up and dropping down in a slick and slow slide that sends Ilya's voice into another round of moaning. "The twins are going to be done with practice in less than an hour and a half. If it's okay with you, old man, I was hoping to get off before I have to go deal with the hockey moms."

Ilya can only nod at first, still struck speechless whenever his husband decides throws him around a little.

He decides it's best to hang on for the ride: always the proper choice when Shane Hollander is set on a goal. Shane is careful to avoid pinning his leg, which Ilya is appreciative of, and Ilya can't spend too much time mourning the more adventurous ways they used to have sex when he gets to run his hands over his husband's delicious stretch marks and rock up into Shane with thigh muscles that he earned through decades of hard work.

He makes sure Shane doesn't do all the work, being sure to pull out all of the stops Shane loves when he's on top, scratching lightly over his nipples, grabbing tightly at his hips, twisting his wrist just right as he strokes his cock. Shane eats it up as always, throwing his head back and moaning just right while he sets his pace into a deep, slow grind.

It isn't until after Shane has rung him dry and is getting off the bed until Ilya realizes what he's been called, and he sqwaks loudly before jumping up to grab at Shane.

"Old man! I show you old man, Shane Hollander!"

Later, he'll say that Shane only escaped his clutches and made it to the shower because Shane definitely wrapped those blankets around his ankle and made him trip.

They make it into the shower, Shane laughing until Ilya points the moveable head right into his face, causing him to splutter and shove outward.

"No, no! Hollander! No shoving in shower! You know rule!"

"Rule?" Shane says, scoffing as he hiccups through clearing his eyes of water, "whose rule?"

"My rule, obviously," Ilya says, reaching for his body wash and soaking himself up, "you know what happened in twenty-eighteen. Shove in shower and half of Cens go down with bruised asses."

"Listen, whatever homo-erotic shit you and Hazy were getting up to before I joined is on you ___"

"Hazy! Was not!" Ilya yells, and glares at Shane, "if you think anyone but Boody could shove me enough to bruise my ass, you insult me."

"Pfft," Shane says, spreading soap on himself, "whatever, weirdo."

"You weirdo who married this weirdo and had his children." Ilya says, his classic comeback.

"You have got to stop saying that like you got me pregnant."

"Never!" Ilya cries, turning the shower head again on his husband.

"Okay, this time you're asking for an ass bruise."

"Papa! Artemi took my colored pencils!" His daughter screams, and Ilya sighs from the kitchen.

"Ah, ah, no accusations from more than two rooms away. You know Dad's rule. Come."

"Papa, I'm busy!" Artemi's voice calls, distracted as usual. Ilya sighs again and puts down the snacks he was preparing.

"Artemi and Akina, come, now please." He says, forcefully but not cruelly—never in the way he heard his own name called too often when young.

He hears them both rush toward him, coming out of their play room and through the dining room before arriving in the kitchen in front of him. He wastes no time in dropping to one knee in front of them, only grimacing a little bit when his joints groan and crack on the way down.

"Okay," Ilya says calmly, "accusations and defenses."

Akina takes a big breath of air, as she has a habit of doing, but her brother beats her out of the gate with a clear defense at the ready.

"Akina isn't even using the colored pencils, papa!" He says seriously, his big brown eyes going as wide as possible at Ilya. "She's playing hockey! I'm the only one drawing right now!"

"Hmm, okay. Akina?"

"Yes, I'm playing hockey right now Papa but they're still my colored pencils! He took them out of my drawers! He has his own colored pencils."

She has a point, for sure, because Yuna and David always gifted the twins one of each of something, unsure as they are of navigating more than one child at a time. Ilya, who grew up on equal amounts of cast offs and stolen items of his brother's, has always appreciated it.

"This is true, Artemi, you have own colored pencils. Why did you take Akina's?"

Artemi blushes, his freckles standing out even more on his cheeks, and looks down guiltily. His second defense is muttered and doesn't quite make it to Ilya's ears.

"What was that?" Ilya asks, reaching gently to lift his son's chin. "Speak strong, my Artemi"

"I ran out of the color I need and I was trying to draw your pres-present."

Ilya is surprised, he thought Shane had already squared away Christmas gifts for the year with the twins.

"A present ah? Well, understandable. But still, what should we have done instead, hmm?"

Artemi sighs and pouts a bit, and Ilya feels a rush of affection for how much he looks like Shane in the moment.

"Should have asked Akina."

"Mm, yes, you should have. Now, what do you say?"

Artemi sighed again before turning to look at his sister, who looks particularly smug.

"Eh, eh, eh, no smirk Akina." Ilya chastises, and the smirk drops.

"I'm sorry I took your pencils without asking, Akina."

"I forgive you, Artemi!" She cries, his big-hearted girl, and starts bouncing on the balls of her feet. "It's a really good picture! You can use my pencils to finish it if you want. But you have to put them back right this time!"

Artemi nods, and they both look at Ilya.

"Can we go now, Papa?" Artemi asks, "I'm almost done with the picture!"

"Hm, only if you promise to show me this picture when Dad gets home, okay?"

"Okay!" Artemi promises, and Ilya shoos them both off toward the playroom before he leaves himself up off the floor.

It's embarrassing, honestly, how long it takes; so he's glad his children don't stay long enough to witness it.

Play continues, Ilya keeping an ear out as he finishes making their week ahead's after practice snacks and puts them neatly in the refrigerator, and it isn't too long until he hears Shane come through the garage door.

"Hello, family!" Shane calls, Ilya feeling that quiet thrill every time he hears Shane Hollander: settled family man make himself known.

"Hello, Shane," Ilya calls out, though he doubts that it is heard by his husband over the two definitely not inside voices of their children calling out greetings of their own.

The sound of thundering feet rocket through the kitchen, unheeding of Ilya's reminder to walk, and disappear through the mud room and to the garage door.

He listens to his family greet each other warmly, a slow fizz of happiness settling through his spine.

"Hello, husband," Shane calls, coming through the kitchen finally with the twins hanging from his sides.

"Hello," Ilya says, but doesn't get a chance to say more before both children are grabbing at Shane and Ilya and pulling them out of the kitchen.

"Come on, you've got to see my drawing!" Artemi says, putting his entire body into yanking at Ilya, while Akina pulls at Shane's hand and yells out, "and my new trick shot!"

They go easily, happy to see what new wonders their children have come up with, and settle into their designated audience arm chairs squished into the corner of the play room.

"Me first!" Akina cries, grabbing a hockey stick and one of the soft foam pucks that have been Shane approved for inside play. She quickly lines herself up in front of the pop up net, stands on one foot, jumps and spins in the air, then quickly shoots the puck in a wobbly but strong line right into the net.

Ilya whoops loudly as she bows, and Shane and Artemi both clap for her. "Very nice, Akina," Shane says with a smile.

She bows again before running over to their chairs and popping down on the ground in front of them, eyes directed at where Artemi is toying with his art easel.

"Show them, 'Temi!" Akina calls, and Shane sooths a hand down her shoulder, leaning down to no doubt remind her in a whisper that sometimes, her brother needs more gentle encouragement.

"Let's us see, Artemi," Ilya calls gently, and he watches with pride when Andrei visibly steels himself and grabs the art pad from the easel, carrying it over to them with his arms crossed over it and the drawing pressed to his chest.

"Um," Artemi says, suddenly shy in the way he gets sometimes, "here's a present I drew for Papa."

He turns it around, and Ilya is struck with the desire to cry as he sees his own face looking back at him, wobbly and disproportionate in some spaces, but done with all the care his wonderful seven year old displays in all he does.

"Oh, Artemi, that's amazing!" Shane says, a bright smile lighting up his face. Akina is clapping and complimenting various aspects of the drawing.

Artemi is bolstered by his family's support, and he smiles whole-heartedly.

"Thank you! Uncle Luca is helping me with faces! And, and Akina let me use her gray pencil because I used mine up drawing castles last week!"

If it wasn't for how touched and loved and amazed Ilya felt looking at his son, he'd probably have something to say about that gray—and the many, many gray strands of hair that Artemi had included amongst Ilya's blonde curls. As it was, he could feel the bordering-on-smug (too close to their daughter's) look on Shane's face that was directed at him about it.

"Oh, is wonderful, Artemi. So handsome. It looks just like me. This is for me? Present?"

Artemi nods proudly, gingerly handing the sketch book over to Ilya to remove the page without ripping it. He does, taking a moment first to gently run his finger tips over the purposeful circles of gray.

How wonderful, Ilya thought to himself as he looked at his little family, at the love of his life and their two beautiful and kind children—how wonderful to have this to get older with.

Later, as he crouches and kisses his children goodnight and his knees crack, as he makes love to his husband and has to adjust the way he moves to avoid locked joints, as he looks into the mirror before sliding into bed and sees the gray hair and the wrinkles, he'll know that it has been and will always be worth every year behind him—for all he gets in the years ahead of him.

End Notes

I have had to change their son's name like three times because I swear people keep using different names for Illya's brother??? What is this man's name???

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