

Flirting and fun cars

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Flirting and fun cars

by [WriteFandomRepeat](#)

Summary

Test driving cars should be fun. Shane isn't so sure anymore.

Notes

For the Cars are Dumb bingo squares! A very loose interpretation.

“That guy is totally flirting with you,” Shane mumbled.

Ilya turned to him with an amused smirk. “I do not think Anton was flirting. I think he just wants to sell a very expensive car.”

Shane just crossed his arms and hoped his sunglasses hid the glare he was sending towards the door where Anton the car sales guy, in his fancy suit and perfectly placed hair and really pretty dark brown eyes, had disappeared to get keys for them. That guy had definitely been flirting with Shane's husband.

Shane's Jeep was in the shop. Again. Shane didn't mind putting the money in to fix her up – it wasn't big things, and it was still in decent shape. Ilya was getting annoyed though. Even though they really didn't need both SUVs now that they lived in the same place and commuted to work together, Ilya had insisted this was a great use of their Sunday. They'd been test driving cars all day, even though Shane had reminded Ilya it really wasn't necessary.

This was also how Shane learned that one of Ilya's favourite activities before Shane moved back to Ottawa was going to test drive cars for fun. Shane couldn't figure out how it had been so easy to book test drives with every luxury car dealership in the city on a Sunday. And then he saw every sales person – in some cases the owners themselves – greet Ilya personally and chat like they were old friends. Ilya even remembered about Denise from Lexus's daughter starting University!

“You are very cute when you are jealous,” Ilya whispered in Shane's ear before kissing his temple.

“I am not jealous,” Shane hissed. “It just seems very unprofessional to flirt with customers.”

“It is not, because he,” Ilya kissed his cheek. “Is not.” Then his nose. “Flirting.” Then his lips.

Anton exited the car dealership, spinning the key fob on his finger, eyes on Ilya. He hadn't put his sunglasses back on, which made it infinitely more obvious. He was so checking Ilya out.

“No one at the other six dealerships looked at you the way he does,” Shane grumbled quickly before Anton was within ear shot, making Ilya snort-laugh – honest to god *snort!* – at him.

“Here you are,” Anton said, not seeming to notice anything wrong – which he likely wouldn't since he hadn't looked at Shane once since returning and Ilya was his usual perpetual cool and calm self. He placed the fob in Ilya's palm, lingering just a few seconds longer than was likely necessary in Shane's opinion, which continued to prove Shane's point. “I trust you can bring the Cayenne back in one piece?”

Ilya chuckled at the not funny joke, and Shane rolled his eyes behind his sunglasses.

“Shane is driving. She will be fine. There is AM radio in it, right? He likes to listen to the sports station.” For absolutely no reason, Anton laughed like it was a God damned comedy show, and grabbed Ilya’s bicep.

Shane took the key from Ilya, not waiting to find out if it did have a regular old radio or some weird fancy satellite bullshit he could never get to work, and stalked off towards the bright red Porsche SUV Ilya insisted they should test drive. He was not waiting for his husband to get flirted with some more.

Shane was sitting in the Porsche, pretending that his butt and back weren’t insanely comfortable in the plush leather seat, when Ilya finally joined him, informing him there were lots of sound system options, but Anton had not been sure about Shane’s radio preferences.

“Thanks for asking,” Shane said as he pressed the button to start up the SUV and headed south towards the highway.

“This is a very smooth car,” Ilya remarked a short time later after they’d hit one of the many potholes on St-Laurent Boulevard.

“You’d know smooth,” Shane snarked then let out a frustrated sigh.

“Anton really bothers you?” Ilya looked at him with far less amusement than before, but he didn’t seem angry. He seemed genuinely concerned and a bit unsure. Shane looked away from him, too busy managing the incessant stop and go of the ridiculous amount lights on the short stretch to the highway, and a bit frustrated with himself if he was being honest.

Shane blew out a breath and let his head fall against the headrest, trying to convince himself maybe he was overthinking it, but he really didn’t think he was. He picked the west-bound exit for the highway – since they’d just gone to the east end when they test drove a Land Rover. Shane tried to let the smoothness of the car settle him – it did handle incredibly well, and the acceleration was pretty great compared to his Jeep – but he really didn’t feel like he was wrong about this.

“I was standing right there, and he was flirting with you.”

“He is just nice.”

“Even Cynthia at the Mercedes dealership, who you made blush and giggle, didn’t grab your arm like that.”

“I do not think he is hitting on me, Shane.” Ilya reached for his hand and Shane tangled their fingers together over the center console. “It really is cute that you care so much.”

“From the guy who shot a puck at a journalist.” Shane smiled at Ilya.

“I will never live that down will I,” Ilya sighed fondly. “But, like you said, I will not leave with the first boy that bats their eyes at me.”

“So he was batting his eyes.” Shane smirked and Ilya kissed his hand. “Look, I’m not *actually* jealous. My ego might be a tiny bit bruised, but... It’s just annoying when I was

right there. Makes me wonder how he was when I wasn't around."

Ilya shrugged and ran his thumb in circles over Shane's hand. "He has always been this way. Not different. He knows I like cars and could spend lots of money. *Maybe* he flirts a little, but I do not think it is real, you know? He did it before he knew I was bisexual, and I do not flirt back."

"Which I do appreciate. Thanks. We aren't buying this SUV though – flirting or not. I refuse to pay this much for a car. It's stupid."

"Cars are not stupid. This one is very cozy."

"Sure, but so was the Audi from this morning. And so is my Jeep. We don't need to pay this much for a car, Ilya."

Ilya looked around the interior of the Porsche for a bit. Shane took the off-ramp at Bronson, ready to head back and get this test drive over with.

"The Audi did have a bigger back seat," Ilya mused after a minute.

Shane stared at him while waiting for a red light to change. "Seriously? That's what you're thinking of right now."

"Yeah?" Ilya seemed confused at Shane's reaction. "Do you not know how much space car seats take?"

"Car seats," Shane replied slowly.

"Yes. Have you seen the space in Jackie's truck? And she has three rows in hers."

Not for the first time, Shane fell a little bit more in love with his husband.

"I really don't hate the Audi. It did have more space than the Jeep. And, he said they have a hybrid version too? That could be nice."

"We could go back and see--"

"Can we just go home? I'm tired and hungry, and this isn't a rush. The Jeep's gonna be fixed this week. We have your cars. We don't need a new SUV right now."

Ilya nodded. "We can. Want to get Starbucks before we bring the Porsche back? The one on Preston is close, and you can get those egg things you like. Will make you less hungry-grumpy."

"I'm not hangry," Shane laughed as he took a right to get onto Preston Street and parked in front of the Starbucks in question. "I do like this plan. Anton won't be mad we're taking forever, coming back with iced coffees, and then not buying his car?"

"Nah. I put a deposit on the new 911. He'll be fine." Ilya exited the car.

“You did what?!” Shane screeched as he exited himself and joined Ilya on the sidewalk, making a few people turn to stare, no doubt more at his outburst than them being recognized in the heart of Little Italy.

“I said something wild to make you freak out,” Ilya laughed, wrapping his arms around Shane’s waist. “No sports cars. Promise.”

Shane let Ilya kiss him and glared at him the whole time. “You’re the worst.”

“Am not. Come on, grumpy hungry husband.” Ilya kissed his cheek and pulled him into the coffee shop.

At least they agreed the Porsche was overkill. And they were making Anton wait. That was more than enough to make Shane forget about the flirting. For now.

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