

Don't wanna wait on it

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by [mickeysmyheart](#)

Summary

Once Shane's on the road, Ilya undoes his seatbelt causing Shane to react immediately. "What are you doing?" he asks as Ilya moves over the middle console and gets his hands on Shane.

"Just relax," Ilya tells him. He works quickly to undo Shane's pants and get his half hard cock out of his pants.

"Fuck," Shane moans as Ilya wraps his hand around it. "Ilya, I'm driving."

OR

Shane and Ilya go to the cottage for the weekend for Yuna & David's wedding anniversary party and Ilya gets a little impatient on the way there.

Notes

hiiii friends

hope everyone's hanging in there before episode 5 drops in a couple days!

been thinking about passenger princess ilya and how he'd try to give shane road head and shane would be an anxious little bean about it so this is what came of it! there is also something else that happens in this fic at the end that i took inspo from seeing people talk about it on twitter and also haven't been able to stop thinking about since so here you go!!

i hope yall enjoy this! ♡

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

Waking up in the cottage is always the best feeling for Shane. It's always been that way because of how he grew up going to his family cottage all the time. However, over the past few years, it's become his favorite because he gets to wake up and go to bed with the love of his life beside him. They get to come here whenever they want— well, in off season— and it's *theirs*, not just Shane's, and he loves knowing it's all for them.

He can feel Ilya pressed up behind him, his right arm wrapped around him with his hand holding his pec, keeping him close, and his left arm under Shane's head. Shane smiles softly, backing up into Ilya slightly, shifting his ass against his dick that he can feel pressed against him.

"Mmm," Ilya moans softly into his ear from where his face rests right by his shoulder.

Shane chuckles softly, loving the way Ilya's arms wrap around him tighter, holding him close to his body— sometimes it feels like they are puzzle pieces sliding right into place with each other. Shane reaches his hand back to touch Ilya's hip, caressing him softly.

"Good morning," Ilya says in a deep, raspy morning voice. He's getting more aroused as he starts to fully wake up— Shane feeling it against his ass. Ilya kisses the side of Shane's neck softly, moving his lips up to his ear.

Fuck.

Shane's hard, pushing his ass back into his husband, telling him what he needs without saying anything.

Ilya's hand grabs onto Shane's hip, pulling him harder into him, feeling just how hard his husband is against him, both of them went to sleep naked last night.

"Tell me what you want, sweetheart," Ilya downright fucking *purs* in his ear and Shane starts leaking from the tip of his cock.

“Fuck—” he moans softly before adding easily, *“You— I need you inside me, Ilya.”* With all the years of Ilya coaxing Shane to say what he wants, he’s gotten a bit more used to— and comfortable— voicing what he wants. It’s still a little difficult for him sometimes but whenever he does voice what he wants, it gets Ilya going so much that he always wonders why he doesn’t speak up more often.

Like right now— Ilya moans deeply into his neck, kissing him softly as he moves his hand between them. Shane feels Ilya’s finger at his hole and he moans softly, pushing his ass back harder against him, needing more.

Ilya pulls away, grabbing the lube from the bedside drawer before he’s right back on him. His slick finger presses against his hole before he pushes it all the way in, his lips on his neck and all over his shoulder. Shane moans, pushing back against him. *“More,”* he moans softly.

Ilya adds another finger, then a third. He’s still loose from last night when they arrived at the cottage. Ilya’s kissing all over his neck and shoulder, up into his hair. He removes his fingers and replaces them with his dick. Ilya pushes his cock into Shane’s hole slowly, both of them moaning deeply. Shane pushes back into him until Ilya bottoms out.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya moans, grabbing onto Shane’s hip, holding him in place as he starts to fuck him slowly, deeply from where they lay on their sides. Shane loves it when Ilya sounds wrecked like this, and so quickly.

Shane reaches his hand back to run his fingers into Ilya’s messy curls, keeping his face in his neck as Ilya sucks on his pulse point, probably leaving a mark but Shane can’t seem to care when it feels so fucking good.

“Touch yourself,” Ilya tells him when he releases his mouth from his neck. He keeps his chin on Shane’s shoulder, surely watching as Shane lets go of Ilya’s hair to take his own cock in hand. He moans as he slowly strokes himself, all the precum making it easy. *“Fuck, you’re so wet, baby,”* Ilya moans, fucking into him harder.

Shane moans loudly at the petname, stroking himself in tune with Ilya’s thrusts. *“I’m so close, Ilya,”* Shane tells him softly, pushing back into him.

Ilya kisses his neck, his cheek, down to his shoulders again— not kissing his lips as he knows Shane would rather wait until they've both brushed their teeth. "Come for me, Shane, I want to see you come apart for me," Ilya says hotly into his ear.

Shane's moaning his name loudly as he comes hard all over his hand and the bedsheets. *Great... laundry to do.* Ilya's coming hard inside of him, Shane taking everything he gives him. "I love you so much," Ilya moans into his neck as he comes.

Ilya slumps against him, not pulling out just yet as he comes down from his orgasm. Shane loves feeling the weight of his husband on him. "I love you," he says softly, taking his hand where it lays limp next to him and kisses it softly.

Ilya kisses his cheek before he slowly pulls out and gets off of him. "Let's go shower," he tells him before getting out of bed. He turns to look at him and sees him holding his hand out to him. Shane grins, taking it and letting him pull him to the shower.

It's a beautiful, sunny, but cold Saturday in April, and Shane and Ilya came up last night for Shane's parents' wedding anniversary party that's tonight. They don't ever come up when it's not the summer but Shane has been to the one he grew up in during other seasons. This is the first time Ilya has been up here when there's still snow outside and Shane's loving seeing how he's reacting to seeing this place in a new light.

They can't enjoy the pool or the lake but they can enjoy the hot tub. After their shower— and brushing their teeth— they had breakfast, then put their swim trunks on with their robes and slippers, and went outside in the cold. They got in the hot tub that Shane made sure to turn on last night when they got in so that they could use it today.

Shane naturally gravitates over to Ilya in the hot tub, straddling him basically immediately. Ilya moans into the kiss, his hands grabbing onto his hips, grabbing his ass.

They pull away from each other and end up back like that soon after. They spend the next couple hours doing that back and forth until they get out and blow each other in their second shower of the day.

They have a few hours to kill before they need to get dressed for the party so they cuddle up on the couch to watch a movie. They're both in just sweatpants, no shirts, under a fluffy blanket. Ilya's got him wrapped up in his arms with his head on his chest and it doesn't take long before Shane ends up falling asleep because all too soon Shane feels soft kisses peppering everywhere Ilya could reach.

"Sweetheart," he hears Ilya say softly. "We need to get ready."

Shane hums softly, nuzzling his face into Ilya's chest. Ilya's hand is on his head and he can feel his fingers thread in his hair. Shane looks up to see him watching him with a fond smile. Shane blushes, he asks, "I missed the whole movie, didn't I?"

Ilya laughs softly, smiling, "Yes," he says simply.

"You shouldn't have let me sleep the whole movie," Shane tells him as he slowly sits up.

Ilya does the same, leaning into his side. "But you look so cute when you are sleeping," Ilya says, kissing his cheek.

Shane will never tire of hearing how enamoured Ilya is with him. He's his husband, he *knows* he loves him but it always feels good to hear just how much. Shane kisses him softly on the lips before getting up and pulling Ilya with him.

They go to their bedroom to start getting ready for his parents party. They want Shane and Ilya to arrive before six when everyone else is set to arrive. It's nearly five o'clock so that gives them enough time to both get dressed, style their hair, and drive the ten minutes to get there with plenty of time before six.

Ilya's in the bathroom fixing his curls as Shane puts the finishing touches on his suit. He went with a classic black suit with white shirt but no tie, leaving the shirt unbuttoned with one extra button undone because he knows just how much Ilya loves it. He's making sure his hair is in place. He slicked it mostly back but some pieces in the front keep falling so he just leaves them. Ilya won't let him cut his hair any shorter so he's left to deal with it.

"How do I look?" Ilya asks, coming out of the washroom to join him in the bedroom.

Shane turns to look at him and they both eye each other, looking up and down, appreciating how good their husband looks. Ilya's in a black suit with white stripes on it, it looks like he isn't wearing a shirt under which is driving Shane a little insane right now but he knows he's got on a black tank top underneath.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya says first.

Shane blushes. "You look so good," he tells him.

They meet each other in the middle, Ilya sliding his hand in the open jacket to grab his hips, pulling him into him. Shane easily wraps himself around him, kissing him hard on the lips. Ilya moans into the kiss, pressing up into him.

Shane remembers where they're about to go so he pulls away from him, seeing the way Ilya chases his lips. "We can't..." Shane reminds him.

"We can," Ilya tries anyway. He's back in Shane's space, kissing him softly. Shane moans, kissing him harder, his hands on Ilya's face. Ilya kisses from his lips to his cheek and over to his ear where he says, "I want to blow you."

Shane pulls back, "No, baby, we can't— not now."

"It'll be quick," Ilya whines, hands running back to his ass, squeezing him. "*Fuck.*"

“We’ll be late, Ilya,” Shane tries again even though he’s made no move to get out of Ilya’s arms.

Ilya kisses him again, moving his lips to his ear. “You look so good, my love, one taste,” he says hotly.

“*Fuck*,” Shane moans, before fully stepping away. “No, we have to go,” he tells him. “Later,” he adds upon seeing Ilya actually pout.

Shane turns around to look in the mirror and straightens his suit out, buttoning it and then turning back to look at Ilya who’s still watching him. “Let’s go,” he tells him, motioning for him to go. Ilya rolls his eyes but turns around and heads for the door. “If they say anything about being late, I’m blaming you.”

“They will not believe you,” Ilya tells him.

Shane’s still unsure how Ilya became his parents' favorite over him.

Ilya could see that his husband was now hard from his advances so he does as he’s told and leaves the bedroom, heading for the door. He doesn’t bother taking the keys because he knows Shane will since he’s driving to the party. They don’t bother grabbing any jackets as it’s a quick drive over to the Hollander cottage and neither of them will need to be outside long enough to need it.

Ilya gets into the passenger seat and buckles up. He watches Shane get settled into the driver's seat, making sure everything’s good before pulling out of the driveway.

Once Shane's on the road, Ilya undoes his seatbelt causing Shane to react immediately. "What are you doing?" he asks as Ilya moves over the middle console and gets his hands on Shane.

"Just relax," Ilya tells him. He works quickly to undo Shane's pants and get his half hard cock out of his pants.

"Fuck," Shane moans as Ilya wraps his hand around it. "Ilya, I'm driving."

"Yes, and you are doing great job," he tells him. "Now let me do what I want and you focus on the road," Ilya adds before he lowers himself, taking Shane into his mouth.

"*Jesus Christ*," Shane moans as Ilya takes him deep into his mouth, bobbing his head up and down, really going for it. "You can't—" Shane starts to say, and Ilya can tell that Shane's trying to be focused on the road but his focus is on his husband's mouth on his cock. "You better not ruin my suit," Shane finally says.

Ilya pulls off and strokes him so he can ask, "When have I ever missed swallowing your load?" kissing his neck. "Relax," he says softly. "It will be quick like how quick you used to come when we were younger."

"You're an asshole," Shane says as Ilya smirks at him, before taking Shane back into his mouth. He can feel Shane pulling the car over, he must have found a spot where he could pull the car over safely and legally.

Ilya doesn't pull off, he keeps working his tongue all over his husband's shaft, sucking him down his throat. Shane's careful to not fuck up Ilya's hair as he grips onto the steering wheel. "Fuck, Ilya," he moans as he bucks his hips up. Ilya moans deeply, holding his hips down. It's another minute before Shane is coming hard down his throat, moaning his name loudly in the silent car. Ilya swallows everything he gives him, licking his lips clean when he pulls off.

He tucks him back into his pants before kissing Shane hard on the lips. Shane moans into the kiss, shoving his tongue into his mouth, tasting himself on his tongue. Shane's hand comes to cup Ilya's hard cock through his pants and moans deeper into the kiss.

Ilya softly removes Shane's hand from his hard dick and says softly, "It's okay— later."

Shane eyes him carefully. "You don't want to get off now?" he asks.

"No," Ilya says simply, kissing the tip of Shane's nose. "It will be hot like this, no? Like I am edging myself all night until we go home and I can finally fuck you deep into the mattress," Ilya says, seeing the way his words affect Shane.

His cheeks are flushed and he's biting his bottom lip. "You're going to kill me, Rozanov," he says, laughing softly.

Ilya kisses him softly. "Do not die. I would miss you too much," he says before kissing him again.

Shane smiles, kissing him harder.

"Okay, let's go. We are late," Ilya says as he pulls away, settling back into his seat and buckling his seatbelt.

Shane shakes his head and puts the car back into drive and finishes the short drive to the Hollander's cottage.

They are late by a few minutes and Ilya immediately tells them it was Shane's fault, winking at his husband as he makes his way inside, hugging both of Shane's parents before him and congratulating them on their anniversary.

Ilya spots Hayden already there with Jackie. He rolls his eyes at Hayden and goes to greet Jackie. "Did you have to bring him?" he asks her after kissing her cheeks.

She laughs but Hayden doesn't. "So why are you two *actually* late?" he asks instead, making Shane who has now joined them blush as his parents are also with them.

"Wouldn't you like to know," Ilya teases, raising his eyebrows at him suggestively.

Shane smacks Ilya's arm and he says, "Ow, he started it," pointing to Hayden.

Shane rolls his eyes. "I'm getting a drink," he says, making his way to the bar that they have set up for the party. It's not a huge party as they never let Shane build them a bigger house but they are expecting about twenty people or so to celebrate tonight.

"I'm coming," Ilya says, following after him. "Is what you said earlier," Ilya whispers to Shane with a wink as they make it to the bar.

Shane laughs, shaking his head. Shane orders a ginger ale and before he could say anything more Ilya says, "A coke for me."

"You can drink if you want," Shane tells him, his hand coming up to rest on his lower back. Ilya smiles at him softly, loving the way he's gotten more comfortable with PDA.

"I don't want," Ilya tells him with a soft smile. "Thank you," he adds, leaning in to kiss his cheek.

Shane smiles at him, blushing softly as he accepts the glass of ginger ale. Ilya takes his coke and takes Shane's hand with his free hand. Shane squeezes his hand and Ilya allows Shane to lead him around the party.

Shane spends most of the party talking to all of his parents' closest friends that he's known since he was a kid, or talking to Hayden and Jackie. Ilya speaks to those he knows, is

introduced to those he doesn't, and tries not to get too turned on by how hot his husband looks, all dressed up with his long hair slicked back and the way he sucks on that fucking straw in his glass of ginger ale. He's never been so jealous of a plastic object before.

He's been having a great time, has even been teasing Shane most of the night but now that they've been here for a few hours, he's starting to get impatient. Ilya needs to have his hands on his husband now. He needs to be deep inside of him, screaming his name as he comes hard inside of him.

Fuck.

He cannot get any harder right now in the Hollander living room pretending to listen to Hayden tell him and David a boring story. He excuses himself and walks over to Shane who is now left alone by the bar. He pulls Shane into the empty dining room and into the corner that no one can see them in from the other room. He kisses him hard, pushing him up against the wall. He can feel Shane kiss him back, his hands running under Ilya's jacket from the back, and grabbing his ass.

"You look so fucking good," Ilya moans, his lips moving down his jaw.

"Mmm, someone's getting impatient, huh?" Shane teases, his hands running up his chest.

"Yes," Ilya tells him, kissing him softly. "Can we please go now?" Ilya doesn't care how desperate he sounds right now, he needs to fuck his husband.

"*Fuck,*" Shane moans, taking Ilya's face in his hands and kissing him deeply. He sounds just as desperate as Ilya is.

Ilya pulls back and asks, "Yes?"

"Yes," Shane agrees. They quickly say their goodbyes to everyone who's still there. Shane's parents make them promise to stop by again tomorrow before they head back to their home in

Ottawa where they'll be for one night before they're on the road for some games they have scheduled.

On the drive back home, Ilya's over the console again, his mouth all over Shane's neck. Shane tells him to sit back down and wait. That gets Ilya's dick twitching in his pants. He stays in his seat but he still teases him with his hand all over his thigh as Shane speeds—carefully—back to their cottage.

They leave their clothes scattered all over the entryway and up the stairs as they make it to their bedroom before they drop their briefs to the floor and get onto the bed naked. Shane's on top of him, grinding hard against him, both of them hard and leaking. Ilya reaches for the lube but Shane does it for him. He grabs it from the nightstand and puts some onto his hand then takes Ilya's cock in hand and strokes him.

"Fuck, Hollander," he moans. Shane straddles him, taking him inside of him slowly. "Shane —"

"I'm good, baby," Shane reassures him as he bottoms out, moaning loudly. "*Fuck*, you feel so good," he tells him before he starts to ride him.

Ilya grips onto Shane's hips, watching him ride him, his hand holding onto the bedframe, his other hand on Ilya's chest.

Ilya flips them over easily, wrapping his body up in one arm as he gets on top of him, fucking him harder, deeper. He can see just how far gone Shane already is and *thank fuck* because Ilya's already so close, having been edged all night.

Ilya's crucifix moves back and forth between them as he fucks Shane deeply. He lowers himself to kiss Shane on the lips but before he can, he sees Shane take the crucifix on his chain between his teeth then wraps his tongue around it, sucking it into his mouth.

"Oh *fuck*—" Ilya moans loudly as he comes hard inside of him unexpectedly. Shane's legs are wrapped around him, holding him in place as Ilya fucks him hard. "I love you so much, *fuck*, Shane," Ilya moans.

Shane comes hard between them untouched, letting go of the crucifix so Ilya quickly kisses him, swallowing his moans. Ilya kisses all over Shane's face as his orgasm subsides.

"That was so hot," Ilya tells him, pulling back to look him in the eyes.

"Yeah? Wasn't bad that I did that to you—" he asks, eyeing Ilya's necklace.

Ilya tips Shane's chin up to look at him, and says, "It was unexpected— but very good. If you didn't notice, I came at the sight of you with it between your teeth," smirking at him.

Shane blushes, laughing softly. "That was really hot," Shane tells him.

"You like it when I come quickly so that you are not only one," Ilya teases.

Shane pushes his chest but still kisses him back when Ilya leans in for a kiss. "Stay here," he says softly, before pulling out carefully, and getting out of bed. He goes to clean up in the bathroom before coming back with a warm washcloth to tend to his husband.

He gets into bed with him, Shane cuddling up onto his side next to him, his head on his chest. Ilya strokes Shane's hair, loving the way Shane's fingers are lightly brushing against his chest. Ilya kisses the top of his head, smiling softly.

He can't help but think back to a time when he would be alone in all these different cities wishing that he could be just *like this* with Hollander and now he has that. Shane is his *husband*, they sleep next to each other every night and wake up together, they are going to win the cup together, and they will spend the rest of their lives just *like this* together.

End Notes

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