

fast times and fast nights

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by [louisbluesky](#)

Summary

Ferrari's Shane Hollander and Red Bull's Ilya Rozanov are fated to be rivals. After a horrible crash between the two, Shane devises a plan for revenge. Except it doesn't go as planned when he finds himself waking up in Ilya Rozanov's bed.

Chapter 1: no time for rewrites, we couldn't help it

Chapter Notes

This is my first Hollanov fic. I'm so excited. I've split it in two chapters, I'll drop the second one soon.

Warning:

I have not based any of the characters on any real F1 drivers. They don't share any character traits or driving mannerisms with them. Regardless, if you manage to find any unintentional connections, I would love to know about it. Also to be noted: There are a lot of changes I made to the 2013, 2014 and a bit of 2002 F1 season for plot purposes. I do not mean to disregard anything that happened in reality. :)

I appreciate kudos, criticism, comments !!

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

June 2014, Montreal

Shane's heart was thumping in his chest, heartbeat growing louder every second, and his ears kept ringing. Too much noise, too many people. The chatter of the mechanics, the VIPs loudly clicking photos, feet shuffling around the garage— Shane expected that after all these years he'd get used to this. Clearly, it still overwhelmed him. He grabbed a pair of headphones lying on a table, put them on and swiftly slipped into his driver's room. He was aware that he had photos to click, videos to shoot and data to go over but in that moment, he needed to clear his head first. He slumped on the tiny bed on the side of the wall and let out a deep exhale.

Shane still vividly remembered his first day inside the Scuderia Ferrari garage. He was 12 years old, just days away from becoming the winner of the Sunoco Ron Fellows Karting Championship and his parents had bought him tickets to watch the Canadian Grand Prix. Everyone was cheering for the home hero Jacques Villeneuve, even Shane's grandfather was once familiar with the Villeneuves a long time ago. He was expected to cheer for him too but he'd never been drawn towards Villeneuve, never found anything special enough to be a mega fan of. A traitorous part of Shane felt drawn towards the German Michael Schumacher in red. Everything about the man in red made Shane look up to him.

On Qualifying day, Shane wandered around the track as much as he could, trying to memorise every inch of it. Shyly, with all the courage he could muster, he went up to the mechanics, engineers and team members and asked them questions. One of them found his persistence to learn admirable and asked if he'd like a tour around the Ferrari garage on Race day. He'd looked at his parents, waiting for them to agree and when they did, Shane had jumped in excitement. On Sunday, a few hours before the race began, Shane and his parents met up with the team member who took them on a tour of the garage. Shane was in complete awe, all the people he'd momentarily caught on TV were standing in front of him, and all he could do was absorb as much of it as he could. At the end of their tour, he was bummed out that he didn't get to see Michael Schumacher at all. Just then, as if by a miracle, Schumacher had walked out of his driver's room and immediately spotted him. He'd come up to Shane and shaken his hand, chatting to him about karting. Shane was starstruck, he could barely get the words out but with his dad's help he managed to speak a few sentences. Schumacher had signed his Ferrari cap and wished him luck, saying that he wanted to see Shane driving in Formula 1 someday.

That day, Shane cheered for Schumacher from the beginning to the end as he passed the chequered flag to win the Canadian Grand Prix of 2002.

Out of all the posters in his room, Shane admired Schumacher's poster the most. He dreamt of driving for Ferrari someday, representing his country and becoming a world champion.

Years went by, and Shane won almost all the karting championships he took part in; he was unbelievably fast and calculated. As he moved up to the junior categories, he started catching the attention of the big teams, especially Ferrari. At the age of 20, he'd been lucky enough to join the Ferrari Driver Academy.

Unfortunately, he wasn't the only star of the junior series. There was Russia's Ilya Rozanov, who won everything Shane didn't.

The year Shane joined the Scuderia Ferrari Driver Academy, Ilya Rozanov was signed by the Red Bull Junior Team. They competed against each other in GP3 and Rozanov became a champion with DAMS. The very next year, they raced against each other in Formula 3 Euro Series, but this time it was Shane who won with the Prema Powerteam. Mid-year Shane signed a contract with Williams and Rozanov signed with Toro Rosso to drive for the respective teams in the 2013 season of Formula 1. Shane ended the 2013 season by being 17th in the Driver's Championship standings whereas Rozanov had beaten him by two positions by landing himself at 15th. He could feel Rozanov breathing down his neck, could see him in his mirrors, felt him walk past in the paddock without sparing a glance while

simultaneously catching Rozanov staring at him— he was the kind of challenge Shane detested. They'd fought a lot during the junior categories and it only intensified as they made it Formula 1. The media had declared them as arch rivals— fated to battle.

Shane tried to not let the bullshit get to his head but the way Rozanov acted in the media and on the track didn't make it easier. The first time he'd tried to talk to Rozanov was during the GP3 days. Rozanov was curt and reserved even though Shane was being polite. The Russian ended the conversation by saying that Shane 'wouldn't be so nice when he beats him'. Which proved to be true eventually. Shane dropped the kind act for every other time they had to interact after that. The only time they'd ever talk was when they'd shit talk the other in their face or get into a fight as soon as they got out of the car. It was becoming a big problem.

It was already hard enough being the only Canadian-Japanese driver, with the media and fans, even some team members behind his back, doubting his well-deserved position in the sport and often making backhanded comments. His mother, Yuna, had been a karting champion when she was younger but she had to quit at some point due to financial problems and the lack of space for women in motorsports. Everything Shane was today as a driver and a human, he owed a lot of to his mother's mentorship and father's support. At the end of the day, it was their dream as much as it was his.

And that scared him the most— losing the one thing he truly loved. Hence, even after all the micro-aggressions and doubts, he stood up on his two feet and got in the car. His determination and talent at last landed him in Scuderia Ferrari in 2014.

Rozanov had moved up to Infiniti Red Bull Racing Renault. That was the year Shane's life was changed.

Someone was knocking at the door so loudly Shane could hear the muffled sounds through his headphones. Annoyed at the lack of privacy, he got up and opened the door to find Rose, his PR officer with a mirroring annoyance on her face.

“Do you think it’s okay to scare your PR officer by telling them you’re checking data just for them to search for you everywhere and find you lounging in the driver’s room?” *Shit*. He’d lied to her to get some space from any and every human.

He sighed and apologised, “Sorry, I forgot to tell you.”

“Don’t do that again.” Rose entered the driver’s room, nudging Shane to move out of the way and closing the door behind them. She sat on the edge of the bed, looking down at the screen of her phone, “I need you to sit with me to record a few bytes and after that you can join Jon at his desk. He has some minor changes in the quali strategy that he wants to discuss.”

“Can’t I do the strategy meeting before—”

Rose interrupted him, “Nope, you’ve already wasted both of our time by making me run around. It will only take five minutes. I promise.” There was no point fighting a losing battle when your opponent was as stubborn as Rose.

“Fine.” Shane admitted his defeat and slumped on the bed beside her.

Rose cleared her throat before pressing play on the voice recorder on her phone. She began, “Shane. This is your second time racing at the Montreal circuit in Formula 1 but your first for Scuderia Ferrari. How are you feeling and is there any difference?”

“Well, it’s always a joy to race on home track. Last year was surreal and sacred, and I’m grateful to have shared that with Williams F1—I mean— Williams Martini F1 team. These names keep changing every year,” Shane chuckled to himself but seeing the look on Rose’s face, he pulled himself together and continued, “I felt a lot of love and support from the crowd. But this year definitely feels different. I’m driving with my dream team and leading the driver’s championship. There’s a lot of excitement but there’s also a bit of pressure— nothing I can’t handle of course. People have expectations from me and the team. We will not let them down.”

“Good answer. I like how you add a humanistic touch to it so you don’t sound like a parroting robot.”

Shane bowed his head slightly, “All thanks to you ma’am.”

Pleased with his answer, Rose continued, “Next question, *oops*, this might be a nerve touching one. Your *rivalry* with Ilya Rozanov. He’s second in the standings. Any comments on that?”

“Do you want an honest answer or a media appropriate one?” Rose glared at him, hinting at the obvious answer, “Fine. My goal for this year is to win a driver’s championship for myself and constructor’s for the team. There’s a lot of competition from other drivers and teams as usual. I only care about mine and the team’s performance. We will fight with all our might.”

Rose hit the pause button on the recorder. “Good enough. Not as spicy as the media outlets would like but either way we don’t want to give them something like that. Can I hear the honest answer before we move to the other questions?”

Shane snickered. His voice lowered as if he were whispering something scandalous, “Honestly? Fuck Rozanov and fuck his team too. They can try and snatch this from me but they won’t succeed. I’d shunt him into the walls I had to.” Rose guffawed, shaking with laughter.

“Fair enough. Fuck him, that pompous ass.” Rose took a deep breath to gather herself back together, pressing resume on the recorder, “You’re the first Canadian-Japanese driver in Formula 1. Any comments on your journey so far or what advice you’d like to give to young Wasian kids out there?”

“I race under the Canadian flag but I always carry the Japanese one on my helmet as a show of respect to my heritage. I’m incredibly grateful to have parents who raised me in a multicultural household and supported my dreams. There have been— actually, I don’t want to mention that.” He sighed, shaking his head in resentment, “At the end of the day, I’m proud of both the cultures I come from and so should all the kids dreaming of being in motorsports. I’d say the best thing you could do was practice, learn and believe in yourself.” He looked up at Rose, her brows furrowed in concern.

“Shane, we can address the racism, you know that—” *Not yet.*

“Not now, I don’t think I can. I have to prove myself worthy first.” He nodded at her, trying to convince himself of the words coming out of his mouth. It wasn’t fair, he knew that he could put out a press release addressing it if he wanted to.

“Don’t you think everything you’ve achieved so far makes you worthy of respect?” He understood that Rose’s words came from a place of concern but it was hard to explain the middle ground he was on between self-deprecation and integrity.

“It’s just, it’s complicated. I have to do something big to set an example. Kids look up to me and I want them to take my achievements into account when they do. When they see themselves in me, I want them to look at the bar I’m setting and challenge themselves to go beyond it. All I know is that I have to win this championship. And I have to win it with the team and the fans.”

Rose’s palm came to rest on his fidgeting hands, a reassuring warmth in the touch, “You will win it, bud.”

They continued recording media bytes for a while until Rose sent him to Jon. Jon informed him that they were sending him out on super soft tyres for the qualification laps. They talked a while about their best chances of getting a pole position. So far, the odds were in Shane’s favour.

With half an hour to qualification, Shane got dressed up and walked around the garage with white noise playing in his headphones, sipping ginger ale through the long, twisted straw.

Fifteen minutes before Q1, Shane was pumped and ready to go. He felt a drop of sweat trickle down his neck and immediately wiped it. There was a part of him that was terrified of the qualification sessions, while the other was assured he’d set a respectable timing.

Two minutes before the shootout, Shane was sitting in the car, adjusting his wheel. Jon came around and slouched beside him.

“Okay, Shane. *Abbiamo chiaro qual è la strategia?*” It was usual for team members to speak in Italian with him, he’d learnt the language specifically for it.

Shane nodded, “Si, Jon.”

“*Bene. All the best, l’ero nazionale*” Jon patted the top of his helmet and stepped away.

The national hero. The home hero. Canada’s pride, Shane Hollander had his mind set on one thing: the pole position. He had to give it his everything.

When the time came, Ferrari sent him out for Q1. Shane drove out of the pitlane to join the others on the track. He didn’t want to be distracted but he hadn’t been outside of the garage for a few hours. He hadn’t even seen his parents since morning and it caught him completely off guard to see flags and posters of him.

He sped up, carefully turning at the corners, going on green then purple sectors. Q1 was 1:14.560 but it placed him second behind Scott Hunter in the McLaren and ahead of Ilya Rozanov’s Red Bull in third. He approached Q2 with more precision, ending up with a 1:14.200, now in first position. When they sent him out for Q3, Shane knew what he had to do. He was fast and made no mistakes— a clean and calculated drive.

Seconds after he ended his last lap of Q3, Shane’s radio buzzed.

Jon’s voice filled his ears, the happiness prominent in it, “*Congratulazioni*, Shane. It’s pole position at home.”

“Yessss! Oh god,” Shane cried out, voice cracking, “Amazing guys, great work! *Grazie!*”

As soon as Shane parked his car, he removed the steering wheel, then the headrest, and one after another placed them on the flat surface in front of him. He climbed out of the car and gaped at the crowd cheering his name, hoisting his index finger up in the air at them. He bolted towards his team, jumping straight into their arms. Once he spotted his parents, he

immediately enveloped them in a tight embrace. His mom kept saying how proud she was while his dad repeatedly kissed the top of his helmet. When he detached himself from them and began walking towards the media pen, Shane felt a sense of pride. His first pole position in Canada. With his dream team. Now, all that was left was to win the next day.

Shane ended the day with a light dinner or *just* dinner for him, with his diet limiting his food intake. He'd wanted to grab a desert, a tiramisu, to celebrate the pole but he didn't, thinking it might be a bad omen of some sort. He took the final swig of his ginger ale and threw the empty can in the dustbin. He was antsy so he didn't think of going to sleep right away. The unfinished book on his bedside table looked like it could provide some relief. He grabbed it and his glasses, opening up the bookmarked page. He must've read for about ten minutes until his phone pinged.

Mom:

I hope you've eaten. We'll see you tomorrow. Sleep well, please!

Dad:

Mom and I are bringing the whole gang with posters. See ya, champ.

Shane:

I ate and please, no posters Dad.

But, thanks guys. Love you. Good night!

Mom:

Dad and I love you too!!

Wiping off the big smile on his face, Shane removed his glasses. Along with the book, the bookmark tucked in carefully, and his phone, he placed them neatly on the bedside table.

Shane had been in and out of interviews the whole morning and quite frankly, he was exhausted. He begged Rose to let him off and when she finally did, he got cornered by a bunch of fans. Media he might get tired of but the fans? Never. Some were his fans, some were fans of the fact that he was a Ferrari driver. Regardless, he talked with them, signed their merchandise and took pictures. He even awkwardly posed with a barely one year old baby; he hoped the baby won't regret this in the future.

As Shane headed back to the Ferrari garage, a strangely familiar hand was thrown around his neck. He flinched for a second before turning his head to the side to find that it was his best friend, Hayden Pike, a driver for the Lotus-Renault.

"Does the home hero have any time for his old pal?" Hayden squeezed his shoulder, smiling at his friend. They'd been friends since they were kids. Met during their karting days and instantly hit it off.

"Aren't you a home hero too?"

"I'm in Lotus, we'll be dead last. Nobody cares." *Well*, he wasn't wrong.

Shane smirked, snaking a hand around Hayden's waist and squeezing it. "Hey, don't say that. You might end up *second* last, you never know." Hayden's eyes went wide, a gasp leaving his mouth.

"Dick," Hayden removed his hand around Shane's shoulder and elbowed him with it, "Besides, you're leading the championship. And you're on pole. It's an easy win for the home hero."

“Don’t. Don’t assume anything. All these expectations are driving me crazy.” Shane looked away at the scattered crowd in the paddock and saw a poster of his own face looking back at him.

“Take it easy. You’ve had a good run for the past two days. Personally, I know you’re the guy to get shit done.”

Shane snorted, “Sure.”

“Okay, forget about winning. Can you just finish above Rozanov? That would make me very happy.”

“There’s no doubt about that. He’s been good but not good enough to catch up to Hunter, let alone get to me.” At that Hayden slapped a hand on his back, squeezing his shoulder.

“Now, that’s what I’m talking about, baby!” It got a small chuckle out of Shane, “By the way, you have to come with me. Jackie and the kids want to say hello to you. The girls made drawings on cards for you.” Another distraction to keep his mind off the race? He’ll take that up, Shane thought.

“Well, let’s go see what these little artists of yours have made.”

In the Ferrari hospitality, Shane was sat between both of his parents. He was eating a salad his trainer had dropped off, taking swigs of ginger ale in between bites of food.

“Shane, please don’t drink more ginger ale.” Yuna was in her manager mode again, although telling him off like he was five years old and not her client.

“I’m fine, mom. It’s fine.”

David chirped in, “How come that’s not excluded from your diet?”

Shane narrowed his eyes. He loved his parents but sometimes he did not want to be treated like a child around them.

“Sorry! Anyways, the odds look good.”

In a monotonous tone, Shane requested, “Can we just not talk about the race? Anything but the race.” Yuna simply gave him a look and opened her phone.

David asked, trying to help the situation, “Do you want to hear about the fight our neighbours got into last week?”

“Dad!”

“It was so funny. They were screaming so loudly, we could hear it in the backyard.”

Yuna added, “Those Smiths are just unusually loud even when they’re speaking. Someone needs to turn off their volume button.”

Shane snorted into his arm. In his head Shane agreed with his mom, their neighbours *were* a bunch of loud speakers. He spent the rest of his free time, listening to his parents animatedly recall their neighbours' fight.

The only thing Shane could feel was how loud everything was. The fans cheering in the grandstands, the cracking of his radio being checked, the marshalls walking past him, the commentators and pundits conducting interviews; all while there was a loud ticking sound in his head that matched the beating of his heart. He was sitting in the car, readying himself for the formation lap. He could see Scott Hunter's McLaren in his peripheral vision. He knew Rozanov was right behind in the third grid box and his teammate, Antonio Bozzi, was in the sixth.

Shane tried to recall a few things: he was starting on super softs, this was a track he was familiar with, and Turn 10 was a hairpin curve.

In front of him, the track cleared. The red lights turned into green, indicating the start of the formation lap. Shane began the lap, leading it while a trail of cars followed him. Throughout his whole lap, he managed to take a look at the fans in the grandstands. The echoes of his name could be heard in every part of the track. As he came back to the start, he placed his car inside the first grid box.

This was it. He visualised his parents, his friends, all the kids he grew up karting with, the fans in the stands and the fans at home, and everyone back at the factory in Maranello at the start of that year.

The red lights flickered in front of him. Everyone else had taken their positions.

In a flash, the lights went out.

Shane was flying. He was zooming through the track, turning at the corners with calculated precision and pure speed. Scott Hunter was cutting in close at Turn 5 but by the time Turn 7 came, Shane had managed to keep him behind. The curve drive at the hairpin went smoothly too. Shane had led the first lap of the race with no issues. The car was responding well and he, too, was in the right spirits.

He had just begun the second lap when his radio crackled. Jon spoke, "Safety car, Shane. Crash between the McLaren drivers. Hunter and Vaughn are okay and out of the race."

Thankfully, they're fine, he thought. One less problem ahead, he thought. With Hunter gone, he could lead peacefully. Unless... This would mean Rozanov had probably moved up to P2. *Fuck.*

Shane turned on his radio, asking, "Who's behind me and what's the gap?"

The safety car came out in front of him and slowed down, the rest of the nineteen cars following his lead.

"Rozanov in Red Bull. Gap is seven tenths. We need to increase that."

"Yeah, I know."

As if on cue, Rozanov appeared in his mirror, looking for an opportunity to overtake. Shane could feel Rozanov's smug smile beneath all the layers. Not today. Today was his day.

He maintained his position until the safety car was gone. Then, Shane sped up, going as fast he could, while maintaining the balance between braking and pace. He could see that he was losing Rozanov in the mirrors and kept his pace until he disappeared completely.

For about 20 laps, Shane was comfortable in his lead. His radio crackled, Jon's voice filling in his ears.

"Pit stop on the next lap. You'd come out easily ahead of Rozanov."

Shane started the next lap, swiftly moving into the pitlane at Turn 13. He decreased his pace and placed the car right in front of his mechanics. He was sure this would be quick work. But seconds passed by, it was taking longer than anticipated. He looked around, finding one of the guys still working the wheel gun on his front left tyre. He slammed on the steering wheel in frustration and cursed out. Finally, when the guy stepped back, Shane was ready to go.

Moments before he re-entered the track, he saw a Red Bull dashing down, turning at the corner just ahead of him.

He'd lost the lead to Rozanov.

If he set his mind to it, he could get him in his fresh tyres but Rozanov had fresh sets too. This was tricky, he had to speed up and he had to *fight*.

Shane turned on the radio, the familiar buzz in his ear. He barked, "What the fuck was that pit stop? Is that Rozanov ahead of me?"

"Took us 4 seconds, one of the wheel guns wasn't working. And yes that is Rozanov, we are currently 2 seconds behind. We are going with Plan B, check?"

"Plan B? *Che cazzo?* That will completely ruin my race."

"We can still catch up to Rozanov—"

"I'll do what I have to." Shane shut off his radio. He was approaching Turn 8 as he pushed beyond his limits. He turned on DRS, giving him the advantage to close the gap.

Ahead of him Rozanov was closer to the turn, driving like he knew Shane would never be able to catch up to him. He's always demeaned him, looked down at his abilities, and was so sure he was the best out of the two.

Shane felt the car come alive underneath him as the gap shortened. Rozanov had just turned around Turn 9 when Shane must've appeared in his mirrors. He was right on his tail, looking for an opportunity to overtake him. Rozanov, the smartass that he was, blocked every attempt Shane made.

They were fast approaching the hairpin. Shane had to be smart on the brakes and maintain the grip of his tyres so that he didn't spin around. Shane sped up and at last found himself side by side with Rozanov. If he perfected an overtake by the end of the curve, he'd retake the lead. Rozanov wasn't going to let him go easily, as he tried to move down the inside of Shane.

They moved into the curve together as it slowed them down, making them steer their cars around it. Shane was so close to the end of the curve, ready to send the car in full force down the straights. Rozanov was still slightly ahead of him, looking for an opportunity to block his entry.

Before he could process Rozanov cutting in too close, his car was thrust into the barriers, by an external force, right where the curved track turned into a straight. Rozanov's car had hit him with full force, Shane tried to steer back onto the track and ended up hitting Rozanov. Rozanov spun around in the opposite direction, colliding with the same barriers right in front of him.

Shane had been so close to regaining the lead but because of Rozanov's carelessness, he was stuck in his car, unable to get back on track with all the damage. He saw red as the closest thing in his vision was Rozanov in the same situation. Usually, he'd keep his calm and let the marshals and stewards do their job. But at that moment, he detached the headrest and the steering wheel and climbed out of the car. Rozanov had done the same, struggling to remove his leg stuck in the cockpit. Shane marched towards him, cursing his entire bloodline under the breath. Rozanov was frozen in his tracks when Shane shoved his chest, shouting a string of insults

"What the fuck is wrong with you? You asshole! You couldn't have let me have one thing?"

Rozanov struggled to push Shane's hands away from his body, barking, "Get the fuck off me, Hollander. You are crazy."

A few marshals came behind him, grabbed him by his arms and pulled him away from Rozanov. They asked him if he was hurt anywhere and Shane shook his head. He freed himself from their grip and made his way to his car. He slumped down on the grass, legs folded up against his chest, eyes burning holes into the track.

Sometime later his and Rozanov's car was lifted up by a crane and deposited onto the other side of the track. Both the drivers were sent back to their garages. Shane had walked into the Ferrari garage to the disappointed and displeased looks. His parents had come up to calm him down but he ignored them and locked himself inside his driver's room.

That day he could have been a winner. First Canadian-Japanese driver to win the Canadian Grand Prix. Celebrating with his family, drowning his team members in champagne, being showered with praises, holding that trophy up high for his home crowd– it would have been everything. Rozanov's stupidity had cost him the win. The malfunctioning wheel gun had cost him the race lead. He didn't know who to blame for this– his poor luck or his rival's existence?

The championship lead suddenly felt a lot more precious and fragile than before. He was confident of his abilities but who was to say something like this won't happen again? There was a lot at stake for him– his pride, identity and career– for him to lose that year. All sorts of scenarios played in his head. What if he had engine failures next? What if he wasn't fast enough? What if they went with the wrong strategy? What if Rozanov snatched the lead from him? What if he had to see Rozanov lifting the championship trophy that was supposed to be his? He couldn't push and shove at Rozanov then, couldn't even bite back a sarcastic comment because at the end of the day, that trophy was not on his shelf.

The post-race interviews had been hard to attend to. Rose was beside him as a reminder to not curse Rozanov or go down the path of self-deprecation in front of journalists. He was calm, composed but one paid close attention, they could see through the facade and spot the frustration. One particular comment about his Asian background had him cutting off the journalist in the middle and resorting to a much more impolite, media inappropriate reply than he had meant to. Rose intervened and they left the media pen after that.

The drive back to the hotel was silent. He'd asked his parents for privacy, told them that he appreciated their concern but needed to be alone. Out of the window, Shane stared at the billboards wishing him the best for the race. Tears formed at the brim of his eyes and before they could fall down, he wiped them away. When he reached the hotel, Shane thanked his driver. He walked inside with the hood pulled over his head, trying to conceal his face. He couldn't bear the thought of any human interaction that night.

Chapter End Notes

Shane is cooking something. You'll know soon.

Also, history and racing wise the 2014 season was a tough cookie to crack.

Let me know your thoughts!!!

Chapter 2: mixed emotions are congregating

Chapter Notes

IT IS HERE !! The start of Shane's plan and the end of this story. This was my first time writing smut, be kind to me world !

All the Italian and Russian parts were written by using online translators, so if i messed up, i apologise in advance :(

As always, I appreciate comments, kudos, feedbacks and such.

Happy reading!

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

June 2014, Spielberg

Austria was a beautiful country. The city of Spielberg had a heavy presence of the Swiss Alps; the air felt sweeter and everything looked vibrant. The Red Bull Ring was surrounded by mountains, and as far as the eye could see, there was the lush green that enveloped the mountains. Serene and quiet—just what Shane needed for a fresh head start. He'd even arrived a few days before the race weekend so he could rest or walk around the city. So far, he liked the place a lot more than he expected to.

The circuit was also the home of the Red Bull team. He could see an enormous amount of Red Bull supporters and the immense love they had for the team and its drivers. Ilya Rozanov was clearly loving being the centre of their attention. He spoke German, and even though it was the standard one and not any Austrian dialect, they still fawned over him. Shane never understood the way people would obsess over Rozanov's personality and laugh at his jokes like he was the funniest man alive— it didn't make sense how everyone seemed to find his arrogance charming.

It must be nice for them but Shane was sick of seeing the displays of fanaticism for his rival team. He understood how other drivers must've felt in Canada when they could see Shane's face plastered onto a billboard, on posters, or anything with a surface at every fifty meters. It

sounded hypocritical but he was hoping to see that in Canada the following year, and every year until he retired. It felt reassuring to know people cared.

Besides, Rozanov looked too happy for someone who had a fatal crash at the last race weekend. Shane had watched the post-race interviews in his hotel room, huddled up in a blanket, grumbling underneath his breath. Rewatching his own left a bitter taste in his mouth. He had apologised for shoving Rozanov but he also expressed his clear resentment against the Russian. Rozanov's interviews were the complete opposite. He'd stood in the media pen in his fireproofs that hugged his figure tightly, making an obscene show of the dip of his waist down the curve of his ass. Shane tried to ignore it and focused on Rozanov's comments. He'd said that he'd seen an opportunity and taken it. It was unusual for him to have ended up against the barriers. If it hadn't been for Shane steering into him, he would've kept his lead and won. He'd even called Shane 'stubborn' and 'careless'. The sheer nerve on him to accuse Shane of those things. *Dickhead*.

Shane went to sleep to try and get the image of Rozanov's ass out of his mind.

Free practice went swiftly since the Red Bull Ring was a track Shane enjoyed driving in; he felt a sense of ease in the concrete and edges of it. The car was responding well and the team had made double and even triple checks on everything. On Saturday, he qualified second, right behind Rozanov, who was on pole with a gap of three tenths. He assumed Rozanov would not just go for pole, but a win at his team's home race. He'd seen the smirk on Rozanov's face when he assured an interviewer that it would be his name on the winner's wall. Unfortunately for him, Shane wasn't going to let that happen. This race was his to win.

On race day, he walked into the paddock with Hayden and Hayden's trainer, Joe. He parted ways with Hayden and Joe when they reached the Lotus Renault garage. A few steps towards the Ferrari garage, Shane saw Rozanov with his race engineer Svetlana Vetrova, discussing something with a serious look on his face. Rozanov's eyes flickered in Shane's direction, trapping him under his gaze. They must have been about fifty metres away from each other when Rozanov abandoned his conversation and walked up to Shane, making him come to a halt.

"Hollander." Hearing his name from Rozanov's mouth was a pleasure like always.

“Rozanov,” Shane said to the man, his gaze landing on Rozanov’s race engineer, “Hi, Svetlana,” He nodded at her, Svetlana returning a polite smile. He liked her much better than Rozanov; he had a lot of respect for her work. It wasn’t easy being the only female engineer in a male dominated sport and working for a big team that demanded perfection at all times.

Rozanov interrupted, diverting the attention back to himself, “I see you’re not hiding in shame after the crash in Canada.”

“Wasn’t really my fault.”

“Hm no, it was. You took me out. You could not defend.”

How dare he?

Shane gritted his teeth, spitting, “You can’t even make a clean overtake, asshole.”

Svetlana, seemingly having noticed the tension, said something to Rozanov in Russian that sounded like, “*Kogda zakonchite s nim flirtovat', vernites' garazh.*” Whatever she said, made Rozanov smirk and wave goodbye to her. He turned his attention back to Shane, wickedness written all over his face.

“Too bad, too sad. I ruined your home race. But don’t worry, I will not ruin this one. I would be way ahead.”

“Is that so?” Shane scoffed.

“This win is mine. And championship too.” Rozanov said, cockily. The bastard always had to act like he was better than Shane.

“You’re awfully sure of that.”

“Yes, I’m looking forward to looking at you from top of podium. Maybe the view from bottom is good, yes?” Rozanov taunted, a smirk forming on his face at the look of irritation on Shane’s face. Shane couldn’t wait to wipe that stupid smirk off his face later.

“Go fuck yourself, Rozanov”

Rozanov waved his fingers at him, walking backwards to the Red Bull garage, “See you on track, Hollander.”

When Shane was getting ready for the formation lap, he recalled everything he knew. It had kind of become his pre-race tradition. He was starting on super soft tyres, they were doing a three pit stop strategy, and the goal was to overtake Rozanov for the lead and win the race.

He did a lap around the track and placed his car at the second grid box, his eyes set on Rozanov’s car. Then, the lights flickered red, catching his attention.

Shane took a deep breath as the lights went out. He bolted down the first sector, with a plan on his mind to overtake Rozanov. He had a relatively good pace, even almost catching up to Rozanov before Turn 4. But Rozanov was fast, and determined to stay ahead. On the eleventh lap, he went into the pits and came out with soft tires on. Two laps later, Rozanov pitted.

Shane calculated that it would take Rozanov half a minute in the pits, giving him just enough time to take the lead. He drove down the third sector, and as Rozanov entered the pitlane, Shane darted. The DRS zone gave him the advantage to come out right ahead of Rozanov, spotting his Red Bull in the pit exit. He couldn’t help the sly smile that etched across his face.

With Rozanov behind him, Shane had to increase his pace to keep a wide gap between them. A quick radio chat with Jon told him that Rozanov had dropped to fourth, whereas Scott Hunter's McLaren was second and Cliff Marleau's Mercedes third. There was at least a gap of thirty seconds between him and Rozanov, which prompted Shane to set a comfortable pace. Hunter had come close to overtaking Shane on the twenty-fifth lap, attempting to pass him on the fresh tyres while Shane was on the inside line. Smartly, Shane had blocked him right away. Soon, Hunter got too busy defending his position to Rozanov, who had just overtaken Marleau.

Shane had to pit again on the thirty-second lap as per orders, and with the gap he had maintained between him and Rozanov, he would come out ahead of him if the pit stop went well. He steered the car into the pit entry, parking his car right in front of the mechanics who swiftly changed the tyres and released him. Shane came out of the pitlane with no sights of Rozanov in his way. He checked his mirrors on the next corner to see Rozanov behind him, desperate to catch him.

For the next few laps, Rozanov fought tooth and nail with Shane for the position. He dived down on the inside of Shane, pressuring him nearly off the track. Shane knew of his tricks all too well. Rozanov chased him like a madman on the loose, cutting in close and intimidating him at every given chase. It wasn't just a fight for the position, it was hunger— a predator chasing down his prey to devour it whole. Anger bubbled inside Shane; he wouldn't let Rozanov get into his head.

Rozanov had the straight line speed advantage over Shane, gaining just enough to go wheel to wheel with him. He tried to pressure Shane, pushing him to the edge of the track, and maintaining the move around the upcoming corners. Rozanov gathered a fraction of speed over Shane, moving ahead of him. As the next corner arrived, Rozanov chose to stay on the outside, which gave Shane enough space to overtake him and come right ahead of him. As expected Rozanov had underestimated Shane's ability to find a solution in the most pressuring moments.

Thankfully, most of the time it worked out in Shane's favour.

With ten laps to go, Shane should've remained calm and unbothered but a part of him remained anxious, checking for Rozanov in his mirrors. He made his last pit stop of the race and came out with a gap of three seconds to Rozanov. He drove like his life depended on it— his championship certainly did. In the second last lap, he began to feel a bit of relief.

“Shane, you’ve set the fastest lap of the race. Good job. Let’s bring it home!” Jon said over the radio.

The final lap felt surreal, the brim of his eyes threatening to spill out a tear. It was inevitable he was going to win. After the disastrous race he had in Canada, Austria brought upon a surge of confidence he’d been seeking. There was an incomparable thrill in the final laps of a race. The heaviness in his chest had left, the pattern of his breaths had returned to a normal pace, but his heartbeat— it ran wild, lawless as a rush of adrenaline charged him.

His vision blurred and he blinked rapidly in the fear of losing the sight in front of him. The noise from the grandstands was deafening, layering under the buzz in his ears. When his vision cleared, he saw the fluttering chequered flag waiting for him.

As he passed by the flag, a wave of glee washed over him. He realised he was crying, beads of tears dripping down his cheeks.

Jon’s voice was in his ears, congratulating him, “P1 Shane, you did it. You were the fastest man on the track today. *Siamo orgogliosi di te, ragazzo. Bravo!*”

“Holy shit,” Shane cried out, “*Grazie mille. Ce l'abbiamo fatta. Non ci posso credere.*” God, he was getting emotional.

Shane parked the car right in front of the standee for the first position. He removed his headrest and steering wheel, putting them back on the car before climbing on top. Facing the thousands of Red Bull fans who were surprisingly cheering for him, he thrust his fist up in the air. The Ferrari team members were waiting for him, calling out his name. He jumped from the car and ran straight to them, throwing his entire body at the herd. They caught him, giving him a tight embrace and aggressively patting his back. This is what he wanted— his team to have faith in him again. One bad race didn’t mean the world after all.

In the cooldown room, he spotted Rozanov and Scott Hunter sitting far away from each other. When he entered, Scott got up and shook his hand, muttering congratulations. Rozanov glared at him like his existence itself had personally offended him. Yet after congratulating Scott right back, Shane went and sat at a hand’s distance away from Rozanov.

He looked at Rozanov, “Congratulations, Rozanov. You did good.”

“No need to rub in, Hollander.” Rozanov grumbled.

Scott raised an eyebrow, looking at Shane as if asking to intervene. Shane motioned him not to. He was aware they were being filmed.

“I’m not, asshole. I’m just saying you were persistent till the end. You *were* a bit careless, I suppose,” Rozanov glared at him, “Too bad I’ll never know what the view from the bottom is.”

“Ah, is that so? Who is the asshole now?”

“Obviously you. I’m only repeating your words.”

“You memorise everything I say? Cute.” Rozanov said, getting up from his place on the couch.

From the corner Scott Hunter gave them a look and shook his head, walking out of the room to the podium ceremony.

Shane moved first, walking out of the door after Hunter as Rozanov followed his lead. Behind the ceremony set up, they watched as Hunter went out first. Suddenly, Shane’s arm was grabbed, his body dragged closer to another.

“Don’t forget, I’m still coming for the championship.” Rozanov stood inches away from Shane’s face, muttering, “I will make it harder for you. I know you love it.” He warned, leaving Shane to himself as he sauntered over to the stage. Shane brushed it off and waited for his turn.

The podium ceremony had Shane elated, beaming down at his team and the fans. He could hear faint booing, which was fair considering he'd snatched the win from a Red Bull driver right under his nose. Rozanov was waving his trophy for the crowd that was chanting his name merrily. They popped champagne and Shane sprayed it on Jon, Scott joining him as they both targeted the race engineer. Shane turned out for a second just to get shot with champagne right on his face and a smirking Rozanov. Shane charged forward and dumped the rest of his champagne on Rozanov's head, laughing to himself as Rozanov struggled to get the drink out of his eyes. The last thing he remembered from the podium ceremony was Rozanov's lopsided smile, his eyes giving Shane's drenched figure an once over.

Shane never partied after a win. He fell back into his usual pattern of coming back to the hotel, freshening up, having dinner and going straight to bed. He had dinner in his hotel's fairly peaceful restaurant. His trainer had already informed the chef of his dietary restrictions, hence when Shane sat down to eat he didn't have to flip through the menu trying to find a suitable meal. After dinner, he walked out of the restaurant with the intention of reading for sometime then going to sleep.

The elevator pinged when it reached his floor and the doors opened. Shane walked out and down the hallway to his hotel room. When he reached his door, he fished out the room key from his pocket. The door beside his own hotel room clicked open. Instinctively Shane turned his head in the direction of the sound.

Rozanov stepped out, wearing his signature black leather jacket and jeans. How the fuck hadn't Shane realised he was in the hotel room beside Ilya Rozanov's?

As if sensing Shane's presence, Rozanov's head snapped in his direction. Rozanov's lips etched into a smirk, eyes wavering across Shane's body. He was in his joggers and a tight fitted t-shirt; he hadn't put in any effort for a dinner with himself. Rozanov sauntered towards him with intention. Probably to trash talk Shane more. He stopped short in front of Shane.

"Not going to celebrate your win? You feel so bad about beating me?" Endless taunts. Shane was used to it.

“You’re admitting to me beating you?” Shane snapped back.

“Maybe. Maybe not,” Rozanov replied, “I think I will celebrate beating you in next race. In advance. I would not go easy in Silverstone.” He was leaning against the wall beside the door of Shane’s room.

“Don’t you get tired of being so full of yourself?” Shane asked, fury enveloping his words, “It would kill you to hand me any modicum of credit. You think you’re so much better than me.”

“No, no, wrong,” Rozanov inched his body forward in Shane’s personal space, whispering in a tantalising tone, “I know I am better than you, Hollander.”

“Fuck you, Rozanov.” Shane tried to bite back but it came out weak. Rozanov simply hummed, eyes fixed on Shane’s lips. Shane couldn’t help but copy the action, eyes dropping to Rozanov’s perfectly shaped lips.

“I bet you want to,” Rozanov’s eyes snapped back up, meeting Shane’s, “Do you want me, Hollander?” He was close, frustratingly close to Shane, “I promise I will only say nice things about you when you are sucking my dick.”

It caught Shane off guard the way Rozanov could look into his eyes and unearth the desire he’d buried. Obviously, he wanted to agree but he had dignity.

Shane scoffed, “What the fuck are you saying, Rozanov? How do you even know all of that in English?”

“You blush red like tomato. Cute freckles.” Rozanov’s index finger left a feather light touch across the line of freckles on Shane’s cheeks.

“I– I did not blush,” Rozanov chuckled, as Shane stumbled over his words, finding the right ones to say, “We can’t. We’re rivals, for fuck’s sake. I’m not sleeping with you.”

“Yes, we can. Believe me, Hollander,” Rozanov’s hands found the waistband of Shane’s joggers, tracing the top surface, “No win is ever going to come close to the way my dick will feel inside you.” Rozanov leaned closer, inches away from Shane’s lips. The closer he got, Shane spiralled more. He didn’t know what to do—whether to think of the consequences, jump from one hypothetical to another or to agree to Rozanov’s proposition right away. Rozanov’s lips looked inviting. He’d often wondered— guilty of his desires— what it would be like to kiss them.

Rozanov’s breath wavered over Shane’s lips, accidentally brushing when Shane pulled himself back. “Not here,” he said, unlocking his door and dragging Rozanov in by the sleeve of his jacket.

The door closed behind them and Shane turned around to face Rozanov, who was leaning against the wall. He stared, not believing that he had Rozanov in his room and that it could lead to having sex with him. His body refused to move, feet glued to the floor. Rozanov seemed to notice it, lightly treading forward with caution, like he was afraid Shane might back out any moment. The caution melted into want when Rozanov’s hands found the curve of Shane’s jaw, cupping his face and tilting his head to the side. His eyes refused to look at Rozanov, fluttering close.

Rozanov muttered, “Are you going to be a coward, Hollander?”

“I’m not a fucking coward,” Shane’s eyes snapped open, glaring with a fury of a thousand suns. His hands snaked around Rozanov’s waist, fisting the fabric of his jacket.

“Say it then. Say what you want. What do you want, Hollander?” Shane had never felt this vulnerable with someone before. Like Rozanov had cracked him open and found just the right buttons to hit. This urge to submit his body to Rozanov was eating him up, making him lose control. He *had* to stay in control.

“I want you leave me the fuck alone. You’re a self-absorbed dickhead who gets off on humiliating me.” Shane said, not meaning the first statement. He wanted to push Rozanov further too. He wanted to see if he’d break away and leave Shane to his misery, preventing

him from giving in and fucking his rival. He had zero confidence in his own self control, so he leaned on Rozanov's to exercise his.

"No, try again," Rozanov leaned in, and instinctively Shane leaned in too, "*You* let me in your room. Do you want me?" His heart and dick betrayed him, as a short moan left his mouth. Frustrated, on the edge, Shane admitted defeat.

"Yes, *fuck!*" Shane whimpered, "You're so fucking frustating. What are you doing to me?" Rozanov all but flashed him the smile of a true victor.

"It's part of my *charm*," Shane scoffed and muttered 'charm' under his breath, mocking. Rozanov's thumb pressed on Shane's bottom lip, "but I want you too. I want you to get on your knees and suck my dick. Then, I'm going to fuck you until you cry, yes?" Not even thinking once, Shane sucked Rozanov's thumb into his mouth, lathering it with spit.

Rozanov's pupils were blown to oblivion already, fucking his thumb deep into the heat of Shane's mouth. When he pulled it out, Shane whimpered at the loss. But his agony was short-lived as Rozanov pulled his mouth closer, smashing their lips together. He left Shane's lips coated slick with spit when he pulled back, immediately going in again but this time, with his tongue first. Their tongues explored each other's mouths, Shane sucking on Rozanov's mouth like he couldn't get enough of the heroine-like rush.

The room was filled with the noises of mouths against each other, smacking sound of lips, and the slobbering wet ones of the spit exchanged. Rozanov groaned when Shane grabbed his hair, aggressively pulling the strands. They stumbled around the room. Rozanov detached their lips to remove his jacket and t-shirt and Shane took that as an opportunity to take his shirt off and fold it, placing it on a chair in the corner.

When he turned back, Rozanov was grinning. "What?" Shane asked. Rozanov didn't say anything, but simply closed the distance between them. Shane's hands explored the rigid muscles of Rozanov's biceps, massaging his pecs and travelling down to his abs. He stopped right at the navel, hesitating at first but then he thought, *fuck it*. His hand grabbed Rozanov through the fabric of his jeans, making Rozanov moan into his mouth. He palmed at the bulge while not once letting his lips leave Rozanov's, not even for a split second.

"*Fuck, Hollander.*" Rozanov moaned, biting Shane's bottom lip hard.

As much as Shane would hate to admit, he'd dreamt of this often. Kissing Rozanov, sucking him, being underneath him were all the usual fantasies of his wet dreams. The first time Rozanov had said something so insulting yet borderline indecent, Shane had to go back to his hotel and get off to the image of Rozanov whispering that to him over and over again.

"On your knees." Rozanov said and Shane dropped to his knees so fast it was embarrassing, pure pathetic. At that moment, he didn't care. He nosed Rozanov's bulge, pressing light kisses through the jeans.

"Can I? Shane asked and Rozanov nodded furiously. His fingers fumbled at the button of the jeans, dragging the zipper down with shaky fingers. He pushed the jeans down with the underwear, mouthing at the happy trail. Pressing kisses on the hair dusted on the pelvis, his mouth travelled lower and closed around the tip of Rozanov's dick.

Rozanov groaned over him, as Shane sucked lightly, licking it with no real effort. He wanted Rozanov to feel the torture he was putting Shane through with his flirty remarks and stares across the room. Though, he couldn't resist the thick pulsing dick in front of him for much longer. He looked up at Rozanov, batting his eyelashes.

"Go on, Hollander. Take it, take what you want." Shane couldn't help but obey, pushing his mouth down on Rozanov's dick until his lips fully stretched around the girth of it. He bobbed his head, nose touching the pubic hair. He was purposefully going at a slow, tantalising speed, savouring the taste and feel of Rozanov in his mouth.

Above him, Rozanov was muttering something in Russian, most likely profanities. He groaned and gritted his teeth, fisting his hands in Shane's hair. His fingers guided Shane down on his dick, making Shane pick up his pace. Shane was relentless, moving his head up and down on Rozanov's dick, pumping the base with his palm and lightly grazing his teeth on it.

"Stop, stop," Rozanov pulled Shane off his dick by his hair. Shane got up immediately, a concerned look flashed across his face. Did he do something wrong?

"I don't want to come like this. I want to fuck you and make you come on my dick, okay?"

Shane took a deep breath, “Yeah, okay.” Rozanov got rid of his jeans, motioning Shane to do the same.

Once they were fully unclothed, Rozanov pushed Shane back on the bed. His body flopped down on the soft linen sheets, back resting against the pillows. His legs spread apart, inviting. Rozanov was standing by the edge of the bed staring at Shane at like he hung up the stars.

Rozanov climbed on the bed, caging Shane’s spread legs with his own. He had the same energy as he did on track when he chased Shane, trying to overtake for a position. For a second, Shane felt vulnerable, to be underneath Rozanov and letting him devour him whole. His skin felt too hot, his mind bothering him with ridiculous thoughts, and chest heaving with anticipation and tremor.

But the moment Rozanov’s mouth met his again, everything vanished into thin air. All he cared about was Rozanov’s hardness dragging across his thigh and his tongue exploring every part of his mouth. Rozanov’s hand suddenly grabbed Shane’s dick, making him gasp, arching his back. Pre-cum dripped from his dick to Rozanov’s fingers.

“You’re leaking already. You loved sucking my dick, didn’t you?”

“Rozanov,” Shane moaned, fucking up into Rozanov’s hand, “Faster. Don’t be lazy.” Rozanov scoffed, removing his hand entirely from Shane’s dick. Shane glared at him, mouth falling open in shock.

“Don’t be bossy or I will leave you like this.” Shane’s brows furrowed together, taking in short breaths to repress his irritation. “Beg.”

Shane would never beg Rozanov for anything, let alone to get him off. But he was under a trance, every inch of him wanted to do anything and everything Rozanov told him to.

“Come on. Beg if you want me to suck your dick, Hollander.” Rozanov urged, grazing his teeth at Shane’s nipple.

“I’m– I’m not– *oh fuck*,” Shane moaned, the sensation of Rozanov’s teeth on his nipples sending a chill down his spine. He whimpered, sounding desperate, “Can you suck my dick?”

“Say magic word.”

“Asshole,” Rozanov pinched his nipple and Shane’s back arched instantly, “*Please*, Rozanov. Can you suck my dick? Please, I need it– I need you.” The words made Rozanov flash him a cheshire cat smile, dropping a soft kiss on his collarbone.

“Anything you want, sweetheart.”

Rozanov dragged his lips down on Shane’s abs, diverting to the inside of the thighs the moment he reached the pelvis. A feather light kiss on the inside of his thighs made Shane’s entire body shiver, toes curling at the sensation. Rozanov bit down on the ample flesh on Shane’s thighs, licking on it, deliberately lingering at one place for too long.

Shane’s dick was hard, lying on his stomach and leaking already. Desperate for some friction, Shane wrapped a hand around his own dick momentarily. But Rozanov swatted at his hand, and before Shane could complain, he replaced it with his own mouth. The slick, wet heat of Rozanov’s mouth engulfed his dick, Rozanov hollowing his cheeks and sliding his tongue across Shane’s length.

He’d had his fair share of blowjobs in his life, some from girls he hadn’t particularly enjoyed and some from guys that were just the right amount of pleasurable. But this? Rozanov swallowing him whole, without stopping, spit dripping down his chin, occasionally making eye contact– this was what his greatest fantasies were made of. The velvet lush of Rozanov’s mouth around his dick sent sparks of pleasure to Shane’s brain. Rozanov’s one hand pumped Shane’s dick at the base while the other massaged his pecs, twisting his nipples.

“I can’t– I’m going to come.” Rozanov pulled off, Shane whimpering at the loss of his mouth. Rozanov shifted himself to face Shane, leaning his whole weight on his right side, fingers tracing Shane’s outer thigh and grabbing the flesh of his ass.

“Not now. I want you to come on my dick.” Shane nodded, turning on his side. Opening the bedside drawer, he pulled out the bottle of lube he’d used the night before and a packet of condom he’d absent mindedly kept in the drawer.

Who knew Ilya Rozanov would be using the same condom to wrap his dick with and fuck Shane?

Rozanov’s fingers traced the dimples on Shane’s back, dropping kisses on the freckles on his back. For someone who hated Shane so much, Rozanov sure took his sweet time to caress every part of him. It was extremely confusing.

When Shane turned around, he handed the bottle of lube to Rozanov, dropping the condom on the empty space beside them. Rozanov’s eyes flickered between the bottle and Shane, “Is half-empty. You fuck yourself a lot, Hollander?”

“Fuck you” Shane scoffed.

“I think you mean *fuck me*? Do I have to ask you to beg again?”

“I’m not begging,”

“And I,” Rozanov waved the bottle of lube at him, dropping at his side, “can leave you just like this. Get yourself off like you probably did last night.”

“You’re such a narcissist. You just want me to beg for your dick because it will make you feel proud of yourself.” Shane scoffed, turning his head to the side, refusing to meet Rozanov’s gaze.

“Maybe I just want perfect, pretty Shane Hollander, Formula 1’s rising star, championship leader, to beg *me* to fuck him? You look so pretty when you ask for what you want and say

please.”

Rozanov’s lips brushed against Shane’s neck, hot breath fawning a layer of sweat on his skin. Rozanov was relentless, pressing kisses, nipping gently, careful not to leave any marks. His actions were tipping Shane into doing what he asked.

“Rozanov, get your dick inside me or I’ll slap you, I swear.” Shane grit his teeth, grabbing onto Rozanov’s biceps so hard he could see the red marks forming.

“Oh, *kinky!*” Rozanov slapped the cleft of Shane’s ass playfully, “Tell me more. What do you like?”

“What I would like is for you to fuck me. I want you to stretch me with your ridiculously long fingers and get your dick inside me. *Please, fuck me.*”

Rozanov grinned, like a man whose mission was accomplished. He pushed Shane’s leg apart, legs folding into half. He squirted lube on his fingers, coating them entirely.

“Not so hard, was it?”

The first touch of Rozanov’s cold, lube-covered fingers on Shane’s hole made it flutter, his nostrils flaring. Rozanov’s index finger circled around Shane’s hole, barely pushing half of it in. In front of him Shane moaned, repeatedly muttering *fuck* and *shit* underneath his breath. Rozanov pushed in another finger, watching as Shane’s hole tightened around both of his fingers. He scissored his fingers as Shane writhed underneath him.

“So tight for me, Hollander. You could come just like this. But you want dick too.” Rozanov added a third finger, stretching Shane’s hole, “Three fingers is just not enough for you.”

“Not enough. Need your dick, Rozanov.” Shane cried out, adding, “*Please.*”

Rozanov picked up the condom and tossed it on Shane's chest, hinting at him to open it. Shane tore it open with his trembling fingers and handed the condom to Rozanov, who made quick work of putting it on. He squirted more lube on his hand, stroking his dick. Shane stared in awe at the face Rozanov made out of pure pleasure, head tilted back as his lips parted and eyes closed. "*Idealnyy malenkiy Hollander*," Rozanov moaned. He looked so beautiful, lush pink lips glistening with Shane's precum— it was actually fucked up that Shane thought of his rival this way.

Rozanov's eyes opened and he crawled forward, hovering over Shane. His hand was still working on his dick when he leaned down to press a soft kiss on Shane's lips, pulling back and diving right back in with his tongue first. His mouth sucked on Shane's lips then his chin, licking and devouring the taste of his skin and sweat. Rozanov whispered, "Taste so good."

Rozanov lined his dick with Shane's hole, tip prodding at the entrance teasingly. He'd gone red in the face, beads of sweat dropping from the side of his face. Shane's fingers intertwined in Rozanov's curls, meeting his eyes.

"Ready?" Rozanov asked, receiving a nod from Shane in return.

He slipped his dick inside Shane's hole slowly, a twinge of burning sensation making Shane jolt. Rozanov was careful, gentle, and that made Shane wonder as to how someone could hate him so much on track and still be so tender with him in bed. Rozanov pushed inside of Shane as he moaned— the feeling of being full was sensational. He was stretched out, filled up and had the most stupidly handsome man hovering over him. That was probably the closest he'd get to heaven.

Shane's fingers curled around the strands of Rozanov's hair and dragged him down to smack a kiss on his lips. "Move, please."

Rozanov looked spent already the way he had blush covering his cheeks and the rate at which he obliged to Shane's request. He thrust into Shane, moving at a respectable pace. His dick had the perfect length, almost the same as Shane's dildo, but the girth was much more than what Shane had ever experienced.

Everytime he thrust deeper into Shane, he grunted and let out short breaths that drove Shane crazy. Rozanov had Shane's legs bent and folded behind his head, all that yoga finally

coming to use. He built the pace gradually, the wet slide of his dick in and out of Shane created an echo around the room. The smacking, slick sounds filling up the room as the heat between them grew, Rozanov fucking into Shane more roughly as he picked up a pace.

“Oh fuck, Rozanov,” Shane moaned, a little too louder than he intended. Rozanov immediately slapped a hand on his mouth and somehow that made Shane hot all over.

“There are other drivers on this floor.” Rozanov smirked, “Do you want them to hear how you take my dick so well, Hollander?”

“No, I don’t—”

“No? I guess I’m not doing my job right,” Rozanov slipped his dick out of Shane, making him groan. He tapped on Shane’s thigh, “Get on your stomach. On all fours.”

Shane did what he was asked, getting on all fours, propping his ass up in the air. Rozanov’s hands squeezed the flesh of his ass, teeth nipping lightly on it, sending a rush of blood to Shane’s dick. Rozanov lined himself with Shane’s hole and pushed in, holding onto his hips and ramming into him. Shane felt Rozanov’s dick everywhere in his body in that position. The sounds he made were unbelievably loud for him, he’d always keep it quiet but in that moment he couldn’t give a fuck if someone heard him.

“*Fuck*, Hollander, you want the whole hotel to know?” Rozanov mocked, speeding up his movements and changing his angles.

“Fuck you, *oh—faster—right there.*”

Shane was in another world, euphoric—all he could think of was Rozanov’s face twisting earlier whenever Shane’s hole squeezed around his dick, and the gradual thrusts against his prostate sending a sharp jolt of pleasure to his brain. He was fucking into him with the precision of a man who was taking out all his frustration, the anger of getting his win snatched away and the annoyance at having to battle with Shane for the championship title.

Shane was close, he was going to come untouched. It should've made him recoil, fight back his orgasm but something in him felt so relieved, at ease that he wanted to let go easily. Pliant limbs splayed over the bed as Rozanov thrust deeper, reaching parts of Shane no one else had.

"I'm close," Shane said. Rozanov slowed down his movements at that. His breath fanned over Shane's right ear.

"Turn to the side. I want to see your face when we come together." Shane flipped his body to the side. Rozanov slid his dick inside Shane, finding an angle that let him look at Shane's face and grab his ass simultaneously.

Rozanov picked up his pace, earnestly fucking into Shane and twisting his nipples. Shane tried again, to get a hand around his reddened dick, but Rozanov swatted it away. Shane's hands found Rozanov's face instead, caressing his cheek, slipping a thumb into his mouth. He rammed into Shane mercilessly, grunting and groaning at the way Shane's face twisted in pleasure.

"Oh fuck, fuck, fuck, *Rozanov*," Shane cried out, close to his release.

"So good, Hollander. You are fucking perfect. *Vsegda khotel videt tebya takim.*" Rozanov gasped out.

Rozanov thrust faster, his hips snapping against Shane's ass mercilessly. A particularly hard thrust, angled right, finally sent Shane over the edge as he came. Ribbons of come splattered all over his stomach and before he knew it, he heard Rozanov grunt out a weak *Hollander* and come with his dick still inside of Shane.

Rozanov slowly pulled his dick out, Shane's whining at the sensitivity. He tied the condom and threw it in the bin. Rozanov flopped besides Shane, both of them mirroring each other's heavy breathing. Rozanov turned to the side to face Shane who copied him, their blissed out faces staring back at each other. Rozanov's eyes travelled down to the come splattered over Shane's torso, gently sliding his fingers over it.

“I need to clean myself.” Shane said, trying to get up. But Rozanov pushed him back down on the bed, sucking the come covered fingertips into his mouth.

“I’ll do it. Relax.” Rozanov got up from the bed, Shane’s eyes following the shape of his naked body as he disappeared into the bathroom. He returned with a washcloth and wiped Shane clean, then tossed it beside the bed.

“That was...nice.” Shane couldn’t find the right words, his brain was still hazy from the orgasm. What would he even say? *Thanks for the orgasm! I’m still mad at you for fucking up my home race but great dicking down skills.*

“Wow, you are generous with compliments,” Rozanov mocked him, flashing him a taunting grin.

“Fuck off. I still fucking hate you,” Shane spit out but there was no venom in Shane’s words, a smile threatening to form, “Be ready to be destroyed in Silverstone.” Rozanov’s grin only became wider, letting out a chuckle at Shane’s threat.

“All that talk and you still say please to suck my dick.” Rozanov dropped a sudden kiss on Shane’s lips, muttering inches away from his mouth, “I still win.”

Shane felt fuzzy all over, lightheaded and *drunk*. He should probably leave but his limbs refused to work. The whole day’s exhaustion caught up to him as he became droopy eyed, a yawn escaping his mouth before he could cover it. The last thing he remembered before dozing off was Rozanov pulling the duvet over him, fingers tracing the freckles on Shane’s face and a genuine smile on his face.

There was a familiar shrill sound coming from somewhere. Shane’s eyes managed to flutter open slightly, immediately sensing someone’s arms wrapped around his torso. The night before hadn’t yet caught up to him this early, as genuine confusion ran rampant in his head. He turned his head around to find Ilya Rozanov snoring, tightening his grip around Shane’s

torso. Memories of the night before came back in flashes and a horrific realisation dawned on him.

Shane had slept with his rival.

Chapter End Notes

Oof, that was a wild ride! My first Hollanov fic is done and I will write more because I miss them so much!

Sidenotes:

- 1) If it wasn't obvious, Ilya is obsessed with Shane, has been from the beginning, but Shane is very oblivious to it. They figure it out eventually.
- 2) Shane goes onto win the 2014 World Driver's Championship and Constructor's with Ferrari. Ilya comes out second but don't be disappointed because the following year, Ilya wins his first with Red Bull.

Can't wait for season two!

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