

limits

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by Anonymous

Summary

Ilya and Shane's rivalry finally reaches a new level during their rookie F1 season.

2025 - BAKU, AZERBAIJAN

Ilya Rozanov was the most successful Russian driver in the history of Formula 1, even without winning the championship yet. Something that remained as dominant as his growing talent through the feeder series to even make it to F1 was his rivalry with Shane Hollander. If it was so impressive when they were in karts and all the way up to F2, their F1 rivalry would be one for the history books.

Or at least it would have it's own Wikipedia page.

The problem was they weren't just rivals anymore. It started in their rookie F1 season. A development in their relationship.

Ilya had lost the championship, an impressive performance in his debut season to even be a challenger, but Shane Hollander had won. And it skyrocketed him to levels of fame in and outside of F1.

But Ilya had won Monaco in that same season. One jewel in the triple crown of motorsport. The problem was so did Hollander, depending on which requirements you follow. The triple crown was to win the Indy 500, 24 Hours of Le Mans and the Monaco Grand Prix or the F1 World Champion. Or win Monaco and the championship in the same season, that'd be easier. Everything was theoretically easy. In reality, it was hard, and only 20 people in the world understood the pressures of an F1 driver at a time.

Ilya had been promoted to Red Bull halfway through his debut season. Hollander raced for McLaren from the get go. If he had been in the Red Bull from the start of the season, then he may have clinched the title. No. He definitely would've. He was one with that car. It was built especially for his driving style while his teammates always struggled and ended up backmarkers in a car that was easily the fastest on track. If driven by Ilya.

But he had no doubt if Hollander was his teammate, he could also be on the front row with him.

Well, he already was. Just in a McLaren.

And that papaya orange infuriated him.

Their title fight in their rookie seasons had as many twists and turns as Jeddah Corniche, feeling emotions they didn't think possible.

Ilya told himself it was only natural to be concerned about Hollander when they collided into the barriers together into turn 1 on lap 1. They were rivals, competitors. Not enemies. He had offered him his hand to help him from the cockpit. He could tell he appreciated it, and they had a calm conversation when Ilya had visited him in his drivers' room after they were both done with medical checks and media duties.

Except that was what scared him.

They'd stopped arguing.

Started talking.

And when Hollander had won the next race in a move Ilya found dirty, they didn't argue.

2024 - SHANGHAI, CHINA

Ilya's argument died on his lips the moment he saw Hollander, stripped down to the waist with the top half of race suit hanging from waist, fireproof undershirt folded on a chair as he was in the middle of changing.

"The only reason you've won so much is due to the car," Ilya started, but didn't continue when Hollander didn't either.

Shane was surprised to see Ilya standing in the doorway of his drivers room. Even more when his rage fizzled. "Rozanov," he started, voice quivering in confusion before his lips crashed against his and he backed into the wall and allowed him. When he pulled away, his eyes were hazy with lust and his lips were slightly slick. Shane returned the gesture and kissed him, fuelled by their anger for the other. Although, it didn't cross his mind that his rival had pounced on him, just someone who he'd admired.

"How long have you wanted to do this?" Shane asked when they pulled away to assess each other.

"You don't get to talk to me like that," Ilya roughly grabbed him and dragged him to the massage bed. "You're too lucky. I don't like it. You need to be taught. This is how much I don't like you." Each sentence was emphasised with kisses, warm open mouthed presses down to his neck and Shane had to suppress the amusement.

"Keep telling yourself that, if it makes you feel better," Shane began unzipping Ilya's race suit and tugged free his undershirt. Ilya paused his foray of kisses to pull off his undershirt.

"You like what you see? I notice when you stare," he said smugly.

"I could say the same to you," Shane's fingers traced the muscles of his upper back.

Ilya batted his arm down. "I'll make you beg. You'll be undone because of me."

He suddenly palmed Shane's bulge, resulting in a moan. "You like it?"

Shane flushed. "Fuck off."

"You do," Ilya cooed. "I told you. Tonight you beg." He continued his movements, and it didn't take long for Shane to give in.

“Please, Rozanov.”

“What do you want me to do?”

“Touch me more.”

“Where?”

“You know where!” he whined. “Just take my race suit off, please?”

“Good boy,” he murmured as he pecked his lips. “I can do that. Lift up your hips,” he instructed. Once he obeyed, Ilya swiftly tugged off his race suit and fireproof bottoms in one quick tug.

His fingers slowly pumped his dick. “More?” he asked.

“Faster,” he barely managed to say. “Please.”

“So polite,” Ilya praised as he increased his pace.

Shane just looked up at him, tongue running over his lips. “Ilya, I want your cock so badly, I want to feel your cum inside me,” he’s almost moaning the words and Ilya forces him to lay flat as he discards his race suit and underwear entirely and lifts Shane’s hips higher. Then he moaned for real, arousal pulsed out of his and down his hand.

He stopped. “Oh, please, Ilya,” he begged without him ordering. It sounded like he subconsciously blurted it out. He resumed.

“How much do you want this? If you’re good slut for me, I’ll give you what you want.”

"You're just like how I imagined," Shane told him, and he knew he'd process it.

Ilya raised an eyebrow. "You think about me while you fuck yourself?"

"I have a dildo, but it's so big I can't last long. I imagine you to be the same."

As Ilya processed this information, which seemed to go straight to his cock instead of his brain, he met his lips with a bruising kiss.

Ilya rubbed his slit vigorously, fingers lightly squeezing. "You're such a good slut, baby. I'll make you cum just like you imagine," he promised, voice deep with anticipation. It did surprise him, that his championship rival fantasised about this, but he couldn't exactly say he didn't imagine his mouth around his cock as he stroked himself.

Shane moaned and panted, bucked his hips as he repeated his name like a chant. He whined when Ilya suddenly stopped and held a hand up to his mouth.

"Spit," he ordered. As Shane spat into his hand, Ilya watched before copying and smearing it over his entrance. "Ready?"

He nodded.

Ilya's fingers slowly rubbed him before one pushed in, slowly, but easily. He was observing, checking Shane was comfortable before he resumed his teasing. "You like this?"

"Yes."

"You do this to yourself?"

“Yes,” he repeated with a blush.

“Do you imagine it's me?”

This time, the blush deepened, but the answer was still the same. “Yes.”

“How many?”

“Three.”

So three he'd go up to.

“You want a second?”

“Yes,” he begged, desperate and Ilya moved his free hand to his chest to keep him flat when Shane squirmed.

A second finger slowly joined, and the process repeated until Shane was begging for a third, his cock still leaking pre-cum and his hand snuck down to attend to it but Ilya's hand wrapped around his wrist as he tutted.

“What do you want, Hollander?”

“Fuck, please, Rozanov. I want more.”

“What do you do after three?” Ilya inquired as he pressed a kiss to his jaw.

“I, uh, get the dildo.” Shane couldn't hold eye contact and Ilya smirked.

He was a complete mess, panting and crying for more and Ilya hadn't even fucked him.

He withdrew his fingers

Ilya was almost ashamed at how hard he was. It was beginning to hurt, trapped under his clothes, but he told himself it was just his hatred for his appearing as pleasure. The way Shane had come undone due to him was something he only dreamed about.

Ilya took off his race suit and other garments until he was naked and his cock was throbbing with one need. After receiving another palmful of spit which he spread over his cock, he kissed Shane deeply, tongue slipped into his mouth as his hands held his hips until their hips met. It elicited a moan from both of them, pausing to get a feel for the sensation gave Shane time to adjust for his size.

He started thrusting until Shane's hands firmly pushed against his chest. "I want to," he breathed.

"Next time, золотце," he promised, kissing his neck as Shane wrapped his legs around him as they laid back. Shane's hands tangled in his curled hair as his cock slid in and out, slick from both their arousal. "Is ok?" he asked.

“Yes.”

“Faster?” he asked.

“Yes.”

He obliged. “You're so good to me,” he murmured as he captured his lips again, seemingly forgetting they were supposed to be fucking and not making love.

He thought about kissing his neck and leaving plenty of marks, but remembered that they should really try to be quiet. Although a private room for the driver whose name was on the door, it was still in a corridor containing the other McLaren driver's room and other rooms too, such as the debrief room. And debrief hadn't even started. They'd both barely finished media duties.

Then he decided fuck it.

He wanted Shane to beg, that was the whole reason they were here now.

Ilya smirked as he picked up both the pace and intensity, each roll of his hips making Shane cry out in pure joy, one arm above his head as his hand gripped the edge of the massage bed.

Ilya's hand returned to Shane's neglected cock and rubbed the red tip, and it seemed to tip him over the edge as Ilya adjusted the angle of his hips a fraction, and Shane started babbling about how he was gonna cum, and then the first name of the Red Bull driver slipped out in such a way that Ilya needed him to repeat it, but his abs were already splattered with the promised results, and Ilya wasn't far behind, and released inside him.

They were both breathless, as Ilya wiped Shane clean with one of their fireproof shirts because it could always be washed.

“Was fun?” he asked with a smirk as he began getting dressed back into his race suit as Shane slid off the massage bed and continued his interrupted changing by getting dressed in jeans and a McLaren polo.

“Yeah. Uh, did you mean it about next time?”

“Yeah,” he copied before chuckling. “Just play dirty on track,” he told him before he left.

2025 - BAKU, AZERBAIJAN

A knock at his hotel room door and Shane already knew who it was, so he opened.

And was immediately pressed up against the wall beside the door by his title rival kissing him as desperately as he wanted to win the race tomorrow. Another front row lock out, this time with Rozanov taking pole position.

“That was some lap,” he spoke between kisses as they started stripping. “But I was better. New track record, you know?”

“Saturdays don't count. That's why there's a race on Sundays,” Shane teased as Ilya walked him back to the bed through guided pushes and slow kisses.

“Знаю. But your team is shit at strategy.”

Shane almost devolved into a fit of laughter.

He knew.

He knew more than anyone because that same botched strategy had cost him the win more than once.

“What are you saying?”

“Знаешь.” A word he knew Shane would understand.

“Fuck.” Ilya couldn't tell if he was swearing because of the sensation or the realisation.

He continued to stroke Shane anyway, as Shane did the same to him, attempting to hold their cocks together.

Neither of them continued the conversation, focusing on each other and their pleasure.

Until they were laying in bed afterwards.

‘I’ve gotta change teams,’ Shane mused as Ilya smiled up at him, head resting against his shoulder. He pressed a kiss there.

“You wanna be my teammate?” he asked gently.

“I wanna be more than your teammate,” he replied.

Now that did surprise Ilya, his eyes widened a fraction and he sat up, no longer cuddling as close as they had been.

“What do you want?”

“To be your boyfriend.”

Processing, Ilya blinked before he grinned.

“I think we can do both of those things, любовь моя,” he promised before moving to seal it with a kiss.

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