

no control

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by [rogersharringtons](#)

Summary

If there's one thing Shane Hollander has learned by now, it's that there is nothing Ilya loves more than a challenge.

He knew somewhere in the back of his mind that it was probably a bad idea to start the drive to the cottage off by telling him just how long it would take to get there. Shane was- *fuck*, he was just trying to be *polite*. Make sure Ilya wasn't starving after a day of travel.

But now he can feel Ilya's eyes on the side of his face, can feel the tension that fills up every inch of his Land Rover, can feel how... *hungry* Ilya really is.

Notes

well.... let's all act surprised that i'm now writing heated rivalry fic. anyway! i'm still figuring out how to write hollanov, so what better way to dip my toes in than smut! i am not from canada and do not what the roads to the cottage look like, sorry in advance if it's not exactly accurate.

also just as a heads up for the pre-negotiated kink tag... these guys have been sucking and fucking for a decade. they already have their dom/sub dynamic in place and don't have a discussion about it in this fic.

title taken by the one direction song of the same name.

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

If there's one thing Shane Hollander has learned by now, it's that there is nothing Ilya loves more than a challenge.

He knew somewhere in the back of his mind that it was probably a bad idea to start the drive to the cottage off by telling him just how long it would take to get there. Shane was- *fuck*, he was just trying to be *polite*. Make sure Ilya wasn't starving after a day of travel.

But now he can feel Ilya's eyes on the side of his face, can feel the tension that fills up every inch of his Land Rover, can feel how... *hungry* Ilya really is.

They've always been good at this part, anyway. Open communication has never exactly been their forte, but desire and lust and that certain kind of fire running through their veins is something Shane is intimately familiar with.

So it's not exactly a surprise when fingertips start trailing over his thigh, bare and warmed in the sunlight that's spilling in through the windows. Ilya's fingers are callused but gentle, slow but methodical, teasing in a way that has every single atom in Shane aware of the pressure.

His hands tighten on the steering wheel as he keeps his gaze forward on the road. It's fairly empty, hardly any traffic, and there's not much to keep his eyes on other than trees and open land.

He won't look at Ilya, at the grin Shane loves that he's sure is spreading across his face, at the cocky tilt to his head because he knows he's got Shane wrapped around his finger. He *won't*-

"Quit," Shane breathes out with a laugh as he brings a hand down from the steering wheel to push at Ilya's hand half-heartedly.

It doesn't work, not that he really expected it to.

"I'm not doing anything," Ilya says back, fake nonchalance, shrugging his shoulder. Shane spares him a glance, because he's anything if not predictable, and he immediately knows that it was the wrong thing to do.

Because Ilya looks exactly like Shane expects him to. Head tilted, grin tugging at his cheeks, sunglasses pulled down just enough that his eyes look devilish while the sun gives him a golden halo around his curls. He's looking at Shane from under his lashes, tongue flitting out to wet his lips, fingers pressing into Shane's thigh.

Hungry.

Shane feels like something served up on a silver platter. Like Ilya's a dog not so patiently waiting for the dinner bell. Besides, they both know his patience can only last for so long.

"I'm-" Shane doesn't trust his voice as Ilya's hand slides up higher, more intentionally, "-fuck off, I'm *driving*."

He's turned back to look at the road, knuckles going white on the steering wheel, but he can tell that Ilya's grin has grown wider. He knows he has Shane right where he fucking wants him.

"Yes. You can multitask." Ilya's voice is pitched low, thick, cadence slow and hypnotic. His fingers rub circles into his thigh in that mindless way that has Shane reeling, unable to focus on anything else.

The laugh that bubbles up out of Shane is cut short when the fingers surge even higher, slipping under the hem of his shorts, pressing into the warm crease where his leg meets his pelvis. The pressure has him choking on his spit, hips bumping up despite himself.

Shane brings his hand back down and wraps his fingers around Ilya's arm. He tries to pull his arm back, but Ilya just digs his fingers in deeper, and Shane has to force himself to hold back a groan because *fuck*- he can't be getting hard from this alone.

"We're about to have a whole cabin to ourselves, you asshole. You can wait two hours."

"Ahh, but look," Ilya murmurs, stroking across Shane's skin, sending shivers up his spine. "You do not want to wait, do you?"

He takes his focus off the road for a moment to follow Ilya's gaze, his eyes flitting between the tent forming the front of Shane's shorts and his face. Shane looks at the rearview mirror and sees the flush creeping up his neck to his cheeks.

"Ilya."

He wants it to sound serious, like he's telling a dog to drop what it has in its mouth, but even he can tell how needy he sounds. How affected he is just by having Ilya's hand and gaze on him outside of a dark room.

This is *stupid*, is all Shane can think. They shouldn't- they *can't* start something while he is driving. He's a damn good driver, but even he doesn't think he'd be able to concentrate once Ilya got his hands on him.

On top of that, they're in *public*, for God's sake. Someone, *anyone*, could drive by and see what was happening. They would not only see Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov in a car together, but they'd see that they are so much more than hockey rivals.

And, fuck, does Shane want that one day. But maybe not because someone posts a picture of him getting road head on Twitter. No matter how tempting it may seem, no matter how into it his dick is. He needs to be strong, he needs to tell Ilya to fuck off.

"I want to see," Ilya leans forward, his face tauntingly close in front of Shane's, "how close you can get. How desperate I can make you."

Shane can feel it when his breath catches in his lungs at Ilya's proposition. His limbs feel like rubber, limp, like he's melting into the upholstery at the idea alone. Ilya knows Shane will say yes, and the sick thing is, they *both* know it.

“Someone will-”

Ilya darts forward and catches his mouth in a quick kiss. It leaves Shane’s lip damp from where Ilya had been licking at his own lips.

“No one will see. There is no one around. If car comes, we act normal, no one will look.”

His eyes are hidden behind his Ray-Bans again, but Shane can imagine how playful they would be if he could see them. Sparkling with joy, with mischief, a far cry from the hard image he has to put on in front of the cameras.

It does Shane’s head in to think about how far they’ve come over a goddamn decade. How far they’ve both fallen into this even if they tried not to. They’re on the way to his fucking secret hideaway together and he can call him by his first name and he would do anything for Ilya because he probably *loves* him, for Christ’s sake.

“*Fuck*,” Shane breathes out. He doesn’t have to say anything else, just lifts his hips enough that he can slide his waistband down and slip out his cock.

Ilya giggles like he’s won a prize, and Shane tries not to flush even more when a cupped palm comes up to rest against his chin. He huffs out a sigh and rolls his eyes even though Ilya can’t see it, but complies anyway. He’s not going to pretend like his mouth hasn’t been watering from the moment Ilya got in his car.

It’s easy enough to pull as much spit as he can onto his tongue, parting his lips just so, letting it dribble out into Ilya’s open and waiting palm.

Shane isn’t oblivious. He knows how much he turns Ilya on, he knows that aside from everything else, they started this whole thing because they *wanted* each other. But it still strokes his ego to hear Ilya mutter something in Russian under his breath when his spit hits his palm, something that sounds bitten off and broken and *oh* so hot.

The sun spills in through the windows and it makes everything it touches warm, Shane’s cock is no exception. It bobs against his stomach, fully at attention, blood rushing hard and fast and making it feel like torture to not have anything touching it.

Shane takes his eyes off the road once more, tipping his head back against the headrest, gaze sliding over to Ilya. His mouth drops open of its own accord, lips shiny from his spit. Ilya’s grin isn’t cocky anymore, isn’t playful. No, his expression is back to looking like he wants to devour Shane right there in his fucking car.

“*Please*.”

They’ve done this long enough. Shane knows just how to get what he wants.

All he has to do is whisper and it has Ilya springing into action, bringing his cupped palm up to his mouth and mixing his own spit in with Shane’s. He closes his fingers into his hand to spread it all around, coating his fingers until his hand is glistening in the sunlight.

It's warm, too, when he wraps his hand around Shane's cock, sudden enough that it has his hips jerking up into the contact.

Ilya groans with him like he can feel exactly what Shane feels, like there's a hand around his own cock. His mouth drops open just so, jaw relaxing, breath coming out of him in huffs.

"Yeah, you like that?" Ilya whispers back.

"Fuck you," Shane bites out. "You know I do."

And, of *course* he does.

The pressure is light but solid, slide made easy with their combined spit, as Ilya moves his hand slowly over him. There's something sickeningly romantic at having both of their saliva mixing over him, like it takes both of them combined to get the perfect glide, and it has something equally warm turning over in his stomach at the thought.

Shane whimpers quietly, a barely there sound that almost gets drowned out by the sounds of the car. There's no use in trying to hide it, not when he knows how much Ilya likes hearing him, not when no one else is around to possibly hear.

He's trying to be- *fuck*, good. With how slow Ilya's hand is moving, with how little pressure is around his cock, he knows he's supposed to be putting on a show. Ilya said it himself, he wants to see how long Shane can last. He isn't trying to get Shane to come right away.

Ilya wants to draw this out. And unless it has him driving head first into traffic, Shane is going to let him.

Ilya relaxes into his seat while keeping his hand loose around Shane, head tipping to the side to rest his temple against his headrest. The radio is playing some pop song low in the background and it's quiet enough that he can hear just how slick Ilya's hand is as it works over him.

"Did you see new trade rumors for next season?"

What the fuck?

Shane sputters, "What the fuck?"

Ilya shrugs and it has the hand on Shane's cock moving with it. "You said yourself, we have two hours."

"Ilya," Shane all but groans as the hand on his cock squeezes minutely like it's trying to make a point. "I'm not going to talk about hockey, about men we actively have to see at our *jobs*, when your hand is on my dick."

"Mmm, why not? Some of these men... they are your type, yes? Scott Hunter?"

"Oh, fuck you! We are not talking about Scott Hunter right now!" Shane's voice rings throughout the car and breaks off into a laugh when he sees the playful grin Ilya shoots his

way.

“Just trying to make conversation,” Ilya replies cheekily, trailing his fingers up to the head of Shane’s cock. “But if you do not want to talk about work, then...”

Ilya’s touch fully disappears from his cock and Shane wants to die with how desperate he already feels. Not ten minutes ago, this wasn’t even on the table. And now, he can’t see this car ride ending with nothing short of at least one orgasm.

“God, I hate you,” he hisses out from between his teeth, air cold against his flushed cock.

“No, you don’t.”

Ilya’s voice is back to the whisper Shane knows he puts on to drive him crazy. It’s all husk, low and deep, setting every hair on the back of Shane’s neck on edge with how badly it turns him on.

They sit in silence for a beat, nothing but some boring pop song almost on mute and the sounds of the car on the road breaking it. They’re at a stand still. Shane’s cock is rock hard, wet with their spit and whatever precome he’s inevitably let go, begging for attention. Ilya’s facing the road, damp hand facing palm up on his knee.

Shane hates how much he *doesn’t* hate that Ilya can pull his puppet strings like this.

“No, I don’t.” This, too, is whispered, and it feels so close to the truth that he knows Ilya feels it.

He looks back over at Ilya as he takes in a deep breath. It’s a quiet thing, one he takes in through his nostrils so that Shane can’t see how badly he wants this, too. It has his lungs expanding until he exhales, shaky and quick. The black joggers Ilya’s wearing are doing a terrible job of hiding just how into it he is.

Silently, Ilya brings his hand back up to hover over the tip of Shane’s cock. The ghost of his touch is too much, so Shane slowly lifts his hips up, just enough to graze Ilya’s open palm, until he whips his hand away like he was burned.

“No, no, Shane. Not yet. That is not how we do this. You want my hand?”

It’s a simple gesture, but Ilya removes his sunglasses, and levels Shane with a look. One that says he *knows* him. One that says he’s going to take care of him. One that says he trusts him and knows he has that trust right back.

Shane grits his teeth, plays it up, makes it seem like it’s a chore to answer. Ilya likes when he’s a little bratty, anyway. “Obviously.”

Ilya purses his lips, clicks his tongue against his teeth, and shakes his head. “You can do better than that.”

The ghost of a touch is back after a few seconds as Ilya hovers his hand around Shane’s cock once more. He twitches his fingers teasingly like he’s going to wrap them around him before

pulling back and starting all over again.

Shane manages to hump his hips up twice to get touched so slightly that he can barely even register it, but this is part of the game, part of what gets them both going. Shane being so desperate that even a brush of skin against his dick is worth looking needy over and Ilya holding that pleasure over him like a goddamn reward.

When it becomes obvious that Ilya isn't going to give in, Shane folds.

"I need-" he breathes out, his voice a frustrated whine. "Come on... please, *Ilya*."

He gets a hum in return. "That is better, thank you."

Ilya's hand wraps around his dick and it's still loose, but it's better than nothing. Shane keens, hips tilting up enough that it has his foot pressing on the gas, accidentally revving the engine until he notices and eases his foot off.

"Do you want more?" Ilya asks in that low whisper. Shane hums, nods like that's enough of an answer. "Then tell me."

"Tell you what?" A groan escapes him as the palm of Ilya's hand rubs slowly over the head of his dick. He's trying to keep his eyes on the road, but he knows he's gone over the lines a few times. If they get in an accident, he's blaming Ilya.

Ilya leans over the console and places a kiss against Shane's jaw, under his ear, bites his lobe lightly between his teeth, before whispering, "How *good* I make you feel."

And, *fuck*, if that doesn't work on Shane. He shudders, fights against his eyes closing so he can keep watch on the road, tilts his head into the kisses that Ilya starts pressing onto his cheek.

He'll be the first to admit that his experience isn't the most varied. Shane doesn't know what it's like to hook up with countless people that do things to him differently than the others might. Even in the few partners he's had, he knows that none of them hold a candle to how Ilya makes him feel. Doesn't think anyone ever could.

"Fishing for compliments?" is all Shane can squeak out, bringing a hand off the steering wheel to press against the back of Ilya's head, keeping him close.

He can feel Ilya still against him. "... What? I do not like fishing. Too boring."

"No, it's-" and Shane can't help but giggle, pulling Ilya's head back by his curls so he can smack a quick kiss onto his confused pout. "It's just a stupid phrase. Means you want to hear good stuff about yourself to boost your ego."

"I don't want to hear just stuff," Ilya murmurs into his cheek. "I just want to hear *you*."

It's endearing, it's fucking *sweet*, even if he doesn't mean for it to be. Fucker gets off on hearing Shane moan and beg for him.

But there's another layer to it, something softer, something gentler. It isn't just about the sex anymore between them, they both know that, they've both accepted that.

So it's easy for Shane to bite out a curse as Ilya encloses his fist just a hair more, as he kisses up the side of his face, as he breathes noisily in Shane's ear. They can be more open about all of this. About how *much* it makes Shane feel.

"Fuck, Ilya..." he stutters out as his hips roll up to meet the pressure. "Oh, *fuck*."

Ilya presses another kiss to Shane's ear, his lips ghosting over the shell as he whispers, "Tell me, Shane. Tell me how it feels."

His head is spinning. Shane doesn't know how to put this into words at all, let alone any for Ilya to comprehend. If he opened his mouth, he doesn't know what would come out other than jumbled curses and pleas for more and something like love coating every single sound that escapes him.

"So good, it's-" Shane bites back a groan, one that turns into a pained sound in his throat, loud in the increasingly hot air of his car.

"You like my hand?"

Shane sighs, "No shit."

He peels his gaze off of the road for a brief moment to look at Ilya. He's ducked his head down and is looking up at Shane from under his lashes, his mouth enticingly open with shiny pink lips, flush high on his cheeks.

In a surprise to even himself, Shane forgets where they are. Forgets that he should be begging so Ilya can make him come and get this over with so no one can see. Forgets that they don't have a goddamn label on whatever it is that they are and that it's getting harder and harder to live with that.

Sometimes Shane can't believe that he gets to see Ilya like this. He knows he's not the only one, that there's the Russian girl in Boston and probably some more in every other city they play, that get to see Ilya peering up at them like they're the most important thing in the world.

But Shane gets to see it, too. And he gets to see it *now*. And he's seeing it for the first time in the sunlight, his breath catching in his lungs at the sight. Ilya has always been almost hard to look at, beautiful like a carved statue in a museum, not to be touched, ethereal and unreal.

He feels real, though, in Shane's car. In the daylight. With their fucking spit being worked over him, with the whispers against his ear louder than the cheesy pop song on the radio.

Ilya's hand tightens around Shane's cock suddenly, stroking hard and fast, which makes Shane flinch forward in the driver's seat.

"Goddamnit," he almost doesn't even recognize his own voice. Ilya laughs, this breathless little thing huffed against the side of Shane's face, and lifts himself up on the center console with his elbow so he can twist enough to press a kiss onto Shane's lips.

And then every touch is gone. Shane's cock kicks up against his stomach and he flounders, whining and squirming in his seat. It makes his breath catch in his lungs, fire spreading through his veins.

"If you do not follow the rules, then we will not play the game." Ilya's voice sounds normal, unaffected by whatever the fuck has been happening. He sits back in his seat and shrugs his shoulders when he catches Shane's eye.

It's all an act, Shane knows this, but it has him unraveling, fraying into pieces in the front seat like an old sweater. He knows that Ilya wants this, obvious by the bulge in his joggers, and that he wouldn't have started it if he didn't want to finish it and that Shane drives him crazy, too.

So he starts talking. Begging, really, all low and desperate in the way he knows works. He can play into this just as well as Ilya can.

"Please, touch me, please," he whines, long and drawn out. "You just- *fuck*, Ilya, your hand is so perfect. I need it-

And just like that, the touch is back and Ilya's looking at him with these half-lidded eyes and a lip bitten between his teeth. "Shit. Yes, like that."

He leans over again and presses a kiss onto Shane's stomach before hovering his face over his cock. A line of spit dribbles out of Ilya's mouth and lands directly on the head of Shane's dick, making the glide that much better.

It's jarring, to feel this liberated. To have the man he's had to keep in secret next to him in his own car with a hand nice and warm working over him as he drives. Shane's head is screaming at him that this is a bad idea, that they should stop.

"Pretty..." Ilya whispers.

But how could he stop when Ilya is staring at him like he's a piece of goddamn art, like he's special?

Something burns hot deep in Shane's stomach when a car crests over a hill in the distance and he doesn't immediately think about pulling Ilya away. There's a piece of him, small and defiant, that he thinks is maybe screaming for someone to see them so he can give up the act.

But the car is getting closer and Ilya's face is so open and beautiful and asking Shane a question he isn't able to answer yet. Shane still has his sunglasses on and it's not like, realistically, someone driving past would be able to tell who he is, but there's always a chance.

It feels like second nature to bring a hand off the steering wheel so he can press Ilya's face down and out of view, fingers tangling tight into his curls, nails scratching at his scalp.

Ilya's hand doesn't stop.

"Hollander." His voice is muffled, mouth pressed tight against Shane's thigh.

“Car’s coming,” Shane says as he continues to pet over Ilya’s head like an animal in his lap. “Can’t be too careful of someone seeing.”

When Ilya laughs, it sends vibrations over Shane’s leg, air damp against his skin. “No one will see.”

“You don’t know that.”

“I do know that,” Ilya argues. If Shane could see his eyes, he has no doubt that Ilya would be rolling them. “Especially if you did not drive slow car like a grandmother. Go fast and no one can see.”

Shane is tempted, oh so tempted, to look at the other car as it drives by. See who’s driving. See if they notice him, notice what they’re doing.

But Ilya was right. The car drives by in a split second, too fast to make eye contact, let alone recognize a professional athlete that may be getting the best handjob of his life in his car. The thrill of it zings through his nervous system as a laugh bubbles up out of him.

Shane’s hips seemingly move of their own accord as he thrusts up to try and tempt Ilya to move his hand faster. All the air in his lungs escapes him in a rough exhale, stuttered and sharp.

“Fuck, that was hot,” he mutters, sighing as a kiss is pressed into the meat of his thigh.

“Mhmm,” Ilya hums as he gives Shane’s thigh another kiss. “Do you think they saw us?”

Shane turns his hand, pulling at blonde curls, so that he can lift Ilya’s head off his leg and kiss him on his parted lips. “Maybe.”

Ilya gives him a wide grin in return, all teeth and mischief, as he speeds up his hand. Shane jerks against the pressure, against the sudden heat that courses through his veins, eyes struggling to remember that he needs to be watching the road.

It’s hard to look anywhere that isn’t Ilya’s face only a few inches from his own. His eyes are shimmering in the sunlight, clear and bright, crinkled in the corners as his smile pushes his cheeks up.

It feels almost too good to be true to feel this happy and open with Ilya. Shane wants to bottle the feeling up and save it for a rainy day when they have to pretend for the whole world that they aren’t anything other than rivals.

Shane’s getting close, he can tell. Between the way Ilya keeps biting at his lip and looking at him with those eyes and working his hand over his cock just right, he knows he’s going to come.

Ilya can tell, too. He’s made it happen enough times before to know all of Shane’s tells, from the way his breath catches in his chest and the tips of his ears get red to the way his hips that could barely keep rhythm before jump out of sync entirely.

The hand on his cock isn't slowing down, though, and Shane wonders if maybe, just maybe, he got off easily this time. If Ilya didn't really mean it when he said he wanted to see how long Shane could last.

He hums, deep in his throat, nodding his head absentmindedly as pleasure builds in his gut. He shouldn't be surprised when Ilya's hand vanishes and his cock is left throbbing.

"Oh, come *on*-" Shane hates how whiny he sounds, how desperate, but he knows Ilya loves it.

The laugh that escapes Ilya is big and boisterous, filling up the car with even more warmth than the sun could provide.

"You think I give in that easy, huh? The trip is two hours, Hollander, you said it yourself. Plenty of time."

"Goddamnit," Shane hisses as he takes in big, deep breaths to calm down his racing heartbeat. "We're going to have plenty of time once we get there."

"Ahh, yes." Ilya dips his head back down towards Shane's lap, contorted over the center console in a way that can't be comfortable, kissing the oversensitive tip of Shane's cock. "But I want all the time I can get."

And, *fuck*, does he know what he does to Shane's heart when he says shit like that? It bursts through his nervous system like a million butterflies taking flight all at once, sending a flush over every part of him imaginable.

Ilya's smiling up at him, this real smile that borders on love drunk and too soft, and Shane spares a moment to think about pulling the damn car over and letting Ilya fully have his way with him.

All they want is time. It's the one thing their money and fame and connections can't get them. The best they can do is a few weeks hidden away from the world and a lie to his parents to keep them totally alone.

He can't fault Ilya for wanting to take his time taking Shane apart. He can, however, fault him for doing it while he's trying to safely operate a goddamn moving vehicle.

Shane sucks in a few more deep breaths, willing the flush down from his face, trying to control his racing heart. It doesn't help when Ilya leans up to press his nose into the crook of Shane's neck, mouthing at the sensitive skin there.

"Are you ready to try again?" Ilya whispers, dragging his nose up the side of Shane's cheek so he can breathe against his ear. The hand that was previously wrapped oh so perfectly around his cock finger walks up his thigh, teasingly light.

"You're an asshole," Shane grits out.

"I think you like it, yes?"

He can feel it when the lips on his ear spread into another wide grin. Ilya doesn't wait for an answer, just holds his hand back out for Shane to spit in once more before wrapping it back around his cock.

It starts off slow, slower than Shane wants, and he grunts in frustration knowing that there's nothing he could do to make Ilya let him come. Once that man has something in his mind, he's never going to let it go.

"So your cottage," Ilya starts, and to an untrained ear, it would sound like he wasn't affected by what they were doing. But Shane knows better, knows Ilya better than most, and he can tell that even he's growing impatient of their little game. "Do you have some big plans for us?"

Shane huffs and resists the urge to bite his lip in between his teeth. The hand on his cock is torturous. "Not anything big, no."

"Sounds to me like we will be doing yoga and eating salads." He pulls his face away from Shane's and levels him with a blank look.

"No, it's-" Shane cuts himself off with a groan. "It's the off-season, I got us real food."

"Ahh, real food. Okay." Ilya hums and makes a face like he's weighing what he wants to say next. "You did not say no to yoga, though."

Shane smirks, "You just want to watch me bend in as many ways as I can."

A crack in Ilya's composition, then. His eyes go wide and his mouth drops just a hair, barely noticeable to anyone but Shane. The hand on his cock tightens.

"Is not a bad idea," Ilya huffs out.

"No, it's not."

Shane's thankful there aren't more people on the road because he's sure he would have caused an accident by now. Ilya's looking at him like he's the most perfect meal and Shane can't make himself look away to focus on the road. His eyes are almost glossed over, imagining what Shane can only guess, his lips a pretty bitten pink and his cock straining in his pants.

The idea of trying to get Shane to talk must fall out of Ilya's brain, because all he does then is work his hand over Shane. His face is close enough that his breath puffs over Shane's lips, warm and damp and tantalizing. Ilya even sneaks a few kisses here and there, against his cheeks and lips and forehead.

And his hand- *oh*, his hand. If this is the way Shane dies, then at least he'll die happy and content. Ilya holds him like his cock is something special, like he has to treasure it. Gentle enough that all Shane wants is more, yet still too much that Shane is going crazy with want.

Ilya's mouth travels back to the side of Shane's face, phrases muttered out in Russian that Shane couldn't place even if he tried.

Whatever he's saying, whatever he *wants* to say, it's like Shane can understand it regardless of knowing the language. It's... soft, careful. Spoken slowly enough that Ilya must be debating on what words to actually say.

It reminds him of that call, the one after his father died. How he spoke to Shane in such a calculated way that even if he couldn't technically understand, he knew Ilya well enough to dissect the emotion there. How that call unknowingly bridged a connection between the two of them that felt like some sort of stability.

He wants to ask what it all means, what he's actually trying to say. There's a gnawing at him that *needs* to know. But Shane knows that if Ilya really wanted him to understand, he would have. So for now, this is enough. For now, this is perfect.

Plus, there's something about listening to Ilya's voice spill out the Russian words even more deeply than he's used to hearing that really fucking gets Shane going.

"Ilya..." Shane breathes out. "Oh, *fuck*."

A hum of approval against Shane's ear, a nod that has Ilya's forehead rubbing against Shane's temple. Something that sounds filthy muttered out in Russian as the fingers on his cock dance up his length, palm rubbing the tip mercilessly still.

Shane's looking at the road, but he can barely see it. Can barely register the car far enough in front of them to not even matter. When he blinks, behind his eyelids, all he can see is Ilya. His hand, his eyes, his smile.

He's getting close again, far too close. He spares a glance down at the clock and they're not even an hour into the trip. Shane knows he's had his foot on the gas more staunchly than usual because they're a little bit further along on the road than he expected them to be.

Ilya didn't say how long he was going to make Shane hold out for, but at this rate, he doesn't know if he's going to make it much further.

He's not the only one who notices, either, because Ilya's whispered Russian is starting to sound a bit too tactful, a bit too sultry than it was a few moments before.

Shane shudders when Ilya's fingers hit under his head just right and then, just as he expected they would be, they disappear from his cock once more.

"Very good," Ilya repeats in a low voice against his cheek, his lips, as Shane groans from the loss of contact, foot unintentionally pressing even harder onto the gas pedal once more.

Every piece of him feels like it's on fire, like he's made of nothing but molten lava, spilling all over his upholstered seats. Oversensitive to the touch but craving it unendlessly even still.

"Fuck!" he yells, hands coming up to wring harshly on the steering wheel. The leather creaks under his palms and it seems as fragile and breakable as he feels in that moment.

And then Ilya starts whispering sweetly in Russian again. He sounds like a cat, damn near purring the words out as he runs his spit-damp fingers gently over Shane's thigh leaving

goosebumps in their wake. Something in his voice sounds pained, like he's the one who's been brought to the edge and left aching.

Everything goes still between them once more as Shane catches his breath and Ilya stops his muttered mantra. All they do is breathe together, heavy in the shared air of the car, engine rumbling as the speed creeps back to a more normal pace.

"If you expect us to make it there safely, I don't think I can do that again." Shane's voice sounds like molasses, syrupy and slow, tongue heavy in his mouth.

"Shane," and Ilya's looking at him with a halfway pout, one that says he doesn't believe him, one that says he knows Shane's just being impatient. It sends something hot flaring up his spine.

Shaking out of the trance Ilya's hand has put him in, Shane looks out onto the road. They have at least another forty-five minutes until they get to the cottage, less if the lack of traffic continues and he can push his luck with the speed.

Goddamn it.

"You get one," Shane bites out, not quite as angry at himself for giving in with hardly any convincing as he should be. "*One* more time, and then I'm fucking taking care of it myself."

Sometimes, Shane wonders how the media could have gotten it so wrong between them, this rivalry that was forced onto them. But then Ilya gives him one of those smiles, one that's bordering on condescension, one that looks like he's a shark that's caught a drop of blood in the water, and he gets it.

He's looking at Shane now with that same devilish smile, and he feels caught in a trap. One that he never thinks he wants to escape from.

"Oh, really?" Ilya taunts, and it's thick with sarcasm and undercut with fake pity. "You think that is how this works?"

If Shane was eighteen again with no experience and nothing on his mind but hockey, he might have folded right then and there. But he isn't eighteen anymore, and he might like to be told what to do most of the time, but Ilya's the one he keeps on a goddamn leash.

So he keeps his composure, keeps his eyes on the road, keeps his hands gripping the steering wheel with white knuckles.

"It is if you want me to play nicely, Rozanov."

Shane doesn't turn to see if he hits Ilya how he wants it to because he doesn't doubt for a second that it will. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees him shrink back just slightly, a huff escaping him like he's almost impressed with Shane.

"Oh, it's back to 'Rozanov' now?"

He doesn't answer, just keeps his eyes focused on the road so he can try to ignore how painfully hard his cock is. Ilya leans back into his seat but his head stays turned to continue looking at Shane, his hand coming up to wrap around the top of his thigh.

It's wet with their spit. Shane tries not to cave at how hot that is.

It turns into a waiting game to see who will crack first. Shane, desperate, on the brink of doing whatever Ilya could possibly want if it means someone will be touching his cock again. Or Ilya, who can't keep his hands off Shane if he even tries.

He doesn't have to wait too long to know what Ilya is planning to do next because he's leaning forward in the seat again, curving his chest over the center console, and taking Shane's cock into the tight, wet heat of his mouth.

Shane grunts out of shock, one hand immediately flying off of the steering wheel to tangle into Ilya's curls. "Oh, fuck you—"

Ilya just hums, sucking at the tip, tongue working against the bottom, fingers digging in deep into Shane's thigh.

This isn't good. If Ilya was perfect with his hands on Shane's cock, his mouth was something fucking else. Shane is competitive, wants to hold out longer than Ilya expects him to, but even he folds immediately to whatever Ilya wants when that mouth is on his cock.

He can't help it when his hips jump up enough that it thrusts himself further into Ilya's mouth, can't help how tight his fingers lace themselves into Ilya's hair, can't help the moans that tumble from his lips as Ilya takes him even further.

"You have a smart mouth," Ilya says after pulling himself off Shane's cock, voice thick and heady, a line of spit webbing between his open lips. "I will give you one more, and then *maybe*, I will let you come."

"Let me?" Shane quips back, trying to scoff, but his voice is damn near shaking enough to not be taken seriously.

"Yes," is all Ilya says before ducking his head back down to swallow Shane once more.

And, *fuck*, his mouth is otherworldly. His mouth is everything Shane could possibly dream about. It absolutely won't take long to get him to the brink again, not with how keyed up he's been for the whole fucking car ride.

Ilya knows how to work him perfectly, too. He keeps his head bobbing at a steady pace, hard and fast, taking Shane even deeper on every pass. The hand on his thigh is unrelenting, trailing up, up, *up* until it can toy with his balls before trailing right back down again to start the cycle over.

It's embarrassing how instantaneously Ilya can get Shane to this point. All of his resolve melts away almost immediately, turning him into a needy little puddle in the driver's seat.

He can't do anything to stop the whimpers escaping him, the tiny movements of his hips as he tries to fuck up even further into Ilya's mouth, the way he squirms away from the sensation that is quickly becoming too much.

"*Please...*" Shane moans, and it's too loud in the tiny space but he's too far gone to care. "Let me come, please. *Fuck*, I need to-"

Ilya makes a humming sound that sounds like a no if the way he keeps at Shane's cock is anything to go off of. There's spit dripping from Ilya's lips onto the seat, onto Shane's balls.

Shane's going to lose his mind in the middle of a random Ottawa highway in his goddamn Land Rover. If keeping his eyes open earlier was hard, this is an even more difficult feat, his eyes squeezing shut with every pass Ilya makes.

"Oh fuck, oh my *God*," and Shane can't keep his mouth closed if he even tried to. Nothing but moans and profanities spilling out from between his lips as he fails to keep his composure.

Ilya's hand comes off his thigh for just a moment before playfully slapping back down, his hand cupped to make the echoing snap of palm against skin loud in the car. Shane jerks in surprise, which in turn has him going even deeper into Ilya's mouth and- *fuck*, he's close.

The clock shows that they still have at least half an hour to the cottage. There's no way he can make it all the way until they get there at this point. He's a rubber band twisted around and around and around and he's going to *snap* if Ilya keeps doing that thing with his tongue for much longer.

With the hand entwined in Ilya's curls, Shane tugs hard to pull him off, ignoring the grunt of frustration he gets in return.

"Cheater," Ilya scoffs.

"I'm not-" Shane tries to say, but he knows it comes out jumbled, almost slurred. "I'm not cheating. I was going to come if you kept going."

With this, Ilya grins, and Shane feels caught in his goddamn trap again. He can see a vehicle far in the distance getting closer as it drives towards them, sighing in defeat and rolling his eyes. He needs to come and every car they see until Ilya lets him is a fucking cockblock, because he won't let himself lose control and put anyone in danger.

Shane can feel it when Ilya turns his head, noticing how still he had gotten, laughing when he sees the truck as well, getting closer with every passing second.

"Will you let them see you like this?" Ilya teases in a soft voice. His head dips down again to kitten lick against Shane's cock. "Let them see me take you apart?"

Fuck, the thought is heady, stronger than it was when they started all of this less than two hours ago.

It's a semi-truck, a big eighteen wheeler, sitting high enough off the ground that the driver could very fucking well see everything. Those big trucks drive slowly, too. Could easily slow down a notch or two to see what they were doing, to recognize Shane Hollander a hundred yards back and get out their phone to memorialize passing a hockey star.

He doesn't have enough time to think about what to do, what he *should* do, because his head is already foggy enough from not being able to come and the way Ilya is looking up at him from under his lashes and the sweet caresses of his tongue and the way that he *loves*-

The truck is damn near close enough that Shane can see the driver. He pushes Ilya's head down once more, fully into his lap, bending over at his waist as far as he can towards the steering wheel to cover up what's going on.

Ilya gags, not expecting to take all of Shane into his mouth at once, back lurching up once and then twice before settling back down and breathing heavily through his nose. It's hot, it's so goddamn hot that Shane can hardly stand it.

"Stay there," he finally chokes out, his hips jerking up minutely into the tight pull of Ilya's throat. "Stay there, baby, he's almost-"

Ilya fucking *purrs* and tightens his hold on Shane's thigh, massaging his fingertips into the meat of it, gags again in spite of himself before pushing down even further somehow.

Shane keeps his eyes on the road. He keeps his eyes on the goddam road and doesn't even blink when the truck drives by. Doesn't even look up to see if the man ever looks over let alone recognizes him.

It feels like minutes, hours, days, *years* that Shane keeps Ilya's head pushed down as he tries to stay as still as he possibly can when in reality, it's only a few seconds. His skin feels like it's pulled too tight, every dust particle landing on his sensitive skin heavy enough to feel like flames.

Shane doesn't know much for sure in this thing he has going with Ilya. They aren't the best at talking, at sharing what they actually want. He can guess, he can infer, but there isn't much that is a definite.

One thing, though, is a definite. He's going to come down Ilya's fucking throat and there's no way to stop it.

Finally, *finally*, the truck is in the rearview and Shane tightens the fingers in Ilya's curls. It's the only warning he gets before Shane's leaning back in his seat and his hips are lifting off the seat, eyes slamming shut, mouth dropping open in a long moan.

"I'm gonna- *fuck*," and Shane lets go.

Ilya laps at him dutifully, pulling back far enough to not gag on every drop of come Shane releases as he bobs his head over the tip of his cock.

It doesn't matter how many times they do this. It doesn't matter that Ilya knows every secret trick in the book to get Shane to this point. It's *still* overwhelming. It feels like heaven, like Shane's floating in some alternate universe where nothing can touch him but Ilya, like nothing and everything all at once.

Everything around him quiets down, his limbs going limp, his thoughts going blank. Nothing but Ilya's mouth and Ilya's hand and Ilya's curls in between his fingers grounding him.

It becomes too much as Ilya keeps up his pace, and Shane can feel himself slowly coming back down to earth and coming back into his body. He doesn't feel so fuzzy around the edges anymore.

"Thank you..." Shane mutters despite himself, scritchng his nails against Ilya's scalp, flinching when it makes him hum around his cock. "That's- *Ilya*, too much. Come on..."

He flicks his gaze between the empty road and his hand in Ilya's hair, watching with something probably too soft lacing his face when Ilya pulls himself up. Shane's hand stays put, fingers curled in more tenderly now, more gentle.

The sun is still filtering in through the windows and keeping everything warm. The lust-laced flush that had crawled up over his entire body has calmed down, but he relaxes into the sunlight, letting it heat him from the outside in.

They don't get this, the two of them. They don't get to be this tender in the daylight. Shane isn't used to it, but he isn't complaining. He tilts his head with a small smile on his lips, leaning in for a kiss.

Ilya isn't out of tricks yet it seems, because as he's leaning in to meet Shane, he stops and lets his jaw drop, peeking his tongue out carefully. Shane's stomach flips as his eyes take in the collection of his come balanced delicately in the center of it.

"Oh," Shane breathes out. He has to force himself to look away and back at the road when all he really wants to do is never take his eyes off the sight right next to him.

It's audible when Ilya swallows with a sigh after.

Shane isn't surprised when there's a hand hooking under his chin to pull his focus away from the road, tugging him to the side a smidge so Ilya can finally kiss him. It's simple, really, just a peck. But it has them both grinning at each other before relaxing back into their seats.

Ilya slaps a hand back down onto Shane's thigh, fingers light, drumming against his skin. He turns just slightly so he can look at Shane once more, tugging down his joggers and spitting into his other hand.

He works over himself quickly, his eyes never straying from the side of Shane's face, lips pursed tight. Shane glances over a few times when he knows he can spare not looking at the road, nods his head and mutters quiet encouragements.

Shane licks his lips when he can hear Ilya's breath quickening because he knows his tells just as well as Ilya knows his own. Knows what he needs to get there. "You better not make a mess in my car, Rozanov."

Ilya scoffs, light-hearted and airy, before biting out swears in Russian, coming over his fist.

It's a beautiful thing to see, watching Ilya fall apart. It never gets old. His face scrunches up, eyes turning downward almost like it pains him, skin flushing pretty pink as he tries to breath through it.

Shane leans over and flicks open the glove box to pull out a handful of napkins that live there. They've usually only ever been needed if Shane spills something in his car or that one time he brought over leftovers to his parents not realizing the container's lid wasn't fully secure.

It feels almost comical that they're now being used to wipe off the come coating Ilya's fingers, a hunger settling into Shane that he never expected. It flushes hot inside of him, but this isn't the time to dwell on it, not when he needs to get them to the cottage safely.

"I don't think I said you could come," Ilya says breathlessly. His lips are curled up into a smirk as he wads the napkins into a ball, throwing them haphazardly to the floorboard.

Shane scoffs, rolling his eyes fondly. "You are the worst."

"Mm, no. I think we both know I am probably the best. Especially at making you come."

They take a moment to catch their breaths, to be in the moment, before shifting to adjust their clothes. Ilya tucks himself into his joggers before motioning for Shane to do the same for himself, batting his hand off the steering wheel so he can hold it steady for them.

It's too easy for Shane to drop his hand onto Ilya's on his own thigh once they're both situated again, to flip it over so it's palm up so he can thread their fingers together. The weight of their hands together is heavy and soothing and perfect.

Shane glances at the clock and sees that they should be pulling up to the cottage soon. The surrounding area is starting to get more dense with forest instead of open roads which means they're getting close to total seclusion. Something like a gift he never thought they'd get.

"You called me baby," Ilya murmurs after a few minutes of the easy quiet that had fallen between them.

The fingers interlaced with his curl around him even more solidly, and Shane lets himself feel it. Lets himself breathe. "Yeah... yeah, I did."

Ilya hums, not unkindly. "Do you want me to call *you* baby?"

"I mean-" Shane cuts himself off and shakes his head as if he's trying to clear his vision. "It just kind of happened, I didn't like... *plan* it. It just felt right, I guess."

When Ilya hums again, it sounds more like he's trying to calm a wild animal so he doesn't spook it. He pulls their combined hands up to his mouth so he can press a lingering kiss just under the curve of Shane's knuckles.

"It's okay, I liked it. I do not think anyone has called me that before. At least not like that. It was..." Ilya tilts his head and Shane can tell he's trying to think of the right word to use in English. His nose scrunches when he fails and settles on an easier word instead. "Nice."

"Nice," Shane repeats in a whisper, stuffing that fact away into a secret file in his mind where he stores all the little things he learns about Ilya. He gives Ilya's hand a few gentle squeezes, once, twice, just to see a soft grin appear on his face out of the corner of his eye.

The hidden drive that takes them up to the cottage comes into view and Shane pulls onto the gravel road carefully, even though all he wants to do is rush the rest of the way so he can finally see Ilya in a place of his own, relaxed and peaceful and domestic.

Shane's hungry, too, after all. Hungry for something that he doesn't think he's ever actually had before. Something that looks like a future with blonde curls and dangerous smirks and learning Russian in his free time.

And if the look Ilya's giving him is anything to go by, all soft and open, he thinks he's probably hungry for it, too.

End Notes

thank you so incredibly much for reading my first hollanov! pls let me know your feedback because i will be diving headfirst into writing more for them. i love you all <3

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