

Ilya Rozanov Buys a Sensible Car

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77499776) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77499776>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , David Hollander & Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Car Sex , Porn with Plot , Ilya Rozanov's Car Collection , Blowjobs , Established Relationship , Post-Episode: s01e06 The Cottage (Heated Rivalry) , Birthdays
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-11 Words: 13,108 Chapters: 1/1

Ilya Rozanov Buys a Sensible Car

by [chaentics](#)

Summary

“I can have anything?” he asks.

And Shane, in his wisdom, hesitates, but only for a second. He strokes Ilya’s cheek, palm scratching against the stubble there, and says, “If it’s something within my ability, yes.”

“Okay.” Ilya puts his chin on Shane’s chest. “It is an easy wish. I want to fuck you in my car.”

Notes

don’t ask me anything about cars i drive a sensible one too.

thanks to leo for the beta. shout out to kris: another one for the kreya hollanov cinematic universe. we know the drill.

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

Ilya crosses his arms and leans back on the sofa. The TV drones on in the background.

“There is no point,” he insists. “I am turning twenty-nine, not nine. What is the point of a big birthday party? I think we go to bar, maybe have some drinks, buy cheap cake at grocery store, and then go home and fuck. That is perfect birthday party for me.”

Shane rubs his fingers over his eyes, averting his gaze. He doesn’t say anything for a moment, but then his shoulders sag as he lets out a deep sigh.

He is resting his feet against Ilya’s thigh, head propped up on the only pillow that decorates Ilya’s sofa. It’s only there because Shane complained once about the lack of home decor, and Ilya had gone and bought a singular throw pillow in turn. No need for an interior designer.

“I think there *is* a need,” Shane says. “We’ve never celebrated your birthday together before. I just want it to be, you know, memorable. My mom’s really excited at the thought of doing all the bells and whistles, too. Cake, decorations, singing... I caught her practicing *happy birthday* in Russian with a YouTube video the other week. I mean—if you really don’t want a party, then we won’t have one. But I think it could be... nice. After everything. Like, a real birthday party. With family.”

‘After everything’ is Shane’s kind way of saying that he has lingering guilt for asking Ilya to pack his bags and move to Ottawa. Even though it wasn’t even his decision, in the end. Ilya’s a grown man making plans for his future, and if his future is in fucking Ottawa, then that’s just where he’s going to be.

Only on occasion does he miss Boston. Especially the nightlife and his penthouse.

“Hm.” Ilya sips his lukewarm coffee. “I think anything with you will be nice. If you want a *real birthday party*, then we can have a real birthday party, with”—the word sits a bit unfamiliar on his tongue—“family.”

Shane looks at him. Really *looks*.

“Hey.” He leans forward and grabs Ilya’s wrist, stroking the back of it with his thumb. Ilya turns his hand over so that he can tangle their fingers together. “I need you to tell me if you don’t want a party. No one will be upset.”

Ilya raises their linked hands so that he can kiss each of Shane’s knuckles, and no, Ilya doesn’t really want a birthday party, but then again, he hasn’t *had* one in forever. Does bar hopping with Svetlana count? But he does like Shane’s parents, and he likes Shane a whole lot, and if he can make all of those people happy in one go, then it’s not really a big deal.

He squeezes Shane’s waist, if only to watch him squirm. “What kind of cake is there?”

“Whatever your favorite is.”

“Well...” Raising both brows, Ilya slips his arm around Shane fully. Reels him in a little closer.

Shane's focus wavers, shifting down to Ilya's mouth in the most obvious way, then back up to his eyes, then back to his lips. "I'm sure there's... enough time *after* the party."

Ilya holds Shane as tight as he can. He kisses the line of his jaw, his Adam's apple, as far down his throat as he can get before the stuffy collar of Shane's t-shirt stops him. He is about to hook his finger and pull it straight down when Shane grabs his face.

Ilya peers up at him, a bit stumped.

"What kind of birthday present do you want?" Shane asks, but there's a waver to his voice that tells Ilya he's asking another question entirely.

"I have to come up with present ideas too?"

"No, well..." Shane clears his throat. "I'm asking if there's anything you would want to do. With just me."

"I know," Ilya says, kissing Shane's chin one more time, for good measure, and then the corner of his mouth. "But is fun seeing you react."

"You're—"

"An asshole, yes, you say this." Ilya pauses for a moment. His hand rubs the curve of Shane's back, thumb tracing the ridges of his spine. Even now, in supposedly peaceful summer, Shane's body is tense, and when Ilya pushes his thumb a little harder along a muscle, Shane groans. Maybe what Shane needs is not more morning yoga, but more hands-on time with Ilya himself.

Ilya toys with the elastic band of Shane's underwear where it peeks out from his jeans.

"I can have anything?" he asks.

And Shane, in his wisdom, hesitates, but only for a second. He strokes Ilya's cheek, palm scratching against the stubble there, and says, "If it's something within my ability, yes."

"Okay." Ilya puts his chin on Shane's chest. "It is an easy wish. I want to fuck you in my car."

Underneath Ilya's hand, all of Shane's tautness shivers. Like the mere thought of being fucked relaxes him. Then he slumps forward, cradling Ilya's face with both hands, and kisses him hard.

The orange Porsche 718 Cayman is Ilya's favorite car because it's as obnoxious as he can get. Back in the day, before Ilya's career took off, it was precisely the kind of car he imagined himself driving to assert that he'd really *made it*. When he pulled up into the driveway of his

new Ottawa home in it, Shane was waiting for him outside the doors, and Ilya made sure he really revved the engine before turning it off.

Shane stared at the car. “There weren’t any other colors when you got this? Like black? Grey?”

“Sure,” Ilya told him with a shrug, pushing his sunglasses up. “Comes in every boring color possible. But orange is good, you know? Everyone will see me on the road. Very safe.”

Now it sits in his garage like a sad, abandoned pet. Ilya is determined to get as much use out of it during summer, before winter roads make it near impossible to drive anywhere. And, as much as he protests, Shane doesn’t refuse a ride.

He’s convinced that secretly, Shane doesn’t mind a sports car, as long as Ilya’s driving according to the speed limit. There’s a thrill there not too unfamiliar from being in the rink. The speed, the possibilities—and status, Ilya supposes.

Recently, Shane had purchased a very expensive, very nice-looking Omega Speedmaster watch to complement the rest of his stylist-approved wardrobe. For three months, Shane spent his evenings scouring online forums and old collector’s blog posts to find the precise watch he wanted: compared his options, the pros and cons of buying vintage, different colors, eventually deciding on the Omega Speedmaster Moonphase, stainless steel with navy accents for a humble twenty-six thousand dollars, give or take. A design classic that, thanks to Shane’s habit of repeating everything he read out loud to himself, whether or not Ilya was listening, he now knows all the intricacies of.

And Shane had been right. It *is* a practical watch. Sexy, too. Ilya had slid his thumb along the metal wrist strap while pinning Shane’s arm down and considered buying a matching one.

Now all Shane needs to do is brave the terrifying doors of the nearest luxury car dealer, and he’d finally be living large. Then again, the Speedmaster is also Shane’s *only* personal watch. For the sake of his sponsorship Ilya typically sees him in one of the numerous Rolexes, but the rest of the year? It’s the Speedmaster he’s wearing and lovingly takes off before entering the shower. Or having sex (usually). Or cooking. Or going to practice.

It’s July sixth, and Shane isn’t going to be at Ilya’s place until that evening. With the celebrations and the end of the season, they hadn’t been able to meet up on Ilya’s actual birthday. Shane seemed much more heartbroken about the fact than Ilya, who was simply pleased that Shane responded to his video call with his glasses on, shirt off, and a very needy and victory-heady look in his eyes.

But they’ll have today, and tomorrow, and most of July together.

Ilya drives the Porsche out of the garage and lugs the thick hose around the corner of the house before filling up his plastic bucket with water and soap. Maybe he should save this for when Shane’s already here. Nothing like riling up his boyfriend by sexily cleaning his car. Could help set the mood more than winning the Stanley Cup, even.

Or not. Few things are as good as kissing the Cup before hoisting it up. He dumps water on the hood of the car, grabbing his soap sponge. Ilya would know.

He tries not to think about the Cup again.

Ilya scrubs every sleek nook and line of the car, along the edges of the doors, the front tires even though there's no brake dust whatsoever. He even sprays the interior down and uses one of his dozens of microfiber cloths so that they're spotless. Not that they're going to stay that way for long.

Fuck.

With Ilya in Ottawa, it's easier to find time to meet, but it doesn't mean he's not still counting the days until Shane's next night over. He wipes down the passenger seat one more time, imagining Shane's bare skin against the dark leather. Two hours by car isn't the entire world. It's *not*. But Ilya is stupid in love, and he has a boyfriend who is especially pretty in the morning, and the world would be a better place if that beautiful boyfriend was in Ilya's bed at the start of *every* day.

An hour later, the Porsche is cleaner than when Ilya picked it up at the dealer. Ilya checks his phone. It's barely pushing five. He doesn't even have fake errands to run just to pass time. Condoms? A full box. Lube? Can be found in at least five separate rooms of his house.

He retreats inside, throws himself on the couch, legs dangling over the armrest, and waits.

He's gotten really good at waiting.

Shane arrives thirty minutes late, but his flushed face and how he crowds Ilya against the front door, shoving his tongue into Ilya's mouth, more than make up for it.

"Whoa," Ilya says, breathless, once Shane lets go of him. An assertive Shane is nothing new, but it is hot all the same, every time. Reminds Ilya of the first time Shane ever pushed him on his back to ride him. "You are giving me my present already? I am a lucky man."

And Shane smiles from ear to ear.

"Hi," he says back, slightly dazed. His hair is getting so long his bangs brush past his eyebrows, now. He must've washed it before driving over because it's a little damp at the ends. "Happy belated birthday."

Ilya wraps his arms around Shane, burrowing his face in the crook of his neck, eyes screwed shut. Happy birthday, alright. Happy isn't a big enough word for what Ilya feels. They remain like that until Shane nudges him with both hands on Ilya's hips and he finally takes a step back.

Shane's wearing a black v-neck t-shirt that Ilya's never seen him in before. The shirt is tight around the shoulders and waist in a very mesmerizing way.

He must notice Ilya's eyes trailing down his body because Shane straightens his back, pushing his chest out. His fingers hook on Ilya's belt loops.

"Your stylist bought this also?" Ilya asks.

"No," Shane tells him, glancing to the side. "Rose picked it out."

Ilya purses his lips.

"*Because* she insisted that you'd love it. She said you could thank her later," Shane continues, and Ilya lets his somewhat displeased expression soften.

"Okay," he agrees, tugging at the center of the shirt. "She is not wrong. It is a very nice shirt. Maybe because my sexy boyfriend is wearing it. But I think it should come off now."

"I thought the whole point was that we're going to have sex *inside* your car, not in the house next to it?"

"Maybe we do both." Ilya kisses the soft skin beneath Shane's jaw and parts his lips. Drags his tongue to Shane's ear, feeling him shiver at the touch.

"Fuck." Shane bites his bottom lip.

Mouth by Shane's ear, breath hot and wet, Ilya says, "Whatever I want, yes?"

Shane tries to yank Ilya's tank top off and Ilya laughs, helping him take it off before reaching for Shane's t-shirt, appreciating it once more before tugging it up. Ilya wants to lay Shane down right there on the floor and lick the curve of his biceps, his pecs, his back. Maybe he should thank Rose Landry after all.

"Can I blow you first?" Shane asks, but he's already sinking to his knees, face tucked into the crease between Ilya's crotch and thigh. He looks up at Ilya, his dark hair messy—and the perfect length for Ilya to tangle his fingers into, now. He sticks his tongue out until the zipper of Ilya's pants rests on it, and for a second Ilya doubts he'll even last long enough to get Shane's mouth on him.

"Yes, yes," he urges, fumbling with the button as Shane bites down on the zipper and pulls, his hands coming up to rest on Ilya's knees. "Fuck, Shane. Missed you. I missed you."

Shane makes a choked noise, kissing Ilya's hipbone as he pulls his underwear down, then the curly hair above his cock before finally taking the head into his mouth. Ilya's breath trembles. His grip on Shane's hair tightens.

"So good," he says, because Shane loves being told when he is, and Ilya is all too happy to please him.

He strokes Shane's cheek and Shane widens his mouth, letting the tip of Ilya's cock scrape against the inside of his cheek so that Ilya can feel his cock there. Hot-red warmth fills the entirety of Ilya's body, and the curls at the nape of Ilya's neck are damp with sweat.

Ilya reaches down to grip the base of his cock as Shane takes him deep into his throat, doing his best not to spill inside his mouth, but he's really—he's not going to last. He taps Shane's cheek and Shane pulls off, tongue darting out to lick the length of it as if he can't stand the thought of not tasting Ilya for even a second.

"You want it?" Ilya asks, hunched over, ass clenched hard and cock aching and he wants to come on Shane's face, wants to do it in his mouth, on his throat, his chest, wants to push himself inside Shane's hole already and fuck him until they're both shaking.

He can see Shane's thoughts bouncing around, but then Shane nods slowly, sucking Ilya into his mouth once more, and Ilya thrusts his hips forward to give him more. When he comes, it's on Shane's tongue, both hands in his hair.

Swallowing loudly, Shane licks the head of Ilya's cock one last time, then kisses his hipbone again before slowly standing up, knees shaking.

"Fuck, my knees hurt. I forgot how hard the floor is," he says, and Ilya looks at him, breaths staggered and heavy, and reels him in with his fingers on Shane's neck.

They kiss, and Ilya licks the last of himself off Shane's bottom lip, keeping his eyes open. Staring back at him, his bangs sticking to his forehead and cheeks, Shane's eyes are dark and sparkling and Ilya loves him.

"Wow." Gently, gently, Ilya rubs Shane's neck, squeezes his shoulder with one hand, touching him bit by bit, reminding himself of how it feels. "I hope this is not for birthdays only."

His cock is soft, but Ilya doubts it'll stay that way for very long with Shane right in front of him, finally, half-naked. He, too, is just touching: his palms run up and down Ilya's chest, moving around to touch the curve of his bare ass, then back to his waist.

"Missed you," Shane says, stealing another kiss. His grip on Ilya's waist tightens. "Really missed you so much. I always think it'll be a little easier, but..."

Ilya smiles at him lazily. "You will have me all summer."

"Yeah," Shane agrees.

Tilting his head, Ilya adds, "Longer."

"I know," Shane murmurs against Ilya's mouth. Kisses him slow and steady while angling his hips against Ilya's thigh so that Ilya can push his leg against his hardening cock. "I could probably come like this."

"We can try. But other time, maybe, right now I want what we talked about." So many things. Ilya wants Shane in every way that he'll let him. "It is still okay? No one can hear, I promise."

Car is parked inside garage, so.”

Shane’s tongue drags over his bottom lip. When Ilya takes Shane’s face into his hands, Shane covers Ilya’s fingers with his own, then nods. “Yeah, I want you to have something to remember me by when you’re driving it around.”

Oh. Ilya shivers, and he doesn’t have enough of Shane in his hands, against his skin, on his body. He needs to get them inside that fucking car before he blows. *Again*. He pulls his jeans back up hastily, shoving at Shane to urge him through the hallway and through the side door to the, according to Shane, overdone garage. The lights flicker on as they move inside, appropriately dim. Ilya spent half an hour fiddling with the settings just earlier.

“I forget how ridiculous it is in here,” Shane says, but his voice is hoarse and it doesn’t have as much bite as it usually does. He grabs for Ilya, getting a hold of his back pocket. There’s barely anything holding Ilya’s jeans up. Even from this angle, Ilya can see how hard Shane is already. “Fuck, we need to hurry.”

Ilya backs Shane up against the side of the Porsche. Hurry is probably right, but there’s an excitement to seeing Shane half-dressed and sweaty next to his car that Ilya wants to indulge in. Must be the same appeal that makes people want to watch hot people wash cars half-naked. He should bring that up with Shane for next year. Anything he wants—right? Or perhaps Ilya will strip down and give Shane’s boring, winter-safe car a real hosedown.

He puts his mouth to Shane’s again, slowing down, but it doesn’t do much to stop his heart from pounding. Inside of him, heat is buzzing. It pulses from his cock to his stomach to his chest, skin tingling with a need to cover all of Shane’s body with his own.

Ilya fumbles with the car door.

“Okay, how are we doing this?” Shane finally asks, looking down at the door handle. “It’s a tight enough fit when we’re driving.”

“It will work,” Ilya insists. “Get in.”

Shane slides into the passenger seat, his back against the stick shift, legs out the side. He’s a little hunched over, and Ilya thinks this is probably as undressed as they’re going to get. It’s too bad.

He gets on his knees on the garage floor, hoisting Shane toward him with his hands behind Shane’s knees. And though Shane had insisted that they need to speed things up, Ilya takes his sweet time rubbing Shane’s thighs through his jeans, fingers smoothing over the curve of his erection, reaching up with one hand to squeeze his chest. He kisses along the inner seam of Shane’s pants, taking one trick from his playbook by rubbing his face into Shane’s stomach and mouthing wetly down, down until he can undo the zipper with his mouth, his fingers unbuttoning the top of the jeans.

“Is this how you felt when I stole your move?” Shane asks breathily, eyes unfocused. Ilya can tell he is struggling to keep them open.

Ilya laughs, breath spilling over Shane's bare cock. "So you admit you stole it? I am going to tell the press after next game, you know. Shane Hollander copied me!" He grins at Shane, whose fingers are brushing the soft spot of skin below Ilya's chin. "They will write about it for weeks."

As Ilya talks, Shane's hips jerk up, trying to get any friction he can. "It's kind of torture when you're just keeping your mouth by my dick and not sucking it. Are you going to do anything about that?"

"I don't know," Ilya says with a shrug. "I thought it was *my* birthday. And I want to do this."

He puts his cheek against Shane's cock, letting it drag across his cheek, and Shane winces. Stubble. But he doesn't pull away, doesn't ask Ilya to stop, or even complain. Ilya comforts him with a long, wide drag of his tongue. When he moans, it's because he can't help himself, but also because it always makes Shane's breath hitch, a gasp spilling out of him.

"Yes," is all Shane manages. "Ilya, *please*."

His name always sounds the nicest when it comes from Shane, and he really considers letting Shane come once before he fucks him, but he also wants Shane exactly like this: on the verge of coming apart before Ilya even gets his cock inside of him. Shane's pants are hanging off one ankle. His underwear is soaked.

So Ilya tells him, "No," and kisses Shane's stomach, the center of his chest, moving up until he can shove his tongue between Shane's lips, and then says, "Spread your legs."

It's always so satisfying to see how quickly Shane follows instructions. Even more so with the dark leather seats against his tan skin, his cock curved against his stomach, glistening. He reaches into the glove compartment, pulling the strip of condoms he'd shoved in there earlier out. Shane raises a brow at him and Ilya winks, ripping one of the wrappers open. Making sure that Shane's eyes haven't closed, he places the condom between his lips and takes Shane's cock back into his mouth, using his tongue to slowly roll it down.

He kneads Shane's thighs, slips his hands between his ass and the seats and squeezes that, too, while he licks a fat stripe up Shane's hip, across his ribs, to his nipple.

He taps Shane's hip. "Turn around."

Shane groans. Ilya reaches for the seat adjustor, pushing it as far down as possible, but it's still a tight fit. Shane's gripping the center console with one hand, the other clasping the driver's headrest, both knees on the passenger seat. A little ridiculous. A *little*, maybe, if Ilya wasn't already so fucking hard. He smooths one palm over the curve of Shane's ass, appreciating it as he should, before grabbing the small bottle of lube from his back pocket. Slicking his fingers up, he rubs his thumb over Shane's hole, bending forward to kiss his way down Shane's back while working him open with his fingers.

Every little movement has Shane trembling underneath him, back arching as he pushes back onto Ilya's fingers. Scraping his teeth over Shane's shoulder blade, Ilya kisses him on the

bumps of his spine. Pants. Pushes his fingers in deeper. Two, three. With his other hand, he strokes Shane's clenched stomach, teases the underside of his cock.

"Need you to fuck me *now*," Shane demands, looking over his shoulder as best as he can. His knuckles have gone pale from how hard he is grabbing at the driver's seat, face flushed and sweaty, mouth open wide.

Who is Ilya to deny him?

He opens the second condom wrapper, sucking in a sharp breath as he drags it down his length. The head of his cock glides over Shane's ass and Ilya grips himself, pumping it several times before pressing it to Shane's hole and sliding inside of him.

He steadies himself with one hand on Shane's hip and the other on the backrest. Part of him wants to drag it out longer, to stay buried, hot and hard and fuck Shane until both of their knees ache and they're wrung out and soft.

"Harder?" he asks, but his bare knee slips on the seat and he barely catches himself.

Shane's chest is pushed further down, words muffled against his arm before he angles his chin up to catch his breath. Ilya kisses the skin behind his ear, rubbing his nose against his hair, and Shane just nods. His eyes flutter.

He looks so fucked-out, dazed. Ilya licks the shell of his ear, bites down until Shane squirms and his cock jerks, leaking against his thigh. Ilya fucks into him as hard as he can, thighs burning as they slap against Shane's until all of it is too much: the scent of their sweat, the wet sounds, the ache in his body from how far he is hunched over, Shane's breathy moans underneath him.

Shane begins to jerk himself off and grabs both of his hips with his hands to piston into Shane as hard as he can before coming into the condom, head knocking against Shane's back.

"Fuck, *fuck*," Shane cries out, and when he, too, comes, his body shakes and begins to curl in on itself. Ilya steadies him with an arm wrapped around Shane's chest, hoisting him up and leaning back—

"Blyat!" Ilya snaps his hand up to the back of his head, continuing to cuss as the pain radiates from his neck and to his temples and skull. "What the fuck!"

Shane blinks up at him as Ilya awkwardly slips out of the car, one hand on his knee and the other rubbing the back of his head. Ilya's face flushes. Fucking shit car with its fucking shit low roof and shit doors. Everything pulses, even the black spots flashing before his eyes.

"Are you okay?" Shane asks, sitting up in the seat and gently touching the back of Ilya's neck, hovering right below where Ilya had slammed his head. "That made a crazy noise."

"If I say it hurts, you will kiss it better, yes?" Ilya asks, leaning back inside the car so he can plant a kiss on Shane's mouth, one on his cheek, his temple.

And then Shane laughs, chest heaving as he tries to catch his breath, and he nudges Ilya's thigh with his foot to bring him closer. The pain eases. Ilya grimaces.

"After we clean up," Shane promises, and Ilya takes both of Shane's hands in his to help him out of the car. Shane, whose knees continue to shake as he comes off his orgasm. "Should we wipe the seats?"

"No," Ilya says, though he should say *absolutely*. "Now, we take a long, steamy shower. And then lie in bed."

Eventually, they do make it to the showers. But only after they've picked the clothes off the floor and Ilya, in reluctant clarity, wiped the car seats down. ("You *will* regret it.") The shower water rattles, fogging up the wide mirror in the bathroom, and Ilya leans against the wall as Shane drags his fingers through the smear of lube on the inside of his thigh.

"I'm dripping," he says. "How much lube did you use?"

"Sorry," Ilya says, not even a little sorry.

Shane squints at him, but then drags him into the shower by his wrist. It's a big shower—that had been one of Ilya's real estate hunting requirements—and he considers getting on his knees one more time that night. Holding out is just another aspect of their routine by now, but that doesn't mean it's any easier.

"I can't," Shane tells Ilya, as if he can spot it in his eyes. "If I come one more time, I'm passing out in this shower. And I'd really like to get clean first, please."

Ilya kisses his shoulder blade as the water runs down their skin. He kisses Shane's neck, his jaw, his ear, his cheek. Tests his teeth against the particularly stiff curve of Shane's shoulder only to hear Shane groan delightedly.

"Maybe for your birthday next year, we do massage," Ilya suggests. "You are so tense."

He follows the curve of Shane's waist with his hands, grinding his thumbs into the muscles along his back as he does so.

Shane closes his eyes and tilts his head back. "I have to wait until next year?"

"Maybe I am feeling nice." Ilya uses the balls of his hands to work the stiffness around Shane's hips. He jerks at the touch. Sore, then. Even with all the stretching, Ilya supposes it is inevitable. "I love touching you."

Recently, he's been trying to voice his affections even when they feel mundane. Sometimes it's about the reassurances. After all, so many of them are left from the days before Ilya moved to Ottawa, way before he and Shane were together. Stray thoughts that would pop up every time he watched Shane get ready to leave, or the few times Shane would curl up in bed and get a wink of sleep before scrambling out the door. Terribly revealing thoughts like: *why can't you stay? Why can't I ask you to?* Wishes that the Ilya of years ago had no interest in examining further.

“I wish we were together all the time,” Shane murmurs. He blinks at Ilya, water droplets on his eyelashes and running down his face.

“Yes,” Ilya agrees. He rubs Shane’s jaw, kisses him lightly on the mouth and pulls back, but he doesn’t stop moving his hands. “Soap?”

Shane gives him the bottle of body wash. He doesn’t comment on the fact it’s the same brand he keeps at home, just lets Ilya lather him up while kneading the knots out of his shoulders. His palm follows Shane’s spine to the dimples on his back, rubbing over his ass. In turn, Shane’s teeth snag on Ilya’s collarbone, parting briefly to suck on the skin, and fuck—Ilya forgot they can do that, now.

He bends down slightly so Shane can rub shampoo into his hair. They take their time, Shane’s nails scratching along Ilya’s scalp, thumbs rounding behind Ilya’s ears as Ilya hums and closes his eyes.

“Your hair is getting long,” Shane comments. He pushes Ilya’s curls out of his face.

Ilya cracks one eye open only to squeeze it shut immediately as the shampoo bubbles run straight down his face. “Yours is also.”

“Should I cut it?”

“No,” Ilya says immediately, before Shane gets any ideas. “It is nice. Very pretty.”

Shane rinses his hair for him, and Ilya returns the favor. By the time they’re ready to step out, Ilya’s skin has turned bright pink from the hot water. Shane touches his chest with one hand, squeezing his left pec, and Ilya thinks, for a moment, they might just make it to round three.

“Did you ever have your nipple pierced?” Shane asks and furrows his brows. His nail follows the curve of Ilya’s nipple—and it is definitely *not* going to stay soft if Shane keeps on rubbing it like that.

“Maybe,” he just says. Shane flicks it. “Okay, okay! Only for a few months. As a punishment. I lost bet with Marlow.”

Shane’s tongue darts out. So he likes that, Ilya thinks. Good info to sort away for later. Then again, it had hurt like fucking hell getting only the left one done. He’s not entirely sure he’d be down to do it one more time.

“How come I never saw it?”

Ilya purses his lips. “We were not talking.”

Shane slides his hand to Ilya’s bicep, looking away for a moment before stepping close enough their chests touch. “Hey.”

Ilya bumps their foreheads together. Locks eyes with Shane. “Happy you are here.”

“Is it everything you dreamed of?” Shane asks, eyes crinkling from the weight of his soft smile. “Having sex in your car, I mean.”

Putting his arm around Shane’s waist, Ilya holds him there, close and warm. “We were not really in the car. Next time we can try a different position.”

“Next time?”

“Next time,” Ilya repeats.

Shane laughs, but he doesn’t say no.

There are no decorations outside Shane’s parents’ house, which Ilya is sure is intentional, but the living room has *HAPPY BIRTHDAY!* in big, gold letters strung to the wall facing the TV. There are red and black balloons tied together and on the coffee table in the middle of the room, an assortment of snacks have been put out, as well as two large bottles of champagne.

“Happy birthday!” Yuna pulls him into a hug. She brushes some of Ilya’s curls out of his face, and then pats his cheek.

“Zhelayu schast’ya v lichnoy zhizni,” she says slowly, and Ilya knows she means it. That even though she has already given him her blessings several times over this past year, she doesn’t intend to let him forget it. A small, sad part of Ilya shifts into warmth as his eyes burn, and he rubs his left eye.

Yuna smiles at him and Ilya kisses her cheek, pulling her into another hug, tells her, “Spasibo.”

David hugs him, too. “My Russian isn’t any good,” he apologizes. “But happy birthday, Ilya. It’s nice to have you here with us.”

“Is okay, Yuna speaks perfect enough for both of you,” Ilya says. “But next year you must sing full song, okay? I will be expecting it.”

David makes a vague promise, squeezing Ilya’s hand quickly, and then goes with Yuna into the kitchen while Shane stays behind. Shane who, now that they’re alone, reaches out to lock his fingers with Ilya’s and drags him down for a brief kiss.

“Control yourself, Hollander,” Ilya says against his mouth, but he is grinning widely. “I will need this mouth to eat cake.”

Shane rolls his eyes and then goes into the kitchen. Ilya had been strictly banned from entering it when he was on the phone with Yuna earlier, because “celebrating him” means he’s “not allowed to do anything to help” which Ilya thought was a little stupid because he quite liked being holed up in the Hollanders’ small kitchen.

The cake is small, a little crooked, and most definitely handmade. Ilya's mouth feels dry, and that prickling sensation in his eyes and throat returns.

"We've never made a cake like this before, so it was a true team effort!" David explains. "We usually buy one at the store, but Shane mentioned this is your favorite, so Yuna and I figured we'd give it a go."

The honey-golden cake has been topped with red numbers spelling out 29.

Ilya looks at Shane, who is staring back at him, the corners of his mouth twitching. "You saw it at the grocery store that one time, remember? In the frozen food section. You bought, like, four of them."

"Right," Ilya says, trying to recall ever doing that. He's handed the decorative plate with the medovik cake on top, all the candles still alight. He wants to ask Shane, *do you always notice me like that?* Even though the answer is becoming so obvious to him.

Ilya lifts the cake up, takes a deep breath, and smiles wide enough for his eyes to crinkle. And if anyone notices how his shoulders shake, or his eyelashes glimmer a little after, they say nothing. Yuna takes a photo of him with the cake, and Ilya's cheeks hurt from his smile.

Later, Yuna will show him all the photos, and Ilya will pick his favorite, the one of Shane kissing him on the cheek, cake smeared on the corner of Ilya's mouth. They print it with the home printer so he can take it back with him, like all the other photos no one gets to see, framed and locked away in Ilya's bedroom.

The photo of Ilya blowing out the candles is carefully cropped to only show the *HAPPY BIRTHDAY!* backdrop and not Shane next to him goes on his Instagram with nothing in the caption except a #rozanovparty hashtag.

They sing, a little off-tune. Ilya shares one slice of cake with Shane, who is reluctant until Ilya lifts a spoonful of cake straight to his mouth, eyebrows raised, and repeats: "Whatever I want, yes? Your parents worked very hard on this cake. Also, it is delicious, you should have some."

Shane bites down, and Ilya feeds him a piece before licking the spoon, winking at him. But Shane's hesitance stays with him.

"Do you have any other plans, Ilya? With your team, some friends?" David asks.

"No," Ilya says. "I tell them not to contact me during the summer. Also, I do not think they know when my birthday is, so." He shrugs. "Maybe next year I will say I am doing a silent retreat."

Shane hits him on the arm and David's face falls for a moment before he laughs, a bit stilted, and Yuna reaches for both her own champagne glass and her husband's.

Summers are his and Shane's, exclusively. While it could probably be fun to get together with the team for celebrations, at least drinks or barbeque, Ilya doesn't want to waste any of his

free time doing anything but hanging out with Shane. Working out, cooking, lounging in bed, having excellent sex... Domestic habits that they are robbed off for most of the year. Nowadays, summers are Ilya's golden season.

"Don't you think they'd want to wish you a happy birthday?" Yuna asks, brows lightly furrowed. "Send them a text message!"

"It is okay," Ilya insists. "I got my best birthday wish today. I'm very happy."

He lifts the bottle of Pascal Doquet from its place at the coffee table, wiggling the bottle. "Should we drink?"

Later, when the sun's halfway down the horizon and some TV show that no one is watching runs in the background, Ilya slips outside and hides at the bottom of the steps leading up to the house. Shane dozed off half an hour ago on the couch, arms crossed over his chest, head drooping down. Ilya put a blanket over him and then excused himself.

David joins him.

"Sorry," Ilya starts before he can even say a word. "It is okay if I smoke here? Shane does not like it, but..." He gestures vaguely with the hand holding the lighter.

"Well, he's right about that, you know," David tells him, but he doesn't stop Ilya from popping the cigarette pack open and pulling one out. "If you want to live a long, healthy life and keep up your stellar career, you might want to put those away permanently."

"I know he is right," Ilya agrees. "He is usually."

"Don't tell him that or he'll never let you forget it. That's how Yuna is."

Ilya smiles at him, all teeth. "Perfect memory for perfect man. It is how it is. Though I do not think my career right now is very..." He lights his cigarette.

"Stellar," David supplies.

"Yes. It is terrible. I am having a terrible career for the first time in my life." He takes a drag and blows smoke into the wind. Around them it is mostly dark. What few other houses are around have already shut the lights in their windows.

"Do you ever..." David hesitates. Both of them are facing the road, not looking at each other. "Do you ever regret it? Giving everything up and moving here. I mean, I'm sure Ottawa is a big change from Boston."

Ilya blinks, a little stumped, and turns to him. "I did not give everything up. Do you think so? I moved here because everything is here. Or is close enough."

A cold breeze scratches Ilya's bare arms. His chest is tangled up, but the thought of being able to return home tonight and wake up next to Shane tomorrow puts him at ease, if only for now.

"I see," David says softly. And his eyes twinkle that way Shane's do. "Can I tell you something, Ilya?"

"Yes," Ilya says, his throat stuffy and not from the cigarette. It is this weather, he thinks. This weird hot-but-cold summer and its long days. The closeness. "There is a problem?"

"Not a problem," David says. It doesn't reassure Ilya much. "For the first time, I think. You know, Shane has always loved hockey. It is all he has ever done, and it's probably the only thing he'll ever do, even after he retires. And I am so blessed, as a father, to see him able to pursue that for himself. But sometimes—sometimes, as a parent, you worry, anyway. There is a life after hockey, too, and well, when he was seeing Rose Landry...

"I thought, okay, my son is happy in his career, and he is happy in his personal life, and then it ended so abruptly, and he didn't seem... He wasn't too heartbroken about it, but he was sad, Ilya. My son came home and sat in my house and wouldn't tell me what was weighing on him so much. And I worried more than I ever have in my life that this sadness was not going to leave him, and that I would never know what was the real cause of it." David's eyes shift from Ilya and back to the road. There is a furrow between his brows. "But now he's smiling in my house again, and he's eating the cake I made for his boyfriend, and he's talking about life after retirement. And don't get me wrong, the day he has to come off the ice it'll probably kill him, I know this, but... I think he'll be okay. I'm starting to think he's going to be just fine."

All of Ilya's jagged edges are perfectly held. He feels himself fit into the world, like it opens up for him, at the very least, revealing a still-hazy looking future full of uncertainty, with one exception. He is going to have Shane. He is always going to have Shane.

"My son loves you," David tells him. "And so does my wife, and so do I. And we know that you've left a lot behind to be here, you don't have to say you didn't. But we are glad to have you, now. And I wanted you to know that."

Ilya wants to say thank you, like he thanked Yuna. He opens his mouth. The air smells of summer.

"He is the best in the world," Ilya finally manages to say, when his throat no longer so strung taut he can't get anything out. He holds a breath and then flicks his cigarette onto the pavement. "I am very lucky to be with him."

"He is too," David says. "Don't forget that. There is no one else who can keep up with him."

Ilya can't help but smile. He grinds his cigarette into the ground, then picks it up so he can toss it in the bin.

"Soon, I will beat him again," Ilya promises.

David laughs. “I don’t doubt that at all considering how good of a player you are. But best of luck to you, though. I fear Shane won’t go easy on you.”

“That is the last thing I want,” Ilya says. “I want to beat him when he is the very best.”

David nods slowly, then shuffles where he stands, hands in his pocket. Angles his body back to the house. “Well, I sure wouldn’t mind seeing the Centaurs rise the ranks. It’d make an interesting season for sure.”

When they get back inside, Shane has managed to splay himself over the entire sofa, blanket halfway on the floor.

“Are you sure you don’t want to stay the night? We can put a blowup mattress in the office and you guys can leave tomorrow morning.” Yuna is handing empty plates to David to clear off the table. “It’s so dark out now...”

“Is okay,” Ilya promises. “Maybe next time.”

He takes the opened champagne bottle into the kitchen and uses one of David’s various toppers to close it. Yuna wraps the rest of the cake for him and packs it into a bag alongside the unopened, second bottle of champagne. They let Shane rest for another hour, Ilya pulling Shane’s legs onto his lap while Yuna and David sit across from them.

Ilya runs his hand up Shane’s shin, then back to his ankle, squeezing it gently. When he looks back up, Shane is staring at him.

They make it out to the car before Shane falls asleep again in the passenger seat, but not before he’s pulled both their hands onto his lap. Not until he has planted a kiss on Ilya’s shoulder and said, “Happy birthday.” Not until he’s said, “I love you.” Not until Ilya has said it back.

It takes a couple more weeks, but eventually Shane gets the last word about the state of Ilya’s car collection. “You need a *reliable* car, Ilya. You can just buy one for winter use, but it stresses me out thinking about you skidding on the ice.”

Ilya remembers standing next to Shane’s hospital bed, unable to stay with him even though he’d wanted to: everyone around them questioning why he was there, being unable to let his restraint slip in case someone else entered the room, listening to the machine beeps. Constantly anxious, fearing someone would figure them out, all while trying to make sense of his own panic. He doesn’t want that for Shane, ever.

This does not make the cars Shane suggests any less unimpressive.

“I will find a good car, okay?” Ilya says.

“I can give you some suggestions...”

Ilya distracts him with his breakfast smoothie, reaching over to put his hand on Shane's laptop before slowly closing it. He leans his arms on the kitchen counter. Shane's eyes have a hard time looking anywhere but at Ilya, which works to his advantage. An advantage he gladly uses.

"I also have suggestions for you," Ilya says, walking around the countertop so he can stop next to Shane. "But they do not involve cars."

"What then?" Shane asks, as if he doesn't already know.

Ilya tilts his head, lips pressed together as he tries not to smile. He kisses Shane's shoulder, licks along the slant of his jaw, and puts his mouth to his ear.

Summer drones on. Ilya appreciates its slowness now more than ever. When he spent the season in Moscow, time moved sluggishly, as if to spite him; now he can only toss a kiss to the sky in gratitude for its laziness. He runs laps with Shane, flees to his cottage for a couple weeks, visits David and Yuna, takes the Mercedes for a spin. Every morning, Shane is holding onto him, his body cast in bright light. Some days, Shane's face is tucked into Ilya's shoulder, drool smeared over his bottom lip.

The season is going to kick off again soon. The cold will settle into the gap left by summer yet, surely not far off. Then Shane gets whisked away to Montreal, and Ilya leaves the cottage for his house in Ottawa. He's going to return to the routine of barbecue at Bood's, staying behind after practice to kill time, and maybe complete another thousand-piece puzzle with Yuna and David.

Inevitably, he will wake up the morning after a visit clutching Shane's body to his own, and none of the peace afforded to him in July is going to be anywhere to be found. Montreal is not far. He can go there more often. Shane would never turn him away. But even knowing this, Ilya is watching Shane's career flourish through the screen, rather than at his side, and it's nurturing something ugly inside of him. Even as he reminds himself Shane wants Ilya as badly as Ilya wants him. That is why they're doing all of this to begin with. Why it is worth holding out.

But Ilya can't drive his fucking orange Porsche to Montreal. Shane is right.

He groans, rubs his hand over his face, and sits down with his computer, coffee in one hand, while wearing one of Shane's pajama sweatshirts that still smells like him. If he is going to make *reliable* car decisions, then he will dress the part, too.

David waits for him at the end of the driveway.

"Not getting a sports car this time?" David asks when Ilya picks him up.

Not in the Porsche.

Ilya slides his sunglasses onto his head and grimaces. “Shane said I need a real car. For Canadian winters, you know?”

“I’d say that’s very sensible of him,” David agrees.

Turning the car around, Ilya says, “Ugh. Sensible. This word is Shane’s favorite, too.”

“Well, I’d say he knows Canada winters a little better than you. I’d listen to him this time.”

“Yes.” Ilya sighs. “It is why we are going to car dealership to buy boring car. You have won, Hollanders.”

“I wouldn’t call a Mercedes a *boring* car.” David offers him a smile. “But I can’t say I’m not excited to drive this one back home for you. And you’re having dinner with us? Right?”

For their outing, Ilya has chosen the bright red McLaren he’d bought some months before moving to Ottawa. While David never singled it out, Ilya caught him staring at it when he and Shane came over for dinner, and when he offered to let David drive it, it took the guy a whole minute to decline. Now he doesn’t have a choice, Ilya thinks. Everyone should indulge, sometimes.

“Yes,” Ilya says. “You have promised me delicious food. How can I say no? Shane will be very jealous.”

Some commercial shooting Yuna landed him a few weeks ago he couldn’t get out of. At least he’ll be back by tomorrow. Any longer, and Ilya would’ve protested—all summer, that’s the deal. They only have so many weeks left before the season kicks off again, and they’re forced back into their two-hour drive schedule, at the mercy of their careers.

This new car might be a distraction.

Car dealerships are an exercise in restraint only second to being around Shane, Ilya thinks. That’s why nowadays, he has to pick out all the specs beforehand, or else some suave guy in a suit and a degree in upselling will have him walk out of the viewing room twice over budget. It has happened more than once, and though it wasn’t an issue at the time, really, Ilya figures that showing off how responsible he is in front of his boyfriend’s dad is probably a good idea.

It’s one of the few car dealerships that lets Ilya come in without much fuss, which is why he appreciates them. The last thing they need are photos of him and Shane Hollander’s father looking at cars together, even though he and Shane are, according to the press, “almost amicable” nowadays. Whatever the fuck that’s supposed to mean.

“Gorgeous car,” David agrees when the seller pulls up in front of them. “I don’t know all that much about them, so that’s all the compliments you’re getting out of me, I’m afraid.”

He looks up at Ilya, who flashes him a grin. “It is okay. The most important thing for car is to look good. And to be fast. It is one of those.”

And it *is* a gorgeous car, with a nice, spacious backseat, all-wheel drive, and in a color that most definitely falls under ‘boring’ enough to be suited for everyday driving without causing a stir. A fucking silver SUV. At least there’s plenty of room in the back, he reminds himself. Perhaps enough for two people to fit into without knocking their heads into shit.

“Take my photo?” Ilya asks, holding his phone out to David. “I am going to show off to your son.”

He poses in front of the car, leaning against the side with a grin wide enough to show his teeth, sunglasses obscuring his eyes. David hands his phone back, and the photo is slightly blurry, his thumb obscuring anything below Ilya’s waist.

“Will it do?” David asks, leaning in to get a look.

“Is perfect,” Ilya promises, sending it off to Shane without a message attached.

“I will say, I was surprised when you sold most of those European sports cars of yours. You liked them a lot, didn’t you?”

“I do,” Ilya admits. “But I did not sell them all, so it is okay. I can always buy new cars.”

David whistles. “I think at some point it qualifies as reckless spending. Then again, Shane used to collect hockey cards...”

“Like photos of hockey players? Do you have them?”

“I’m sure they’re still in that big binder in my office, probably... Why? Do you like them too?”

“I don’t care much for hockey cards, but...” He turns his eyes away, for a moment. “I want to know more. You understand, yes?”

And David laughs, soft and kind. “Yes. I understand perfectly.”

I can’t believe you took my dad car shopping, Shane texts him a few hours later. Then, a photo of Shane holding up a bright blue energy drink in an equally bright blue shirt. Shane’s not smiling in the picture, but he’s holding the sweaty bottle to his cheek, eyes wide and twinkling from the studio lights. He stares at it.

Ilya turns his phone camera around so that he can take a photo of himself clearly laid out on the Hollander house’s living room couch, a Coke in his hand, and David’s blurry profile seated on one of the lounge chairs. *It is movie night. You are missing out. Also you have so many hockey cards but none of me. This is a problem we have to fix I think.*

I know that, Shane texts back. *My mom tells me every time you visit. And then she reminds me that I am not visiting. And obviously I don’t have any photo cards of you. Where did you even*

see those?

Smiling down at his phone, Ilya's neck and cheeks grow warm. He rubs his stubble, pursing his lips. David is looking at him from the corner of the eye, but then turns back to the TV.

Your dad has them so we looked together. Ilya takes a sip of his soda. *New car has nice backseat. I can show you later.*

Shane's message back is quick. *Why does it feel like you're inviting me to have sex in the back of your new car?*

Instead of writing anything else back, Ilya just sends a winky emoji. Shane doesn't respond.

Yuna returns from work not too long after that, but David and Ilya have already made themselves busy in the kitchen, so she opts for opening a bottle of dry red for them to share. They eat dinner in the living room as one of Yuna's favorite spy thrillers plays on the TV. Every fifteen minutes, Ilya checks his phone, staring at the *no older notifications* message before putting it back on the coffee table, screen down.

By the time nine o'clock rolls around, Ilya is in desperate need of a post-wine smoke, and he escapes to his usual spot by the bottom of the stairs. Shuffling over to the door, he hooks a finger in the heel of his shoe, balancing on one leg, and from the corner of his eye he sees Yuna lean in to whisper in David's ear, both of them smiling. This time, neither of them follow him out.

He should probably make himself scarce at some point.

Ilya sits down on the bottom step, eyes on the ground. He's halfway through his cig when a pair of sneakers come into view, and Shane taps the tip of Ilya's foot with his own.

"Hi," he says. Ilya peers up at him, all of the weird and uncomfortable feelings clearing for a moment. It's not very suave when Shane says, "Do you come here often?" But Ilya is perfectly charmed.

And he can't help but laugh. He reaches up so he can grab the front of Shane's jacket and pull him down for a kiss, one more after that. Shane giggles against his mouth, their teeth nearly bumping together as they shake, and Shane has to catch himself with both hands on Ilya's arms so as to not topple over. Ilya wants to pull him on his lap.

So he does.

Shane's body stiffens, but then Ilya puts his chin on Shane's shoulder while rubbing his hip, and they both relax.

"Is dark out," Ilya murmurs. "No close neighbors. Just us... and your parents inside, maybe watching from the window. Maybe." He grins, then yelps when Shane pinches his waist. Ilya pulls Shane closer, flicking his cigarette before taking another drag, and Shane grimaces.

"You are the one who let me kiss you," Ilya says, rolling his eyes. "I am almost done. Then no more cigarettes all night, yes? But I will need something to keep me busy."

Shane tilts his head against Ilya's and closes his eyes. His smoky exhale fades into the dark. Chancing it, Ilya lays one more kiss on Shane's temple, turning his face so he can smell Shane's hair and sit in that moment, trying to memorize it so he can relive it later, when he's alone. There has not been any doubt about what he wants for some time now, but that doesn't mean the season isn't—isn't fucking difficult. Doesn't make Ilya ache in ways he didn't think was possible. A longing follows him through every hour of the day, and it doesn't let up unless Shane Hollander walks into a room.

Ten years ago, he would've laughed at himself. Now, he pities the young man he used to be. Not once did he ever envision this kind of happiness for himself.

"What are you thinking about?" Shane asks.

Ilya opens his eyes to find Shane staring at him.

You. You, you, you, you. All the time, always.

"My beautiful new car," Ilya says, instead. "And the delicious dinner."

Later, he will be honest. When his heart has had some time to rest.

Shane snorts, but he keeps his head nudged against Ilya's. Eventually, Ilya stumps the cigarette against the stone step. They should go inside. He should let Shane greet his parents and maybe get some quality time with them, too, and though Ilya's greed is insurmountable, they go. Ilya lets the world partake in Shane without hogging his share: sits on the sofa with his boyfriend for one more hour, drinking wine while Shane rubs his leg, and fails miserably at Yahtzee, for once. *It is the wine! The wine!* he insists, as though his dice are drunk. And drunk he feels, even though this is nowhere close to really buzzing him up. Ilya laughs into Shane's neck, stomach fluttering. His skin prickles with a need to be as close to Shane as he can, here where they're allowed to be. It takes a little bit of time, but Shane leans into it, slowly stroking Ilya's back.

Shane drives them home with one hand on Ilya's thigh, and agrees that yes, the backseat sure looks spacious, while looking at the road ahead with a determined expression. Ilya keeps his eyes on Shane, on the curve of his nose, his plump lips, his dark lashes, his freckled cheeks.

"No more commercials," Ilya murmurs. "Not during summer."

"Yeah," Shane agrees. His grip on Ilya's thigh tightens. "It sucked. I just wanted to go home to you."

Go home to you. Ilya breathes the last of his tension out. He wants to touch Shane, right now. Wants there to be no gaps between them. No room for air.

"It is difficult," he smiles, "with a handsome boyfriend at home waiting for you. I know."

Back at Ilya's house, they stumble through the garage, exhausted, Ilya a bit tipsy on that sweet wine, on Shane's scent, the pull of him, his hands on Ilya's back, Ilya's arms, stomach, hips.

“Just hands tonight, I don’t think—I’m tired but I want you so, so bad. Do you—”

Ilya nods, dragging Shane onto the bed along with him before tearing his shirt off. Shane’s mouth is on his nipple, tracing the scar, and then his calloused fingers are on Ilya’s cock and Ilya’s hand is down the front of Shane’s pants, jerking him hard and fast. There’s barely time to kiss, Ilya’s lips parted and Shane’s breath wisping over them. When he comes, it spills all over Shane’s hands, dripping down his fingers, and Shane coats his own stomach through Ilya’s grip, staining the shirt that’s barely shoved halfway up his chest. They pant, foreheads knocking together, eyes open through the afterglow.

Shane’s back meets the mattress and Ilya collapses on top of him, smearing the jizz across his pants and deciding it can be dealt with in a few minutes, when they’ve collected themselves.

But eventually they lie side by side, knuckles touching, still mostly dressed.

“So... that new car,” Shane says, turning his chin so they can lock eyes.

Ilya’s heart is finally settling. “Yes?”

“Think you’d want to give the whole car sex thing one more try?” Shane asks, and Ilya grabs his face, kissing him hard, and then laughs.

Laughs until Shane does, too.

“You could not wait for my birthday next year to try again?” Ilya says, punctuating Shane’s name with another kiss. “You liked it?”

“Well, you said there would be a next time. I just think we can do better,” Shane admits, a spark in his eyes. “And I mean, yes. I liked it.”

“Okay,” Ilya agrees. “We will fuck in my car, and it will be even better this time.”

“Deal,” Shane says, eyes drooping.

He tucks his forehead between Shane’s shoulder blades, lining their bodies up with one arm thrown over Shane, and Ilya begins to slip away, too.

Ilya can’t lie to himself: the end of summer comes too fast, but he finds himself relieved, in a way. Those months he exists less as a person and more as a unit. He builds himself around his new habits with Shane, their temporary domesticity. But he misses the edge, sometimes. The collision of their bodies on the ice, where all that matters between them is who wins the face-off, the game. Something to tether him to who he is away from Shane.

That tether used to be the Boston Raiders, their wins, the unending drive for more, more, more. Used to be the fact that Shane did not stay the night, leaving Ilya with plenty of lonely hours to anchor himself. Partying is fun, on occasion, but more often than not Ilya is at

Bood's for a barbecue, and arrives home at what could be called a "respectable hour." It repeats. The Centaurs lose. Ilya watches Shane on the TV. A pub visit. Out of town for a game, back in Ottawa before he knows it. Back and forth to the rink for practice. Shane in his ear wishing him goodnight over the phone, which is never enough. More dinners at the Hollanders'.

Ilya considers commissioning his own barbecue pit, too, if only to invite people over. He'll have to stash anything of Shane's away, though. Or lock the door to his bedroom. That makes him feel like shit, too.

None of the tension wiring itself through Ilya's body vanishes the moment Shane shows up unannounced on a random evening, either, but for a moment the static in his brain quiets. If only temporarily.

"I should've called," Shane says immediately when Ilya opens the door.

Ilya shakes his head, reeling Shane into his arms, and then takes a dramatic whiff of him by pressing his nose to Shane's hair. "You are always welcome. But it is late, did you eat? No practice?"

"I kind of... skipped practice," Shane admits.

Ilya blinks at him. "Shane Hollander skipped practice?"

"When you say it like that it doesn't make me feel any better about it, you know? Let me in." But Shane is smiling, nudging at Ilya's feet with his own until he steps aside. "I called mom and she told me about how you guys hung out last night and I just... I missed you and I wanted to see you. Just... I realized I couldn't wait. And yes, I ate something on the way."

They say this more often than they say I love you, these days, Ilya realizes. It is always I miss you, I miss you, I miss you. Ilya doubts it will ever stop, but he hopes that, eventually, they will be able to trade it for something less weighty. Something for everyday.

"You are staying the night?"

"I was hoping to," Shane says. "Unless you're kicking me out?"

"Good question." Ilya leans against the wall, pretending to think. "Maybe I have plans."

Shane is toeing his shoes off when he stops. "Do you?"

"Yes, grand plans to kiss my boyfriend for the entire night," Ilya explains and watches the tension leave Shane's body.

Leaving his shoes on the neat rack, Shane follows Ilya into the living room, eyeing the game on the TV. His attention shifts. "You're watching the Admirals?"

"Not if it will distract you." Ilya turns around, holding his arms out, and Shane steps in close, close, his palms traveling up Ilya's chest to his neck. "I am much more interesting than the Admirals."

“You might need to prove that,” Shane counters.

There’s no ice. No crowd. But Ilya’s chest dips with excitement, anyway, adrenaline buzzing between his heart and gut, echoing to his fingertips. He kisses Shane and slides his tongue in without pause, groaning against his lips the moment Shane responds with equal excitement, pushing at him until Ilya’s back is against the wall, Shane’s thigh between his legs. Shane’s wearing a sweater that’s too thick for Ilya’s tastes, but when he reaches for the hem to pull it off, Shane stops him.

“Do you remember what you said during the summer, about your new car?”

“Shane,” Ilya protests. “Less talking, more touching, please.”

“I’m going somewhere with this! Do you remember?”

“Ugh.” What did they talk about? One hundred things. Thousands! None of them are particularly important right now. “What about the car?”

Shane drags his hands along the waistband of Ilya’s sweatpants, curling his fingers over it so that he is touching bare skin. Ilya’s skin flushes red from his neck down his chest.

“About how spacious the backseat looked...” Shane continues. “And that I suggested we give it a second go.”

Ilya’s head spins. “You are asking me to fuck you in my car *now*?”

“Yes, I am asking you to fuck me in your car *now*,” Shane repeats. “I was thinking about it the whole way here.”

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya says, and it must be enough of approval for Shane, because he lets go of Ilya’s sweatpants and instead shoves him toward the garage door.

On the way there, Shane tugs his sweater off, turned away from Ilya the whole way, and folds it over his arm, then awkwardly manages to get out of his undershirt, too, so that Ilya has a full view of his gorgeous back, his prominent muscles, the smattering of faint freckles and the singular birthmark on his left hip. As soon as they’re next to the Mercedes, Ilya pushes his hips against Shane’s ass, Shane’s hands resting against the side of the car. Ilya tucks his chin on Shane’s shoulder so that he can stare down at his own hands as they wander up Shane’s stomach to his chest, to his—

“Shane...” Ilya says, squeezing Shane’s right pec.

There, through his nipple, someone has pierced a plain, silver bar. Ilya’s mouth is dry. His cock is hard.

“You did not have this when we last met,” he says, moving his thumb to brush it across Shane’s nipple. Shane, who gasps at the touch, eyes closing. “When did you—”

“A couple of weeks ago. Kept thinking about yours and how I didn’t get to see it.”

Ilya nods slowly. He tests his teeth against Shane's ear before he kisses the curve of it. Can Shane hear his breath tremble? Does it turn him on?

"I don't think I can keep it in much longer, honestly. It rubs against everything. I think Hayden saw it through my workout shirt yesterday—"

Ilya bites down on Shane's ear, squeezing his breast hard. "Please do not mention Hayden when I am about to fuck you. My dick will go soft."

"I doubt it," Shane murmurs, reaching behind to run his fingers up the noticeable bulge in Ilya's pants, palming the length of it until Ilya can't help but moan, his forehead falling to Shane's shoulder. "At least we'll have matching scars when I take it out."

Should it make Ilya even harder to know that he and Shane will have the same, stupid scar? Then again, there's never been a time in his life Shane *hasn't* turned him on, even for the most stupid of reasons. Even his unyielding awkwardness.

"Get in the car," Ilya instructs, but it takes some effort to peel himself from Shane.

Shane jerks the car door to the backseats open, turning around so he can scoot in.

At least this time, there's enough room for Shane to wiggle all the way to the other door, his head leaning against the glass, one leg dangling off the seat. Legs spread, chest heaving, face already tinted red. Ilya tugs Shane's pants down, dropping them onto the floor, then bends forward and hoists Shane's left leg up on his shoulder. He noses along the outline of Shane's hard cock through his underwear, wetting the fabric with his tongue, sucking it into his mouth.

Shane pushes his hips up, one hand tangling into Ilya's curls.

Ilya makes sure to hold his gaze when he hauls Shane's underwear down and takes his cock into his mouth. This is the best part: watching Shane's composure drop, his head knock back against the window, lips parted, breaths uneven. The glass fogs from Shane's breath. Fingers scramble to find purchase. Ilya hums around Shane's cock, pulls back enough to lick the slit on the head. He tastes like sweat.

Mouthing down to Shane's balls, Ilya slides his hands over Shane's stomach to rub his pierced nipple again. The metal is warm against his touch now, and every flick makes Shane's breath hitch. Ilya remembers how sore his own was for weeks afterward—and how prominent it had been in his workout tanks. Maybe he could get it redone. He imagines Shane at the gym, hand constantly coming up to fidget with his shirt, trying to pull the fabric away from the piercing, the sweat only making it more visible. Ilya kisses the base of Shane's dick one last time, then sucks a hickey along his hipbone. He drags his tongue along the lines of Shane's muscles until he can put his mouth on Shane's dark nipple. He sucks hard and Shane winces, gasping, hips jerking up to grind against Ilya's.

"Lube," Shane manages to say. "In—fuck, it's in my pants. Back pocket."

And as much as Ilya doesn't want to pull away from him, he fumbles through the pool of Shane's pants until he finds the small lube packet, ripping it open. He fingers him fast. Not because he wouldn't love to indulge in this moment, but because Shane's cock is smearing precum across his thigh every time he rolls his hips back down on Ilya's fingers, so desperate that Ilya can't bring himself to drag this out, either.

When he buries himself inside Shane, he's warm and tight and Ilya's mouth falls open to nibble on Shane's bare throat, doing his best not to bite too hard, not to leave marks.

"Wish I could show you are mine," Ilya murmurs against Shane's damp skin. His hips are flush to Shane's ass, cheek pressed against Shane's chest. Eyes half-open.

Shane rubs Ilya's neck, follows the curve of his spine, and where he touches Ilya's skin prickles with electricity. Everywhere they touch ricochets throughout Ilya's body, making him curl his toes, fingers gripping Shane's ass tight. They should've picked up condoms, he thinks absentmindedly, but the sight of Shane's cock rubbing between their stomachs, leaking and glistening, is too good—fuck the carseats.

"Ilya," Shane says, tilting Ilya's chin up. He rubs Ilya's cheek as they roll their hips together and Ilya pushes himself up so he can lean into Shane's touch. Their noses touch. Shane's breath is on his mouth. His other hand rubs the base of Ilya's nape, through the coiled, damp hair there.

"It's so good," Shane continues, closing his eyes, swallowing hard. Ilya can see his stomach tensing, muscles rippling. Sweat drips down his body. The window fogs denser, the glass only clear where Shane's head has dragged across it. "I love you"—Ilya's hips grind against his ass—"I love you"—Ilya's mouth on Shane's throat—"I love you"—his teeth on Shane's chin, his jaw.

"Again," Ilya pleads, tension building in his cock, his stomach. He clasps Shane's waist, reeling him back, thrusting as fast as he can while trying not to topple over. He buries his own "I love you"s against Shane's body: one against his collarbone, one on the curve of his bicep, into his hair, along his soft cheek. "Shane—"

Ilya puts his hand between the door and Shane's head right as Shane moans. "Please, please."

"Fuck, fuck—where do you—where do you want it?" Ilya pants, licking over Shane's bottom lip.

"Inside."

Ilya pats Shane's thigh, taking his pierced nipple into his mouth away, and rolls the tip of his tongue along the balled end, letting his teeth catch on the sensitive skin, and Shane comes with a deep moan, his nails digging into Ilya's back. The skin must flare red, Ilya thinks, but the sharp pain makes his hips stutter, his pulse thrumming in his head, the back of his mouth, his eyes, and he comes with a gasp, with Shane's name on his tongue, deep inside of him. When he pulls out, Shane's hole clenches, a streak of white cum slipping down his ass, and Ilya drags his thumb through the mess.

Ilya smiles against Shane's shoulder, feeling perfectly wrung dry. At ease. "What do you think? Was better this time or do we need to try again?"

Shane shakes his head. "Let's revisit this tomorrow morning. I can't think right now."

Ilya laughs, and then Shane is giggling, too.

"Wow. I did not think that was possible for you," Ilya teases, kissing the center of Shane's chest, one more on the soft skin by his armpit, his freckled shoulder. "My master thinker."

Shane narrows his eyes at Ilya, and then slumps so far down that his back is flat against the seat. "We should move."

"Yes, *should*," Ilya agrees, continuing to rub the length of Shane's thigh. "But we can wait a few minutes, yes? Catch our breath."

Shane nods, closing his eyes, and Ilya indulges in him. The air is much warmer than Ilya realized, and Shane is as sweaty as Ilya must be, a sheen on his exposed, tan skin, even on the bridge of his nose and upper lip. Any longer and they'll be stuck there, Ilya thinks. He wants to burrow into Shane and close his eyes. As his eyes flutter, he feels Shane's nose bump into his temple, and then the soft press of Shane's lips against his cheek.

Ilya turns his face toward him.

"Sweetheart," he says as he strokes Shane's long bangs out of his face, nudging his shoulder.

"Yeah." Shane nods, but his eyes are barely open. He pokes Ilya's thigh with his foot, sock still on. "Okay. We can do this. Let's go upstairs."

Ilya leaves the car door open after they've stumbled out. With the post-orgasm daze clearing, Ilya's muscles begin to ache, and he watches Shane stretch out similarly, arms raised over his head. When they pass by the large windows on the bottom floor, the sun has set. Like time has dislodged from this place and left them just enough room to enjoy each other without concern for the morning.

Shane's phone won't stop ringing. He's seated on one of the bar stools in Ilya's kitchen, drinking his morning smoothie while Ilya stuffs the ingredients back into the refrigerator.

"You know, they say more than three calls is harassment," Ilya tells Shane.

The name on his phone screen reads HAYDEN. Ilya makes a face.

"He's not harassing me, he's just going to ask where I went."

"This is the fourth call. Do you want to answer?"

“Not really,” Shane admits, but Ilya can see the guilt settle into him. It curves his mouth, his eyes. “I should drive back soon.”

“Later,” Ilya says. “Eat lunch here, with me. Okay?”

He expects a no. Especially knowing that Shane wasn’t supposed to have the evening off yesterday to begin with. He’s not really in a position to be skipping out on stuff, but there he is, anyway, fitting himself into Ilya’s home like it’s the only place he’s ever meant to be.

Shane takes another swig of his drink. Ilya doesn’t comment on how enthusiastic he looks about the flavor. Later, possibly. Another one of the many things that are hard to make time for when time is already sparse. When Ilya wants to prioritize only the good for what few days they have.

“Yeah,” Shane agrees. “Let’s do that.”

Ilya reaches out, tapping a finger on Shane’s phone, and Shane turns it over and slides it to the end of the table. “TV?” he asks.

In response, Ilya lifts the pot of coffee that just finished brewing. “Milk? Sugar?”

“Just milk,” Shane says, getting off the bar stool to fetch the mugs.

They have worked out the habits, the simple parts about being together. For now, it’ll be just enough to sustain them, Ilya hopes. So he lets the morning be easy, sinks into the couch and stretches his legs over Shane’s lap while drinking coffee. He uncoils every pressure knot at the back of his mind while Shane draws spirals on his knee. It’s worth it. It’s going to be worth it.

And when Shane leaves, later, Ilya doesn’t tell him, “I’ll miss you.” Says, instead, “I love you.” Let’s that be the one thing they hold on to.

End Notes

thank you for reading! i am [on twitter](#) and [on tumblr \(rozzed\)](#). let me know your thoughts or come talk to me about hollanov.

* yuna's birthday wish: Желаю счастья в личной жизни
[shane's nice watch](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!