

star treatment

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star treatment

by [sobraniee](#)

Summary

“I think I need you to kiss me,” Shane bursts out and closes his eyes in defeat.

Pre-race psychosis, it is, Ilya thinks. Definitely heatstroke in Austria at the last race weekend. It’s either that or Ilya has trouble hearing.

Rising star Shane Hollander asks him for a kiss.

He closed the door for this.

Or, he is really trying to get under Ilya’s skin for this race.

or: Shane races for Williams, Ilya races for Toro Rosso. And rivals are not supposed to help each other out, right?

Notes

combining two hyperfixations because i need it and i dream about it :')

title inspired by "star treatment" - arctic monkeys

for jazz & nina ♥

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(as the game changers series is completely sold out where i live, all of my knowledge for this is entirely based on the series. this work is not beta-read, any mistakes are my own and will be corrected eventually.)

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

Australian GP 2019

“I don’t think Tost is going to like this,” Ilya hears him, before he sees. Leaned against the wall, barely covering one of the many big red bulls splayed all over the motorhome. He knows it’s *him*.

“Hollander,” he acknowledges, his gaze fixed on the controlled chaos that lies around the corner from them. He gives his lighter another flick before bringing it to the tip of his cigarette.

“And I think we all have a ‘no smoking’ clause in our contracts.”

Ilya has to smirk at that as he puffs the smoke out away from the Canadian.

“How will he find out?” he asks, turning slightly to meet the others' gaze.

Shane Hollander.

It’s crazy, Ilya thinks, that only two months have passed since the last time he saw him. Ilya can still taste the champagne on his lips from when they last shared a podium. That podium. Somehow Shane seems different and not. Taller maybe? Trained harder? Perhaps that’s what Ilya looks like to Shane as well. The baby blue and black team shirt suits him well. But Ilya won’t say it.

Not yet, anyway.

“Will you run to him? Hm?” Ilya tilts his head to the side. He considers it a win that Hollander’s cheeks turn pink almost instantly at that. “Creative way to get competition out of your way.”

“I—I am not a Telltale!”

“Is that other word for rat?” Ilya cocks an eyebrow and earns himself a frustrated sigh.

“I am trying to say that maybe,” Shane takes a deep breath, “maybe smoking is not good for athletes like us.”

There is a small silence stretching out between them, and Ilya debates between taking another hit from his cig, exhaling it straight into Shane’s face—he would consider it payback for all the times they crashed last year—or indulging him.

Ilya likes to think himself cruel.

But even he can’t deny that Shane is right in a way.

So he tosses the cigarette onto the cobblestones and makes a great deal of theatrically stepping on it. “Happy?”

Shane shrugs and plays nervously with the collar of his teamwear when one of the hostesses comes around the back corner where they stand, cleaning some coffee mugs and plates from the nearby tables.

Ilya notices that Shane gets visibly less nervous when she goes back inside again, smiling awkwardly at her when they make brief eye contact. Ilya doesn't acknowledge her at all, but waits for Shane to continue the conversation. When he doesn't, Ilya sighs.

"So you care for my health this much, or why are you here?"

"Welcome, everyone, to the 2019 Australian Grand Prix press conference. For those of you who don't know me, I'm Martin Brundle, and it's only fitting that I introduce myself, given that we have a couple of new faces on the grid this year. After his marvellous F2 win with Carlin last year in Abu Dhabi, it comes as no surprise that Williams has decided to place their best bet on Canada's rising star, Shane Hollander, who is joining us today. First question directly for you, Shane, how were the championship celebrations, and how confident are you to find your new place on the F1 grid?"

"Uh, well, hello first of all. This is all very new to me, but I'm really excited, yeah. Winning definitely gives you a certain confidence boost, but of course, everything is new, and I need to really step up my game, but I'm happy to be here."

"And what about that championship celebration?"

There is a chuckle, or cough, coming from the person next to him.

"Ah, oh, well... nothing too crazy, really. Just celebrating with my family and friends, had a nice beach vacation, but yeah, that's about it."

"Thank you so much, Shane. And we also cannot forget about our second newcomer, sitting right there next to you, Ilya Rozanov from Russia, having nearly missed the F2 title by three points with Prema, he now has the chance to prove himself at Toro Rosso this year. Ilya, how is it like to sit next to your biggest rival from last year, and is it any different for you now in Formula One?"

"So you care for my health this much, or why are you here?"

To Ilya's surprise, Shane takes another step closer, his voice dropping. "Listen, I-uh, wanted to wish you a good start to the season."

Ilya wants to take a step back, put some distance between them, but is reminded of the fact that his back is already against the wall. He is cornered. The urge to take another cigarette from his pocket to make Shane take a step back hits him, but dissolves quickly.

Not cruel.

“Why are you whispering?” Ilya whispers back. “Is wishing good start something bad?”

Shane chuckles at that, and Ilya can’t help but return a small smile.

“No, it isn’t.”

“Okay.”

Ilya notices that Shane doesn’t look at him. His face darts back and forth, as if he is about to leak the most incriminating news to Ilya. Shane wets his lips, looks at his feet, and takes one more glance behind his back before he speaks. Ilya prepares himself for the worst.

“Look—about that phone call. I was drunk, and I don’t know why I called you—”

“Sounded like you know,” Ilya interrupts him. God, how Ilya wishes to have something in his hands right now, a beer, his phone, a cigarette. Shane’s going to talk about that night at ten in the morning on their first-ever Formula One race, and all Ilya can do is wipe his sweaty palms against his pants and also check for that hostess to be as far away as possible.

“I was drunk,” Shane repeats, his voice strained now, and Ilya takes a tad bit of pity for him. “I just won the championship, I wasn’t really in a clear state of mind when I said all of those things.”

Well, pity gone.

“So, no clear state of mind at Silverstone too, yes?” Ilya leans down. He needs Shane to look at him for this. “You did not need champagne to ask for it there.”

“Fuck off,” Shane spats, both of them turning around to see if anyone’s close by.

Luckily not.

But Ilya is over this conversation, so he steps off the wall and waits for Shane to make room for him. Shane looks at him as if Ilya slapped him.

“Hollander,” Ilya murmurs, his voice low. His fingers are itching to touch Shane, to put a reassuring hand on his shoulder and squeeze whatever is bothering him so much out of him.

“I don’t even know why I’m here,” Shane whispers, more to himself than to Ilya, and the urge to *grab* is overcoming Ilya harder than it should.

“It is okay,” Ilya reassures him. He manages to nudge their shoulders together, like friends would do, maybe. Anything to make this not so tense anymore. “I will forget, if you want.”

“Really?” Shane looks up at that, swallows and nods. “Yeah, I think that would be the best.”

Ilya nods along with him, whatever he needs right now.

He realises, when Shane retreats two steps, how close they were. Ilya is a little taken aback at how much he craves those two steps back at an instant. He keeps his mouth shut and his gaze fixed ahead. A group of people from a sponsored event is walking towards them.

“Thank you,” Shane says hurriedly, sensing the curious murmurs behind them. “See you on track?”

“Sure.”

Shane graces him with another pressed smile that doesn’t quite reach his eyes as he jogs off, waving at the big group, turning the corner and vanishing into the coordinated chaos. Aware of the eyes on him, Ilya politely smiles and makes a beeline for the garage. No energy for pretended niceties with people he doesn’t care about.

He will need another coffee and a cold shower, too.

“*Blyad*,” Ilya hisses when he’s out of sight. It is too easy for Ilya to say anything and everything that Shane wants to hear. It’s hard, trying to forget that Shane had begged him to come and kiss him breathless after Abu Dhabi months before. But he should’ve known. Maybe Shane was truly drunk. Maybe what happened at Silverstone back last summer didn’t mean much. Maybe—and Ilya tries to forget that he’s mulling over all of this over the winter break just as much—it should be forgotten.

After all, Ilya has to prove himself.

No more distractions. He has a first race to ace.

He won’t lose to Shane again.

Silverstone 2018

It made sense to Ilya that Shane would be nervous for his kinda home Grand Prix; he could relate to it, he remembers the feel of the cold sweat that ran down his neck in Monza. Undeniable tension lingered in the air, a mix of hope and desperation to deliver.

But they are trained for this—the pressure adds that certain *je ne sais quoi* to one’s own performance.

Or, they make you a bubbling, helpless mess.

“Can you repeat the question?” Shane wipes his forehead for the sixth time (Ilya counts and suppresses the urge to give that poor man a tissue, as the AC is clearly working).

“You are leading the F2 championship race right now with a five-point gap to Rozanov. Do you think there is some added pressure here in Silverstone, where *Carlin* hasn’t had a home win in the last three years?”

Shane clears his throat. It’s when he tries to take a sip from his empty glass of water that Ilya decides to spare him and slide over his full glass.

“Thank you,” Shane smiles at him before drinking it all in one go.

“Staying hydrated,” Ilya tries to take some tension out of the room for him and gets a couple of chuckles out of the interviewing room.

“Uh, yeah,” Shane jumps back in, “there are higher expectations, I think. But I am at the best form I’ve been in all my career, so I think I have everything to win this.”

Ilya can’t stop staring at his glass in Shane’s hand, having taken a sip minutes before, having a faint imprint of where Shane drank now, overlapped with his, an indirect kiss—

“And Ilya?” one reporter—Ilya doesn’t bother to remember their names—tears his attention away.

“Yes?”

“Clearly some attention issues here at Silverstone,” the moderator jokes.

Ilya’s mouth twitches.

“How is it for you? Is stealing the home win away from *Carlin* and Shane a motivator for you to go extra hard?”

“Yes.”

A beat of silence, then a roar of laughter. Shane isn’t joining them. He never does.

“Anything more to add?” the reporter urges.

“No.”

Another set of laughter.

The interviewer cuts it there. “Alright, let’s continue with the team principals!”

Before they can make it outside again, Shane asks Ilya to stay behind in one of the conference rooms. That's not unusual. Shane often asks about mundane race-related issues after interviews.

They fixed one barricade at corner three. I wanted to let you know.

The break balance seems off for a lot of us. I was curious what you think?

Do you want to join the Trident guys and us for dinner after the race?

It's sweet, Ilya thinks—that even though all of the grid, interviewers, team-chefs and fans united think that he is a force to be reckoned with on the track, but not social or nice in any way off the track—but Shane was curious. He takes Ilya's expertise seriously, even compliments him on live television every few weeks.

It's sweet.

It's normal.

“Can I ask you something, but you have to promise you won't make fun of me?” Shane closes the door behind them, and Ilya hears the sound of the lock being turned.

That's not normal.

“What?”

“And thank you for the water back in there,” Shane folds and unfolds his arms.

“Not a big deal,” Ilya shrugs and steps to the side. Yep, door is definitely locked. “You are telling me company secret?”

Shane giggles, and Ilya feels a sense of pride when he manages to incite the sweet sound out of him.

“No,” Shane shakes his head. “No company secret. But, it's a weird... request? I think?”

“I do not understand.”

Shane has that nervous energy around him since they all landed in Silverstone on Thursday, and it drives Ilya mad. It makes him anxious, too, even though he has nothing to prove here.

“Do you have any unusual routines before a race?”

Ilya has an answer for everything. Most of the time, short, but an answer nevertheless. He is, however, a bit taken aback by that question.

“One cigarette each race weekend,” he answers truthfully.

“I know that already,” Shane bites his lip, and Ilya can't help but stare. “But anything... weird?”

“Weird?”

If Shane keeps on biting for longer, his lip will burst.

“Like, I don’t know,” Shane fiddles with a bracelet that looks fan-made. “Rub one out before the race or something?”

Ilya can’t help but burst out laughing at that. “You want to know if I masturbate before a race?”

This is so not normal for them, Ilya considers, but he is enjoying this so far, even though he feels a bit of pity. Shane must be going through some sort of pre-race psychosis.

“No! It was an example, God, why is this so hard?” Shane groans.

“Just say what you want to say, Hollander,” Ilya leans against one of the tables, hands holding onto the edges.

He sees the gears of Shane’s brain turning, his eyes darting wildly as he looks over Ilya. It’s a familiar stare. They have shared it many times before climbing into their cars: determination and maybe a spark of something else. Thrill, or excitement for what’s to come that race.

But this isn’t the race.

“I think I need you to kiss me,” Shane bursts out and closes his eyes in defeat.

Pre-race psychosis, it is, Ilya thinks. Definitely heatstroke in Austria at the last race weekend. It’s either that or Ilya has trouble hearing.

Rising star Shane Hollander asks him for a kiss.

He closed the door for this.

Or, he is really trying to get under Ilya’s skin for this race.

“What game is this?” Ilya croaks, his voice breaking.

“No, not a game,” Shane sighs, “I am serious.”

There are no words. Nothing to untangle or read a second thought into. Shane wants this.

Why him?

“Why me?” Ilya asks, he sees why Shane is sweating. The AC is clearly not on at all.

“It just has to be,” Shane admits and takes a hesitant step towards him. “I think it’s going to calm me down.”

“Calm you down?”

Shane huffs out a frustrated laugh. “Yeah, don’t lie to me. We both know that my nerves are getting to me, and I’m so, so scared that I’ll fuck this up for the team, and somehow the thought of kissing you is the only thing that gives me peace of mind right now, so laugh if you want to and tell me to fuck off, but if this stupid idea is okay with you, then I would really appreciate it, and I’ll never ask it again if you—”

It takes Ilya two and a half steps to reach Shane, one heartbeat to put his hand on his neck, and one sharp inhale before he places his lips on Shane’s.

It’s far from the first person that Ilya has kissed, but the way Shane melts against him, turns into putty in Ilya’s hands—it sets it far apart from anything and anyone who came before him. Shane’s hands find their way into Ilya’s curls, resting there as if only made for this special occasion. And what can Ilya do but reward Shane for his bravery and his softness? God, his softness. Soft, tender, raw bitten lips. Soft hair, just like he imagined. Ilya licks into Shane’s mouth, and Shane has to steady himself by gripping Ilya’s forearms.

Ilya has the suspicion that Shane’s legs won’t support him, and turns them gently to rest against one of the tables.

It’s only a kiss, but the way Shane moans into his mouth, those needy and whiny breaths escaping past his wet parted lips, Ilya could also very much be fucking him right now.

And the thought, to be fucking Shane Hollander at an empty office room, before a race, with him asking for it, begging for it— that alone makes Ilya almost spill all over himself, untouched.

But Shane asked for a kiss, so a kiss he shall receive.

It’s slow at first. Ilya wants to take his time with this. He is also scared that once he pulls off, Shane will be happy and stop him, so he makes sure to keep his lips on him, breathing be damned.

Hands hike up Shane’s shirt, his skin hot to the touch and also, oh so soft.

Ilya can’t help but groan into Shane’s mouth, and Shane, having found a new footing against the table, grabs at Ilya’s shoulder as if his life depends on it.

As if he, too, is scared that this’ll end too quickly.

And God, the realisation, drives Ilya mad with pleasure.

Closer, he needs to get closer—he needs, fuck, who knows anymore. Ilya hugs Shane harder, parts his legs and presses his knee against Shane’s hard-on. Fuck his own straining erection; he needs more, more, more.

“Fuck,” Ilya breathes out, breath coming laboured. Shane doesn’t let him elaborate, grabs him by the neck and licks right over Ilya’s lips.

“More,” Shane manages, his voice barely audible.

Something in Ilya snaps, his hands grabbing Shane's ass, manhandling him on the table, folding him over it from the sheer vigour of the kisses.

There are no more coherent thoughts in Ilya's mind.

Anything but *Shane, Shane, Shane, Shane.*

They kiss until Ilya's sure that Shane's lips will be bruised tomorrow, and they both get lightheaded. If they continue, Ilya is certain that this will develop into something more than Shane initially requested. Ilya debates whether to stretch and reinterpret Shane's request, but alas goes against it for the sake of both of them.

It would be a lie to think of this kiss as nothing more than that. It's too hungry, too desperate, to be filed away as a one-time only, innocent request. It's a thought for later, though.

Said thought gets confirmation when Shane makes his displeasure known when they part, a whine escaping his mouth as he chases Ilya's lips. Ilya has to chuckle at that and saves that for later, too, when he'll be alone in his hotel room and think about nothing else but this.

"Please," Shane purrs, fingers brushing golden locks behind Ilya's ears with such care that it makes Ilya almost wince. Ilya hums, he understands, he wants it too, so much, and kisses him one more time. He finds the willpower within himself to pull away far enough to press their foreheads together.

Ilya's thumb rests at the base of Shane's throat, sweeping across his adam's apple. Their heaving gulps of air, proof of their shared affectedness, echo through the room. Ilya's winded, shit, he hasn't been this out of breath in a while, he would laugh if it were not for any other circumstance.

Instead, he brushes their lips together, dizziness overtaking all senses. The heated frenzy slowly subsides within them.

Ilya takes one last look at Shane, the eyes of the Canadian still closed, memorises the placement of each freckle for tonight and more sleepless nights to come, and waits for Shane to return to him.

"Feel better?" he whispers. He truly sounds wrecked.

Shane's eyes flutter open, as if pulled from a spell, eyes unfocused, dazed, and looks at Ilya with so much tenderness that Ilya pulls back a bit.

The smile on Shane's lips is for Ilya and Ilya alone.

Only for me.

Shane leans forward, as if thinking the same thing, which can't be, but the thought soothes some of the ache in Ilya's chest, and presses another sweet and short kiss on Ilya's mouth.

It takes every bit of dignity and strength not to chase after him.

“Better,” Shane breathes. “So much better.”

They share a few more uneven breaths, as Ilya aimlessly traces circles over Shane’s cheek. He’ll give Shane as much time as he needs, his phone vibrating in his pocket merely to taunt him. He sees it, though, when Shane’s focus returns, the aftermath of his wish rolling over his body, ears turning redder. Ilya believes it must be the embarrassment catching up to him.

“Fuck,” Shane places a hand on Ilya’s chest.

“Calmer?” Ilya tries, trying to ignore what Shane must feel; his heartbeat ricochets against his ribcage.

“Uh,” Shane looks at Ilya’s hands, still resting on his waist.

“Oh,” Ilya retreats.

“Yeah, calmer, sure, yeah,” Shane rubs the back of his neck and turns around to fix himself up.

Ilya flexes his hand, unflexes it and flexes it again. A part of him knows that all of this was somehow inevitable. The gravitational pull they have towards one another, undeniable. But fuck, he didn’t expect this to ignite this sort of chain reaction out of him. He feels burned, marked. His lips are thrumming from the pressure, his head tingling, hair yearning to be pulled again.

Shane ruined him.

With one kiss alone.

“Thank you,” Shane says, his back turned to him. “I—I think you should wait a few minutes after I leave.”

It doesn’t feel right to be thanked for this—for something that Ilya wanted, and still wants, for himself.

“Sure,” Ilya grits his teeth so as not to say something he might regret.

He sees it, how Shane’s fingers tremble, how they linger on the lock. It’s a brief second, but Ilya catches it.

He leaps.

“Hollander.”

Shane turns.

“You ask, I give.”

“What?”

Ilya huffs. “If you need calming down again,” he clarifies. “You ask, I give.”

The spark of realisation in Shane’s eyes is endearing, really. His shoulders sag, and Ilya can’t help but give him a small reassuring smile.

“Fuck you.” No venom. Shane might as well have said *‘Thank you’* again. But Shane smiles back, before opening and closing the door behind him.

Ilya ignores how Shane’s smile doesn’t quite reach his eyes.

He could get over this.

Helping Shane Hollander calm his nerves. That’s all it is.

Nothing more.

Monaco GP 2019

The midfield battles are tough. Near crashes all the time, an underperforming car, which Ilya knew was going to happen, and all eyes were fixed on the rivalry between him and Shane.

Who will win the midfield battle of 2019?

Will Mercedes sign with Shane Hollander?

Will Red Bull sign with Ilya Rozanov?

Who will win Rookie of the Year?

It’s white noise to Ilya now, distraction methods to get under his skin. Neither of them had a better race finish than 5th after five races, their home Grand Prixs still waiting ahead of them. And the cars are shit, if Ilya’s honest. Even more so for Shane. Whatever he is getting out of that *Williams* is a damn miracle.

Encyclopedia, they now call him.

Ilya always knew that Shane was a nerd for this sport—that he and his father had a huge thing for it, and respected traditions, history and whatnot. Ilya wasn’t jealous of the nickname. It was the need to compare Shane and him, to pit them against each other, that made Ilya angrier than anything. So what? Anyone can recite history. Ilya wants to be remembered as a World Champion and wants the taste of Champagne on his lips. Abu Dhabi seems so long ago now.

“So, 6th place in Monaco, that’s your third top ten finish, Ilya. What do you say about the rumours of possibly getting a seat with Red Bull if you continue this streak?”

Post-race interviews are just as dull as pre-race ones, but his PR team knows that this isn’t his forte, and memorising answers is easy.

“I am happy,” Ilya says, not smiling, “I don’t care for next season yet. I want good constructors finish and rookie title.”

The interviewer, Rachel Brookes, has a soft spot for him. Less pressure, more entertainment and lightheartedness. It doesn’t stress him out as much.

“And how do you feel about the midfield going into the next race? Do you think Shane Hollander is going to try to beat you at his home Grand Prix?”

Not with those nerves, he won’t, Ilya thinks. But no more calming needed, so far. There is this itch at the tip of his fingers again, and Ilya has the urge to bite his nails, or to rub them against something—or someone. He isn’t upset, or anything... not him. Maybe Shane found a better coping mechanism than kissing him. The thought of a better coping mechanism makes Ilya want to punch a wall.

“I will try to beat him,” it comes out unaffected. From the corner of his eye, he sees Shane with the French broadcasting interviewer, their eyes meeting just a second. Perhaps he’s being asked the same thing. Ilya can’t resist a smirk, half to Shane and half to Rachel. Flashes of hot breathing, languid touches, and feverish skin appear in front of Ilya’s eyes.

“I miss the battles at the front. It is a bit boring,” he swallows, concentrating on Rachel. “But it is a fact. My car is better.”

“We’ll see what Shane thinks about that,” Rachel chuckles. “Thank you so much, Ilya. See you in Montréal.”

He says his thank you’s and bye’s and moves toward the exit, Shane’s three steps ahead of him.

“Stop badmouthing my team,” Shane murmurs, barely audible with the number of people surrounding them as they move through corridors behind one another.

“I badmouthed your car, not team.”

The corner of Ilya’s mouth quirks up when Shane throws him a fake-annoyed look. He can tell fake-annoyed and real-annoyed apart pretty well now. But when Shane makes an effort to hold the next door open for him, the gesture so natural, Ilya feels as if he hasn’t cracked Shane down at all.

“I insult your car on television, and you hold the door open for me?”

Shane looks at him when Ilya passes through, stares at him for a beat.

“I guess I am.”

Ilya walks alongside him as they turn the corner towards the garages.

“How is *golden boy*?”

“Don’t call me that,” Shane shakes his head, turns and smiles at one of his mechanics.

“Why?” Ilya presses. It’s addicting, getting to corner Shane, to put him in a vulnerable position, to open up to him. “Gold not good enough for you? Silver Arrow next season will be rough, no?”

“You’re an asshole,” Shane whispers to him. They smile and wave at a child.

Need more calming down in Montréal? Ilya wants to ask next, but decides against it. Better not to push too many buttons at once. Even though it’s the safest way of conversing right now. It somehow goes unsaid, with the way Shane glances at him when he thinks Ilya isn’t looking, that the memories of the day could also be haunting him, too.

“You’re driving good,” he says instead.

Shane snorts.

“What?”

“You’re horrible at this.”

“At talking? That is mean, Hollander.” Ilya can’t help but grin.

“At making compliments,” Shane clarifies and stops walking. “This is me,” he points to the *Williams* garage entrance.

“You love it,” Ilya winks. He catches the creeping blush on Shane’s cheeks before he breaks out in a jog to his garage.

Perhaps he will tell Shane next race weekend how pretty he looks when he blushes, Ilya ponders.

Abu Dhabi 2018

“He wins for the 7th time this season! Ilya Rozanov threw everything at him, but Shane Hollander managed to pull through and win the 2018 F2 Championship!”

The ringing in Ilya’s ears hasn’t subsided when he finally slumps down on his bed. His arms are sticky from the Champagne, his hair wet to the touch, and his team shirt clinging to him from the sheer desert heat.

He should take a shower.

He should call his father.

He should write Shane.

With a weary sigh, Ilya rubs his eyes and fends off a jaw-cracking yawn.

Call can wait; his father must be asleep either way. And Ilya needs time to ready his defence. Shane was the better driver, had the better strategy. It's only three points that set them apart from this. He's not angry.

He's not angry.

Which... is confusing, sure, but also needs a level-headedness to unpack that Ilya doesn't have right now.

Shane looked so happy that, for the first time, Ilya got the chance to see the little wrinkles around his eyes that appear when his smile becomes beaming. The roar of laughter that tumbled out of him after they played the Canadian anthem, the way Shane slammed the champagne bottle on the podium, liquid erupting and engulfing everything in the vicinity—how Shane licked his lips when he showered Ilya with said Champagne—it was all worth it.

He's not angry.

He is happy for him.

And Ilya is definitely not turned on by all of this. Not at all. Hasn't been on the podium, hasn't been when Shane pulled him in for a bear hug right after the race, whispering hot into his ear, *'It's going to be you soon, Rozanov.'*

The blood in Ilya's skull rushes through his ears, but it's not loud enough to drown out his own thoughts. He was so close to asking for it then, after the podium, what Shane had asked him. Not to calm his nerves, but to scratch the itch that's been bugging him for months now.

His groan bounces against the hotel room walls.

Shower, he needs to shower and sleep for a whole day, maybe a whole month. Ilya moves in slow-motion, sits up on his bed, downs a small bottle of water, stands up to walk into the bathroom, making sure not to look at the state he is in in the mirrors, and takes his well-deserved shower.

It's not the first time he has thought about Shane whilst masturbating. It's a common occurrence nowadays. But Ilya takes his time that night, leans against the cool marble, lets the water run over him, basking in the smoothness of the wet friction. A muffled moan escapes his lips when he thinks about Shane's plush lips, wet from his spit, how he licked into Ilya with a starving man's desperation.

“Ah, shit...” It's overwhelming now, how much he wanted Shane to ask him again, for anything and nothing in particular.

Pleasure zings through his chest, makes the memories blurry, and his imagination runs wild. Images flicker in front of his eyes: Shane on his knees, licking up his cock like he licks the rim of the bottle of champagne. How beautiful his whimpers must sound like with Ilya's fingers in his mouth, how he must scrunch his nose when he cums, how—

“Fuck,” Ilya groans, and then... “*Shane!*”

Ilya lets out a noise somewhere between a moan and a sob as he paints the glass door of the shower with white hot ribbons. His thighs tremble, head hitting the wall with a thud as Ilya tries to catch his breath.

The peace of mind lasts only for a minute before the sour feeling creeps back into Ilya's throat.

The shower is cut short after that.

Before heading to bed, Ilya decides to face the aftermath of today and open his phone.

Messages of empty words, condolences on the loss, goodbyes from his mechanics and team, wishing him good luck in Formula One next season, and between it all, two missed calls.

One from his father. (Which Ilya expects and will deal with tomorrow.)

One from Shane.

A voicemail left.

Ilya sits down on the mattress, looks at it for half a minute, and presses play.

Rustling. Music. People laughing. Shane's telling them to fuck off. A door opening and closing. Silence. Then, Shane sighs.

“Hellooo, Ilya.”

It's like crashing with full speed into the Wall of Champions. Ilya pauses the voicemail. His hands are shaking. Shane's been very cautious when it came to saying his first name. It was a once-in-a-blue-moon type of occasion, and only reserved for post-race interviews. And even when he said it, the professionalism of it covered the intimacy. Ilya understands it—that they have to slip it in from time to time, so as not to appear too mean.

But this.

Sing-song-like.

Precious.

Sweet even.

Ilya's exhale comes shaky. He presses play again, holding his phone for dear life.

“Man, I wish I had invited you to the after-after-party.” Shane pauses, chuckles, “You would probably say that it’s boring. You love that word. Boring.”

Ilya’s mouth twitches at that.

“I mean, it is boring,” Shane continues, and Ilya can tell from the way Shane stretches the words that he must be so drunk. “But everything is kinda boring when you’re not there.”

It’s unfair, Ilya thinks. It feels like a well-timed punch to his gut, nightmare and sweetest of dreams combined.

“I am so glad that you were up there with me,” Shane sighs. “You looked so good.”

Ilya is not cruel. He knows it, is sure of it. But it hurts knowing that Shane Hollander is.

Another short silence. Ilya wonders how long he can take this torture.

“Fuck, why haven’t you picked up, Rozanov? You said that I could ask.”

Ilya’s eyes close in defeat.

“I think about it so much, you have no idea. And... I deserve it, right? I won.”

Shane’s voice sounds shaky now, as if close to tears.

“They gave me the trophy, I got everything I wanted, the Williams seat, the sponsors, but,” Shane swallows. “All I could—all I think about is kissing you again, and you haven’t picked up.”

It’s silent after that. Ilya lets out a breath that he forgot he held in, his hands cold and clammy.

Shane’s ruined him.

Ilya hears snuffles, then a door opening, voices—then nothing. That’s it.

Everything seems to fall away—distant, muffled, muted. His eyes are stinging as the ache in his chest starts to eat him alive, burning hotter with each passing second. The accusing tone of Shane, how distressed he sounded that Ilya dared not pick up, as if, so self-assured, he would.

Ilya presses the call back button before immediately unclicking it. “Fuck, fuck.”

Shane’s drunk.

Shane’s drunk and doesn’t know what he’s saying.

Ilya stares at his phone, fingers hovering over the button once more.

He doesn’t call back.

Ilya recalls some American television shows he watched on the plane back in the day, episodes in which similar vulnerable and soul-aching truths came out when the main character got drunk and finally admitted their true feelings. It never ended well. Either they backtracked when sober, or it drove an awkward edge between them. Not that he and Shane were even a *thing*, or that whatever Shane said were even his true feelings to begin with.

Ilya's sure that Shane would be mortified tomorrow if he'd even remember at all.

So he deletes the voicemail the next morning.

Canadian GP 2019

As it turns out, Shane's car wasn't as shit as Ilya pegged it to be. That, or Shane must be really going for the *Mercedes* seat—a 5th place finish at his home Grand Prix, having already outscored his teammate by a landslide—it is impressive.

And Shane, *Golden Boy*, Hollander did it without a calming kiss.

It's not that Ilya expects it, a call, a hand on his shoulder, ushering him somewhere quiet, a long ramble about how Shane needs it, how important the race is, how much he's depended on this, how well it worked for him in Silverstone. Ilya doesn't await a simple message, a glance in his direction, standing five meters apart from one another, minutes before the race.

Not that Ilya would ever ask Shane to reconsider, his methods, that is. Whatever he's doing now clearly works well for him, and Ilya did promise him a clean slate.

“Good job,” Ilya knocks his helmet against Shane's at Parc fermé after the race. Shane's being congratulated for his race left and right, someone pulling him into a hug right before Ilya reaches him.

Ilya sees the crinkle around Shane's eyes—that beaming smile hidden underneath his helmet.

“Thank you,” he grabs Ilya's held-out hand, goes for the peace-branch-feeling handshake. “Top ten finish for you, too, right? That's four now, yes?”

Shane must've been keeping up then.

“Yes,” Ilya answers, squeezing their hands. “Time for shared podium soon, no?”

He says it teasingly, yet Shane's eyes dart all over Ilya, a mix of confusion and something that Ilya can't quite place. Ilya hasn't let go of Shane's hand yet, but feels a camera team making their way towards them.

“Enjoy it,” he says, before letting go. He'll let Shane have his deserved moment of glory.

He starts walking towards the queue for the scale when he sees the delayed feed of the cameras on one of the large screens. It's only a second before it cuts towards the Ferrari garage, but Ilya sees it: Shane looking after him when he lets go of his hand. It's short, missable, nothing to think of.

Nothing to think of at all.

Until it *is* something to think of, because Shane Hollander is knocking on his hotel room door at 9 p.m. He stands in joggers, a black shirt, his phone clutched in one hand and his other buried inside his pocket.

Ilya's heart stutters.

"Hollander?"

"Can I come in for a second?" Shane looks behind Ilya, as if half expecting someone else at the door next to him.

For a moment, Ilya opens his mouth, a comment primed and ready on his tongue. Instead, he nods and lets Shane inside, the small thud of the door almost too loud for the silence that engulfs the room.

"Shoes off," he points at the pair on Shane's feet. *Mr Nike ambassador.*

"Ah, right."

Ilya has to suppress a laugh as he watches Shane unlace his shoes and place them neatly next to Ilya's, making sure the heels are aligned.

Shane walks into Ilya's room, looking around as if in an art gallery, his gaze lingering at Ilya's bedside table, head tilting as he tries to decipher what book Ilya's reading.

"You come to spy?" Ilya asks and leans against the wall next to the TV.

"I didn't know you read," Shane mumbles, continuing to walk around in slow steps.

"I can also write," Ilya retorts, and it makes Shane chuckle and centre his attention back at him.

It's weirdly alien and familiar at the same time, how Shane's never been in his hotel room, something that hasn't been breached between them yet, letting the other in, vulnerable. But doesn't feel wrong. Nothing ever does with Shane.

But the realisation of it—Shane’s in his room, now, after the race, not before, after—something deep inside Ilya ignites at that. He thinks about that kiss and how badly he wants another, and another, and how he wants Shane to say how badly he thinks about it too. To steal some of Ilya’s doubt, the creeping anxiety, the fear that it can truly be something more, or at least something repeatable.

He’d take anything.

Ilya swallows, the tension winds into a superheated corkscrew that could snap with just the slightest push.

“Do you remember what you said to me?” Shane breaks the silence first, crossing his arms.

Ilya instantly knows what Shane’s referring to, yet shakes his head.

“You said: ‘You ask, I give.’ Back in Silverstone,” Shane steps closer, and Ilya leans away from the wall.

Shane moves, Ilya moves.

Until they stand in front of each other, waiting, anticipating.

“Do you still mean it?” Shane asks, his gaze darting between Ilya’s lips and eyes, not knowing what to settle on.

“Not calm enough after today?” Ilya’s mouth twitches when Shane gives him a fake-annoyed snort. “Or is it goodnight kiss?”

The all-too-familiar itch in his fingertips reappears, and Ilya lifts his hands to ghost them over Shane’s arms.

Shane’s eyes flutter closed. The whimper out of his mouth is exquisite and an immediate reward for the months of waiting.

“Is it?” Ilya urges, leaning forward and inhaling. Ilya allows himself a moment to breathe, to feel—how Shane’s vibrating underneath him with only his fingertips on him, the smell of peppermint and expensive cologne surrounding his senses.

“Goodnight kiss, sure, yes,” Shane breathes, hands finding their path to grab ahold of Ilya’s shirt.

Ilya’s lips hover over Shane’s pulse, and it’s so damn easy—Shane just tilts his head, invites Ilya in for more, for anything, like this is some natural thing that has always existed between them, any resemblance of shame or discomfort long since faded.

“You have to ask, Hollander,” Ilya grins against Shane’s neck.

“Fuck,” Shane groans, hands moving higher, higher, until they are nestled into Ilya’s hair.

“Please, kiss me.”

The words, the feeling of it, it washes over Ilya, makes him suck in a breath.

“I will not forget this time,” Ilya mumbles, more to himself than Shane. He doesn’t wait for Shane’s reply, though he doubts that Shane will give him anything more, and dives.

Ilya kisses him softly this time, just a press of lip to lip, cherishing the feeling of it, knowing now that there is no need for urgency or panic, and tries to relish the feeling of them moving together.

At least that’s what Ilya tries to do, but Shane’s huffing, pressing their torsos together, almost angrily with force, and parts his lips to take all of Ilya, open-mouthed, hot and greedy. As if the wait and build-up to this was entirely Ilya’s fault and not Shane’s wish. Shane clutches at Ilya’s shirt, as if he needs an anchor, a place of sanctuary, and there it is, all of it, waiting just for him: a horizon of shoulders and muscle, perfect for gripping, and he digs in with both hands and soars.

Yes, Ilya thinks, *yes, yes, yes*, and lets Shane take and take. Teeth clank against each other in a battle of something neither of them knows yet, and Shane practically sobs when Ilya lets his hands roam over his lower back.

Ilya drinks it down without complaint, bathes in the feeling of velvet tongues, the taste of cinnamon and whiskey, and—*what?*

Whiskey?

Whatever part of Ilya had been incapacitated jolts back to life.

Shane’s drunk—*again*.

Ilya’s entire body tenses with a shudder, and it takes all of his willpower when he pushes Shane gently, enough for them to both catch their breath for a second.

“I want you,” Shane whispers.

Ilya pauses to let that sink in. Shane is cautious: cautious about how he words himself in interviews, about what he shares online, and how much he lets people in, but he is never cautious about his desire for Ilya.

It’s bittersweet, really, because Ilya loves that about Shane, would love to see how honest he’d get with him over the course of a shared night, curious to see how contagious that honesty might be.

But not like this.

Shane’s mouth is parted, waiting for another kiss, chest hitching with uneven breaths.

When Ilya doesn’t react, his eyes flutter open, sweet confusion painting his face. “Did I say something wrong?”

“You’re drunk,” Ilya whispers back, a sad smile forming on his lips.

Shane's frown deepens at that.

He leans back enough to look at Ilya earnestly now. "No, I'm not."

"You taste like Whiskey and Champagne."

"But I'm not drunk," Shane presses, defiant as ever.

Ilya doesn't answer, studies Shane for a second: the downcast tilt of his shoulders, the now guarded stance, the distance between them so palpable. Shane looks... disappointed. Sad, even. Maybe a bit apologetic, and Ilya has the sudden urge to hug him.

But this isn't what Ilya wants for them. He won't have another regretful, awkward talk about this the next morning.

Either Shane gives him everything, or Ilya will take nothing at all.

"You got goodnight kiss," he says instead, his fingers brushing over Shane's lips. He'll allow himself this much. "You should go to bed."

Under different circumstances, Ilya would have made fun of the sheer death stare that Shane's shooting his way, the disbelief of it, *'are you seriously kicking me out?'* written all over his face. Ilya presses his lips together and shrugs, half-apologetic, half-serious.

"Ask again with clear mind," he offers (and hopes).

"I can't believe you," Shane shakes his head as he walks towards the entrance to put on his shoes. "You're lucky if I ever talk to you again."

"Try to not think about it too much in France," Ilya watches him fiddle with the laces.

So endearing and infuriating at the same time.

Shane mutters something unintelligible when he moves towards the door.

"Sweet dreams, Hollander."

"Fuck you," Shane slams the door shut, like a pouty child.

Ilya falls headfirst onto his bed, groaning into the mountain of pillows, hard-on pressing against the mattress.

To say that he's disappointed would be an understatement. Ilya likes to think of this as a calculated chess move—something bigger and better to come. A good outlet for relief is out there somewhere for them.

For tonight, it's going to be a bad one, though.

Silverstone GP 2019

Ilya barely sees Shane after Montréal, except for interviews or on the tarmac. He half-thinks that Shane's staying true to his word and avoids him, but whenever Ilya opens his phone, he's flooded with another sickly-sweet comment that Shane made about him at yet another interview, and well, Ilya has to give him credit, because that strategy is infuriating.

As if the memories of last year are not taunting him enough, Ilya now has to put on a fake smile and try to match the energy of the new dick-sucking competition they have going on at post-race interviews.

Ilya's in the middle of a serious debrief with *La Gazette*, trying to explain why more than an 11th-place finish wasn't in them for this race, when Shane walks towards him, camera team following him on the other side.

"We were just talking about you," Shane grabs Ilya's shoulder from behind. And Ilya plasters on a trained smile. "Tough first corner for you too, right?"

The Italian interviewer ushers Shane to come closer, to stand next to Ilya, practically salivating at the opportunity to interview both the best midfield drivers and rookie title chasers in one go.

"Who is we?" Ilya turns to give Shane a look.

"Netflix is with me today," he points to the crew behind him.

"Ah." Ilya tries to wiggle out of Shane's makeshift embrace, but can't without it looking ugly.

It must be awkward for Shane, too, no doubt, but whatever mind-games are at work, they make Ilya look worse.

"What was the question?" Shane leans forward as the reporter repeats it, his hair tickling Ilya's cheek.

He'll strangle, Shane, Ilya thinks. He'll strangle him, slowly, push against his throat, make him whimper and beg for him and—

"Who will win the first podium between you two?"

"It is tough to say," Shane starts.

"Me," Ilya cuts him off.

They look at each other, and for a moment, it feels so normal.

"Wow," Shane smiles, "and here I am trying to sound diplomatic."

“We both know it is true.” Ilya jabs Shane at the side, and the reporter laughs.

“Well, he is driving good,” Shane doesn’t break eye contact, his finger poking Ilya’s chest.

“Better,” Ilya corrects.

Ilya wants to smirk at the sight of Shane’s irritated gaze, wants to tell him to put those shit-eating-grinning lips to other use, and put an end to their obvious wish of mutual destruction, which is another, fancier way of saying that Ilya really wants Shane to blow him.

Shane lets go of his shoulders. “Agree to disagree. I’ll keep you to it.”

Ilya goes for the handshake, and the reporter thanks them both.

“*Malen'kiy govnyuk*,” Ilya mutters underneath his breath. When he looks over his shoulder, Shane’s face reads victory.

Certainly one form of payback.

German GP 2019

“Rozanov has defended his third place well here for Toro Rosso, but could this really be Ilya’s first Formula One podium? Three more corners to go, yes, there he comes, he’s going for it—Ilya Rozanov finishes third in the 2019 German GP and isn’t that a wonderful sight!”

Ilya’s vibrating from head to toe as he climbs out of the car. But worse than that, he can’t stop grinning—he’s grinning on the scale, grinning and laughing at the interview when Brundle congratulates him, and the crowd erupts in applause. Half in disbelief, half in shock—how he managed to pull all of that out of his car—a big mystery to unsolve later with the mechanics for sure.

Ilya doesn’t giggle, but fuck—he does now, and it feels good.

“How does it feel, being back on top?”

“Yeah,” Ilya breathes, wipes the sweat from his forehead as the applause fills his ears, “I can get used to it again.”

“I think the fans agree with you on that.”

Ilya blows them a kiss, laughs, and shakes his head.

When Shane jogs towards him, the flashes blur his eyesight for a moment, but he leans forward when Shane pulls him close.

“You were fucking amazing,” Shane half-screams over the chaos.

“Thank you.”

“Enjoy it,” Shane smiles, and Ilya wants nothing more but to kiss him breathless. And he debates, for a brief second, to turn it all around and make use of his own suggestion. Would Shane give, if Ilya dares to ask?

But Shane walks off, and Ilya is left with that thought and the next interview question.

Russian GP 2019

Ilya despised the theatrics of it all: the homecoming-esque fanfare of the whole weekend, the imposed patriotism that he’s supposed to display, the unsaid expectations and high-stakes tensions that lace every bit of it, not making an ounce of room for him to be alone, gather his thoughts, or to just smoke a fucking cigarette in peace. His father has been introducing him to unimportant men for god knows how long, and Ilya silently begs for someone from marketing to get him to do a stupid bit for social media.

It’s counterproductive that reporters, mechanics, and even some of his fellow rivals on the grid respect his tenseness for what it isn’t. Ilya isn’t concerned about the race; he knows what he’ll get out of the car the minute he steps into it, and gets a lap in on Fridays, he’s tense because he knows he can’t do anything to please this weekend.

For what it’s worth, Ilya could win this whole thing, and they would still ask for more.

After qualifying on Saturday, Ilya manages to duck away and excuse himself for a “special training exercise”.

He hides behind one of the many tyre trolleys and lights his cigarette in a moment of peace. Or so thinks, because whilst Shane is an exceptional driver, he apparently is also a guard dog with a special unit nose, who now looms over him as Ilya halts mid-squad and drag.

“Jesus Christ, Hollander,” Ilya puts a hand on his chest, heartbeat drumming against his chest.

“What are you doing?”

“What does it look like?” Ilya stands, looks behind his shoulder and waves the cigarette in front of him.

“Yeah, but why are you hiding?” Shane starts looking around him, as if he, too, needs to be vigilant.

“My father.” Ilya kicks a loose pebble, takes one final long drag and throws the cigarette on the floor.

Shane looks at him for a moment, nodding. “Oh.”

“You won’t tell him, though,” Ilya’s mouth curves up.

Shane smiles, shaking his head. “My lips are sealed.”

‘Is that all they are?’, Ilya wants to ask, but doesn’t. A handful of mechanics are making their way towards them, and Ilya knows that a reporter could be lurking behind this very corner. There is no privacy for them here, and Ilya needs to keep the charade up for a little longer.

“I will see you—”

“Are you okay?” Shane interrupts.

Ilya clenches his jaw. “Yes.”

“I’m asking because we haven’t talked since Germany, and you seem...”

“What?”

“I don’t know,” Shane shakes his head, “but you can—”

“Talk to you? Thank you, Hollander, that is very kind, but I do not need a therapy session. I have race to win.”

It is sweet, Ilya gives him that. He’s observant and kind, and everything that Ilya can’t take.

And Shane looks at him as if he said that last part aloud, brows furrowed—not looking like a guard-dog, but an abandoned puppy.

“Sure,” he says. “You know where to find me.”

“Mhm,” Ilya doesn’t look at him anymore, can’t look at him. He sees his race engineer approaching him and leaves without saying something he’ll regret.

It feels like navigating a minefield sometimes, Ilya notices when he feels Shane’s gaze burning holes into his back. He wonders when it’ll happen, how spectacular the detonation will be.

Abu Dhabi GP 2019

Ilya wins.

At least the midfield battle against Shane.

When they cross the finish line for the last time that season, Ilya comes out with a victorious 8th-place overall finish, Shane closely following in 10th. As predicted, Shane will drive for *Mercedes*, their last protégé officially retiring, making room for the only plausible choice. And Ilya half-expected the confirmation for the *Red Bull* seat back before the summer break; they made him wait for it, but the paperwork is done, and Ilya can sleep well again.

They all clink their glasses together over a dinner, all twenty drivers, a tradition upheld for some time. Ilya made sure to grab the seat next to Shane, which everyone else seemed to support. Let the big title rivals of the next season yap it out now, they probably thought.

Ilya hasn't been thinking about racing once that night.

Shane's wearing a black button-down, sleeves rolled high to endure the evening heat in December—something that Ilya has yet to get used to sometimes. But he isn't complaining. Shane looks beautiful, with the pressure lifted, at least for a couple of months, and the contracts signed, they can finally enjoy some of it.

Ilya fully intends to enjoy, but Shane's kindness is going to doom them both. Shane's turned away from Ilya, talking to his future teammate Hayden Pike on his left, something about videos and challenges that they'll do together, and Ilya can't help but roll his eyes as he takes the last bite of his chocolate dessert.

It's boring.

It's torture.

Because ever since the waiter is refilling their drinks, Ilya can't help but notice that that's all that Shane's drinking: water and Ginger Ale.

No alcohol.

And Ilya can't be expected to be immune to that.

He stares and waits, letting his fingers roam over the rim of his glass. Shane laughs at something, and Ilya moves his thigh closer to Shane, making him clear his throat. Ilya's mouth quirks up, his knee pressing harder into Shane's. He can see it, how the tip of Shane's ears turns red.

"What are you so happy about, Rozanov?" Pike asks, looking at him over Shane's shoulder.

Gentlemanly as ever, Shane turns, so they could all see and talk to each other. Ilya suppresses a brighter smile when Shane looks at him, at his lips, averting them quickly, taking another sip of his water.

"Oh, nothing," Ilya leans closer, puts a hand on Shane's shoulder, squeezes the tendon, revels in the helpless look that Shane's throwing his way. "I am just thinking about next season."

"Excited to see two cars ahead of you?" Pike counters, giving Shane a cocky look.

“Mh, no,” Ilya lets his index finger wander underneath Shane’s collar. The caress is soft and gentle, and he can feel Shane shiver underneath him. “You should prepare apology for fans.”

“Apology?”

“For disappointment,” Ilya smiles. “*Silver Arrows* will stay silver for long time.”

“We’ll see about that,” Hayden rolls his eyes. “Right, Shane?”

As if in a trance, Shane snaps out of it, blinking. “Yeah, absolutely.”

Hayden looks defeated, and it’s another sweet small victory that Ilya will cherish until next season. He lets his hand fall from Shane’s shoulder, lets them converse for a moment longer before grabbing the inside of Shane’s thigh.

Shane inhales sharply, and Ilya’s sure that both of their pulses are hammering against their ribs like a caged bird seeking escape.

It stays like this for a while, Shane talking to people around him, thighs squeezed together, trapping Ilya’s hand, until the first people excuse themselves and start to leave.

Ilya is patient, but he is also bored.

Playtime’s over.

He squeezes one more time before dragging his hand back. Shane looks at him, confused.

“Time for bed,” Ilya says.

He shakes hands, winks at Hayden and pulls Shane close before they part.

“206 for good luck kiss,” he whispers.

He doesn’t need to look at Shane when he walks out of the restaurant.

He’ll see him soon enough.

Three sharp knocks, shoes messily resting on top of each other, four steps, and a sigh is all that lay between Shane and him.

“Finally,” Shane breathes, and then his hands are everywhere. Hot palms glide up Ilya’s sides, down his back, over his hips. Ilya feels like he’s going to drown, squeezing his eyes shut to the flooding avalanche.

Something clicks into place then, a higher calling, as he tilts Shane's head back, frames his jaw, and then Ilya's mouth follows, collides, devours. He kisses Shane like he's all that's left, sole purpose to wreck and worship him all at once. Shane gasps for air, but Ilya won't let him, slides in more, deeper, biting at his lower lip.

"Finally, yes," Ilya groans too, hands pressing against Shane's lower back, guiding them towards the bed. He sits down at the foot, grabs the back of Shane's knees to haul him onto his lap.

High in the back of his throat, Shane whines, letting his head fall back. Ilya takes the invitation, drops his mouth to Shane's jaw, his neck, and drags his teeth over his collarbones.

He tugs at the buttons. "Off."

Shane nods, works the buttons, eyes hazy as he looks Ilya all over. "You too."

Ilya's shirt is off in a matter of seconds, a gasp escaping them both when their skin collides. Shane rests his head against Ilya's shoulder for a second, sucking in a quiet gasp when he noses Ilya's neck, licking tentatively over it.

"You smell so nice," Shane whispers, melting further into the embrace when Ilya pulls him closer, hands spreading over Shane's back. Ilya chuckles. He wants to hear more, more honesty, more of this. His hands wander over Shane's chest, grabbing them, thumbs flicking over his perked nipples.

Shane's hips jerk up, searching for more friction and Ilya hums, licks a wet stripe underneath his ear. "You know you could have had this in Montréal."

Shane groans. "You're an—"

It's cut short, Ilya flicks again and grabs the back of Shane's head for another hungry kiss.

Shane's rutting against him. He rocks his hips, rubs his erection against Ilya's in search of that sweet, dragging friction. Something inside Ilya tells him that Shane could come like that. And god, what a sight that would be. But Ilya's patience is hanging on a thin thread, and he needs to feel Shane closer, now.

A string of saliva connects their lips when Ilya leans back for a second.

"You want more?" he asks, voice raspy.

Shane's not drunk, but he looks drunk. His chest is heaving, and a wet spot is forming on his pants. Shane looks good, so, so good, dazed and drunk on desire, and Ilya's going mad at the thought that he gets to witness this.

He gets a mere nod from Shane before Ilya's hands scramble to open their flies. He tugs at Shane's underwear, and his cock springs free. Flushed and glistening at the tip, a beguiling smear of pre-cum for Ilya to rub his thumb over and give Shane a few earnest strokes. Shane's mouth is left agape, half-lidded hands digging into Ilya's shoulders. He watches as

Ilya licks a liberal stripe up his palm, and then circles it around both of them, as much as he can manage.

The breathy hot groan from Shane sears through him, and Ilya tightens his grip, starts to pump a slow but steady rhythm, squeezing on the upstroke.

“Oh, fuck,” Shane's face scrunches up, a painting of pure pleasure.

Hunger spreads through Ilya's chest; he'll want this, all the time, forever. He pumps their cocks together, insatiably greedy, like Shane's body was somehow made for him. And perhaps Shane truly is—made for him—the way he slumps against Ilya, just taking whatever he'll give him, all gasps and drool that Ilya licks up with his tongue.

He drinks in Shane's moans, his huffs, and presses his thumb over his leaking tip.

“You are wet,” Ilya coos.

Shane's beyond answering; a whimper is all he's getting, and Ilya rewards him with a faster pace. He knows, by the way, Shane's body trembles, how he tries to rock forward, at the mercy of Ilya's grasp—this is what reverence must be like.

When Shane slides his hands from Ilya's shoulder, the bite of his fingernails surely leaving a mark, and into the thick of his hair, pulling, Ilya falters, groaning.

“M' close,” Shane mumbles against Ilya's lips. Ilya nods. He knows, he is too, he won't last another minute, not with the way Shane pulls at his hair and mewls into his mouth.

Foreheads pressed together, Ilya marvels, one more time: admires Shane's damp, plump lips, his smooth skin, his smell—it's too much, Shane's all-encompassing.

“Shit, shit, shit,” Shane gasps, eyes opening, gaze meeting.

Ilya can't help himself, a thumb stealing its way past Shane's lips before he comes, pressing against his tongue, velvety wet smoothness, and then Shane looks at him, drops his mouth to take more of it in, and *licks*—

“Fuck,” Ilya breathes, “Hollander, fuck—”

A hitching moan escapes Shane, and then it snaps. It's overwhelming, the rush of endorphins pumping through his bloodstream. He comes with eyes screwed shut and his mouth open on a wordless wail, feels Shane trembling as he joins him.

It's like in Silverstone, chests heaving, gasping for air. Shane's the first to slump against him, nestled in the crook of Ilya's shoulder, utterly boneless. And Ilya relishes the heat, the heaviness. He half-hazardly wipes his hand against the bedding before hugging Shane closer.

After a few moments of reprieve, Ilya leans back and cups Shane's face in hands.

He waits for Shane to return to him, eyes fluttering open.

“Better?” Ilya smiles.

Shane looks so content, so happy, that Ilya presses another quick kiss on his lips before he can think otherwise, and Shane kisses back. It isn’t anything like before. It isn’t heated. It isn’t frantic.

It’s lazy.

Self-indulging.

“Better,” Shane smiles when they part.

It’s only a little awkward when they clean up afterwards, a little chuckle bubbling out of them when Ilya realises that he’s smeared their cum off on his shirt and not on the bedding. It’s sweeter than Ilya thought, going unsaid how beautiful it was.

“So,” Shane starts, putting on his pants. “Championship battle next season.”

“Mhm,” Ilya takes a sip of ice-cold water. “Will be boring.”

Shane laughs, and Ilya can’t help but grin.

He watches as Shane gathers his shoes, puts them on, and loiters at the door as if checking if he’d forgotten something.

Ilya stands up from the bed and walks towards him. “There is one question.”

“Yes?”

Ilya smooths Shane’s collar and pops open the first button. He lets his finger glide over the faint teeth-mark. Ilya hadn’t even noticed that he’d bitten down.

“Will you have calm nerves next season?”

Shane looks at him—really, looks at him—searching for an answer in Ilya’s eyes, which Ilya hopes isn’t too obvious to see. Because it all implies something else, something important. Whether Shane’s had his fill, his one experience.

“I think,” Shane starts.

Ilya braces.

“I think I will need a lot of good luck to beat this other guy next season.”

Ilya beams.

“He must be good.”

Shane pulls a face. “I’m better.”

“Nice try.”

Shane chuckles, grabs Ilya's neck, and captures his lips. Ilya's heart aches.

“Good luck, calm nerves and good night.”

“You ask, I give,” Ilya promises against Shane's lips.

Next season cannot come soon enough.

End Notes

and the next season WILL come soon enough! hehe

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kudos & comments are super appreciated, thank you for reading! ♥

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