

we can uh-uh in it

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by [madlibs18](#)

Summary

“What’s this one again?” he asked, gesturing to the orange monstrosity.

“Porsche 718 Cayman.”

“Right.”

Ilya smirked. “You hate it.”

“I didn’t say that!”

“You don’t have to,” Ilya said. “You are looking at it like it is McDonald’s breakfast sandwich.”

Shane scrunched his nose. “Gross.”

Ilya sidestepped Shane and circled the front of the car. He wore a leather jacket and tight-fitting black jeans that probably cost as much as the car. But with the way they hugged his ass, Shane wouldn’t be complaining about them any time soon.

“You know,” Ilya said, dragging his fingers across the shiny hood. “I used to think about fucking you in one of these.”

Shane’s gaze snapped up. “How would that even work?”

Ilya put his hand on the driver’s side door handle. “Want to find out?”

Notes

full disclosure i was listening to sports car by tate mcrae and thought "why is there no scene of hollanov fucking in one of ilya's fancy sports cars?" and that's all there is to it folks.

takes place in between heated rivalry and the long game.

Shane hated Ilya's car collection. First of all, it was a ridiculous waste of money. The NHL paid Ilya millions of dollars a year and he spent it on cars he never had time to drive. They were all varying shades of neon colors and brands that belonged on Formula 1 tracks, not in Ilya's garage. Second of all, they reached top speeds that no one should be allowed to hit without some kind of special license. Where in the Boston metropolitan area could Ilya even drive one of these things faster than 65 miles per hour? Shane was terrified his boyfriend was going to die in some sort of high-speed crash.

It was for these reasons that Shane was thrilled Ilya had decided to sell the collection to fund their joint charity effort, the Irina Foundation. His friend Svetlana, who he'd met at the Lamborghini dealership, had helped him find buyers for all but one of the cars.

Shane was currently hiding in the passenger seat of the new SUV Ilya had bought for the move to Ottawa and waiting for a tow truck to finish loading a lime green sports car onto the bed while Ilya supervised. Shane heard him exchange a few words with the driver before the truck pulled out of the private garage Ilya leased to store his collection. What was left of it, anyway.

Shane waited until Ilya closed the garage door behind the truck before stepping out of the SUV. He joined him on the passenger side of the only other car in the garage, an orange Porsche-something with a big black spoiler. Shane thought it looked hideous.

"What's this one again?" he asked, gesturing to the orange monstrosity.

"Porsche 718 Cayman."

"Right."

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Before Shane could come up with an answer, Ilya yanked the door open and slid inside. The windows were tinted dark, so the only part of him Shane could see was the hand holding onto the car's roof. When Shane didn't immediately join him, the hand gestured impatiently.

Shane tried not to look like he was hurrying at he rounded the front of the car, but he must not have succeeded because Ilya was laughing in the front seat.

Shane huffed but they both knew it was for show.

"Come here," Ilya said his eyes still crinkled with amusement.

Shane gestured for Ilya to move the seat back. Shane thought the electronic mechanism would be faster considering what the car was worth — he would have to have a word with the makers of Porches. Ilya grinned and folded his arms behind his head as the seat slowly pulled him back into the darkness of the car. When it was as far back as it would go, Shane swung one leg over both of Ilya's and straddled his lap. He pulled the door shut, trapping his other leg between it and Ilya's lap.

"Comfortable?"

"Very," Shane lied.

Ilya ran his hands up and down Shane's arms and pulled him into a kiss. Ilya's mouth was warm and soft and not operating with nearly enough urgency. Shane allowed Ilya to nip at his bottom lip for a minute until he got impatient.

With a height advantage he wasn't normally afforded, Shane bore down harder on Ilya's mouth. He pushed at the collar of Ilya's jacket until Ilya got the hint and started trying to shrug it off. He got stuck with one arm pinned to his side and Shane had to help him pull it the rest of the way off.

Not to be outdone, Ilya rucked Shane's t-shirt up to his chest and dragged his palms across Shane's abs in the process. Shane ditched the shirt and started on Ilya's, tossing them both in the passenger seat with the jacket.

Part of Shane felt silly making out in a car when they had a perfectly good bed back at Ilya's penthouse. But a larger part of him felt like he was fulfilling a teenage fantasy he never thought to have. He started hooking up with Ilya when they were nineteen, so he hadn't felt like he missed out on any pivotal teenage sexual experiences. But constant access to hotel rooms and a contract with enough zeroes to buy his own apartment before he was twenty meant he never got to fool around in cars.

"Love your mouth, Shane," Ilya said. "Need it on me."

"I'm flexible, but not that flexible," Shane said, but he did move his mouth to Ilya's throat and sucked a mark onto his neck. It was summer so there was no one to see the evidence.

Ilya was breathing heavily, and Shane could feel his dick hardening underneath him. Shane was already hard as a rock and had been since he noticed Ilya's ass in those jeans. Right now,

those jeans were in the way.

He flicked open the fly with one hand and pulled Ilya's dick out of his underwear. Ilya shoved Shane's joggers and underwear down to his knees.

Ilya cupped the back of Shane's head and pulled him back into a kiss. Shane sucked Ilya's bottom lip as he fisted both of their dicks in one hand. Ilya grunted and bucked his hips into Shane's hand. Shane smiled against Ilya's mouth. He loved when he could make Ilya lose his control like this.

Shane stroked them both, but his hands were still calloused from the playoffs and the roughness grated on his sensitive skin. He held his hand up to Ilya's mouth, but Ilya shook his head.

"No need." He reached around Shane and popped open the glove compartment. He rummaged around until he retrieved a small shiny packet.

Shane raised an eyebrow. "You keep lube in your glove compartment?"

"Is for emergencies," Ilya said, ripping the packet open with his teeth. "Like this."

Ilya dripped the contents of the packet onto their dicks in Shane's fist. He ran his fingers through it then reached behind Shane to trail them down his crease. Shane shivered and pressed back into Ilya's hand. Ilya pressed one finger against his hole and Shane moaned into his mouth.

"I love when you're a slut for it," Ilya said, his voice gruff with approval. Shane's cheeks flamed but he had to admit that car sex was pretty slutty.

Ilya slid one finger into Shane's hole, palming his ass with the other hand. Shane ground down into Ilya's lap and thread his hands into Ilya's hair. He pulled Ilya's head back by his hair and kissed him deeper.

When Ilya crooked his finger to hit the right spot, Shane gasped against him. He reached out blindly for something to hold onto and hit the window which was slick with condensation. He pulled his hand away and left a large handprint. Ilya jammed a finger that was not currently occupied onto the button on the door and cracked the window.

"This is not Titanic," he said. Considering that would make Shane Rose in this scenario, he had to agree. Still, he winced at the idea someone might hear them.

Ilya noticed. "Relax Hollander. Is private garage." Ilya added a second finger and Shane forgot everything that wasn't his fingers.

Within minutes, Shane was close. He tried to get a hand around their dicks again but there wasn't enough space between their bodies. When he leaned back to get a better angle, his shoulder hit the steering wheel and accidentally set off the horn. Ilya jumped in surprise and sent Shane careening into the roof of the car.

"Ow fuck!"

“Fuck this,” Ilya growled and shoved the door open. Shane nearly toppled out, but Ilya caught his waist. He held Shane in place as he slid out from beneath him. Once he was standing, he pulled Shane out of the car and flush against him. Shane would’ve thought it was romantic if his pants weren’t around his knees.

“What happened to fucking me in the car?” Shane asked breathless.

“Better idea.” Ilya walked backwards pulling Shane along with him until they were at the front of the car. He turned Shane around so he was facing the shiny orange hood. “I fuck you on the car.”

Ilya placed a hand on Shane’s upper back and Shane had exactly one second to contemplate this change in plans before Ilya had him bent over the hood. He hissed as the cold metal kissed his nipples.

“Okay?” Ilya asked.

“Hell yes,” Shane replied. “Fuck me Rozanov.”

Ilya grabbed Shane’s hips and lined himself up. He entered Shane with a gasp that sounded like it had been punched out of him. Shane meant to laugh in response but it came out more like a sigh.

Shane propped himself up on the hood and nodded at Ilya to get going. He would probably regret this position later when he had matching bruises on both elbows but he couldn’t bring himself to care.

Ilya set a ruthless pace, pulling Shane’s hips to meet him with each thrust. When Ilya bottomed out, Shane let out a moan so loud it echoed through the garage.

“God, I’m close, Ilya.”

“You gonna come for me Hollander?”

“Make me.”

Ilya reached around their bodies and gripped Shane’s dick in a loose fist. Before Shane could snap at him to hurry the fuck up, Ilya stroked him from root to tip and nailed his prostate at the same time.

“Ilya,” Shane gasped as his orgasm barreled down his spine. His release splashed onto the hood of the car.

Ilya grunted and after a few more thrusts, Shane felt him stiffen behind him as his own organism hit him. Ilya leaned over Shane and peppered his back with kisses as his dick slipped out of him.

Shane didn’t trust his limbs to hold him anymore so he slumped onto the hood, heedless of the mess but sure that he would find it disgusting any second.

“Stay,” Ilya said with a parting kiss to Shane’s shoulder blade. Shane could barely keep his eyes open but he heard the car door open and Ilya rummaging in the glove compartment again. He returned with a fistful of napkins. Gently, he peeled Shane off the hood. He ran several napkins down his crease and over his abs, cleaning the mess off Shane’s skin.

When he finished, he tossed the napkins in a nearby trash can. Shane didn’t want to think about where they’d come from. Probably McDonald’s.

Ilya came to stand behind Shane, who had hiked his pants back up the rest of the way. He snuck his arms around Shane’s waist and gestured to the car. “Should I tell Svetlana she can sell it now?”

Shane whipped his head around to look over his shoulder at Ilya. “Are you kidding? You can’t sell this!”

“Why not?”

“Because it’s covered in come!” Shane spluttered.

“We can clean it up,” Ilya said. “I have more napkins.”

Shane shook his head. “No. No way. I can’t let someone else drive around in a car we’ve had sex in. And on.”

“Okay,” Ilya said and Shane could feel his smile against his ear. “So we bring it to Ottawa. Can be my summer car.”

Shane pictured Ilya driving them to the cottage. Once they turned off the highway, there were miles of forested roads with no one around to see the obnoxious sportscar. They could roll the windows down. Maybe he would even let Ilya get up to 75.

Shane maybe didn’t hate all of Ilya’s car collection.

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