

pretty blue streetlights and his brown eyes

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pretty blue streetlights and his brown eyes

by [byulelle](#)

Summary

“Like you could even drive mine, Hollander. Too strong, too powerful for boring man like you,” he bellows, eyes sharp and smoldering.

And the implication isn't lost on Shane. “You don't know that,” Shane scoffs and rolls his eyes.

“Want to test drive then?” Ilya slides the key fob towards the space between them. When his vodka arrives, Shane's hand darts to grab the glass and downs it all in one go.

“You take me,” he says through a grimace. “If I like how it...drives, maybe I'll buy it from you when I steal that Stanley from under your nose,” he mumbles before walking off towards said car.

Ilya just cocks a brow up, amused. “Maybe I need to put a muzzle on you, Hollander,”

Within the space of a hundred roaring sports cars, Shane Hollander finds his favorite ride.

Notes

work roster on ao3 lacking that big fat E like i didnt write smut on tumblr.
contrary to the summary, there is no dick riding here, so sorry 🙄

not a canon insertion in any way, shape, or form. just turn your brain off for this one.

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

Shane Hollander did not do well with loud noises. He wasn't big on clubs, and somehow, this was hell on earth for him.

The engines roar to life, headlights flashing about every direction nearly giving him a stroke with all the lights, the noise, and the people. The thongs peering out from leather, flare pants, the shirtless men, the sweat, the smoke, perfume, and vape. Damn near suffocating and he has to truly concentrate to school his face into a cool façade. His stylist's hard work into making him look as appropriate for a car show would be wasted if he didn't.

Not the tight turtleneck shirt that hugged every single one of his muscles, the black fabric lined with neon green vinyl traced over the hard ridges that gave a preview of the pelvic bone that jutted out so perfectly before transitioning to the low-slung leather pants that perfectly captures just how thick and powerful his thighs were, along with that goddamn ass. He'd be catching gazes if it wasn't for the fact that he was underdressed compared to the others, with their shiny sequin tops and bright neon clothes.

What Shane Hollander did best, however, was being petty and mutinous. At least a specific Russian would agree. He tries not to quirk up a smile when he sees Ilya nearly catching flies in his mouth when he passes by his Audi. Some part of him was grateful to J.J. for finding him an excuse to come to this circus.

He never cared for sports cars. He liked practical SUVs that had a lot of room for guests, groceries, and other occupants someone would deem boring.

But Shane wasn't being boring now, was he?

"Didn't take you for wanting to upstage me," J.J. nudges his captain, eyes scanning him with a waggle of brows while Shane musters a laugh that sounded convincingly sincere enough.

"I paid good money for this," he simply shrugs and leans against the bar, flagging the bartender. "Beer, please. Light,"

He had practiced and planned this so many times—in the mirror, in small notes jotted in his journal, made-up scenarios that gave him some semblance of bravado and most importantly, *bravery*. He couldn't be too sure Ilya would up the ante and actually fuck a woman in front of him to prove a point.

He wanted Ilya Rozanov's attention after being ghosted for months, and he was going to do everything to get what he wanted.

"Gonna look around cap, wanna come with?" J.J. asks through the music and lights blaring as Shane shakes his head, "You go on ahead, I'll join you later," he jerks his head forward before receiving a firm pat on his shoulder.

And just like that, he's alone. And out in the open.

However, like a flame to a moth, someone slides their own glass of gin right beside him with a charming smile, "Shane Hollander, right?" she asks, sticking out a hand as he graciously

accepts the offer and nods. "That's me,"

He doesn't quite catch her name over the music, but he pretends he does as she starts trying to charm him, and by the corner of his eye he sees Ilya starts to linger and circle him like a goddamn shark. He bites back a grin.

"So," she flicks her hair behind her, gently trailing her finger on the bar top, creeping closer to Shane's space, "What are you here for?"

"Shopping," Shane smoothly lies.

"Shopping?" she raises her brow, impressed, mouth curling into a Cheshire grin, "There's a lot of impressive ones huh?" she motions around and Shane takes one good glance over and his eyes meet Ilya's.

"Especially the owned ones," he dryly says with a smug look on his face. And Ilya is finally closing in on them, and as if knowing better, the other girl leaves her number on a pre-written napkin like she had planned this exact maneuver before winking at Shane and walking away, giving room to the beast of a man in a silk button up with white tigers and toucans dotted about.

"What are you doing here, Hollander?"

"Fuck, can I not just enjoy a peaceful night off without you being an asshole, Rozanov?" Shane immediately bites with more conviction which raises Ilya's brow.

"Is valid question," he taps on the bar top and hails just a thumb of vodka. "You buying?"

"Probably yours," Shane hides his smile through his stein. Ilya grits his teeth, "Like you could even drive mine, Hollander. Too strong, too powerful for boring man like you," he bellows, eyes sharp and smoldering.

And the implication isn't lost on Shane. "You don't know that," Shane scoffs and rolls his eyes.

"Want to test drive then?" Ilya slides the key fob towards the space between them. When his vodka arrives, Shane's hand darts to grab the glass and downs it all in one go.

"You take me," he says through a grimace. "If I like how it...drives, maybe I'll buy it from you when I steal that Stanley from under your nose," he mumbles before walking off towards said car.

Ilya just cocks a brow up, amused. "Maybe I need to put a muzzle on you, Hollander,"

He presses on the fob, headlights flashing. Shane readily enters the car, tight clothes rippling around his body and if he hadn't accosted Ilya to drive, he'd have one more drink. This man was encroaching on his space, his *thing*, and Ilya had decided he wasn't in a generous mood.

"You don't fit in here," he grumbles and starts the car as Shane just grins. "You gonna be all piss baby on me, Rozanov?"

“You stand over bar like your clothes itchy. Hardly impressive,” Ilya enunciates, tone of exasperation not lost on his accent and he knows he has Shane back where he wants him.

“Oh *fuck off!*”

“Yes, yes, barely even looking at pretty girl when she speaks,” he groans, throwing his head back in a mocking gesture and the Audi roars to life, people parting when he turns his high beams. Thankfully there were more prolific faces than two hockey players in this lot. In this space, nobody gave a shit.

“You are bad at this,” Ilya grins and Shane shoots him a scathing glare.

“You say that but you couldn't even stand seeing me talk to another person,”

“Do not flatter yourself, Hollander,”

“God, do you ever stop being an asshole?”

Ilya gives Shane a sideward glance with a raised brow and an infuriating look that says, *‘What do you think?’* and Shane knows the controlled grip he had on the situation had slipped from his grasp the moment this asshole started running his mouth.

He sneers, adjusting himself while Ilya continues to drive through the desert of Arizona.

“...I definitely could drive a powerful vehicle,”

“That is your excuse for comeback, Hollander?”

“Shut up,” Shane exasperatedly groans as he sees Ilya grin while relaxing his legs, now casually spread.

“Prove it then,” Ilya glances sideways at him, one hand on the wheel, the other relaxed on the console between them. “Surprise me with what you could *actually* do, Hollander,”

And Shane never backs down from a challenge. Especially one doled out by Ilya Rozanov.

Tugging the seatbelt to the farthest it could stretch to, Shane hoists his knees with one on the leather seat and the other on the floor of the car, he looks up at the Russian once he lowers his torso across the center console, making sure he doesn't bump against the gearshift or press against the emergency break buttons.

Fuck Audi R8s and their button-filled consoles. So fucking impractical.

Ilya's breath hitches, russet eyes looking up at him managing to capture his very breath, occasionally illuminated by the streetlights they pass through, freckles visible against the backdrop of flushed skin now more than ever, and Ilya has to keep in mind he couldn't destroy or injure such precious cargo.

Which was a hard endeavor when Shane noses against his crotch, pretty eyes fluttering shut with a content hum.

“You're so much harder than I am, asshole,” Shane sounds so pleased with himself, a small victory for him as he mouths at Ilya's clothed cock. His tongue passes over the coarse fabric tented up against Ilya's cock, the Russian groaning as he grips the wheel with both hands. Shane lifts his hand on Ilya's bulge, palming the hard, cramped space stuffed into his boxers with a devious little chuckle.

“Hollander.” Ilya scolds, “Suck my cock properly,”

“Say it nicely,” Shane goads, purposely prolonging Ilya's torment, receiving a biting glare from the other man.

Shane relishes the frustrated look Ilya has on his face, still fondling the spot where his balls would be, and occasionally stroking the faint outline of Ilya's hardness through layers of clothing—two layers that Ilya immediately decides is two too many.

Shane gives a firm yet shallow bite on Ilya's thigh, close to his crotch, drawing a hiss from Ilya. “Shane,” he says through grit teeth, warning heard all over his tone and bunches jet black strands of hair into his other hand.

“Suck me properly, like good boy you are, *please*,” Ilya commands even when giving into his whims, and that does Shane in.

Making quick work of his button, zipper, and boxers, Ilya's cock throbs the moment it hits the cool air of the A/C from the car, ruddy head damn near purple as Shane gives him a tentative lick to the head before peppering open mouthed kisses all over his shaft, groaning around the sheer heat of Ilya's cock.

Ilya rolls his shoulders, relaxing his taut and wound up body as he glances down and slows the car to a legal and reasonable pace, more enjoying the show beneath him than the powerful rumble of the engine.

“Such a pretty boy,” he whispers, hand moving from Shane's hair to his cheeks spattered with freckles as he gently caresses the skin beneath his eyes while his cock obscures his mouth.

Shane preens, pretty russet eyes sparkling with mischief and something lighter as he stabilizes his grip on Ilya's member, slowly engulfing his hot, leaking rod and sheathing it inside the warm cavern of his mouth, pulling a delightful groan from Ilya. “Fuck! Just like that, so fucking warm,”

His tip nestles against the back of Shane's throat, prodding and stretching against the warm cavern of his mouth and he stops him from moving, keeping him in place with a firm hand on the back of Shane's head. “Keep still.” he lowly says, voice vibrating throughout his body.

“Let me pull over, yes? Too dangerous if you continue,” he cards through his hair gently, contrast to his demanding touch as Ilya pushes harder against the gas pedal, breaching the speed limit with a confidence at a lack of radar guns around such a desolate area.

Shane obediently stays still, closing his eyes again, blissed out while taking in the musk that permeated from Ilya, his huge, warm member a predictably comforting weight in his mouth,

nose tickling the patch of hair that ran up to his belly button.

Before he could completely drift off, his bravado nearly drained from his body, Ilya stops the car by the dark edge and clearing of a cliff. Not too close, but if he turned off the headlights, they were invisible.

"Okay," Ilya unlatches his seatbelt, buckle nearly hitting Shane, "Continue,"

A groan is deliciously torn from Ilya as Shane hollows his cheeks, suctioning when he briefly pulls off Ilya's cock, spitting down his tip, watching it trickle down to his base before jerking the length once, twice, looking up at him, eyes shimmering even in the dark.

"So pretty," Ilya languidly mumbles before Shane takes him back in, moaning around his girth as Ilya sighs and tucks an arm behind his head, carding Shane's hair with his free one. "You showed up expecting this, yes?"

Shane doesn't respond, too busy suckling down and hollowing his cheeks around Ilya, eyes fluttering shut, hands grasping for stability before a strong hand grabs his jaw, stopping him unceremoniously and slipping him off Ilya's cock.

"Answer me."

"...Yes," Shane breathlessly say, lips glossy and glistening. Ilya presses a gentle thumb on his lower lip, inching towards Shane closer with a breathy sigh.

"Mhm, thought so," Ilya whispers. "You're so pretty today. Is that for me?"

Shane swallows, now melting within his attention, gently trying to close the space between them but Ilya pulls away just a shy slightly. "Is it?"

"It is," it leaves him in a silken, soft breath.

Ilya closes the space between them, free hand tucking his erect cock back in his boxers before fully devouring Shane, tongue tangling in a hot, slick tandem. Their lips latch against each other, teeth scraping on plump, plush skin, a moan and groan ringing through the cramped space of the car like a symphony.

It was exactly what Shane needed and then some.

"Get out," Ilya belows as Shane blinks in surprise, watching the Russian scramble to get out the car, hands finding themselves on the hood as he waits and pins him with a smoldering gaze.

Shane hastily leaves the passenger's seat, shutting the door and slowly approaching Ilya who holds his hand out and pushes Shane against the hood of the Audi, back flat against the warm metal. "We're doing it out here?"

"People wouldn't see. You know we won't fit inside,"

"If you got a bigger car—"

"I'm not boring Hollander," Ilya cuts him off with a grin.

"You're such a pain in the ass,"

"You like that,"

He palms Shane's bulge, drawing a sharp hiss from him, back arching in tandem with the thrust of his hips. "Fuck..."

Popping off his buttons, Ilya tugs his pants down, brows rising near his neckline as Shane blushes. "I— It would be visible if I wore underwear," he helplessly pleads his case.

"All I'm hearing is that you just showed up naked around other people," the sound reverberates from Ilya like a growl, immediately pressing Shane's legs to his chest, licking a stripe from the rim of his hole to his perineum. "What if I hadn't approached you, Hollander? Who would find you like this?" Ilya manages through a tense jaw.

"Nobody!" Shane protests and throws his head back when Ilya spits on his hole.

"Wrong,"

Ilya slurps at Shane's hole, slobbering over the tight and taut ring right below the cold desert moon, gripping the plush flesh of his ass with a bruising intensity. He peers over to see Shane clutching his mouth to not make any noises but it's a futile endeavor.

Not with how fucking loud Ilya was eating him out, absolutely not. The slurping, the wet squelching of fingers breaching his puckered rim—all too loud. Just the way Ilya liked his Shane.

Pulling off him, Shane trembles as he reaches out for Ilya, panting while he watches the Russian tug down his boxers, holding his cock while spitting on his length, rubbing a good helping of slick before pressing two fingers against Shane's hole.

"Relax. *Relax*,"

"We're outside!" he protests through grit teeth, trying not to moan so loud when Ilya massages his entrance with the head of his cock.

"I cannot fuck you like this, Hollander. It will hurt you," he begs, pressing a gentle kiss on the sensitive junction of Shane's jaw. "Breathe for me,"

Shane tries to melt into Ilya's words, letting his low, accented rumble pull him out of his own head, pretty eyes shining up at Ilya who lets out a breathless chuckle, pressing his lips against Shane's in a shallower kiss.

He manages to finally breach Shane's tight rim, guided by a finger before slowly bottoming in. "Good boy," Ilya praises as Shane further goes pliant within his touch.

He moves, shallow strokes at first, barely scraping past the parts that truly scratched the itch Shane had felt for months on end.

As the pace picks up, the squelching of precum and spit quietly makes itself known once Ilya pummels into Shane in earnest, claspng a hand over Shane's mouth for his own sake.

If it were up to Ilya, the cliffs would echo just how good Shane Hollander really sounded.

The tight ring of muscle ripples and squeezes around Ilya's girth, his hips speeding up, thighs slapping against ass as he grits his teeth and holds the exposed skin of Shane's thigh in a bruising grip.

"So, so, good for me," he groans, throwing his head back, "So *dirty*. No underwear, and now being fucked on my car!" he snarls.

"Ilya!" Shane gasps out breathlessly, reaching for his cock, desperately tugging before being stopped, wrist slammed down against the hood. "No, not yet," Ilya bellows.

"A—Asshole! I'm going to cum Ilya," Shane whines.

Ilya shakes his head, slamming harder into Shane he starts seeing stars.

"Give me thirty more seconds,"

A noncommittal groan escapes Shane, arms wrapping around his neck as the car shakes and jostles underneath them, Ilya's hands shifting to anchor Shane's hips, jaw tight and near painful before pulling out and tugging up Shane's top.

He presses their cocks together, wrapping his hands around them as Shane smacks a hand over his mouth, soft, heady whimpers spilling through his skin as Ilya starts jerking them both off.

"Cum for me, Hollander," he commands as Shane immediately spurts out thick ropes of white, sticky against his quivering stomach, followed by Ilya's scorching hot load as he claims Shane's lips while he wrings out the last vestiges of pleasure on his overheated skin.

Breathing comes shallowly, their foreheads connected as Ilya eases his grip on their cocks. "Wait here, I'll grab some tissue," he mumbles.

While the soft, two ply, lavender scented sheets pad across Shane's stomach, he sighs and blinks up at Ilya, the moon somehow still able to show his constellation of freckles. "You're insane, you know that?"

"Me? *You* were the one who showed up without underwear." Ilya immediately protests and chucks the soiled tissue across the edge of the cliff.

"Anyway, you failed test drive. I am not selling you my car," he chuckles as Shane groans, tugging his shirt down before standing shakily.

"You do know that car is so impractical,"

"Is sexy. I don't care," Ilya opens the door for him. "But...If you wanted to fuck me in car, maybe I'll get one GMC," Ilya offers him a boyish, cocky grin.

"High ceilings, very huge space,"

"In your dreams, Rozanov,"

"I *will* dream of it, Hollander,"

End Notes

also, finally finally taking requests on [tumblr](#)

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