

Head-ing Home

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Summary

Shane and Ilya attended a gala for their teams. Shane got a little too tipsy and Ilya refused to let him drive them back to their hotel. Shane did the only thing he could think of to get back at him... give him head on the ride back. And not let Ilya cum.

Notes

first time writing for these two lovebirds!!! hope you all like it. if you have any requests for them, let me know in the comments and i'll try my best to provide for you. let's ignore any plot holes such as why are they driving themselves, why aren't they hiding that they're together, etc etc. don't worry about it! #firstHRfickindanervous #didn'tproofread #enjoy

Ilya held the door open as Shane stumbled through it.

“Thank you, *sir*.” Shane giggled, watching Ilya’s eyebrows furrow at the nickname. The two of them headed towards Shane’s parked car, about a block away from the venue. They stayed far enough apart as to not draw any suspicion. Shane was swaying side to side as he walked, clearly still feeling the effects of the drinks he’d consumed during the gala. They quickly reached the car. Shane headed towards the drivers side, but Ilya reached out a hand and grabbed Shane’s wrist tightly.

“I drive.” Ilya stated gruffly.

”Whaaaat?” Shane whined, puppy eyes looking up at Ilya sadly. “Why?”

“You have too many drinks. I have one.” He replied in his typical deadpan manner. He held up his thick pointer finger for emphasis. Ilya led Shane by the arm to the passengers side, opening the door for him and pulling his seatbelt into place. It was a known fact that Shane became utterly useless when he was even a bit tipsy.

“You’re gonna pay for this, Rozanov.” Shane glared playfully at Ilya before shutting the door. When Ilya got in, he immediately reached to play music. No matter what, he *always* had to have music. The hotel was only about 20 minutes away.

The alcohol in Shane’s system was giving him way too much confidence. Silently, he plotted as to how he could shake Ilya. It wasn’t an easy task to do; Ilya always seemed unfazed despite Shane’s numerous attempts to get a reaction. He smiled to himself once he had reached a conclusion.

“You are very quiet. Why?” Ilya glanced over at him before returning his eyes to the road.

“No reason, Ilya. Don’t worry your pretty face.” Shane replied smugly. Ilya shot an eyebrow up and glanced his way, but otherwise didn’t question it.

Letting the music fill the silence between them, Shane slowly slid a hand across the console onto Ilya’s thigh. He felt the muscles tense up beneath his feather-light touch. He ran his fingers up and down, getting higher up Ilya’s thigh every time.

“*Hollander*.” Ilya warned in a low tone.

”What? Is something wrong?” Shane shot back innocently. Ilya shook his head lazily in response, not even bothering to look in Shane’s direction.

Shane glanced at the GPS Ilya had put on the screen, seeing they only had 15 minutes until they arrived at the hotel. He needed to speed things up.

He took a deep breath in before placing his hand right on the bulge that was beginning to appear in Ilya’s pants. As he did, the next song began to play. Shane had started to learn the names of different Russian songs Ilya liked, and he recognized this one as “he

расслабляйся” by Skryptonite. He decided this song had a very fitting vibe for what was about to happen.

“What are you doing?” Shane ignored his question and tightened his grip, palming Ilya’s imprint.

“Shane.” Ilya practically growled, which sent a shiver down Shane’s spine. Again, he ignored the protest and instead began to lean towards Ilya’s lap. His fingers made quick work of Ilya’s button and zipper. He pulled his dick out just enough so he could move his hand up and down Ilya’s length. Above him, Ilya began to pant quietly, letting out small moans. “Don’t distract me, Hollander.” Ilya huffed out. Regardless, Shane noticed the way that Ilya had scooted back in his seat to allow Shane to get closer to where he wanted.

”Just don’t get distracted,” Shane quipped. Without warning, Shane dipped his head and took Ilya into his mouth. He started with just the tip, swirling his tongue hungrily. He couldn’t get enough of his taste. Shane hollowed his cheeks and sucked so hard, trying to draw out any noises from Ilya he could get.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Ilya muttered. He remained as focused on driving as he could... mostly just not crashing the car.

Shane pulled off of Ilya’s cock with a loud pop. He immediately put his mouth back on, this time going as far down as possible. He relaxed his throat and kept going until he felt Ilya hit the back of it. He swallowed, sucking on every inch. Ilya groaned loudly above him. Then, he slowly pulled back off again.

“I don’t think I will last much longer, Shane.” Ilya grunted out, knuckles gripping white on the steering wheel.

Shane sped up his movements, taking Ilya in and out of his mouth quickly. When he got to the head, he’d swirl his tongue around, before plunging back down until his lips were flush against Ilya’s skin. He massaged Ilya’s balls softly in between his hand, adding to the stimulation.

Ilya’s muttering and cursing increased, and Shane knew he was close. He could hear him muttering in Russian, only making out a few phrases such as “Jesus Christ” and “Fuck.”

He felt Ilya’s balls start to draw up, the telltale sign he was about to cum. Unfortunately for Ilya, that was Shane’s sign to stop everything. He pulled his mouth off of Ilya’s cock, tucked it right back into his pants, and straightened up in his seat.

”What. The. *Fuck?*” Ilya’s voice was so rough, so raw. He sounded almost desperate. He turned to Shane for just a moment and gave him one of the deadliest glares Shane had seen. “Hollander, what is wrong with you?” He muttered in disbelief.

Shane just shrugged and crossed his arms, feeling *very* smug. He had yet to get this kind of reaction out of Ilya.

“I told you. You’d pay.” Shane looked away scornfully, feigning annoyance. He was loving every second of this, though. Ilya remained silent, and after what felt like hours (it was 2 minutes), Shane couldn’t take it anymore. “Say something, Rozy,” he pleaded. The nickname sent a jolt through Ilya’s abdomen.

”No.”

“Pleeeeeease,” Shane begged.

“Let me think,” Ilya put his right hand against his chin in a pondering motion. “Answer is still no.”

Shane glanced at the GPS. Five minutes now. He was about ready to give up this whole game he started.

“When we get to the hotel, I promise I’ll finish what I started,” Shane replied. Ilya glanced over at Shane and his tongue darted out to lick his lips quickly.

“Listen to me, Shane. When we get back, you will do much more than just suck my dick. For this little, how do you say..?” Ilya paused for a moment, struggling to find the English word.

”Stunt?” Shane offered helpfully.

”Yes, stunt. For this little stunt you pulled. You will suck my dick until I cum in your pretty mouth, then I will fuck you so hard, so deep, all you’ll think about is me.”

At this point, the hotel was in view.

Even though Shane wished he could resist and stick to his plan, he could not wait to do whatever Ilya pleased.

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