4runner

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by eldritchbhoen

Summary

It's the first real day of spring, meaning the weather is actually nice and it's surprisingly warm out considering the last of the snow had only just melted over two weeks ago. It's a weird weekend; no games, no practice, no obligations. It's perfect.

Then there's Ilya, washing his precious new 4Runner out in their driveway and causing Shane to lose his mind.

Notes

for samantha. love you boo, enjoy your smut.

Shane's going to kill him. Or maybe he's just going to main him.

What he'll actually probably end up doing is strip off all his clothes and ride Ilya's cock until he passes out.

But right he's just going to stand there and stare because *fuck*.

Ilya is dressed in only a pair of shorts and his slides, which shouldn't be attractive, but it just *is*. He's pale and freckled and his muscles are all put out on display and Shane is transfixed as he watches Ilya move so fluidly in his body. He's always been so comfortable in his own skin and it's hard not to notice, Ilya just makes any movement look good.

Shane has seen Ilya in a pair of well-fitting shorts before but... these shorts are *tiny*.

They're navy and *tiny* and they show off Ilya's long legs, the muscles in his thighs stretching the synthetic fabric to a breaking point. There's only so much stretch that fabric can handle, right? The curve of Ilya's ass is obscene, and Shane is suddenly hit with how familiar these shorts are when Ilya turns around to toss a huge yellow sponge back in the bucket of soapy water.

Shane's eyes are immediately drawn to the soft bulge in the shorts, finally noticing that the fabric is drenched with water, he watches a couple drops of water slip and slide down Ilya's crotch to the concrete below.

...That fucker, those are Shane's shorts!

Ilya still hasn't noticed him, or maybe he has because Ilya turns back around to pick up the hose and Shane swallows hard at the sight of him bending over, his ass on full display. He completely forgets about Ilya wearing his shorts and potentially bursting out of them, destroying them beyond repair.

"Fuck."

Shane watches Ilya stretch back up slowly to his full height. It's seductive, the way his muscles in his back flex as he turns the nozzle on and sprays the SUV he's *actually* washing by hand for some fucking reason. Shane will ask him about it later.

Maybe.

All the blood is rushing south to his cock and he can barely remember what he was doing five minutes ago before he decided to figure out what his husband was up to.

And why the fuck is Ilya absolutely soaked? His hair is golden and wet, water dripping from his curls that are slicked back and showing off his gorgeous face, gold chain glinting in the bright sun. Water runs down his arms as he sprays down his precious new 4Runner Ilya drove

everywhere this winter. Shane thinks it's cute he's obsessed over a vehicle that isn't a pretty, fancy sports car.

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Shane finally gets his answer as to why Ilya is sopping wet when he changes the setting on the nozzle and proceeds to douse himself with water, causing Shane's mouth to drop open. It's borderline pornographic the way Ilya catches water in his mouth briefly only to let it spill back out, watching drenching his chest, droplets gliding down his smooth skin practically in slow motion and... wait a second.

Shane might kill him for an absolutely different reason because now he's wondering how long Ilya has been out here in the sun without applying or even reapplying sunscreen after he has been obviously intermittently dousing himself with water to stay cool. And maybe to drive Shane crazy, like he just knew Shane would come looking for him. It's pretty obvious that was always going to happen so he's but surprised, but...

For fucks sake.

"Ilya."

Ilya has got his head tipped back as he soaks his hair but Shane knows he's heard him just by the way a smirk lifts the corners of Ilya's lips upward. Shane's eyes move on their own, drifting down past Ilya's neck, the moles, his chest... pure, smooth pale skin, toned muscles, the vee of Ilya's—

Wait, what was he about to admonish Ilya for?

Fuck.

"*Moy lyubimyy*."

Shane's head jerks upward from where he was staring unabashedly at Ilya's abdomen, his eyes locking with Ilya's own amused ones.

Amused and yet filled with lust. How does he do that?

Shane sighs and shakes his head, trying to clear his head but he's interrupted by a very startling and rude spray of water soaking his hair and clothes.

It's brief, but it's enough for his jeans to now cling to his skin uncomfortably, "Ilya! What the —!"

Shane sighs, defeated and instead he smiles, shaking his head before his fingers grip the hem of his shirt and he pulls it up and over his head.

He looks at Ilya and sees him staring back at him heatedly. Then the bastard sprays him again, this time the water directed right at his crotch and Shane can't help but laugh before twisting away from the steam of water. He's already working the button open and the zipper down when Ilya stops spraying him and Shane can hear him chuckling.

"You're gonna get it."

Ilya rolls his eyes and drops the hose to the ground, "Okay. Oh no. What is sweet innocent Canadian going to do to big bad Russian?"

"You're not wearing sunscreen."

Shane laughs when Ilya freezes and he slowly starts walking towards his husband, "But right now I don't care so much because..."

Ilya's eyes are drawn downwards as Shane stops a few feet in front of him, slips out of his shoes and starts tugging his jeans down. He really struggles with them for a moment but thankfully his balance is amazing so he doesn't feel so ridiculous when it takes him longer than it usually would. Maybe if Ilya hadn't sprayed him down... but he cares about that as much as he cares about stripping out of them in the middle of their private driveway. Very little.

"Because?"

Shane laughs and throws his wet jeans to the ground, "Because I'm way more invested in you wearing my shorts."

Ilya's smile almost knocks him off his feet but Shane focuses the best that he can and steps forward, closing the distance between them and placing his hands on Ilya's waist.

"You like?"

Shane knows Ilya said something but then Shane is rubbing his palms across Ilya's hot, wet skin, his fingers smoothing away drops of water as he looks at his husband up close now and the way he's looking back at him is only making him harder. Ilya was just so unfairly attractive.

Was he supposed to be answering a question right now?

Ilya huffed out a laugh, seemingly aware of exactly what Shane was thinking, and he pressed forward into Shane, slotting their lips together, *finally*.

Shane can't help but basically collapse into him, causing them to stumble back together the short distance to press him against Ilya's SUV, groaning as he rubs his hips against Ilya's and feeling he's just as hard as Shane is. Shane moans against Ilya's lips and licks at his bottom lip but it's short lived when, for *some annoying reason,* Ilya pushes him away, just slightly. Ilya's reaching his arm behind him at the same his hips still chase after Shane's even though he's the one pushing him away and what the hell is Ilya doing? Ilya shifts their bodies to the

side and the driver's side door clicks open. Shane scoffs, disbelief shading across his face as he stares at Ilya's entirely too excited expression.

"Really? We're both soaking wet and you want to...?"

Ilya's smirking and nodding and Shane really can't argue with him right now because he is a very weak man. And it's not his car, so...

"Yes. Not fucking you in public where anyone could see."

Which is silly because it's a private house and driveway and oh shit, wait. Shane's parents could come by at any time and that would be traumatizing for sure...

"Come here."

Ilya shimmies out of Shane's tiny shorts and they land with a wet *plop* on the cement and Shane can't help but reach out to touch Ilya's cock. He's so hard Shane doesn't even know how he managed to get the shorts off. Ilya grunts when Shane squeezes him once before stroking him, pulling his foreskin back and revealing the head of his cock. He has to stop Shane from dropping to his knees right there, his hand tucked into the front of his briefs to tug him forward. Ilya pecks his lips quickly before he winks at Shane and slides into the driver's seat.

Shane watches Ilya's thighs flex as he gets comfortable in the seat and he laughs when Ilya adjusts the seat. It barely glides back, maybe an inch and he thinks there's no way he's going to fit in there with him. Ilya already drives with the seat almost all the way back and when he pictures it in his head from his spot in the passenger seat he just doesn't think their large athletic bodies can both fit in the same seat.

"Ilya..."

Ilya shushes him and leans the seat back all the way and maybe, maybe...

"Hollander." Ilya pats his thigh and Shane laughs lightly. No harm in trying, right?

Shane glances around because he's always been paranoid, but he quickly strips his briefs off. He frowns down at his socks and bends over to pluck those off his feet. When he straights back up, Ilya's grin has grown wider and he shifts in the seat again as Shane steps up to him.

He still thinks this is impossible, "There's not even any lube..."

It's a weak protest. Ilya just cocks his head at him then pops open the console and grabs something and then he's waving a tiny bottle of lube in Shane's face. Shane shakes his head at him and eyes the backseat, rolling his eyes at Ilya. It was wishful thinking, but the front seat was just not going to work. The back however...

"C'mon. Backseat."

Ilya's not even disappointed because it means they're still going to fuck. Shane watches him think for a moment and then Ilya rolls down the front windows. When he moves past Shane, he makes sure to press his cock against his stomach and pecks his cheek before he pops open the back door.

Ilya slides into the backseat with thinly veiled excitement, working the front seat back into it's upright position and then further forward to give them, Shane, more room.

Shane hums, satisfied and steps up into the vehicle, smiling as Ilya's hands find his hips and helps him settle over his lap with his knees pressed against Ilya's thighs.

Ilya runs his hands up to Shane's waist, the sigh he lets out filled with want as he admires Shane hovering over him. He scoots forward just a little and rolls his hips against Shane's, rubbing their cocks together and watching before his eyes flicker up to Shane's, "Yes?"

Shane hums, it's more of a small laugh and he nods, finally lowering himself down so he's sitting entirely on Ilya's thighs. Ilya gently slaps the outside of his thigh and pulls the door closed. Shane kind of expected it to get hot in the car but since Ilya rolled down the front windows there's actually a nice breeze blowing in through the vehicle, it's even enough to jostle the drying curls resting across Ilya's forward and Shane sighs, his eyes slipping closed as he leans forward and kisses him.

Their tongues meet and even though Ilya's right here, his lips moving again his own, his hands roaming up his thighs and gripping his ass he still feels like this every time. Like he can't get enough. It almost always becomes frantic, very quickly, the way they're both unable to get enough of each other.

Ilya rocks his hips up against Shane again and it's like he finally realizes he's got a naked, horny and willing man in his lap. One of his hand slaps against the seat beside him, seeking out the lube he tossed beside him. Ilya's an amazing multitasker even as he uncaps the bottle, his lips and tongue are still meeting Shane's desperately. Even when Shane has to pull away to breath, gasping as Ilya's finger breaches him, Ilya's lips move across his cheek, kissing the sweetest freckles he's ever seen before moving down his neck, sucking red, wet marks into his skin.

Shane is a different kind of multitasker, unlike Ilya's purely focused multitasking. Shane is mindless as his hands and lips roam Ilya's body, fingers tugging on damp curls as he grinds down against Ilya's fingers.

When Shane finally sinks down onto Ilya's cock he stares into his eyes, a smile on both of their faces, at least until he bottoms out and Ilya's head bows forward to lean against Shane's shoulder.

"Fuck..." Ilya mutters, then he murmurs a few words in Russian and Shane grins.

Shane only gives him a few more moments and then he's raising himself up and slowly lowering himself back down, grinding down on Ilya's cock and making his breath hitch. That fucking noise drives him absolutely insane so he does it again and again, his own moans

mixing with Ilya's.

Ilya braces his hand against Shane's chest, pushing him back against the back of the front seat as he continues to roll his hips against Shane's. Shane lets himself be pushed back and something about this angle is so different, maybe because he's so much more exposed than how he usually is when he rides Ilya's cock. Also, yeah, the angle is fantastic. It is definitely working for him. He lets out a strangled moan and throws his head back against the seat, one hand bracing himself against the headrest as his other hand clutches Ilya's thigh. He keeps working himself up and down on Ilya's cock and he feels Ilya's hands go back to his waist, gripping him tightly.

"Ah, fuck—Shane, fuck."

Shane smirks. Oh, it's definitely working for Ilya too. He lifts his head back up and stares through hooded eyes at him, watching as Ilya's jaw tightens and how he hisses through clenched teeth, his eyes transfixed on where his cock is buried inside of Shane.

Shane's breath hitches and he moves faster because he wants it badly. There's nothing hotter than watching his husband come undone. He moves forward, away from the seat and Ilya is desperate as he meets him, their lips smashing together as Ilya moans and pants into Shane's mouth, meeting Shane's frantic pace.

Shane lets out a low whine when Ilya wraps his hand around his cock and strokes him quick as he comes inside Shane, hips jerking up hard against his own.

"Fuckfuck*fuck*—"

Shane comes with a loud moan, cum coating Ilya's hand that keeps stroking him, slicking his dick with it. Shane bucks into his fist as he rides out his orgasm, gasping into Ilya's mouth and whimpering when it becomes just a bit too much. Ilya smiles against his lips and finally pulls his hand away.

Shane slumps forward into Ilya, resting his forehead on his shoulder as he tries to catch his breath. He's distantly aware of Ilya's cum coated hand rubbing along his back but he can't even be bothered to care for the moment. Besides, there's a hose just outside the car.

He laughs at the idea of them hosing each other off but fucking hell, that's probably where they're headed next.

"Hm? What's so funny?"

Shane laughs again and pulls back from Ilya's shoulder. He kisses him instead of answering, sighing blissfully as Ilya's tongue immediately meets his own. It's slow and languid and he'd honestly liked to stay here forever but the cum drying on his dick is getting to be too much. He winces into the kiss when he remembers the cum leaking out of him, *fuck*.

He pecks Ilya's lips a few times and smiles at him, "Wanna hose me down?"

Ilya frowns at him for a split second before bursts into laughter and pats the outside of Shane's thigh once, "Of course. You hose me down too?"

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