

Five More Minutes

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76895356) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76895356>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Oral Sex , Anal Sex , Creampie , Canon Compliant
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-02 Words: 2,489 Chapters: 1/1

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Summary

Ilya walked in through the bathroom door that Shane had left open. He was still wearing his swimsuit. Shane's eyes automatically fell to the indents in his hips and the dark hair on his stomach. Shane thought he could maybe see an outline of his flaccid cock in his black trunks. He could imagine it, at least.

Or

A moment in time of Ilya and Shane enjoying themselves at the cottage.

After swimming in the lake, Shane jumped in the shower to get all the scum off him. He generally preferred to stay on dry land, but one thing had led to another when Ilya had dared him to jump in. He had already finished, but stayed in to enjoy the hot water on his muscles. His water pressure was fantastic.

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"We could share the shower, yes?" Ilya said, putting his thumbs in the waistband of his swimsuit and pulling down to take a piss. Oh, Shane thought idly, he had been mistaken about the folds. Shane was almost too distracted to notice the heap of damp swimwear Ilya left on the tile floor.

His brain caught up with him after a second, "Sure, of course." Shane liked showering with Ilya. However, "Didn't you say you didn't need to shower?"

"No, I said you need to shower. You keep thinking about it." Ilya slid open the door and stepped inside. Shane dragged his eyes up to Ilya's face for the first time since he'd come inside the bathroom to find a familiar amusement in his eyes. "Is distracting."

Shane waited impatiently for Ilya to come closer. He was already mostly hard, but didn't want to touch his own dick. Ilya stepped fully into the shower, walked into the curtain of water, and crowded him against the back wall like Shane hoped he would. Part of Shane wanted Ilya to flip him, press his face into the tiles and fuck him. The smarter part of him knew he'd actually enjoy that more outside the water and in a bed or over the bathroom counter or on the floor in the living room.

Ilya pressed their foreheads together, grabbed his ass with one hand and his jaw with the other, long fingers wrapped around the back of Shane's neck. Shane pulled their faces together and they were both smiling as they kissed. They'd showered together several times over the years, but eating lunch, hanging out in the lake, and being able to casually walk in on each other in the bathroom? It filled Shane with some indiscernible yet overwhelming emotion.

As they fit together, Shane could feel Ilya finally getting hard. His hips jerked into Ilya's thoughtlessly. God, Shane wanted to suck his cock, had wanted to suck his cock since he imagined it in Ilya's clothing folds.

Ilya used the hand on his jaw to tilt his chin upwards into the kiss. He squeezed his ass and gave it a tap with his open hand; Shane barely had time to process the sting before Ilya was squeezing again. Shane made a high pitched sound in the back of his throat.

Ilya laughed into the kiss, moving his hand to the back of Shane's head to shield it before pushing him fully against the tile. Shane felt the cold press of the granite tiles that he'd personally picked out from his shoulders down to his ass.

Shane gripped Ilya's shoulders, unsatisfied with the uncomfortable friction he was getting as he rubbed against Ilya's abs. Ilya was the one who broke the kiss, pulling Shane's hair a little.

Their foreheads came together again as they caught their breath and Ilya took the opportunity to grope his chest, thumb kneading under his nipple. Ilya's eyes were almost grey in the dim lighting of the shower, somehow looking so different from their usual blue color in his bright cottage.

Shane wanted to look in those eyes as Ilya fucked him. Or at very least if Ilya could bend him over, fuck him, and then turn him back around so he could look into them while Ilya came inside him.

Ilya seemed to understand the kind of mood Shane was in because he just said, "On your knees."

Shane didn't really need any encouragement, but he liked hearing Ilya say it. He went down, braced himself on Ilya's thigh with one hand and reached up to feel Ilya's large pecs with the other before he ran his hand over his waist, abs, and down to his hips. Ilya's body was incredible, but it was hard to appreciate it like it deserved when his dick was right there.

He swallowed Ilya down a little too fast; he forgot about the water making it harder to breathe and choked. He coughed a little, moved his face away from the stream of water for air for a moment before he went back to it.

He was pulled away by Ilya tugging on his hair. He looked up in betrayal. He couldn't really see Ilya's face through the water, so he refocused on Ilya's hard cock. Shane pulled forward against Ilya's grip to mouth at his shaft.

Ilya adjusted his grip and pulled Shane back again, harder. Shane whined. "One minute!" Ilya sounded breathless. "Move out of water."

Ilya seemed to want to pull Shane up to reposition them, but once he understood what Ilya wanted, Shane brushed him off. He pushed lightly at Ilya's thighs to get him to step backwards as Shane followed, crawling on the floor.

He heard Ilya softly swear and hurried to get him back in his mouth. Once they were safely out of the spray, Shane repositioned to prove he really could swallow him straight down. It wasn't as easy as when he was horizontal, but he liked that sometimes too. Shane moved up and down quickly, the wet noises he was making and Ilya's twitching hips turning him on more. Ilya had his hands on the back of his head and was applying some pressure, but Shane set a quicker pace.

Ilya groaned his name and Shane couldn't help but start touching himself. They had blown each other in the morning before lunch, so he wasn't that worried about coming fast or, more importantly, Ilya coming too fast.

He could taste the salt of Ilya's precum and pulled up so he could kiss his way down the shaft to his balls. Shane kept a hand on his shaft, jerking him off slowly while he took Ilya's balls into his mouth. He spent time on them and was rewarded, "Good boy. Good job. Here."

Ilya moved his hands to both sides of his face, and forced him back up to his cock. Shane moaned and squeezed his dick before he gripped Ilya's hips. He kept his mouth wide as Ilya guided himself in, and adjusted the best he could as Ilya started thrusting. He gagged more than once as Ilya forced him down again and again. Shane dug his blunt nails into Ilya's hips and moaned. He felt like a toy.

"You love it," Ilya's voice sounded like he was the once getting his throat wrecked, "You fucking love it."

Shane attempted to hum in agreement, but it was broken by a thrust. Ilya sped up, thrusts turning more shallow. Shane wanted Ilya to come down his throat, so he was a little disappointed when Ilya pulled him off again.

He tried to speak, failed, and had to clear his throat to start again. "Ilya, please." His voice was hoarse.

"Come here." This time Shane didn't fight it when Ilya pulled him up, "I need to fuck you." Now that was an idea Shane could get behind.

His knees ached, as he knew they would, but it was offseason and very worth it. Ilya licked into his mouth, Shane tried to reciprocate the kiss but was still overwhelmed from getting his face fucked, so it was sloppy. Shane did manage to clumsily press himself against Ilya's side so he could get some pressure on his own dick. He was so hard.

Ilya started to walk them out of the shower when Shane pulled back, "Wait, I need to-" Shane clumsily made his way back into the shower and lifted his head up into the flowing water to get some of the spit off his face and turned it off.

"Okay, okay," Ilya pulled him outside of the shower, voice amused, "You are very clean now."

Shane narrowed his eyes at the damp black heap on his bathroom floor, but they were in his bedroom before his brain caught up enough to move it.

Shane started to crawl up the bed, reaching underneath to touch himself again.

He was surprised when Ilya grabbed his ankle and then his waist and pulled him back towards the edge of the bed, but too dazed to do anything other than whine, "Ilyaaaa."

Ilya positioned him back so his feet were on the ground, his chest bent over the bed. And when he put his hand between Shane's shoulderblades, he eagerly went down from his hands to his elbows, legs widening.

When he wasn't immediately fucked, Shane sighed loudly. He didn't really care what Ilya was doing back there, he just needed to do it faster.

Ilya slapped his ass, loud in the quiet of their cottage. Shane moaned and humped the edge of the bed. "You will get what you want."

Shane felt Ilya spread him, head of his cock at his hole. The lube was cold.

“I always give you what you want,” Ilya said as he pushed in. There was the immediate burn of the stretch as Ilya slowly fucked his hole open, but it was easy and so good and Shane whined in appreciation. Before this week, Shane had never had the opportunity to get fucked so many times so close together and now he wished his whole life could be this.

Ilya leaned over him when he was fully inside and kissed his shoulder. Shane turned his head to the side so Ilya should kiss his cheek and then the side of his mouth. Ilya stayed there, chest pressed to Shane’s back, as he started to thrust.

Ilya’s dick was so nice, Shane thought, a little delirious. He couldn’t help his little breathy sounds as Ilya pushed in over and over. He was going slow, his hand lightly on the side of his throat, keeping Shane’s face turned so that Ilya’s lips were on his cheek. His other arm was across Shane’s chest, pulling them together. He felt and heard Ilya’s groans as he thrust harder, pulling Shane even tighter against him. Shane cursed and whined and made all sorts of embarrassing noises. He was covered by Ilya, consumed by him.

“Good?” Ilya asked, voice whispered into his temple, “You are happy now?”

Shane nodded his head, voice still hoarse and quiet, “Fuck, please. Please, please.”

Ilya kissed him again and released his torso. He gripped Shane’s hips and started speeding up. Shane collapsed on his hands, brain fully offline. He was saying something, but Shane couldn’t think of anything other than Ilya’s cock. The slap of Ilya’s hips was loud and rhythmic. Ilya pulled Shane’s hips back with his arms and thrust into him simultaneously, as Shane’s ability to push back into him and hold himself up failed.

There was a brief pause as Ilya had to drag him by his hips back to the edge of the bed, since he kept getting forced forwards by Ilya. As his face rubbed against the cover of his bed, he realized he had been drooling. Shane swallowed, “Ilya?”

“Yes?” Ilya resumed his thrusts and Shane briefly forgot what he was going to ask.

“Il-” he started but was cut off by his own moan as Ilya pushed into him. He started again, “Ilya.”

This time Ilya pulled out until only the tip of him remained inside. “Need something?”

“Yes.” Shane realized he was panting, “Ilya, Ilya, come inside me. Please.”

Shane cried out as Ilya pushed in again, sudden and hard, “Ilya!” He started up again, and Shane remembered what he had imagined earlier. He wanted to see.

Shane pushed himself back to his hands, he couldn’t actually turn himself, but Ilya seemed to know what he was getting at. Ilya pulled out and flipped him, moved him fully on the bed and folded him in half. Shane smiled dopily as Ilya’s face was right over his, where it belonged. He moaned loudly when Ilya was inside him again, both because it felt good and because he wanted Ilya to see his face and know how much Shane loved his cock.

Shane grabbed Ilya's face with both hands and kissed him. It was clumsy and quick, both of them panting and moaning too much to do much more than rub their tongues together. Ilya rested his forehead against Shane's and Shane kept his face in his hands. His eyes were so blue. So blue and so sweet.

"I love you," Shane whispered into his mouth. Ever since they had first said it, Shane had the urge to say it again and again. Especially while he was getting fucked.

Ilya groaned, "I love you too." Shane could tell from his thrusts that he was close and reached down to jerk himself off.

Shane may have overestimated himself because he came almost immediately. Shane closed his eyes, and pressed his head back into the pillows. He said Ilya's name over and over as Ilya fucked him through it.

Ilya didn't even laugh at him, just sped up, fucking him with brutal quick thrusts.

His face was still in Shane's hands. His eyes were so wild. "I love your cock," Shane said thoughtlessly, though said cock was becoming a little too much right now. "And you. And your cock. Come inside me, please. I want to see it, see you."

Ilya closed his eyes as he came. His muscles flexed and he moaned. Shane kept his eyes on his face as he felt Ilya's cum inside him, filling him. It wasn't the first time he'd fucked Shane raw Shane this week, and god willing, it wouldn't be the last.

Ilya let Shane's leg down before collapsing on top of him. Shane kissed his forehead and ran his hands through his damp hair. Ilya kissed his neck and then buried his face there. Shane ran his hand up and down Ilya's back. They laid there, basking in the midday sun, talking about what they were going to have for dinner. They could play games after and watch a movie. Based on previous days, and if Shane had his way, they'd each get at least one or two more orgasms before they fell asleep. It was like living in a dream.

But first, "I need to shower again."

Ilya groaned and turned his face into Shane's chest, "Five more minutes."

"Okay," Shane agreed and kissed the top of Ilya's head, "Five more minutes."

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