maybe i'm too busy (being yours)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77578106.

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:	Barebacking, Anal Sex, first time without a condom!, Canon Compliant
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of cottage era hollanov
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-17 Words: 1,541 Chapters: 1/1

maybe i'm too busy (being yours)

by coffeeandbows

Summary

It doesn't take long for their kisses to deepen, Ilya letting one hand roam Shane's body. He should be self conscious, Shane thinks, but the way Ilya is touching him, kissing him doesn't even let him hesitate.

Ilya nudges Shane onto his side, reaching to grab the lube and a condom from the bedside table. Shane watches him over his shoulder, grabbing the condom when Ilya turns around.

"Can we -," he swallows, "Not use this. Right now at least. Not always, I can't -," he huffs a small, self deprecating laugh, then continues rambling, "I'm clean. And you said - We get tested a lot and —."

Ilya kisses him to stop the rambling. Then kisses him again. And again.

or

the first time Shane & Ilya fuck without a condom (1x06 coda)

Notes

hi i'm back already -- i made a LIST for these two it's getting serious

first time barebacking -- spooning scene in episode 6. it was so romantic and intimate and hot and all i could think was "they didn't use a condom here" smh

i think that shane wouldn't always like going bare, too messy, but sometimes he just needs ilya as close as possible.

this is the most explicit, intimate thing i've ever written -- wheeeee

(fuck AI. and also AI can take em dashes from my cold dead hands.)

See the end of the work for more notes

They walk back up to the house from the lake, as the sun rises fully. Shane puts their mugs in the dishwasher, Ilya coming up behind him to hug him, pressing his face to Shane's shoulder.

"Come back to bed," Ilya murmurs.

Shane pauses, thinks about protesting, but doesn't. He turns around and kisses Ilya softly. He tastes like coffee and cigarettes, but Shane can't find it in himself to care. Flailing one hand behind him to start the dishwasher, he lets Ilya pull him back through the house to his bedroom. All of the blinds are open — this time, he doesn't want to close them - sun spilling warm and bright across the bed. They strip their clothes, not that they were really wearing much to begin with, Shane huffing a small laugh when Ilya kicks his shorts to the side. Commando, of course.

Once they're naked, Ilya pushes him onto the bed, kissing him again. It doesn't take long for their kisses to deepen, Ilya letting one hand roam Shane's body. He should be self conscious, Shane thinks, but the way Ilya is touching him, kissing him doesn't even let him hesitate. Ilya nudges Shane onto his side, reaching to grab the lube and a condom from the bedside table. Shane watches him over his shoulder, grabbing the condom when Ilya turns around.

"Can we -," he swallows, "Not use this. Right now at least. Not always, I can't -," he huffs a small, self deprecating laugh, then continues rambling, "I'm clean. And you said - We get tested a lot and —."

Ilya kisses him to stop the rambling. Then kisses him again. And again.

"Fuck," Ilya breathes out, "Yes, I am clean. Yes, we can do this. Not use condom. *Fuck*."

Shane laughs against his mouth. "Have you never - ?"

Ilya pulls back a little, looking at Shane fond, but serious.

"No," he says, "You are only one." *I've ever loved* goes unsaid, although Shane can probably feel it.

Shane kisses him again, gently petting at Ilya's hair with one hand, angle a little awkward. Ilya starts to warm some lube between his fingers before nudging two against Shane's hole.

He presses them inside Shane, no teasing, but moves his fingers slowly. Shane is so hot around him and Ilya rests his head against his shoulder, curling them and scissoring them carefully, almost reverent. Shane gasps quietly, moaning when Ilya slips his fingers out only to nudge a third back in alongside the first two.

Ilya mouths along the line of Shane's shoulder, fingers twisting to find — . Shane gasps. Found it.

He keeps moving his fingers - alternating between very gently pressing them against Shane's prostate and making sure he's stretched. Ilya bites lightly on the skin of Shane's shoulder, leaving a faint mark. They have time. They can *do* this. Slipping his fingers from the tight

heat of Shane's body, he presses a small kiss to the corner of his mouth as an apology, before slicking his own cock with slow strokes.

Ilya lines himself up with Shane's entrance, gently nudging the head against it, almost in question. The hand not in Ilya's hair settles on Ilya's thigh and Shane nods, sighing, and he slowly starts pressing in. They both exhale sharply, Ilya pausing to breathe through the overwhelming feeling. Ilya looks up at him, eyes wide and soft, hand gently trailing over Shane's chest, his side.

Shane sighs, adjusting to the feeling too, the stretch, yes, but also the heat of him. Knowing that it's just — Ilya.

"How did we let this happen?" he breathes, on a small sigh as Ilya moves ever so slightly, pressing in further.

Ilya speaks, his voice deep and rough, trying to take his time, to savor this. And to keep himself from coming immediately. Ilya's face is flushed, from the effort of holding back, from the intensity, from the love.

"We were both very stupid," he huffs out his own small, breathy laugh, "And irresponsible."

He presses a soft kiss to Shane's chest, his nipple, his bicep, when he brings his other hand up to caress Ilya's cheek.

"This is real, right?" Shane asks, somehow a little shy, nervous.

Ilya nods, pressing in a little more, murmurs agreement on a soft breath, looks Shane in the eye. Shane swallows, licks his lips, brushes his thumb against Ilya's cheek.

"Please fuck me," he says, insistent and Ilya presses in the rest of the way, bottoming out.

They both let out shuddering breaths, Ilya biting at the skin next to Shane's nipple. Shane fists a hand in Ilya's hair, tugging, encouraging. Ilya nudges Shane's thigh towards his chest, making the angle deeper and tearing ragged breaths from both of them. Shane slips his thumb into Ilya's mouth, Shane's eyes fluttering closed when Ilya sucks.

He drags his mouth along Shane's chest, mouthing over his nipple and grazing his teeth over it, making Shane tip his head back on a groan. Ilya speeds up, holding Shane's thigh steady so that every time his hips snap forward his cock presses deep. His other hand curls under Shane's neck, fingers cupping the side of his jaw. Ilya breathes around Shane's thumb, tongue pressing against it as he fucks into him, sound of skin and their breath loud in the otherwise quiet room.

Shane gasps, "*Fuck,*" and tries to kiss Ilya's mouth, thumb fumbling to get out of the way. He mostly misses, Ilya laughing and using the hand on Shane's jaw to direct him.

"I -," Shane pants, against Ilya's lips, "There, please, *fuck*."

Ilya is very good at taking direction, so he keeps rolling his hips, nudging the head of his dick against Shane's prostate on almost every thrust forward, so deep that Shane feels crazy with

it. Shane's orgasm sneaks up on him, sudden, and his breath hitches once before he comes onto his own stomach untouched, ~~Ilya's favorite trick~~ with a gasped sob.

Shane tightens around him, shuddering, come painting his skin. Ilya pauses for a beat, but Shane doesn't let him hesitate long and so Ilya starts fucking him again. The small, overwhelmed breaths, moans that escape Shane's throat make Ilya speed up, fucking his hips harder, chasing his own release desperately.

It doesn't take long for Ilya to press into Shane, hard, bottoming out and coming in him with a sharp, ragged breath. He bites at the thin skin between Shane's chest and his underarm, hips twitching helplessly as he works through his orgasm.

Shane shivers and groans, body tightening around Ilya again. "Oh," Shane huffs out, "Oh, fuck, I can -."

"Feel me, yes?" Ilya somehow manages, voice rough, fucking his still hard dick into Shane, slicked by his own come now.

Shane shudders, tugging at Ilya's hair. Ilya rolls his hips slowly a few more times, before he can tell that both he and Shane are getting too oversensitive for him to continue. He pulls out slowly, the sound more slick than normal and Shane's breath hitches as he's empty again. Oh. That sound was from *his come*. Fuck.

Ilya pushes Shane onto his back, his legs sprawled out, and settles between them, leaning in to kiss Shane deeply. He licks into Shane's mouth, chasing the desperate little noises. Shane squirms under him and Ilya pulls back, blinking down at him, at his beautiful freckles, cheeks flushed and lips bitten red.

"Everything is okay?" he asks, voice rough and accent a little thicker

Shane nods and his flush deepens, grabbing one of Ilya's hands and dragging it down between his thighs.Brushing his fingers against the outside of Shane's hole — soft, hot, open because of *him* — he feels the slightest bit of extra slickness and. Oh. *Oh.*

"*Fuck,*" Ilya says, pressing his finger in slightly to feel his come. Shane hisses, oversensitive.

Ilya removes his finger, feeling come follow it and swearing under his breath — *blyat*'. Then, in English, "Sorry. You are going to kill me."

Ilya wipes his hand thoughtlessly on Shane's sheets, propping himself on both forearms above Shane. He leans down to kiss him, before collapsing his weight down and tucking his nose against Shane's neck. With an *oof*, Shane wraps an arm around Ilya's waist, the other hand going to pet through his hair. They breathe together, quiet and still, the warm sun spilling over their skin now.

After a some minutes, neither could tell you how long, Shane murmurs against Ilya's hair, "I'm going to go shower,"

Ilya kisses his collarbone. “This is fair. You are very dirty,” he grins up at Shane, “I will not.”

“*Ilya,*” Shane says, a little scolding but mostly fond.

“I will clean self,” Ilya says, pressing a soft kiss to Shane’s chin, “Then change sheets. Then make breakfast.”

Shane has to swallow the sudden lump in his throat. As if Ilya can tell, he leans up to kiss Shane, impossibly tender. The two of them move from the bed, still going slow, craving the closeness. Ilya follows Shane into the bathroom to wipe himself off, brush his teeth, before leaning in to kiss Shane softly before he steps into the shower.

“Where are clean sheets? I will make pancakes, yes?”

Shane doesn’t even protest, just kisses him softly and tells him where the sheets are.

End Notes

follow me on tumblr @saltandpepperbox

i'll be back -- there is a LIST

to brie and sue like always, thank you for enabling me <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!