

Hot for Teacher

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Hot for Teacher

by [KellieAltogether](#)

Summary

“Oh no. Is Mr. Hollander sad his students have gone?”

Shane looked toward the open doorway of his classroom just in time to watch Ilya Rozanov press the tips of his fingers beneath his hazel eyes and drag them down his cheeks. The corners of his lips curved into an exaggerated frown—dramatically comical—and Shane didn’t stop the corner of his own lips from twitching as he shook his head. “I’m not sad.”

“Then you have not seen your face.”

Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov have been teaching at the same Ottawa-area for the past ten years, and for most of those ten years, they've been hiding their relationship from students and faculty alike. Now it's the end of another school year and Shane's a little melancholic, and Ilya knows just the thing to cheer him up.

Notes

Author's Note: This is my first foray into Hollanov fic. I hope you enjoy. 🍷

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

Shane Hollander's classroom emptied before he could finish telling his students to have a nice summer.

That was nothing new. It was the same thing every school year. Inevitably, on the last Wednesday in June, twenty-four sets of eyes glued themselves to the clock mounted above the whiteboard as the second hand ticked toward 3:10 pm. In his first year of teaching, Shane had tried keeping his students occupied until the very last moment, but he'd learned. He'd been young then. Twenty-three. His first year of teaching after graduating from McGill. All school year, he'd been dead-set on proving himself. On showing the administration they'd made the right choice hiring him fresh out of university when better-qualified teachers had applied for the open position in the history department.

There'd also been a minor, unspoken competition between Shane and the school's other new hire—Ilya Rozanov—to gain favor with both students and faculty alike, but ten years later, that was water under the bridge. Mostly because the results of that first year still held true: students loved Rozanov, faculty loved Shane.

Ten years later, Shane also knew it was useless trying to keep anyone's attention in the waning minutes of the school year. Once the last final exam landed on the pile on top of his desk—completed either by his most thorough or most remedial student, depending on the class—all bets were off. No matter how many off-the-wall facts he turned into Jeopardy-like questions, two dozen teenagers were simply not interested in learning anything new. They were ready for summer break. No one other than Mr. Hollander cared that William Lyon Mackenzie King used to frequent fortune tellers while he was prime minister.

Maybe Rozanov did too, but that was only because it interested Shane.

And, sure enough, summer break came. The clock ticked 3:10. The final bell of the school year rang. Chairs scraped across linoleum tile. Backpacks were scooped off the floor. A small stampede thundered out of the classroom, and after a few *see you next year, Mr. Hollanders* were thrown over shoulders as students disappeared into the hallway, Shane was left with an empty classroom as nearly a thousand teens flooded out of Hillcrest High School and into Ottawa's early summer warmth and sunshine.

Every year, he knew it was coming, yet every year, the silence that spread through the school as the last students left still sank Shane's stomach. Not by much. Just enough for it to be noticeable. It was the same feeling he'd always gotten as a kid when school ended for the year. Being an only child, summer break meant hours by himself despite his mom's best efforts to keep him busy with day camps and weekend trips to the Hollanders' cottage so he could experience nature, not just the governmental bustle of Ottawa. Shane had no problem being left to his own devices—he continued to gladly kill time reading books or playing video games—but there was something about the end of the school year that made him feel like he'd misplaced a crucial part of himself and he'd only find it again come September.

And then he'd become a teacher because he was some kind of masochist who couldn't tear himself away from that annual empty feeling.

Sighing—not that he was sad, but a few moments of melancholic self pity had probably never hurt anyone—he leaned back in his creaky desk chair and lifted his black browline glasses off his face so he could pinch the bridge of his nose and rub his fingers into the corners of his eyes. Really, he didn't even have a reason to be melancholically self pitying. Summer meant two months of freedom from students, grading tests, lesson planning. All the things that dictated Shane's life for most of the year.

It also meant two months of being himself. No expectations. No constraints. No secrets.

It meant two months at the cottage with perfect privacy outside of the weekends his parents drove up.

The prospect of that dropped Shane's hand into his lap and his glasses back onto his nose, and he spread both hands across the thighs of his tan chinos before pressing his fingertips into his legs. Friday afternoon—after the last Professional Activity day for the school year—he'd walk out of the school to an SUV already packed with everything that could possibly be needed for a summer at the cottage, and then he would be home free. A few hours behind the wheel and then it would be the cottage and the lake. The grill and the firepit. The kayaks and —

“Oh no. Is Mr. Hollander sad his students have gone?”

Shane looked toward the open doorway of his classroom just in time to watch Ilya Rozanov press the tips of his fingers beneath his hazel eyes and drag them down his cheeks. The corners of his lips curved into an exaggerated frown—dramatically comical—and Shane didn't stop the corner of his own lips from twitching as he shook his head. “I'm not sad.”

“Then you have not seen your face.”

Despite emigrating to Canada almost fifteen years ago, Ilya's *vs* still retained a vaguely *f* quality to them, a remnant of his Russian origins. Most of the time, it was noticeable but smoothed-over, so when it did make a bolder appearance, it was for one of two reasons: emotions were running high or he was teasing Shane. This time, it was certainly the latter, though the former probably wasn't completely absent. At the end of their third year teaching together, they'd been arranged almost the exact same way—Shane at his desk, Ilya in the doorway—when Shane asked Ilya to spend the summer with him at the cottage, and even though he'd deny it, Ilya could be a sentimental fool.

Laughing, Shane shook his head as he crossed his arms over his chest and cocked his head as he looked at Ilya. “I know what my face looks like. I see it in the mirror all the time.”

“How unfortunate for you,” Ilya replied, mirroring Shane's posture as he leaned his shoulder against the open doorway. Crossing his arms covered the Hillcrest Hawks logo on the front of his blue t-shirt—Shane never failed to get jealous of how easy Ilya had it when it came to getting ready for work; his drawers overflowed with school t-shirts, sweatpants, and gym shorts and all he had to do was mix and match them as he pleased, unlike Shane, who had to painstakingly put together an outfit everyday—but the trade-off for losing the school mascot was gaining a view of Ilya's toned biceps.

Shane appreciated that a lot more than the cartoonish red bird with a gray beak anyway. He appreciated it enough he had to scrape his fingertips against the sleeves of his chambray button down to stop himself from doing something stupid.

“I would say it’s more unfortunate for you,” he said. At least he had to go out of his way to see his own face. Anyone else—Ilya—didn’t have that same luxury.

“It depends.” Ilya shrugged and the strap of the black duffle bag he wore slung over his shoulder shifted a centimeter or two toward his neck. Casually, he reached up to slide the strap back into place, and he made a kind of noncommittal humming sound and pursed his lips for a moment before he said, “Sometimes I don’t mind so much.”

“Yeah? Like when?”

“Like now.”

And thank goodness Ilya had his back toward the hallway, because if anyone else saw him sweep his gaze over Shane before winking, chances were that look wouldn’t be misinterpreted. Even the most naive fourteen-year-old in grade 9 would know it was flirting, and that would be without the knowledge that Ilya Rozanov had always been—and always would be—an impossible flirt. It had stopped pissing Shane off a long time ago, though he still discouraged the behavior on school property. He preferred that most of the faculty—and *all* of the students—didn’t know one of the history teachers was in a relationship with one of the gym teachers and had been in that relationship for quite some time. The school district thankfully didn’t have a policy against teachers dating. Or marrying, in Shane and Ilya’s case. They simply requested professional discretion.

With Ilya, that was sometimes easier said than done.

“Rozanov,” Shane said with a hint of a warning. They’d behaved this school year except for when Ilya coached the boys rugby 7s to the provincial championship, and even then, it had only been an enthusiastic hug that possibly lasted a few seconds too long. Nothing like when Principal Hunter caught them last year when they’d been getting a little too close in Ilya’s office the day before winter break.

“Hollander,” Ilya drawled, raising both eyebrows at Shane before he leaned back into the hallway. He didn’t try to be discreet at all as he looked in one direction and then the other, checking that the coast was clear, then Ilya stepped into Shane’s classroom and closed the door behind him.

When he pushed the lock into place, its click echoed through the empty classroom.

Whatever Ilya had on his mind, it was a bad idea. The kind of idea that could probably get both of them fired despite having solid contracts. No level of protection saved you from the consequences of—*lewd acts* on school grounds, and based on Ilya’s smirk, it would definitely be something lewd. Probably closer to filthy. The corner of his lips curled the same way it had the first night they’d gone to happy hour with a few other teachers ten years ago. The night Ilya pried Shane’s address out of him and told Shane he might knock on his door later. The night Shane told Ilya he might answer.

Shane had seen that smirk hundreds of times since then. Thousands. He should have grown immune to it by now. Learned how to ignore it. Stopped himself from rising to the occasion. At this point, that was probably useless. Any effort put into some kind of reverse Pavlovian behavior—saying no or turning away when Ilya's smirk appeared—would end up wasted. Anytime Ilya looked at him the way he did as he slinked through Shane's classroom, Shane would topple like a house of cards. He was helpless to stop his breath from catching and his heart from jackrabbiting, and he swallowed to keep his rioting heart in his chest as Ilya wove his way around desks that had been knocked askew in the student stampede that followed the final bell.

Each time he passed a chair that was out of place or a desk that wasn't aligned with the one in front of it, Ilya paused and straightened them out. All because Shane liked keeping his classroom in order, and if Ilya did it now, Shane wouldn't have to do it later.

Fuck, Shane loved him so much.

Taking a deep breath, Shane started, "This isn't—" But he stopped himself. Any objection he mounted would be weaker than weak. *This isn't a good time*. The rest of the afternoon stretched in front of them. *This isn't a good place*. The school had emptied of everyone but other teachers who were more concerned with wrapping up their days than what was happening behind a closed classroom door. *This isn't a good idea*. That would have been the best defense, but it never would have worked. Ilya would see right through it even if he couldn't see how Shane got a little harder in his khakis with every step Ilya took. So hard that, when Ilya finally reached Shane's desk, Shane's voice was low and thick when he said, "*Ilya*."

"*Shane*," Ilya replied before he dropped his duffle bag to the floor—its quiet thud revealed it probably held every pair of sneakers that had disappeared from home over the course of the school year—and he eased himself between the edge of Shane's desk and his chair. With his shin, he pushed the chair back a few inches, and as he leaned his ass on the desk, Ilya caught Shane's eye for half a second before his gaze fell to the undone top button of Shane's shirt.

As Ilya's eyes drifted down his chest, Shane held his breath. This was the complete opposite of *professional discretion*, and if anyone peered through the narrow window built into the classroom door there was no hiding what Shane and Ilya were doing. Not with the way Ilya drew his bottom lip between his teeth as his gaze moved down Shane's stomach. Not with the appreciative sound he made when his eyes landed on the front of Shane's chinos.

Hiding his hard on was futile, so Shane didn't bother. Just like Ilya didn't bother hiding the thick line of his cock where it pressed against his black gym shorts. Shane allowed himself to look at that for a few long moments, and it took a lot of effort to not lean forward and put his mouth on the bulge in Ilya's shorts. Ten years hadn't decreased Shane's desire to put his lips anywhere on Ilya Rozanov—clothed or unclothed—and there was always something about Ilya straining against his pants that punched Shane right in the gut and made his mouth water at the same time. The fact they were in his classroom didn't curb that at all. If anything, it made him impossibly harder.

Before he could get completely lost in staring—though he'd already stared long enough for it to get weird—Shane lifted his gaze from the front of Ilya's shorts. His eyes rose up the flat

plane of Ilya's stomach and over where his t-shirt stretched slightly across his firm pecs, then Shane lingered on Ilya's lips for a moment and Ilya knew exactly what he was doing when he rolled his tongue out over his bottom lip. It left his mouth glistening with spit, and Shane pressed his ass into his chair to stop his hips from bucking as he met Ilya's gaze and asked, "What are you doing?"

"Mr. Teacher of the Year is sad," Ilya replied. All casual, he leaned forward and wrapped one hand around the arm of Shane's chair, and then every last bit of Shane's resolve to *not* do this crumbled when Ilya lifted his other hand to Shane's cheek and brushed his thumb over Shane's freckles. *God*, Shane hated that that always worked in Ilya's favor. He'd never stop using it to his advantage because Shane couldn't stop caving in, and he caved in even further when Ilya murmured, "And I think I could cheer him up."

Closing his eyes, Shane let himself drown in the feeling of Ilya's thumb caressing his cheekbone. "You're not going to let me live that down, are you?" he asked, one last-ditch effort at distraction.

"No," Ilya said as Shane opened his eyes and met Ilya's heavy gaze again. "I do not think so." Grazing his thumb down Shane's cheek, Ilya dragged it along Shane's bottom lip as he added, "I'm too proud of you, Hollander."

"Shit, Ilya," Shane muttered. Nothing got him on his knees faster than praise. Praise or a firm push. He didn't mind either of them, but they weren't in a *firm push* situation and considering he was seated, he wasn't the one primed to get on his knees. Ilya was, and with lightly flushed cheeks and wet, parted lips, he looked very, very ready to sink to the floor.

Shane very, very much wanted him to.

They both knew better than to do this here. They didn't *have* to do this here. If Shane threw his things in his messenger bag and they sprinted down two flights of steps, out of the school, and across the parking lot to their cars, they could be home in fifteen minutes. Then they wouldn't have to worry about anyone catching them. They wouldn't have to worry about keeping the noise down. They wouldn't have to worry about anything other than getting each other's clothes off and probably finding one of the bottles of lube they conveniently stashed around the house. The problem was Shane was too far gone for that. They were both too far gone for that. And even though he might have been named Teacher of the Year, clandestinely breaking rules never failed to send Shane hurtling toward the edge, and with one last deep breath, he hurled himself off the cliff.

Lunging out of his chair—knocking a red pen to the floor and a short stack of tests fluttering across his desk—Shane fisted his hand in the front of Ilya's shirt and used it to propel him backward toward the corner of the classroom that couldn't be seen from the door. It undid some of the work Ilya had done straightening desks, but Shane couldn't find it in himself to care. The grin that split Ilya's face and the brightness in his eyes eclipsed everything else in the room, and when Shane finally pinned his husband to the wall and crashed their lips together, he didn't care if they got caught. If they got fired. If they would never be able to work in a school again.

The only thing Shane cared about was Ilya. Getting his tongue in Ilya's mouth. Shoving his hands beneath Ilya's shirt. Grinding his hips against where Ilya's hip met the top of his thigh. Their kiss muffled the quiet, whining moan that slipped past Shane's lips as Ilya rocked his hips back against Shane's, his cock pressing firm into Shane's lower stomach, and Shane had just enough self awareness or shame or self preservation to pull back and pant, "We shouldn't do this."

"No," Ilya agreed, wrapping his fingers around Shane's wrists and pulling them from beneath his shirt. Shane would have complained—one of his great pleasures in life was getting his hands on Ilya's bare skin—but Ilya stole any complaint with a quick, hard kiss. Then he used his grip on Shane to turn them around, and as he pinned Shane's arms to the wall, he added, "But we will."

"Yeah." Shane nodded, the back of his head rubbing against the empty corkboard behind him, and when Ilya flashed him a sly grin, he grinned back. "We will."

Because there was never a time, nor a place, where Shane Hollander could say no to Ilya Rozanov, and if he did say no, he probably didn't mean it.

That mischievous smile remained on Ilya's lips as he dropped his mouth to Shane's neck, and Shane melted against the wall, wrapping one arm around Ilya's shoulders. He tangled his fingers in the back of Ilya's shirt as he buried his other hand in Ilya's hair, and, in hindsight, he should have taken off his glasses before they'd moved away from his desk. Kissing, panting, and general closeness had fogged them up, and now Shane could hardly see. Not that he needed to. He didn't need to watch Ilya as he left a trail of open-mouthed kisses down the column of Shane's neck, or as he dipped his tongue into the hollow of Shane's throat where it was exposed by the open top button of his shirt. Shane's nerves did an amazing job telegraphing all that to his brain without seeing a single thing, and they continued working overtime, sending sparks flooding throughout his body as Ilya pulled Shane's shirt from his waistband. Where his knuckles grazed the skin of Shane's stomach, fireworks erupted, and Shane barely managed to catch a moan in the cage of his teeth when Ilya's deft fingers landed on his belt buckle.

"Look at you," Ilya said, lifting his head to speak into the underside of Shane's jaw while he began undoing Shane's belt. His lips brushed Shane's skin, and the warmth of both his words and breath pooled low in Shane's stomach as he continued, "Already going crazy and I have not even touched you."

"You should," Shane replied. "Touch me." He left one hand tangled in Ilya's light brown curls, but he let go of Ilya's shirt to reach for the button of his pants while Ilya finished up with his belt. "We don't have forever."

"We have longer than you think." Which wasn't wrong—they had all summer, they had *forever*—and Ilya put a temporary stop on Shane's rushing when he knocked Shane's hand away. He poked him in the chest before replacing Shane's hand with his own, and as he unbuttoned Shane's chinos and slid down their zipper, Ilya said, "But we will not need that long. One touch and—" He pulled Shane out of his boxers and pants, and after Ilya glanced down at Shane's dick, he looked back up at Shane, touched all the fingertips of one hand together, and then quickly flicked them apart.

“Asshole,” Shane laughed, but Ilya knew Shane’s body just as well as Shane. They both knew that, right now, it wasn’t going to take much to set Shane off, and where Shane went, Ilya would follow. Delayed gratification could come later.

Ilya simply smiled and bit at Shane’s chin.

Then he sank to his knees.

Despite saying they had time, he wasted none taking Shane in his mouth, and now Shane did take off his glasses. He swiped them off his face as fast as he could because he didn’t want to miss a moment of Ilya with his lips wrapped around Shane’s cock. Smearing the fog on the lenses with his palm, Shane hooked the frames in the front of his shirt with shaking fingers before he pushed a second hand into Ilya’s hair, and he shuddered as Ilya—without working his way up to it or hesitating for a moment—took him in deep.

Oh god, that would never get old. The velvety wet heat of Ilya’s mouth. Shane’s tip tapping the back of his throat. It felt so amazingly good that Shane’s eyes threatened to close and he had to force himself to keep them open. “Fuck, Ilya,” he panted, his voice pitched low. Cinderblock walls made an excellent sound barrier, but Shane wasn’t taking any chances. If someone with horrible timing walked down the hall, he didn’t need them to get curious and try the door.

Ilya groaned and his eyelashes fluttered like his eyes were threatening to close before he looked up and held Shane’s gaze as he drew his mouth down Shane’s length. Then he kept holding Shane’s gaze as he wrapped one hand around the base of Shane’s cock while the other fell to the front of his shorts, and shit, Ilya was going to rub one out while sucking on Shane’s dick. He was going to touch himself and moan around Shane’s cock and get off on getting Shane off, and other than his hands fisted in Ilya’s hair, Shane was barely going to get to touch him at all.

For a moment, something like jealousy swirled with the pleasure building at the base of his spine, but then Ilya pressed his tongue to Shane’s slit and that drowned out any thoughts other than how good it felt. Ilya might have been a perpetual tease—he could have drawn this out until the sun went down—but he knew exactly what he was doing. He knew exactly what Shane liked: efficiency. And there were few things more efficient at getting Shane off than giving the tip of his cock attention, and Ilya got right to work beginning a steady rhythm of bobbing his mouth up and down Shane’s shaft, throwing in a swirl, press, or flick of his tongue every time his mouth slid back to the tip.

It was a little sloppy and very wet, and Shane had to press his hips back into the walk to keep himself from bucking them into Ilya’s mouth. He was usually the one getting face fucked, but that didn’t mean he didn’t like being on the other end.

Then again, Shane was into anything involving Ilya. He was very into the way Ilya’s spit left his dick slick, and he was very into the way Ilya struggled to keep his eyes open, and he was very into the way the tip of Ilya’s nose brushed the short dark hairs at the base of Shane’s cock, and he was very into the way Ilya quietly moaned as he palmed himself through his shorts. His arm moved at the same pace as his mouth, triggering that part of Shane that liked

efficiency, and Shane moved one hand out of Ilya's hair so he could cradle Ilya's cheek as he murmured, "Shit. Yeah. Just like that. That's so good."

Praise might have brought Shane to his knees, but it wasn't an ineffective tactic on Ilya. Shane didn't know anyone who didn't appreciate being told they were doing a good job, Ilya included. So it wasn't unexpected that Ilya pulled back far enough that his mouth left Shane's dick only for his lips to brush against it as he muttered, "Jesus, Hollander. Makes me want to fuck you when you say that."

"Sure. At home," Shane promised him, patting Ilya's cheek. "So come on, Rozanov."

The smirk Ilya sent up at Shane threw more fuel on the flames burning low in Shane's belly, and if this had just turned into the pregame, there wasn't any need to draw it out. Plus, he had grading to get done tonight, and if they were adding fucking to the evening's agenda, Shane would rather spend time doing that than getting a frankly amazing but still illicit blow job. The wonderful thing about being married to Ilya was that they were usually on the same page, and this time wasn't any different, and Shane didn't even have to urge him with a second *come on* before they were off to the races.

With his thumb at the corner of Ilya's lips, Shane guided his mouth back onto his cock, and what was sloppy got sloppier as Ilya lost any semblance of the pace he'd had before. In seconds, Shane had to move his hand from Ilya's cheek to bite his fist and stifle his moans, then Ilya moved his hand from Shane's length to reach up and grab his chest. The simmering heat inside Shane became a bonfire and then an inferno as Ilya sucked on the head of his cock, and he had just enough time to give Ilya's hair a warning tug before pleasure turned him to ash from the inside out and he spilled himself down Ilya's throat.

Ilya didn't so much as sputter as he swallowed. He took it and took his mouth off Shane's dick, then he pressed his face into Shane's stomach as he came in his shorts, Shane's shirt muffling a gasped, "Holy shit."

It took a few moments for them to catch their breaths. Shane stroked Ilya's curls as they both panted, and once their chests stopped heaving, Ilya shoved Shane's shirt up and pressed an open-mouthed kiss to his stomach. After he pushed himself to his feet, he kissed Shane quick and fierce on the mouth before stepping away, wandering back across the classroom to where he'd dropped his bag.

"You know," Ilya said as he pulled a water bottle out of its side pocket. He held Shane's gaze as he squirted water into his mouth and swallowed, and he dragged the back of his hand across his mouth suggestively before he continued, "I did not think your classroom could get more *boring*."

Shane fought back a smile as he looked around his classroom. The past few days, he'd been taking down and packing away the posters, maps, and time zone clocks that had decorated the room all school year. Mostly because he didn't want to be stuck taking it all down Friday afternoon when he'd rather be on his way to the cottage.

"Sorry we can't all work in the gym," he said and tucked himself back into his boxers, pulling up his pants before buttoning and zipping his fly. "And it's the end of the year."

“The end of the year stops this—” Ilya raised an eyebrow as he waved his water bottle around at the bare walls and corkboards “—from being boring?”

“Asshole,” Shane echoed the same thing he’d called Ilya a few minutes ago, but this time, it was all affection. He finished buckling his belt before he pushed himself away from the wall, and as he walked to his desk, Shane tugged the hem of his shirt a few times to shake out wrinkles before he tucked it back in. It didn’t completely conceal how rumpled he’d gotten from one of the quickest blow jobs of his life, but it would be good enough.

He just hoped they didn’t run into Principal Hunter on their way out. Hunter had some special talent for discovering the staff’s secrets, and that made Shane tuck his smudgy glasses into their case so he could shove them in his bag before they gave him away.

While Shane packed up his laptop and the stack of exams he’d need to grade that evening, Ilya straightened the room again until it met each of Shane’s high standards. Shane bumped his shoulder against Ilya’s in thanks as they headed out of the classroom, and they didn’t keep much distance from one another as they walked out of the school to the parking lot where Shane’s SUV and Ilya’s sports car sat in their usual spots, side by side.

Near Shane’s front fender, they exchanged quiet goodbyes and *I love yous*, and before he slid into his driver’s seat, Ilya looked at Shane over the roof of his car. He smirked, and he winked, and before he climbed behind the wheel, he said, “See you at home, Hollander.”

End Notes

Comments and kudos are appreciated!

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