

ilya rozanov: ragebaiter supreme

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by [hnjsngluvr69](#)

Summary

It seems Ilya fucking Rozanov adheres to a daily schedule of tomfoolery. He's always finding ways to irritate Shane with the stupidest shit.

or, Ilya ragebaites Shane as a form of flirting. Somehow it works.

Notes

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

Shane started his new job three weeks ago and the guy in charge of training him has proven to be *unbearable*.

His name is Ilya. He's Russian and tall and has a stupid deep voice and the world's most attractive face and Shane hates him.

He's also dumb as fuck. Or just likes provoking people. Or a mix of both, probably.

"They don't celebrate Christmas in Ottawa. Whole city. They just don't," Ilya says, face completely straight.

Shane takes a deep breath to avoid getting involved in this conversation, even though he knows for a fact they celebrate Christmas in Ottawa because he's *from* Ottawa and he fucking celebrated Christmas growing up!

"Wait, really?" Luca asks, a look of shock and awe on his face.

Ilya nods grimly. "Yeah. It used to be illegal in 1800s. But then once it was legal again, people were scared to celebrate, so it never caught back on. Kids there do not know what gift is."

Shane clenches his teeth.

"No way that's true, man," Hayden says, finally a voice of reason. "Are you sure?"

"Yeah, it's really true," Troy chimes in, always ready to back up Ilya's bullshit. "My boyfriend's family is from Ottawa, and it was so weird last year when it was our first Christmas together and he just... didn't know what it was."

Shane is trying so, *so* hard to keep it together. He knows this is just Ilya being Ilya. But he can't help it, he's easily provoked.

"They do celebrate Christmas in Ottawa, actually," Shane chimes in, pushing his glasses up on the bridge of his nose. "I grew up there. It was never illegal, it's celebrated widely, just like in all other Canadian cities."

Ilya stares at him for a second. "You are joking, right, Hollander? There is famous saying, *Like Christmas in Ottawa*, to describe when something is crazy and impossible."

"That's not a saying!" Shane says, throwing his hands up in exasperation.

"I'm pretty sure I've heard that, actually," Hayden says, and he genuinely believes it, because Ilya Rozanov is so good at lying to your face about something stupid that he can create his own Mandela effect scenarios.

Because the universe hates Shane, his desk ends up being right next to Ilya's, and he is therefore constantly subjected to his antics. It's borderline impossible to get work done without interruption.

"Hollander, would you rather: get two million dollars, or go blind?"

"I'm trying to work, Rozanov."

"Is hard decision, *da*?"

Shane takes a deep breath and weighs his options: he could answer, which would unfortunately humor Ilya but also probably end this conversation. Or he could continue ignoring him, risking the possibility that Ilya pesters him about this for another fifteen minutes.

"Fine. I would rather get two million dollars. Happy?"

Ilya sticks his tongue out and blows a raspberry. "Boring."

It's blissfully quiet for a solid hour before Rozanov decides he has more to say.

"Have you ever seen dog before?" Ilya asks out of nowhere.

Shane blinks slowly. "Have I ever seen a dog before?"

"Yes. Any dog. Ever."

"Of course I've seen a dog before. What are you even asking?"

Ilya pulls out a small notebook and scribbles something down. "Interesting. I have made note."

Before Shane can ask what that even means, Ilya gets up and walks away without another word. Shane does get a glimpse of the note, though, which just reads *HOLLANDER SAW DOG* in Ilya's all-caps chicken scratch. No other context, just *HOLLANDER SAW DOG*.

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It seems Ilya fucking Rozanov adheres to a daily schedule of tomfoolery. He's always finding ways to irritate Shane with the stupidest shit.

"Ilya, did you see that email I forwarded to you?" Shane asks. They have an assignment due by the end of the day and he needs genuine cooperation if they're going to get it done without

having to stay late.

“Stop speaking French. Is no good. I only speak Russian. And a little English,” Ilya replies effortlessly.

The thing is, Shane is *not* speaking French. He’s been speaking English all day, and all day, Ilya has been acting as if Shane is speaking fluent French instead. Every time Shane says something, Ilya puts this (adorable?) confused face on and pretends he has no clue what Shane is saying.

It’s driving Shane crazy. Ilya even gets JJ to come over and translate for him. He gets JJ to come translate the English Shane is speaking into the same exact English. It’s goddamn pointless.

“Ilya, I swear to god. Can you please just answer my question,” Shane asks in exasperation.

“Hollander, you sound so angry. But I do not know what you are saying, sorry. Maybe we can get JJ again to—“

Shane glares at Ilya. “If you call JJ over here I will lose my marbles.”

For some reason, that works. Ilya stops his stupid bit, and starts to genuinely answer Shane’s question.

In hindsight, Shane should have been wary at how quickly Ilya dropped his French language bit.

The next morning, Shane is sitting at his desk and eating his daily English muffin with egg whites when Ilya walks in and promptly places a small jar on his desk.

“Your marbles. You say you lost them yesterday. I find,” Ilya looks downright gleeful at this.

Shane idly wonders if Ilya already had these marbles, or if he had previously bought them and planned this bit, or if he had frantically searched for somewhere that sells them yesterday.

Regardless, Shane is a little impressed by the commitment. Only a little, though, because he’s mainly annoyed. And baffled.

“What am I—“ Shane isn’t sure what he’s gonna ask, really, but he’s working up to something good when Ilya cuts him off.

“*Nyet* Hollander. Say thank you. Like good boy.”

Shane gulps. He can’t help himself when he quietly squeaks out a little *thank you*, even when there’s nothing for him to actually be thanking Ilya for.

Ilya, for his part, looks extremely self-satisfied. And very attractive, Shane's brain unhelpfully supplies.

And if later that night, Shane wraps his fist around his cock and thinks about Ilya calling him a good boy, that's his business and *only* his business.

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Carefully, very carefully, Shane rakes at the sand in his miniature desk zen garden. Rose gifted it to him last week after one too many rants about his insufferable coworker Ilya Rozanov, because she thinks it might help calm him down.

So far, it is not doing much. Not when Ilya is sitting next to him putting gaudy, glittery cat stickers on his filing cabinet. Shane is pretty sure that's not even allowed, since it probably qualifies as vandalizing work property, but it's also none of his business.

But then he looks up and sees Ilya sticking one of his cat stickers to the back of Shane's laptop, and that's really not cool. Shane yanks his laptop away in the nick of time, and Ilya pouts dramatically.

"Hollander," Ilya says with a frown. "You do not want kitten on laptop?"

"No, I do not. Because we aren't supposed to put stickers on our work tech."

"Blah. You are boring." Ilya sinks back in his chair theatrically.

Shane feels irritation flare up inside him. "I'm not—I'm not *boring*, I just adhere to the rules. And the rules say no kitten stickers on my work computer."

Ilya grins at him. "You like to follow rules? *Moy kotik*, I should have known this. I can give you many rules."

Shane fights the flush creeping up his chest. "Focus on your work, Rozanov," he says stiltedly, before turning to bury himself in the spreadsheets on his laptop, mostly in an effort to stop himself from getting hard.

It's a feeble attempt when Ilya is sitting right next to him with that satisfied smile on his face, though.

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For once, Ilya is actually doing his work. Probably because they have a huge deadline at the end of the week, but still. Shane is a little surprised to see Rozanov so focused; the way he pores over work documents would almost be attractive if Shane wasn't repulsed by Ilya's stupidity on a daily basis.

“Hollander. Where is budget for next year? I cannot find it,” Ilya says seriously. Shane rarely sees him so serious. It's frankly a little refreshing.

“Uh, I think on page six or seven?”

He realizes his mistake as soon as he says it.

“Six seven?” Ilya replies instantly, doing that stupid motion with his hands. Shane hates it, but then JJ and Troy get up and *also* do the stupid motion, and all three of them are repeating, “Six seven,” over and over again, and Shane suddenly feels like he works in an office full of twelve year olds. He genuinely considers quitting, but then he remembers how awful the job market is, and realizes he should just stomach it.

At the sudden commotion, their supervisor Scott Hunter wanders over to their desks. “What's six seven?”

“Is joke. Not for people older than sun, though. Do not worry about it,” Ilya says with a grin.

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“Hollander, did you know cows are the third most dangerous animal on entire planet?” Ilya asks out of nowhere.

Shane is genuinely surprised, because no, he did not know that. “Seriously?”

“No. I made it up,” Rozanov says with that stupid crooked grin. “But you believe me, *da?*”

Shane sighs. “I genuinely don't know when to believe you and when to think you're lying.”

“I tell you truth now. You have very nice freckles,” Ilya says, almost softly. It's so fucking weird that Shane spends the next forty-five minutes retyping the same sentence over and over again.

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Every other Sunday, Shane has brunch with Rose. Unfortunately for both of them, this has turned into a biweekly rant session about Ilya Rozanov ever since Shane had started his new

job two months ago.

“I swear, it's like every single day he wakes up and thinks about a new way to piss me off,” Shane grumbles, sipping from ginger ale. “Like, it's so pointless. Everything he does is stupid.”

Rose has this knowing look on her face that is scaring Shane a little. “What?” He asks. “Why are you looking at me like that?”

Rose sits her mimosa down on the table. “Okay, so you know that whole thing about how on the playground, a boy will pull the pigtails of the girl he has a crush on or whatever?”

“Yes, but what does that have to do with anything?”

“Is it possible he's just trying to get a rise out of you because he likes your attention? Because he likes *you*?”

Shane wants to throw up. Not really, but also really, because the idea of Ilya Rozanov being into him should be nauseating, but instead it's just a little exciting. Except he shouldn't care about that, so he very pointedly decides to ignore anything he might be feeling about it.

“No, there's no way. He's just,” Shane struggles to come up with the right word. “Insufferable by trade!”

“Mmhmm,” Rose says, but she doesn't sound convinced. “If you're sure. But to me it sounds like he wants a reaction, and figured this is the most reliable way to get one. Because, sweetie, you're really easy to provoke. Sorry.”

Shane knows he's easy to provoke, okay? Rose isn't the first person to point this out. She *is* the first person to suggest that maybe someone is using that trait to flirt with him. Not that Ilya Rozanov is flirting with him. That would be insane.

“There's just—” Shane pauses. “There's no way that's what he's doing. I think he's just innately annoying.”

“And maybe, hear me out: you like him a little, too. That's why he riles you up so much,” Rose says with an obnoxious waggle of her eyebrows.

Shane swears up and down that's not the case, but there's a little part inside of him that knows he's been nursing a small crush ever since he first saw Ilya's stupidly chiseled face. But the crush is *so* small. Tiny. Minute. Miniscule.

And there's no way Ilya is actually interested in him anyway, so. It's nothing that Shane needs to worry about.

On Monday morning, Shane cannot get Rose's words out of his mind. When Ilya gets into work, two minutes before 9AM and forty-three minutes after Shane had arrived (so he's a little neurotic and terrified of being late, sue him), Ilya starts the day by sitting a small box on Shane's desk.

"Hollander, this reminded me of you," Ilya says simply, grinning at Shane while he boots up his computer.

Shane gingerly picks up the cardboard box and turns it over in his hands. "What is it?"

"Is called blind box. There is surprise inside. Is cat doing yoga, like you."

Shane had mentioned doing yoga, like, once. He didn't think Rozanov cared, much less *remembered* such an inconsequential fact about him. He's getting increasingly scared that Rose might be onto something.

"Oh. Thank you. This is really thoughtful," Shane replies earnestly. He's genuinely touched by the gesture, even if it is random. Even if there are a thousand alarm bells going off in his head.

"*Da*. Open. I want to see."

Shane clumsily opens the box, revealing a tabby cat doing the bridge pose. It's really cute and Shane will definitely be keeping it on his desk.

"This is the bridge pose," Shane tells Ilya for some reason, as if it isn't obvious.

"Very nice." Ilya looks deep in thought before he adds, "You arch like that?" He has that crooked grin on his face again. Shane wants to kiss it off of him.

Suddenly, Shane feels very flustered. "Um. I, well. Um."

"I'm kidding, Hollander. No need to look so – what is word... terrified." At that, Ilya mimes a ghost going *Boo!*

Unfortunately, Shane is so on edge that he actually jumps a little.

For the rest of his day, Shane very pointedly does *not* think about showing Ilya his arch.

. . .

Shane has come to the conclusion that Rose might be right, and he can't figure out if that makes him happy or not.

He's never been one to date. Or flirt. Or be flirted with. So this is all very... new. He probably never would have realized Ilya's attention was anything more than platonic if Rose hadn't said something.

He still doesn't *know*, though, so he can't really do anything about it. He's a coward and he's proud of that.

“Dude, you gotta let me set you up with one of Jackie's friends. She knows *so* many gay guys,” Hayden says, leaning against Shane's desk and fidgeting with his zen garden.

Shane tries not to notice that Ilya is very, *very* obviously trying to listen in on their conversation.

“Okay, first of all, why does she know *so* many gay guys?” Shane asks, because he's actually quite curious. Is Jackie walking around collecting gay best friends? And if so, why hasn't she collected Shane yet? Did Hayden call dibs? He needs to get to the bottom of this.

“I have no clue. She's always naming a different guy when she's suggesting setting you up with someone. Please let her. I'm afraid she's going to make me sleep outside if I continue to be unsuccessful.”

“*Da*. You would deserve,” Rozanov grumbles, and he looks genuinely disgruntled, which is not something Shane has seen before.

Shane snorts out a small laugh. “So if you can't successfully whore me out, you're sleeping in the backyard?”

Hayden throws his hands up in excitement. “Exactly! Come on, you have to agree. For my own comfort and wellbeing!”

Shane thinks about it for a moment, even though he knows the answer is still no. He's not looking for anything right now, and if he were, it certainly wouldn't be with one of Jackie's thousands of gay best friends. It would be with someone Russian who he works with and who ragebaiting him on a daily basis. Not that he has anyone in mind. Because he is not letting himself get carried away with his stupid little crush. Which isn't even really a crush, by the way.

“Nah, I'm alright. I'm not really... looking, I guess,” Shane says, hoping it's convincing. It should be, because it's the truth, but still. Out of the corner of his eye, Shane can see Ilya's shoulders sag in relief.

“Wait... do you have your eye on someone already? You dog! Who?” Hayden asks, and this is suddenly Shane's worst nightmare.

“*Da*, Hollander. Who is crush?” Ilya asks. He's trying to play it cool, but Shane can tell he's a little nervous about the answer.

“I'm not discussing this at work. Which, by the way, we have stuff to do. I'm already going to have to stay late to finish these files, I'm not trying to sleep here, too.” Shane hopes his

boring complaining will get everyone off his back, and fortunately, it does.

Hayden shuffles back to his seat, and Ilya's eyes return to his own computer.

For the rest of the day, Shane actually gets a decent amount of work done. Ilya is surprisingly quiet, and Shane finds that he actually misses Rozanov's stupid antics. Not that he would ever admit that, but the thought is still there.

Just as Shane had predicted, he ends up having to stay late to finish his ginormous stack of files before their deadline tomorrow. He watches wistfully as all of his friends slowly file out for the day. Even Scott Hunter leaves, patting Shane on the shoulder and telling him not to stay too late.

So now Shane is alone with his files, and if he really focuses, he can probably knock them out in an hour.

He's only ten minutes in when he hears the door down the hallway open. He figures it's just the custodian, so he goes back to his work.

Moments later, the sound of someone playing *Hot Cross Buns* on a recorder fills the room. Shane whips his head up, only to be greeted by one Ilya Rozanov, with his stupidly attractive lips pressed to a recorder as his stupidly deft fingers play the notes. He continues playing as he walks closer to Shane's desk, only stopping once he's close enough to lean on it for support.

"I come to keep you company," Ilya says, as if he is doing Shane some big favor by sticking around and playing the most annoying instrument known to man.

Shane is dumbfounded. "Um. What? Why?" He motions at the recorder.

"Simple. You have hot buns. So I play song about hot buns," Ilya lifts the recorder to his mouth again, but Shane snatches the instrument out of his hands before he can play another note.

"Please. I will lose my mind," Shane says.

"But not your marbles, *da*?" Ilya replies, and he looks so proud of himself when he gestures to the jar of marbles that Shane still has on his desk for whatever reason.

"Do you just enjoy being the most annoying person on the planet?" Shane asks, and he tries not to focus on the fact that he sounds kind of... fond.

"Is my pride and joy," Ilya grins, sitting down next to Shane. "But really I come to help you. What is saying... two fingers are better than one?"

Shane's stupid mind is in the gutter apparently, and he blushes a little as he thinks about Ilya's two fingers being better than his one.

“Two *hands*,” Shane corrects gently. Instead of saying anything back, though, Ilya just nods. And then he gets to work.

They work in a comfortable silence for the next half hour, breezing through a task that would have undoubtedly kept Shane here all night. As he moves the final file to the finished stack, Shane looks at Ilya in amazement.

“Wow. Thank you so much. I would have been here forever, probably.”

“Yes, fortunately I am best ever,” Ilya says, nodding his head solemnly.

Shane chuckles lightly, not really sure how he's supposed to act now. He's with his... crush? Is that a thing that adults have? Either way, he's with his... *Ilya*. And they're alone. And Shane is suddenly very conscious of the fact that he kind of wants to kiss him, which makes him feel really stupid because he's never let himself think this before.

Before he can make any irreversible mistakes, Shane starts to gather his things. But in his haste, he knocks that goddamn jar of marbles off his desk, and they go *everywhere*.

Shane frantically gets on his hands and knees and tries to gather them all up before they roll under the surrounding desks, and he's mostly successful. He's so focused on collecting the marbles that he doesn't even realize that at some point he made his way in between Ilya's legs.

But when his hands brush against Ilya's ankle in a perfectly innocent and purely accidental gesture, he suddenly becomes very aware of his position.

Two weeks ago, Shane would have sworn up and down that he would never give *Ilya Rozanov* a blowjob.

Twenty minutes ago, Shane would have sworn up and down that he would never give Ilya Rozanov a blowjob while they were *at work*, at least.

Now, though... he's not so sure. He drags his eyes up Ilya's thighs, and he feels a little insane at how thick they are. He's never really let himself look at how well Rozanov fills out his work pants, but *damn*, does he fill out his work pants.

As his eyes trail upwards, he catches sight of the growing bulge between Ilya's thighs, and he's suddenly very conscious of his similar situation.

He swallows slowly, scooting closer to Ilya. “Um. If you, like. Wanted help? With this... I could?”

“Hollander, no. Only if you really want,” Ilya says, somehow looking very restrained. Shane feels like he's coming undone at the seams from just the mere idea of sucking Rozanov's cock under his desk.

“I do. I really do,” Shane answers, entirely too fast and definitely too desperate. He doesn't really care, though, because he's rewarded with the sight of Ilya's dick twitching in response.

“You are sure?” Ilya checks again, though his hands have already migrated to his belt buckle, idly toying with it.

Shane nods. “Yes. Please. Want to suck you so bad.”

Ilya finally undoes his belt, and then the fly on his pants, and Shane gulps in anticipation as he drags his slacks down his thighs. He only pulls them down enough to get his cock out, which somehow makes this whole thing ever hotter, and Shane thinks he might die. He also thinks he'd be perfectly fine with that.

“Hollander, need you to know how badly I want to say something. But as joke. Only as joke. Will you get... uh... butthurt? Offended?”

Shane is a little confused at whatever Ilya is talking about, and he really just wants Ilya in his mouth already, so he just shakes his head, trying to get Ilya to get on with whatever he's trying to say.

“Okay. I promise is joke,” Ilya says, that crooked grin finding a home on his face again. Ilya clears his throat, mainly for dramatic effect, before saying, “Well. Is not going to suck itself.”

Shane feels like the world's biggest slut, because his dick inexplicably twitches at that.

“Fuck. You like that?” Ilya asks, and he seems kind of amazed. Shane only nods minutely, wordlessly, and then leans in closer to lick a stripe up Ilya's still-clothed cock.

Shane feels a little stupid as he fumbles with the waistband of Ilya's briefs, but he kind of doesn't care. He just needs to get his cock in his mouth, like, five minutes ago.

When Ilya's dick finally springs forth from his underwear, it's like some horny, freaky jack-in-the-box for horny freaks. Which would honestly just be a normal jack-in-the-box for Shane.

“Can I? Please?” Shane asks, and Ilya just nods, a little dumbfounded at what Shane has become on his knees.

“Should keep you here all day, *da*? Keep you busy while I work.” Ilya gasps when the tip of his cock nudges the back of Shane's throat. “Everyone will know you are slut for my cock, Hollander.”

Shane tries to nod, but he's a little busy at the moment. Tears are gathering in his eyes as he bobs his head, because he kind of feels like he cannot get enough of Ilya's cock in his mouth. He opens his throat and takes him in deeper, deeper still, until there's nowhere left to go.

Ilya's hand wipes at a tear dripping from Shane's face before trailing downwards. “Fuck, Hollander. I can feel myself here. In throat.” Ilya's hands ghost over the imprint of his own cock in Shane's throat, and Shane has to close his eyes so that he doesn't come in his pants immediately.

Absent-mindedly, Shane starts grinding on Ilya's leg, desperate for some kind of relief on his own sensitive cock. It doesn't take long for Ilya to catch on to what he's doing.

“So desperate, *moy kotik*. Rubbing your needy cock on my leg like you're in heat,” Ilya murmurs. Shane's eyes roll back in his head and he sinks further onto Ilya's dick, only stopping when his nose is pressed to Ilya's stomach.

“Made to take my cock, Hollander. Sucking me in like I belong here,” Ilya's fingers trace over Shane's throat again, not pressing, but making it clear that he's laying claim.

Ilya's hands gently grasp Shane's head, guiding him off of his cock. Shane tries to chase after it like a man possessed, but Ilya sticks his thumb into Shane's mouth instead, forcing him to make eye contact.

“Can I fuck your throat?” Ilya asks, voice low and seeping with desire.

Shane can only nod in response, swirling his tongue around the thumb in his mouth while he waits to get Ilya's cock back.

Finally, after an entirely too long break, Ilya slots his cock between Shane's lips, pressing in, in, in, until Shane's nose is nestled against the hair at the base of his cock.

“You tap twice if too much, yes?” Ilya asks, and Shane nods, tapping twice to show he understands.

With that, Ilya pulls out, only to thrust back in, setting a punishing pace. The noises coming from Shane's mouth are pathetic, a mixture of whimpers and gags and slick noises that should be gross but are somehow only making his skin feel even more on fire.

Ilya is relentless with it, fucking into Shane's mouth with abandon and relishing in the way Shane just *lets him*.

“Fucking perfect cocksleeve,” Ilya grunts, hips snapping forward as his hands cup the back of Shane's head with a contrasting gentleness.

Shane's hips continue to rut helplessly against Ilya's shin. There's no semblance of a rhythm, just desperation for release as Ilya uses his mouth as his own personal fleshlight. He's a little amazed at how much he's taking, but maybe Ilya is right; maybe Shane was *made for this*. Made to be on his knees, choking on Ilya's cock while humping desperately against a leg.

“Take it, gonna come down your throat, you will take it,” Ilya groans, his rhythm getting a little sloppier but no less punishing.

As he feels himself approaching the edge, Ilya thrusts all the way into Shane's mouth and holds him there, grinding his hips forward to get as deep as possible. The gags tumbling from Shane's mouth are filthy and only spur Ilya on as his fingers come to rest on Shane's nose. He considers it, pinching it shut, forcing Shane to have nothing else but *him*. But they didn't talk about that, so he just leaves his fingers there as a reminder of what he could do.

It works, because Shane's eyes roll back again and his hips hump frantically against Ilya's shin. Ilya can't help but savor the sight in front of him, and when he grinds forward again and feels Shane's throat constrict, his orgasm starts to crest. He pulls out, only slightly, so he can

come on Shane's tongue. He strips his cock through his orgasm, watching Shane's mouth fill as he struggles to keep it all inside.

“Do not swallow,” Ilya says, holding Shane's jaw. He gathers spit in mouth and lets it drip into Shane's open mouth, instantly mixing with the mess of cum already there. “Good boy. Swallow.”

Obediently, Shane does, opening his mouth after to prove he listened.

“Such a good boy. My good boy,” Ilya groans, dipping his thumb back into Shane's mouth. “Want you to come. Make a mess in your pants.”

Shane nods absently, his hips working up a faster pace as he ruts against Ilya's leg.

“Come all over yourself. Because I said so. Come, Shane,” Ilya says, and somehow, that's enough, because Shane's body seizes and he spills into his pants. His hips keep chasing the pleasure, making tiny, aborted thrusts as he rides out the waves of his orgasm.

He didn't even take his cock out, and yet this was probably the best orgasm of his life. He slumps against Ilya, completely drained.

“Good boy,” Ilya says, running his fingers gently through Shane's hair. “Wow. You look very fucked out. Cockdrunk, maybe.”

“Fuck you,” Shane slurs, and his voice is so wrecked that he's going to be drinking tea for the next week. Ilya's cock makes a valiant effort to get hard again at the realization that he did that to Shane.

Very gently, Ilya deposits Shane in his desk chair, covering him in his jacket while Ilya tidies their desks.

“Is miracle. Is no cum on carpet,” Ilya says, genuinely amazed.

“That's because I swallow'd it all,” Shane says, and the dopey smile on his face makes it look like he might be high on painkillers.

“Not all. Some is in your pants.”

“Fuck you,” Shane says again, but he's still smiling, so it doesn't really land.

“Okay, now I take you home. But you have to let me stay. Make sure you are okay,” Ilya says, and Shane doesn't even try to act like he doesn't want that.

Fortunately, Ilya keeps a change of work clothes in his car, because he ends up spending the night at Shane's. It's sickeningly domestic, the way Ilya makes Shane tea and then cuddles him until he falls asleep. Shane could get used to this. He hopes he *gets to* get used to this.

They carpool to work again, but Shane makes Ilya wait two minutes before coming in so as to not be suspicious. Ilya reminds Shane it's going to be suspicious as hell, because in what world is Ilya also getting to work almost a full hour early, but Shane just rolls his eyes and goes inside.

They're both settling into their desks, trying to act as nonchalant as possible, when Scott Hunter comes up to them.

"Hollander, Rozanov. I just need to speak to you real quick."

Shane really, *really* hopes this is commendation for them staying late to finish those client files last night.

"So, uh," he awkwardly stumbles over his words. "Glad you guys figured this out. But please don't, uh, *figure it out* on company property again. Not cause you're gay! Sorry. I believe in gay rights. I'm an ally. No I'm not. I'm gay. I don't know what I'm saying."

Scott pauses and takes a steadying breath. "Just. No more fucking in the office. We have, uh. Cameras." Scott takes that time to motion subtly at the various cameras mounted on the ceiling.

Shane is so embarrassed he wants to evaporate. "I am so, so sorry, sir. It won't happen again. I promise."

"*Da*. What he said." Ilya pauses for a moment, and then grins. "Is there any way we can get those tapes?"

End Notes

well. i haven't slept in 30 hours and i worked a full shift at work so i am kind of crazy. and i wanted to write a hollanov crack fic. and then this was born. did not intend for the smut to get kinda freaky. but alas... when inspiration knocks, i answer.

shoutout to my gf for entertaining my stupid little excerpts. shoutout to my cat for being named marble (just like the marbles in this fic.... wow)

now i'm going to bed. <3 oh also i hope u enjoyed this fic

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