

generated chaos

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generated chaos

by [abitchforlasagna](#)

Summary

Shane:

Hey babe, remember we were having issues with the water pressure in the kitchen faucet?

I got a repair guy to come take a look

Ilya:

This is good

When do they come?

Shane:

He's actually here already

Attached: a photo of a young, attractive man with a six-pack and bulging arm muscles, crouched under the sink with a wrench in his hand

Ilya:

Ok good

Why he not wearing shirt?

Notes

Small disclaimer: the last time I wrote this idea for another ship I received a LOT of "hate" comments about how AI is bad for the environment and how Character A never would use AI etc etc ...

It might have been bot comments, and I'm not denying that AI has a negative impact on the environment, but as you all know, this is fiction and purely for fun :)

Shane is sprawled out at home, mindlessly scrolling through TikTok. It's one of those rare days when both he and Ilya are off from practice, and they're making the most of it by doing absolutely nothing. Well, almost nothing — Ilya went out for a run earlier, and Shane would've gone with him, but he tweaked his calf a bit during their last game and is trying to rest his leg as much as possible.

That's when he gets the idea.

A video pops up on his feed: "*Pulling the AI prank on my boyfriend*"—followed by a slideshow of ridiculously attractive handymen and yoga instructors who've shown up to fix things around the house. Shane snorts, taps like, and immediately gets served two more of the same.

He glances around their open-plan living room and kitchen. Ilya left less than ten minutes ago. He's got plenty of time.

Maybe it's a little mean — but come on. What else is he supposed to do with his extremely stoic, cocky *nothing-ever-gets-to-me* Russian boyfriend, who teasingly calls Shane boring at least once a day?

Shane downloads an app, types in a few prompts, and grins wide when the first image finishes generating.

Shane:

Hey babe, remember we were having issues with the water pressure in the kitchen faucet?

I got a repair guy to come take a look

Ilya's reply comes almost immediately.

Ilya:

This is good

When do they come?

Shane:

He's actually here already

I forgot to tell you before you left!

Attached: a photo of a young, attractive man with a six-pack and bulging arm muscles, crouched under the sink with a wrench in his hand

Ilya's next reply takes a few minutes — probably because he's actually out running.

Ilya:

Ok good

Why he not wearing shirt?

Shane:

He said he gets hot really easily and didn't want to risk getting his shirt wet if the sink started leaking

Ilya:

Okay, but it seems little unprofessional

To work without shirt

Is it Hayden who recommend him?

Shane:

No, I booked him through a legit website. I can show you later

he offered to fix the shower too

you know how the hot water handle's been acting up?

Attached: another photo of the same man, now standing in the shower wearing only boxers, smiling at Shane with a wrench in one hand and the other braced against the fogged-up glass

Ilya:

Why is the shower on?

Why is it foggy?

And why is he inside the shower without clothes?

Shane:

Haha, you don't shower with clothes on, silly!

He didn't want to risk getting his pants wet

Ilya:

This is very strange, Shane.

Missed call from: Ilya ❤️

Ilya:

Shane, can you answer

Missed call from: Ilya ❤️

Missed call from: Ilya ❤️

Shane:

Sorry, babe

he got hungry, so I made him some lunch. Remember the dumplings my mom dropped off the other day? He really seems to like them!

Attached: a photo of the man now sitting at the kitchen island, still shirtless, hair damp, smiling at Shane with a thumbs-up and chopsticks in one hand and a dumpling in the other

Ilya:

WHAT?

Missed call from: Ilya ❤️

Ilya:

Your mom doesn't even make dumplings like that for my birthday

Shane

He doesn't seem legit

He needs to go home

Shane:

Apparently he's always wanted to play hockey. Look how he looks in my helmet!

Attached: a photo of the man, now wearing pants but still no shirt, standing in Ilya and Shane's bedroom with Shane's hockey helmet on

Ilya:

Answer

Shane

Shane I am coming home now

Shane:

Sorry for the slow replies, babe. He got a little tired, so I said he could lie down in our bed for a bit. He didn't have any other clients today

Attached: a photo of the man tucked into Ilya and Shane's bed, smiling gratefully at Shane

Ilya:

There is a guest room, Shane!

Why did you give him *our* bed?

SHANE

ANSWER. ME.

Missed call from: Ilya ❤️

Missed call from: Ilya ❤️

Ilya:

This isn't funny

What if he's some crazy psychopath or fucking stalker

I'll be home in ten minutes

When the front door slams open hard enough to make the pictures on the walls shake, Shane is back on the couch, one foot propped up on the armrest, scrolling on his phone. Ilya storms in, sweaty, having most likely run all the way home.

"Where is he?" he demands, ripping out his earbuds and tossing them and his phone onto an armchair. Shane barely has time to sit up before Ilya starts marching around the kitchen, checking behind the island and peering into the pantry.

"Where is *who*, babe?" Shane asks, making a poor attempt at sounding innocent. Luckily, Ilya is so worked up that his back is to Shane and he doesn't see the way his boyfriend's lips twitch.

"The repair guy, Shane! Where is he?"

Ilya stomps toward the bedroom, yanking open doors as he goes. He peeks into the bathroom, jerks the shower curtain aside. Checks the guest room and the laundry room. Shane trails after him like a completely useless shadow, trying — and failing — to hide his giggling.

Eventually, Ilya reaches the bedroom and throws the door open.

"Where is he?"

Shane can't hold it in anymore. He leans against the wall, clutching his stomach, laughing so hard tears spill out.

"Oh my god," he pants. "Ilya, baby, it was a joke."

Ilya stares at him, cheeks still flushed, eyes murderous.

"What?"

Shane pulls out his phone and shows him the app, all the generated images lined up.

"It was a prank. There was no repair guy."

Ilya stares at the phone like he doesn't quite trust his own eyes, then back at Shane, who's still grinning like an idiot at him. His face cycles through several unreadable emotions as it sinks in.

"Shane Hollander," he says slowly. "I was about to call the police."

Shane is still snickering, clapping a hand over his mouth.

“Over a repair guy?”

Ilya glares at him.

“Over a repair guy who walks around without a shirt, sleeps in our bed, and tries on your hockey helmet.”

Still laughing, Shane steps closer and slips his arms around Ilya’s waist. Ilya doesn’t return the hug, hands planted on his hips, clearly trying to look stern and angry.

“Sorry, babe. Jealous?”

Ilya’s eyes narrow, and before Shane can tease him any further, he’s pressed up against the wall, Ilya’s knee sliding in between his legs.

“I’ll show you jealous, Hollander,” Ilya mutters darkly, dipping his head to trail his nose along Shane’s neck. Shane only grins wider as his pulse starts to race.

“Guess the prank worked pretty well after all.”

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