

Mr. Real Estate

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Mr. Real Estate

by [peachmintfizz](#)

Summary

Shane knows it's technically against the law to throttle a client. Even if they're really handsome and *especially* when they might be buying a four-million-dollar house from him. But twenty houses later, this was actually starting to become ridiculous.

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Shane is a realtor. Ilya, funnily enough, finds something wrong with every house Shane shows him.

It was all Shane's fault really.

He had thought this would be a quick, easy deal. When he first spoke to Mr. Rozanov over the phone, the guy seemed like he needed a house pretty urgently. He's just relocated to Ottawa and his budget is extortionate.

Nice, Shane thinks. Show him a few stylishly-staged properties, he'll surely throw a ridiculous amount of money at the first decent one and Shane will make an easy five-figure commission and cruise through the rest of the quarter without stressing about hitting his target.

Their first meeting is at a stunning four-bedroom, three-bathroom mansion in an affluent south-western suburb of Ottawa. Shane waits in the driveway and almost jumps out of his skin when there's a sudden deafening roar and a sleek, silver Lamborghini comes swerving around the corner and pulls up in front of the house.

The man who climbs out of the low-slung car looks like a fucking model. He's wearing an expensive looking wool coat, dark sunglasses and has golden brown curls that the breeze is currently ruffling gently like it was paid to do so.

Shane is standing next to his sensible Toyota wearing his sensible dark blue suit and feels like a dork.

"Mr. Rozanov," Shane starts, holding out a hand. "Shane Hollander. Thanks for coming by today."

Mr. Rozanov slowly removes his sunglasses and looks Shane up and down in a way that feels like he's being undressed with his eyes as they shake hands. Shane tries not to flush under the attention and promptly fails.

"Nice to meet you, Shane Hollander. Call me Ilya."

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"The property was built in 1985, but the last owners did a full refurbishment so all the fittings are mostly new. Miele kitchen appliances. All the cabinetry is Canadian maple."

Shane watches as Ilya walks around the central island, trailing his fingers over the countertop. He stops at the sink and peers through the kitchen windows at the yard, which is fringed with tall trees.

"Hmm. It is a bit dark inside. I need more natural light."

Shane blinks. "Oh. Well, you could landscape the garden, get rid of some trees. It'll let in more light."

Ilya doesn't seem convinced. "Seems like a lot of work. Maybe this one is not the right fit."

“Would you like to see the upstairs, at least?”

Ilya shrugs a shoulder casually, which Shane takes to mean yes. He leads him up the stairs and feels Ilya’s eyes on his back the whole time.

In the primary bathroom, Ilya gestures to the singular sink. “No, I need two sinks.”

“You want his-and-her sinks?” Shane asks. He smartly does not mention the fact that Ilya had clearly told him he would be living alone, and absolutely has no need for two sinks.

“Yes. Two sinks.”

“Okay,” Shane says. He pulls out his phone. “Why don’t you tell me your wishlist now, so I can get it right for the next properties I show you?”

Natural light, Shane types into his Notes app as Ilya starts listing them off, rapid fire. *His-and-her sinks. Ensuite bathroom. Floor to ceiling windows. Enough garage space for two cars.*

“Why is called his-and-her sinks?” Ilya asks later when they are back downstairs. “It is sexist, no? Maybe it is hers-and-hers. Or his-and-his.”

He shoots Shane a wink before heading out the front door.

Well, then.

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The next property Shane shows Ilya is a modern three-bedroom, high rise condo which comes with two parking spaces. He didn’t specifically say he wanted a house, after all, just that he needs somewhere to live.

The condo has floor to ceiling windows and a large balcony, there are his-and-her – sorry, two sinks - in the primary ensuite (Shane double checked), and is flooded with so much natural light you practically need sunglasses.

Ilya meets him in the fancy lobby, and doesn’t really say anything as they ride up to the 18th floor. He looks like an off-duty model, in his dark leather jacket with his curls combed back. Shane tries not to stare and instead scrolls through his email notifications on the ride up. Just before the doors open, Shane glances up and sees that Ilya had been looking at him, on the mirrored doors of the elevator. They catch each other’s eye in the reflection and Shane’s stomach does something funny.

Once they get into the unit, he points out the chef’s kitchen, the steel appliances gleaming under all that *natural light*. He tells Ilya about the state of the art gym and heated indoor lap pool that comes as part of the amenities. Pointedly shows him the ensuite with its two sinks and rain shower. Ilya has a small smile on his face through the whole pitch, and looks endeared when Shane starts waxing lyrical about the Bardiglio marble as though he laid the fucking tile work himself.

“So, what do you think?”

“Is very nice apartment.”

Shane can hear the *but* before Ilya even says it.

“But I don’t want to go up and down in the lift ten times a day,” Ilya says almost apologetically.

Shane suppresses a sigh. He didn’t have high hopes for this place anyway.

“Yeah, I get that. Fair enough. We’ll keep going then.”

“Yes, we will keep going.”

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Shane is showing a young couple a very nice apartment in downtown Ottawa when his phone buzzes in his pocket. There are several texts from Ilya, in response to Shane’s message from earlier in the day.

They’ve seen no less than six houses in the last ten days, and Ilya had shot each one down with a different, insignificant excuse every time. He’s lined up five new ones to show Ilya tomorrow, figuring if he shows him multiple houses in quick succession, he’ll maybe have less time to find something wrong with them.

Ilya

I will pick you up from office tomorrow.

To see the houses.

Does not make sense to take two cars when we are going same place.

Shane

Ok. Meet at 9:45am? The traffic on the Queensway gets pretty busy in the morning, and we need to be at the first listing by 10:15am.

Ilya

9:45am.

It’s a date. ;)

Shane frowns down at his phone. English isn’t Ilya’s first language, surely he doesn’t mean date. He probably got mixed up and meant like, *See you at our appointment, professional acquaintance.*

The next morning, Shane clambers into the passenger seat of the Lamborghini. His knees are practically up around his ears in the low car. Ilya, on the other hand, looks far too

comfortable and effortlessly sexy behind the wheel.

“Good morning,” Ilya greets, and hands Shane a warm takeaway cup.

“Oh, you got me a coffee,” Shane says nonsensically.

“I was getting one for me anyway,” Ilya replies. “You like cappuccino?”

“Sure.”

When they get to the first house, Ilya disappears upstairs immediately before Shane has even closed the front door. He’s not even gone for two minutes before he comes back down.

“I don’t like this one. We can go to next one now.”

“What,” Shane says evenly, “could you have possibly found in literally the last two seconds that you already don’t like.”

“There is no ensuite.”

“Yes, there is,” Shane counters immediately, because he did his homework. “I know for a fact the primary bedroom has an ensuite.”

“Yes, the primary does,” Ilya says, like he’s speaking to a small child. “But the guest bedroom does not.”

Shane completes one box breath, slowly. “You haven’t specified before that you also require an ensuite for the guest bedroom.”

Ilya smirks infuriatingly. “Well, I need one now.”

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Ilya doesn’t like the next house, or the next, or the next.

The second one was too near a busy road, he claims. The third’s garage was too small. The fourth one has a big tree in the backyard that will apparently drop too many leaves in the fall. Not that Ilya would ever be out there himself sweeping up leaves, Shane wants to say.

In the fifth house, Shane stupidly gets his hopes up. Ilya moves through the house slowly, opening cabinets and inspecting the light fixtures and Shane hovers anxiously in the kitchen, nearly vibrating with anticipation. This might be it.

Ilya spends a long time upstairs, so Shane eventually goes looking for him and finds him in the primary bedroom. The house is staged in expensive beige furniture with no personality and Ilya is sitting on the bed and staring out the window thoughtfully.

“Everything alright?”

Ilya pats the space next to him. “Come sit here.”

Shane approaches the bed and perches himself gingerly on the edge of the mattress. Ilya raises an arm and points out the window. There's a perfectly nice view of the clear sky and the top of the trees from the neighbour's yard.

"Does the sun come in here in the morning?"

Shane pulls out his phone. "I can check." He has a sun tracker app for this exact reason.

Ilya laughs out loud and shakes his head. "Of course you can, you have answer for everything."

He shifts closer on the bed, his thigh pressing hot against Shane's as he leans over his shoulder to look down at the phone. Shane fiddles with the app for a moment, trying not to get distracted.

"Yeah, it looks like the morning sun does hit the bedroom."

"Hmm," Ilya hums. "Not good. I don't want to wake up with sun in my eyes."

Shane wants to scream a little. "Blackout blinds exist, you know. They don't even cost that much."

He can't keep the sarcasm out of his voice but his patience is running a little thin. Ilya doesn't seem to pick up on it and is looking at him like he just said something very charming, and not at all rude.

Shane clears his throat and suddenly realises how close they are sitting. Ilya's eyes are very hazel, he notices. He stands up.

"I'll meet you downstairs. By the way, the ensuite has two sinks, just so you know," he says over his shoulder as he leaves the bedroom. He hears Ilya's low chuckle follow behind him all the way down the stairs.

Once they're back in the car, Ilya directs the Lamborghini in the opposite direction of the brokerage.

"Where are you going? You just missed the turn for my office."

"I'm hungry. I did not eat breakfast and you drag me from house to house," Ilya says, "Let's have lunch."

Shane wants to retort that if Ilya isn't so fucking picky, he *wouldn't* have had to drag him across half of Ottawa's current real estate listings in one morning, but then Ilya is pulling up in front of a restaurant. It's fancy enough that it has a valet service, judging by the uniformed attendant that comes around to open the car door for Shane.

Ilya leads Shane into the dining room with a light hand on his lower back, and Shane isn't sure how to feel about that. Ilya's European, he thinks, they're probably all really touchy, in like a friendly and platonic way. There is a lingering warmth on his back when Ilya pulls away once they are seated.

After they order, Shane pulls out his phone, ready to discuss business and show Ilya some more listings online, but Ilya deftly changes the subject. He seems only interested in asking Shane questions about himself.

“What about your house?” Ilya asks. “Is nice?”

“I mean, I have an apartment,” Shane replies, taking a sip of his ginger ale. “It’s just a small one, but yeah, I love it there.”

He feels somewhat defensive, he can hardly compare his tiny two-bedroom apartment with some of the obscene properties he’s shown Ilya in the last few weeks. But it was *his*, bought with his own hard-earned money.

“Exactly. Is important to love it, yes?” Ilya smiles understandingly across the table from him. “Is like...picking the person you will spend rest of your life with.”

Shane swallows, and nods. His stomach clenches. “Yes, something like that.”

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This is the twentieth house Shane has shown Ilya. He knows because he counted. In fact, he has them all listed on an Excel spreadsheet on his laptop back in the office, colour coded and filtered according to price and postcode.

This house *has* to be the one. Shane can feel it. It’s a modern build, all sleek lines, glass and steel accents and massive windows, and it had reminded Shane a bit of Ilya’s car when he’d first looked at the listing pictures online. The huge living room looks out onto a stunning view of the river and there’s a landscaped garden, minimal and sexy, with a fire pit.

Shane starts selling his fucking ass off the second they get inside. He’d made Ilya meet him here at exactly 5:35pm, when he knows the sun will be setting over the river. It’s breathtaking. The sunset floods the living room pink and orange. The long, feature fireplace is switched on and flickering invitingly. It’s perfect. There’s no way he can turn this place down.

Except Ilya doesn’t seem to be appreciating any of it. He trails behind Shane silently while Shane points out all the features with the gusto of a manic circus ringmaster. Ilya doesn’t really look at the garden, or the fireplace, or the travertine feature wall, or the wine fridge with two separate temperature zones and an 81-bottle capacity.

He mostly looks at Shane. And Shane can’t take it anymore. The frustration reaches a boiling point and spills over.

“Are you ever going to buy a house from me?” Shane demands, and is immediately mortified.

He can feel his face heat. Oh god, he’s just literally yelled at a client. A client who was ready to drop sixty times Shane’s annual salary on a house. He pictures his five-figure commission,

along with his Up and Coming Realtor Award from the Ontario Real Estate Association, being snatched away from him and thrown into the river outside.

Ilya slowly turns to face him from where he'd been staring out the window at the lovely view. "You are angry."

Shane takes a deep breath. "I'm good at my job, I know I am. We have looked at twenty houses, and they have all been like, pretty near perfect. In fact, this one *is* perfect. I'm not sure what I'm doing wrong here."

Ilya looks at Shane for a long moment with an unreadable expression, before his lips quirk up into a small, crooked smile. "I know you are good at your job. But you are also a little bit stupid. And blind."

Shane blinks. "I—I'm not blind. I mean, I wear glasses when I read but—wait, did you just call me stupid?"

Ilya laughs softly, and takes a step closer to Shane. His curls are lit golden in the setting sun. There's something awfully fond in his eyes that makes Shane's chest hurt a bit.

"I thought I was being very obvious. I like you, Shane. I make up stupid excuse to not like house because I want to keep seeing you."

"You- you *what*?"

"I literally took you on a date. I do not know how many more hints I can drop."

"I thought it was a lunch meeting," Shane says, his voice faint. He absentmindedly thinks some part of him should be mad right now, but then Ilya is right in front of him, close enough that he can see each individual mole on his handsome face.

Ilya looks at him, and then reaches out and brushes a finger lightly over Shane's eyebrow, then trails it to his temple to tuck a strand of hair behind his ear. Shane's breath catches in his throat.

"You are very cute."

"I am *not*," Shane tries to protest, but then Ilya's lips are on his and it's so good he suddenly can't remember what he's supposed to be mad about.

"Wait, wait. We can't do this. Not yet. You're my client, it's a...conflict of interest," Shane says weakly, reluctantly pulling away, and even he can hear how unconvincing he sounds.

"Okay." Ilya steps back and surveys the living room briefly. "I buy this one. There, deal done, I am not client anymore. Now you can kiss me."

Shane sputters as Ilya settles his hands on his waist and pulls him in close again. "Ilya, you can't just...hang on, wait. You haven't even *seen* the upstairs yet! What about all your ridiculous requirements for the bedroom?"

Ilya rolls his eyes. “Hollander, first you complain I don’t buy house, now I want to buy house and you are still not happy.”

Shane stares back in disbelief. “You’re insane.”

“I can renovate. If I don’t like anything.” Ilya brings a hand up to cup Shane’s face, gently running a thumb over the freckles on his cheek. “Don’t worry. Is nice house. You are very good at your job.”

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The day after closing, Shane drops by Ilya’s new house with a congratulations hamper. He rings the doorbell, and Ilya answers the door wearing a pair of grey sweatpants and nothing else. There’s a stack of moving cartons behind him in the hallway.

“Congratulations on your new home.”

Ilya’s eyes light up as he looks down at the box. “You buy me a present?”

“It’s...um, it’s a closing gift. From the brokerage.”

“Hmm.” Ilya pouts, actually *pouts*, and Shane can’t believe he finds it adorable, he’s so far gone it’s actually hilarious.

“And I thought maybe it was special present from you.”

Shane is too embarrassed to tell him it actually is, that he’d specially gone online to handpick the contents of the hamper instead of just using one of the standard ones the brokerage orders in bulk. He’d even replaced the generic bottle of red wine with an expensive brand of Russian vodka and added in a bag of gourmet coffee beans.

“Well, I hope you enjoy it,” Shane says instead. “And your new house, of course.”

Ilya accepts the box and leans against the oak door, tilting his head. “Well, are you not coming in?”

Ilya cooks them dinner in his brand-new chef’s kitchen. They eat pasta standing up at the Calacatta marble island, because there’s no barstools yet. After dinner, Ilya presses Shane up against the Brazilian rosewood kitchen cabinets and kisses him so thoroughly that he’s left breathless and hard and aching.

Later that night, Shane learns that the primary bedroom does, in fact, have floor to ceiling windows, dimmable light switches, and speakers built into the ceiling. He also learns there’s an ensuite with a giant marble walk-in shower with about twenty different functions, including massage jets and integrated steam. And two sinks.

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