overtime

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by fonduebroski314 (anon_carrots)

Summary

“Ilya’s been looking forward to today, the only full day they could find together this month. Of course, that’s when one of Ilya’s clients decides he needs to close a deal. He genuinely considers hiring an assassin—pulls the number up on his phone and everything—before Shane talks him out of it.

‘Why don’t I come spend time at the office with you?’”

(Or: Shane warms Ilya's cock. That's it, that's the fic.)

Notes

▶ content warnings

Set after meet me in the dark and pure, unadulterated loathing. If you really tried, though, you can prob read it standalone.

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya pushes his keyboard away from himself for a moment, flexing his arms in an overhead stretch.

Afternoon light bathes his office in hues of orange and red. He's almost upset that he's missing out on such a beautiful day, stuck indoors on a warm Thursday. *Almost.* There's only one thing in the world that could keep him exactly where he is.

He looks down at it now. Shane kneels between his legs, mouth stretched wide around the base of Ilya's cock. His cheek pillows onto Ilya's thigh, eyelids drifting shut.

Ilya swipes his thumb under Shane's chin, wiping away a smear of drool. Shane's expression is completely blissed out. It makes him smile. Hopeless affection pools in his chest.

He strokes Shane's cheek gently.

"*Lyubimyy,* look at me."

Shane reacts slowly, eyes fluttering like he's woken from a long nap.

"You are still okay?"

A slow blink, affirmation, long lashes brushing against the freckles on his cheek. Shane suckles gently at Ilya's cock, pressing sweet little licks where his tongue can reach. His cock has been mostly content to stay soft and warm in Shane's mouth all day, but now stirs with interest.

"Mm," Ilya says. "Not yet, but soon."

He scratches his fingers idly through Shane's scalp. Shane leans into it, somehow pressing closer to Ilya despite his nose already being buried into the thatch of dark golden hair trailing down Ilya's stomach. His throat contracts around Ilya for a moment as he tries to swallow down saliva, only causing more of it to leak from his mouth. The motion of it grips Ilya's cock, smooth and wet and unbearably hot.

Ilya sighs in contentment, returning his attention to the work at hand.

Now that Shane's employed full time, their schedules conflict much more than before. Not to mention that Shane's been traveling with his team for the playoff season over the last three weeks. Svetlana has put up with Ilya openly praying for Ottawa's downfall for almost a month.

Anyway. He's been looking forward to today, the only full day they could find together this month. Of course, that's when one of Ilya's clients decides he needs to close a deal. He genuinely considers hiring an assassin—pulls the number up on his phone and everything.

Gregorovitch has never let him down before; Ilya will have him stage it as a heart attack. But Shane talks him out of it.

“Why don’t I come spend time at the office with you?”

“You would be so bored.”

“I thought I was the boring one, between the two of us.”

“Yes. So imagine how much more boring my work is, for me to say that.”

But Ilya’s mind takes off with the idea. Which leads them here, Shane under his desk, kneeling on a silken cushion, warming Ilya’s cock with his spit-slick mouth.

(He pulls open his bottom desk drawer. Shane makes an offended noise when he peers in.

“I can’t believe you keep lube and condoms in your office, Rozanov. Hang on, are those *handcuffs*?”

Ilya pushes the fuzzy pink monstrosities aside, reaching for the cushion at the very bottom.

“Simply necessities, *da?* I wanted to be ready for your visit. Now, get on your knees.”

Shane is on the floor before he’s finished speaking.

Ilya is half-hard just at the sight of Shane kneeling for him. Ilya’s already removed his belt, and unbuttons the top of his slacks before looking meaningfully at Shane. Shane reaches up toward Ilya’s fly, but Ilya slaps his hands away.

“Mouth only,” Ilya says.

Shane grumbles. “*You* try doing that with your mouth only.”

But then he can’t say anything else, because he’s clamping his teeth down around the little zipper and pulling it down. When Ilya’s slacks are fully open, Shane eyes his white boxers with trepidation.

“You can do it,” Ilya says encouragingly. “Put your university degree to use.”

Shane scowls, craning his neck. “Oh, because you never graduated uni yourself, right?”

“Yup.” Ilya pops the ‘p.’ “Go on, *kotenok*.”

Shane rises slightly off the ground, hands braced on his thighs as he leans in to bite down around Ilya’s waistband. His nose bumps Ilya’s abs, warm breath fanning out on his skin. Ilya’s cock springs out from the underwear as soon as Shane gets it far enough—smacking Shane in the face.

Ilya laughs as Shane reels away, sputtering.

“No, no, come back.” He grips Shane’s hair, grown out longer than he’s seen Shane grow it before, and pulls him in. Admires the way his cock rests on Shane’s face as he pushes Shane back to his knees. Rubs himself against Shane, savoring the smooth glide of skin on skin, drinking in the way that Shane glares up at him from beneath Ilya’s shaft with Ilya’s balls grazing his lips.

“Are you going to do that all day?” Shane says.

“Ah, but you were so fast to kneel for me,” Ilya teases. “Now you are complaining.”

Shane opens his mouth, no doubt to complain more, and Ilya takes the chance to push the tip of his cock between his lips. Shane’s eyes widen as he adjusts to take Ilya. For all his bravado earlier, Shane is eager to swallow Ilya down.

“Now, be a good boy and keep quiet.” Ilya pushes himself all the way into Shane’s mouth, Shane’s breathing unsteady at first but evening out as he forces his throat to relax. “I have some work to do.”)

Now, Ilya’s almost done for the day. He’s typing as fast as he can, nearly overcome with anticipation, ready to fuck Shane over his desk with Shane’s own spit as lube. It makes him sloppy with his work, and he has to double back to fix typos that ultimately only add to how long it takes for him to finish. He takes a deep breath; forces himself to focus.

But just as he’s about to send off the final contract by email, there’s a knock at his door.

It can’t be Svetlana. She had given him a pointed smirk when he led Shane to his office, before steering clear for the rest of the day. His few remaining men who followed him out of the Bratva know not to bother him on a dealership day. So who could it be?

He fists a hand into Shane’s long hair. Perfect length for grabbing, he muses. Calls out, “Come in!”

It’s Haas. The newbie that Svetlana brought in a couple months ago as a junior secretary. His suit jacket looks too big for him, roomy in the shoulders and sleeves falling past his knuckles. He clutches a folder to his chest.

“Mr. Rozanov?”

“Yes?”

Under his desk, Ilya uses his hand to drag Shane backward, away from his cock. Shane makes a hiccupping noise in surprise.

Ilya covers it up with a cough. Raises his eyebrows at Haas.

“What is it?”

“Ah—well,” Haas stammers, “it’s just that, uh, with the deal going through today, I was going through the paperwork and—“

Before Shane can fully pull off of Ilya’s cock, Ilya pushes him back down. He feels Shane’s sharp intake of breath as his mouth and throat are filled again. Ilya repeats the back-and-forth motion with his hand, and Shane gets the message.

“—well, I was just wondering if you could help clarify a few lines for me?” Haas’ voice rises in a question at the end.

Ilya gestures the kid closer with his other hand. Meanwhile, Shane bobs his head slowly, carefully. Ilya switches his grip so that he’s petting Shane’s head in encouragement.

“What do you find confusing,” Ilya says, keeping his voice carefully bored. “Show me.”

Haas flips his folder open. “There’s a clause on this page that seems to contradict the previous item…”

Shane brings a hand up to hold the base of Ilya’s cock, keeping it steady as he continues to suck Ilya off. Heady pleasure fills Ilya at the sensation, and he sighs, blinking his eyes closed.

Haas pauses. “S-sorry, Mr. Rozanov, I’ll try to make this quick—“

It makes Shane stop for a moment, too. Ilya taps the tip of his shoe against Shane’s leg, urging him to keep going.

“No, no,” Ilya says, alert again. “It has been long day. Not directed at you. Let’s check the wording on the next page to see consistency.”

They work through the file. Ilya’s cock slowly hardens with each slick movement of Shane’s mouth; he feels almost lazy with indulgence. If Haas weren’t standing in front of him, he would push his chair back to look at Shane.

He imagines him instead; saliva and precome dripping down his chin, red lips stretched obscenely around Ilya’s cock, a pretty blush across his cheeks. The thought sends a spike down his stomach and to his groin, and he bites back a moan.

Despite his assurances to the contrary, Haas must sense that Ilya is running out of patience. He speeds through the rest of the file, scribbling Ilya’s revisions in an illegible scrawl like his life depends on it.

Shane gives a particularly hard suck, swirling his tongue along Ilya’s shaft. Ilya jumps, muttering a curse.

“Just noticing the time,” he assures a rapidly-paling Haas.

“Y-you’re right!” Haas stammers. “I’ve taken up enough of your day. Good luck with the rest of your deal, Mr. Rozanov, thankyougoodbye!”

He practically sprints out of the room.

Ilya hardly notices. His office door has barely swung shut when he grabs Shane's hair again.

"Hold onto me," he says, "and keep your head still."

Shane obediently curls his fingers into his slacks, jaw slackening in anticipation.

And then he's fucking into Shane's mouth with a snap of his hips. Shane grunts softly, but doesn't tap out. Ilya sets a brutal pace, thrusting with wild abandon after restraining himself all afternoon. It couldn't be further from how gentle he's been till now—but Shane takes it eagerly, had gone down so quickly earlier in the day to begin with. Desperate to be on his knees for Ilya.

He'd described it to Ilya as a sensation of peace, once. The pleasure of sex was nice, but what he craved more was how Ilya put him in his place and kept him there. That he knew he could follow Ilya's lead without question. Like he could turn off his thoughts for a little while and just *exist*.

Ilya groans, fisting Shane's hair tightly. Shane makes him feel a similar way, he thinks. Like his only job in the world is to make Shane feel good. To take care of him, and love him, and satisfy him. To know that Shane, sputtering and choking and crying on his cock, needs this more than anything. Starbursts dance behind his eyelids. His heart pounds.

Ilya shoves forward, swearing. He comes, orgasm pulsing in waves as he keeps Shane's head pinned in place. Shane sucks him through it, and he can't tell if the wet feeling around his cock is come or spit. Probably both. Ilya's chest heaves, and he's unable to speak for a moment. Pleasure sings through his veins, molten hot with Shane's mouth.

When he starts to come down, he pulls Shane off of Ilya's spent cock. Tears leak from his eyes, spit from his mouth. Ilya wants so badly to take a picture. But he's not sure where his phone is, and Shane would only force him to delete it later.

Instead, he says, "open for me, *lyubimyy.* Let me see."

Obediently, Shane opens his mouth. He's careful not to spill any of Ilya's come, despite panting for breath. A pretty red blush dusts his cheeks against his freckles. Ilya cups Shane's jaw, stroking gently with his thumb as he admires the sight.

"Good boy. Now swallow."

Shane swallows. His throat bobs once, twice. Eyes drifting far away.

Ilya taps his jaw in a gentle reminder. Dreamily, Shane opens his mouth again for Ilya to see it clean. Ilya traces his finger inside Shane's lip, stroking over Shane's tongue, admiring.

Abruptly, Ilya needs to kiss him. He sinks down, sliding out of his office chair to be level with Shane. He kisses tongue-first, chasing the traces of his own come mixed salt from Shane's tears, all underscored by a flavor that is uniquely Shane. Shane clings to Ilya as he coaxes small whimpers from him.

They break apart, panting, a string of spit trailing between their lips. Ilya's hand drifts down to the tent in Shane's pants. Reaches down into Shane's waistband, and sets about making Shane feel just as good as Ilya does. Palms his length, digging his thumb into Shane's slit, just a bit too tight the way he knows Shane likes it. Sets a brutal pace that has Shane clinging to Ilya's shoulders, panting against his neck as he becomes steadily overwhelmed with sensation.

It's over quickly, Shane a writhing mess as he comes into Ilya's hand. Little gasps of his name, tumbling past swollen lips, hushed in the quiet of the office.

Ilya lifts his hand to Shane's mouth.

"Look, you've made it all dirty."

Shane doesn't hesitate, lapping Ilya's fingers with his tongue, swallowing down his own come eagerly with a whine until Ilya's hand shines only with spit. He hums softly in contentment, pulling Shane's head into his arms in a hug. Runs his fingers through Shane's hair.

"Speak to me, *lyubimyy.* How do you feel?"

"Good," Shane murmurs. His voice cracks, slightly hoarse from being used all day. "I'm… I can't think straight. You always make my head all empty." His head lists forward. "I missed this. Missed you."

Ilya uses his sleeve to wipe at Shane's mouth. "I missed you too. You were perfect, as usual."

"Mm. This was a good idea."

Ilya laughs. "Yes, it was, wasn't it?"

He's glad he didn't have his client assassinated, after all.

Luca's face feels like it's on fire. He flees down the hallway, clutching his file to his chest. As he rounds the corner, he nearly collides with Ms. Vetrova.

"Slow down, rookie," she says, teasing. "Why are you in such a hurry?"

"Um…" he says, intelligently.

She takes in his state of embarrassment, eyes scanning over the the file in his hands. Barks out a laugh.

"You went to Ilyusha's office? I warned you not to. Not when his boy is here."

He makes a strangled noise. His blush rises to his ears.

“Next time, you should listen to my advice.” She pats his cheek and walks away.

“Y-yes, Ms. Vetrova!”

End Notes

Luca: i feel bad bothering Mr Rozanov about this small issue when he has that deal going through today
Luca: hmm kinda weird he brought his boyfriend in but I don't see him anywhere
Luca: wait, whats that noise—
Luca: oh my god
Luca: oh my god
Luca: mom can you come pick me up i'm scared

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