

I Loon You Not

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I Loon You Not

by [M_Riah](#)

Summary

Shane is still sleeping when Ilya decides to get some fresh air on the dock.

A duel begins...

Notes

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

The sun had been shining extra-hard that day.

The morning dew still lingering on the wooden dock and in the trees had almost made Ilya want to go back under the bed and snuggle closer to Shane, absorbing all the warmth that their tangled bodies had created during the night. But the view from the bedroom's window had been too enticing for him to resist, so he had taken one of the many blankets Shane had dropped on the floor in the middle of the night, dropped a gentle kiss in the corner of his mouth and had quietly left the room, draping the blanket around his own shoulders.

The wet wood was cold under his feet and his breath was creating a foggy cloud in front of him. He gently shivered. At this instant, nothing else mattered but the sun rising in front of his eyes, the lake reflecting the thousands of colours he couldn't even remember the name of and the cold air caressing his face. He smiled. This morning almost felt like an impossible dream. He turned his head to the window behind him where he could see the shape of his boyfriend's sleeping body who had moved to where Ilya had been minutes before, his body probably unknowingly sensing his absence.

"Cute Canadian boy."

Ilya smiled at the adorable scene in front of him, inhaling at the same time the blanket surrounding him. Shane's smell was all over it. Sandalwood and citrus, probably some organic body wash he had ordered from a fancy online store giving half their profit to endangered flowers or insects. He chuckled at the thought.

He sat on one of the lounge chairs, watching the sun rise for a while, looking at the ducks and many other birds floating on the lake, listening to the croaks of frogs and the buzzing of some tiny flying stinging atrocities starting to wake up.

That's when Ilya noticed it for the first time. A black shadow, looming like a predator in a vicious war of survival. With its bloodshot eyes and long pointy weapon, it was looking straight at him, as if waiting for him to make the tiniest of movements before jumping on him to attack and stab him, leaving him for dead on Shane's expensive wooden dock.

"You don't scare me."

Still, it kept looking, silent.

"You are stupid Canadian wolf bird. I am strong angry Russian."

"Are you fighting with the loon again?"

Shane's voice made him jump. The blanket fell from Ilya's shoulders, making him realise it was now way less cold than when he had first stepped out. On the lake, the loon that had been staring at him swam to a more peaceful side of the lake.

Shane was standing behind him, in his underwear. His hair was messy and his eyes were puffy from just waking up. He was rubbing his eyes, still not used to the outside light. Ilya got up immediately, taking Shane in his arms and gently rocking him from side to side. Shane

rested his head in the crook of Ilya's neck, melting in his embrace while enjoying a few more minutes of sleep.

"Am not fighting with loon. Loon is fighting with me."

"I'm not sure a loon has the emotional intelligence to be maintaining a daily duel with you, Ilya." Shane mumbled, smirking

"First of all, you're using many big English words for someone who just woke up. Second of all, you don't see the way his tiny red eyes were looking at me. Big anger and hate in those eyes."

Shane shrugged.

"I don't know, maybe you should meet it halfway then. Show the loon you wanna befriend it. That you can both share the lake without anyone wanting to hunt the other away."

Ilya took Shane by the shoulders, looking at his slightly more awake eyes.

"Befriend the loon ? That is solution ? Befriend bird and share the cottage ?"

Shane laughed, looking at Ilya as if the man standing in front of him was the perfect personification of his entire love, heart and reason to be. You know what, after all, maybe he really was.

"I never said to share the cottage. Just maybe you could both live in peace together someday."

"Is mating season, Shane. Loon is not alone. I will not survive baby loons in lake with me. They might keep me under when I go for swim."

Shane rolled his eyes, a smile still present on his face.

"I'm sure they will. C'mon, let's go get breakfast, I'm starving."

Shane grabbed Ilya by the hand, guiding him inside. The blanket left on the floor, the loon swimming peacefully on the lake, Ilya thought maybe Shane was right. Maybe he could make peace with the loon and its future progeniture, especially if it meant more peaceful mornings like the one he just had, and the many more he was so excited to have and share with Shane. He just had to think of a way to make that peace treaty more concrete. Maybe he'll make the loon sign something. No, that was ridiculous, loons couldn't sign official peace treaties. He'll just make something a bit less extravagant. He'll befriend the loon by showing it the two were not so different from the other. Maybe he'll start by asking Shane to teach him how to bird talk first, and once he'll be able to communicate with the bird, Ilya was thinking of maybe accepting their brand new friendship with a little non-official signature. Maybe he'll get the loon a gift. Maybe he'll get it tattooed, that way the loon would accept him as one of his own. Yes, that seemed like a reasonable idea. A loon tattoo.

Ilya nodded to himself. He'll book an appointment for next week. Surely this was the best option. Nothing screamed unafraid of a wolf bird more than inking it on his body. Shane

would love the idea. He smiled. And he really loved it too.

End Notes

Hey, this is a very short story about Shane and Ilya +1 being cute together. Maybe I'll update this story with a few more One-Shots. Enjoy !

PS: Wrote this while at work, so sorry if there are any mistakes..

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