

would you still love me if I was a loon?

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would you still love me if I was a loon?

by [probablyrunning](#)

Summary

"WouldyoustilllovemeifIwasaloon?" Shane blurted.

At that, Ilya clicked his phone shut, dropped it on his chest, and gazed straight into Shane's eyes. "What?" Ilya asked.

"You heard me. Would you still love me if I was a loon?" Shane could feel his cheeks turning hot.

"Why would you be loon?" Ilya's brows furrowed in obvious confusion. "How would you turn into loon?"

[Or the reason why Ilya got a loon tattoo]

Notes

I wrote this in a caffeine-induced state at three am after posting on threads
Shane to Ilya: Would you still love me if I was a loon?

This scene is a few days after Ilya's first visit to the cottage.

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

At the Cottage

It was a quiet night in the cottage. The colors of twilight seeped through the windows and both Shane and Ilya were engrossed on their phones. ESPN played softly in the background.

Shane was tangled under heavy blankets while Ilya absentmindedly played footsies with him. They'd spent the entire day swimming in the lake, eating chickpea tacos (a new recipe Shane found online), and enjoying each other's company.

As far as days went, this one was completely perfect.

From across the long couch, Shane studied his boyfriend. Ilya's cheeks were pink from the blazing summer sun. And his hair had turned a little lighter compared to when he came to the cottage a week ago.

It really is unfair how attractive he is, Shane thought. He considered crawling all the way across the expansive couch and nestling himself in Ilya's chest. Shane knew he would be extra cozy in Ilya's strong arms, but they'd been attached to the hip for the past week.

Shane knew they were still in the honeymoon phase of their newly established relationship, but was it normal to want someone this much? It felt like his heart was going to burst from all the love he was harboring for Ilya. It made him want to squeeze Ilya and give him kisses for all eternity.

Ilya pressed his lips together, engrossed in whatever he was watching on his phone. So Shane just took the moment of stillness to memorize Ilya's face. To rejoice in the fact that the man he loved was here, in his cottage, with him.

A few more minutes of silence passed before Shane asked, "Hey Ilya?"

"Mmm?" He didn't look up from the screen, just swished his toes against Shane's a little faster, to let him know he was paying attention.

"WouldyoustilllovemeifIwasaloon?" Shane blurted.

At that, Ilya clicked his phone shut, dropped it on his chest, and gazed straight into Shane's eyes. "What?" Ilya asked.

"You heard me. Would you still love me if I was a loon?" Shane could feel his cheeks turning hot.

"Why would you be loon?" Ilya's brows furrowed in obvious confusion. "*How* would you turn into loon?"

Shane rolled his eyes. "That's besides the point. Answer me." It was a simple yes or no answer.

"First tell me why you want to turn into one of those stupid Canadian wolf birds. Then I can answer."

Shane shook his head. "I don't want to *turn* into a loon. But... say we were in another universe, and *I* was loon. Would you still love me?"

Ilya seemed to consider the question for a few beats. "Would Loon-Shane still be boring?"

Shane tried not to laugh but failed. "Probably."

Ilya pursed his lips and nodded. "And me? Would I be human. Or loon?"

Shane shrugged. "Do you *want* to be a loon?"

Ilya wrinkled his nose and Shane couldn't get over how cute Ilya looked.

"No. I don't want to be loon." Ilya said, with a hint of panic in his eyes. Shane was about to tell him that in this hypothetical scenario, Ilya could still be human, even if Shane was a loon, when Ilya continued, "But, I guess, if in this, umm universe, you were loon... I would also want to be loon. With you. So yes, I would still love you if you were a loon." Ilya threw his phone somewhere on the couch and moved towards Shane. When his face was inches away from Shane's, Ilya whispered, "I love you in every universe, sweetheart."

At first, Shane had asked the question as a bit of a joke. But now his eyes were swimming in tears and his heart felt even fuller than before. Like it might burst at any second. "You would?" Shane asked softly.

"I think so. Probably, yes." Ilya's smile was soft. His eyes locked with Shane's.

Shane cut the distance between their lips and kissed Ilya in earnest. He wanted to tell Ilya how much he loved him and appreciated him, but the English language didn't have all the words he would need to make such a declaration. Actually, he doubted any language would suffice.

Shane pulled Ilya on top of him and they kissed for a long stretch of time, neither of them escalating the make out session.

Eventually, Ilya pulled Shane onto his chest and kissed the top of Shane's head.

"I love you," Shane murmured, before he fell asleep in his boyfriend's arms.

The next day, when Shane came back from his afternoon run, Ilya was gone (and so was Shane's "boring" car). A post-it note on the fridge let him know that Ilya would be back soon. He heard the front door just as he was finishing his shower. After getting dressed, Shane found Ilya in the kitchen. His shoulder was covered in some sort of plastic. And there was a drawing underneath it.

Wait, did Ilya...

"Did you get a tattoo?" Shane asked. As he came closer to where Ilya stood drinking a glass of water, he realized it wasn't just any tattoo. It was... a loon.

End Notes

As always, thank you so so much for reading, your lovely comments, and kudos! They seriously make my day. Feel free to come find me over on threads or Instagram -- @romancerunner. I post updates on fics and other upcoming projects.

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