

guppy

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by Anonymous

Summary

Ilya calls him rypka sometimes. It means little fish. He had said it was because Shane looks like a stupid guppy with a gaping mouth.

or

Shane's been thinking about his childhood pet fish a lot lately.

Notes

i am back haha. as always mind the tags

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

Shane was 7 when he got his first fish. He had wanted a fish for a while. Had been asking his parents constantly if he could please have a fish. He'd be so responsible. He'd clean the bowl, remember to feed it. He'd cherish it. He's not really sure why he wanted a fish so badly. He never thought twice about a fish before or after. It was just something you were supposed to do as a kid. Every kid had a pet fish at some point. It's what kids did. And Shane wanted to do that. He wanted to be a kid in the right way. So, he needed to own a fish.

His name was Puck and he was a goldfish from Pet Valu. His little bowl was set up on Shane's dresser. He was supposed to only feed Puck 2 times a day. Once right when he woke up and once right before bedtime. But he snuck off to his room often to give Puck extra snacks. He liked the way the fish flakes smelled - briney and, well, fishy. It made his mouth water pleasantly. He would hold the open container of fish flakes under his nose while watching Puck bob up to the surface to eat the ones he had sprinkled in the bowl. Occasionally dipping a fingertip through the surface of the water to get Puck's attention. The orange little fish would wrap it's smooth wet mouth around his finger. Then he'd breathe in hard through his nose like he was trying to make the scent of it go all the way to the back of his skull. It made him shiver in a way he didn't recognize until way later in life.

Puck lived for almost 4 weeks. He hadn't even gone through a whole canister of fish flakes when Shane found him floating on top of the water.

Outside of movies Shane had never experienced death before. At 7 he knew, had known, that when someone died you're supposed to feel sad. Looking at Puck's little floating body he didn't feel sad. He picked up the fish flakes and shook the container a few times as had been his routine every day for the past 4 weeks. He peeled the lid off and placed it under his nose.

Yuna had walked in on him standing there huffing fish flakes scent up his nostrils. She had said his name so slowly, so carefully, her voice almost sounded distorted.

"Puck died," Shane said, voice flat. He inhaled the musky fish scent deeply, eyes rolling in the back of his head. Not getting to do this every morning anymore makes him feel sadder than Puck dying.

"Oh, Shane. I'm so sorry," Yuna had tutted, kissed his head. hugged him. He wiggled out of her reach, nose buried deep into the fish flakes container.

He knew what came next. His belly flipped a little in perverse excitement. He knew you weren't supposed to be excited when someone died. You were supposed to be sad. Sad. Not excited. He was excited.

"I get to flush him down the toilet, right?" Shane had asked, trying to hide his excitement. He thought he did a good job keeping his voice steady but he couldn't stop his eyes from quickly darting back and forth in rapid succession.

"We'll give him a good viking funeral," Yuna promised.

The entire walk from his bedroom to the bathroom, Yuna carrying Puck's lifeless body in a blue fish net, he had repeated the question. *I get to flush him, right? I get to flush him, right? I get to flush him, right? Mommy, I get to flush him, right?*

In the bathroom Yuna had handed over the fish net and Shane took no time in turning it over. Puck slid out plopping into the water. Shane half expected the fish to start swimming in the toilet but Puck continued to just float lifeless on his side. Yuna was saying something, to this day Shane has no idea what, he wasn't listening. He flushed the toilet mid-sentence of whatever it was. He rocked on his heels, hands up by his shoulders, and head nodding. Puck went round and round and round. He flapped his hands as Puck was sucked down the toilet.

He rocked there until the water in the tank stopped running. He turned around and Yuna was staring at him funny. Her eyes were a little wider than usual and her lips downturned. It made his tummy hurt. It felt like something was gnawing on the inside trying to eat its way out of him. He burst into tears.

Shane's been thinking about Puck a lot lately. He hadn't thought about his childhood pet in probably two decades but since Ilya's birthday he hasn't been able to stop. He thinks about the smell of the fish flakes, the tingling sensation he got from Puck's mouth around his fingers, the euphoric joy of watching his dead fish circle the toilet bowl.

Ilya calls him rypka sometimes. It means little fish. He had said it was because Shane looks like a stupid guppy with a gaping mouth. That he sucks dick like a pathetic little guppy. Shane used to find it cute, a little humiliating, but he didn't mind that part at all. Now, whenever the affection leaves Ilya's mouth Shane can't stop the horrifying image of his childhood goldfish puckering its flappy mouth around his dick. His gaping fish mouth open comedically wide mouthing at the tip of his cock. It's disgusting. It makes him feel sick. And it makes him so hard.

He thinks Ilya's starting to pick up on the response because he's started using the name more. Him absolutely choking on the water he was drinking the first time Ilya used the name after his birthday probably didn't help.

That was one of Ilya's favorite times to call him that. His cheeks puffed up full of water as he drank from his bottle.

Ilya smiled at him so sweetly, gently placed a hand on one of his puffy cheeks and said, "So thirsty rypka, yes."

Suddenly, Shane's fucking pet fish from when he was 7 was trying to suck his dick in his mind. His actual cock got so hard so quick he didn't know how blood was managing to flow to his heart, and he had choked so hard he had spit in Ilya's face and water spurted out of his nose.

He bent over at the waist, hands clutching Ilya's pecs, as he coughed. Ilya had rubbed his back until his coughing fit was over. Then, Shane fell to his knees and begged Ilya to let him suck his dick.

He took him deep in his throat. His nose shoved into the wiry curl of Ilya's pubes. He breathed in the scent, letting the smell of musk, sweat, and undeniable man calm him. He sucked and sucked, until he was the fish. He was the gaping mouthed stupid little guppy slobbering all over the cock in his throat.

Ilya pulled out of his mouth, saliva stringing from his cock, and came on his face with a few short strokes. Shane came in his pants from imagining Ilya gutting him like a fish.

"Let's go swim," Ilya suggests. It's a nice summer day at the cottage and despite Ilya insisting Shane is the little fish he's actually the one who could spend all day in the water. Shane loves watching Ilya in the water. He's free in the water. Free to be his unabashed silly self. It's one of Shane's favorite sights.

"You can swim," Shane says. "I'll sit and watch."

"Mm, you want to ogle me, yes," Ilya teases, kissing him sweetly.

Shane blushes, "I just don't feel like getting wet."

Shane sits on the edge of the little dock leading out to the water legs dangling over. Ilya is circling him like a shark intermittently splashing him and biting at his toes.

Cold wet fingers wrap around his ankle and tug. He kicks at Ilya with his free foot.

"Asshole, leave me alone," Shane laughs.

"Come swim," Ilya whines. He tugs at his ankle again and then brings Shane's foot up to his mouth, sinking his teeth into the meat of it.

"Ow! Stop it!" Shane shouts, kicking him again.

"Then come swim," He mumbles from around Shane's foot.

"I'm in my clothes," Shane says. Ilya grinds his teeth into the skin making Shane shout in pain. He goes to kick Ilya again, aiming for his head, but is thwarted by Ilya grabbing at his other ankle.

Both ankles are clutched by two big hands and he's being dragged into the water. The cold shocks him, first taking his breath away. It seeps into his shorts and shirt, the clothing clinging heavily against him. The sensation makes his skin crawl.

His feet are kicking furiously below him and his arms are slapping at the water uselessly. Ilya wraps an arm around his torso holding him to his chest.

"You forget how to swim, rypka?" Ilya asks.

An involuntary moan escapes from his throat. A rush of heat runs through his body, his cock trying to chub up, even in spite of the cold water. He wraps his legs around Ilya, his crotch pressed against his belly. He suppresses the urge to grind against his tummy.

“What is going on with you, Shane?” Ilya asks, a hand cupping Shane’s cheek.

Shane burrows his face against Ilya’s neck. He shakes his head, nose smooshed almost painfully, and shakes and shakes and shakes. Ilya just lets him. He always does. He’s good about giving Shane the time he needs. Shane tries to not take advantage of that but he needs a lot of time. He must have been shaking for a long time because Ilya is putting a hand on the back of his head to steady him.

He pushes back and looks up at his husband. He’s looking at him with a mixture of confusion and affection. Shane’s not sure how to navigate that. He bites at his lip. He wishes he wasn’t in sopping wet clothes.

“Shane?” Ilya says.

“I can’t stop thinking about you gutting me like a fish,” Shane blurts. “Dragging me out of the water. Laying me on the lakeshore and ripping my fucking guts out. I want to be your fucking stupid little fish in a puddle of blood and guts and your cum. I want you to turn me into fucking chum.”

Ilya doesn’t say anything. He just clenches his jaw and swallows hard. It makes Shane feel so, so dumb. He feels fingers press into his scalp, fingernails digging into the skin, and then a sharp pull at his hair. He’s looking anywhere but at Ilya.

Ilya’s still pulling at his hair when his other hand moves to his face. He smooshes Shane’s cheeks and forces him to make eye contact. He kisses Shane’s puffed out lips.

“Oh, olenonok,” He whispers.

Then Shane is shoved under the water. Ilya’s got both hands on his shoulders pressing him down. It’s so unexpected he doesn’t even thrash. Water is violently sucked up his nose and fills his throat. Ilya is pulling him back up. He throws up water once he breaches the surface. Coughing. Heaving. Struggling to breathe. Throat finally clear but he can’t fucking breathe. He can’t fucking breathe.

He’s pushed under again. This time he does try to resist. His arms find Ilya’s and attempt to push them off. His legs thrash under him trying to find any purchase on the bottom of the slimy lake bed. Plant matter and mud slide between his toes and under his nail beds making him nauseous.

The water is weighing heavy on him. It closes in all around him. He can’t escape the pressure of it against his skin. It feels like he’s going to implode from it. He’s going to fucking drown. He’s going to fucking drown.

He’s pulled up once more and he falls limp against Ilya’s chest. It hurts to breathe. His chest rattles and burns like he has a bad cold with each shaky inhale. He thinks he may be crying but he can’t tell.

“No, no, olenonok,” Ilya tuts. “Look at me.”

He forces his head to move. It feels like it weighs 100 pounds, like if he turns it it'll snap his neck right off. He looks up at Ilya who smiles at him and then slaps him hard in the face. Cold, sick, humiliation spears through him when Ilya's palm meets his cheek with a red hot sting. He pushes off Ilya - bobbing and sinking under the water.

"Swim, rypka," Ilya tells him.

And Shane does. He sets off towards the shore. It's not far in distance. Not far at all. But it feels like miles. His wet clothes sit heavy on his body weighing him down. He struggles to get his limbs to cooperate. For all his speed and strength on the ice he was always a bit useless in the water.

He's so close to being able to claw his way onto the sand when he feels the familiar grip around his legs. He's pulled back into the water. Ilya flops him around like an orca playing with a seal. He hits the water with a stinging slap. He manages to get one leg free and places a solid kick against Ilya's thigh that has him bending at the knee.

Shane can't get his other leg free. Ilya is squeezing him so hard it's tingling, bruising. His grip is so warm. So, so warm. Ilya drags him from the water to the shore. His shirt rides up from friction and his exposed belly scrapes against the rocky ground.

Shane is panting, chest heaving from exertion. His stomach hurts from ingesting lake water. He's clawing at the ground sinking his fingernails in deep trying to pull himself away. None of this feels real anymore. It's not real. Not real. Not real.

"Ilya," Shane moans. He's so tired.

"Hm?" Ilya hums. He pushes Shane's face into the ground. "You want, yes?"

"No, no," Shane cries. "Stop! Please, just stop."

Ilya's snaking a hand under him and unbuttoning his shorts. Shane's breath hitches violently and Ilya laughs at him. He slides the shorts down to Shane's ankles, the wet fabric rubbing painfully against his skin as he does. His bare ass is out and he can feel the cold breeze against his damp skin. He feels so horribly exposed.

"Please, no," Shane gasps. "I-I'm sor-sorry."

"Sorry? Olenonok, what are you sorry for?"

"I don't know," Shane cries miserably. "I'm just sorry."

"You should be sorry," Ilya says. His voice is rough. Dangerous. "You're the reason I do this. You make me fucking crazy."

There's a weight on top of him and that familiar warmth. Ilya's always so warm. He makes him feel warm. When they're together it's like summer. He loves summer with Ilya.

The hard length of Ilya's cock is pushed between his cheeks. He clenches his glutes, tightening every muscle in his body.

“Fuck,” Ilya moans. He thrusts between his cheeks, the dry friction mostly unpleasant. Shane tries to relax his body to lessen the friction but he can’t. He’s so locked up. Rigid. Tight. He can’t fucking move.

“No more, please,” Shane mumbles. “No more. No more. No more.”

Ilya’s cock is prodding at his hole. Thick precome is leaking from the tip. Ilya’s so turned on. Shane’s belly flips at how turned on Ilya is. He’s so wet. It’s making Shane’s crack wet but it’s not enough. It’s not enough. Ilya’s pushing, forcing, his way in. Shane’s rim is tight and he can’t stop his body from tightening more as the thick intrusion is bullied into him.

Shane lets out a scream when Ilya forces himself all the way in. It hurts. It fucking hurts.

“Quiet!” Ilya grunts.

Shane can’t be quiet. Each thrust elicits a choked scream from him.

Ilya scoops up a handful of dirt and shoves it into Shane’s mouth. He keeps feeding dirt into his mouth until the screams are completely muffled. Shane is choking on the debris in his mouth, struggling to breathe from his stuffed up nose. He manages to spit most out and swallows the rest. The grit of it scratching his throat. And Ilya just brutalizes him.

His thrusts are hard. He bottoms out with each one, stomach hitting against Shane’s ass with an audible slap. The stretch is intense. It burns. There’s a suspicious wetness dripping from his hole that Shane thinks might be blood.

“My stupid fucking guppy,” Ilya moans. “Bleeding out for me like a gutted fucking fish. Rypka, you are a dirty whore.”

It hurts. It hurts so bad. Shane’s dick is so hard. It’s pressed between his belly and the ground. He’s leaking so much there’s a goopy little puddle on the ground. The cum-mud mixture smears across his belly, sticky and gross.

Ilya’s thrusts are becoming erratic, uncontrolled, he’s fully on top of Shane biting at his ear, his neck, his lips. He’s mumbling to himself in Russian and making noises through his teeth. He’s so close.

Shane’s flexing his fingers. Over and over and over. Ilya’s keeping a hand on his head and he can’t shake it. He wants to shake his head so bad. He has so much energy inside his body he can’t get out. He wants to bang his fucking head on the ground. Over and over and over. He grinds his dick against the ground. It hurts. It hurts. He grinds down more. He claws his flexing fingers so deep into the ground they’re buried to the knuckle. He curls his toes against the ground until the joints pop. He comes with his entire body thrashing.

“Oh, fuck,” Ilya moans with something like astonishment, maybe even admiration. Shane can’t really tell. Nothing really feels real anymore. Ilya’s spilling deep inside him. He can feel his seed settling deep in his bowels. Ilya collapses on top of him dick still nestled inside. He nuzzled into Shane’s hair.

“You are okay, lyubimyy?” Ilya asks.

Shane lets out a happy hum. He brings his hands to his face, rubs his muddied face, and shakes his head. Over and over. Ilya chuckles, his breath tickling Shane’s skin pleasantly.

They lay there for a while. Ilya on top of him. Shane smiling into the dirt.

“Okay, we can go inside now,” Shane declares. Ilya, as always, indulges him.

End Notes

pt 1 ilya was in the silent hill hallway
pt 2 shane is at the pet store lol

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