

i'll only let sunshine kiss

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by [Acinonyx1](#)

Summary

Shane had known of Ilya Rozanov since his cottage stood on the shores of the lake.

The creature had yanked him off his jetski one summer. And whilst Shane had flailed, sure he'd met his end - via drowning or mauling yet to be determined - Ilya had brought him back to the surface, laughed as water had streamed from Shane's nose, tapped his freckles and disappeared.

Now, many years later, Ilya lounges on Shane's dock, a burger held in his webbed hands and a frown on his face.

Or, a hockey player by the name of Ilya Rozanov does not exist. But a being that inhabits a lake in Ottawa does.

Notes

Alternate Universe where the tv show had enough budget for a proper dock instead of making poor Shane sit on a pebble. Oh, and Ilya is a merman.

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“Do you like it?” Shane asks.

“Is ok.” Ilya shrugs back and makes another swipe for Shane's sunglasses.

Shane makes a valiant fight back, mouth full of burger and ketchup on his chin. Ilya despises the frames, his past attempts having already bent the plastic out of shape so they sit uneven on Shane's nose. Something about hiding Shane's eyes. For he certainly doesn't hold the same attitude towards his reading glasses, having had Shane bent in half and on his cock the first time he'd seen them.

“‘uck you!” Shane slaps him away and Ilya retreats, though he's left with little defensive ground when Ilya takes up 12 feet of the dock.

There aren't enough meds in the world to disappear the sight of him. Shane had certainly thought himself quite mad all those years ago after he'd pulled himself back to the shore. Perhaps a hard puck between the eyes had...

But no.

Ilya is real. Real fucking real.

Fish and man and whatever else is needed to merge the two.

He's bronze and gold in the sun. Thick with muscle from chest to fin. Scales glistening in the light and skin littered with moles from all the years when only the sun had been blessed to kiss them onto his body.

Ilya has been ashore for several hours today, curls dried and lighter in color.

And Shane has gotten all too comfortable with him. His presence, his body, and his rapidly growing English vocabulary.

Which Ilya makes good use of when he rolls to close the gap between them once more.

“We will have sex after,” he says rather than asks, waving his burger at Shane before cramming the last of it into his mouth. “An’ you will s'ay all ‘oo wee's.”

Shane laughs, tips his head back and bumps his shoulder against Ilya's. "Yes. And yes. I told my parents I'm on a silent retreat."

"You will still not tell them?"

"No," Shane says quickly. "No. Well - not yet. Maybe. Maybe next summer. I don't know."

"It is difficult, yes? Because of me." Ilya gestures at himself. "But also because of *me*."

Shane snorts. "Yeah. Trying to guess which would be easier to swallow."

Species or gender.

Realistically, he knows the answer. Shane knows his parents. Knows that homosexuality...his mother can both sell *and* accept. The supernatural, a little harder to navigate. But that hasn't done enough to dislodge the self-loathing formed decades ago in the pit of his stomach, that had only dug its claws in further when kissing Ilya for the first time had made everything feel right.

He could have found a nice man in Montreal. One with two legs. That would have resolved one issue and only left the one that has Shane blinking away tears at how hard he's *tried*.

But Ilya has lured him back, year after year after year. With touch and kiss and voice and memories that Shane has bottled up. So there's two issues, packaged up as Ilya, whom Shane is unwilling to let go of.

Ilya notices. Swallows. Changes the subject.

"We can fuck in the water."

"Do you want me to drown?"

"I would not let you."

Both a truth and a lie. Because Ilya sure does find Shane's swimming amusing.

"Don't you want to come to bed? We could fuck...sleep...just be us."

"*Hollander*." The name rolls off Ilya's tongue. "You would make me come inside? With...um, stars."

"Stairs."

Ilya exhales; offended and dramatic and *so* Ilya. His tail thumps on the dock and they both know he's won when Shane rolls his eyes.

"Alright. Alright!" He hops to his feet, dusts off burger crumbs. "Stay there." He jogs back up to the cottage. There's lube somewhere, and Shane wants to store his sunglasses safely before Ilya takes the opportunity to lose them in the lake.

“No Hollander, I was going to drive off,” Ilya calls after him.

“Yeah, fuck you, Rozanov.”

It’s not his real surname - Ilya doesn’t have one - but it is his name, part of it at least. Whilst their younger selves had communicated with gestures and expressions and fucking so hard that nothing else but moaning was required, Shane had pieced *Ilya* and *Rozanov* together when trying to pull a name forth. It has stuck since, and Ilya is always rather pleased when Shane sighs it.

It’s evidently what he’s after now, because when Shane returns, bottle in hand, Ilya is already crawling towards him. The wooden dock groans under the weight of his tail and water ripples when his fin catches the surface.

“Ilya.”

“Shane,” Ilya purrs.

He has a register that goes lower than human; a deep groaning thrum he lets out that goes straight to Shane’s cock and not much else.

Shane has watched Ilya hunt before: followed with jetski after the waves his mass forms when he swims at speed and has had to swallow down the heat in his lower stomach of wishing he were the prey. Ilya had of course sniffed him out after.

And made Shane his next conquest.

This time, Shane is an easy hunt, offering himself up to the creature, lube in hand and a hard cock wanting. He *should* put up more of a fight...

“Not in the water,” Shane bargains when Ilya tugs down his swimming trunks.

“These?” Ilya lifts the clothing with one finger. “Or you?”

“Both.” He rolls his eyes at the deep rumble from Ilya’s chest.

“Here then?” Ilya is already kissing a trail up Shane’s thighs. He likes them - legs. Both from a curiosity standpoint, and because he can bend them until Shane’s toes are by his ears.

Shane would rather not have the sun tanning his hole, but Ilya will claim him in the lake otherwise and he’s too smitten to refuse either way. He hisses when a tongue laps over his cock.

“Y-Yeah...here,” he says, and has to steady himself against Ilya’s shoulders when said man tries to pull him down to the floor. “Easy! You don’t want me to get another concussion.”

Ilya pulls away suddenly, face twisted and hurt. “Shane...do not joke about stuff like that.” He had been devastated when Shane had told him about his accident on the ice. He’d showered Shane with kisses upon their reunion, making up for the sour faces Shane had spotted in the mornings from the shore during his recovery at his parents’.

Cursing his misplaced words, Shane goes to cup Ilya's face when he catches the glint in his eyes.

"*Oh*. Says you!" He exclaims.

"Wow!" Ilya gasps, opening up. "I do not joke about serious things. I have never done this."

And yet Shane distinctly remembers the first time Ilya had come ashore, on their fifth meeting or so. With no mutual language and even less understanding of Ilya's biological needs, Shane had pulled up a photo of a dried fish and pointed at Ilya, who had proceeded to '*dry out*' on Shane's dock moments later. He had been quite literally, a *dead fish*, until Shane in his frantic panic, had managed to roll all several hundred pounds of him back into the lake. Ilya had emerged, cackling like a madman, and Shane, dripping with sweat, had refused to acknowledge him until hours later.

"You *dried* out really well, Ilya."

"Hm. But it was funny, yes?"

They're both laughing and Shane, whilst squirting lube onto two fingers, mutters, "You asshole."

"You love it."

"Yeah... Yeah. Fuck, I do." There's not enough space on either of their faces for the smiles they hold.

It's so easy with Ilya.

His clean fingers disappear into his curls while Shane reaches behind him with the other. He's barely touched his rim, fingers stroking over the opening when Ilya pipes up against his thigh.

"I fucked you well this morning. You will not need much."

He's not...wrong.

Shane's fingers slide in, his eyelids flutter, and he exhales deep. Ilya has his lips against his balls, mouthing over the sac, nose bumping on his hip.

Though Ilya's human appearing features disappear below the waistline, his aquatic ones carry past the halfway point. Dorsal fins extend up his back, pretty and light gold and sensitive to the touch. Shane catches the tip of the highest one with his finger and feels Ilya shiver against him.

His hips twitch as he works himself back open. Lips between his teeth, Shane presses down on his fingers, hurried in his movements and trying to not let Ilya's misbehaving tongue get him too close too soon.

It seems Ilya's patience wears thin first, because he's soon tugging at Shane to lower himself to the floor. "Come here," he says and Shane follows.

Shane always follows. At least, here he does. When it's Ilya guiding him; in sex or otherwise.

Ilya kisses him like he's addicted to Shane. He might be.

It's deep and heated, Ilya's tongue pushing past Shane's lips and sucking on his bottom one when Shane gasps against his mouth. Their mouths press against one another's, drinking what the other will give. Their noses bump and their foreheads brush.

Ilya sighs into his mouth and Shane pulls back far enough to watch him pull himself out from his sheath.

Ilya's cock is...cock...shaped.

It's thick and long, tip tapered rather than the mushroom tip of Shane's own. It bleeds from a deep bronze color up, lighter and lighter, becoming skin toned enough at the end that there's a redness to it when Ilya's flustered enough.

He is now. Leaking thick droplets down his shaft, cock twitching and a loud groan erupting when Shane wraps his hand around him.

A far cry from when he'd first seen it, eighteen years old and eyes ready to pop out of his skull at the shock of it all. Even with Shane's heart locked up, key held by Ilya, it had made other men...less tempting.

"Mmn..." Ilya's lips part and he pulls Shane against him for a bruising kiss. "No more," he hisses. "Too much good."

"You going to come for me, Rozanov?" Shane whispers, fisting Ilya's cock, thumb smearing his precome into the skin.

"Ngh —. Inside." He pushes on Shane's chest, forcing him back. "Inside," he murmurs, crawling atop of him, between Shane's parted thighs.

Where a man's hips narrow, Ilya's only continue. Shane's thighs are forced to spread and spread as Ilya's bulk hides him from view.

Perhaps the sun will not be illuminating anything indecent today.

Ilya's heavy too, though he carries the brunt of it in his tail, stretched out behind him on the dock and leaving only his upper half against Shane.

He's leaking profusely by the time his cock slides up behind Shane's balls and over his rim. He swipes over him again, grinding forward, hissing when the tip disappears inside.

"F-Fuck."

“Ngh — We - We still have time...to move to water,” Ilya offers as he pushes in and Shane’s laugh bubbles in his throat but doesn’t quite escape.

“Shut up, Roz... Oh...!”

Shane’s arching up into Ilya, taking him deep, feeling the stretch, feeling *everything*. There’s no escape with Ilya, only pleasure that mounts and mounts once the roll of his hips begins.

He feeds Shane his cock and gets his hole clinging to it, rim tugged on *just* right and stretched so far it must be smooth all round.

His cock is a never-ending pressure on Shane’s prostate, rounding over it again and again, making his face pinch at how *good* it all is. Shane’s always close with Ilya, on the edge of a release and kept perfectly balanced there. Pleasure rolls over him, nerves tingling and heat burning.

A hard thrust has him squealing, kicking out, and a *plop* sounds.

Shane’s just lost another lube bottle to the lake.

Ilya nuzzles into him, mouthing at his neck, hot breaths kissing into Shane’s skin. He fuck in smooth, deep plunges, Shane’s walled wrapped around him, shaped *for* him.

Ruined, even.

Shane clings to what he can reach; Ilya’s hair, Ilya’s shoulders, his back...his arms. Digs his fingers into where Ilya’s fins sprout from and gets a growl so deep in return Shane swears it vibrates the very dock they lay on.

Their sex is unrelenting, rough and claiming. Ilya’s instincts urging him to fuck and dominate.

Shane submits in return, hiccups out watery gasps when moaning becomes too difficult. His inner thighs build bruises he’ll carry for days and his cock slaps against his belly, aching and red, balls tight and on the edge of release.

There’s no room for him to push up to meet Ilya’s thrusts. And so Shane takes and takes and *takes*, in the same breath that Ilya takes and takes. His arms have looped around Shane’s body, holding him impossibly tight and disappearing the room between their bodies.

Shane’s feet bounce in the air, likely the only part of him still visible.

“Il — Ilya! Il...ngh...”

“Mine,” Ilya growls.

“Yours,” Shane gasps.

“Hmm...mm.”

Ilya's tail fin smacks into the dock, uncoordinated as its owner as it sweeps off the dock and into the lake. There it jerks back up again and Shane feels the water rain down on them.

Ilya's hips snap forward. Shane comes.

His body convulses, arms falling from they had been holding on, head hitting back into the floor. He winds up tight and tighter, nipples tight, hole clenching, spurting between their bodies. Shane's nerves are fire, senses overwhelming.

He feels Ilya's moan more than he hears it. Feels the buck of Ilya's hips lose its rhythm.

And feels the hot warmth of being filled. Ilya releases into him, gasping for Shane, fucking him still until his hips no longer move and Shane can feel his come dripping down his taint.

One after another, they go limp, heaving in air because there's suddenly not enough of it in the Canadian sky. Shane catches his breath first - Ilya's lungs not being made to process air as effectively - and lets himself calm under Ilya's body, and the sun that is now permitted to bathe his face and shoulders.

Ilya does not sweat. But he likes that Shane does.

He drags his face on Shane's chest and glues his curls to his forehead with a sheen he's picked up from Shane's skin. He emerges, after a long final lick that Shane would roll his eyes at were he not so exhausted, and plants a wet kiss on his jaw.

"Mm."

"Hm?"

"You are right. Maybe...mating on land is better. Our mating calls are much louder. Better to be loud." Ilya decides. "And I would hate for you to drown."

"You asshole!" Shane flicks his forehead. "You said you wouldn't let me."

"Yes but... we make each other so wet. What if you slip off and sink because of terrible swimming. Not my fault."

It actually would be his fault. Shane is...rather full and they both rather enjoy watching him leak afterwards.

"I'm going to have a shower." Shane grins as the intended effect immediately has Ilya's face dropping.

"Inside rain?" Ilya frowns. "No. No, no."

"I've told you, the water's really good here. I have my own well. If you just tri— what. Hey! Ilya —! W-Wait!"

Ilya rolls them both off the edge of the dock and into the water.

Thankfully, Shane is rather good at floating.

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