

Where Her Voice Still Lives

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Where Her Voice Still Lives

by [SmashingTcups](#)

Summary

After the first I love you, Shane falls asleep in Ilya's arms—and Ilya dreams of ice, of his mother's voice, and of a love she always knew would find him. An Episode 6 missing scene about devotion, memory, and the quiet mercy of finding the right soul early in this life.

Ilya Rozanov x Shane Hollander

Word CountL 2k

Notes

These two inspire me so much.

Also, the Russian is from Google Translate, please don't come for me if it is wrong!

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

Shane cradles Ilya's head to his chest, the only sounds in the room their steady breaths. Ilya begins kissing Shane's neck where his lips rest. Shane hums in want as he tilts his head more, Ilya's lips pressing harder as he nips at the skin lightly before he moves up Shane's jaw to his cheek and back to his mouth.

There's no hesitation, no careful pause. The words—*I love you*—are still hanging between them, raw and impossible and real, and something in Ilya snaps open completely.

"I love you," he says again, quieter now, reverent, like he's testing whether the universe will allow it to exist out loud.

Shane watches him. He doesn't deflect or soften it. He just looks at Ilya—eyes blown wide, mouth parted like he's forgotten how to breathe—and says, "I love you too."

That's it.

Whatever restraint they'd been clinging to shatters.

Ilya pulls him in, hard and close, mouth crashing against Shane's with a hunger that borders on devotion. The kiss is deep and relentless, slow enough to feel like intent, like Ilya is pouring everything he's held back for years straight into Shane's body.

His hand slides up, firm and possessive, cradling the back of Shane's head. He keeps him there—holds him steady, forces the kiss deeper, slower—like he wants Shane to feel it. Like he wants him to understand exactly how loved he is.

Shane gasps against his mouth, fingers digging into Ilya's shoulders, his body arching instinctively to meet the press and pull of him. The world narrows to heat and movement and the way Ilya looks at him—dark-eyed, undone, wrecked with want and love in equal measure.

"I love you," Shane breathes.

It's the only thing he can remember how to say.

Ilya moves with him, steady and relentless, forehead pressed to Shane's as if breaking eye contact would shatter the spell. His thumb sweeps along Shane's jaw, his cheek, his mouth—touching him like something holy, like something worth kneeling for.

"Say it again," Ilya murmurs, voice rough, almost pleading.

"I love you," Shane repeats. Over and over. The words tumble out of him, stripped of everything but truth. I love you. I love you. I love you.

Ilya holds him through it—anchors him, worships him—loving him like this is the only way he knows how to exist. Like Shane is the answer to a question he's been asking his whole life.

When they finally slow—when the intensity crests and breaks into something softer—they stay pressed together, foreheads touching, breaths tangled.

Shane goes pliant against him.

Not asleep. Not fully present either. Just loose and warm and boneless, like the fight has drained clean out of him. His hands unclench where they'd been gripping Ilya's shoulders, fingers curling instead into the fabric at his sides, holding on without urgency.

Ilya feels the shift immediately.

He doesn't move away. Doesn't rush it. One hand stays steady at the back of Shane's head, thumb tracing slow, grounding arcs through his hair. The other rests firm and warm at his lower back, holding him together. Keeping him here.

Shane exhales, long and shaky, and melts closer, cheek pressed to Ilya's chest like that's where his center of gravity lives now.

"I love you," he murmurs again—softer this time. Less declaration. More instinct.

Ilya tightens his hold just a fraction and presses a kiss into Shane's hair.

"I've got you," he says quietly. Not a promise. A fact.

Shane hums at that, content and dazed, and curls fully into him. His breathing evens out slowly, deliberately, like his body is taking cues from Ilya's steady presence.

Sleep takes him gently.

Ilya doesn't let go.

He stays awake.

Love—pure, uncut, terrifying—surges through him with enough force to make his chest ache. It's too big to contain, too bright to look at directly. He again presses his lips into Shane's hair, then his temple, then the bare skin of his shoulder, like if he stops touching him the feeling might burn its way out of him entirely.

For the first time in his life, the future doesn't feel like a threat.

Sleep takes him suddenly.

He is cold.

Not painfully so—just enough to be aware of his breath, the way it ghosts white in front of his face. The sky above him is wide and pale, winter-blue stretching endlessly overhead. Beneath his feet, the ice is solid and glassy, a frozen lake so smooth it mirrors the world back at him.

Small skates cling awkwardly to his feet.

A laugh rings out, warm and bright, and suddenly there are hands on his arms, steadying him.

Mama.

She smells like wool and soap, her cheeks pink from the cold, her scarf wound too tightly around her neck. Her smile is easy—practiced—but Ilya sees it anyway. The sadness tucked just behind her eyes. The thing she always tried to hide from him, and never quite could.

Even when he was young, he knew her.

She bends in front of him, eyes shining, her gloved hands warm through his sleeves.

“Медленно, Илюша,” she says softly. *Slowly.*

“Почувствуй лёд. Он держит тебя.” *Feel the ice. It will hold you.*

He wobbles. Panic flares sharp and sudden.

Her grip tightens immediately.

“Я с тобой,” she promises. *I’m with you.*

“Я не дам тебе упасть.” *I won’t let you fall.*

They move together, clumsy and uneven, the sound of skates scratching across ice echoing out into the quiet. There is no shouting. No commands. No expectations pressing down on his chest.

Just laughter. Just the lake. Just her.

“You see?” she says, straightening, pride bright and unrestrained despite the sadness that still lingers beneath it. “Ты создан для этого.” *You were made for this.*

She doesn’t say *you must be the best.*

She says it like it’s already true.

The cold fades.

The light shifts—warmer now, softer. The lake disappears.

They’re standing at the water’s edge outside the cottage, the familiar scent of pine and lakewater filling the air. Ilya is no longer small. He stands tall now, solid and grown, and his mother’s hand is against his cheek, her thumb brushing along his jaw.

“My sweet boy,” she murmurs.

He knows then—quietly, completely—that this part is not memory.

“I am so proud of the man you have grown into,” she says, eyes shining with something like awe.

Her gaze shifts.

Softens as it moves past him.

Ilya turns.

Shane stands on the back porch, watching them. He doesn’t come closer. He doesn’t need to. He’s there in the way that matters—steady, real, chosen.

“He really is beautiful,” his mother says softly, voicing the thought Ilya hadn’t realized he was holding so tightly it hurt.

Her gaze lingers on Shane for a long moment, something like wonder passing over her face. Not surprise. Recognition.

“I’m so happy you found each other so early in this life,” she continues, her thumb brushing gently along Ilya’s cheek. There is no urgency in her voice, no warning or weight—only quiet relief.

“So many souls spend a whole lifetime circling,” she murmurs. “Missing each other by years. By inches.”

Ilya’s chest tightens.

“I’m glad yours didn’t,” she says simply. “I’m glad you recognized each other while there was still time to be together.”

He turns back to her, breath unsteady.

“Come meet him,” Ilya says. “Пожалуйста.” *Please*

She smiles then—soft, sad, but not regretful.

“I cannot, my darling.”

He nods. He understands without needing explanation. Somehow, impossibly, he knows she has already met Shane in the way that counts. That she has seen him. Known him.

“I love you,” he manages.

Her hand presses to his cheek one last time, warm and sure.

“I know,” she says.

Ilya wakes with his heart full.

For a moment, he doesn't move. Shane is still asleep beside him, mouth parted slightly, dark lashes resting against his cheeks. His chest rises and falls in an easy rhythm, punctuated by the faintest snore.

Peace settles over Ilya like a benediction.

The sky outside the window is just beginning to lighten, the horizon glowing faintly gold. He knows immediately he won't fall back asleep.

Carefully, he kisses Shane's forehead, lingering just long enough to feel him stir without waking. He slides his arm out from beneath Shane's head, pulls on the first pair of shorts he can find, and makes his way quietly down the hall.

His cigarettes are waiting on the coffee table.

He takes them with him out back.

The air is cold and sharp. Grounding. He walks to the water's edge—to the exact place where he and his mother stood in the dream—and breathes in deeply.

The wind carries something familiar.

Pine. Cold air. Wool and soap.

Her.

"I love you," he hears—not quite sound, not quite memory, but something that settles into him all the same.

He smiles, chest tight, eyes burning just a little.

Climbing onto the boulder near the shore, he pulls a cigarette from the pack and holds it between his fingers.

"Thank you," he says softly to the quiet morning. "Thank you for bringing him to me."

He lights the cigarette, inhales, and lets the smoke curl into the pale sky.

Ilya lost his mother when he was twelve.

For six years after that, he was alone in the world—without anyone who truly saw him, who cared for him without condition or expectation.

Then Shane Hollander crashed into his life.

Standing there with the lake stretching endlessly before him, Ilya knows—without question—that his mother had a hand in it. That somehow, when Ilya needed someone on his side more than he knew how to articulate, she nudged the universe just enough to bring Shane to him.

Even if it took him far too long to understand just how much he needed him.

He exhales, smiling to himself.

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Shane wakes slowly.

For a moment, he's warm and hazy, half-lost in the echo of sleep, reaching instinctively for the solid weight of Ilya beside him.

There's nothing there.

The other side of the bed is empty, the sheets cool beneath his palm. Not abandoned—just *vacant*, like Ilya stepped away gently, careful not to wake him.

Shane blinks, breath steady. No spike of panic. No old reflex clawing up his spine. Just a quiet sense of *where he must be*.

He swings his legs over the side of the bed and pads down the hall.

The house is still, bathed in early light. As he passes the window, he catches sight of the lake—and then of Ilya, seated alone on the boulder near the water's edge, a cigarette glowing faintly between his fingers.

Shane stops.

He watches him for a moment, chest softening. The way Ilya sits—loose but alert, shoulders bare to the morning air. Thoughtful. Peaceful in a way Shane doesn't get to see often.

He smiles.

Without hurrying, Shane turns toward the kitchen. He starts the coffee, the quiet familiar ritual grounding him further into the morning. While it brews, he ducks back into the bedroom, pulls on a pair of shorts, and shrugs into the blue button-up draped over the back of the chair.

When the coffee's ready, he pours two cups.

On his way out, he grabs the throw blanket from the couch and slings it over his shoulder.

Ilya turns just as Shane approaches, like he sensed him coming.

Their eyes meet, and Ilya smiles—slow, warm, unmistakably real.

Without a word, Ilya reaches out and takes the coffee from Shane's hand, setting it carefully beside him on the rock.

Shane steps closer. He drapes the blanket over them both, settling it around Ilya's shoulders before leaning back against the boulder, fitting himself into the curve of him like it's muscle memory.

They don't speak.

They don't need to.

The sun continues its slow climb, warmth spreading across the lake, across their skin, wrapping around them like something kind and patient and earned.

Shane exhales, content, and lets himself rest there—shoulder to shoulder, shared blanket, shared quiet—watching the light rise with the man he loves.

And for once, the future feels gentle.

End Notes

I THRIVE off comments so please please let me know what you think!

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