

we are more than this cold place

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we are more than this cold place

by [GhostGrrl](#)

Summary

Despite learning his lesson.

Despite knowing not to go against every single wall he was forced to build up because of his remorseless family, every mask he tried on to hide from his merciless country, every single survival instinct he had left, and every single morsel of preservation, Ilya just couldn't resist the sun.

or

Ilya's feelings after Shane leaves him during the tuna melt scene along with the memories and pain this also conjures up for him.

Notes

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

“Come back. Even as a shadow, even as a dream.”
— Euripides

~::~~

Ilya was no stranger to the cold.

Having grown up in Russia, in the Rozanov house, he had learned to embrace the chill across every crevice of his being. His body, his soul, his heart.

Having grown up with the only light taken from him at such a young age, he learned to embrace the cold. He studied it. He mastered it. He let it lull him to sleep.

Warmth was dangerous.

His father not only taught him this, he embodied it.

Feeling warmth and allowing yourself to be warm in return meant looking for your mother, and all of the love that she carried, just for you. She didn't just carry it, she radiated it. Ilya could still see her smile when he closed his eyes.

And when Ilya would go searching for her, he'd find her, and she'd hold him. She'd whisper in his ear, “Мы — нечто большее, чем это холодное место, моё солнышко.”
It was as if every big and bad thing melted away. He was just a boy, and Irina was his mother. She was the greatest mother, despite the cold that she herself could just never shake. She was the light of his life in a time where darkness was all he ever saw, and heard, and ate.

Sometimes when Ilya would find her his mother would already be waiting. She would look at him, and just know without words what he needed.

When Ilya would go to find her, sometimes she'd find him first. She'd tell him stories of her childhood, of his grandparents, of green grass, of a warm home, and she would tell him that out of all of the happy memories that she had and was grateful for, he was the best one. Ilya was. *He* was her best one.

Ilya was and he never needed to do anything for it. His mother loved him for him, every part of him she celebrated.

Ilya never knew that his life was something to be celebrated unless he was in his mother's vicinity, wrapped in her embrace, safe in her affection. Blocked from the dark.

The thing about the frigid cold however, is that sometimes it outdistances the flame. Sometimes it steals it in the night. Sometimes it *overtakes*.

Sometimes there are things we cannot control.

And sometimes feeling warmth and allowing yourself to be warm in return meant looking for your mother, and in place of her radiant smile is a vacant lifeless stare. Foam cold at the mouth.

“Мы — нечто большее, чем это холодное место, моё солнышко.” His mother used to tell him.

We are more than this cold place, my sunshine.

We are more than this.

"Я люблю тебя, моя малышка."

I love you, my baby.

There is no more we.

There are more I love yous.

And now Ilya is twelve years old trapped in a cold dark house filled with ghosts and cruel remarks.

Ilya wishes she had taken him with her.

~::~~

Despite learning his lesson.

Despite knowing not to go against every single wall he was forced to build up because of his remorseless family, every mask he tried on to hide from his merciless country, every single survival instinct he had left, and every single morsel of preservation, Ilya just couldn't resist the sun.

He had been cold for so long. He revelled in it, learned to thrive in it, and he survived. He did what he had to do. He grinned and he bore it. He shoved it down, he concealed it.

He was flourishing, he was fine.

He was freezing. He was lonely.

He was eighteen, and like a moth to a flame, he could not resist.

And his sun was *Shane*.

Ilya didn't know he was capable of loving.

He had been shown countless times that no matter what he did, it would never be enough.

But God, he loved Shane so much. From the moment he met him. He tried to fight it, but it was stronger than anything he had ever known.

He loved every atom that came into play to create the beauty of the man that was Shane Hollander.

Ilya couldn't keep him, but could he hold him?

Just for a little longer?

~::~~

So he made sure the food was perfect.

He made sure the fridge was packed with the ginger ale he knows Shane likes.

He wanted to make Shane smile. He wanted him to forget his fears, his anxieties. He wanted to hold him in that moment, forever. Block out the dark. There is no one else here, it's just us. *Stay.*

Stay in this moment with me.

He wanted to bask in his sunshine,
because Shane Hollander was the light of his life.

It had been so long.

And Shane is beaming. He is light. He is happy. Ilya is doing this. He's making him happy.

Shane's smile melts every single icy particle of his soul, and Ilya thinks that maybe Ilya melts Shane's too.

Maybe in another life, in another time, he could have had this and Shane for real.

In the light.

So Ilya lets himself feel the warmth of Shane's touch. He let himself drown in the feeling deep in his heart clawing at the surface. He forgot to cloud over it.

He forgot himself.

He said too much.

Shane.

Shane.

Shane.

Shane leaves.

~::~~

And Ilya is left again alone in a cold house, the ghost of Shane's eyes his only company.

No one ever stays. It's never good enough. No matter what he does.

Ilya remembers.

Warmth is dangerous.

Love is *dangerous*.

The thing about feeling warmth and allowing yourself to be warm in return is that it sometimes meant looking for love and watching it rush out your door in a panic.

Shane couldn't get away from him fast enough.

Ilya remembers.

“Мы — нечто большее, чем это холодное место, моё солнышко.” His mothers voice echos in my mind, his eyes blurry.

We are more than this cold place, my sunshine.

Ilya crumbles into his couch.

Nothing he does is ever enough to make anyone stay. To make them happy. Maybe warmth isn't love. Maybe his father was right the entire time. Maybe Ilya is disillusioned. How could Shane ever love *Ilya*?

Shane left.

He ran from him.

He didn't know his private affection would invoke fear. He can't wipe Shane's panicked face out of his memory. It's there to stay now. Collecting in the mausoleum of his heart alongside the image of his stiff, cold and dead mother.

He didn't know it would hurt like this. He didn't know, but he did now.

He believed it with every fibre of his being.

Warmth was dangerous. Love was *dangerous*.

Ilya cries.

He looks around his empty house, coke and ginger ale empty on his table.

Remnants. Fragments of a happier time. God, he is always so close. Why couldn't he have it?

Why couldn't his mother stay?

He knows why. He knows in his heart the real truth.

But she's gone, *and it hurts*.

The only person who ever loved him, and showed him warmth without running away is gone forever and he has to *live with that*.

Why couldn't Shane stay?

He also knows why.

But he wishes things were different, *and it hurts*.

Ilya cries harder.

He thinks of his mother's smile.

Tomorrow Ilya will stand tall, and he will shove it down. Tomorrow he will be a fortress, like always. He will not slip up again.

But for now,

Ilya sobs on his couch alone and wishes his mother had taken him with her away from this cold place.

End Notes

Hi everyone :))

My love for Shane and Ilya and seeing them become loved worldwide has revived my writing passion.

I saw an interview Connor and Hudson did and they were asked what would they say to their characters if they could. Connor responded saying that he'd tell Ilya that it wasn't your fault.

I got so emotional, because he was right. It wasn't. He's been hurt by so much. He has a lot of love to give. He has so much warmth inside. Shane is so lucky to be loved by him.

Of course, there are other factors at play here, and Shane did not mean to hurt him. But he did. This is my interpretation of maybe what could have been going through Ilya's mind.

Thankyou so much for reading! I hope you liked it :))

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