

breathe in my lungs and i'll leave in your arms

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by [flowersarepoisonous](#)

Summary

Ilya gets stuck out in the snow. Shane gets him warm again.

Notes

Whumpuary Day 1: winter

STARTING OUT THE NEW YEAR STRONG WITH SOME ANGST WOOHOO

guess who forgot they wanted to do this until 10 pm jan 1. me lmao. as im writing this its 11:59 which means this'll be published on the 2nd but oh well aussie time zones work out for me for once cause its still the 1st everywhere else lmao

to my motorsport readers sorry heated rivalry has lowkey consumed my brain. watched it with my mum today. most of these fics will probably be for the gcu. i will be back to motogp when the season starts again. :)

slight spoiler: ilya lowkey gets hypothermia but ive literally never been to the snow nor gotten hypothermia or done any research (re: wrote this in less than two hours) and so its probably not accurate. sorry doctors

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

Winter reminds Ilya of home.

Not home as in Boston, or Ottawa, or Shane, but home as in Moscow.

He always thinks of that place with a scowl on his face. For him, Moscow is full of nothing but anger and disappointment and broken promises. It's half-baked childhood memories that mean nothing to him now.

But winter changes that. The cold seeps into his brain and restarts his hardware and he gets wistful and teary-eyed for a place that he's never loved and has never loved him back.

He remembers how in winter, everything was always so much harder for his mother. Her body would freeze up and be weighed down and that was when she would spend days in bed. In the long-lasting sun it was easier to pretend. In the darkness of winter, not so much.

Boston winters were warmer than in Moscow. Not by much, but enough that Ilya could differentiate them. Everything in the city was so American he would never have been able to forget where he is. But winter in Ottawa is just like winter in Moscow. The cold bites the same way.

He is at the cottage, he thinks. Not in it. It's too cold for that. But there's also no reason why he would be outside, so that doesn't make sense either. All he knows is that it's cold. He shivers and tries to curl up into a ball. He doesn't know how he got here. That should be terrifying, right? He should be scared. He is scared, but he's also so, so, cold.

It's bitter and painful and freezing, and he's stuck and he can't do anything about it. The frigid wind wraps around his little ball. It feels like his mother's embrace.

Shane's stomach lurches when he tries to pull into the driveway of the cottage, only to be blocked by Ilya's. It hasn't been parked, but rather left abandoned on the small gravel road.

And the driver's seat door is open.

It's snowing, and the car door is open.

Without even thinking, Shane is turning the engine of his own car off and racing towards Ilya's. The best case scenario would be that it broke down, or got stuck in the snow somehow, and Ilya left it to head inside to the cottage.

But that doesn't explain the door.

Shane reaches the door. He looks inside, then in the backseat, and then in the boot. He double checks the front seats again.

There's no sign of Ilya.

The car is off, and the keys are still in it, as well as the rest of his stuff. But the thing that Shane actually cares about is gone.

There's snow still falling. Shane's footprints from a minute ago are already being filled in, and Ilya's have long disappeared. Ilya's phone is lying in the centre console, and his winter coat is on the passenger seat next to it. Ilya is alone, and cold, and Shane has no way to contact him and no way of knowing where he is.

Fuck. Fuck, okay. *Deep breaths*, he reminds himself. *Like you're playing a game. You're no help if you're not calm.* "Ilya!" he calls out. He gets no response. He pockets Ilya's phone, keys, and coat, closes the car door, and begins making his way up the driveway. "Ilya! It's Shane, where are you?"

He's not at the front steps of the cottage. It doesn't look like he's inside, either.

Shane walks around the side of the cottage, keeping one eye on the windows and one on the snow, until he's at the back entrance. That's where he finds Ilya.

The second he sees him, Shane rushes towards him. He's curled impossibly tight, shaking and shivering. He is sitting in snow and there's snow falling on him and he's only got a t-shirt and tracksuit pants on because Ilya refuses to travel in anything heavier.

Shane wraps himself around Ilya. He's freezing to the touch. "Ilya," he breathes into the skin of Ilya's neck. Ilya's coat is draped across his shoulders like a blanket. Ilya stirs then, lifting his head up slightly, opening his eyes.

He doesn't say a word. Shane is shit at reading people, but he knows Ilya. He knows what he's asking. "We're at the cottage, baby. For Christmas. And I don't know why or how, but somehow you're out here in the snow, and that's really not good for you. We've got to go inside, so you can get dry and warm. Is that alright? Can you stand?"

"Shane," Ilya croaks out. And then he starts to cry.

"Hey, hey," Shane says. "It's okay, I'm here. I'll carry you, it's okay."

Ilya doesn't protest, which Shane takes as the best agreement he'll get. He slides and arm under Ilya's knees, keeping his other on his back. Ilya burrows into Shane's chest like he can feel the heat coming off of it.

With only a little finagling Shane is able to unlock the back door. No one's been inside the cottage yet, and none of the heating systems are on, but it's out of the weather and it's insulated and Shane can control the thermostat from an app on his phone, so it's alright.

Shane pauses, for a moment, Ilya still in his arms. He doesn't know what to do now. He took a first aid course, back when he was a teen, so he could ref some of the mite games for a little extra money. Did they cover hypothermia? What did they say? Shane's first instinct is to put Ilya in the bath with the water as hot as it can go, but then he remembers. *No water. It'll put them into shock.* He has to get Ilya warm and dry, and with no baths or heat packs.

It's all about keeping the temperature change gradual. It's all about maintaining a balance.

Shane can do that.

Ilya's still crying as Shane lays him down on the couch, silent, unnerving tears. Shane works as fast as he can to unlace Ilya's sneakers, then pull off his socks, and then his pants. He talks the whole way through, mindless chatter about what he's doing, something that Ilya can grasp on to. Shane buries Ilya in three blankets before he even thinks to make his way to the bedroom, and to the drawer with Ilya's warmest clothes.

The shivering stops once Ilya's redressed, in multiple layers this time, along with the mountain of blankets. Shane climbs under it, pressing himself right against Ilya. His arm goes around Ilya's shoulder, and he pulls Ilya's head onto his chest. He cards his fingers through Ilya's curls, gently detangling them, waiting for the heat to return to Ilya.

After five, ten, thirty minutes, Ilya's legs kick under the blankets, his feet intertwining with Shane. He coughs lightly, clearing his throat. "Winter was always hard on my mother," he whispers. Shane's hand freezes in Ilya's hair, and he forces himself to continue. Ilya rarely talks about his mom. He says she was wonderful, that she was beautiful and kind, and that she would've loved Shane. He never talks about her depression. He never talks about her death. "It made her soul heavy. I feel like that."

"Like your soul is heavy?" Shane asks.

"Yes," Ilya snuffles. Shane wipes his cheeks.

Depression can't always be cured, Shane remembers. For Ilya, it's most likely genetic. You just have to find out what makes it easier to manage. "What... what makes it lighter?"

"You." They're going to have to talk about this. They're going to have to talk about how Ilya ended up in the snow, what kept him there. For now, Shane resolves to just keep him close, and keep him warm.

"I love you."

"Ya tebya lyublyu."

End Notes

I always have a physical calendar that I use to keep track of race weeks and games and term dates and such and normally its a space one but this year when I was looking I saw Alex marquez on a motogp one and like. that's my boy. so I had to buy it. and I changed it over this morning right before I went to work, forgot about it, and when I got home got jumpscared by Alex marquez on my wall. he is watching me sleep. ive got his flag behind my bed and the calendar opposite my bed so im. in an Alex marquez sandwich. if you will.

anyways any fellow sufferers of st louis blues hockey. bc what was that today. very glad I couldn't watch the game today. I hope they kill the vgk tomorrow at least

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