Midst of the Meltdown

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Midst of the Meltdown

by stars4luv

Summary

When Shane’s alarm didn’t go off and he loses the most important game of the season, the calm is after the storm and not before.
Or.
When Ilya asks Shane if he is ok and everything breaks, Ilya works to find a balance and make compromises.

Notes

I havent proof read this so please ignore any mistakes lol!

See the end of the work for more notes

Routines and Organisation are the key to regulating Shane on a day to day basis between travelling and playing hockey games around the world. That and seeing Ilya Rozanov, his biggest rival on the ice but his soft boyfriend off the ice.

Shane got diagnosed as Autistic when he was 13. It was after he started struggling in school and crashing out after 3 days of full time school that his parents knew something was off. Since then, Shane has worked to keep his routine the same and organising everything so he knows where it all was.

Today, however, his routine did not go to plan.

Shane's alarm doesn't go off.

Shane awakes at 8:27, buried in the disheveled duvet, stretching slowly as awareness creeps back to him.

"Shit"

He swears under his breath after looking at his alarm clock and realizing he doesn't have time for his morning run and that he has to be at the arena by 9:30 for Montreal's game against the Boston Bears. Ilya's team.

After his wake up call from a quick shower and already exhausted, Shane stares in annoyance at the loaf of bread blooming with mold—of course his week in Ottawa meant even breakfast was against him today, and the arena and media was waiting to pick him to pieces.

The drive there was horrible, his silver porsche was low on fuel meaning he had to stop and get some more, making him late to the media interviews, which in all honesty he didn't have the strength to deal with.

Upon arriving at the Boston Bears home arena, the media swarmed him, shoving cameras in his face asking questions to why he was late and of course. His relationship status. Shane comes to play Hockey. Not to find girlfriends. Well boyfriends in his case.

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The game had gone horribly.

His best friend Hayden Pike was out because his kids got food poisoning as well as J.J, who had coincidentally given Haydens' kids food poisoning from his cooking when he was babysitting them yesterday night. Shane was off his game from the overstimulation slowly building up as his socks felt wrong and Boston kept getting past their defence with Hayden

and J.J not being there whilst the commentators kept making comments about Shane's contract coming up for renewal and how his defense was down. He was practically carrying Montreal on his shoulders while Boston had a whole working team including Ilya, who is

never off his game and can always tell the beginning signs of Shane's crash outs.

"Shit" Ilya mutters, in between his team celebrating about beating Montreal on home ice.

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"Need to get out, socks feel wrong" Shane mutters frantically to himself while picking at his finger nails, attempting to soothe himself.

Running the best he can in his skates, Shane barges into the away locker rooms, making a beeline to the solo changing stalls that not even the shyest of the team use. He paces the small space trying to regulate his breathing while flapping his hands like a bird trying to take off, frantically. He takes his skates off but struggles to do the laces and hopping on the foot without his skate on to remove the other, looking like a baby flamingo.

He switches his phone off, not wanting to deal with the shit talkers, who are looking for another reason to spread rumours and the sponsorships telling him to up his game.

He shifts slightly, sitting down on the small bench next to a locker as he rummages through his bag for his car keys after changing into his hoodie and jeans, which don't quite sit right on his skin but he has no choice.

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Upon arriving at home, there's clothes being flung everywhere, socks, jeans, boxers and his hoodie as he is desperately changing into his baggy shirt and sleep shorts which provide the comfort he needs. He was about to climb into his

weighted blanket when there's a knock on the door, finally pushing him over the edge.

He storms over to the door while flapping like a little dodo and swings the door open to reveal Ilya.

"Hollander, you ok? You run off ice like your having panic attack?" His Russian accent caresses the words as he tilts his head at Shane who pulls him into the apartment.

"Nothing was right!" Shane exclaims, hopping on one leg like a baby flamingo and flapping like a penguin.

"Ah." Ilya sighs, going to wrap his arms around Shane's waist.

"No touching! Please. Everything feels wrong. No touching. No socks, no jeans, no hoodies."

Ilya looks considerably taken back by Shane's outburst but doesn't look hurt, knowing he's overstimulated.

"Right…. I help how?" Ilya questions quietly, while changing his jeans to joggers and dimming the lights so the material doesn't make Shane uncomfortable.

Shane doesn't respond. He walks through to the bedroom whilst hauling his weighted blanket over his shoulder and onto the quilt on top of his bed. He puts his noise cancelling headphones on and zones out under the weight. Making sure it's evenly distributed before falling asleep.

Ilya chuckles quietly at his boyfriend, who looks like a baby cat but he knows its necessary.

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By the time Shane wakes up, all his thrown clothes are tidied away, the washing machine is going and the faint aroma of pepperoni pizza floats through into the bedroom. He pads through to the kitchen. Throwing on Ilya's hoodie on the way, which was folded on the sofa.

"Rozanov?" Shane calls out softly, feeling bad for exploding at Ilya when he had a meltdown.

"Da"

He follows the voice in the kitchen where Ilya is doing the washing up and there's a pepperoni pizza in the microwave waiting for Shane. He grabs the pizza and sits at the breakfast bar opposite Ilya and eats quietly.

"You ok now?" Ilya questions softly, seemingly concerned about his lover.

Shane nods softly, his mouth full of his comfort food and reaching a hand out to Ilya, which he gladly takes.

"I can touch now?"

He asks softly, waiting for Shane's permission, to which he gives permission to gladly, before drying his hands and going to wrap his hands around Shane's waist.

"What happened?" He questions softly, as too which Shane explains.

"Woke up late, couldn't run and couldn't have avocado because of moldy bread. Hayden and J.J were out because Hayden trusted J.J to babysit so they all have food poisoning. Socks didn't feel right and everything went bang."

"Bang, hm?" Ilya hums, softly mocking an explosion to which Shane chuckles and nods in agreement too.

"You got me new bread?" Shane perks up to seeing a new loaf of bread Ilya must have got him.

“Fixed your alarm clock too. No more bangs and more runs” Ilya muses quietly before leaning down and capturing Shane’s lips in a kiss that say “don’t hide, i’ll help” and not “I want you right now”

Shane gladly kisses back softly before pulling away.

“Thank you.”

“Of course, *solnyshko*”

“I love you, Rozanov.”

“I love you too, Hollander. I’m here whenever you need.”

End Notes

ok, thank you for reading! this is my first hollanov fic so lmk how i did!

solnyshko is little sun is russian (or thats what google told me)

I also haven't read the books so i dont know what J.J would be like so please correct me if im wrong!

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