

We've Been Very Brave

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We've Been Very Brave

by [armjail](#)

Summary

Shane has a bit of a shutdown when he and Ilya get back from his parents' place. Ilya is there to help his boyfriend come down from being very, very overwhelmed.

Autistic love and smut

Notes

Hi, these hockey boys have consumed my every waking thought, and autistic Shane is so personal to me. And so is Ilya being so in love.

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

- Translation into Русский available: [Мы такие смелые](#) by [mydearhandel](#)

Shane had been fine the whole drive back to the cottage. He comforted Ilya while he happily cried as they talked about how (surprisingly) well the meeting with Shane's parents had gone. They talked about Ilya staying for another week or more now that they had nothing to hide from Yuna and David. They teased each other and touched and kissed at stop signs all the way back home. Ilya thought he might have some reservations about calling the cottage "home," but he didn't. He'd never been so happy and free to be himself anywhere else. He glanced at Shane. With anyone else.

But when they got out of the car, back into the house, and Shane immediately let out a long, groaning sigh and crawled onto the couch, putting a pillow over his head, Ilya felt a spark of worry. He knelt next to the couch, his fingers carding through Shane's hair, and leaned in close.

"Hey," Ilya whispers and presses a kiss to Shane's head. "You're okay?" He asks softly. He knows that this afternoon was incredibly stressful for Shane. He knows his boyfriend needs calm, low tones.

"I'm okay," Shane mumbles, his voice muffled by the couch cushion. "Just need a minute."

"Are you still freaking out?" Ilya asks. He keeps stroking Shane's hair the way he knows he likes it in case he needs to prevent a meltdown or shutdown.

"No," Shane says. He turns his head just enough so he can look at Ilya. Ilya smiles, seeing the honesty in Shane's eyes.

"Just coming down from being so overwhelmed?" Ilya asks. Shane nods, closing his eyes. Ilya kisses Shane's forehead. "Want me to text your parents, tell them to come over later?"

"Mhm- mhm," Shane shakes his head. He grips Ilya's hand and gives it a couple of short squeezes. Ilya smiles and kisses his knuckles. He knows what that means. It means Shane needs a break from talking. It means Ilya needs to just ask yes or no questions for a little bit.

"How about I ask them to pick up the beer instead? That way we can just stay here," Ilya runs his thumb over Shane's knuckles. "You can rest until they come over. Does that sound good?"

Shane nods after a second. He digs in his pocket and pulls out his phone, holding it out to Ilya. Ilya takes it, enters Shane's password, and sends a quick message to the group chat he's in with his parents. Ilya sets the ringer to silent just before Yuna's reply comes in. Ilya smiles at the message and sets Shane's phone on the table.

"All set," he murmurs. Shane smiles sleepily and purses his lips. Ilya chuckles and leans in to kiss him. "Want to be left alone?"

Shane shakes his head.

"Want me to hold you?" Ilya asks. Sometimes Shane needs pressure when he's like this. As if Ilya's body literally pushes all the stimulation out of Shane's body.

Shane nods. Ilya can't hide how happy he is he gets to hold a clingy, exhausted Shane. He climbs up onto the couch and lets Shane crawl on top of him, his nose pressed against Ilya's neck. Ilya peppers Shane's head with kisses, careful not to be overstimulating, and squeezes him tightly.

"That was a lot, wasn't it?" Ilya says, rubbing Shane's back. Shane mumbles a little moan and nods into Ilya's collarbone. "You were so brave," Ilya continues. "So brave and so strong."

A bird (not the stupid wolf bird) calls loudly outside, and Shane winces. Ilya slips one hand off of Shane's hair and covers his ear. His boyfriend sighs happily and nuzzles closer to Ilya. Ilya finds the remote for the shades in the living room and presses the button. Shane's eyes scrunch a little at the buzzing sound, but once the sunlight is blocked from the room, he relaxes again.

"No more light and sound," Ilya murmurs, mostly to himself because he knows Shane can't hear him. Ilya rests his cheek on the top of Shane's head and lets himself stare off into nothing. He didn't want to show it because of how stressed Shane was, but Ilya was just as worried as Shane was when they realized David had seen them. All he could think about, other than trying to keep Shane from having a full-blown panic attack, was what happened when Alexei found *him*. The slurs and flying fists and threats to tell their father... Ilya was telling Shane that it would be okay, but he was getting himself ready to defend Shane with everything he had. Ilya was ready if things went south. He marked all the ways they could leave David and Yuna's cottage as they walked to the front door.

But then David started by apologizing because he was looking for his phone charger, and Ilya felt his entire body relax. And when Shane said those two words and no one pounced on him with clenched fists and slurs on their tongues, Ilya thought he might cry.

Yes, he was glad his boyfriend was safe but a small, delicate part of him was jealous. After Ilya had somehow managed to convince Alexei not to tell their father, he knew that he would never, *ever*, be able to properly "come out." Not while he lived in Russia.

It's part of why he wants to be a Canadian citizen so badly. He didn't tell Shane this because he didn't want to frighten him, but he'd heard news a couple of months ago about queer men going missing and accusations of concentration camps to torture those missing men in the southern region of Russia. Ilya never told Shane because he didn't want his boyfriend to be as terrified as he was.

Is.

Ilya knows he can't hide in Canada forever...at least not yet.

Shane shifts his weight in Ilya's arms, a happy little moan coming from his lips. Ilya breaks out of his thoughts and kisses Shane's head.

"Feeling a little better?" He asks. Shane nods, apparently still not up to speaking. Ilya kisses him again. "I love you," he whispers.

Shane hums in a way that almost sounds like ‘I love you, too,’ and Ilya chuckles. Even after nine years, he’s learning new things about this precious human being. Like how Shane will still find a way to “say” ‘I love you, too’ even if he’s nonverbal.

They stay cuddled like that for a few more minutes before Ilya feels Shane’s hand slide along Ilya’s stomach and down to his groin. Ilya sighs contentedly into Shane’s hair.

“What do you need, my love?” Ilya asks. Shane rests his chin on Ilya’s chest, his big brown eyes meeting Ilya’s.

“Let me suck it,” Shane whispers. “Need something in my mouth.”

Ilya feels all the blood rush from his head to right between his legs. He knows that Shane is a little embarrassed by it, but the best way for him to calm down after almost having a meltdown, a shutdown, or a panic attack is to use his mouth for something.

Sometimes it’s a piece of sugar-free gum that Ilya knows he carries with him everywhere he goes just in case.

Sometimes, when it’s a little worse, it’s a chew stim toy that Ilya knows is kept buried in Shane’s suitcase. Last night, he learned there’s another one buried in the bedside dresser.

And apparently, sometimes, it’s Ilya’s dick.

He’s not mad about that.

“It’s all yours, *moy lyubimyy*,” Ilya says. Ilya lifts his hips just enough for Shane to pull his shorts down. Shane slithers down Ilya’s body, his hand wrapped around the base of his dick and gives the underside a long, full lick up to the tip. Shane moans with a smile as he swallows Ilya up. Ilya throws his head back with a sigh. It’s taking everything in him not to grab his boyfriend’s head and fuck his throat, but that’s not what Shane needs or wants right now. He needs Ilya to be still. He wants this to last long enough for his body to calm down and his mind to quiet. Ilya still cups Shane’s cheek as he bobs up and down on Ilya’s dick.

“That’s it, baby,” Ilya gasps breathlessly. “Suck my cock until you feel better.” Shane looks up at Ilya through his eyelashes, and Ilya is so proud of himself for not cumming right then and there. He feels Shane suck and hum with pleasure, the vibrations making Ilya forget his own name.

Shane takes his fucking time.

He swirls his tongue around Ilya’s tip. Sometimes he just stops moving and lies there with Ilya’s dick in his mouth without doing anything. He bobs, sucks, and slurps until Ilya starts gasping. His orgasm hits him suddenly as Shane is bobbing his head up and down Ilya’s length with his fingers wrapped around his base. Shane doesn’t pull off or anything. He swallows Ilya’s load down his throat and hums again. Ilya sinks further into the couch as Shane gives his dick a couple of kitten licks before pulling off.

“Better?” Ilya asks. Shane leans up and kisses Ilya’s lips.

“Better,” Shane murmurs. Ilya pulls his shorts back up, and Shane climbs back into his arms. He finds the remote and lifts the shades. Ilya blinks a couple of times as his eyes adjust.

“Thank you,” Shane murmurs against Ilya’s chest.

“For letting you suck my dick?” Ilya teases. Shane chuckles, that darling, familiar smile back on his face.

“Fuck off,” he says lightly. “For everything. For going over there with me... for dealing with me...”

Ilya sits upright at those words. “Hey. It is not ‘dealing with you,’” he says firmly. He holds Shane’s cheeks and presses their foreheads together. “I am your boyfriend. I help you when you need it.”

Shane’s eyes fill with tears, and he launches himself at Ilya.

“I love you so fucking much,” Shane says. Ilya squeezes Shane tight and kisses his head.

“I love you, too,” Ilya murmurs.

Shane’s phone illuminates on the coffee table.

“Thank fucking God they texted.”

End Notes

Leave me comments if you want. This was that. Godspeed, everyone!

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