

Renegotiations

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Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Original Non-Binary Character
Additional Tags:	Married Life , I give Shane Hollander MORE AUTISM , Shane Hollander gets verbal shutdowns (for good and not good reasons) , Shane cries or nearly cried at least 3 times , Shane in subspace , Praise Kink , Degradation Kink , Ilya is the absolute gentlest husband , Consensual Sex , Tender Sex , Consent is mandatory and sexy , Negotiations , Nonverbal Consent , Verbal negotiations of nonverbal consent , neurodivergent representation , Autism , Autism unmasking , Verbal Shutdowns , Allusions to verbal masking , Shane Hollander sees a fucking therapist , Therapy Session , Porn that is part of greater plot , Rachel Reid said Shane is autistic and I took that information and fucking BOLTED with it in my grubby little hands , reminder that if they can communicate they can fuck , Fluff and Smut , Smut , Anal Sex , Oral Sex
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Renegotiations

by [firebeetlefables](#)

Summary

Shane, who has been in the process of unmasking his autism after his very late diagnosis post- retirement, comes across a fun new problem: verbal shutdowns in bed. Ilya helps him calm down and navigate newly discovered terrain.

Notes

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

Ever since Shane had gotten his diagnosis of autism and started working with a therapist on unmasking, Ilya had been noticing new changes. Not bad- they were mostly good, actually, as far as Ilya was concerned- just... different. One difference had become more clear tonight while they were having sex. They'd slowed down a little from the heated intensity from the early years of their relationship, especially after adjusting to married life when they were always around the other, but they still fucked hard and regularly.

Tonight, Shane's whines had become a little different than normal- while they were hot and horny at first, something like panic had gripped Shane halfway through. As he lay on his back, face up, eyes closed, something had changed- an invisible lever had been flipped and his eyes had shot open, wide and slightly fearful. Ilya had immediately slowed to a stop.

"Are you okay, любовь?" He intoned the last word in Russian, half reverting to his mother tongue in his own panic and half as a way to soothe Shane. It seemed to work a bit, the fear left Shane's eyes a little. He didn't say anything, just put a hand to Ilya's chest, looking very confused. He frowned, his dick getting soft. Ilya removed himself, moving to Shane's side and cuddling up to Shane, applying gentle pressure, rubbing circles on Shane's stomach. He laid there, eyes closed, just breathing, until he felt Shane take a deep, shaky breath, a surefire sign he was trying not to cry. Ilya ran his hand from above Shane's heart back down to his stomach, as Shane brought a hand to his face and finally said,

"I don't know what's wrong with me."

Ilya's eyes shot open and he looked at Shane, trying to channel all the love and fierce protectiveness he felt for his husband.

"Nothing wrong with you. You are good, you just..." Ilya stopped as he realized he was so far out of his depth here. Shane's eyebrows shot up.

"Just...?"

"Just... okay, first can you please explain to me what happened, what went wrong?" Ilya questioned. Shane sighed, and paused for a good moment before continuing.

"It felt good. It felt so good. It ALWAYS feels so good. I wanted to ask for more but I..."

Shane's words fell away from his lips, and Ilya felt Shane's breaths quicken in an anxious manner. The puzzle pieces inside Ilya's brain clicked.

"You couldn't use your words, could you?"

Shane didn't say anything, but Ilya felt him nod. He could tell by how Shane's body was tensed that if he looked up at his face, there would absolutely be tears in his eyes. He gave his husband more soothing touch, running his hand all over Shane's chest and stomach. Ilya mulled it over. He had heard of autistic people not being able to speak, but he hadn't really noticed that with Shane... or had he? Now that he thought about it, he had noticed that when Shane got overwhelmed at parties, he would sometimes stare into the void and say nothing, or when things got really good in bed, Shane could make all the cute little noises in the world, but English wasn't really on his lips.

Ilya felt a pang of guilt for not noticing all of the signs beforehand. He wondered if it was as frustrating as the moments when he got stuck speaking Russian instead of English. He imagined this was even more mortifying- at least when Ilya slipped into Russian, people understood WHY. Before Shane had told his friends and family of his diagnosis, they all would ask him things until he'd be forced to talk again.

"Shane... I hate to ask, but... do you think this is an autism... thing?" Ilya asked. Shane didn't reply verbally, just nodded.

"We should put this on the list of things to tell your therapist about," Ilya said. "For now..."

should we have sex?"

"Yes." Shane said immediately.

"Well... hm," he amended.

"Okay. what is yes and what is well, hm?" Ilya probed gently.

"The 'yes' is how it feels. It feels so good, I just worry about... honestly, I worry because I know you like verbal confirmation that I'm still doing things well, as well as just... praise generally, and I worry about tapping out."

Ilya mulled it over for several minutes. Just based on the times he'd seen Shane get close to where they were just now... it was kind of a compliment for him to be without words while they fucked. Praise was nice but he could easily see how thoroughly he was ruining his partner anyways. And to the stopping point... it was called tapping out for a reason.

"Well... I think it's honestly high praise for you to be without words around me, when we are fucking. And... how is your general awareness and comprehension when you're... like that? Like, if we invented hand signals or taps to use, could you communicate to me with them?" Shane considered.

"... I think it would be easy enough," he said, after some thought. "Do we... wanna get started?"

Ilya smiled, nuzzling into Shane's pectorals.

"Yes, please."

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An hour and a half later, the two men had devised various methods of communication in case of verbal shutdown- taps and gestures to indicate more, less, please, and harder, as well as queues for red, yellow, and green. Ilya was hesitant to go straight back at it, but Shane had other plans.

"Do you want to test this out?" Shane said with a smirk, his hand toying at the belt on the robe Ilya had thrown on post-coitus. Ilya raised an eyebrow at him.

"Desperate for me again already?"

"Mmmm, wanna find out?"

"I feel like we should talk to your therapist, make sure we're doing the right thing first--"

"I don't think my therapist is the one who needs to consent to this, Ilya. We can tell him about this later, sure, maybe get some extra pointers but..." Shane sighed, and fixed Ilya with a slightly annoyed look.

"I do not need to be babied, and I want this."

Ilya thought about it for another half a second, before coming to the conclusion that his husband had autonomy, just the same as his husband had had before the diagnosis.

"Okay," he said, with the beginnings of a feral look in his eyes. "Then come here."

Shane's mouth slammed into Ilya's. The tension, heat, and pure love for this man who cared so much for him (enhanced by the knowledge that he was the only one Ilya gave himself to like this) all crashed from Shane's lips onto Ilya, who was not expecting the intensity. He quickly recovered and returned the kiss. It was as passionate as the ones in their early years, but Ilya knew the difference between those kisses and this kind of kiss. Those kisses were desperate, stolen in moments between long stretches away from each other. This kiss was ferocious, yes, but full of love, and stretched on. It meandered, the way their hands meandered over each other's skins.

This kiss knew it had time to spare. This kiss was the fruit of their labor, the tactile payoff of all the years they had to pretend. It slowly became more than a kiss. After he opened the robe Ilya wore, hand brushing over Ilya's cock, Shane kissed and nibbled at Ilya's neck, his chest,

and his nipples. Ilya moaned and laced his fingers through Shane's hair. Ilya's cock was mostly hard by this point, and he glanced down at Shane, who had thrown on a pair of boxers and a tee shirt during negotiations.

"No fair," he growled. "I want to see you, too,"

Shane grinned, swiftly taking off his shirt and boxers. Ilya smirked. He gestured to his erection.

"Suck my cock like a good slut?" he asked, grinning. Shane smiled, lowering his face to Ilya's dick.

"Yes, sir," he said, breath brushing Ilya. Ilya was relieved that Shane was still verbal at this point. He desperately wanted Shane. He was just nervous to hurt him, but from the look in Shane's eyes... he could clearly see Shane wanted to be destroyed tonight. He tipped his head back in pleasure as Shane began to suck on Ilya. He groaned around Ilya as he bobbed, and Ilya's cock twitched slightly in his mouth. He was clearly getting very into this.

Ilya glanced down to see Shane, eyes closed, absently moving his head up and down. God, his husband was so fucking hot when he got into subspace. He put a hand into Shane's hair, and Shane's eyes fluttered open. As Ilya had expected, the lights were on but no one was home- Shane was already being taken by the sensation and Ilya had hardly done ANYTHING.

He gently pressed on Shane's head, Shane's throat taking more and more of Ilya down it. Ilya groaned, and held Shane's head in place for a few seconds while deep in. Shane didn't seem to mind at all. The years of throat training were paying off.

He pulled Shane's hair, fully removing him from Ilya. Shane panted for a moment, staring at Ilya with hungry eyes.

"Shane, can you speak?"

"Yes."

"Are you okay still?"

Shane nodded vigorously.

"What do you want right now?"

"More, please."

Ilya could tell that Shane was losing words, but this is what Shane wanted- and Ilya wanted too, badly. So Ilya pushed Shane to the bed and grabbed the lube. He started by opening Shane, ever so gently- at first at least.

"More," Shane demanded. Ilya kissed his abdomen and complied. Shane moaned as Ilya fingered him more for a few moments, before kissing his abdomen once more.

"Shane, can you still talk now?"

Shane shook his head.

"Okay. Is it okay if I fuck you now?"

Shane nodded again.

"Okay, green light?"

Shane groaned in impatience, and gave the green light signal. Ilya felt content with that, and grabbed a condom, adding a little bit of extra lubricant to his cock as he readied himself. He pushed into Shane, both men moaning. Ilya slowly made his way deeper in. Shane made the signal for more. Ilya complied, picking up the pace, leaning forward to kiss Shane's cheek. Shane turned his head towards Ilya, meeting his gaze, and Ilya saw a hint of tears hiding in Shane's eyes.

"Oh, do I feel so good you might cry, love?" he coo'd. Shane nodded, and tears began to flow. Ilya kissed them off his face gently, tasting the salt as he continued to fuck Shane. He'd normally tease Shane, just a little, when it got so good that Shane cried in bed. Shane usually

LOVED that. Tonight felt different, less teasing, more tender. For the first time sexually in their marriage, they were navigating something new together. New and slightly scary for both of them.

“Is it still okay?” Ilya said softly. Shane nodded. Ilya continued making love to Shane. That's really what this was, it was beyond fucking at this point- far beyond. He noticed Shane shaking, a euphoric expression on his face, and tears still glinting on his cheeks, and he knew how close Shane was. He swore in Russian.

“Shane, I don't tell you often enough... how deeply, completely handsome you are,” he said, slamming a little harder into Shane, causing Shane to make a very cute noise, a spurt of precum leaping out from Shane's cock to his abdomen.

“Your eyes, your freckles, your body... and you're so cute, when you want to cum for me so badly...”

Shane whimpered, and the sound was almost enough to send Ilya over the edge too.

“... Are you waiting for permission?” Ilya asked delightedly, the puzzle pieces once more coming together. Shane nodded vigorously.

“Oh, GOOD boy,” Ilya breathed. He pumped into Shane harder, causing Shane to moan loudly.

“Cum for me, then, good boy.”

Shane did not have to be told twice, almost screaming as he released, back arching. Ilya grabbed him, pulling Shane and holding him to his chest as he thrust, twice, three, four more times and came inside Shane, moaning Shane's name into Shane's ear. He felt another, smaller spurt exit Shane's cock onto his stomach. He held Shane there for a moment, their breaths alternating in staccato, both of their lungs seemingly set to manual. He slowly pulled out, disposed of the condom, and slid in bed next to Shane. Shane snuggled up to his chest immediately, humming happily. Ilya played with his hair.

“Can you speak?” Ilya asked. Shane shook his head.

“... That good, huh?” Ilya teased. Shane smiled, and nodded.

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The next Wednesday at three, they both sat in Dr. Mendoza's office. Normally, Shane did solo sessions, but given the context, he had asked Ilya to be there, in case he lost his words. Dr. Mendoza was, as always, five minutes late, a pencil jammed behind their ear, their long brown curls contained in a messy ponytail, reading glasses on. They turned their hazel eyes to Shane.

“Just making sure, you're fine with Ilya being here?”

“Wouldn't have brought him with me if I wasn't,” Shane replied, and Dr. Mendoza smiled.

“Is there a particular topic you would like to explore today?”

“... Yes,” Shane began. “I uh...” He stared at the corner of a nearby bookshelf for a moment, and tapped Ilya's shoe lightly with his own. Ilya knew exactly what this meant.

“Shane has discovered he has occasional trouble finding speech,” Ilya said, very matter of factly.

“Like when he's stressed, perhaps?” Dr. Mendoza asked, an eyebrow shooting up. Shane nodded.

“Uh... other situations too, sometimes,” he muttered. Dr. Mendoza's eyebrows furrowed.

“May I ask what kind?”

The pair went silent.

“... Sex,” Shane eventually admitted softly. Dr. Mendoza nodded understandingly.

“So, the term for that is verbal shutdown. It's a reasonably common autistic stress response. It

often comes from overwhelming stimuli input, which isn't always bad, it just requires extra gentle handling."

Ilya looked at Dr. Mendoza, weighing a question.

"... It is still okay that we... have relations... when he is like that?"

Dr. Mendoza turned to Shane.

"Did you have relations?"

Shane nodded.

"Did you consent?"

Shane nodded again, firmly.

"And were you able to communicate when you needed to stop?"

"We came up with a communication system after I... noticed what was happening," Shane said.

"Does that answer your question, Ilya? Because I can't speak for Shane like that."

Ilya smiled tensely, but relaxed minutely in his position on the loveseat he shared with Shane.

He glanced at Shane.

"Yes, and I am sorry for doubting."

"It's okay, I think it was scary for both of us, just at different points," Shane said, grabbing Ilya's hand.

"Let's explore that trust, more than we listen to that fear," Dr. Mendoza said. Ilya looked at Shane, the man he had devoted his life to, and sat with the words. He squeezed Shane's hand, and trusted what he felt there.

End Notes

The one word of Russian used here (любовь) translates to “love.” I’m pretty sure I got the noun form and not the verb form, but I do not speak Russian so correct me if I am wrong!

This is a super important fic for me, as an autistic person who has verbal shutdowns, regularly losing my ability to speak, especially when under intense pressure and in bed. My verbal state does not personally keep me from being intimate, it just means there are different rules to keep consent where it needs to be. I like to think Shane’s unmasking process would have stuff like this, and I personally haven’t seen rep for people who don’t speak/don’t always speak due to their autism being intimate. This is a premise fic for most post-retirement/marriage fics I’ll be writing with these two, especially after the events of a fic I have planned where Shane ends up getting professionally assessed.

If you have problems with being verbal or someone you love does, comment how you think I did accuracy wise. If you’re not nonverbal, semiverbal, prone to verbal shutdowns, etc., or aren’t really close to someone who does, feel free to comment your thoughts, but I’d appreciate it if you didn’t comment on accuracy. Thanks!

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