

Loving quirks

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Loving quirks

by [sarahleein98](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander and his quirks lived through a lot. And Ilya is being great about it.

This is a story insight into Shane's quirks, how he deals with them and how is being loved by Ilya about it.

Notes

I wasn't sure I want to post this (still not), but I decided to just do it!

Heated Rivalry has us in a chokehold and I love to fall deep into the word of stories about the characters. I love how Hudson talks about Shane and his specific behavior, how he portrayed the autistic side of his character in the show. And so I wrote a little storyline about this certain "quirks" Shane obviously has.

The little flashbacks are all based and inspired by the show; there are certain familiarities like the folding of his clothes but also some that entirely grew on my own mind. Just notice that I'm not autistic - I have a fair amount of knowledge about it from my job and my studies, but I'm no expert. I just had fun writing this!

* I'm no native English speaker, so please excuse potential mistakes (except the ones made on purpose in Ilya's lines lol) - I did my best!

I really hope you have as much fun as I had!

P.s. Am I the only one who reads Ilya's lines in a Russian accent from now on?

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

Shane Hollander had his quirks. Or that's what people were telling him. They gave him odd looks from time to time when he spoke up in daily conversations to just... join social talks. They teased him about doing certain things in a certain way at certain times. They mocked him for being unnecessarily upset about something. They slapped him on the back when he recited the stats from the last 15 years of NHL final championships – again.

Shane knew people normally weren't intentionally mean about these things and he has gotten used to it over the years. He learned to adapt. To be like everyone else.

And then there was Ilya. They had started seeing each other almost 11 years ago and they were officially something more since a year. Well, officially like in his parents and Hayden plus wife knew. Nobody else. And they only been in this kind of domestic relationship for a fairly short period of time, but they still have known each other now for over a decade. They were able to play against each other on the ice with their eyes closed and they have mapped out every tiny spot on their bodies behind their wall of being professional hockey players. So, Ilya knew about Shane's quirks. And every one of these awkward moments made his heart swell in his chest even more.

For instance, Shane's quirk about the food on his plate.

There had been this one Saturday where Ilya had cooked lunch for both after practice: chicken, mashed potatoes and some broccoli. Shane just came out of his shower, so Ilya had dished up their food already and placed the plate down on the kitchen counter where Shane took his place on the bar stool. As he was ready to dig in in, he suddenly froze and stared down onto his plate like it had grown legs. Ilya, who was standing behind the counter and already had his mouth full of a serving mashed potatoes, looked at him.

“What?”

Shane didn't look up. He swallowed, licking his lips and his fingers started drumming on the counter next to the plate. “There is, uh... the broccoli...”

Ilya chewed loudly. “Yeah. I thought you like?”

Shane nodded. “But... it's touching the mashed potatoes.”

Ilya stopped chewing. “All the food on your plate touches each other. It will also touch in your stomach later.”

“I know that.”, Shane grimaced. “It's just... the consistency of the mashed potatoes is widely different to the cooked broccoli and its better when the chicken is in between it.”

“But the chicken is also different to mashed potatoes.”

“Yes, but it's much more to bite and chew, so it's doesn't really count as a specific consistency.”

For a few seconds there was just silence. Then, Ilya laid down his food and reached for Shane's plate. "I can get you a new one."

"No!", Shane hurriedly said. "I... It's fine. It shouldn't bother me."

"If it bothers you, let me change it for you."

"You really don't have to."

"I want to.", Ilya stated and grabbed Shane's plate, transferring all the food to his own plate and loading the dirty one into the dishwasher. After he grabbed a fresh plate, he dished some mashed potatoes on it, chicken next to it and on the other side some broccoli. Separately, without any touch between them.

"Good like that?", Ilya slid the plate over to Shane who genuinely smiled at him.

"Thank you."

From that day on, when Ilya cooked there was no food touching each other anymore on Shane's plate. When they would eat dinner at Hayden's, Ilya would inconspicuously put the sides on an extra plate for Shane, because he knew his boyfriend wouldn't ask for it without feeling anxious. Ilya teased Shane about his food quirk, but he also made it easier for Shane to live with it.

Then there was this quirk about Shane folding his clothes. Well, even Ilya attempted to fold his clothes after being washed and dried and ready to be put back into his closet. But Shane folded everything that came off his body, didn't matter how much dirt, sweat or even blood from a brutal game was on it. Also, the certain reason for taking their clothes off in any situation didn't matter at this point.

Shane and Ilya hadn't seen each other for almost 4 months now. Ilya had been back in Russia for a bit of time because of his niece and then Shane got invited to a photoshoot in Europe. Ilya had two earlier games this season, so he couldn't visit. Time was rushing by and so it happened they were a little desperate the moment Ilya had pressed Shane against the wall of their hotel room in San Francisco where they met up after their last game. Their kisses were heated from the first second on and it seemed like neither of them could wait any second longer to get their hands on each other. Shane hungrily kissed his boyfriend's neck while Ilya fumbled with his belt buckle. They teared apart for a second for Ilya to get rid of his shirt, only for Shane to hatch back onto his naked chest, teething at his nipple. Ilya groaned, pressing Shane's head against his body. They stumbled a few steps into the room, directly to bed. Shane was still in his button-up shirt and Ilya was desperate to get rid of it, so he started fumbling with the buttons. Plop, plop, plop... now opened, Ilya shrugged the shirt off Shane's shoulders and leaned in again to kiss him, but Shane wriggled free from his grab.

"Wait."

"Everything ok?", Ilya panted, watching him a bit concerned.

"Yeah, I... My shirt will be all wrinkled".

Ilya was someone who rarely got ripped out of a haze of lust, especially with Shane. His boyfriend tended to say or do things that would flag any other's guy erection in a second, even if he didn't mean to do that. Ilya had gotten used to it and even learned to love it. Shane was Shane. But there were still moments that surprised him.

"What?"

"My shirt.", Shane knelt to pick it up. "It's freshly ironed and if I leave it like this, I will have wrinkles tomorrow."

Ilya stared at him. "Who the fuck cares about wrinkles in your shirt?"

"I do!"

"Shane.", Ilya pressed his fingers against his eyebrows. "Sweetheart, we haven't seen each other for a very long time, and I really want you in bed now, okay? Please, I buy you new shirt if it has wrinkles tomorrow."

Now it was Shane's turn to stare at him. "But I don't want a new shirt. It's a good shirt."

Okay, fine. Maybe Ilya would need a tiny-weeny bit of time to get back into the game after... whatever this was. "Okay. Why don't you get off your clothes and put them as you like and I will get us some water for later?"

Shane suddenly looked guilty and a bit embarrassed, clutching his shirt in his hands, standing in front of the bed where he and Ilya had just kissed and explored their bodes heatedly a minute ago. If only Ilya didn't find him so damn adorable. He came up to Shane and pressed a compassionate kiss onto his lips, before whispering into his ear "Make sure to hurry, I've been waiting to get my hands on you the whole fucking game."

Shane flushed and Ilya smirked at him, passing by to grab some water from the mini fridge. Later it turned out, they were back in the game faster than Ilya could have folded his own shirt.

Another quirk about Shane sometimes made it hard for Ilya to stay mad at him (not that this would happen often). But what was being in a relationship without getting into occasional fights?

"You are being ridiculous here!"

Ilya scoffed. "Ridiculous? This word alone is ridiculous."

"Don't change the topic!"

"What topic?!"

"The topic where I said you shouldn't buy something expensive like that for my parents! I don't have a Christmas present like yours and it's looking weird!", Shane had his arms crossed in front of his chest, lips pursed.

“Shane, they are your parents! You could gift them bread and they would love you.”

“That’s so not the point, Ilya!”

“You said I should make good time with them. Getting to know each other!”

“Yes, but that’s not the way I meant it.”

“Well, you cannot have your cake and eat it too!”, Ilya gesticulated wildly, fairly impressed by himself being able to dig this English phrase out of his brain. Something Yuna was trying to teach him for the last weeks and apparently it’s working well. She will be proud.

Shane dropped his mask of anger, and it was replaced by confusion. Nose scrunched up, his tongue licking his lips. “What cake? We don’t have any cake.”

Ilya stared at him. Not being able to come to terms with what Shane just had said in such short amount of time.

“I don’t even like cake.”, Shane offered since Ilya hadn’t said anything further.

“What?”

“You do know I don’t like cake, don’t you?”, Shane had loosened his crossed arms and was now pulling his thumbs into the pockets of his pants. “I told you at Hayden’s birthd...”

“I know, Shane!”, Ilya interrupted him, snapping more than he intended to. Shane closed his mouth and didn’t meet his eyes. Ilya sighed. “Sweetheart.”

Ilya stepped up to Shane and grabbed his hand, kissing his knuckles. “I just meant... It means that you can’t have both things. Like in this case, you can’t want me to get friends with your parents and not buying them nice gifts. Your mom explained to me, and I liked it.”

“Oh.”, Shane pursed his lips. Ilya could almost see his head spiraling.

“I’m sorry, I thought you know.”

Shane abstinently scratched his chin. “I’m, uh... not good with idioms.”

“You don’t say.”, Ilya grinned.

“Shut up.”

“You know, I thought the Russian guy was the one with problems in English language.”

“I said shut up.”, Shane shot back, but smiling, nevertheless.

“Maybe your mom should give us lesson together.”

“You would like that, wouldn’t you?”

“As much as you hate cake.”, Ilya crowded Shane and kissed him.

Finally, communication and social cues overall were a bit difficult for Shane. On top of this list stood sarcasm. Ilya had to think back to his boyfriend coming back to his apartment after a game his team had lost.

Shane got rid of his helmet, letting the breeze of air going through his sweaty hair. Feeling a bit bummed, he sat down on the bench in front of his locker and untied his skates. They lost 0-2 in a fast, brutal game against New York, and everyone was pissed.

“What a good game, huh?!”, Shane’s teammate Haas yanked his helmet off and let it fall to the ground.

Shane wouldn’t have said anything, but Haas deliberately looked at him. “Uh... We lost, didn’t we? Wasn’t that good of a game.”

Haas glared at him. “You don’t say, cap?”, he snarled back while rolling his eyes at him.

Shane furrowed his brows, getting the cue he might have understood something wrong – again. He slipped out of his skates, beginning to get rid of his uniform. He had hoped this conversation was done, but Haas just seemed to run warm.

“That physical slam in the second round, was that really necessary?”

Shane licked his lips. “I think it was, Junes had me barreled through...”

“Fuck, Holly, it was a rhetorical question!”

“But why would you ask me if you don’t want an answer?”

“How the fuck would I know!”, Haas threw his sweaty jersey onto Shane’s chest. “It’s definitely your fault when I need to get drunk tonight.”

Shane’s confusion didn’t stop growing. “But why would...”

“Hey! Calm the fuck down and leave him alone.”, Hayden stepped in, throwing his jersey back to Haas who caught it fairly easy, smirking.

“Ah, come on, Pike. Just a bit of fun, huh?”, he stepped up to Shane and clapped his cheek like Shane was a little boy. “You have as much fun in your bones as a brick, Holly!”

With that, Haas left the lockers to go for a shower. Later, when Shane came back to Ilya’s apartment, his boyfriend had prepared dinner for them. As they sat down and started to eat, Ilya’s was watching Shane.

“You okay? You seem distracted tonight.”

“Huh?”, Shane got pulled from his thoughts. “Oh, yeah. Just tired, I guess. Hard game.”

“Mhm.”, Ilya nodded, taking a sip from his coke.

Shane shuffled his fork around the plate, lost in thoughts again. A couple minutes later he

decided to speak up. "Why do people ask questions they don't even want an answer for? It doesn't make any sense for me."

Ilya laid down his own fork, tilting his head slightly. "What do you mean?"

"Today, after the game...", Shane dragged his fork through the brown rice. "Haas was mad we lost and he... I don't know, he said something me being responsible if he gets drunk tonight and he was asking me things he wasn't interested in me answering. And he said...", Shane stopped for a moment, forehead crinkled in thoughts to remind himself of the exact words. "... I have as much fun in my bones as a brick. I don't know what that means."

Ilya's eyes softened, grabbing Shane's hand where it laid on the table in front of him. "Oh sweetheart, Haas was just being a dick. You know he can be one?"

Shane nodded. He knew that.

"I don't really know why people say things or ask things, when they do not expect answer. It's stupid, you are right."

Shane nodded again, finally looking at Ilya. "And the brick-thing? What did he mean with that?"

Ilya sighed; a flare of anger consumed him towards Haas for saying something stupid to his cutie-patootie, lovely innocent boyfriend. "It means you're no funny. A brick doesn't have feelings or something like humor. So, that asshole compared you to this brick."

"Oh.", Shane chewed on his lip. Apparently, it took almost 5 hours for him until he understood he was being insulted earlier. Great.

"Hey.", Ilya squeezed Shane's hand to get him out of his thoughts. "Don't listen to that pisser. He stupid, he asshole. He doesn't know you. I do, I think you are funny."

"You always say I'm boring."

"Well, you are.", Ilya smirked at him. "But I don't want you to change that. And boring is not the same as being not funny. Haas is boring and not funny."

Shane huffed a laugh and Ilya had the biggest smile on his lips, bringing up Shane's knuckles to kiss them.

Ilya was brought back from his memories to the present by Shane sitting down next to him, handing him a cup of tea. "Thank you.", he pressed a kiss to his boyfriend's cheek as he sat down next to him, his own cup of tea in his hands.

They both stared down on that piece of paper laying in front of them. It was letter from Dr. Turner who Shane had met a couple months ago for a diagnostic testing. A testing for autism. Between all these written lines, one sentence stood out like a bright star:

Mr. Shane Hollander, 27, diagnosed for autism.

Ilya had wrapped his arm around Shane, planting kisses on his face. "How do you feel?"

“I... I don't know. It all makes sense now, I guess?”

“You know that doesn't have to change anything.”, Ilya paused. “It can, if you want to.”

“How do you mean?”, Shane whispered.

“It can help you see everything better about you. If you understand it, then it's easier to deal with it. There are a lot of options for us now.”

Shane sighed deeply, feeling overwhelmed with everything. Ilya rubbed his neck, attempting to soothe him. “You are still in control, Sweetheart. We only do what you want. If you don't want to do anything and just burn this letter, I'll make bonfire.”

Shane huffed a laugh, shaking his head. “I think I need to think about it a bit longer.”

“Whatever you need.”, Ilya murmured back, pulling Shane closer to him. His boyfriend cuddled under his armpit, laying his head down just under Ilya's shoulder. For a bit, there was only breathing and the gentle upside-down strokes from Ilya's on Shane's arm.

“Did you know? The whole time, I mean?”

Ilya thought about Shane's question. “I didn't know anything. I thought maybe you had a bit of struggle with anxiety. And that you are just not having the... how was it called, the biggest social battery?”

“Hm.”, Shane absently dragged his finger over Ilya's chest. “But you know that I'm a bit... weird around certain things.”

“Weird is not a nice word. You have your quirks, so have I.”

“Your quirks are harmless compared to mine.”

“Shane, this is not a competition. I love you and your quirks, and I don't care if you are autistic or not. All I care is about you being happy and feeling good. If that means I have to separate your beans from the rice every Friday night, I will gladly do that.”

Shane smiled slightly. “I think I really love you.”

“Oh, that's great.”, Ilya mocked him, before he tilted Shane's head and kissed him. “I really love you too. Don't change. Stay like you are. Promise?”

“Promise.”

End Notes

Ok phew, that's it.

I may have written another story, but not sure I want to post it.

Thank you so much for reading <3

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