

I'm at the chateau (and I feel alright)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/78184816) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/78184816>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Autistic Shane Hollander , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , autistic shutdown , Fluff , Domestic Fluff , Comfort
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-24 Words: 1,202 Chapters: 1/1

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by [SunshineHollanov \(eddieintheupsidedown\)](#).

Summary

Shane comes home after a long, exhausting day. His brain stopped responding hours ago and there's only one person who can bring him back to this realm now. Luckily Ilya knows exactly how to care for his husband.

Notes

Autistic Shane Hollander is very important to me. if you don't feel like this is a realistic portrayal of autism please go suck a toe bc its based on myself! Also English is not my first language so don't yell at me about grammar and spelling and awkward sentences because I will cry thank you <3

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

It had been a long day. Two commercial shoots, lunch with his parents and an Interview for a Sports magazine Shane had never even heard of. He wasn't even sure of how he had made it home after the interview, although he was certain he drove back. Shane unlocked the front door and quietly rid himself of his shoes and coat. His heart was racing, his hearing was dull and everything felt overwhelming, so he stood in the hallway for a moment, soaking in the scent of his home. The vanilla room spray he always used lingered in the air, mixed with a faint hint of cigarettes and whatever dinner Ilya had made himself earlier. It wasn't enough to ground him, but it helped him get moving again, pulling him out of the freeze his body had gone into. Shane had gotten used to that feeling now, the way his knees locked and he couldn't even blink. The way his breath sped up along with his heart beat, stuck in flight mode but unable to escape. He hated the feeling.

"Shane? You're home," Ilya's voice sounded from the living room. He was supposed to be asleep already, with his own busy schedule the next day requiring adequate rest. Shane took a deep breath instead of answering, not trusting his voice to not betray him. His toes were numb, but still he walked down the dimly lit hallway to the living room, where Ilya was sitting on the couch with his phone in his hand and Hockey Highlights playing on the muted TV.

Shane stood in the doorway and took another deep breath, his whole body shaking with the stress of the day, tears already forming in his eyes. His skin felt itchy, his socks were too tight and he didn't like the way his mouth felt. He just felt all wrong. Ilya noticed immediately, all the years of their relationship had made him an expert in Shane Hollander. The way his breaths got shaky, the glossy look in his eyes and how Shane started chewing on his lips without even noticing. Ilya stood up from the couch and crossed the living room in a few strides, taking Shane's face into his hands.

"My socks feel wrong," Shane whispered and closed his eyes. He could feel every piece of his clothes that were touching him, and none of them felt right. But his socks were the worst right now. The cuff was cutting into his ankle, they moved so the toe seam was pressing into the top of his toes uncomfortably and they felt too dirty from the daily wear.

"Okay, we will take them off," Ilya pulled his husband into his arms and held him close, "What else?"

Shane let out a sigh of relief, "They put makeup on me for the commercials. My skin is screaming for air. It's been sitting on my face since this morning and it's – it's suffocating."

"Okay we will get rid of that too," Ilya pulled away, grabbing Shane's hand instead to lead him to the bathroom. Shane sat down on the closed toilet lid and pulled off his socks quickly, folding them once and placing them on the floor next to the toilet.

Ilya pulled out the makeup wipes from the cabinet and started wiping at Shane's face gently, occasionally running his free hand through Shane's hair and scratching at his scalp.

"I changed the bedsheets today. To the dark blue ones, the soft ones you really like."

Shane could only hum in response, closing his eyes and letting his husband remove his makeup carefully, the stress of the day slowly leaving his body at Ilya's gentle touch.

"Let's get you to bed, moya lyubov," Ilya took Shane's hands into his own again, pulling him up to his feet.

"My mouth feels weird. I talked too much today. And my lips are so dry," Shane looked in the mirror, then at his husband, "and my whole body is itching from the clothes they had me

in earlier.”

Wordlessly Ilya took both their toothbrushes and wetted them, before adding toothpaste and handing Shanes to him.

They stood next to each other, quietly brushing their teeth, still holding hands. It was a little awkward, but Ilya knew Shane needed to be grounded and his touch was the easiest way to do that.

After they were done, Shane felt himself slowly zoning out again. His eyes glossed over as he stared at his reflection in the mirror. He knew the person he was seeing there was himself, but he couldn't recognize him. Something about the way his hair sat and the angle of his mouth seemed wrong. He felt himself being pulled away to the bedroom, just before he could find something else that didn't match in the reflection.

Ilya rummaged through their dresser, still not letting go of Shane's hand, and pulled out his biggest and softest sweater, along with Shane's favorite Pajama pants, “Put these on, they are not itchy.”

Shane nodded and changed quickly, the softness of the sweater mixed with the smell of Ilya that lingered in it, even after countless washes, engulfing him and bringing him back into his own body. They got into bed and Shane immediately settled into the new sheets, embracing the comforting familiarity of the cotton. Ilya grabbed a chapstick from the drawer of his nightstand and handed it to Shane, who applied it to his lips quickly.

“Tastes like you,” he hummed, handing the small tube back to Ilya.

“Hm, I think I taste like chapstick, no?” Ilya placed a soft kiss on Shane's lips, who nodded in agreement. “Better now?”

“Better, but,” Shane sighed, “I'm so tired. It was all too much today.” His vision landed on the small clock by their bed, the time reading 11:48 PM. “I kept you up,” he whispered, eyes fixed on the clock.

“No, I kept myself up. I knew you would be stressed after long day today. Wanted to be there for you.” Ilya nuzzled his face into Shane's neck, strong arms wrapping around his partner's waist, one hand sneaking its way under the sweater for skin contact. “I would have stayed awake until early morning for you, if I had to.”

Shane let out a small sigh and looked at Ilya, “You have a long day tomorrow. You should have gone to bed earlier.”

“Didn't want to moya lyubov, wanted to hold my husband when I fall asleep.” He placed a soft kiss on Shane's neck, then another on the underside of his jaw. The two of them stayed like that for a moment, breathing in each other. Shane finally felt his heartbeat return to a normal tempo, the feeling in his fingers and toes returned and so did the clarity in his head, that he hadn't even noticed was gone.

“I'm lucky to have you. Thank you.” But Ilya had already fallen asleep with a smile on his face. Shane watched him sleep for another moment. The stress of the day hadn't been forgotten, but it was all worth it for this. Being held by his husband, cared for and loved, Shane drifted off to sleep too.

End Notes

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