

None of This

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None of This

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Summary

“Yeah.” Shane said after a particularly long sip. He hesitated for a moment, thinking about the optics. He tried to ignore the fluttering feeling deep in his chest at the thought. It was dumb and he knew it. Like yeah, poor Shane. He has to spend time with his loving mother and father over a home made meal with his adoring husband.

or

Shane pushes himself to do something out of his routine, causing a shutdown to happen. Ilya knows his husband.

Notes

i haven't written fanfics this consistently since 2019 during my umbrella academy hyperfixation LOL

im projecting my half japanese autistic self onto shane hollander and i will do so for a long time :)

i didn't proofread or anything just typed and typed and then post! so all mistakes are mine hahahaha pls enjoy and stay safe

Shane slowly stirs awake, taking a deep inhale and a light groan escaping his lips as he stretches his arm that isn't being pinned down by his husband. It was another day waking up in the arms of the man he loved. Their slow mornings have become as natural as blinking for them, Anya at the foot of their bed. It took some convincing on Ilya's part to let her on the bed, but Shane can't say no to both his and Anya's puppy eyes. He isn't evil, after all. So they agreed Ilya has to use dog grooming wipes on her paws before bed and their daughter can snuggle up to them as much as she wants.

Shane adjusts slightly, looking up at the love of his life sleeping so soundly. His beauty never fails to take his breath away. He looks like he is sketched from marble - sharp angles and beautiful lashes. A sharp jaw and fuck, his lips. He has the most beautiful cupid's bow. His golden locks practically glitter in the early morning light, his eyes following each ringlet he can see. And that damn mole. Shane knows that he is prone to being an obsessive person and he can't deny that yeah, he IS obsessed with his husband. He married a Greek God, after all. Well, a Russian one.

He gently leans upwards and places a soft kiss on his mole, travels to the tip of his nose, then to his closed eyelids that slowly flutter open. Ilya smiles softly, practically purring at the affection. He finally kisses his lips, slow and soft. They have all the time in the world.

"Mmm, good morning." Ilya's voice is rough with sleep, his accent always more pronounced first thing in the morning.

"доброе утро." Shane replies, his accent not quite perfect but the effort never fails to make Ilya feel warm and fuzzy inside.

Now that they're both awake and showing signs of life, Anya patters her way in between her dads, kissing Ilya's face and the sound of her tail wagging and thudding against the mattress provides the only sound in their bedroom.

"Good morning, my babygirl!" Ilya's voice goes up an octave, his hands scratching just behind her ears where he knows she loves.

"Let's get ready for our W-A-L-K." Ilya places a kiss on top of Shane's head before untangling himself and getting up, Anya following his every move.

They quickly fall into their routine. Shane gets up a few minutes after hearing the leash, collar, and her little outdoor booties being put on, the door closing not long after. He steps into their shared bathroom, grabbing his toothbrush and toothpaste. He brushes and counts for exactly 90 seconds, then spits it out. He methodically goes through his 6 step skincare routine that he has down to a science at this point. Ilya always gives him shit for it, but he's seen the way he leans into Shane's touch when he applies toner onto his gorgeous skin. He loves doing his night routine with him; it's a way he can take care and pamper Ilya and he accepts it, although not without Ilya's more than colorful commentary along the way.

After he finishes, Shane makes his way into the kitchen and puts on a pot of coffee. He gets out the blender, his usual powders, fruits and supplements. He then gets out Ilya's bagels and

salmon spread he gets from a local deli. He says it reminds him of home- the good parts of it at least. His mother made him a special salmon spread with crackers after school. The thought of little Ilya, a big toothless grin on his face eating his mother's home made snack makes the corner of his lip turn up the smallest bit at the spread as he places it on the counter.

This little routine he and Ilya have curated over the past year is familiar. It's safe. It took some time, of course. Shane wasn't as adept to change as Ilya was - he's never had to move to a different country, learn a new language, and change his entire life more than once like Ilya has. And change has always been something he's struggled with. But he was patient with him. More so than he thought he deserved. Sometimes not, though. There was a learning curve. Like when Ilya put Shane's dirty laundry hamper in the laundry alongside his load. Shane kept opening and closing his fists at his sides, shoulders hunched and his mouth opening and closing trying to explain what the problem was.

"Is no big deal. My load wasn't big enough, so I put yours in. To help, moya lyubov." Ilya waved his hand, his tone nonchalant but with still a hint of sarcasm.

"No, Ilya-" Shane paused, taking a stunted breath. "I do my laundry every Sunday morning. I know exactly how many pieces I need to wash each week: 8 pairs of socks, 7 pairs of underwear, 4 pairs of shorts, 1 pair of pants, 2 pajama sets, and 8 shirts. Now it's going to be off this week. And you used the lavender scented stuff. I like the smell on you, but not on me. I only use the unscented Tide one." He stated, his fingers pointing to each point on his other hand as he listed out the laundry load, his gaze on Ilya's right shoulder and unable to meet his eyes.

And so, Ilya never touched his laundry again without asking. He learned that some things that didn't seem to be important to him, were in fact very crucial for Shane. He knew his love was...pericilar. But that's what he fell in love with. His quirks AND his freckles. It's a terrible problem.

The sound of the door opening, Anya's bootie clad feet jumping on the hardwood floor and collar jingling snapping Shane out of his thoughts. He grabs the pot of coffee and pours some into two mugs before Ilya makes his way into the kitchen.

"We had very eventful walk! We went down a different street today and Anya saw another dog that looked like her. I chatted with the owner, very nice lady. She said her dog is also Australian Shepherd mix. He had one blue eye and one brown. Very pretty. But her dog is named Mike!" Ilya barked a laugh, shaking his head. "So stupid to name your dog a boring human name like Mike."

Shane cocked his head, his eyes narrowing on his husband.

"Your dog is named Anya, Ilya." He stated matter of factly, said dog running up to him at the sound of her name. He leaned down and patted her chest.

"Eh, is different. Anya is a gorgeous name. Rolls off the tongue nicely. Mike is just... diabolical." Ilya settled on, taking the mug from his husband and kissing his cheek as he did so. Shane leaned into the kiss, as he always did.

“Diabolical, huh? Where’d you learn that one?” Shane teased lightly, taking a sip of his black coffee before heading to the blender to put together his smoothie.

Ilya muttered back some response about how he is a sexy and educated man as he got Anya’s breakfast from the pantry. Shane only caught the tail end of the elaborate explanation but rolled his eyes affectionately nonetheless. He turned the blender on, waiting 45 seconds exactly before pouring it into a cup.

He quickly put the fruit, milk, and powders away and popped Ilya’s bagel in the toaster for him as he fed Anya. He turned the nozzle to 6, just as Ilya liked it. Not burned to a crisp, but a light tan color with a crunch.

“My mom asked if we wanted to go to their place for dinner tonight. She’s been trying new recipes in that fancy crockpot you got her and she wants to show off, I guess. And go over new activities for this summer’s Irina camp.” Shane said from the dining table, carefully watching Ilya construct his bagel.

“Mmm, yes. She did mention that last week. I am okay with going. Are you?” Ilya replied casually, spreading the salmon spread along his perfectly toasted bagel. He knew that normally on Monday nights they get take out from their favorite Indian restaurant and watch Modern Family. Shane had confessed it was a guilty pleasure comfort show early in their marriage and Ilya was forced (lovingly) to find out why.

“Yeah.” Shane said after a particularly long sip. He hesitated for a moment, thinking about the optics. He tried to ignore the fluttering feeling deep in his chest at the thought. It was dumb and he knew it. Like yeah, poor Shane. He has to spend time with his loving mother and father over a home made meal with his adoring husband.

“We can, uh, just watch it when we get back. We don’t have that meeting with the new possible sponsor until 1 PM tomorrow.”

“Perfect.” Ilya eyes his husband for a moment, reading his tight lipped expression. He sat down next to Shane at the table, as he always did. Never across. Ilya felt like it was as if all the years of denying themselves of this domestic intimacy, he found himself gravitating towards Shane always. Whether it be on the ice, at a restaurant, or in their own home. He wanted to always be with him. Near him, if the situation allotted of course.

Shane gave a tight lipped smile, and the two fell into a comfortable silence as they enjoyed their breakfast in one another's company. Shane couldn’t shake the slight sinking feeling in his chest.

It persisted as their day went on. Shane went to their home gym, hoping to out run the feeling to no avail. He did extra bulgarian split squats and upped the dumbbells by 15 pounds. The burn in his thighs and glutes, the accelerated heartbeat, and sweat pouring down his face and making his bangs stick to his forehead uncomfortably did dampen the feeling for a moment. He was able to focus on each muscle being tested to its absolute limit. His core engaged and his breathing heavy but controlled. He did as many reps as his body allowed before stopping. He honestly stopped counting after 70.

He was sure that by the time he was showered and fresh again, he'd feel better. But of course, the same sinking feeling just returned tenfold. As it always did. After all these years he hoped he could just... get the fuck over it. Just go along with his day like everyone else when their plans change. He's a full grown adult. A man. A retired professional athlete that has won multiple Stanley cups and changed the industry. He is a god damn legend. So why can't he just go to dinner?

That deep and utterly sinking feeling that has plagued him his entire life is there. The feeling that happens when things get to be just too fucking much. The buzz under his skin, the sounds of the world suddenly amplified by 1000. The sun too bright, his clothes too scratchy. And it never leaves when it gets past a certain point and threshold. It just gets worse until he can't control it anymore.

And so he's sitting (or hiding) in their walk in closet. Ilya is packing up Anya's stuff to take her to their parents. Himself already dressed and ready to go. But Shane has yet to get up from the ottoman in the middle of the room.

He doesn't know how long he's been sitting there. He can hear the overhead light in the closet, the pitch drilling into his skull and psyche at this point. He's aware of the way his fingers are trembling, and he really does try his best to stop them with no such luck. He leans his elbows on his knees, curling in on himself, and his hands find his hair. He starts to tug, the pain grounding his overwhelmed mind. And helps with the trembling.

He takes a shuddering breath, a soft "fuck" escaping his lips. He starts to rock without realizing, trying his damndest to not let the stinging sharp tears fall. But they do. He squeezes his eyes so tight he sees the black and white shapes. And he just sniffs, breath hitching more and shaking his head. He pulls harder at his hair tighter because he feels himself falling apart and he knows there's nothing that he can do to stop it.

Suddenly, there's a hand at his wrist and he chokes out a guttural sound that he isn't sure really came from him. He hears a soft apology, and opens his eyes, blinking profusely. The light is off now, the relief of the brightness and sound no longer being present easing the pain just the smallest bit. He sees Ilya on his knees in front of him, a worried look on his face. But his eyes aren't full of pity, they never are. Just pure care and adoration.

"I know, Shane. I'm sorry. I can't let you hurt yourself, moye solnyshko." With firm pressure, he gently uncurls Shane's fingers from his hand and places an ouchie stim toy in his hand. It's a light blue spiky pain stim toy Ilya bought him from a dumb tiktok shop ad. Shane scoffed at the idea at first, but right now he's never been more thankful. He grips the fidget hard, still struggling to calm his breathing and his mind.

"Breathe with me." Ilya guides Shane's hand that isn't holding the fidget to his chest.

"In." He instructs, counting for 5 seconds in his head.

"Out." He blows out.

Shane's eyes are still closed, and his breath is still stuttered, but the fog starts to clear as Ilya guides their breaths.

“That’s it. Just like that.”

After a few moments, Shane finally opens his eyes again. His eyes are still glazed over, but more clear than before. He lurches forward onto the ground, wrapping his arms around Ilya’s shoulder and hiding his face in the crook of his neck. Ilya immediately wraps him up, holding him as tight as possible.

“I’m sorry.” Shane mutters into his neck and he hears Ilya shush him as he rocks them back and forth.

“Nothing to be sorry for.” Ilya gently reminds him.

That causes Shane to whimper and wrap his arms tighter.

“I-I just wish I could be fucking normal...” Shane pauses,

“Normal enough for you.” Shane admits so softly that Ilya can barely hear him even with their proximity.

Shane feels Ilya shaking his head fervently.

“None of this. This is just how your brain works. And I love your brain. Do you get mad when my depression acts up?” Ilya doesn’t even give Shane a chance to reply, “No, you don’t. Because you love me. You take care of me. You make me feel safe. And I will always do my best to make you feel same. Just tell me next time you feel like this, okay? I knew we should stay in tonight, so we will..”

Shane doesn’t have the energy to fight back on that or reply, even though every cell in his body wants him to. But he can’t even find the words right now, or any for that matter. He wants to thank him for loving him so completely. For not running away at the first sight of his overstimulated brain and senses. And Ilya doesn’t push him. He knows exactly how his husband feels. And he knows exactly what he needs.

So Shane simply accepts Ilya’s love and care. He accepts the affirmation that he so desperately needed to hear. He doesn’t believe it 100 percent, and he may never will. But Ilya will tell him as many times as he needs.

He lets Ilya text his parents to reschedule their dinner. And Shane lets him drape a weighted blanket across his lap on the couch, Modern Family on the tv, Anya in his lap, and a tandoori chicken on the tray table in front of him.

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