Katrina

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Katrina

by Sweettree

Summary

The Centaurs are on a Roadie and have to pull over at a shitty motel to wait out a crazy storm. Shane hates storms with a passion because they are essentially a sensory clusterfuck for him. On top of that, they aren't the only ones who needed to get off the road leaving Wyatt and Bood sharing a room with the couple.

Or Shane and Ilya being cute, Wyatt and Bood watching. Shane also has really bad anxiety so if you like that you will like this.

Notes

Have I been a little inactive? Yes. Do I have tons of idea floating around in my head? Also yes. Am I trying to get my degree and classes are taking me away from what's really important. Writing about gay boys. This is being written instead of my Riticolgy paper. Enjoyyyyy.

They were two hours away from where they would be playing in Tennessee when Coach Wiebe let out a groan at the weather report.

What was supposed to be two hours of rain had turned into a heavy storm that would carry into the night. The thing was that coach wasn't the first to know this. Shane was.

He had an iron grip on his phone, obsessively checking his weather service app. When he saw the change in forecast it took all his will not to scream at his phone. When is got back to Wiebe it became real. That meant that someone had told him the weather was getting bad and he should check the forecast. Its meant now everyone was worried, it meant everything was going wrong.

Shane was reeling. He did not need this right now. He did not need the sound of water stabbing at the window like punishing darts. He did not need the wind sounding like it was trying to flip the building over. He did not need thunder rattling his bones every two minutes. He certainly did not need lighting, fucking lightning.

He could already feel the storm surging outside. He needed to bring himself down before he had a panic attack over a fucking storm.

Shane hunched over and put his head between his legs and his hands over his neck. *Deep fucking breathes Shane, Jesus please don't freak out.*

"Shane is ok, will be ok." Ilya leaned back up and looked around to gage the mood of everyone.

Anyone who wasn't checking the weather app on their device was worriedly looking outside. Yeah, they were fucked but Shane couldn't know that. Ilya looked over to his husbands hunched figure. He knew Shane had really bad storm anxiety and he knew Shane just needed to go through the motions; he was regulating himself as best he could. Ilya wanted to scoop him up so badly, but he knew Shane didn't like touch when he got like this, he was already a bit adverse to PDA in team settings. But when he saw Shane's whole body jerk at the sound of banging thunder his face crumpled in hurt, he would fight Zeus himself if it meant Shane would stop panicking for one moment.

Bood turned away from the window and peered behind his chair to meet Ilyas eyes. "Rozy you look like you might cry, you ok?"

"Shane hates storms. He is not doing good." Ilya plays with his wedding ring to give his hands something to do other than touching Shane.

"Poor guy" Bood turned his head to look at Shane. His face flooded with empathy. "Just two more hours." Bood said matter-of-factly.

Ilya gave a weak smile before looking at Shane again.

"Due to the location of the storm it might be three. It stretches over 48 miles." Wyatt said turning his tablet toward Bood.

"What are you on about bro.." Bood pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Shut the actual fuck up Hayes." Ilya said from behind the two.

"Ok, heh. Tough crowd." Wyatt turns to look outside again. "Just wanted to keep you informed."

Bood takes a deep breath and lets out a loud sigh. "Thank you for the information Hayze, what would we do without you."

Wyatt turns and smirks at Bood "Aww you love me, even if you don't say it I know it."

Bood rolls his eyes "Don't forget to send me a video, our Tiktok streak can NOT die again or I wi-"

Wiebe stood up and interrupted their conversations "Ok! Looks like we have to make an emergency stop for the night. Rain isnt letting up and there is a shelter in place warning. We are staying at a Holiday Inn just down the road. Room assignments will be decided then, just know that no one is getting a private suite. Not even me."

Groans and curses rang out. The bus slowed down to turn into the crust Holiday Inn motel they would be staying at.

The bus came to a fierce halt just outside the entrance. Wiebe got out and pulled on a clear toka and stepped outside, when he came back he was soaked from head to toe. He lifted up a partially soaked piece of paper.

"Alright kids. Room roulet lets go! Barret, Young, Dystra, and Philips Room 52. Rozanov, Hollander, Bood, Hayes 53..."

Bood was happy to share and so was Wyatt. They loved those two. It was like watching reality TV and some sappy romance show on Netflix wrapped in one. Ilya was funny as hell and Shane was just as funny without meaning too which somehow made him funnier. Shane also made sure the place was kept spotless. Very bossy and pouty, a grade A cutie. Ilya would keep the hype up with games and gossip. He was a charmer for sure and was the only person who could truly bring Shane out his shell.

Bood turned around and the smile on his face dropped as he was met with a worried Ilya softly speaking to a still hunched over Shane.

"Shane we are going to our room. We cannot drive in the rain..Мой дорогой муж. Come back for a moment." Ilya was leaned down next to Shane still not touching.

Shane was disassociating hard. Trying to bring his mind far away from the literal and mental storm he was trapped in.

"Ok...m'back" Shane stood up robotically.

Ilya met Bood's eyes for a moment then back at Shane. Bood stood up in turn and so did Wyatt. Ilya hadn't asked them verbally but they both moved to grab a couple of Shane's bags

to lighten the load. Bood only had one suitcase, light and easy for a big guy like him. What was one extra backpack. Wyatt only had a fat duffle bag and a tote for his travel stuff. He could carry a measly backpack for Shane.

Ilya moved to grab his and Shane's suitcases. All that was left When Shane got to the overhead bin was a smaller rolling suitcase. He grabbed that and moved down the bus to the entrance with the others.

As Shane walked off the rain slapped him in his face. It felt like a freezing shower. His shoes where immediately soaked. "Fuck" He said while covering his eyes to try and see through the storm. All the sudden the rain seemed to cease.

Shane turned to see his absolute unit of a husband standing over him trying to block out a majority of the rain. Shane was 5'11 and wearing slightly raised sneakers that made him 6'0 same as Ilya so his efforts where in vain. The thought counts though.

They made it too up the stairs and into their room in record time.

Shane was able to walk into the room and set down his bags before his mind totally screwed him over.

First thing. Shane was soaking wet. His hoodie and white T-shirt were sticking to his body, dripping on the floor. His shoes and socks where drenched as well. Shane curled his tones in discomfort and it felt like a puddle was forming underneath his foot. He closed his eyes tight and rubbed his face. Trying to keep himself in his body.

"Ok." He muttered out before walking into the bathroom.

Ilya was out of his soaked grey jacket and sitting in the desk chair. He knew Shane would kill him if he layed in the bed soaking wet.

Bood was in the other Queen bed lazily going through Tv channels while Wyatt sat on the end doing trivia on his Ipad. They didn't care if the bed got wet. It would dry eventually. It was only 3 Pm. They had hours before they went to bed, plenty of time for it too air dry.

They herd a sudden thumping within the bathroom and Ilya got up.

"Shane. Is good in there?" Ilya pressed an ear into the door.

Shane was in the bathroom ripping off his hoodie as quickly as possible, he lost his balance and fell into the wall trying to get off his shoes. The fall must have knocked something loose because now he was leaning over the sink takeing shallow breaths, shoes still on.

"Shane can I come in?" Ilya said softly.

"Im freaking out...j-just fuck! Give me a second." Shane took a few more grounding breaths and turned to open the door.

Ilya moved away so Shane could come out, Shane grabbed a small hand towel and dabbed his uper half as he stepped out.

Shane sat down on the desk and shut his eyes again. The feeling of the wet socks was gonna make him throw up, or scream, or fucking both. He rubbed his face roughly again, dragging his hands through his hair.

He leaned down to undo the laces but his hands were shaking too much for him to do it right.

"Jesus-fuck!" He creid out after the third attempt. He looked up to find Wyatt,Bood, and Ilya looking at him. "Sorry.." He rubbed his face rougher, pressing his palms into his eyes. The harsh uneven pattering of the rain was vibrating in his teeth. Driving him insane.

"Shane, am going to help you." Ilya moved from where he was leaning against the wall. He wanted to let Shane try himself, not wanting to get in his space too much but when Shane started to get frusterated he knew it was time to step in.

Ilya leaned down and undid the laces carful not to brush his hand on any exposed skin on his ankle yet. Once the shoes where off Shane's shoulders dropped by just an inch. He put his hand on Shanes calf and brought up his foot. He pulled off the sock swiflty and moved to the same on the other foot. He picked up the towel at Shane's side and used it to dry off his feet. After finishing he placed a small peck on each foot.

"Gross...augh" Bood made a fake vomiting motion.

Ilya turned to stick his tounge out then looked back at Shane. He was still rubbing his face.

Ilya moved to their bag and pulled out a hoodie. He placed the Hoodie over Shane's head. Then, as if it was second nature, Shane moved his arms in. Left arm then right, every time.

Shane kicked off his pants and crawled into their bed, pulling the hood over his head tightening it closed. Curling to the fetal position. Hie breathing was rough and he was still shaking like a wet puppy.

Wyatt looked up from his screen when he heard the breathing then looked at Ilya. "Is he..." He said quietly.

Ilya moved to grab a pair of blue socks from their suitcase "He is fine, needs his time to...relax." Ilya lifted his husbands feet to slip socks on them. "Will get better," He looked down fondly at Shane chewing on the string of the hoodie, hood pulled so tight you can only see his mouth and chin. "He just needs to take him mind away from here..."

Wyatt and Bood nod and go back to what they where doing. Ilya Takes off his pants and shirt. Laying in the bed in his dry boxers(Thank you fleece sweatpants) next to his curled husband.

"Bood why did you not know this would happen? You always say you elbow aches before a bad storm?" llya turned his head and looked at the man questioningly.

"Dont look at me. My elbow has been throbbing for an hour now, a little late but still."

Ilya blew a raspberry "You and your elbow are useless."

Bood flipped him off. Wyatt turned back "Play nice you two."

A deafening BOOM rang out.

Shane sat up and began to pace between the beds and the small hallway that lead to the bathroom.

"Fucking-cant. I cant-. Stupid storm. Stupid!" Shane was pausing to crouch down and inhale shaky breaths.

The wind blew hard against the window that peered outside. Shane ripped off his hood to look out of the window and was met with dreary pouring rain and th-

FLASH

Lighting shot down in the woods that sttod on the other side of the road. It was for sure a forrest fire. They where gonna die here. Shane couldnt force his mind out of his body anymore. He was again painfully aware of the slamming of the rain and the pushing of the wind and the boom Boom BOOM.

"Fuck! I need to get out of here." Shane said pulling his hood back over his head. He was rocking back and forth where he stood repeating the words.

The wind made the wall ache against its force. Like it might cave in from the pressure. The thunder sent deep vibrations through every atom of his beaing. It was like the storm was beggin him to acknoladge it.

Wyatt turned to Ilya who was watching Shane closely.

"Do something, he is freaking out." He harshly whisperd.

"I know my husband Hayes, he needs space." Ilya turned to look at the kids cartoon Bood had put on.

Wyatt put his tablet down, he was perceptive. Shane was spiraling and he need assistance. Ilya probably ment well but Shane was freaking out and it was starting to worry him.

“Shane buddy..” Wyatt reached out and placed a hand on Shane’s shaking shoulder.

“Hayes!” Ilya was getting off the bed now. Shane had yank his body away from the touch and was pulling at his scalp through the hoodie.

“I’m ok just need everything to stop.” Shane gasped out. “Stop..stop..stop.” He murmured as he leaned his forehead onto the wall in front of himself.

“Sorry Shane-I thought..” Wyatt turned to a frantic Ilya “Wyatt sit down, is ok”

Wyatt moved back to the bed and shot a worried look at Bood. “It’s ok man.” Bood said quietly.

Ilya was still standing behind Shane.

Shane still had his forehead against the wall. He was murmuring to himself quietly.

Ilya had his arms crossed over his bear chest. Shane was teetering the edge, Ilya just needed to be close enough to catch him when it happened.

Shane was getting better at letting his meltdowns play out instead of forcing them down. It always amplified the effects and left him still feeling shaky days after. Now he could let himself exist in this state and fully feel it then be fine after a power nap and a few hours of quiet.

Ilya never stopped him from regulating. If Shane was pacing around the house extremely upset Ilya would stay close enough but never stopped him or touched him. If Shane needed him he knew where to find him, he would come when he was ready.

Wyatt touching him brought him plunging back to reality again. One thing he loved about his meltdowns is his senses were simultaneously heightened and dulled.

All he could hear was the panicked thoughts rattling through his head. He was aware of the storm still, but it wasn't as close to his mind. Now he could hear the noise again and the touch made his skin crawl. He can't really pinpoint why he doesn't like to be touched sometimes, it just takes too much from his body to acknowledge it. It sends anxiety through him like nothing else. His body just screams no.

Shane felt the energy buildup inside him. Another teeth aching boom of Thunder rang out. He needed everything to stop. Stop being loud, stop moving, stop existing, so he could return to normal.

He yanked his hair through his hoodie. The motion of his arms released some of the energy that was contained within him.

In one hard pull his forehead hit the wall in-front of him. The motion of the slam was nice, took a good amount of energy to do which ment less being pent up inside him. The dull ache left after also smoothed the sharp edges of his mind.

So he kept doing it. Quickly.

"No no no.." Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane and pulled him back to sit on the bed.

Shane wanted to scream so bad. Once he started banging his head the energy flood gates opened. He couldn't stop now. The energy was gonna come out, any way it could.

Ilya could tell Shane was gonna scream. By the way he was breathing it was imminent. He had been relatively quiet the whole time but now they were approaching the climax of the meltdown.

Ilya lifted his gasping husband, Shane's back was too him. He still had his hands tucked into his hoodie.

Ilya placed him face down on the bed on a soft white pillow.

A round of thunder shook everything. Shane felt it in his heart, it was the last straw.

Everything was ruined. They stuck in this stupid motel and not the actual hotel he had already reviewed. Change is stupid. They had a plan and now it was gone. Fucking gone. He didn't want to be there. He would never live this down. He hates himself for getting like this and he hates the storm for pushing him to this. Stupid fucking storm.

Shane screams into the pillow. Hard. Finally letting it out.

"That's good sweetheart, no holding back. Get it out." Ilya said from where he was crouching between the wall and the bed.

Bood turned down the TV and moved to get off the bed. Wyatt turned to look at the both of the men giving him a similar look.

He turned his IPad all the way down. "Right.."

Bood got up and closed the blinds "This might help…so he can't…"

Ilya nodded but didn't take his eyes off Shane.

Another scream and some curses.

"Shane…" Ilya whispered like a plea

Shane let go of his hair and brought his hands over his head.

He turned his head to meet Ilya's.

"I hate this." Shane said firmly. "I fucking hate this fucking storm."

"I know my love…" Ilya got up and crawled over Shane to his side of the bed.

"Sorry guys." Shane said a little louder to the two men wordlessly watching the TV with subtitles on.

"You don't have to apologize Hollzy. It's all good."

"Love you bro, take your time."

A strong wind made the window creak. Then the thunder sent vibrations through the room.

Shane let out a frustrated sob and moved to curl up into himself again.

Then another bout of thunder began.

He was getting frantic again. "Shut the actual fuck up!" He yelled out.

Ilya leaned down to him "Maybe you would like to do what we usually do when storms happen…"

Shane turned his head then looked over at Wyatt and Bood who were doing a great job of looking only at the TV.

“Ilya…” He said annoyed.

“As long as it isn’t sex we are good.” Bood said not pulling his eyes away from the screen.

Ilya let out a small chuckle then focused back in on his darling husband.

Shane was looking into his eyes considering when something slammed into the window behind the curtain.

Bood got up and saw a branch had been blown into their widow. Nothing big and no damage thankfully. By the time he turned around Shane as in Ilya’s lap.

Ilya rocked them side to side. Whispering Russian praises into the muscular frame of his husband.

He was squeezing Shane tightly to his body, hand rubbing under his hoodie for some good skin to skin. Calm predictable circles.

Hours past like this. Shane had managed to fall asleep. On Ilya he couldn’t feel the vibrations of the thunder of the warmth of his skin or the pattern of his pulse. He had his ear up on Ilya’s neck and his husband was covering the other with the hand that wasn’t rubbing his back.

He wanted to stay like that forever.

Then Troy came in.

“Pizza time mother fuckers!” Troy said as he barged in.

Everyone turned to him shocked. Ilya was looking at him like he was the devil himself.

Troy immediately took in the situation. He moved to close the door behind himself eager to get out of the rain.

“What happened?” He whispered

“Shane had a panic attack. He hates the storm.” Wyatt replied taking the box from Troy’s hand.

“This is the most relaxed he’s been in hours so please don’t fuck it up.” Bood got up to grab a slice.

“He sounds like a sleeping baby.” Troy joked.

Bood turned to him serious as ever “What he did…that wasn’t baby shit..he was,” He turned to look at a worried Ilya still rubbing Shane’s back. “Look it’s not my shit to say but it wasn’t great. If he need to sleep to keep himself from that then” Bood shrugged

Troy nodded and put a piece on a little plate and left it on the nightstand next to Ilya.

Ilya nodded silently to say thank you.

“Glad the pizza isnt soaked eh? It’s raining fucking diagonal out there.” Troy said calmly sitting in the desk chair.

“Where did you even get this?” Wyatt asked while devouring his second slice.

“There is a small pizza parlor down the street. Apparently they never close. Coach got one for everybody.” Troy shrugged.

Bood polished off his second slice “the sliced are huge.”

“Coming from you that means something.” Wyatt says.

“What are you trying to say?” Bood looks up.

“You’re big, fat, obese, I’m not sure how else to to put it..” Wyatt deadpanned

Troy tried to muffle his laugh. Ilya chuckled lightly into Shane’s shoulder.

Bood flipped them all off and returned to eating.

“W’s funny?” Shane was sitting up now, his eyes were red rimmed but alert. He was much calmer or maybe just tired.

“Nothing baby, go back to sleep.” Ilya said softly.

Shane was slowly moving off of Ilya, who seemed to be aching from the loss of contact.

“Oh Jesus…I feel like shit.” Shane said rubbing his hand over his face.

Shane looked around at the room of concerned faces.

“I know…I’m fine now..” He stated.

Ilya moved to rub his back again “There is pizza for dinner..”

“Dinner? What time is it?” Shane moved to grab his phone from the night stand.

“Jesus how long was I out?” He looked back at Ilya.

“A few hours.” He said sheepishly.

“Ilya…” Shane groaned

“I know, but you were so tired and you look cute asleep.” Ilya went to place a soft kiss on Shane’s shoulder. “Have slice.”

Ilya picked up his plate and held it to Shane.

“No.” Shane said coldly.

Ilya raised his eyebrows “No?”

Shane crawled into his spot on the bed and began reading through emails “No. That doesn’t go with my d-“

“Shane if you say diet.” Ilya said low and frustrated.

“I can’t have that Ilya it’s too much…everything.”

“Is just one slice, will not kill you.”

“Ima not hungry.”

“Bullshit.”

“Ilya..”

“You just burned a billion stupid calories freaking out Shane. Eat. The. Food.”

Shane looked past his husband at the men who were trying and failing to look like they weren’t listening.

Ilya caught Shane’s worried glance and passive aggressively took a bite of the pizza.

“One bite…” Shane murmured.

Ilya’s face lit up as he moved the slice to Shane’s face.

Shane looked at the slice and closed his eyes. It looked so greasy and delicious. The thought of the grease running down his throat since shivers down his spine. It repulsed him. How could that be? He wanted to take a bite so bad and he wanted to enjoy it and he knew his body would but his brain was a different story. His brain would fill him with so much anxiety that the pizza would taste like cardboard and sit like cement in his stomach.

He wanted it he wanted that pizza slice. It looked divine. But every muscle in his body told him to be repulsed, and so he was.

He took a small bite and chewed. His eyes closed tightly.

Don’t focus on the grease or the calories or how much this will set you back. Just chew.

He finally swallowed and opened his eyes to find Ilya staring at him like he had a broken nose.

“It was good…” Shane said softly

“You looked like you were going to vomit.” Ilya said taking another bite before putting the plate down.

“Drop it…please..” Shane said quietly.

And Ilya did. They didn’t talk about it the rest of the night. Opting to engage in banter with the boys. Ilya kept and extra tight grip on Shane though.

He still jumped a bit whenever the storm made itself known again but he was quicker to recover.

Late at night Shane was sitting up. Looking out into the dark abyss of the room when a round of thunder rang out so loud he thought the world was falling apart around him and the a flash made its way into the room from behind the curtain.

“Fuck!” Shane brought his knees up to his elbows.

“Shane…” Ilya was awake and turning to find him in the darkness.

“I’m ok…just got scared.” Shane turned his head to meet Ilya’s eyes.

“Shane you are hyperventilating again..” Ilya sat up to look at his anxious husband. “Rain is outside, we are in here. Safe and good.”

Shane was rocking back and forth sucking on his bottom lip.

Suddenly a lamp flipped on. Bood was sitting up and scratching his scalp through the durag on his head “Shane man just relax..” he yawned out. “At least the bus hasn’t been blown away.”

“Not funny!” Shane said

Luckily, for Wyatt, he could sleep through anything.

“Is a bit funny.” Ilya smiled a bit.

Shane looked back and was about to chirp back when another crack of thunder came about.

“N-no holy fuck!” He shoved his head into his knees. “I’m so serious don’t talk to me right now.”

“Deep breaths Shaney. In and out.” Bood said while taking exaggerated breaths

Ilya copied him and the stupidity of it was enough to drag Shane out of his spiral for a moment.

Shane lauded back down and put his arms out. Ilya knew the instruction and moved on top of his husband. Shane pulled his hoodie over his eyes and popped the draw string into his mouth. He tugged at Ilya’s curls to make the perfect sensory experience.

Bood took the hint and hit the lights.

Sleep overtook them at last. Shane had the best dream that night of dancing in the eye of a hurricane with Ilya. No rain dropped on them though. Like weather wouldn't dare touch them. It was perfect.

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