

No alarms and no surprises (get me out of here)

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by [CallMeAlOrDont](#)

Summary

Three times Shane had meltdowns. Once when he's alone, then Ilya's first time seeing him have one, and lastly Ilya's umpteenth time, when he knows exactly how to help.

Probably not book-canon (haven't read them), title from No Surprises by radiohead

Notes

I'm not diagnosed with autism, but i'm pretty sure i have it. I've basically just given Shane my (what i think are) meltdowns, so if you're diagnosed and think this is more describing a panic attack than a meltdown, please let me know!

English is also my second language, so if you spot any errors, please let me know so i can learn!

ALSO i have Shane feeling embarrassed, and that's not me saying having meltdowns is embarrassing, it's just how i think his character would personally feel (and how i feel) about it.

also also i used google translate for the Russian so expect it to be cringeworthy

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

Shane doesn't exactly remember driving home, but he must have, because he's standing in front of the door to his apartment. He blinks slowly, trying to will away the headache that feels like it's pressing his eyes deep into his skull. Slowly and with great effort, he gets out his keys. Once they're in his hand, he stares at them for a minute, first trying to remember what he's supposed to do with them, then trying to figure out how to make his hand move to unlock the door. He swallows a wave of nausea. His ears are ringing. Every click the door makes makes him wince, the sounds feeling like a whip to his eardrums.

When he's finally made it inside, he strips down to his boxers and socks, and leaves his clothes in a folded pile by the door. Cool air on his skin that felt on fire all day almost makes him cry with relief. The thought of having to touch that horrible shirt ever again makes him abandon the pile where it is.

Suddenly, the panic he had been repressing all day long hits him all at once. His heartbeat picks up and his breathing becomes shallow. He blinks fast to force the tears back.

His fingers feel completely useless, and he paws at himself like a frustrated toddler. He rubs his eyes so hard they squelch under the pressure, hits his arm, pulls his hair, all while hyperventilating and making embarrassing whiny noises. He hates being like this. He's a grown man, he should be able to regulate his emotions. At least he's alone.

Shane paces back and forth, shaking his hands, his head, stretching in weird ways trying to escape the feeling of being too large for his skin. When he's sure he's about to throw up, or maybe peel his skin off, he stops, takes a deep breath and lies down flat on the floor. Grateful that he vacuumed right before leaving, he slings an arm over his face to hide his eyes in the crook of his arm, finally escaping the light that's been assaulting his senses all day. The pressure relieves his headache a little, and the lack of stimuli as he lies half naked in silence finally lets him start to calm down.

He doesn't know why this happens. He's never let anyone see him like this, not even his parents. When he still lived with them, he'd hide away or lock the door until he came out of this weird head-space. He never even told anyone this happens sometimes. It's embarrassing. He'd liken it to admitting that he wets the bed (which he doesn't, but he imagines the shame would feel similar). It's a behaviour that should have been left in childhood. Grown men shouldn't have a freak-out over pretending to like soup and wearing an itchy shirt. Yet here he was.

He doesn't know how long he lies there, but when he finally moves, he simply goes to his bed and falls asleep, utterly exhausted.

It's not Ilya's fault. It's really not. He did the laundry to be nice, because Shane's been really stressed recently with all the press they've been doing. He didn't know that Shane never machine-dries his socks. And why would he even think ask about something so insignificant? Shane is overreacting. He knows he is. Still, he's furious at Ilya. Because his socks feel like

cardboard. The cuff is cutting into his calf, driving him absolutely mad. He almost cried putting them on this morning. Then he hated himself for it and told himself to man up. It's just a pair of socks.

Maybe it would have been fine, if he hadn't also had two interviews and a meet-and-greet that day. He tried to be nice to the fans who came, because he did really appreciate them, but if it was up to him, he'd never do another one. Ever. So many conversations in way too little time. Constant chatter, background music, occasional screaming and yelling. Camera-flashes, hugs, signing things that were horrible to hold, he could go on for days. But the worst thing on this particular day was the group of young fans who had made him bracelets. He had put them on to not be rude, and then been too scared to take them off. They were driving him fucking insane.

The door to his apartment opened and Ilya popped out his head. Shane wondered idly how long he had been standing in the hallway for.

"I thought I heard you. Why didn't you come in?" Ilya asked, looking confused and a little worried.

Shane's eyes welled up immediately and he blinked hard. Fuck. He really didn't want to talk, but he knew Ilya wouldn't leave him alone when he was acting this strange. Oh fuck. Ilya had never seen him like this. No one had. Shame made his cheeks flush and he worked even harder to keep the tears at bay.

"Shane... sladkiy..." Ilya stepped closer and Shane fought the urge to take a step back. He did not want to be touched. "What's wrong?" He reached out to touch Shane's arms and Shane shrank to avoid it.

"Nothing. Just a long day." he croaked and used a hand on Ilya's chest to gently push him away so he could walk through the door without being overwhelmed by the other's warmth. He stopped on the doormat and tried to bottle up the rush of panic. He really, really didn't want to have a freak-out in front of Ilya.

Ilya kept his distance, but Shane could feel his eyes studying him. He knew it was probably out of concern, but he felt judged. He ducked his face away from Ilya and tried so hard to control his breathing. Still, it came out in jagged bursts and Shane prayed Ilya couldn't hear it.

He rubbed his palms against his face so hard it hurt, trying desperately to regulate before he started crying and had to explain to his boyfriend that no, no one had died, his socks were just too tight.

"Shane?" Ilya sounded genuinely worried and Shane hated himself. Why couldn't he just be fucking normal?

"I'm okay, just a long day." He said, knowing that his voice betrayed him. He clawed at his wrists and let the bracelets fall unceremoniously to the floor, then scratched his arms where they had been to try and erase the feeling of the plastic.

"Yes, you said that." Ilya paused and Shane silently begged him to not continue. "Did something happen?"

Shane shook his head and rubbed harder at his face. Ilya reached out again and this time Shane dodged his touch, refusing eye contact to avoid seeing hurt or worry on his boyfriend's face. Needing to be alone, he did what he used to do when he lived with his parents.

"I need the bathroom." He walked past Ilya a bit too briskly and cursed himself for not being able to be normal for five fucking seconds.

"Shane!" Ilya called after him, and Shane wanted to drive either of their heads through a wall. Maybe both. The 'click' of the bathroom door locking behind him made him feel trapped, but still he was grateful that it was giving him a moment to compose himself. He took off those horrible socks and threw them on the floor, then stripped off his shirt and buried his face in it for a moment before letting it join the socks.

He started pacing the small space, making himself even more claustrophobic. Growing more frustrated each passing second he started hitting himself with his palms. He recognised that his frustration at not being able to calm down probably wasn't helping him calm down, but that rational thought was drowned out by his ever growing panic.

Shane was interrupted in his spiraling by a soft knock at the door.

"Lyubimiy?" Shane started crying. He pulled his hair, hard, and clamped down his teeth to stop him from screaming. At what, he didn't even know.

"Shane?" Ilya tried again, just as softly but a little louder. Shane tried to swallow a pitiful whine and hoped Ilya couldn't hear him hyperventilating.

"Shane." Ilya sounded more determined this time, and knocked harder. "Shane, what are you doing in there?"

Shane couldn't have responded even if he wanted to, because he was certain that if he opened his mouth he would puke.

"Can you open the door please? You're worrying me."

A couple of minutes passed, Shane still pulling his hair so hard it felt like his skin was going to come right off of his skull. Ilya probably kept talking, but Shane couldn't make out what he was saying.

When the door opened, Shane fell backwards and scrambled into the corner of the room like a dying animal. He felt pathetic, but didn't have the self control to stop himself from reacting so ridiculously. He hid his face in his hands and dragged his nails down his forehead, probably leaving ugly red marks.

Ilya crouched in front of him and Shane stopped breathing. He felt trapped. He knew that Ilya would never look at him the same after seeing him like this. His hands went back in his hair and started pulling. Ilya grabbed Shane's wrists to make him stop and murmured something

in Russian. The hands on his skin were straight up painful, and he pulled out a fistful of hair trying to get away from them. He clamped his eyes shut so he wouldn't have to look at Ilya's disgust over the state he was in, and felt tears roll down his cheeks. There was no coming back from this.

Ilya didn't know what to do. He had helped Shane through panic attacks before, but this was something else. Shane was crying, breathing really weird, fighting Ilya's attempts to calm him down like he was trying to hurt him. Ilya's head filled with theories of what could have happened to put his love in this state, each one more upsetting than the previous.

When he picked the lock on the bathroom door, he was preparing for the worst. Wondering if he'd be too late, if Shane had done something he couldn't take back. The relief at seeing him upright was soon replaced with the horror still plaguing him as he wrestled Shane in an attempt to stop him hurting himself even more. There were tufts of black hair sticking out of his clenched fists.

"Shane." Ilya tried, as Shane was using all his strength to try and escape Ilya's grasp.
"Shane!"

Shane made a horrible noise, like he was in excruciating pain and Ilya took a step back in shock, letting go of his hands. Immediately, Shane went back to pulling his hair and scratching his face.

"No, no, stop that."

Shane ducked away from Ilya's touch and Ilya got the memo this time, letting his hands hover over Shane, not touching, but still desperate to get him to stop hurting himself.

"Please, stop that. What's going on? Talk to me please, Shane, you're scaring me." Ilya pleaded. He didn't know what to do.

Shane took a couple panicked but deep breaths and started rocking slowly back and forth, pressing his palms to his eyebrows. Strands of loose hair stuck to his sweaty forehead and Ilya longed to reach out and pluck them away, but knew his touch was not welcomed right now. All the fight seemed to ebb out of his partner and he curled into a ball, hugging his knees.

"Shane..." Ilya whispered, hands still hovering. "Talk to me, please."

"Later." Shane mumbled.

"Okay..." Ilya didn't know what to do now. He was afraid of setting Shane off again, now that he had finally calmed down. "Is there anything I can do?"

There was a long pause.

"I'm sorry." Shane whispered, sobbing quietly.

"What for?" Ilya whispered back, terrified of what Shane might confess.

"This."

Ilya waited for Shane to elaborate, but he didn't.

"Look at me?" Ilya asked delicately. Shane reluctantly raised his head from his knees, looking ashamed and completely exhausted. He searched Shane's face, paying extra attention to his eyes. "Did you hurt yourself?" He swallowed, barely daring to ask. "Did you take something?" There was a long pause. Ilya couldn't make out what was going on in Shane's head and it was stressing him out.

"What?" Shane finally asked, looking a bit confused.

"Are you hurt?"

"No." Shane sniffled and wiped at his wet cheeks.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

Ilya nodded, trying to gather his thoughts as his head swam with relief. He shifted to sit next to Shane, instead of crouching in front of him. Shane probably felt a bit trapped with Ilya cornering him like that. As he didn't know what had set Shane off, he chose to stay silent and let Shane speak when he felt ready. It took a long time, so long that Ilya's ass went numb, before Shane spoke again.

"I'm tired."

"Do you wanna go to bed?"

Shane nodded with a very cute pout on his face. He looked so vulnerable in that moment, it made Ilya's heart do something funny. Ilya stood up and reached down a hand for Shane to take if he wanted help up. Shane didn't move. He just kept staring into space, eyes half closed and cloudy. Hesitating for a second, Ilya then reached down and took Shane's hand. This seemed to bring Shane back to earth, and he let Ilya pull him to his feet.

"Are you hungry?" Ilya asked, wondering if Shane had dinner before coming home, but knowing yes or no questions that were straight to the point would be easiest for Shane.

"No." Shane mumbled, staring at the floor with tears rising in his eyes again. Ilya squeezed his hand and reached out the other to stroke Shane's cheek. The hand squeeze seemed welcome, but the light touch ghosting over his face made Shane tense up. He rubbed at the spot Ilya had touched with his knuckles and Ilya struggled not to be hurt. It looked like Shane was rubbing away his touch. But Shane soothed what seemed like an uncharacteristic rejection by squeezing Ilya's hand back.

"Do you wanna brush your teeth and wash your face, or just go straight to bed?"

This question was apparently either too long, or too complicated a choice, because Shane stared straight ahead as if he hadn't even heard.

"Shane?"

There was a long pause before Shane lifted his head and looked at Ilya with half-lidded eyes.

"Hm?" He said, blinking slowly. All of his movements had become very sluggish, as if every little motion was a huge effort.

"Let's brush our teeth and go to bed. Yes?"

"Okay." Shane's eyes drifted and he swayed a bit where he stood. He was almost catatonic, but this wasn't new to Ilya. Shane had been like this many times around Ilya, so he felt a lot less lost now that he recognised Shane's behaviour. He was still aware that he had no idea what had even set Shane off in the first place though, and stayed very attentive while they got ready for bed.

Shane walked from the bathroom in a daze. Ilya was being so kind, and it was confusing him. He was acting like a child, locking himself away to throw tantrums without explaining anything. Ilya should be angry with him. He was trying to make it make sense, but he had no energy left for moving, much less thinking.

He stood staring at the bed for a couple of minutes, frozen and unsure how to proceed, before Ilya said his name and he forced himself back into his body long enough to lie down top of the covers and hide his eyes in the crook of his arm, like he always did to calm down. At some point he must have undressed, because he was only in his boxers, but he couldn't remember when.

"Are you going to sleep on top of the covers?"

Shane hummed in response, not really hearing what Ilya said, already half asleep. He was vaguely aware of Ilya moving around the apartment, and let himself relax. It was just Ilya after all. He woke slightly when Ilya came back into the room, and felt his favorite sofa blanket being placed over him. The soft texture and protection from the cold finally made him feel comfortable in his own body again, and he fell asleep no longer worried what Ilya would think of him. He knew how loved he was.

They had had a good day. Busy, but good. They had taken this year's batch of Irina foundation kids to the park, had some very exiting meetings about future opportunities and gone out for drinks and dinner with the rest of the staff. Ilya walked home on clouds. He loved those kids, he loved getting to be in public with Shane. Loved this promise of a bright future.

Shane was exhausted. He had really tried to enjoy the day for Ilya's sake, because he knew how much this still meant to him. But the kids were loud and unpredictable, the meetings were filled with dumb coded language that took so much effort to understand and made him

feel stupid, and the bar was crowded and stuffy. He tried so hard to hide his discomfort, to let Ilya have this good day unspoiled, but of course he couldn't. Shane knew he must've checked out some time during the meetings, because his memory of them and the dinner was very foggy. He laughed when the others did, nodded when someone spoke, forced his mouth to curl into his best approximation of a smile, but registered nothing going on around him. He thought he did a rather good job at pretending to be engaged. Ilya did not.

Ilya knew today had been challenging for Shane, but unlike it would've a couple years ago, that didn't stop him from enjoying himself. He knew Shane would tell him if he really couldn't handle it, so he was social for the both of them. Shane had come along and done his absolute best, and Ilya was grateful. He knew Shane would probably feel guilty, and would probably end up having a panic attack, but the thought didn't scare him anymore. They had done this so many times, had so many conversations about what Shane needed when he got into that head space.

A couple years ago, Ilya would've felt guilty for not cancelling their plans and taking Shane home. But he knew that this was a give and take thing for Shane. Shane knew when they made these plans that he would probably need to have a meltdown afterwards, it was a calculated risk that he was willing to take every now and then. And the more times they did, the more Ilya learned about Shane's tells and triggers, and the less often the day ended like that. But when it happened, it really wasn't a big deal anymore. At least not for Ilya. He knew Shane was still a little embarrassed sometimes, but he also knew that that didn't stop him from letting Ilya help.

Ilya opened the door to their apartment and gently ushered Shane inside, who stood catatonic on the doormat while Ilya did the little routines that he knew made Shane feel safe and at home. Placed his shoes in their designated box, checked the thermostat and the ring doorbell app. Hung the keys on the little magnet they had mounted next to the door, put his cap on the shelf. Shane still hadn't moved, so Ilya decided to check in.

"Shane?"

"Hm."

Ilya put a hand on his back, not gently as his instincts still told him to, but firm, almost forceful.

"Take your shoes off please."

Shane blinked away the fog and stepped out of his shoes. Ilya put them next to his and walked into the apartment. He let Shane be while he unpacked their bags, put away some dishes and picked up some clutter that had accumulated during their busy week, knowing that the domestic sounds would probably help ground Shane, and their place being tidy would be one less stress factor.

Shane caught himself almost falling asleep where he stood, so he sat down. The cool floorboards against his skin was usually a welcome sensation, but both he and Ilya had neglected to vacuum for a couple of days, and Shane could feel the crumbs and dust sticking to his legs. He felt like throwing up.

He let his head slowly fall forward until his forehead rested on the floor. The unidentifiable dirt on their floor felt awful against his face but he didn't have energy to move, so he just started crying. The tears rolled down his forehead, and he absentmindedly thought that it felt very strange.

Without warning he felt a hand between his shoulder blades and he shot up, making an embarrassing whiny noise. He knew logically that there was no reason for shame around Ilya, but his gut instinct was still to hide this part of himself.

While it was a blessing to be pulled out of his catatonic state, his body was not a nice place to be at the moment. The light hurt, the buzzing of the electricity felt like an earthquake. He blinked hard and fast and tried to keep his breathing calm. He pulled his shirt off and threw it across the hallway, immediately regretting it when it touched the dirty floor. Before he could make the move to stand up and get it, Ilya was there, picking it up, folding it and walking away. Shane went back to focusing on his breathing.

The lights dimmed and he heard the curtains being pulled down. He breathed a sigh of relief and relaxed his face, realising he had been squinting. The whirring of the vacuum made him tense right back up and he lost control of his breathing. He started rocking himself back and forth and pulling on his hair.

When Ilya returned to Shane after having vacuumed their bedroom and changed the sheets to the silk ones he knew Shane loved, Shane was balled up in front of the door, hands in his hair. Ilya's instinct was still to gently take Shane's hands and stop him from hurting himself, but he knew that wouldn't help. He just sat down next to him on the floor, close enough that Shane would feel his presence, but making sure not to touch.

Ilya sat next to Shane until his breathing evened out. Until he stopped rocking back and forth, lifted his head, wiped his cheeks and took a deep breath. Neither of them knew how long it took, neither of them cared. Shane sniffled a little.

"I'm better now."

He leaned over and put his head on Ilya's shoulder, closing his eyes against the headache.

"You wanna go to bed?"

Shane nodded and Ilya kissed the top of his head.

"Okey. You go ahead, I'll join you in a bit."

Ilya stood up and helped Shane to his feet before going back to the kitchen. Shane sluggishly made it through most of his bedtime routine, and almost cried when he went to bed to find Ilya had changed to his favorite sheets sometime during the evening. He lay on top of the covers for a bit, running his hands over the soft material.

Ilya came into the bedroom to find Shane exactly where he guessed he would be. On his back with an arm over his face, on top of the covers.

"Voda dlya tebya." Ilya said, placing a glass on Shane's bedside table. Shane sat up, accepting the paracetamol and having a drink of water.

After Ilya had brushed his teeth and washed his face, he joined Shane, who had gotten under the covers, in bed.

"Cuddles or no?" Ilya asked softly, in case Shane was already asleep.

"Lay on top of me?"

Ilya swallowed an inappropriate joke and did what he was asked. They really should get Shane a weighted blanket, he thought as he idly ran his hands through Shane's hair. Or maybe Shane liked Ilya as his blanket. He'd have to ask. He hoped he'd remember to when he woke up.

Shane hummed contently and closed his eyes, enjoying Ilya's fingers lightly massaging his scalp. He wanted to thank Ilya, but the thought slipped his mind as he slowly fell asleep.

End Notes

I hope the rapid switching pov wasn't too confusing in the final bit. It was a conscious decision, i was trying to show their easy co-existence and how the barriers they built have completely come down, but i'm sorry if it was just confusing, i was *Trying Something* Comments and kudos would make me very happy :)

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