

The Snow's Gonna Fall

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The Snow's Gonna Fall

by [shanehollandersrangerover](#)

Summary

“Love you,” Shane finally mumbles when he finds his voice.

Ilya moves one side of the headphones off of Shane’s ear to reply. “I love you more malysh.”

“I’m sorry for this. I know this isn’t how you wanted to spend the evening.”

“No moya lyubov, we talked about this. Do not apologize for brain.”

“I don’t deserve you.”

Or: Shane drives home in a snowstorm, which leaves him shutdown and overstimulated.

Notes

Heyyy so this is my first fic ever and it's basically me projecting myself onto Shane's character so go easy on me. This is based on my terrible experience driving home from school a few weeks ago. If you see typos...no you didn't. But seriously thank you for clicking, I hope you enjoy and I appreciate any feedback you leave for me in the comments.

Chapter 1

Three hours and seventeen minutes. That is how long he has been gripping the wheel with white knuckles. What was supposed to be a thirty-five minute drive turned into Shane's biggest nightmare. All he wanted to do was make a quick trip to the mall to pick out his husband's Christmas present on his off day, and now he wondered if he would ever make it home to Ilya.

He chugged along the highway at a snail's pace. The snow was coming down in thick, fluffy flakes, blanketing the road and erasing any indication of where the lanes should be. Shane had lived in Ottawa for the majority of his life, even learning to drive on this exact stretch, yet he had never seen the roads in this condition. He braced for impact as the car in the lane next to him slid toward him for the third time tonight. An accident hasn't occurred yet, but Shane's patience wears thinner with each near miss. The extreme, unexpected stress has put his nervous system into overdrive.

Every muscle in his body is tense as though he is bracing for a blow that will never come. His thick winter coat squeezes his shoulders and presses the seams of his hoodie into his skin. The broadcaster's voice on the news radio station is too sharp. Tears well up in his eyes, obstructing what little view of the road is visible through the snowfall. There's too much going on at once and it makes Shane want to crawl out of his skin. Everything feels wrong. His chest is tight and no matter how many breaths he takes Shane can't seem to fill his lungs. He hyperventilates while willing his tears not to fall. He feels ridiculously pathetic. He's thirty years old—snowy roads should not cause this much stress to a grown man.

Just two kilometers until your exit and you'll be turning down your driveway, Shane repeated to himself as he gripped the steering wheel even tighter.

Shane finally reaches his front door forty-five minutes later, leaving all of the bags from the mall in the car. He doesn't have the energy to do anything other than turn the key in the lock and make his way inside. He frantically flings his coat off and hangs it on its designated hook in the mudroom. He kicks off his boots, too rattled to make sure they land in the correct spot, and strips off his jeans. His clothes brushing against his skin is too much, leaving him feeling like there is a colony of ants crawling under every centimeter of his skin. Free of the restrictive clothing, Shane heads to the living room and flops face-first into the couch. He can hear Ilya coming downstairs from their bedroom, but can't find his voice to acknowledge that he made it home in one piece.

"Shane, thank God you are finally home! I watched your picture on Life360 moving slow like snail for hours," says Ilya as he walks into the room. "Shane," he repeats as he kneels down beside the couch. "*Moya lyubov*, what is wrong? Why you are not wearing pants?"

Shane wants more than anything to fall into his husband's arms and vent, but he's frozen in this state. That drive took more energy out of him than any press conference ever could.

“Shane, are you hurt?” Ilya asks him, voice gentle and low. Shane shakes his head, still buried in the couch pillows. “Was overwhelming drive, yes?” Ilya confirms before stating, “You need to decompress.” Shane nods into the pillows, the only kind of response he can muster at the moment.

Ilya quickly gets up to turn off the overhead lights in the room, leaving only the soft, warm glow of the lamp in the corner. He grabs the decorative basket filled with Shane’s support items that they kept in the living room beside the couch. Ilya usually refers to the basket as Shane’s Sensory Stash, but he realizes that Shane is probably not in the mood for a joke right now. He sits down on the carpet beside Shane’s head and gently works to bring Shane out of his shutdown state.

“Sweetheart, I know words are hard right now so don’t have to talk. Are you able to lift head out of pillows and look at me? I turn off all big lights,” At the request, Shane slowly turns his head towards his husband. “That’s great, you’re doing so great for me *malysh*.”

Even in his altered state, Shane gives a small smile at the praise from his husband. He doesn’t know what he did to deserve his amazing, attentive husband, but he doesn’t have the energy to think about it too much. He was so exhausted from the stress of the day, and his body ached as his muscles attempt to relax from their previously contracted state. He could barely keep his eyes open, but he knew his husband wanted his attention right now.

“I’ll give you options and you can point to what you need to feel better,” Ilya instructed. He knew Shane had trouble with voicing his needs, so he always presented options to help him. “Okay, you want weighted blanket or weighted dino?” Ilya asked while holding up the blue plush and corner of the blanket. Shane pointed to the dinosaur. The weight of the blanket felt like too much right now, not wanting his movement to be restricted. “Very good,” Ilya said, handing over the plush. Shane immediately clutched it and curled into a fetal position around it.

“You want ear defenders or eye cover?” Ilya asks as he holds the items in Shane’s line of vision. Shane points to the noise cancelling headphones. “Anything else you need sweetheart?” Ilya asks before he carefully slips them onto his head, carefully maneuvering one side between Shane’s ear and the pillow underneath it.

Shane automatically points to Ilya. Ilya immediately scoots in behind his husband, holding him firmly against him and providing gentle pressure. Ilya had waited to touch his husband because sometimes physical contact made it worse for Shane, but he was relieved that his husband found comfort in his touch right now. He hadn’t shown it earlier, but Ilya had panicked when he saw the winter weather advisory pop up on the news earlier that afternoon. He is so happy to have his husband back home and in his arms.

Ilya noticed Shane running his hand up and down the short, soft fuzz of the dinosaur plush and rubbing his feet together. He knows this means his husband is feeling better, finding good feelings. Shane says it’s called stimming, but Ilya just calls it cricketing because he thinks his husband looks like a little bug making a song with its legs.

“Love you,” Shane finally mumbles when he finds his voice.

Ilya moves one side of the headphones off of Shane's ear to reply. "I love you more *malysh*."

"I'm sorry for this. I know this isn't how you wanted to spend the evening."

"No *moya lyubov*, we talked about this. Do not apologize for brain."

"I don't deserve you."

Ilya peppers soft kisses across the back of Shane's neck, desperate to show him that he loves every part of him. Even the part that freaks out when clothes feel wrong on his skin. "It is me who does not deserve you. Let's get some rest and we can talk about your drive in the morning if you want."

"Okay," Shane replies as sleep begins to take him.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

- Okay wow! I am so blown away by all of the love this fic has received. I genuinely did not expect any of this when I wrote it. This was just meant to be a fun way to challenge my writing abilities as I feel my writing in school has been falling flat lately lol
- I am so grateful for Hudson Williams and his amazing portrayal of high-masking, low-support needs autism. I have never felt more represented than watching Shane on my screen, and it has inspired me to be more open about processing and sharing my support needs.
- I hadn't planned on writing this second chapter, but this idea came to me and I thought it wrapped up the story nicely

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

Shane awoke feeling disoriented as the sunlight streamed through the sheer living room curtains. His body ached, his head pounded, and he felt a light film of sweat cling to his skin. His ear defenders had been knocked askew in his sleep, no longer covering his ears. He squirms in Ilya's arms, trying to remember why they had fallen asleep on the couch. The snow, the drive, the anxiety, it all comes flooding back to him.

"Good morning, *moya lyubov*," his husband greets him, taking him out of his quickly spiraling thoughts about the night before.

"Morning," Shane mumbles back as he turns toward Ilya, burying his face in the curve where his neck meets his shoulder.

Ilya presses soft kisses atop Shane's head before nuzzling into his soft, grown-out hair. "How are you feeling this morning, *solnyshko*?"

"I'm okay, just exhausted," Shane replies before adding, "and kinda gross feeling."

"How about this: I make my beautiful, amazingly boring husband breakfast in bed while you take a nice, relaxing shower. Sounds like perfect plan, yes?"

"Okay," Shane replies on an exhale, as though he is relieved he doesn't have to spend his energy on planning the day out. With that, Shane slowly extracts himself from his husband's arms and heads upstairs to their ensuite bathroom.

As he waits for the shower to heat up, he looks at himself in the mirror to ground himself. He feels as though he is floating outside of his body, and the man staring back at him in the

mirror is pallid and hollow. Shane stares until the steam from the water fogs up the glass and he feels his mind float back into his body.

The scalding water rains down over him. He scrubs himself with a washcloth until he no longer feels grimey from the previous night's sweat. His muscles finally loosen under the spray, and he finally feels like he can start to process and unwind. When he finally feels clean enough to function, Shane towels off and puts on a fresh pair of boxers and his favorite shirt to steal from Ilya. The worn fabric and stretched out neck of the faded Boston Bears tee hangs just right on his frame. No awkward seams on his neck and shoulders, no stiff fabric crunching as he moves, just a soft comfort and the faint smell of woody cologne that he has grown to associate with his favorite person in the world. He sits on his side of the bed and sinks into the plethora of throw pillows as he waits for his husband to bring him his breakfast.

As Shane showers upstairs, Ilya gets up to start on breakfast. Ilya knew that Shane was sensitive to different food textures, especially in the times after a shutdown (or a freak-out hangover as they jokingly called them), so he thought carefully about the breakfast he would make. Shane's current hyperfixation meal was avocado toast with a poached egg, but Ilya worried that the avocado might be too mushy and the egg might be too eggy for Shane today. To err on the side of caution, Ilya decided to make Shane his go-to protein shake full of so-called superfoods in addition to a stack of pancakes. Given their light texture and blander taste, Ilya thought his husband would tolerate them pretty well this morning.

Ilya's thoughts ruminated as he flipped the pancakes. He worries about his husband. He knows that the weather conditions were extreme and unexpected. He also knows that this is just how his brain is wired and that nothing needs to be fixed, but he worries that Shane doesn't know this. He worries that Shane bottles these feelings up until they have no choice but to implode on him. He wants his husband to know that he doesn't have to put on a brave face around him, or anyone else for that matter, but especially for him.

Ilya grabs Shane's dino plush from the couch before plating the food on the bed tray and heading up the stairs to his husband. He reaches the bedroom and sees Shane propped up against the pillows and headboard and smiles. Despite Shane's sickly appearance, Ilya knew he was starting to relax by the way he let his fingers tap against the top of his thighs, as if he was playing the piano.

Ilya places the lap tray over Shane and slides in next to him on the bed before placing Shane's weighted plush in between the two of them. Shane noticed the pancakes and felt a dull ache in his chest. He knew Ilya didn't pick the food at random, knowing that it was a safe food for Shane. This small act made Shane fall in love with his husband a little bit more, which he didn't even know was possible at this point.

Shane pressed a quick kiss to Ilya's cheek before grabbing the dinosaur in one hand and tucking into his food with the other. The two men sat and ate in a content silence, just enjoying one another's company. Once the food was finished, Shane moved the tray onto the floor and wrapped himself around his husband.

"Thank you for breakfast," he says softly while nuzzling his head on Ilya's chest.

“My beautiful husband deserves it,” the Russian replies, holding Shane tightly in his arms and pressing a soft kiss to his forehead. “Do you want to talk about last night, *malysh*?”

Shane buries his head further into Ilya’s chest, feeling embarrassed at how serious his freak-out was.

“You do not have to *solnyshko*. I only ask because sometimes debriefing helps you process, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane replies, “it will help. Words are hard though so it might not come out right.”

“Is just me here, Shane. No need for perfect, polished sentences. Just get the feelings out if that is what you need.”

“Okay,” Shane replies softly, shifting to sit up against the pillows. He hugs his dinosaur in his arms, the light weight grounding him.

“Um, well, you know how Rose is in town shooting that new TV series?” Shane asks, shakily as he tries to regulate himself.

“Yes, you were going to lunch with her yesterday. I know because you were talking non-stop about catching up.” Ilya loves that Rose is such a close, supportive friend to Shane - even if he is a little jealous that they dated all those years ago. He has to remind himself that Rose is Shane’s “Svetlana” to keep his jealousy under control sometimes.

“Yes, we were supposed to meet up yesterday, but we weren’t going to lunch. She was going to meet me at the mall to help me pick out your Christmas present,” Shane admits nervously. He had wanted to surprise Ilya, but the white lie had weighed heavy on him since he first spoke it. “I’m sorry I lied to you, I just wanted it to be a surprise, and I saw some things online, but you know I’m not the most stylish and I just wanted it to be perfect because I love you so much-”

“Shane, *moya lyubov*, is okay,” Ilya interrupts before Shane could work himself back up again. “I could never be mad at you for this. Is sweet.”

“You’re not mad?”

“No, Shane, you did nothing wrong.”

“Okay,” Shane replies smiling at his husband, his body starting to relax again. “Well, anyways, she got stuck with filming and had to cancel on me after I had already left the house. So, I decided I could do it by myself since this is the only chance I would have.”

“Okay, so there was change in plans, yes? Is not always easy for you.”

“No, it’s not. My routine was thrown off, but I decided to push through, that it wasn’t that big of a deal. Then I actually went into the mall, and it was so crowded, and the music was so loud overtop the voices of people talking and laughing. It was just too much in my head. I put in my noise canceling earbuds and it felt better, but I still felt kind of off.”

“Is understandable,” Ilya says, affirming to his husband that he was still following his thinking.

“Yeah, so I went into the store and there were so many choices and you know how I am with making decisions, so I just stood there staring until a nice sales lady noticed and helped me out.”

Ilya looks at his husband, who looks so small in this moment, curled up in a ball and cradling his dino like a lifeline. Shane rocks back and forth, as though moving will keep the feelings from sinking into that pit in his gut. It kills Ilya that he carries these feelings on his shoulders, so embarrassed that he feels them. Ilya wishes he could take all of it away from Shane.

Ilya places a light hand on Shane’s shoulder, a silent ask if touch is okay for the dark haired man. Shane answers the question by scooting closer, inviting Ilya to wrap his arms around him before he continues his story.

“I finally found the perfect gift and made it back to my car. I thought that I would be able to calm down on my way home, but then the snow came down. It was like nothing I had ever seen before, Ilya, and I’ve lived here for almost my whole life.”

“I know, *malysh*. I was so worried when I got the weather alert on my phone. I couldn't take my eyes off of your location until I heard your key in the door.”

Shane’s eyes welled up with tears at the confession. He willed them not fall, because it was only crying if they fell.

“Shh, shhh is okay. I’ve got you sweetheart,” Ilya coos. Shane’s tears begin to roll down his cheek, and Ilya presses kisses to each one. “Let it out, I’ve got you.”

“I don’t even know why I’m crying,” Shane says through the sobs, “it’s already over. I feel so stupid, like a baby who can’t control his emotions. I’m a grown man, I shouldn’t be crying over snow.”

“Hey, hey, hey, no. Was very stressful day for you even before snow, yes? And then you have to drive home in crazy weather, is not unreasonable to cry,” Ilya comforts his husband.

“Yeah, but you don’t cry when you get stressed out.”

“No, but your brain is different than mine. You do not sleep all day like I do when I am sad. We process things in different ways, but neither way is wrong. Is important to me that you know this.”

“I know it like, factually, but its hard to believe it,” Shane says, his tears finally slowing down.

“I know it is hard, but just know that on the days you feel too many feelings, you can always come to me.”

“I know, I love you so much Mr. Hollander-Rozanov.”

“I love you more, Mr. Hollander-Rozanov.”

The two smile sweetly at one another, holding each other until Shane starts to calm down. They hold each other tightly, blue dinosaur smushed between them. When the tears stop flowing and Shane’s breathing even out, Ilya looks down at his husband, feeling so much love he thinks it might overflow out of every pore on his skin. He basks in the moment until he can’t wait any longer to ask the nagging question in the back of his mind.

“So, when will you tell me what I got for Christmas? You know, since it caused all these feelings”

“Fuck off, asshole. You will find out on Christmas like you do every year for the past five years.”

“Mmmm I think I have my ways to persuade you.”

“In your dreams, Roz.”

The two decide to spend the rest of day in bed, catching up on the sleep they missed. As sleep took him, Shane was content to know that the cashmere hat, scarf, and gloves that were waiting in his trunk matched the perfect baby blue of his husband’s eyes. And Ilya would not find out how perfect a match it was until a week later on Christmas morning.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you guys so so so much for reading!! Please leave kudos and comments (they make my day when I read them :))

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!