

First Class

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/93283851) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/93283851>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Heated Rivalry - All Media Types
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , David Hollander , Yuna Hollander , Irina Rozanova , Cliff Marlow Cliff Marleau , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Young Ilya Rozanov , Young Shane Hollander - Freeform , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Autistic Shane Hollander , Good Parents David Hollander/Yuna Hollander , Protective Yuna Hollander , Supportive David Hollander and Yuna Hollander , Protective David Hollander , Irina Rozanova Lives , Yuna Hollander & Irina Rozanova Friendship , Good Parent Irina Rozanova , Hockey Player Shane Hollander , Hockey Player Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov is a Menace , Protective Ilya Rozanov , Soft Ilya Rozanov , Anxious Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Higher Support Needs Shanebug
Stats:	Published: 2026-09-26 Completed: 2026-10-27 Words: 39,958 Chapters: 34/34

First Class

by [YesItIsScaryButYouAreBrave \(RichieToziersAllDeadRockShow\)](#)

Summary

After immigrating from Russia with his mama, ten year old Ilya Rozanov finds himself signed up for the ice hockey Squirts program at his local recreation center. Wary of being involved due to his language barrier, Ilya finds an unlikely friend in the boy who skates at a distance from the rest of the team and seemingly refuses to say a word to anyone.

Irina signs Ilya up for Squirts hockey where he meets a young, unapologetically autistic, Shane Hollander, who he decides will be his very first best friend after moving to Ottawa.

Also this starts off with them being 10 but turns into a teenage love story

Notes

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

Chapter 1

“*Nyet, mama, ya ne khochu idti (no, mama, I don't want to go),*” the little Russian boy stopped suddenly on the cracked sidewalk leading to the large cinder block building. He looked up at his mama, cheeks reddened by the bitterly cold Ottawa wind burning them and nearly wet hazel eyes. He tugged the beanie haphazardly over his ears in a futile attempt to block out the cold as another brisk breeze swirled past them. His mama knelt in front of him, tucking a stray golden curl back under the knit hat and looked at him with her matching hazel eyes, nothing but love and admiration on her face.

“*Ilyusha, budet veselo. Ty zavedosh tak mnogo novykh družey. Poprobuyte (it's going to be fun. You'll make so many new friends. Give it a try),*” the woman cooed softly, her voice beyond comforting to her little boy as she fixed his appearance. She was always so grateful that her son had inherited her looks rather than his father's. She was filled with shame acknowledging that she wasn't sure if she could handle if her only son had looked like his father, her ex-husband and abuser.

“*A chto yesli ya im ne ponravlyus? Oni ne govoryat po russki (what if they don't like me? They don't speak Russian),*” he asked his mother, frowning slightly at the thought alone of the language barrier that would possibly prevent him from connecting with others his age. While Ilya couldn't yet speak English himself, he understood a majority of the language when it was spoken to him.

The woman gently placed both hands on her son's windburned cheeks, meeting his gaze, “*ty Ilya Rozanov. Odnazhdy ty stanesh velichayshim khokkeistom v mire (you are Ilya Rozanov. One day, you will become the greatest hockey player in the world),*” she said with all the confidence in the world, placing a kiss on his small red nose before she stood once more.

Together, hand in gloved hand, the mother son duo made the short trek into the ice rink where *Squirts* practice was being held. As soon as they walked through the heavy metal doors of the rink, Ilya's senses were immediately assaulted by the astringent smell of refrigerant and dull, mechanical hums.

Ilya gripped tighter to his mother's hand, tucking himself into her side as they walked over to a tall man with salt and pepper hair, clad in a navy tracksuit and black skates, clipboard in hand - Ilya assumed he was the coach.

After exchanging niceties, Irina, in broken English, explained that she was dropping her son, Ilya, off for his first *Squirts* practice.

While back in Russia, Ilya had taken quite a liking to hockey, so when he and his mother immigrated to Ottawa just a few short weeks ago, the first thing Irina did once she scrounged enough money from working odd jobs in the community was sign her son up to join the local recreational ice hockey team for nine and ten year olds - Ilya himself being ten.

“*Ya posizhu vmeste s drugimi roditelyami. Postarayus vnimatelno slushat trenera (I'll sit with the other parents. Try to listen carefully to the coach),*” Irina gestured towards the section of

seats reserved for parents to observe their children's practice, a handful of other parents already settled into the reserved spots.

Ilya nodded once, glancing over towards where his mother would be sitting before begrudgingly letting go of her hand. Irina offered him one last warm smile of assurance before she walked off, leaving her young son with the coach.

"Great to have you, Ilya! Go ahead and find a pair of skates and hit the ice," the coach patted Ilya on the shoulder before the boy made his way over to the cubbies that held the rental skates. *That was next on Irina's laundry list of things to buy for Ilya.*

Once Ilya found a pair that fit nicely, he strategically laced them so they weren't too loose and made his way towards the ice. His hazel eyes darted towards the other children on the ice - most were already partnered up, laughing loudly together as they raced laps for their warm up, except for one boy who seemed to be purposely lagging behind the rest of the small group. Ilya could tell that the other boy wasn't lacking skating skills but definitely had been staying behind for some reason or another. *Probably from all the chaos*, Ilya suspected.

The boy had black hair, a splattering of freckles under his chocolate eyes, and was bundled in a white fleece quarter zip jacket that had an embroidered Canadian flag and red maple leaf on the breast area and sleeve cuffs respectively. That wasn't the only thing Ilya noticed about the boy - he also noticed the chunky red pair of noise canceling headphones planted firmly on the boy's ears and the way he was gingerly shaking out his hands as he skated, *almost like Ilya would do if his hands were wet and there were no paper towels to dry them on.*

Ilya was intrigued by the boy, immediately wanting to know more about him. He decided at that moment, *that boy would be his new best friend.* Obviously he would need a partner for running drills and it seemed like Ilya would be his perfect match.

Without hesitation, Ilya skated closely to the other boy so they were side by side, shoulders nearly brushing together. The other boy, who was staring ahead at the time, made a quick glance over at Ilya before averting his gaze once more. The closer Ilya skated, the quicker the boy's hand shaking became, and a soft, low hum began to rumble from his throat, which again, Ilya noticed and it piqued his curiosity even more. *He had never met a person like this back in Russia, let alone a child his age.*

Instead of being thrown off by the odd behavior coming from the other boy, Ilya was even more eager to get to know him.

"Privet, menya zovut Ilya (*hi, my name is Ilya*)."

Chapter 2

Ilya was a little confused by the lack of communication on the other boy's end because he was accustomed to people at least saying they didn't understand him but there was absolutely no reaction from this boy. Ilya opened his mouth to speak once more but before he got the chance, the coach blew the whistle and waved the group over to begin practicing actual passing and stopping drills. Together, whether the boy was actually interested in Ilya's company or not, they skated over to the coach who immediately began counting off by ones and twos until he got to Ilya and his new, seemingly one-sided, best friend.

The coach tapped a finger against his lips as he glanced over the group of kids, trying to decide whether pairing the two boys up would be beneficial for either of them with the language barrier. He decided to bite the bullet and see how it would go since they would be on the same team together and would have to learn to work around it somehow.

The coach dismissed the rest of the group besides the two boys in front of him, "Shane, you're gonna be working with our new guy, Ilya," he started, looking over at the boy with dark hair. *Shane*. "Ilya speaks Russian but can understand English when you talk to him so don't hesitate to communicate when practicing," the man explained as Shane glanced everywhere but at their coach and Ilya.

Ilya looked over at Shane, his brows furrowed in confusion. *Was he even listening to a word the coach was saying? Maybe he couldn't hear him talking with those headphones on.*

Finally the coach addressed the both of them, "go grab a stick and puck, practice passing to each other."

Ilya nodded once and skated off towards the barrel shaped container that contained the team's practice sticks. He grabbed a random one for himself before pulling a second one out for Shane. As the other boy skated over, Ilya held out the stick as an offering but the boy just disregarded him as his eyes scanned the barrel of sticks for several seconds before choosing one that looked exactly the same to Ilya as the one he had been holding in his hand. Without a word, Ilya placed the extra stick back into the container as Shane was choosing a puck from the basket beside the barrel. To Ilya, they all looked the same so he didn't understand what was so special about picking a specific stick or a specific puck, but it seemed to matter to his new friend Shane so he didn't bother fussing over it.

The two boys settled into a spot near the parents and began to practice their passing skills. Each of them took turns stopping and passing the puck to the other. Ilya noticed that whenever Shane successfully stopped the puck that Ilya had sent flying his way, his little gloved hand would go shaking in excitement and that low hum would return, just as he had been doing during skating warm ups. *Maybe Shane was happy that Ilya had joined him.*

Sitting in the stands, Irina watched her son with pride as he took the initiative to make a new friend instead of hiding away by the coach like he had done to her on their way into the rink. She had been settled next to a young woman, approximately mid thirties like herself, with

brunette hair, slender build, and Asian features, who also seemed to be holding back tears as she sniffled softly.

“Oh...you are okay?” Irina noticed the sniffing and immediately started to dig through her jacket pocket, pulling out a nearly empty pack of travel tissues. She carefully yanked one from the plastic wrapper and held it out to the woman beside her.

“Oh, gosh...I’m so sorry,” the other mother let out a soft, wet laugh as tears threatened to slip onto her cheeks. She took the tissue with a small thank you and immediately wiped at her eyes. “They’re, uh...*happy tears*,” she explained softly, simply.

Irina hummed softly, glad to hear the woman wasn’t crying because she was upset, “your child?” She asked which child was the woman’s, gesturing to the ice where there were probably a dozen children paired up.

“My guy is the one in the white zip up with the red headphones,” she answered fondly, a proud smile painting her face as she watched Shane send the puck sailing back to Ilya across the ice.

Irina’s eyes track from watching Ilya stop the puck with grace to the small boy directly across from him, “is very cute, very good with hockey,” she complimented before pointing towards Ilya, “is my son. Ilya.”

The woman’s heart nearly melted right then and there once she realized the little boy who had taken an automatic liking to her Shane was the son of the kind woman sitting beside her, “Shane,” she introduced her son before holding a hand out to shake, “I’m Yuna.”

“Irina,” the Russian proceeded to shake her hand before turning her attention back towards the boys. “Ilya has found new friend in Shane,” she laughed softly.

Yuna chewed the inside of her cheek, trying to keep herself from weeping again. *If only Irina knew how long Yuna had prayed to the universe for this exact moment for her son.* “Ilya seems like a very sweet boy,” she admitted.

Irina nodded at that, “very sweet,” she agreed, watching the boys as Shane blocked another one of Ilya’s passes.

Ilya broke out in a toothy grin at the boy across from him as he watched Shane’s hand flap repeatedly in pride as he blocked the shot. He had quickly realized that whatever Shane had been doing with his hands and humming must’ve been a positive response because it seemed to happen when he was accomplishing something or when he was happy, like when he was skating laps and when Ilya had joined him unprovoked.

“*U vas vso poluchilos! Otlichnaya rabota! (You did it! Great job!)*” Ilya cheered with Shane, pumping a gloved fist in the air as Shane stilled.

The remainder of practice continued in a similar manner - Ilya and Shane practicing their stopping and passing techniques while Ilya joined cheering on Shane’s happy stims whenever he noticed them.

At the end of practice, both women met their sons at the rink where the children had been discarding their skates and waiting for their parents to collect them. Irina and Ilya were just about to get ready to leave before Irina felt a firm hand on her shoulder, making her stop abruptly in her tracks and turn around, noticing Yuna trying to get her attention.

“I’m sorry if this is too forward, but may we get your number for a play date sometime? The boys seemed to get along so well this evening,” Yuna asked softly, holding her phone out to Irina.

Irina’s heart became full as she listened to the request. She couldn’t believe that Ilya would finally have a friend to play with. Irina nodded once and carefully took the phone from Yuna, adding her number and name to a new contact before sending herself a text so she also had Yuna’s number.

Irina smiled at Yuna, handing the phone back, “*Ilya would love that.*”

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

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

“Mama, davay (mama, let’s go),” Ilya urged as he tugged on Irina’s hand, dragging the woman up the beaten dirt path towards a large, colorful playground.

After exchanging numbers the previous week, Yuna and Irina arranged a play date at one of the playgrounds near the ice rink before the boys’ hockey practice. Thankfully it had been a pretty dry winter so the idea of bundling Ilya up and letting him run wild for an hour or so sounded ideal right now, especially after being penned up in their shoebox apartment during winter break aside from practice.

“Ya idu, Ilyusha (I’m coming, Ilyusha),” Irina laughed softly at her son’s insistence. It was honestly a little cute seeing him this excited to meet up with a friend.

Once they walked closer to the playground, Ilya immediately spotted Shane on the swingset, this time wearing his Canadian fleece jacket and a black knit beanie with a brown faux fur ball on top. They were the only two children in the park, probably because of how cold it had been that day. Ilya ran up to Shane while Irina made her way over to Yuna, who had made herself comfortable on a bench directly on the edge of the mulch. Ilya claimed the swing next to Shane and began to swing in tandem with the other boy.

“Privet, Shane (hi, Shane),” Ilya greeted softly as he looked over to the boy who had his head thrown back and eyes squeezed shut, not acknowledging Ilya’s sudden appearance at all.

Shane had been so engrossed in the whole sensory experience of swinging with his eyes shut and head thrown back that he hardly even noticed that Ilya was speaking to him. A low hum had begun to flow from his throat as he swung higher and faster, making the effect more grounding.

Ilya watched in curiosity for a moment before taking a deep breath and trying it himself. Once he was swinging as high as Shane, Ilya leaned his head back into the air and closed his eyes. As the wind rushed over his golden curls, he honestly felt the sensation of flying, or something that resembled such. It was a freeing experience and Ilya could understand why it made Shane so happy in the moment.

While the boys swung together, their mothers sat on the bench, watching them closely.

Irina tugged up the faux fur lined hood of her jacket, trying to reserve any sort of body heat that she could. “Ilya talked about Shane all day,” she admitted, smiling a bit as she dipped her nose into the collar of her jacket, trying to warm it.

Yuna, who had quickly become accustomed to spending hours outside in the brisk Ottawa winters because of her son, was lazing comfortably as she watched her boy fly. A smile tugged on her lips as she listened to Irina, “good things, I hope,” she admitted, trying to add a

joking tone to it. In reality, she was a nervous wreck internally about the possibility of Shane finally finding a friend who enjoyed him for who he was, just for Ilya to grow tired of Shane's behaviors and mannerisms.

"Da, very good things. He likes that Shane does not make fun of his Russian. Language barrier is very hard," Irina shared, looking over at Yuna.

Yuna swallowed the lump forming in her throat as she played mental gymnastics trying to figure out exactly how much of her son she should share with the mother of his new friend. "Shane doesn't speak...*much*," she admitted softly, "but I can assure you that Ilya being unable to communicate in English doesn't bother him."

Irina's brows furrowed slightly as she looked over at Yuna, who still had her eyes glued on the boys on the swingset, "he doesn't speak? He is okay?" She asked out of concern.

"*Oh!* Yeah, he's perfectly healthy," Yuna quickly answered as she looked over at the other woman.

"Good," Irina replied as she felt relieved that her son's new friend wasn't ill. "I guess both have language barrier," she shrugged a bit to herself.

"You could say that," Yuna laughed softly, "Shane was very excited that Ilya chose him to be his hockey partner last week. He usually gets stuck with the coach - not that he minds, that's honestly how he got so good, but I think he's happy that a child his age actually wanted to be his partner."

Irina frowned slightly, recalling how Shane was skating by himself until Ilya had joined him, "Ilya was worried nobody would want to be friends and he would be stuck with coach but then he noticed Shane alone and didn't want him to feel alone too. So he joined Shane so they weren't alone together."

"That's the first time anyone has picked Shane first," Yuna admitted barely above a whisper.

Yuna and David never taught Shane to suppress his emotions or mask his autism in public. They believed that their son had every right to be his authentic self regardless of the company he was in. If someone else was uncomfortable that Shane was humming, rocking, shaking his hands out, chewing on his hoodie strings, or doing anything else to self regulate, then that was their problem, not Shane's problem.

Before Irina could ask any questions about why that would have been, their attention was quickly turned back to Ilya and Shane, who were now rocketing themselves off the swings and crashing into the mulch in a mix of happy screeches and belly laughter coming from both boys. Even though they didn't speak to each other in a common language, they still had built a strong relationship as they played together and understood each other nonverbally.

"*Shane!*" Ilya would squeal excitedly as he laid back, watching his new best friend come crashing into the mulch beside him with a deep, genuine belly laugh erupting from the dark haired boy.

This was honestly the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

Chapter End Notes

I think I'm going to make this more of a teenage love story and use these 3 chapters as sort of a "prequel" 🤔

Kind comments and kudos are always appreciated ♥♥

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

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

As the days, weeks, months progressed, so did their friendship. As winter slowly became spring and their hockey practices dwindled for the season, Yuna and Irina had maintained their play date schedule for twice a week on practice days, even once practice had officially ended. While the boys had found friendship in each other, so did Yuna and Irina. Irina was especially grateful for the Hollanders because she no longer felt as lonely and isolated in Canada as her son once did as well.

The boys were together so often that the two mothers had a running joke that they were practically coparents at this point. It had even gotten to the point where both mothers would pack an extra homemade baked good in their sons' lunches just so they could share together at lunchtime. It was mainly to encourage Shane to increase his palette of trying new foods since Ilya could often coax Shane into doing anything. David would call him the *Shane Whisperer* when moments like that would occur.

"Mama bake *priyaniki*. Try," Ilya held out a small Russian honey spice cookie to Shane who had been sitting across from him at the lunch table.

Both boys were perched on their respective benches, examining the contents of their lunchboxes. Typically each class had to sit together but due to Yuna and David's insistence, the staff had allowed Ilya to join Shane's table, much to the boys' delight.

Ilya's lunchbox was a small tin that was decorated in Transformers and opened to reveal a bagged PB&J with the edges cut off, a juice pouch, a snack bag of goldfish, and of course, a bag containing two *priyaniki* for him and Shane to share. Shane's lunchbox was more so a green bento box that contained a handful of individual spaces for his safe foods - today had been plain rice, seaweed crisps, goldfish, and two homemade crunchy oatmeal cookies for Shane to share with Ilya.

Shane scrunched his nose at the spongy orange cookie coated in a white glaze being offered to him. Just by looking at it, he automatically knew that cookie would be a hard pass. The texture was all wrong - Shane had preferred crunchy snacks over spongy, soft ones. The scent had a hint of licorice and it reminded him of his grandma from his dad's side who had a horrible habit of pinching Shane's cheeks which made a fiery sensation under his skin. Ilya's touch never felt like that though. *Ilya's touch made him feel safe and grounded.*

"*Shanya*, you are making barf face again," Ilya pointed out the twisted look on Shane's face, "one bite, yes? If do not like, we spit in napkin. Mama packed lots because I tell her you get worried when you cannot get rid of yucky taste," Ilya explained as he pulled out several napkins from his lunchbox with the opposite hand.

Shane stared down at the table for several seconds, contemplating what he should do, while Ilya sat and waited with all the patience in the world. Finally Shane reached out and broke a

small piece of the cookie off. He brought it near his nose, making a soft grunting noise in disapproval before slowly putting it in his mouth. Immediately it was a no. The texture was wrong and the taste...*absolutely not*. Too much ginger. Too soft.

Ilya was so in tune with Shane that without even being asked, he already had two napkins ready - one for Shane to spit in and the other to try and rid his fingers of the sticky feeling from the glaze. Shane graciously took them and cleaned himself up, chugging his water to attempt to rid the taste from his mouth. Ilya just smiled at him, proud that he trusted him enough to even try something new. If it were anyone else, Shane wouldn't even consider the thought of trying new foods, *but with Ilya, everything just felt safe*.

"Ah, is not for everyone. Is spicy, yes? Mama said is like...soft gingerbread cookie," Ilya explained to Shane, not wanting Shane to be worried that he didn't like Irina's cooking.

Ilya picked up his sandwich and took a bite as Shane also began to eat his seaweed crisps. Ilya always thought they looked and sounded like plastic but maybe that's why Shane liked them. He always knew Shane had his quirks when it came to food, talking, or even touching, but Shane's quirkiness was what encouraged Ilya to befriend the boy in the first place so his odd choice in foods didn't bother him much.

"I like lunch time. Is nice to hang out in school too but I like play dates more," Ilya filled Shane's silence with his own small talk. Neither of them minded since Ilya was quite the yapper when comfortable and Shane enjoyed listening to his soothing Russian accent.

Since Ilya was in the elementary school's ESL program and Shane was in the LLD program, neither of them had the same classes so lunchtime and recess were the only times they would see each other during the school day. Hopefully when they start middle school together, they would be in at least one or two overlapping classes since both were progressing well academically to the point of being able to push out of their respective classes once in middle school.

Shane glanced up at Ilya as he gently ripped a piece of seaweed, holding one half out as an offering to the Russian boy. It was Ilya's turn to scowl at the food being offered to him, immediately shaking his head, "you are trying to poison me!"

Shane broke out into a toothy grin as Ilya amped up the dramatics. A deep belly laugh began to bubble up as Ilya fake gagged and pretended to faint from being offered 'poisoned' food - he even went as far as to lay his head on the table, tongue out and eyes closed as if he were dead.

Shane placed his food back into its section of the bento box before wiping his fingers off on the napkin that Ilya had given him earlier. He then reached his hand across the table, slowly carding his fingers through Ilya's fluffy, soft locks. He began to hum as his free hand flapped with excitement at the feeling of Ilya's hair. It was one of his favorite things about Ilya.

Hearing Shane so happy broke Ilya out of character as he began to laugh softly, opening his eyes to look up at Shane as his head remained on the table. "So you do not save me, you just play with my hair? I can be poisoned by your boring rabbit food as long as my hair is in your

hands?” Ilya feigned a dramatic reaction, unable to resist smiling as Shane’s index finger twirled around a loose curl near Ilya’s forehead.

“Shane Hollander, you are my favorite person in whole world.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much if you commented suggestions on how this story should progress!

♥♥

I’ve decided this chapter will show them at school and then I’ll age them up next chapter that way I can delve more into their character development and relationship 😊

I’m always open to suggestions and always appreciate kind comments ♥

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

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

Over the subsequent years, those feelings for Shane had never changed, only grew stronger. Now fifteen and freshmen in high school, the boys were almost always together. It had gotten to the point where if Shane wasn't at Ilya's house, Ilya was at Shane's. Even their high school hockey team referred to them as Shane and Ilya rather than their names separately. If Ilya was invited to anything, Shane would be there too, whether he was personally invited or not. That's how they found themselves getting ready for a Halloween party that a senior named Cliff Marleau was throwing at his house.

Shane was sitting crosslegged on the couch, rocking softly against the back cushions with his fingers entangled in Ilya's curls as the Russian sat on the floor in front of him, scrolling through their hockey team group chat that Shane had a tendency to ignore most of the time. He figured if it was of importance, Ilya would just tell him.

"Marley is having Halloween party tonight," Ilya started, automatically earning a grunt of disapproval from Shane. Parties absolutely were not his idea of fun. "Shanya, do not grunt at me," Ilya rolled his eyes, continuing, "will be fun! Free booze and weed."

Shane wrapped his finger tightly around one of Ilya's curls and pulled it hard enough to get Ilya's attention, "ah, no pulling!" Ilya leaned his head back into the yank, looking up at the boy on the couch. "Da, I am listening," Ilya assured, understanding that the sudden tug was to get Ilya's full attention.

"Too loud," Shane mumbled as an answer to Ilya's suggestion that they attend the party together. Aside from during their hockey games, Shane avoided crowds and loud environments like the plague. He'd much rather stay home, reading one of the many hockey biographies, interior design, or architecture books that he had received as gifts over the years, or watching some shitty action movie that Ilya seemed to enjoy.

"Mm...yes, is very loud...but I will be there and we can bring earplugs, yes?" Ilya suggested, keeping his attention on the boy behind him.

Shane let out a groan as he folded himself over, nuzzling his face into Ilya's hair and breathing in his cedarwood shampoo, making the other smile a bit.

"I will tell Marley we'll be there. How about...we are gym rats? You still have our Mickey ears from Disney trip few years ago, yes?" Ilya asked as he began to text the group chat again. The two boys would perfectly fit the gym rats costume since they had grown several inches during the summer and had taken up utilizing the school gym every day after school.

Shane nodded once against Ilya's curls.

“Good. We wear those and workout clothes,” Ilya said matter of factly, “Marley said he will pick us up in an hour. Up and at ‘em, Shanya,” Ilya told him, standing up himself as Shane begrudgingly let go of his hair.

The two boys made their way up to Shane’s room and had changed into their normal athletic wear - a pair of loose fitting basketball shorts and a tank top with oversized arm holes. Shane found the headbands for the both of them, placing one of the headbands on top of Ilya’s head before stepping back to admire the way Ilya looked. Shane could feel his heart flutter slightly as he subtly bounced on the balls of his feet and flapped his hands slightly at his sides.

Ilya noticed Shane’s excitement and chuckled softly, “I look good?” He asked, earning an eager nod from the other boy. Ilya set the other pair of ears on Shane’s head, smiling a bit. “We look like perfect little gym rats.”

“Perfect little gym rats,” Shane echoed in Ilya’s thick Russian accent, grinning.

While still deemed mostly non-communicative, Shane occasionally added verbally to conversation but mostly communicated through echolalia or sometimes sign language when he was truly in a non-verbal slump. Ilya had grown so in tune with Shane’s ways of communicating that he hardly ever questioned what Shane was attempting to say. Shane’s favorite verbal stims were echoing Ilya’s accent - he loved the way it felt in his throat and the way Ilya seemed to light up whenever he copied a Russian word with near perfection.

“Da, very good costume,” Ilya agreed as he rooted through the drawer of the nightstand next to Shane’s bed, pulling out a small, clear plastic container that contained two specially made silicone earplugs that were made just for Shane. They were noise canceling enough to block out most triggers but discreet enough that nobody would ask questions, something Shane was grateful for.

After a quick mirror selfie of both boys flexing, Ilya and Shane heard the rumbling of Marley’s truck pulling up Shane’s gravel driveway. Ilya led Shane downstairs and to Marley’s truck, both boys hopping into the backseats since Marley’s boyfriend Luca had decided to tag along.

“Marley, you get boyfriend and now I have to ride bitch!” Ilya complained to the boys in the front seats as they began to drive back to Marleau’s house. “I am offended.”

“Roz, don’t act like you’re not attached to your boyfriend’s hip twenty four, seven,” Marleau rolled his eyes as he placed a large hand on Luca’s knee as he drove.

“Marley, we’re not fucking dating,” Ilya retorted with a grunt. “I told you, we’ve been best friends since fifth grade!”

“Right, right...Roz, everyone besides the two of you knows that you and Hollzy are an item. It’s alright, man, closets are for clothes, not for people,” Marley kept going, enjoying how flustered and annoyed Ilya would get.

Shane’s face reddened as he shook his head quickly, willing the whole damn conversation to end before he got his ego busted. Sure, they weren’t dating, that would be ridiculous, but

hearing how defensive Ilya became was a little disheartening.

Luca elbowed Marley's ribs, giving him a look. "Leave 'em alone, Cliff. You're making poor Hollzy look like he's going to cry."

Ilya looked over at Shane to check on him, his brows furrowed in concern once he heard that comment. Ilya noticed Shane's trembling hand sitting in the middle of the seat, gently scratching at the faux leather seats with his index finger. To calm Shane's nerves, Ilya hooked their pinkies together and squeezed, making sure Shane knew he was okay.

Chapter End Notes

Everyone can tell they're dating besides them 🙄

Next chapter will be the party itself!

Pls comment some things you'd like to see in this fic, maybe I can incorporate it!

Kind comments are always appreciated ♥

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

TW(ish) backhanded ableist comments that weren't meant to be malicious

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

Being early to any of Cliff Marleau's parties meant having to be on set up duty but also being allowed to have first dibs on alcohol to pregame. While Marley setting up the sound system, Luca was setting up bowls of snacks, and a few other seniors that Ilya had recognized but never recalled the name of set up quoits and beer pong in the back yard, Shane and Ilya busied themselves by setting up a handful of coolers with ice and various brands of cheap alcohol that Cliff's dad had bought for the party.

"Here, Marley said tastes like piss but will get you drunk," Ilya said as he sat on the countertop next to where Shane was leaning back against. He grabbed a tall can of beer from the carton and cracked it open, taking a long sip before passing it to Shane.

Shane took the can from Ilya, scrunching his face as he smelled the scent of the alcohol coming from the opening. He took a small, hesitant sip before grimacing and shaking his head, shoving the can back into Ilya's hands. Ilya shrugged slightly and took the can from Shane, taking another sip before setting it aside on the counter. While Ilya was sipping his beer, Shane had maneuvered himself between Ilya's legs and wrapped strong arms around the Russian's waist, burying his face in Ilya's chest. Out of instinct, Ilya draped his arms over Shane's shoulders, resting his chin on the crown of Shane's head right in front of the headband.

Over the years, Shane had become accustomed to seeking comfort in Ilya, regardless of what company they were in. If they were on a bus to an away game and Shane was tired? He would be laying on Ilya's lap with his hood over his face to sleep. If they were somewhere too loud? He would place Ilya's hands over his own ears, making sure the other boy was pressing as firmly as Shane liked it. If it were too crowded or he was feeling overstimulated? Shane would be just as he was now, buried in Ilya's chest and hiding away from the world. Ilya never minded when Shane sought him out - in fact, he was more than happy to be able to comfort his best friend. Now, five years later, the comfort came as second nature to both of them, yet neither could understand why everyone thought they were dating.

"You are okay?" Ilya asked Shane, holding him close as Shane regulated himself.

Shane didn't answer. Instead he twisted his fingers into the fabric of Ilya's shirt, squeezing his eyes shut as he listened to the rhythm of Ilya's heartbeat. Maybe this was a horrible idea. The party hadn't even begun yet and Shane was already feeling sheer panic at just the thought of dozens of sweaty, inebriated bodies inhabiting such a small space.

“Oh, *malysh*,” Ilya cooed softly, rubbing soothing circles between Shane’s shoulder blades.

Hearing the Russian nickname made Shane’s ears perk up, “*malysh*,” he echoed, gently rubbing his face against the fabric of Ilya’s shirt, liking how silky the material felt against his skin.

“Mm, yes, my sweet *malysh* is okay,” Ilya reassured, smiling softly.

Everyone started to slowly trickle into Marley’s house around 8pm. There were probably close to fifty people there, most of them seniors in Marley’s class but also a couple of Shane and Ilya’s hockey teammates showed up, including Zane Boodram, Troy Barrett, Harris Drover, and Wyatt Hayes.

As the party finally fell into a good rhythm, Ilya and Wyatt found themselves out back playing beer pong against Bood and Barrett while Shane and Harris stood off to the side, nursing their spiked punch as they watched the game together. It was more fruity than alcohol tasting, so definitely something Shane could stomach.

Harris and Barrett were in matching costumes - Troy wearing devil horns with a black muscle tank and black jeans, as well as a small plastic pitchfork sticking out of the back pocket of his jeans, and Harris wearing a similar outfit but in white with a feathery white halo and angel wings. Bood had an intricate skull design painted on his face and Wyatt was in a full Spider-Man outfit, aside from the mask which Harris stuffed into his back pocket for safe keeping while they played their game.

“Surprised Roz got you to come out,” Harris told Shane, glancing over at the younger boy who was intensely focused on Ilya tossing the ping pong ball but completely listening to Harris.

An intense heat began to rise from the nape of Shane’s neck, bracing himself for a slur or two to be thrown his way. To his surprise, Harris had nothing negative to say, “I’m glad he did. You’ve gotta be a fun guy if Rozzy spends all his time with you. That kid is a fucking menace,” Harris offered a warm smile towards Shane.

Shane couldn’t help but feel a rush of relief wash over him once Harris had complimented him. Shane was unfortunately well aware of how some people had perceived him over the years but it never made the bullying any less painful. Sure, he didn’t communicate as well as his neurotypical peers, and his brain was ‘wired differently,’ as his parents put it simply, but he was still a teenage boy who had the same wants and desires as anyone else, and the only person who seemed to truly understand that was Ilya, so hearing kind words coming from an older schoolmate made a bubble of excitement rush up Shane’s chest and into his throat as a hum began, Shane’s lips tugging upward in a small smile.

Hearing the sound made Ilya immediately glance over to make sure everything was alright. Once he noticed Shane and Harris getting along, he couldn’t help but feel a sense of pride in Shane for stepping out of his comfort zone.

“I like the matching costumes,” Harris nodded his chin towards Ilya before pointing towards the halo on his head, “this was Troy’s idea. He said he had to be the devil because I was too

sweet. I told him that if he said it again, I'd shove that pitchfork straight up his ass," he teased.

Shane laughed softly as Harris told him about the comment he made to Troy. "Perfect little gym rats," Shane scripted in Ilya's accent, trying to tell Harris about his own costume with Ilya.

Harris cocked a brow slightly, trying to understand what Shane meant by that. "Is that what Roz said you guys were? Perfect little gym rats?" He chuckled softly.

Shane nodded, repeating himself again as he scripted, "perfect little gym rats. *Malysh*, perfect little gym rats," his eyes lit up at the Russian nickname, his free hand beginning to flutter at his side as he took a sip of punch from his cup.

Ilya had overheard their conversation and couldn't help feel the heat rushing to his cheeks as Shane shared their sacred nickname with Harris, hoping the other boy didn't understand that Ilya had often called Shane *baby*.

"You're straight up blushin', Roz," Marley interrupted their game as he walked up to the beer pong table, a large hand placed on Ilya's shoulder as he watched Boon sink his ball into one of Ilya's cups.

Ilya passed the cup to Wyatt, it being his turn to drink, before rolling his eyes at Cliff's comment, "shut your idiot face, Marley. Never in life have I done this, Russians do not blush."

"Right, right," Marleau squeezed Ilya's shoulder once before letting go, "just go for it, man. What's the worst that could happen? He turns you down?"

Ilya's eyes widened like a deer in headlights and his eyebrows shot up, looking over at Cliff. "Who fucking said anything about that?"

Marley laughed at Ilya's reaction, "man, Luca saw the way you two were cuddling in the kitchen as you were getting set up. We're not fucking stupid -..."

"Da, you are *both* very stupid and very wrong. He is best friend, no more. He just...is *particular*," Ilya mumbled, leaving it at that.

"Particular is a nice way of putting it," Wyatt chimed in, shooting his ball towards the cups on the opposite side of the table.

"Leave him alone, Hazey, Harris said the kid is autistic or some shit. Not his fault he acts like *that*," Barrett interjected.

"Yeah, that's why he's always running to Roz like a kicked puppy," Boon agreed, sinking his ball into Ilya's cup. "He's fucking weird but, like...he's also a hell of a good center. He's our hockey robot, don't be a dick to him."

Ilya, trying to keep his anger and frustration at the comments at bay, chugged the beer in the cup. He knew the guys didn't mean to be malicious about Shane but they definitely made

some questionable backhanded comments.

“Say one more shitty thing and I will rip your tongue out of your head,” Ilya retorted to all three boys as he sunk his ball into one of Barrett’s cups. “Don’t have to understand him to be a nice fucking person.”

“Ah, shit, y’all hit a nerve with Rozzy talking about his boytoy,” Luca chimed as he walked up to Marley, snaking an arm around his waist. The blonde’s eyes were glassy and his cheeks were red, obviously drunk already. “He’s a nice kid, I like him. He’s got spunk.”

“And you are drunk,” Marley laughed softly, planting a kiss on Luca’s alcohol warmed cheek. He returned his attention to Ilya who was now clenching his jaw to keep himself from losing it, “I’m serious, Roz. If you want it, go for it. Better to do it when he’s drunk so if he does turn you down, he won’t remember it,” he half joked.

Finally, Wyatt sank their last cup and Ilya’s team won. Without helping set the game back up, Ilya quickly turned on his heels and stormed off to the kitchen to get himself something stronger. *Fuck them, what did they know about anything?*

Shane saw the way Ilya made his abrupt exit and held a hand up to Harris, giving him a sign to *hold that thought* before he followed Ilya inside. Once Shane made his way into the kitchen where most of the alcohol was being stored, he noticed Ilya at the counter, downing three consecutive shots of Jack Daniels to soften the blow of what he was about to do next.

Ilya closed his eyes and took several deep breaths to steady his nerves before turning around to be met with a very confused looking Shane. God Ilya loved that confused little bunny look that Shane got when he was trying to figure out what was going on.

With liquid courage coursing through his veins, Ilya abandoned all sense of self doubt and gently fisted Shane’s shirt into his one hand as he caressed his freckled cheek with the other, closing his eyes and planting a deep kiss on Shane’s plush lips.

Chapter End Notes

Ilya is so down bad for his autistic baddie 🤞

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

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

Feeling Ilya plant a kiss on his lips sent mixed emotions surging through Shane's core. Shane's eyes fluttered shut as he kissed Ilya back, pushing himself up on his tiptoes and flapping his hands erratically as he became extremely overwhelmed with the sudden spark of emotion.

After a moment, Ilya pulled himself back, looking at Shane with glassy, yearning, lovesick eyes. His own breathing was heavy, suddenly becoming anxious due to Shane's intense reaction. He couldn't tell if it was a good overstimulation or a bad one.

Soon the room echoed with the sound of Shane humming loudly, rocking back and forth between his feet, and flapping wildly as he opened his eyes and tried to figure out exactly how he felt about the situation. Several heads turned in their direction but Ilya was too invested in Shane's stimming to notice.

"Shane...I...*fuck*, sorry," Ilya slurred, wringing his hands nervously as he waited for a response.

Before he could speak again, Shane's hands cupped both of Ilya's cheeks and he closed his eyes, kissing him again just as deeply as Ilya had. Shane smiled into the kiss, a happy squeal escaping against Ilya's lips as he moved his hands back to his sides, shaking with excitement.

Just in that moment, Marley was making his way through the threshold of the kitchen, hearing the commotion over the music playing outside. He laughed softly as he leaned against the counter, waiting for the duo to come up for air.

Once Shane finally pulled away, Ilya blinked a few times in surprise as he processed what just happened. His cheeks were flushed red from the mix of alcohol and finally admitting his true feelings for his lifelong friend. Ilya noticed Cliff standing there and jumped slightly with surprise, "*Blyat!* Marley, you are fucking pervert!" He grumbled.

"Well I couldn't necessarily have a conversation with my friend who is tongue deep in someone else's throat," Marley rolled his eyes. "I came to get you because Barrett and I were about to spark up. You in?"

Ilya was never one to turn down free weed, "da, don't be stupid."

The duo followed Cliff to a secluded spot behind the shed where Marley had a makeshift designated smoking spot out of a few plastic lawn chairs positioned in a circle. Troy and Harris were already rolling a blunt for them to pass around.

"Where's Luca?" Harris asked as he perched himself in Barrett's lap, licking the rolling paper to seal the blunt. He placed the blunt between Troy's lips before helping light it with a nearly

spent lighter he took from Troy's smoking tin.

"Passed out in my room. Baby couldn't hold his alcohol," Cliff admitted, taking a seat to the left of Troy and Harris. "After this I'm gonna kick everyone out so I can go tend to him."

"Haasy is lightweight," Ilya chirped as he took a seat across from Cliff before gently grabbing Shane by the waist and pulling the boy into his lap. Even though he knew Shane wouldn't smoke with them, he was still glad to have him included, even if it meant just hanging out with them.

"All of the babies are, besides you, Roz," Troy mumbled around the blunt as he took a hit, passing it to Harris next. By *babies*, Troy meant anyone in the lower grades since he was in Marleau's senior class and Luca was junior.

Shane maneuvered himself to be straddling Ilya's lap, leaning his full body weight against the Russian's torso as he pressed his face against Ilya's shoulder, closing his eyes. Ilya rubbed Shane's back in a comforting manner with one hand while his other took the blunt from Harris. He took a deep hit, holding the smoke in his chest as he passed it to Marley. He blew the smoke slowly out of his nose before resting a cheek against Shane's dark locks.

"Ready to go home?" Ilya asked softly, letting all of the pent up tension dissipate as he cuddled with Shane and smoked with his friends.

"Ready to go home," Shane echoed, voice muffled against the fabric of Ilya's shirt. He was bone deep exhausted after being completely overstimulated and social for hours on end. All he wanted was to go home, shower, and get settled into bed with Ilya like they always did at their sleepovers.

"Marley, are you good to drive?" Ilya asked as the blunt made its way around again. Ilya took another hit before offering it back to Marleau.

"Yeah, man, I stopped drinking a while ago," Marley assured.

The friends all said their goodbyes and within the following fifteen minutes, Ilya and Shane found themselves back at Irina's apartment since it was closer than Yuna and David's house.

By the time Ilya and Shane walked into Ilya's bedroom, Shane had abandoned all hopes of showering because Ilya had immediately begun to discard his costume in front of him. Shane leaned against Ilya's dresser, eyes wandering over the newly grown muscle that Ilya had been working meticulously on defining during their daily workouts. Shane had always compared Ilya's new physique to one of Michelangelo's sculptures that he read about for his art class. Ilya's body was truly a work of art.

"You are staring, Hollander," Ilya noted as he tugged a pair of sweatpants over his ass, letting them ride low on his hips. "We will talk about feelings tomorrow, yes? I am tired and high and need to sleep it off," he admitted as he sauntered over to Shane, working carefully to remove the headband from the top of his head.

“*Pretty*,” Shane whispered, eyes meeting Ilya’s for a moment before a flush crept up his face, glancing away quickly.

“Mm, you are very pretty too...but is tomorrow conversation,” Ilya repeated, “bedtime, Hollander. Get undressed.” Ilya grabbed another pair of sweatpants from his drawer before offering them to Shane.

Shane obeyed the Russian boy, slowly removing his own clothes and replacing them with the sweatpants, wearing them the same way as Ilya.

“Much better,” Ilya nodded to himself. He then climbed into his own bed, immediately snuggling under the plush comforter with Shane following suit.

Once Shane was comfortable in bed, Ilya found himself tucked into the other boy’s side, head resting on Shane’s pec. *They would absolutely have to talk about all of that tomorrow.*

Chapter End Notes

Kind comments and suggestions are always appreciated ♥

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

TW internalized ableism

The early morning light seeped between the curtains in Ilya's bedroom, shining directly onto Shane's face, illuminating his freckles in a way that Ilya would have adored if he wasn't too busy snoring away on the opposite side of the queen sized mattress. Shane had already been awake for the past fifteen minutes but remained laying there with his eyes shut in a futile attempt to drift back to sleep.

Unable to bear laying there for much longer, Shane untangled himself from the comforter he had stolen off of Ilya in the middle of the night and padded softly down the hall to the kitchen. To his surprise, Irina was standing by the coffee pot, still clad in her silky house coat and slippers, her ruffled curls pulled atop her head in a haphazard bun.

Palming the sleep from his eyes, Shane made his way over to the other mother. He rested his head on her shoulder, closing his eyes as he breathed in the comforting scent of early morning coffee. Irina smiled warmly and gently wrapped her arm around his head, scratching at the hair near his temple.

"Dobroye utro, lyubov moya (good morning, my love)," Irina greeted sleepily. "Did you sleep well?" She asked, planting a soft kiss on the top of her inherited son's head.

Shane nodded slightly, dragging his cheek against the soft fabric of the robe. He lifted his head as Irina fixed herself a cup of coffee and then one for Shane, using a Snoopy cup that she had gotten for him for Christmas one year. She had actually bought two of the same one so he had one at home and one at her apartment.

Shane graciously took the cup and leaned with his back against the counter, taking a long, slow sip of the steaming liquid inside of his mug. The burnout from the previous night was still riddled deep inside but Shane definitely felt a little lighter after a good night's sleep in Ilya's bed. He had hoped Ilya didn't have any plans for the both of them today because Shane wasn't too sure if he'd be able to make it through another social event so soon.

"You two had fun last night at Marley's party?" Irina asked as she took a seat at the small kitchen table across from the counter where Shane had been leaning. Ilya was honest with Irina, it was one of her few rules - that way if anything major happened, she would know where he was and who he was with.

Shane began to replay the events of the previous night, feeling that same rush of emotion run through him as he thought about the kiss they shared. *The way Ilya's mouth tasted of cheap*

alcohol and stale cigarettes. The warmth radiating off of Ilya's cheeks from the alcohol. The way Ilya gripped the front of his shirt as he pulled him into the kiss.

Then came the pit in his stomach. *The way everyone stared at him. The way he heard several whispers about him when he kissed Ilya back. The way he probably looked like a fucking idiot by the way his body had reacted and that Ilya's face wasn't red from the alcohol he'd consumed, it was probably red from the embarrassment of having someone like Shane kiss him in front of everyone.*

Shane ignored Irina's question as he stared at the baseboard behind Irina's chair, his brain surging with every single negative thought it could muster. The hand that wasn't holding his mug trailed to the hair around the nape of his neck and began to pinch and tug at it with his index finger and thumb. He needed to feel something and pain was a typical grounding method to Shane when he was upset.

"Well, I hope you two had a fun night and made good choices," Irina offered another warm smile as she finished her own coffee. "I close tonight so if you're here, it'll just be two of you," she explained as she walked over to the sink to rinse her empty cup. "Have a good day, yes? Don't let Ilya be too much of an idiot," Irina teased as she made her way back to her bedroom to get ready for work.

Shane kept his eyes set on that baseboard as he focused on the jolt of pain radiating from his scalp with every pull.

How could he be so fucking daft? How could he think someone as charming and beautiful as Ilya was even remotely attracted to someone like him? Sure, he had the looks, the similar physique, but he couldn't even speak right or act normal for two fucking seconds. Ilya was just drunk, he didn't know what he was doing or talking about. Stupid. He felt so fucking stupid.

Shane took several deep breaths in an attempt to calm himself but it was no avail, he was too deep into this mental hell spiral. He placed the half full cup of coffee into the sink and made his way to the bathroom of the apartment, praying that Irina wouldn't need to get in there before she left. Maybe a hot shower would help calm his nerves.

Shane turned the knob to the spot that was just hot enough to make his skin beat red sting slightly enough to block out the mental static. Shane undressed and folded his clothes, setting them on the corner of the sink before stepping into the steam filled shower. The water stung Shane's sensitive skin just like he hoped it would, just enough to block out all of the noise going on inside his brain.

There was a knock at the door several minutes later. The door cracked slightly before Ilya poked his head into the bathroom, letting Shane know he was coming in so he didn't startle him. Ilya made his way over to the toilet, placing the lid down before settling on top of it.

"Shanya, you are fogging up whole bathroom and making it look like Silent Hill," Ilya grumbled sleepily, voice rough from just waking up. "You are lucky is just me and not Pyramid Head."

Shane pulled back the curtain slightly and poked his head out, frowning. His skin was tinged pink and Ilya knew exactly what that meant. He had spent a majority of the past five years being friends with Shane so he had become knowledgeable on these little quirks.

Ilya had come to learn that humming and flapping his hands means he's excited, rocking or swaying helps calm him, becoming a lobster in the shower is how he quiets his brain, and if Ilya is within a fifty foot radius of him, he becomes the human equivalent of an emotional support animal.

"Brain is too loud this morning," Ilya vocalized, noticing how red Shane was from the water. "Something is worrying you."

Shane narrowed his eyes at Ilya before disappearing behind the curtain again, completely disregarding what Ilya was saying.

"And apparently it has to do with me, yes?" Ilya let out a small laugh at the look Shane had given. "Finish up and meet me in living room. We don't have to talk yet, but we are going to talk about last night. Feelings are not my favorite thing either but honesty is best policy or whatever fucking saying is," Ilya waved a hand through the air as he stood, going out of the bathroom.

After another twenty minutes of burning his skin completely raw, Shane made his way to the living room to find Ilya lounging against the cushions with his feet propped on the coffee table, watching some rerun of River Monsters. Shane walked over, plopping on the cushion beside the other boy and crossing his arms defensively over his chest.

"I like you," Ilya jumped headfirst into the conversation, leaving no room for uncertainty. His eyes were still glued to the screen as he spoke, unable to look at Shane, "I like you and they are correct, it's like we are dating without knowing. Maybe it's because I don't want to hurt you, yes? If I like you and I hurt you, then we're not friends anymore and that is scary to me."

Shane could understand that. He could truly understand why losing each other would be devastating in the long run and respected that Ilya had the courage to admit it.

"Having feelings complicates things. We have been friends for long, long time and I have liked you for almost just as long. I am afraid that if we label ourselves, if you do feel same feelings, it will do more harm than good," Ilya admitted softly.

Shane looked over and noticed the way Ilya was tearing up a bit as he spoke. The thought of losing Shane as a friend was so upsetting that he was about to cry over it and it broke Shane's heart. Shane frowned as he stood up and straddled Ilya's lap, settling his weight on Ilya's thighs. Shane carefully tipped Ilya's chin up with his fingers to make him look Shane in the face, examining the small, sad smile slowly growing on Ilya's face as Shane did so.

Shane pressed his forehead against Ilya's, both boys closing their eyes as Ilya's strong arms wrapped around Shane's middle.

Shane felt his own stray tears slipping away as they held each other in such a vulnerable moment.

“I like you.”

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

TW ableist slurs and internalized ableism, mild autistic meltdown

“Shanya, you are slower than dinosaur Scott Hunter. We are going to be late for own home game,” Ilya grumbled as he finished lacing his own skates before shooting a glance over at Shane who was still only dressed in his compression undergarments and socks.

Shane had a rather disgruntled look on his face as he adjusted the seam on his socks for what felt like the millionth time, unable to get them *just right*.

Ilya sighed softly as he offered Shane his padding. He usually had the patience of a saint when it came to Shane but seeing as though they had to be on the ice five minutes ago, even his own patience had been worn thin. “*Hollander*, is just sock. Coach is pissed, we need to practice before game,” Ilya urged, gently shaking the padding towards Shane.

Shane chewed the inside of his cheek hard, grinding the sensitive skin between his molars to distract himself from the fabric and string digging into the knuckles of his toes. He let out a small whine in reluctance as he began to get dressed, ignoring the metallic tinge of blood on his tongue from biting his cheek so hard.

After they were finally ready, Ilya took the lead and walked them onto the ice where the rest of the team was already practicing running simple shooting and passing drills on one side of the rink, while the opposing team was doing something similar on the other. While Ilya went to practice, Shane stood off to the side, unable to even process what the hell was going on.

Everything about Shane’s uniform felt *off*. The seam of his socks weren’t in the correct place, his compression undergarments felt claustrophobic, his padding felt extra bulky, and his skates felt way too loose. Not to mention his stick tape wasn’t the right brand since he had to borrow Marley’s last minute and his mouth guard felt unusually slippery in his mouth.

The alarm buzzed to indicate the game was starting and it startled Shane, jolting him out of his thoughts and making his body jump with surprise. Suddenly his chest felt like a vice and his breathing became heavy. He didn’t have time for a panic attack, he needed to be a god damn center for his team.

Despite his body’s countless warning signs, Shane took position and waited for the referee. He stared down at the puck but couldn’t help but notice how his hands had been visibly shaking while holding his stick, even when hidden within the bulkiness of the gloves.

Apparently he wasn't the only one who noticed because before the ref could blow the whistle, the center from the opposing team chirped out with a smirk, "holy shit, the retarded hockey robot's malfunctioning."

Retarded hockey robot. How original. That's all Shane was to anyone and honestly, he was starting to feel like he couldn't even do that correctly right now. Just as the other kid had hoped, it threw Shane off his game just long enough to steal the puck away from the face off and send it flying towards his teammate. *Fuck.*

Shane did his best to play *catch up* as he did his damndest to focus on the game and definitely not the way his clothes felt wrong...or his stick tape wasn't right...or how incredibly soft Ilya's lips felt on his own...or the endless whispers about how it was probably out of pity because there's no way someone as different as Shane could bag someone as attractive as Ilya.

Different. That's all people have seen in Shane since he was old enough to display those kinds of things. While one year olds were walking and babbling, Shane wasn't even responding to his name and barely crawling. While three year olds were speaking full sentences and showing off their personalities, Shane was repeatedly lining his cars up in color order in the farthest corner of the room. While five year olds were learning to read and do academics, Shane was working on play skills, occupational life skills, and in speech therapy twice a week just so Yuna could hear the word mama before Shane was in first grade. While other kids clapped, Shane's hands flapped. While other kids cheered, Shane hummed. While other kids self regulated internally, Shane rocked, and swayed, and chewed.

Then when he was ten, Shane finally met a little Russian boy who had seen past all of those things. The little Russian boy didn't care about Shane's hand shaking or humming. The little Russian boy didn't care about Shane not liking loud noises or crowded environments. The little Russian boy saw Shane for who he was - *just another little boy who yearned for the same friendship that Ilya had to offer.*

Shane must've been zoning out again because when he came back to reality, he had heard Marleau barking out his name and that was the last straw. Hearing Hollander be barked out in the low, grumbling tone of Cliff Marleau's voice made the boy flinch so hard that his whole body jerked and his gloved hands flew to his ears as he grinded the mouth guard between his teeth. Then came the waterworks as Shane's vision suddenly became blurry and eyes prickled with hot tears.

Fuck. Not here. Please. Not fucking here.

Too late.

Shane sank down onto the middle of the ice, burying his face in his knees as he began to rock back and forth the best he could in his bulky uniform and skates. He was so deep into a meltdown that he was completely unaware as the referee blew the whistle to pause the game.

Within seconds, the school coach was crouching by Shane's side, attempting to coax him to his feet and off the ice but Shane was oblivious to it. Shane couldn't stand the constrictive

pressure of the gloves on his hands and ripped them off with vigor before gripping his ears once more.

Unsure how else to help, the coach aimlessly searched the crowd for Yuna and David who were thankfully already making their way down to the ice. Ilya had noticed the commotion, face softening as his heart broke, noticing Shane in a crumpled heap on the ice. Before the Hollander parents even made it on the ice, Ilya was already stripping off his gloves and helmet, tossing them aside towards Marley as he skated over to Shane.

“Hey...*Hollander, look at me,*” Ilya said softly, crouching in front of Shane. He carefully reached under Shane’s chin, unbuckling his helmet and setting it aside with a soft thud.

Shane’s hands trailed to the sweaty locks on the side of his head and began to grip, pulling meticulously at the strands entangled in his fingers. Tears were flowing in a nonstop stream down his cheeks as he choked out quiet sobs.

“*Sweetheart*, you are overwhelmed, yes? Let’s go to quiet...quiet makes you feel better,” Ilya offered in a comforting tone, no judgment whatsoever. He reached a hand out, cupping a wet cheek and swiping a few tears away from Shane’s freckled cheek.

Typically any sort of touch, especially to Shane’s face, made his skin feel prickly, but when it was Ilya, he seemed to know the exact sort of pressure Shane needed to feel comfortable.

Shane’s glassy, red eyes met Ilya’s concerned hazel ones for a brief moment, making the Russian smile slightly, “*a vot i vy (there you are),*” Ilya cooed, “*ya tebya derzhu (I’ve got you).*”

Hearing Ilya speak sweet nothings to him in Russian was enough to bring Shane back to his senses enough to get him to his feet once more. Ilya picked up Shane’s helmet in one hand before taking Shane’s hand in his other.

“Mama and papa are here,” Ilya nodded towards Yuna and David who were watching the ordeal from the edge of the rink, ready to jump in if Ilya couldn’t coax Shane off the ice. “I have to finish game but after, I will find you, yes?”

Shane’s lip wobbled slightly at the realization they were still mid game and dozens of people had seen him breaking down. *He had fucked up so badly. In front of a whole fucking crowd.*

“*Nyet*, no, absolutely not,” Ilya said sternly, as if reading Shane’s mind. He typically didn’t force eye contact but sometimes Ilya used it to make Shane know he was serious. “You are having bad day and is okay, everyone does. Now, let’s get you to mama and I will find you as soon as game is over.”

Ilya skated towards the edge of the rink, slowly dragging Shane along and passing him off to his parents.

As Ilya skated back to his team, he couldn’t help but mull over what could’ve set Shane off that easily - he could tell there was something more bothering Shane besides the sock situation in the locker room.

The game continued as if nothing even happened and their team ended up winning with Barrett scoring a hat trick against the opposing team. While the team took their time getting showered and changed, Ilya's only goal was to get back to Shane and figure out what the fuck happened out there. He had quickly changed into gym clothes before tossing his sweat riddled gear into his hockey bag, slinging it over his shoulder before making his way to the door.

"*Rozanov*," Marley called sternly, making Ilya stop dead in his tracks with a huff.

The Russian turned on his heels, facing his captain, "Marley, *look*, I really -..."

"Man, shut the fuck up for once," Cliff groaned, rubbing a hand down his face, "I'm not gonna chew you out. You gave it your all when your head was somewhere else and we won, alright? *No harm, no foul*. However, Hollander got called some shitty names out there and pretty sure that's what struck a nerve. I overheard it and coach is looking into it. I didn't want to tell you out there 'cause I can't lose two of my best players. Just thought you should know in case...*ya know*," *in case Shane doesn't have the words to tell you*.

Ilya's jaw clenched in anger as he listened - not at Marleau, *no*, he was actually trying to help even though Ilya felt he should've just let *him* handle it. Ilya nodded a thanks to Cliff and without a word, he turned back around and pushed his way through the heavy metal doors leading out of the locker room.

How could someone be so unnecessarily cruel over something the other person couldn't control and even go out of their way to say it just because of a stupid fucking game?

Ilya eventually made his way out to the senior parking lot where he and Shane had planned to meet up with Yuna and David before the whole ordeal. Without having to look too hard, he had found the other boy laying in the middle of the soccer field, only dressed in his compression undergarments and now fixed socks, staring at the sky and mumbling the various constellations to himself as his parents sat nearby and talked amongst themselves.

Ilya abandoned his bag by the Hollander parents and made his way over to Shane who was too engrossed in pointing out the Little Dipper to himself to notice. Ilya dropped his full weight on top of Shane, the other boy letting out a soft "oof." Once Shane noticed it was Ilya, he instinctively wrapped his arms tightly around the Russian boy who in turn did the same.

"Told you I would find you after game."

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

TW Shane's internalized ableism

Just a lil fluffy filler chapter with mama Yuna ♥

"Mama," Shane whispered, appearing in the entryway of the living room, chewing his bottom lip as he rocked side to side, shifting his weight between each foot.

After the game, Shane and Ilya had gone back to the Hollander house for the night. While Ilya had been quickly taken by sleep, Shane laid awake as his mind replayed everything that had happened that night. Now, at a little after 11pm, Shane found himself seeking out Yuna since he knew she was a night owl and was more than likely watching reruns of her true crime stories while working on her laptop.

Yuna had been lounging on the couch under an oversized blanket she kept on the back of the couch for moments like this. Her gaze immediately turned towards the voice, noticing Shane standing there in his pajamas with his hair sticking up every which way. A small smile appeared on Yuna's face as she set her laptop aside and opened her arms as an open invitation for Shane to join her. "Hey, Shaney...rough night?" She asked softly as Shane made his way over, tucking himself into her side as she shared the blanket with him.

"Rough night, mama," Shane echoed as he rested his head on her shoulder, eyes fluttering shut as he breathed in the familiar scent of her perfume that still lingered from earlier in the day.

"Want to talk about it?" Yuna asked, wrapping a comforting arm around her son's shoulders.

Shane thought for a moment, nodding once as he opened his eyes once more. His mouth opened and closed several times as he searched for the right words. "Don't...like...different," Shane pieced together slowly, letting the silence fall between for several seconds before speaking again, "I like Ilya...but...I'm different...feel guilty," he settled.

Yuna took a deep breath, processing what Shane was working so hard to convey to her. Her face remained neutral and unreadable until she realized what exactly Shane meant. Yuna's face softened significantly as a small "*oh*" escaped her lips. She chewed the inside of her lip as she debated on what the right way to approach this topic would be.

"*Oh, honey...*" Yuna started, pulling him a little closer and holding him a little tighter. "Sweetheart, can I be blunt for a moment?" She asked, earning a slight nod from her son, "if anyone has a problem with you being different, then they can fuck all the way off."

Shane couldn't help but smile a bit, letting out a small huff of laughter. "I'm serious!" Yuna smiled as well, "you are exactly who you need to be and if anyone has an issue, tell them to go suck a fat one. You shouldn't have to squeeze yourself into a box and pretend to be someone you're not."

Shane laughed softly again at the bluntness before his face faltered slightly, thinking about if Ilya truly cared about what other people thought of Shane, "Ilya?"

"Shaney, he is the *last* person to ever care about that stuff. He took one look around that rink when he first immigrated here and decided to befriend the little guy in the corner looking like he was trying to fly away with how hard his hands were flapping," Yuna teased, trying to keep the conversation lighthearted. "I'm serious, Shanebug, you have nothing to worry about when it comes to Ilya. *Trust me*, I've watched the two of you practically grow up together."

Yuna was right, as she often was. Shane felt that was part of the reason he needed to talk to her about it - because she would be honest but also give him the assurance that he needed. Shane's hands began to flutter on his lap as a hum rumbled from his throat due to the much needed relief that his mother had provided.

Since Yuna and Shane were too engrossed in their conversation, they didn't even realize when Ilya had appeared in the entryway, palming the sleep from his eye. He was frowning and his curls were flattened on one side.

"You left me," Ilya sleepily addressed Shane, voice rough with sleep and accent heavier than usual.

Shane was about to hold his arms out to welcome Ilya into a snuggly embrace but the Russian blew a raspberry his way and went to the other side of Yuna, tucking himself into her uninhabited side.

"You are traitor, Shane Hollander," Ilya complained as Yuna laughed softly, wrapping her free arm around her inherited son's shoulders as Shane flipped Ilya off from across Yuna's lap.

Yuna rolled her eyes playfully, "you both are absolutely ridiculous, you big babies."

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Some teammate love 🤘

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

The subsequent day was a Saturday which meant Ilya had big plans on sleeping in but Shane had other ideas. Yuna and David swore that Shane had his own hidden alarm because ever since he was born, that boy had never slept past 6am, and that was being generous.

As the morning daylight began to seep through the curtains, Shane took that as a sign that it was a good time to wake Ilya up, even though they both had a late night with Yuna on the couch.

Shane propped himself up on his elbows and looked over at the Russian boy who was sprawled out on Shane's bed, the blanket barely covering his right side as Shane had stolen a majority of it in the middle of the night. Thankfully Ilya always ran warm as he slept so it wasn't too big of an issue when they shared the bed.

Shane took the opportunity of Ilya being in a deep sleep to carefully maneuver himself on top of Ilya's thighs in a straddling position, sitting most of his weight on his knees and Ilya's thighs. He took a moment to settle himself, making sure Ilya was still asleep before he took the opportunity to lean down and kiss Ilya's perfectly bowed lips ever so softly. Once Shane noticed that Ilya didn't react, he had done it again, and again, and once more for good measure.

Unbeknownst to Shane, Ilya had been aroused by the second kiss but had laid there, letting Shane continue to kiss him. By the fourth kiss, Ilya could no longer hold back his smile, cracking an eye open slightly to look at Shane, who now had the biggest grin of achievement on his face as his hands shook in front of his chest and he bounced gently with excitement on Ilya's lap.

"Good morning to you too," Ilya laughed softly, voice gravelly and deep with sleep. "Is this way of apologizing for waking me up at asscrack of dawn?"

Shane stared down at Ilya with those big, beautiful, brown, yearning eyes. "*Malysh*," Shane's hands moved faster as the excitement of what he was about to request bubbled in his chest, "Marley...see Harris?" Shane asked, wanting to get together with their teammates again.

Ilya was a little taken aback by the question, seeing as though Shane rarely ever expressed wanting to actually hang out with anyone besides their little family dynamic that the Hollanders and Rozanov(a)s had created.

Ilya blinked back his surprise before nodding slightly, “*ah...yes? Maybe? I can text group chat to see if Marley would want to get team together. Maybe bonfire, yes?*”

Shane let out a squeak of happiness, nodding, “maybe bonfire!” He echoed, bouncing a little harder, making Ilya grunt softly at the impact.

“Shanya, you are very excited but you are bruising thighs, *moya lyubov*,” Ilya groaned softly, gently gripping Shane’s hips to soften the impact.

“Marley’s, *moya lyubov*!” Shane exclaimed, “see Harris! See Barrett! See Bood! See Luca! See Hayes!” The mixture of humming and squealing echoed throughout Shane’s room as his excitement grew louder at just the thought of seeing his teammates and friends.

Ilya shook his head slightly, unable to help but smile at Shane’s happiness. He was so proud and happy for Shane to be branching out and actually wanting to hang out with their friend group.

“You are very lucky I like you because you are *very* loud and it is *very* early,” Ilya chuckled a bit as he wrapped strong arms around Shane’s middle, pulling him gently down to meet his lips once more.

Shane’s hands planted on either side of Ilya’s head to brace himself as he leaned into the kiss, deepening it as Ilya’s one hand made its way to Shane’s thigh and the other held firmly onto the back of Shane’s neck.

The soft kiss turned deeper as Ilya tested the waters, slowly slipping his tongue into the other boy’s mouth. He would never push Shane into anything he was uncomfortable with so he paid close attention for any signs of discomfort as they made out.

After a few moments, it was actually Shane who made the first move to ask Ilya for more. Once they broke the kiss to come up for air, Shane had noticed that both of them were incredibly hard. He looked down briefly at his tented crotch before looking back at Ilya, “*help?*” He asked hesitantly.

Ilya eagerly nodded, rolling them both over so that Shane was now laying on the bed and he was on top. Ilya scooted himself down the bed and between Shane’s legs, fingers trailing the tightening waistband of Shane’s sweatpants.

“You tell me if you want me to stop. Yell, pinch, anything that you need to and I will stop *immediately*, yes?” Ilya looked up at Shane, hunger in his eyes as if he waited his whole life for this moment, but he wanted to make sure Shane was in control so he didn’t accidentally overstep and make his first sexual encounter uncomfortable.

Shane nodded rapidly as he propped himself back on his elbows to get a better look as Ilya began to get to work.

Several minutes later, both boys laid panting on the bed. Since it was Shane’s first time ever and Ilya’s first time with someone he genuinely liked, neither of them lasted long at all.

Ilya looked over as he felt the weight of the mattress suddenly lift. Shane was already up and heading to the bathroom to shower, hating the way the sweat was sticking to him and making his skin feel tight. Ilya took no hesitation as he quickly got up and followed him inside of the en suite bathroom, joining the boy to shower.

Thankfully Cliff and Luca had zero plans tonight so of course they'd take up the opportunity to host a bonfire at Marley's with the exception that they could make it a potluck dinner too.

When Shane and Ilya arrived, most of the guys were already there and sitting around a large makeshift fire that Cliff had created as Luca set up a space for the food in the kitchen. Everyone seemed to get the memo and the potluck turned out pretty great for being set up by several high school boys. Harris had even provided a case of ginger ale after asking what kind of drink Shane would like.

Once everyone fixed their plates, they all took a seat around the fire, with Shane sitting in a plastic lawn chair and Ilya sitting on the ground in front of him, tucked between his legs.

"So, you really missed us so much, Rozzy, that you couldn't wait until practice on Monday?" Barrett teased as he took a bite of his sub, looking over at the boy.

"Ah, *no*. In your wettest dreams, Barrett," Ilya rolled his eyes. "Was actually Shane's request and wasn't even to see *your* ugly face, was to see *Harris*."

"Package deal, baby," Harris smirked as he joined in, pecking a kiss to Troy's cheek.

"Seems to be the case for everyone here but Hayes and I," Bood groaned softly, making a fake gag at the sentimental moment between Harris and Troy.

"It's okay to come out of the closet, ya know. We're in progressive times," Luca pointed out, a shit eating grin growing on his face as Wyatt flipped him off.

"I'm an ally and all...but the *thought* of anyone's soldier coming anywhere near my chocolate starfish makes me want to be celibate for the rest of my life," Wyatt admitted as he sipped a beer that was leftover from Bood's party.

"Hazey, maybe you are born to play pitcher instead of catcher," Ilya pointed out, "then again...you are goalie so I couldn't picture you as anything but bottom."

"Roz, respectfully, don't picture me as *anything*, you freaky fuck," Wyatt's face twisted as he shook his head to rid himself of the mental image.

"Maybe you and Bood could practice on each other. Ain't gay if you got socks on," Troy laughed.

Cliff chimed in on their expense, "but just the tip so it ain't gay."

"I fucking hate all of you," Bood joked, laughing despite being the punchline.

“Mm, no I don’t think you do,” Ilya grinned as he leaned into Shane’s calf, resting his head on the boy’s knee as Shane’s fingers habitually entangled in his hair, soothing himself as he tried to keep up with the conversation.

“So are you two actually together or are we still pretending that we have no idea that you’re both gay as fuck for each other?” Troy asked Ilya and Shane after a moment, earning himself a slap to the chest from Harris with a hissed “*Troy, you can’t just ask that!*”

Shane furrowed his brows as he thought about the question. Sure, they hadn’t put a label on their relationship. He knew they must be more than just friends, more than best friends even, but they never really talked about it more than their *I like you* conversation.

“Fuck buddies,” Shane settled on, hearing that term from one of the movies he and Ilya had watched. He didn’t quite know what a fuck buddy consisted of exactly but having the knowledge that Ilya swallowed his load and creamed his own pants in the process, they must be at least close to that.

Hearing Shane admit that made Ilya nearly choke on his chips out of pure shock, coughing and sputtering as there was an eruption of laughter from the innocently laid out honesty and Cliff even going as far to high five Shane while saying “*that’s my rookie!*”

Chapter End Notes

Pls send me suggestions of what you’d like me to incorporate! I love reading thought out comments and suggestions, happy or sad ones! ♥

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

TW brief mention of vomit, autistic meltdown that includes self injurious behavior)

Short filler chapter bc I'm exhausted but wanted to put something out tonight 😬

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

Shane had never been easy to care for when he was ill, especially when it came to body aches, hot flashes, or anything gastrointestinal. Shane being sick often led to severe meltdowns due to overstimulation which just added to initial discomfort and made the meltdowns even more difficult for both parties to work through.

Unfortunately today was one of those days. After their get together at Marley's, Shane, along with half of their hockey team, had developed the flu and was downright miserable.

It started early Sunday morning, just hours after the group had departed and went their separate ways. The clock read 3:30am as Ilya jolted awake from a deep sleep to the sound of someone emptying their entire stomach contents into the porcelain throne. Seeing as though the only person who could've been doing just that had been Shane and that was enough to wake Ilya from whatever sleep induced stupor he had been in.

Another strong gag made Ilya hurry from his spot in the bed and rush to the en suite bathroom, finding his lover stripped to nothing but his boxers, hair plastered to his forehead with sweat as he was hugging the toilet bowl. From the entryway, Ilya could see Shane's frame trembling from either adrenaline, fever, or both. Ilya's guess was probably both.

Ilya stood back and watched with a careful gaze until Shane had begun to cry from exhaustion and discomfort. He hated how he felt too hot for clothes but too cold to be naked. His body ached with every slight movement so he couldn't even rock to soothe himself. He hated the sticky feeling of the sweat clinging to his body. Shane didn't know how to fix any of it so he sat there and cried, much to Ilya's dismay.

As soon as he saw Shane in tears, Ilya slowly made his way over to the boy and sank to the floor in front of him. He assumed that Shane wouldn't have the strength to answer any questions and he wasn't sure if Shane could even tolerate even a gentle touch at the moment so Ilya just sat there, assuring Shane with his presence.

Riddled with bone deep exhaustion and being completely overwhelmed, unable to self soothe in any way, Shane had begun to sob out louder, bringing the heel of his palm to his forehead and striking it hard repeatedly in a futile attempt for any sort of relief.

“*Oh, sweetheart...please don’t hurt my Shane,*” Ilya frowned, voice laced with sleep as he gently grabbed Shane’s wrists to stop him from hurting himself. His heart broke whenever Shane was too deep in overstimulation to self regulate which resulted in him self injuring to try and relieve some of the internal pressure that had been paining him.

In a last ditch attempt to relieve his pain, Shane threw his head back into the wall behind him in a desperate effort, letting out several guttural screams in frustration as he was too weak with sickness to fight off Ilya’s hold on his arms.

Ilya was quick to release Shane’s hands and fit himself in between Shane and the wall, but not before Shane was able to get a few good blows in. He would honestly be surprised if Shane didn’t have a concussion after that.

“I know...*you feel so sick,*” Ilya acknowledged as he wrapped strong arms around Shane’s middle, pulling him close. “You tell me if pressure is too much and I will let go,” he continued, letting Shane take the lead as Ilya held him in a deep pressure hug that he’d seen Yuna and David do before when Shane had severe meltdowns. They were few and far between now that he was older but when they were younger, Ilya had experienced a fair share of them with Shane.

Shane struggled momentarily before understanding what Ilya had been doing. As Ilya held him tightly, Shane relaxed his whole body weight back against Ilya as his violent sobs trickled into silent tears and soft hiccups as he tried to even out his breathing.

Ilya placed a soft kiss to the sweat matted locks on top of Shane’s head, “you are doing so good for me, *malysh...*”

It took a good twenty minutes for Shane to be de-escalated enough to even hear the words that Ilya was saying. Nonetheless, Ilya remained calm and levelheaded as Shane took all the time he needed to regulate himself in Ilya’s arms.

“My Shane...*feel so sick...*” Shane sniffed as he tucked himself into Ilya’s chest, eyes closed as he felt the burnout start. After major emotional episodes, Shane always found himself needing a nap just to carry on with the rest of the day, and more often than not, the remainder of the day would be a nonverbal day.

“I know, sweetheart...go to bed?” Ilya gently rubbed comforting circles on Shane’s back as he snuggled into Ilya’s chest.

“No! Ilya...” Shane whined out, gripping tightly to Ilya’s tear stained shirt.

Ilya nodded once, taking the hint. He adjusted his position slightly to be more comfortable and allowed himself to rest back against the wall. *Ilya could already tell that it was going to be a very long and difficult night.*

THANK YOU FOR THE SUGGESTIONS!!

It makes my lil heart happy that you guys enjoy higher support needs Shane as much as I do 😭

That being said, please feel free to request more stuff - I'm reading every single one of them and taking them into consideration! ♥

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Papa David and introducing Shane's very neglected AAC device 😊

It had taken a solid ten minutes of assurance and sweet Russian nothings to convince Shane to come back to bed after Ilya had noticed soft snores coming from the boy who was tucked into his chest. He knew Shane would be stiff from sleeping upright against Ilya's broad chest rather than his own plush mattress so he had made the executive decision to take their little sick party back to the bedroom, much to Shane's initial reluctance.

Once they were settled into bed, Ilya wrapped himself around Shane, heavy limbs draped over him as a human weighted blanket. He could feel Shane's body physically relax once he was draped on top of him, which made him feel slightly better about the situation. Ilya would most likely be the next one hit with whatever bug the team had developed but he wasn't too worried about that at the moment. All that mattered was Shane being comfortable enough in his own body to get some sort of rest, even if it meant Ilya laying with him and holding him for hours on end.

Shane kept fighting his sleep while laying beside Ilya - every time he would feel himself beginning to drift off again, he would make a sort of grunting whine and Ilya would just give his body a reassuring squeeze until he calmed again.

"Moy bednyy, bolnoy zaychik (my poor, sick little bunny)," Ilya mumbled into the nape of Shane's neck as he rubbed soothing circles with his thumb over the muscular flesh of Shane's pec.

Thankfully it wasn't too much longer before Shane was snoring once more, his body heavy and limp against the mattress. Ilya figured he would be awake again sooner rather than later so he took advantage of Shane sleeping and closed his eyes once more, allowing sleep to take him as well.

Ilya was correct and Shane had awoken merely an hour later - his body drenched in sweat and absolutely aching in every inch. He untangled himself from Ilya embrace and lumbered slowly downstairs, only to be met with David in the kitchen, dressed in his work clothes and programming the coffee machine for when Yuna would wake up, his own travel mug filled with the dark, rich, liquid gold.

David heard the floorboards squeak gently and turned to look over, immediately noticing that Shane was not feeling well.

“Morning, Shanebug,” David greeted softly, being met with zero acknowledgement in return, which wasn’t unusual when Shane was feeling under the weather.

Shane began to rock slightly in a feeble attempt to calm himself, tears beginning to fill his eyes once more as he was downright exhausted and feeling so sick but nothing seemed to stop the aches and pains in his joints.

David frowned to himself and returned his attention to the counter. Beside the fridge, constantly kept fully charged just for moments like this, was an iPad mini with a black shockproof case around it and Proloquo2Go downloaded onto it. It was Shane’s AAC device that he honestly absolutely wanted nothing to do with but David and Yuna reinforced utilizing it when Shane was nonverbal and having a hard time. David thought for a moment before grabbing the device off the charger and making his way over to Shane, holding it out with no room to argue.

Shane looked at the device in his father’s hands, then letting out a huff of annoyance. He only disliked the iPad because it wasn’t his voice and it made him sound even more like a robot. He had enough going on that his peers could chirp him on - if they found out he used a communication device, they’d only weaponize it against him.

Shane took the iPad and immediately started walking through the buttons. First was the *I feel* button, then Shane scanned the folder for the *sick* emotion which led him to its own folder. From there, he selected *vomit*, *fever*, and *body aches*. Clicking back out, Shane found the *body parts* folder and clicked the three main things that were giving him an issue: *head*, *stomach*, and *legs* because he had been rocking the whole duration on them. Once Shane reread the options in his sentence bar and was satisfied with the answer, he handed it back over to David.

“You feel sick with a fever, vomiting, and body aches in your head, stomach, and legs?” David asked, wanting to make sure he understood what Shane was relaying to him. Once he received a small shake of Shane’s fist, the ASL sign for *yes*, David nodded to himself and went back to the kitchen, Shane trailing closely behind.

David grabbed the kitchen stepstool and reached into the cabinet that was tucked above the fridge, pulling out a small bottle of ibuprofen and some peptobismol tablets. They had kept their medicine in the highest cabinet and out of Shane’s reach since he was an infant but even as time progressed, they just never switched it.

David stepped off the stool and doled out two of each pill from the container before putting the bottles back into the cabinet and filling a small glass of water for Shane.

“I know you don’t like the taste but I promise you’ll feel so much better once they kick in,” David assured as he noticed the disgruntled look that Shane shot him and he handed Shane the cup in one hand and pills in the other.

Shane begrudgingly took them, washing them down with long gulps to rid himself of the powdery taste. David took the empty glass and set it in the sink for him. He then ushered Shane to the couch, nodding towards the section with the built in ottoman to indicate to his son to lay down. Once Shane complied, David grabbed Yuna’s throw blanket and tucked him

in, taking the time to make it as tight as Shane had preferred. He then grabbed the remote from the coffee table and turned on the WHL hockey channel, knowing Shane enjoyed watching and learning from the highlight reel.

David disappeared to the kitchen once more before returning with his keys and travel mug in one hand, and Shane's AAC device in the other. As he bent down to kiss Shane on the temple, he sat the device beside the remote on the coffee table.

"Just thought this would make it a little easier. Make sure you use it if you need to. I love you, Shaney."

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Some mama Yuna and mama Irina love ♥

While both boys slept in their respective spots, Yuna had eventually made her way downstairs a while later. She stood at the landing, noticing Shane tucked in like a burrito and couldn't help but smile slightly, realizing it was David's doing before he had gone off to work in the city. Then she realized that he only really did that when Shane was having a really hard day, which often meant when he was sick...*fuck*.

Yuna sighed softly, mentally bracing herself for a challenging day ahead and silently made her way to the kitchen, starting the coffee maker that David had so kindly prepped before leaving. Sick days caused everyone in the Hollander household a lot of stress because that's when Shane was at his most elevated and vulnerable, not that Yuna or David ever truly blamed Shane for his behaviors during that time - they both deeply understood that meltdowns were just another form of communication when Shane didn't have the words or communication tools, like his AAC device.

Yuna figured that it was going to be a lazy couch day since Shane wasn't feeling well and decided to message Irina, knowing Sundays were her days off. The two mothers usually planned something together for that day, but seeing as one, or even both, of the boys were feeling ill, Yuna figured to just invite her over for movies, baking, and *lots of wine*.

As Yuna was tucking her phone back into the pocket of her housecoat, Ilya was tiptoeing down the stairs in socked feet, barely making a sound. Yuna had caught a glimpse of the Russian out of the corner of her eye as she poured her own cup of coffee and grabbed Ilya's own mug, a plain black one that had a photo of when the boys were in Squirts hockey on the one side, from the cabinet, pouring him one as well. She figured he'd absolutely need it this morning if her gut instincts were correct, which, after being the mother of Shane Hollander for fifteen years, they absolutely were on point.

"Morning, mama Yuna," Ilya grumbled, softly clearing his throat as he ran a hand through his tangled golden curls which were flattened on one side from sleeping. He nodded a thanks to Yuna as he took his fresh cup from her, relishing in the warmth radiating from the sides as he inhaled the cozy scent from the rim. Ilya absolutely loved the smell of fresh coffee in the morning as it reminded him of home, both at his own mama's apartment and the Hollander house.

"Good morning, sweetheart," Yuna smiled softly at him, leaning back against the counter beside him. "You look absolutely exhausted," she pointed out sympathetically, reaching a hand up to tuck a stray curl behind Ilya's ear.

“Flu...stomach bug...something nasty,” Ilya hummed in agreement, closing his eyes momentarily as Yuna touched his face affectionately as she fixed his hair. “My head is starting to hurt and I’m so tired, maybe from lack of sleep or maybe illness...but poor Shanya was up vomiting and sweating...*ah*...like swine.”

“Sweating like a pig,” Yuna chuckled softly, agreeing with Ilya, “he always does when he gets a fever.” Yuna grabbed the stepstool and retrieved the ibuprofen bottle from the medicine cabinet that David had been in earlier, grabbing Ilya two pills and handing them to him before putting the bottle and stool back. “I figured we would have a lazy couch day since you’re both feeling under the weather today. Mama will probably come over later - I invited her over since we can’t really leave you two alone this afternoon.”

Ilya was about to protest that he was *just fine* until a throb erupted behind his eyes, “thank you, mama Yuna,” he said softly, taking the pills with a long sip of his coffee.

Ilya finished half of his cup before setting it in the sink and retreating back to the living room. Without waking Shane, Ilya pulled the blanket back and laid on his side on the sectional, positioning himself with his chest against Shane’s bare back as he closed his eyes once more.

Irina arrived at the house shortly thereafter, carrying a reusable grocery bag filled with fresh cabbage, potatoes, and carrots, and ingredients for broth. She insisted that she and Yuna made the boys Shchi, a Russian cabbage soup filled with vitamin C to help cure whatever ailment was running rampant through the boys’ bodies.

“I used to make for Ilyusha every time he was sick,” Irina explained, unloading the bag’s contents onto the counter. “Maybe Shane will drink broth if cooked vegetable texture will bother him?”

Yuna frowned slightly, pondering over whether or not Shane would even *consider* trying the new soup. Maybe if Ilya explained that it was a staple of his childhood he would try a small spoonful. He had certainly become more flexible mentally over the years but he was still very food restrictive.

“I’m not too sure. I hope so because he’s a bear when he’s sick,” Yuna told Irina honestly.

“So is Ilya. Very grumpy, very whiny,” Irina teased.

The two mothers settled at the kitchen table while their boys napped on the living room couch. The women worked diligently on catching each other up about various work dramas, their sons’ hockey schedule, and even about the upcoming winter formal at the high school. It would be the first dance that their sons would attend, *if* they did choose to attend.

“Winter formal is coming up, yes? Ilya said whole hockey team is going with dates. Is Shane going?” Irina asked as she watched Yuna pour them each a glass of wine.

“He hasn’t decided yet...he gets overwhelmed with all the music and everything, so I wouldn’t be surprised if he stayed home,” Yuna answered, sliding Irina her half full glass before taking a sip of her own. “Maybe if Ilya asks him personally to go, he *might* go then.”

Irina hummed softly, staring at the bubbles in her glass, “do you think the boys are...you know...*dating*?” She asked hesitantly, looking up to meet Yuna’s gaze. Irina had always thought they had a bit of an unusual friendship but initially chalked it up to their language barrier and Shane being a boy with autism and higher support needs, but now, she wasn’t so sure, as they were both cuddling on the couch as the big age of fifteen.

“I...*I don’t know*,” Yuna sighed softly, rubbing the pad of her thumb against the stem of her glass. “I don’t know if Shaney had ever even thought about dating, let alone being gay or anything.” *God she felt like a terrible mother for not knowing if her teenage son was ever interested in dating like his peers.* “I mean I know they’ve got a lot of gay friends but together? I don’t know.”

Irina nodded a bit to herself, “Ilya has talked about his interests but he’s never been in a serious relationship before. He’s always been very confident in himself so I wasn’t too sure if they are dating or just...*Shane and Ilya*,” Irina admitted with a small, warm smile.

“If they were to date, we’d be mother in laws and officially family, so that’d be a plus,” Yuna teased as she held up her wine glass, pointing it slightly in Irina’s direction.

A small laugh escaped Irina as she clinked her glass gently against Yuna’s, “cheers to *that*.”

Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

TW mild SIB (self injurious behavior) due to inability to communicate effectively

Just a lil more mama Yuna and mama Irina fluff ♥

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

Shane sat crosslegged on the couch with iPad in hand. His face was twisted in a sort of disgruntled manner as he forcibly flung himself back against the cushions, eyes scanning various pages and folders in his AAC device. Ilya sat with his back against the armrest of the couch, legs draped over Shane's lap as if he were pinning the other boy to the couch so he didn't fling himself off from how hard he was rocking. Shane was obviously upset over something and Ilya's sickness hazed mind couldn't figure it the hell out for the life of him. Every suggestion or question just seemed to make Shane escalate so Ilya took the hint and waited patiently.

After a solid ten minutes of searching various folders, selecting buttons and deleting said selections from his sentence bar, and clicking out of and going back into folders, all while the robotic male voice repeated everything aloud from the device, Shane finally settled on the *body parts* folder and selected *stomach* before looking up at Ilya as if to signify that is what was bothering him so badly.

Ilya cocked a brow, "your stomach hurts? *Like vomit?*" He asked, ready to jump up and grab the nearest garbage bin. There was no way in hell he was cleaning up Shane's vomit while his own head felt like a ton of bricks.

Shane shook his head, immediately regretting his decision as the lightheadedness came on.

"Okay...*you have to shit?* Sometimes it makes your stomach feel weird when you have to shit, yes?" Ilya ran through a mental checklist as Shane once again shook his head. "Ah... *then you are probably hungry.* You have not eaten since Marley's last night and is almost dinner time today."

Shane blinked a few times, subconsciously checking in with himself as Ilya came to the conclusion. He was in fact hungry so that must've been making him feel lightheaded and his stomach feel funny.

Shane had been satisfied with the result and gently shoved Ilya's legs aside so he could get up. Shane planted his feet on the floor and stood before dropping his AAC onto the coffee table and shuffling to the kitchen where Irina and Yuna were preparing dinner.

“Mama,” Shane greeted as he saw Yuna at the counter chopping up the vegetables Irina brought while Irina was at the stove, stirring a pot of homemade broth.

“Hey, sweetie,” Yuna smiled softly, happy to see Shane feeling a little better after medication and napping off and on all day.

As Shane had suddenly lost his ability for any other words, he began to sway back and forth, flapping his hands at his sides as his brows furrowed in frustration. “*Mama...mama, mama, mama,*” he repeated, a whine emerging from his throat as he began to feel angered with himself.

Speech had always been one of Shane’s biggest concerns and triggers. It took him almost until he was seven to say his first real word, *mama*. When he was overwhelmed or having a rough day, it’s like his brain suddenly stopped working in the speech center and he couldn’t access the words he needed to express himself. Sure, he had his communication device, but that wasn’t the same as using his own voice.

Yuna could see Shane becoming triggered and sat the knife down on the counter, wiping her hands gently against the fabric of her pants. She turned her full attention to her son, “it’s alright, take your time,” she assured as she noticed tears beginning to well into his eyes and the flapping became more intense as he struggled to grasp the words.

A hum began to resonate throughout the kitchen as the heel of Shane’s palm abruptly struck his forehead in frustration, shouting the word *mama* with each hit.

“Hey...*hey, no,*” Yuna jumped in, trying to grab Shane’s wrist to stop the hitting. Since he was in hockey and worked out after school every day with Ilya, Shane was much stronger than Yuna so the grip was a feeble attempt at best at this point. “Shaney, I know you’re not feeling your best, but that’s not how we deal with it,” Yuna acknowledged Shane’s feelings but drew a strong boundary since she was unable to hold him back from hitting himself again.

Ilya had heard the commotion and pushed himself off the couch with a soft grunt, his own body feeling like it was hit by a freight train as he developed whatever illness Shane was experiencing. He lumbered into the kitchen, frowning slightly as he saw Shane in an upset state.

“Shanya, you are hungry, *remember?*” Ilya’s voice was kind and comforting as the Russian boy made his way across the kitchen, wrapping strong arms around Shane’s waist and burying his nose in the crook of the other boy’s neck, matching the rocking motion Shane had been doing.

The gesture immediately distracted Shane enough to stop the self injurious behavior but he continued to rock and flap in Ilya’s arms. “You are hungry,” Shane nodded quickly, silent tears streaming down his cheeks as he borrowed Ilya’s words, “*Shanya, you are hungry.*”

“*Oh!* Is easy fix, yes? No tears, mama Irina will get you fish crackers until dinner is ready,” Irina sighed softly, absolutely relieved that it wasn’t anything serious that he couldn’t relay to them.

Irina abandoned the stove for a moment before rooting through the cabinet that contained Shane's safe foods. She grabbed a box of goldfish from the cabinet before grabbing a small bowl and filling it a bit. She then held it out to the upset boy, smiling warmly as Shane accepted it.

Yuna flashed Irina a look meant to say *thank you* as both women returned to what they had been doing beforehand. While both mothers continued to cook dinner and Shane happily snacking away while rocking in Ilya's arms, Ilya found himself focusing on his deep breathing, making it slightly exaggerated in hopes that Shane would follow suit.

"I think you've gotten me sick, *zaychick (bunny)*," Ilya mumbled against Shane's neck, voice muffled by his skin.

The rest of the night went as smoothly as anyone could've hoped - dinner was a hit, even with Shane who admittedly only drank the broth as Irina had predicted. After dinner and Irina helping Yuna with the dishes, the boys and their respective mothers curled up on the couch with ginger ale and wine, an action movie that Shane and Ilya would like playing on the television. Both boys subsequently fell asleep snuggled up to each other halfway through the movie before Irina departed back to her apartment to get ready for work the following day with the agreement that the mothers would give their boys one more day of rest before even *considering* if they should attend hockey practice after school the following day.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter explores Ilya asking Shane to the winter formal. Expect loooooots of fluff with that 🤘

As always, feel free to comment what you'd like to read or any theories you may have! Reading those comments is my favorite part of posting!

Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

TW unintentional ableism and a brief moment of Irina's depression

Both boys were pretty much back to themselves by Monday evening and were able to attend hockey practice that night.

While Shane was off running passing drills with Luca, Ilya was doing the same with Marleau and Barrett over on the other side of the rink. Since Shane still wasn't a hundred percent back to his normal self, he opted to wear his noise cancelling earbuds to help avoid any noise triggers, which actually worked to Ilya's advantage because he needed to pick the brains of the boys working with him.

"So, dance is coming up...have you guys asked Luca and Harris yet?" Ilya asked shyly as he and the other two boys formed a triangle to practice passing the puck to each other.

"I didn't do a grand gesture since I'm going to ask him to prom but I did ask him with some flowers and a little bear," Marley explained as he placed the puck down and the three began to practice.

"I'm going to do something similar with Harris since we also have prom this year," Troy agreed as he shot the puck towards Ilya, the Russian boy immediately stopping it with his own stick.

"I want to ask Shane -..." Ilya began before being cut off by Marley interjecting.

"I mean...and don't take this as me being a dick, I'm genuinely curious...do you really think that it's a good idea to bring Shane?" Marley asked hesitantly, hating the way it came out so he quickly backtracked, "I'm not saying he doesn't belong there, it's just he gets weird with noises and shit."

"*Overstimulated*," Ilya corrected him nonchalantly, keeping his gaze on the puck. "Are we saying this because we are embarrassed over Shane's behaviors in public setting or are we genuinely concerned about his wellbeing in overstimulating environments?" Ilya asked before he chose how to continue.

Cliff groaned softly, hating how Ilya always chose to be a critical thinker when it came to Shane but a complete dumbass any other time. "Man, you know I don't give half a shit if he's melting down with me around - hell, I'm his captain too and would bust someone's teeth out of their head if they said anything to me about it. I'm just worried he'll get all frazzled and shit and you won't be able to do anything about it because you don't drive."

“Marley, I don’t know if you know this but I have this little electronic thing in my back pocket right now that’s called a *phone* and it’s this great thing because guess who I can call? Yuna! Or even David! Or my mama herself!” Ilya shot Cliff a glare, “he is autistic, *not contagious*. If he is overstimulated, we adjust accordingly. He will not give you a touch of ‘tism if he is rocking or flapping near you, yes? Is how he shows how he’s feeling. Do I really have to explain this to two of you?” Ilya asked rhetorically, earning an honest nod from Troy, who was actually always curious about Shane’s behaviors but never had the guts to ask about it.

“Fuck, of course I do for you, Barrett,” Ilya mumbled, pinching the bridge of his nose as he let out a huff of annoyance. “Just...act like he is normal fucking person, da? ‘Cause *he is*,” Ilya left it at that, not wanting to explain in detail to the two other boys because he felt it may be crossing a boundary that Shane had. “Now how the fuck do I ask Shane to stupid dance?” He asked again.

The three boys were silent for a moment as they continued to pass the puck around, trying to figure out some sort of grand plan for Ilya to ask Shane.

“Could always make him a poster in a way of asking with one of his favorite things? What’s he really into?” Marley asked finally, breaking the momentary silence.

Ilya chuckled softly as his mind immediately went to his dick in my mouth but obviously he couldn’t do that. “He...ah...he likes hockey. A lot, obviously. He likes architecture. He likes house flipper shows. He *really* likes me,” Ilya smirked a bit, thinking of their past makeout session.

“Yeah, your dick ain’t makin’ the cut, Roz,” Barrett immediately shut him down with the last one.

“Hey, what’s that nickname you use for him that’s an animal...*zackchick* or *whatever*,” Cliff added, face puzzled as he thought about it.

“*Zaychick*...I call him *zaychick* - it means *bunny*,” Ilya suddenly felt a little self conscious as his terms of endearment were exposed.

“Giant fluffy bunny stuffed animal with a poster saying ‘*will you be my zaychick to the winter formal*’ or some shit like that,” Troy added with excitement, grinning. “Your handwriting is shit though so maybe ask Harris or Luca to help with that part.”

Ilya nodded to himself as he thought over the idea. That could work - *zaychick* seemed to be one of Shane’s favorite pet names and the boy did love a good fluffy texture. Perhaps they weren’t such idiots after all.

After practice, Shane had gone home with David and Ilya had caught a ride from Troy since his own mother hadn’t arrived even a half hour after practice had ended, which was extremely unusual since Irina would at least have texted Ilya or let the Hollanders know so they could take him with them. Ilya played it off as her having to work overtime and just losing track of time because deep down, he had a feeling that it was something much more serious but he didn’t want to worry anyone over it. He could take care of it himself.

After a quick *thanks* and fishing his apartment key from his backpack, Ilya made his way to the third floor apartment he shared with his mother for the past handful of years and made his way into the living area, shutting the door behind him with a soft click of the lock. Ilya sat his duffle bag full of hockey gear and his backpack by the door before toeing off his shoes and making a B line for Irina's bedroom.

The door was slightly cracked but Ilya still felt a bit awkward just barging in, so he gently rapped at the doorframe, "*mama...mama, ya doma (mama, I'm home)*," Ilya announced softly.

Ilya waited a moment, listening closely to see if he could hear any noise coming from the bedroom. When he didn't hear anything but his own gentle breathing, he slowly pushed the door open and immediately noticed an Irina shaped lump of blanket facing the opposite wall - her long, golden curls tangled and matted to the back of her head.

This wasn't something new to Ilya. In fact, over the past several years, he had helped his mother through a depressive episode at least twice a month. Now that he was older, it had kind of become second nature to him, just like taking care of Shane during his meltdowns.

Without a word, Ilya retreated to their shared bathroom in search of her leave-in conditioner, the large tooth comb, and a hair tie. Once he retrieved those items, Ilya made his way back to her bedroom and sat the things on the nightstand before turning on the lamp that was settled on said nightstand.

Ilya knelt beside the bed and got straight to work, saturating her hair with the conditioning spray and strategically combing through the mess of curls with the comb, all while humming a Russian lullaby that Irina always sang to him while he was upset or not feeling well and needed her comfort.

After about an hour of meticulously detangling his mother's long, beautiful locks, Ilya's fingers worked diligently to braid the greasy but now untangled hair before securing it with a hair tie.

"*Vot tak prosto. Krasota (just like that. Beautiful)*," Ilya said more so towards himself than Irina as he finished braiding her hair so it wouldn't get even more tangled since he was sure this was just the beginning of her depressive episode.

Ilya gathered the products once more and put them away before making his way back to his mother's room. Ilya carefully climbed beside Irina in the bed, laying on his side under the blanket to face her. Even though her eyes were closed, Ilya could still see how swollen they had been from crying. His heart broke every time he had seen her like this, knowing it was out of her control.

Ilya carefully tucked a stray piece of hair behind her ear, placing a soft kiss to her forehead, "*ya zdes, mama (I'm here, mama)*."

Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

TW talks about Irina's depression

Also sorry for the short filler chapter - I wanted to make sure to update tonight

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

During Irina's episodes, Ilya hardly ever got any real quality of sleep even when he was asleep in her bed, which is where he chose to sleep during times like these - in case mama needed anything, he assured himself, trying to put the reasoning on her needing him and not vice versa. Even in her bed, Ilya barely slept, waking up every hour or so to make sure she was still next to him.

Ilya was bone deep exhausted as he sat at the lunch table. He had his forehead resting against the table with his eyes closed, the school lunch tray untouched as Shane approached, taking a seat across from him.

Shane gently ran his fingers through Ilya's flat curls, frowning as he immediately picked up on the unusual change in Ilya's attitude as he saw him.

Ilya smiled slightly, knowing it was Shane's touch that was currently carding through his bed head. "Hello, Hollander," he mumbled sleepily, keeping his eyes shut tight in a futile attempt at some sort of rest.

It took everything in Shane not to go over and straddle Ilya's lap the way the Russian boy liked just to see a genuine smile on his face. He hated when Ilya got into these moods - he would always say he was fine but his body language read differently and mixed signals were one of Shane's biggest opponents, even if they were to keep him from worrying.

"You are having bad day and is okay, everyone does," Shane echoed from one of Ilya's recent pep talks from when he melted down on the ice, making sure to encapsulate the heavy Russian accent because it always seemed to make Ilya happy when Shane did his best impression of him.

Ilya could tell what Shane was trying to do and couldn't hold back how much it melted his heart when Shane tried to take care of him the same way he did for Shane. Ilya propped himself up on his elbow, head resting on his hand as he looked over at Shane, making the other boy's hand fall from the spot of curls. Before he could assure Shane that he was okay, Shane beat him to his usual go-to line.

"I am just a little sleepy, *zaychick*, not sad," Shane repeated, brows furrowing as he gave a questionable look, obviously not believing that line today.

“Ah, you are very chatty today,” Ilya teased, rolling his eyes at the one liner Shane threw at him. “Okay, okay, fine. I did not sleep well, mama is very sad again. It will pass, da? No need to worry.”

Shane had learned long ago about Irina’s depression and honestly, he could empathize with her since he would sometimes get into his own head and his own depression would conjure up panic attacks. Shane honestly wondered if Ilya suffered in silence as well because depression was genetic.

“Mama Irina,” Shane nodded, understanding what Ilya was saying. There had been several nights where Ilya would wake up and text Shane in the middle of the night because he couldn’t sleep due to the anxiety of the possibility of Irina contemplating suicide. A majority of those times Shane was also awake due to his own insomnia and anxieties.

“Mm...yes, mama Irina,” Ilya agreed, smiling fondly as he watched Shane rock back and forth on the bench, his hands fluttering as he thought.

“Dance!” Shane exclaimed after a moment, chewing the inside of his lip, “*moya lyubov*, dance,” he repeated.

“Ah, yes, winter formal. You saw Barrett ask Harris, yes?” Ilya smiled at Shane’s excitement. At the beginning of the school day, Troy had left a little stuffed puppy with a small rose bouquet and a note asking Harris to the school dance in the boy’s locker.

“Barrett ask Harris!” Shane’s hands fluttered with excitement, “dance? Ilya, dance?” He asked as he bounced in his seat a bit.

Ilya raised a brow in surprise. Dances never seemed to be Shane’s thing but he was planning on asking him anyway by the end of the week. It was a little surprising that Shane had asked him first.

“You want to go to the winter formal with me?” Ilya could feel a rush of heat rise from the nape of his neck.

Shane nodded quickly, humming louder the happier he became.

“It would be an honor, *malysh*.”

Chapter End Notes

Surprise! Shane asked Ilya to the dance first 😊

Next chapter jumps to the dance!

Pls lmk if there’s any specific things you’d like to see in that chapter ♥

Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

Another shorter chapter bc I felt like separating before and during the dance was necessary, so enjoy some Yuna and David doting over their son ♥

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

“Mmm...*mama*,” Shane hummed as he rocked back and forth, hands flapping and attempting to gently swat Yuna’s hand away as she fixed his hair.

Shane hated being doted over, especially when it came to dressing up. He always felt that the outfit materials were too stiff, the tie was too constricting, and the shoes were too tight. If Shane had it his way, he would be just fine wearing a pair of basketball shorts and a hoodie he’d stolen from Ilya that was a little baggy since Ilya's upper half was a little more muscular than Shane’s.

“If you’d stop rocking, I would be done by now,” Yuna teased, with no actual anger behind it. “There, now it looks nice.”

Once she finally managed to fix a stray piece of Shane’s bangs, Yuna took a step back to admire how handsome her son looked. Tears began to well in her eyes as she took a good look at Shane, all dressed up to attend his first school dance, *one that he asked his best friend to attend with him*. Yuna couldn’t help but picture her son as a toddler when he was freshly diagnosed at eighteen months old and recall all of the things she was told he’d never be able to do because of his diagnosis. Now, standing in front of her as a freshman in high school, Shane had accomplished so much more than the doctors had initially expected for him and it was all so emotionally overwhelming for Yuna.

David could hear a soft commotion going on between the two and saw how worked up his wife had become. He walked up behind her, wrapping a comforting arm around her shoulders as she rested her head on his shoulder for a moment, wiping away stray tears with the back of her hand.

“Can I tie your tie?” David asked softly as he noticed it draped limply across Shane’s broad shoulders, hanging down the front of his button down shirt. Both parents knew how uncomfortable Shane was in dress clothes so dressing up had become a rare occasion in the Hollander household.

Shane squeezed his eyes as the humming, hand flapping, and rocking became more pronounced, bracing himself mentally for how constrictive it would feel, before he nodded once, “tie your tie, Shaney,” he whispered to himself.

“One day you won’t even need me to do this,” David assured, letting go of Yuna’s shoulder as he made his way over to his son. David’s hands moved slowly and methodically as he looped Shane’s tie, making it tight enough to look put together but loose enough so it wouldn’t bother him too much.

“You look so handsome,” David grinned as he finished, holding Shane’s biceps at arm’s length and looking over his son’s outfit. Shane was dressed in a white button down with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, a dark red tie, black slacks, and black dress shoes - his hair was parted and slicked nicely with some pieces of his bangs sticking out over his forehead.

Soon there was a knock at the door, Ilya getting dropped off by Irina on her way to work after helping her own son get ready. Ilya had his own key and more than enough years of assurance to walk in unannounced but today he wanted to be a true gentleman and do this the right way. He stood in front of the closed door, a fluffy bunny stuffy in one hand, and a bouquet of pink and orange lilies in the other.

He was wearing the same outfit in the same fashion but also fashioned with his mother’s cross necklace that he inherited at birth from her. His curls were fluffy the way Shane liked them but also held in place by a light hair spray.

“I think that’s for you, Shanebug,” Yuna nodded towards the door, motioning for her husband to get his camera ready to commemorate this milestone.

Shane walked over to the door and opened it slowly, seemingly hesitant. Once he saw Ilya standing there, Shane immediately perked up and launched himself into Ilya’s middle, making the Russian boy stumble back a bit with a laugh as he wrapped his arms around Shane’s core.

“Ilyaaaa,” Shane cooed as he looked at him with what could only be described as heart eyes. “Pretty,” he whispered in awe, bringing a hand up to cup Ilya’s cheek affectionately.

“You look very pretty too, Shanya,” Ilya blushed as he leaned his head into Shane’s touch. “I have brought *zaychick* and flowers for my pretty boy.”

“My pretty boy,” Shane echoed as he rubbed his thumb across Ilya’s sharp cheekbone, still entranced by him.

Without warning, in front of both Hollander parents, Shane closed his eyes and planted a deep, lingering kiss to Ilya’s supple lips, making the other boy tense in surprise before closing his eyes as well, melting into the shared kiss.

The room was completely silent as Yuna’s eyes widened in shock and David grinned proudly, dropping the camera away from his face, “*hah, I knew it!*”

SURPRISEEEEE, MAMA YUNA 😄

Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

The dance ♥

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

After what felt like dozens of photos and packing a Shane bag, Cliff and Luca finally arrived to carpool to the dance and the four of them ended up meeting up with the rest of the crew, including Lisa and Cassie, Wyatt and Bood's respective dates, inside of the event hall where the dance was taking place.

The hall was decorated in a starry night theme with low, blueish purple lighting and an array of star shaped lamps hanging from the ceiling. There was a designated dance floor with a DJ, a photobooth, and a handful of tables with snacks and drinks.

Ilya could practically sense Shane escalating almost as soon as they walked through the front doors - the thumping of the speakers reverberated throughout the building and the lights of the DJ booth shone brightly around the dance floor. Almost instantly, as soon as they made their way inside, Shane's hands flew to his ears as he let out a whine of discomfort and accidentally dropped the stuffed bunny that he had been clutching to his chest.

The noise was so abrupt that it caught the attention of several people, including their friend group. Without making a fuss of it, Ilya fished Shane's noise canceling headphones from their bag as Harris picked up the dropped stuffy. Ilya assisted with placing the headphones on Shane's ears before Harris returned the beloved stuffed bunny to Shane's awaiting arms. As soon as the room became muffled and Harris returned his bunny, the tension melted away from Shane's body and it was like nothing happened.

He could do this. Their friends were here...his unofficial boyfriend was right beside him. The noise wasn't as loud anymore but the DJ lights still stung his eyes when they rotated towards them and it was crowded...so fucking crowded.

As the dance officially started, the group slowly fished their way through the large crowd of their peers as they looked for their table number. Thank god Lisa and Cassie were on the event committee because they were able to pull some strings and make sure the hockey team was able to sit together with their dates, which really only included three outsiders - Harris, Cassie, and Lisa.

Eventually the friend group found their nametags and took a moment to hang up any purses, jackets, or bags on the back of their chairs before making their way towards the dance floor. Noticing the hesitant look on Shane's face as he looked over at the crowd on the dance floor,

Ilya took Shane's hand and squeezed it quickly for silent reassurance before leading him towards the dance floor with everyone else.

Finding it less intimidating, Shane stood off to the edge of the designated dancing area and watched with interest as all of the hockey players, Lisa, Cassie, and Harris began to sing along to the various songs playing as they danced with each other for the next fifteen minutes, as if it were one of the easiest things in the world. Shane didn't understand the whole hype of mingling amongst a crowd but his friends seemed like they were enjoying themselves.

After a handful of songs, Shane could feel a familiar buzzing sensation under his skin as he began to feel antsy and overwhelmed with the amount of people surrounding him and the way the lights rotated around him, occasionally shining in his eyes. He brought his beloved bunny stuffy up to his face and nuzzled his nose into the plush material, a low pitched hum bubbling up from his throat as he bounced on the balls of his feet. He wanted so badly to run, to escape, but he didn't want to upset Ilya.

Hearing the familiar sound made Ilya turn his attention towards the other boy and immediately pick up on the signs Shane's body was giving. He excused himself from the group and made his way over to Shane, breathing slightly heavy as sweat beaded along his forehead from dancing so hard with their friends.

"You love your *zaychick*," Ilya acknowledged with a smile as he held a hand out towards Shane, "I need fresh air. Come with me?" He asked. It wasn't a complete lie - Ilya could use some fresh air but taking a break from the noise, lights, and crowd seemed to be exactly what Shane needed too.

Without a word, Shane clutched his bunny in one hand and Ilya's offered hand in the other. He was so grateful that Ilya needed a break for some fresh air because Shane could feel the sensation of elopement slowly creeping into his body to escape the sensory nightmare of inside.

Ilya led Shane out to the backyard of the building, relishing in the cool evening breeze as Shane took the opportunity to openly stim without so many people around. Ilya leaned back against the wall of the building, arms crossed over his chest as he watched Shane pace back and forth in the grass, hands flapping wildly as the pressure slowly dissipated from his body. He could stay out here the rest of the event if Ilya didn't mind it.

After several minutes of watching Shane pace the lawn, Ilya straightened up and walked back towards Shane as he heard the DJ announce a slow song. "Shanya, ready to go inside?" He asked, wanting nothing more than to pull Shane inside to slow dance with him in front of everyone.

Shane immediately stopped dead in his tracks as Ilya asked him to go back inside. All of a sudden, all of that stress and tension that had disappeared suddenly came back tenfold as he heard Ilya mention going back inside. Too many people, too loud of music, too bright of lights, too many conflicting smells of sweaty bodies, sugary baked goods, and cheap cologne.

“No...no inside. No inside,” Shane whined out as he felt a hand trail to the nape of his neck, beginning to twirl and tug on the hairs there, as the other hand shoved a thumb into his mouth.

Thumb sucking was a horrible self soothing habit that took Yuna and David over a decade to break but as Shane had grown older and began to use his voice more, the thumb sucking stim dwindled to when he was extremely overstimulated.

Ilya nodded to himself, not wanting to trigger Shane even more than he seemed to be already. The dance was supposed to be an enjoyable experience for both of them so if that meant that they spent their time outside together, so be it.

Suddenly Ilya had an idea that would provide both of them with what they wanted tonight as he heard the couple song begin. He walked over to Shane and bowed slightly, holding a hand out, “may I have this dance, Mr. Hollander?”

Shane looked over at him, mentally questioning why Ilya was posed like he was. Without a second thought, Shane moved his free hand from the hair on the back of his neck and placed it in Ilya’s offered hand, leaving the other one firmly planted with his thumb in his mouth.

Ilya straightened up and carefully maneuvered their bodies to begin their slow dance. Ilya placed Shane’s free hand on his own shoulder before placing his strong hands on Shane’s hips, beginning to sway rhythmically with the other boy.

As they danced together, Shane slowly closed the gap between their bodies as he cuddled into the crook of Ilya’s neck, letting out a content hum as they rocked together.

Shane’s eyes fluttered shut as he let his weight lean into Ilya’s strong frame. “Boyfriends,” Shane said matter of factly, voice muffled around the thumb in his mouth and by Ilya’s skin.

“Shaney and Ilya...*boyfriends*.”

Chapter End Notes

I was half asleep when I wrote this so apologies if it didn’t live up to the hype 😊

As always, feel free to comment theories or suggestions as to what you’d like to see in the subsequent chapters! 🙌

Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

Y'all thought I was actually going to let this dance be all fluff? Nah, enjoy some Ilya angst 😭

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

Ilya's body tensed against Shane's as the boy acknowledged what they truly were. There was no denying it - to everyone else, it was just a matter of time for them to put a label on something that was so obnoxiously obvious. With labels came strings attached and with strings attached, well, someone always ended up hurt in the end, whether it was intentional or not.

Ilya could handle heartache - his whole early childhood was filled with it and his father was admittedly his biggest bully since birth. What he couldn't handle was being the one who introduced that sort of pain to Shane, even if he would be beyond proud to flaunt that title.

The internalized fear, guilt, and shame had absolutely nothing to do with the fact that he'd be in a differently abled relationship. No, all of those fucked up negative feelings came from a place of love and selfishness of not wanting to lose Shane...*his Shane*.

Ilya felt as if he didn't deserve to call Shane his boyfriend because of those second thoughts and hesitation about agreeing to officially labeling their relationship. They had briefly discussed these feelings when they shared their first kiss and actually admitted their mutual feelings towards each other but now that Shane had officially acknowledged what they truly were deep down sent Ilya into a horrible game of mental gymnastics as he spiraled deep into the dark hole engulfing his chest as it tightened at the realization. He could handle makeout and blowjob partners, maybe even the title of *fuck buddies*...but *boyfriends*? Too many *what ifs* and the actual fucking possibility of losing Shane was an absolute disaster of a situation for Ilya.

Ilya's jaw clenched as he held a little tighter to Shane, his own depression and anxiety making his brain a cesspool of negativity. He felt like he somehow led Shane on and hated himself for it because now he was going to break the poor boy's heart and Ilya knew that nobody would love Shane as deeply as he did.

"Brain is too loud, da?" Shane pulled his thumb out of his mouth and looked up at Ilya with all the love in the world. *There were those fucking heart eyes again.*

That's all it took to finally break the Russian boy. All of those past few weeks he had done so good keeping his own deep sadness bottled up and tucked securely away under a layer of faux happiness and assurance. Now the boy who he had complicated feelings, and never

ending love and patience for, gave him one genuine look of affection and acknowledgement, and it was like the mental floodgates opened, releasing all of those pent up emotions.

Shane could sense the abrupt shift in Ilya's body language as soon as he said that. He straightened up, a look of concern painted on his face as his brows furrowed, trying to figure out what exactly was wrong. Before Shane could even attempt to understand, Ilya latched his arms tightly around Shane's middle and buried his face into the sensitive skin between the boy's neck and clavicle, tears rushing from his eyes as his body shook against the sobs. Shane's face immediately softened as he held Ilya with just as much vigor, one arm wrapped around his back and the other placed firmly against the back of his curls.

"Brain is too loud today...you are having bad day and is okay, everyone does..." Shane echoed, trying to comfort Ilya in the same manner that always seemed to come natural for his lover. "My pretty boy...my pretty boy...my pretty boy..." Shane whispered, pressing long, tender kisses to the top of Ilya's head as he let him cry freely into his shoulder.

"Ya tebya lyublyu. Ya tak silno tebya lyublyu, i mne strashno yesli my nachnem vstrechatsya, ya mogu tebya kakto poteryat. Ne dumayu, chto smogu eto perezhit (I love you. I love you so much, and I'm scared if we start dating, I might somehow lose you. I don't think I could survive that)," Ilya explained in his native tongue, Russian being a hell of a lot easier to convey his feelings when upset than having to scrounge for the correct words in English.

Shane had no idea what Ilya was saying but he could feel the raw, vulnerable emotion in Ilya's wobbling tone as he did his best to calm himself enough to try and speak to Shane so the other boy wouldn't get overwhelmed over Ilya's sudden crying.

"Marley. Bood. Harris. Luca. Troy. Wyatt. Marley. Bood. Harris. Luca. Troy. Wyatt. Marley. Bood. Harris. Luca. Troy. Wyatt," Shane listed repeatedly, pressing his cheek into Ilya's soft curls as he rocked the two of them while humming in an attempt to calm himself and Ilya.

Shane had repeatedly listed their hockey team members because the pair had plans to go back to Cliff Marleau's after the dance and everyone in their friend group would be sleeping over so nobody would have to drive inebriated.

The repetition was enough to pull Ilya out of whatever he was spiraling about just enough to let out a bit of a wet laugh, "da...they're our friends. Do you want to go see them?" Ilya asked softly, his breathing slower but still shuddering a bit as his tears had finally ceased.

"Ilya," Shane shook his head against Ilya's hair and pulled the boy tighter, pouting a bit. He didn't want to leave Ilya's side. He most certainly didn't want to leave Ilya's side to go back into the overstimulating event hall. He was beyond content staying right out back, holding Ilya as they swayed rhythmically to the music.

Ilya pressed himself firmly against Shane's middle, smiling warmly against the sensitive skin on Shane's neck as Shane held him tighter. "I'm here...I'm right here, *moya lyubov*," Ilya assured softly. "I'm sorry for sudden outburst...I was just -..."

"Sweetheart, you are overwhelmed, yes? Let's go to quiet...quiet makes you feel better," Shane echoed, cutting Ilya off in the process. He was trying to relay to Ilya that he

understood that the other boy was feeling overwhelmed by the initial conversation and there was nothing to apologize over. “I’m right here, *moya lyubov*.”

Chapter End Notes

I request a surge of dopamine so pls don’t hesitate to share any thoughts, suggestions, or theories! ♥

Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

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

The pair remained outside, dancing together and holding each other with every song. They had spent the remainder of the dance just enjoying each other's company as the world around them fell silent and unmoving. During slow, couple's songs, the boys would take turns holding each other as they swayed softly along to the music, and during dance songs, they would take turns dipping and spinning each other by the hand. It was everything the couple could've hoped it would be and more.

Once the dance was winding down and everyone had begun to trickle out to leave, the boys slowly began to make their way back into the building to grab their belongings and find their group, who had been waiting at the table for the both of them.

"Everything alright?" Marley asked once he saw the boys walking towards them. He had immediately noticed Ilya's puffy eyes and the way Shane clung to his partner's hand a little more than usual.

"Mm...yes, I think so. Just needed some fresh air is all," Ilya waved a hand through the air, brushing them off. "Was very loud and very hot on dance floor so Shanya and I took it outside."

"Ah, so that's why you and Hollzy were slow dancing on the grass," Barrett grew a shit eating grin, nodding along.

"Can we catch up at Marley's? I'm fucking starving for actual food and to get out of this fucking suit," Luca whined as he pulled on his tie to loosen it.

"Yeah, c'mon," Cliff nodded as the group gathered up their belongings and started to walk towards the exit.

Harris walked beside Ilya and Shane as they made their way towards the parking lot where their cars were, "oh, Hollzy! Troy and I made sure to grab some of your safe foods since Ilya mentioned in the group chat that you don't really do wings or pizza."

Shane looked over at them, gently gnawing on the inside of his lip as he listened to Harris. He couldn't be more grateful for the friends they had.

"Yeah, man. Roz mentioned that you like that Chinese place right by the pizzeria so we grabbed you some plain sticky rice, and steamed broccoli and chicken in a light sauce. That's your regular, right? We didn't fuck it up?" Troy asked, genuinely wanting to make sure they did the right thing.

It had taken the group a little while to feel comfortable socializing and hanging out with Shane since nobody but Ilya truly understood him and could see past his diagnosis but now

that they were, they were more than happy to accommodate his needs whenever they all got together. It was a learning experience for everyone since they weren't exactly the most mature teenage boys and they had never been around someone with a higher support needs disability.

Shane blinked a few times before nodding slowly, "didn't fuck it up," he repeated, smiling a bit as Ilya mouthed thank you to Barrett and Harris. He wasn't used to being included much up until now but it felt good.

Everyone had piled into their respective carpool vehicles and began their short ride back to Cliff's house where they would be spending the night around a fire, drinking, smoking, and binging on comfort foods.

Once inside, Ilya and Shane called dibs on the guest bedroom to get changed while everyone else chose the bathrooms or Marley's bedroom. Ilya placed their overnight bag on the bed and began to sift through it, pulling out two pairs of boxers, sweatpants, socks, and t-shirts.

"Clothes off," Ilya instructed as he turned back around and watched as Shane began to rock his weight from one foot to the other, the boy's thumb finding its way back into his mouth as the other hand twirled the longer hairs near the back of his neck.

He sighed softly, understanding that his previous emotional breakdown was probably causing Shane's delayed stressed response as he had finally realized what had happened. "You are worrying about me crying?" He asked as he perched himself on the edge of the bed, running a hand through his curls.

"Brain too loud," Shane spoke around his thumb, eyes gazing towards the ceiling to avoid any sort of eye contact.

"Yes, I agree...for both of us," Ilya huffed a small laugh as he agreed with Shane. "I'm sorry to worry you, was not my intention," he started, taking a moment to gather his thoughts before continuing. Ilya hated talking about how he felt but with Shane, it was a necessary part of their relationship because, in all honesty, Shane sometimes didn't pick up on social cues and relied on Ilya to explain if something Shane did or said upset him, so Ilya felt he owed Shane the same respect.

"I have...ah...big feelings for you, da? Very big. Very deep. Very scary. Is not your fault for me feeling this way...is *never* your fault for me feeling this way. I am not ashamed of you, *ever*. I am ashamed of myself for being so selfish and wanting you forever in my life...while also terrified I will hurt you or leave you if we become boyfriends. Because that's possible to happen if we were to put official label on...this. That is what you want, *zaychick*? Even if we could have fights or break up?"

"That is what you want," Shane agreed, "that is what you want, *zaychick*." The hand enveloped in his hair began to flap intensely at his side as his emotions became stronger. God he wanted nothing more than to be able to call Ilya his actual fucking boyfriend.

Ilya nodded once, humming softly, "okay...then I can be anything you want, including your boyfriend." Ilya stood once more, sauntering over to Shane and fumbling with the belt around

Shane's hips, "now...clothes off. I want to see all of my pretty boy."

Shane's thumb dislodged from his mouth as both hands began to flap, happy squeals echoing the room as he watched Ilya work to undo his belt, then his pants button and zipper, and then tugging his slacks to his ankles. Shane was already tenting in his boxers and Ilya would look so fucking pretty with his perfectly bowed lips around his dick.

"Help," Shane whined softly, hands moving with rapid speed through the air as he watched Ilya sinking to his knees. The Russian boy's fingers teased at the elastic waistband of Shane's boxers, making him whimper as he grew even harder, "*Malysh, help.*"

Chapter End Notes

Just wanted to take a moment to address Shane's stims and coping mechanisms...autism is a spectrum and I'm writing Shane as (for lack of better terminology) "lower" on the spectrum and requiring higher support needs. That being said, my boy has a horrible oral fixation when severely stressed or overwhelmed (which I do want to address in later chapters). What may seem as "not age appropriate" is just a "symptom" of Shane's autism in this fic.

If this isn't your cup of tea, no worries, I get it! I just wanted to address any confusion regarding how I'm writing my Shanebug ♥

Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

Hope you're not tired of me posting yet 😊 I've been bit by the Shane-bug

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

After exchanging mutual oral pleasantries, both boys changed into their lounge clothes before making their way out back where the other boys had been sitting around a bonfire that Bood and Cliff had built. There were three pizza boxes, a large box of wings, a few cases of cheap beer, a small case of ginger ale, and Shane's Chinese order sitting readily on a table nearby for everyone to help themselves to.

"Go sit, sweetheart," Ilya instructed as he made his way over to the table, making himself a plate before grabbing Shane's tupperware container of food, along with a beer for himself and a soda for Shane.

While Ilya was fixing their dinner, Shane took a seat in the camping chair beside Harris, finding him one of the easiest boys to socialize with. Out of the whole group, Harris Drover was one of the kindest souls and the most open minded out of all of them - it was a main reason why Troy had fallen head over heels for the boy.

Ilya walked back over with their food and drinks, giving Shane his before taking his post on the floor, leaning between Shane's legs. It was one of the most comfortable places Ilya had sat since he could lean against Shane's strong, thick calves.

"Took you two long enough to get your asses out here," Wyatt teased around a bite of pizza, "couldn't keep your mouths off of each other for five minutes to get dressed?"

"I mean...by the way Roz's hair is flat in two spots, Hollzy must've had a damn good grip," Bood agreed, tipping his beer towards Ilya's hair to point it out. "Surprised he's got any hair left if that boy is gripping it that hard."

"Awe, our freshies are breaking their sleepover BJ cherries!" Troy cooed, laughing as Harris rolled his eyes at his boyfriend.

"You're all just jealous that my pretty pink nine inch stick wasn't shoved down your throats," Ilya answered flatly, leaning against Shane's leg as he took a bite of food.

"Nine inches soft or are you a grower?" Troy cocked a brow, earning a backhanded slap to his arm from his boyfriend in retaliation.

"Ah, a magician never reveals secrets," Ilya smirked, taking a slow sip of his beer. "Is for Shane's eyes only anyway," he said honestly, earning cat calls from Bood and Wyatt.

“So...still just fuck buddies or are we actually official now?” Luca asked, watching as Shane sat his closed, untouched container of food on the ground beside Ilya’s lap before wrapping his fingers in the boy’s hair.

“You are all so fucking nosy,” Ilya rolled his eyes, “if you must know, we are dating. Happy?” He teased them, pretending to be annoyed but unable to hold back a small smile as he mentioned their relationship status.

“Fucking took long enough,” Marley laughed softly. “Pretty sure we’re the gayest team in all of Ottawa. We’re collecting gay hockey players like Pokémon cards.”

“Zane and I aren’t gay though!” Wyatt argued, throwing his arms in the air for emphasis.

“You are honorary gay. Grandfathered in, yes?” Ilya suggested, grinning at them from his own joke.

“As long as I don’t gotta kiss Hazy, we’re good,” Bood shrugged simply, nodding along.

“What?! I’m a great kisser, you dick!” Wyatt exclaimed in offense and flipped Bood the bird.

“Yeah, no...I saw you piss drunk before and if I was into dudes, you’re absolutely not my type, especially after watching you piss yourself while passed out on Marley’s kitchen floor because you were too damn drunk to make it to the living room,” Bood explained, “I don’t know how Lisa even agreed to date you. You’re a menace.”

“I’m entertaining,” Wyatt corrected, “and it was only twice!”

“Yeah, two times too many, pissy pants,” Bood rolled his eyes, dropping the conversation.

The rest of the group chatted about some topic that Ilya couldn’t be bothered with when he noticed the untouched container of food sitting beside him. After the emotional roller coaster that today brought, Ilya wasn’t surprised in the slightest that Shane’s body signals were all out of whack and he wasn’t feeling hungry, even if he hadn’t eaten since right before the dance. Ilya wasn’t going to press the issue, seeing how burnt out and tired Shane looked while they were getting dressed.

Ilya tilted his head up to look at Shane, smiling fondly at his lover as he watched Shane rock slightly in his chair as he tried to keep up with the conversation yet slightly dissociating. “Sweetheart,” Ilya’s accent heavy from sleepiness, instantly catching Shane’s attention. Once Shane looked at him, Ilya patted his lap, inviting the boy to come straddle his thighs and snuggle with him while they hung around the fire, “come, sit.”

Ilya didn’t have to ask Shane twice. Without any fuss, Shane stood up, allowing Ilya to take his seat before he took a seat on the other boy’s lap. Shane instantly relaxed as he leaned his whole body weight against Ilya thighs and torso. He then tucked his head against Ilya’s shoulder while his hand trailed up to Ilya’s hair, finger idly twisting around a stray curl as his eyes closed.

It had been a very long and arguably difficult day for the both of them so it was no surprise to anyone that within ten minutes of Ilya snuggling Shane, the sound of soft snores echoed around the fire as Shane dozed off peacefully. It was the safest, most comfortable moment during Shane's entire day so it made sense for his body to fall asleep nearly immediately as he finally felt relaxed.

Ilya pressed a goodnight kiss to the top of Shane's head as Marley finally took notice of Shane asleep in Ilya's lap, "long day?" He asked, frowning slightly at the fact that Shane couldn't hang.

"Mm...I think so," Ilya replied, noticing how peaceful Shane had looked while asleep and not filled to the brim with constant anxiety.

Ilya kept his voice low, trying to keep the conversation just between himself and Marley, "he is trying so hard every fucking day...is not fair brain is not kind sometimes," Ilya vented softly, referring to Shane's inability to communicate at times and becoming easily frustrated in himself, or having to borrow other people's phrases in order to convey how he felt, "*is very tiring when brain and body do not cooperate together.*"

Chapter End Notes

Please lmk what y'all would like to see in upcoming chapters 🤘

Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

TW bullying / hockey injury / slurs

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

“Hollander!” A gruff voice called out, echoing down the nearly empty ice rink as both teams had begun to get into position. It was an unremarkable voice that Shane could almost instantly recognize, making him physically cringe and hands fly towards his ears over his helmet as the junior boy barked out his name. Shane counted his breathing as he took deep, steadying breaths as he forced himself to turn towards the voice.

Fucking *Gilbert Comeau*. The same one who called him a *retarded hockey robot* and threw him off his groove last time they played against each other. After that day, Cliff and Coach Wiebe both filed reports against Comeau for verbal abuse and discrimination, making their team bench him for the subsequent two games as a sort of punishment, along with the threat that if he did anything else again, he was out for the rest of the season. Needless to say, that didn’t go too well with Comeau and now he was out for blood.

“Awe, what’s wrong? You didn’t miss me, did you, Hollander?” Gilbert Comeau skated into his position on the rink, staring daggers at Shane, “c’mon, man, water under the bridge, yeah?” There was a hint of mischief wrapping Comeau’s words as he smirked.

Shane did his best to ignore the other boy as he slowly removed his hands from over his helmet and took a deep breath, skating into position to begin the face off. If he answered Comeau’s chirping, it’d just give his opponent more ammunition to fire back at him so he just did his best to pretend Comeau didn’t say anything and stared at the ice below where the puck would be sitting.

“Silent treatment, huh? Damn, you’re really playing hard to get tonight,” Gilbert laughed quietly to himself as he shook his head, getting into position to face off with Shane. “What’s the matter? Your boyfriend got you that dick whipped, *faggot*?” He whispered so nobody besides him and Shane would hear so he couldn’t get penalized again.

Shane’s face paled as his eyes flicked up towards the older boy, “suck a fat one,” he echoed Yuna’s advice as he grinded his mouth guard between his teeth.

Comeau was a bit taken aback by the reciprocated response, brows shooting up as a scowl painted his face, “you’re fucking dead tonight, Hollander. Count your fucking -...”

Before Gilbert could finish his sentence, the puck was dropped and whistle blown, signaling the start of the game. Even though he was a bit distracted by Comeau’s incessant chirping,

Shane still won the face off and sent the puck flying towards his teammates with Bood catching it, dribbling it towards Luca.

Shane skated his way across the rink, visually tracking the puck and making sure he was open to be passed to. This opposing team was arguably one of the best in their division so they really had their work cut out for them skill wise.

The game had been going smoothly with their team up by a score of 4 - 2, that was until Comeau had set his sights directly on Shane right after halftime.

Shane had been too focused on tracking the puck and getting into an open position when he was suddenly bumrushed into the boards by Comeau. The impact was so abrupt and intense that it sent Shane bouncing off of the boards and flying down towards the ice, helmeted head resonating off the ice with an ear piercing *thwack*.

The rink and onlookers fell silent as the room was filled with nothing but mortified gasps and the screeching whistle of the referee stopping the game immediately. Shane's limp body lay crumpled on the ice, the boy himself dozing in and out of consciousness as the medics rushed onto the ice.

Time seemed to go into slow motion as Ilya had noticed Shane down on the ice and not moving. Before anyone had a chance to get ahold of him, Ilya took off down the ice towards Comeau, seeing nothing but fucking red as he shouted a string of Russian expletives. Ilya was quick enough to drop his gloves as he skated over and tackled Comeau down to the ice. Ilya scrambled on top of the other boy and grabbed Comeau by the collar of his jersey, knocking his helmet off and sending his opposite fist flying into the boy's face. The Russian boy was able to get a few good shots in before there were several hands pulling him off of the now battered and bloodied boy.

"*Rozanov!* Get your ass to the bench!" Wiebe barked out, gripping to the player's jersey as Ilya attempted to thrash free of everyone holding him back.

"Fuck! Roz, he's down! Get your shit together!" Cliff argued with Ilya, also having a strong hold on his jersey.

"Shane needs you! This stupid prick isn't worth it, Rozzy," Troy coaxed, helping their coach and captain hold back Ilya.

"You are fucking dead, Comeau! If anything fucking happens to him, I'll rock your shit!" Ilya spat at Gilbert as he was being helped off the ice and simultaneously held back by his own teammates.

While Ilya was getting his lick back for Shane getting targeted and injured, Yuna and David were on the ice right by Shane's side as the emergency medical team performed their initial tests and stabilization procedures.

Luca watched as they placed the neck collar on Shane and loaded him onto the transfer board to move him to the gurney, "shit, Rozzy, they're taking him!"

“Get the fuck off of me! I need to go with him,” Ilya successfully shook the hands off of him and began to make his way towards the Hollander parents and Shane. He heard their coach and ref yelling in his direction as he left, “I’m in trouble, yes, yes! Tell me later! *Fuck!*”

Ilya watched helplessly as his love was wheeled down the tunnel towards the emergency exit with Yuna following close behind. David had stayed back, driving to the hospital with Ilya as Yuna went in the ambulance with Shane.

In the waiting room, Ilya paced the floor, nervously chewing the skin around his thumb. He was dressed in only his black compression wear and socks, discarding his hockey gear in David’s SUV as they drove. His knuckles were already swollen and bruises blooming - his own hand probably broken from the impact, however the adrenaline rushing through his body acted as a natural painkiller.

David watched Ilya as he sat in his own waiting chair, frowning at the sight of the boy in front of him. “Ilya, he’s in good hands... Yuna is back there with him and she’s the best advocate he could have with him right now.”

“I should’ve seen it coming, papa David. I’m sorry I didn’t,” Ilya responded, eyes fixed ahead and brimming with tears as he paced. He knew Comeau had a thing against Shane and he would do anything to go back in time to avoid the ambush.

“You’re only responsible for your own actions, Ilya...you couldn’t have read that asshole’s mind. You did what you could, you defended Shane’s honor,” David assured softly. He was so, so proud of Ilya for protecting his son but also concerned about the boy’s obviously broken hand. “Let’s get your hand looked at while we wait,” he urged, “the doctor’s said it’d be a while with the tests they gotta do.”

“I...I could’ve done more...I *should’ve* done more,” Ilya’s voice wobbled. He glanced down at his hand, noticing how puffy and purple the knuckles were. Ilya winced slightly as he attempted to flex his fingers into a fist, “is okay...at least until Shanya is back in room. I want to be here when he’s back. He is probably scared...new place, new people, lots of pain...”

“Ilya, he’s going to be so out of it on pain medicine that he probably won’t even feel a thing. Chances are that he won’t even understand where he is or what happened, just that he’s feeling absolutely bliss and on cloud nine,” David told Ilya, not wanting him to spiral anymore than he already was.

The pacing and endless patience, filled with fatherly assurance, continued for the better part of two hours before Yuna approached them through the security locked doors, waving the two of them back. As the three of them made their way through the emergency room corridor and back to the elevators, Ilya kept his eyes on the floor as he was filled with so much guilt over what had happened to Shane.

Once inside the elevator, Yuna let out a shaky breath she didn’t even know she had been holding. She pressed the button to the third floor where Shane’s admission room had been located before addressing both Ilya and David. “He’s got a severe concussion and broken

clavicle - definitely out for the rest of the season...he's asleep, well, *sedated*, right now but they said don't be alarmed if he's very loopy when he wakes up."

"Clavicle?" Ilya asked, voice barely above a whisper as he spoke. "Like collarbone, yes?"

"Exactly," Yuna nodded a bit, "he's going to be in a lot of pain once these meds wear off so I might need you to be his emotional support Ilya," she teased softly, a small smile on her face.

With a soft ding, the elevator doors opened and the trio shuffled out into the third floor hallway. The Hollander parents and Ilya walked towards Shane's room where the boy would be sleeping peacefully, blissfully unaware of the events that had just taken place mere hours earlier.

Ilya stopped dead in his tracks as they soon reached the entrance to Shane's room - his hands beginning to shake as the adrenaline dissipated and replaced itself with escalating anxiety.

Both Hollander parents picked up on the signs of Ilya beginning to have a panic attack and enveloped the Russian boy in a loving embrace. They were beyond grateful for Ilya and proud to call him a part of their family.

"We're here, honey...you're okay," Yuna assured softly, placing a kiss on the side of Ilya's head while David squeezed him a little tighter before agreeing, "we've got you too, kiddo."

Chapter End Notes

I've received a few comments about the team protecting Shane / Ilya being a menace to protect his love, so I decided to try and combine the two! Hope this lives up to the expectations!

Thank you so much for taking the time to read my lil brain worm and loving Shanebug as much as I do! Also, I do read every single comment and appreciate them all so much
♥

As always, please feel free to comment anything you'd like to have incorporated in this fic! ☺

Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

TWish very sad Shane and mentions of opioids (for medicinal reasons) / the boys getting revenge on Comeau

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

True to his word, Ilya made himself comfortable on the plastic chair directly beside Shane's bed as they waited for the injured boy to come to. By now, Shane's nurses had even noticed Ilya's throbbing knuckles and had taken the time to wrap his hand securely in an ace bandage and offered him an ice pack. Shane looked so small and fragile in the hospital bed, especially with the bruising beginning to bloom across the bridge of his nose and apples of his cheeks, and his dominant arm resting against his chest while secured in a sling. Ilya really fucking wished he could get a few more good hooks in before he was yanked off of the other boy.

While Yuna and David took a moment to stretch their legs and grab coffee for the three of them, Ilya had his bandaged hand resting against the ice pack on the edge of Shane's hospital bed while he used his free hand to scroll through their hockey team group chat, receiving several messages from the players they called their friends.

The Boy Aquarium

Haasy:

Just wanted to check in
and see Hollzy's feeling!

Applejack 🍎:

Troy, Cliff, Zane, and Wyatt
hypothetically bought two
dozen eggs, a bag of sugar,
and a bag of Jolly Ranchers
for a very exciting DIY project!!

Grill Master:

*photo of himself (Bood),
Hayes, Marleau, and Barrett
holding up their supplies and
grinning proudly in their local
grocery store parking lot*

Hazey:

Comeau needed some
color in his dull ass life

*video of himself and Bood sucking
on Jolly Ranchers and sticking them
all over the windshield of Comeau's car*

Haasy:

*video of himself and Harris throwing
raw eggs all over Comeau's car while
also catching Cliff dumping the whole
bag of sugar in the gas tank - Cliff
then turns towards Luca, grinning
like an idiot and saying "you fuck
with one of us, you fuck with all of us"*

Big Daddy Marley:

Tell my favorite rook that he doesn't
need to worry about that dickhead
anymore. His only job is to get well
soon and we'll be by to visit when
he's feeling up to it ♥

After reading the messages and watching the videos, Ilya felt a slight dip in the bed and a small whine as Shane began to stir awake. Ilya's face softened as he placed his phone back into his pocket. He used his good hand to gently pet Shane's bangs back, taking extra care since the boy was probably very sore all over.

"Oh, *moy zaychik*, is okay. You are okay," Ilya cooed softly in an attempt to calm Shane down as he started to come to. "I know, is very scary right now," Ilya said towards both Shane and himself as he swallowed the every growing lump in his throat as he heard another whimper come from his lover as the boy struggled to open his heavily lidded eyes, the sedation medication still leaving behind trace amounts in his bloodstream.

Then Shane began to cry. At what, exactly? Ilya had no idea since Shane seemingly couldn't communicate at the moment, although he could probably predict several reasons why just by looking at him. It started as soft whimpers but quickly developed into proper crying - tears flowing down his swollen, bruised face as his breathing hitched and shuddered.

"Sweetheart...*baby, hey...*" Ilya frowned as he scrambled to his feet, ignoring the throbbing in his own hand as he moved too fast.

Ilya then climbed into the hospital bed beside Shane, taking the other boy's good hand in his own and placing a tender kiss along each knuckle, conscious of the IV placed atop Shane's

hand.

Against his better judgment, Shane lazily crawled into Ilya's lap, desperate for some sort of relief from the pain, frustration, and confusion. His clavicle and head throbbed with even the simplest of movements but all he wanted was to be held by Ilya.

"Oh, *careful, honey*...careful," Ilya instructed in a hushed tone as he watched Shane scoot himself into his own lap, feeling the boy's frame tremble with every shaky breath.

Once Shane was settled and as comfortable as he could be, Ilya relaxed back against the bed and let Shane lay on top of him. He reached up and pressed the nurse's bell on the hospital bed remote to let them know Shane was awake and seemingly in pain since he had been crying and whimpering at every moment. Thankfully it only took a few minutes before Shane's nurse made her way into the room.

A tall blonde with the name *Macy* on her ID tag soon came into the room, already prepared with more IV pain medication due to the small vials in her hand. Ilya had recognized her as the kind woman who wrapped his hand for him.

"Hey, Shane! Glad to see you're finally awake," she greeted as she walked over to the computer, scanning in with her ID and scanning Shane's hospital bracelet to pull up his chart.

Ilya watched closely, almost protectively, as her eyes roamed over Shane's electronic file before she scanned in the medication.

"Alright, buddy, we have some dilaudid to help with the pain you're probably feeling and some zofran for the nausea that it can give you. It'll also help with the nausea from the concussion too, if you feel any," Macy explained as she walked to the other side of Shane's bed and began to clean the IV ports to administer the medicine. "How's your pain level?"

Shane didn't respond - instead, he squeezed his eyes shut as a few more stray tears fell, and attempted to rock himself to self-regulate but every bit of movement was agony and he let out a noise between a groan and a cry. The tears had started up again but nowhere near as intense as they initial were.

"He...*ah*...has trouble. With communication. Is probably in file but he's autistic," Ilya explained simply when he realized Shane wasn't going to answer her questions and Macy was waiting patiently. "He has been crying and trying to soothe himself but he is in too much pain. Is why I'm in bed with him."

"Well, thank you for calling me in," Macy nodded to herself as she began to administer the medication slowly. "Shane, honey, you're probably going to get real sleepy soon, alright? I want you to take a good, long nap with Ilya, okay? Your only job right now is to get all the rest you can."

Within seconds, the heavy pain medication began to kick into action as Shane's thumb found its way soothingly into his mouth and his body became limp and heavy against Ilya's as he began to doze off once more.

Ilya let out a small sigh of relief once Shane was back asleep and the Hollander parents were making their way back into Shane's room as Macy was finishing up her charting.

"Hello, Mrs. and Mr. Hollander," Macy smiled warmly as she noticed the parents making their way back from their coffee run. "Shane woke up briefly and seemed to be pretty uncomfortable given his injuries, so I just gave him his next dose of dilaudid and zofran to help with that. We're going to let him rest for now and the doctor will be back in the morning to check in. In the meantime, whatever you guys may need, please don't hesitate to call."

The Hollander parents listened closely and both thanked Macy before she left the room to return to the nurses station. While Yuna took a moment to type everything out into the notes app on her phone to review later, David sat both his and Ilya's coffees on the side table before going over to the bed. He grabbed the hem of the thin hospital blanket, tugging it up around both of their boys' shoulders and tucking it tightly around them the way Shane liked it, that way he'd hopefully be more regulated when he awoke again.

"Papa David is going to go home tonight to sleep. I'm assuming you don't want to go with him, so do you need anything from our house or your house when he comes back in the morning?" Yuna asked Ilya as she finished typing, also making her way over to Shane's bedside where her boys were posted up.

Ilya thought momentarily. *All of 'his needs' were actually based on Shane* - the AAC device to make it easier for Shane to communicate his needs, Ilya's hoodie that Shane favored that's probably hanging on the back of Shane's bedroom door, that stuffed bunny Ilya bought Shane for the winter formal.

"Probably just change of clothes since mine are probably now at Marley's," Ilya said honestly. "Can you bring Shanya's iPad tomorrow? He is very...lots of crying. I couldn't understand how to help," Ilya requested, frowning a bit once he thought about how upset Shane had been earlier and how helpless he had felt. "Also my hoodie behind Shane's bedroom door and his little bunny from winter formal. Is very fluffy and always puts smile on Shanya's face."

"I got you, kiddo. Get some rest too, yeah? You've both been through the wringer tonight and it's not going to do anyone any good sitting up and stewing about it. I'll bring all that stuff first thing in the morning. Take care of my boy for me," David assured as he leaned down to carefully hug Ilya before pressing a kiss to Shane's temple. He then made his way back to Yuna to kiss her goodbye as well.

Once David had left and Yuna had made herself a bed on the couch near the window from the extra pillows and blankets in the supplies cabinets, Ilya figured he may as well get some rest as well. Before he could settle, he figured he'd fill in the group chat, knowing they were all probably still awake. He meticulously fished his phone from his pocket without waking Shane.

Hello, fellow gays (yes, including our honorary gays, Wyatt and Bood).

I come bearing good and bad news.

Good news is Shanya is getting well needed sleep on top of me.

Bad news is he is out for rest of season with concussion and broken collarbone.

He is going to lose his shit once he realizes this, so I ask that we plan get together sooner than later to cheer him up.

Is very upsetting seeing him this upset but all that matters is he will be okay.

Beyond grateful for you guys 🤘

Chapter End Notes

We love supportive besties 🤘

Next chapter: Shane learning he's out for the season and healing during spring break at the cottage!! (Listen I know I'm doing a lot of time jumps...we're just gonna roll with it bc I like incorporating your suggestions 😭)

As always, please lmk if you'd like to see anything specific! I'm honestly open to almost anything (sad or happy)! ♥

Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

TW major meltdown and SIB

Shane's going through the wringer realizing he's out for the season.

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

Unfortunately Ilya was due back at school the day following Shane's hospital discharge and David was due back in the city for work so Irina had taken the day off to come help Yuna and Shane.

Shane had been heavily medicated at the hospital so he hadn't had a chance to even process what the hell even happened. Today seemed like a clearer day and thankfully, Irina had been there to help soften the blow for both mother and son.

While Yuna took the opportunity of showering since she had extra hands to help, Shane sat at the kitchen counter, eyeing his slice of peanut butter toast with sliced banana with disgust. His stomach hadn't felt quite right since being on the pain medication and he couldn't tell if he was actually hungry or not. He knew he had barely eaten anything besides jello or applesauce in the past forty eight hours, so he should be hungry, but his body seemed to have some sort of disconnect at the moment because all he felt was nauseous and disgusted towards the offending slice of bread.

Irina leaned onto the counter on her elbows, brow raised as she noticed the look on his face. "Is healthy!" She argued, taking a bite of her own slice. "You have protein and healthy sugars, yes?" She said behind her hand politely.

Shane grunted at her, brows furrowed as he gently shoved the plate away with his good arm. Unfortunately for him, that was also his non-dominant hand so on top of the pain, he felt like a fool for being uncoordinated with his grip.

"Shane, you have to eat something. You will get better faster if you take care of body," Irina began, but Shane quickly shook his head, whining softly at the movement as he felt a sharp pain radiate in his skull. "Mama wants you to take medicine but you have to eat first. Once you eat toast, you can have medicine."

"Mama," Shane echoed, rocking softly on the bar stool that he had been perched upon. "Mama, mama, mama," he repeated, his good hand beginning to flap at his side.

"Da, mama is in the shower but she will be down to give you medicine. Now, please eat so you can take it," Irina nodded, taking the butter knife used to spread the peanut butter to cut the toast slice in half. "Eat half. Compromise."

Shane seemed somewhat content when Irina cut the slice in half. "Compromise," he repeated, nodding. He then picked up the one half and took a bite, the rocking continuing at a steady pace.

"Thank you, sweetheart," Irina was relieved that it didn't take much more convincing than that. She turned around to begin to wash the dishes, listening to a low rumbling hum escaping Shane's throat as he ate. "Mama mentioned going to cottage for spring break," she began as she turned the tap on, waiting for the water to heat up.

Shane grinned, thinking of all the activities he and Ilya would be able to do now that the snow had finally melted away and the temperatures had been in a consistent sixty degrees territory. Even though it would be too cold for swimming, they could still bring the kayaks out, have nightly movie nights, build fires to roast marshmallows, play soccer...play hockey...

"Hockey," Shane said adamantly, finally clear headed enough to realize that there was no way he'd be able to get back on the ice with his team. "Mama Irina...hockey," he said more sullenly, a lump growing in his throat as he filled with anger, sadness, frustration, and confusion.

Hockey was Shane's thing. Of course he had other interests that could occupy his down time but hockey always topped those. Now it was just another thing Comeau ended up taking from him. As if it wasn't bad enough to make Shane have a meltdown on the ice and miss a game, he also had to give him a season ending injury to boot.

Hearing the mixed emotion in Shane's voice broke Irina's heart. Everyone knew how much hockey meant to Shane so it was hard on everyone to acknowledge he wouldn't be able to finish out his freshman year on the ice with Ilya. Sure he still had to attend the practices and games on the sidelines but it wasn't the same as being actively involved.

"I know, *dorogoy*...is okay to be angry and sad, we all are for you. Is not fair, Comeau is piece of shit," Irina frowned as she washed the utensils and plates she had used.

"Is not fair...is not fair!" Shane raised his voice, tears brimming his eyes out of anger as his palm landed with an echoing smack against the counter.

Irina kept her composure as she turned the water off and calmly dried her hands with the cloth hanging on the handle of the oven. "No, sweetheart, is not. You have every right to be upset but I do not want you hurting more so deep breaths," she said before mimicking what she wanted Shane to do.

"Fuck that!" Shane echoed, voice getting louder and more intense - he had definitely borrowed that one from his boyfriend. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

Tears were now streaming down his face as he felt the pressure inside of his body making his skin feel claustrophobic and tight. His head and collarbone were in absolute agony but Shane couldn't be bothered as his meltdown ensued. With his good hand, Shane sent the heel of his palm directly into his temple, broken and frustrated screams echoing through the kitchen as he broke down.

“Go hockey! Please, go hockey!” Shane practically begged as his breathing hitched, trying to get a proper breath in as his lungs ached for air.

“Honey, you cannot play anymore right now. You’re hurt. It’s going to take a while to heal,” Irina was calm but firm as she spoke, trying to reason with him.

“Asshole! Fuck!” Shane yelled out as he shoved the porcelain plate off the counter, sending it and the food shattering to the floor near Irina’s feet.

He continued to hit his head with his hand out of frustration. Then came the biting, which Shane hadn’t done since he was still learning how to talk. Shane brought the hand that was sending reverberating blows to his skull up to his mouth and sunk his teeth into the soft flesh between his index finger and thumb, breathing heavily and tears staining his cheeks.

Unsure how to help besides holding him, which was honestly a hit or miss with most people, Irina called the one person who knew Shane best - *Ilya*.

It took nearly till the final ring but her son had finally answered. He had a hushed tone, as if he were hiding out in a silent area to answer. “*Privet, mama. Kak dela? Eto Shanya? (Hello, mama. What’s up? Is this Shanya?)*” he asked, hearing Shane crying and yelling, muffled by his hand in his mouth as he rocked harshly against the bar stool, making it lift slightly off the floor before slamming back into the tile.

“*On ochen rasstroyen. U vas naydotsya minutka? (He’s very upset. Do you have a minute?)*” Irina asked, watching Shane with desperation in her eyes and voice.

“*Konechno. Pozhaluysta, vklyuchite gromkuyu svyaz (of course. Please put on the speakerphone)*,” Ilya could hear all the commotion as Irina placed the boys on speaker and, while he wasn’t surprised that Shane was having a hard day without him there, he wasn’t expecting it to be this rough.

“*Moya lyubov*, what is going on?” Ilya asked softly, “you are very upset. Why?”

Shane’s rocking calmed slightly as he heard Ilya’s voice, “hockey, Ilya...hockey,” he whined around his hand, voice muffled as tears fell once more.

“You are upset because you want to play hockey, *malysh*?” Ilya asked, wanting to make sure he understood correctly. After a moment without a response, Ilya spoke again, “I know, it’s very hard to understand when hockey is favorite hobby but health is more important, *da*? If I broke my arm, would you let me back on ice so soon?”

Shane shook his head slightly, “uh uh,” he replied softly, listening closely to Ilya as his voice was grounding to him. He released the grip he had on his hand, his teeth leaving deep, grooved imprints on the skin that were surely to bruise into a bite mark. Shane instead opted to stick his thumb back into his mouth, his body extremely tired and burnt out after all of that.

“Exactly, is reason why I will not let you back on ice until you are back to normal,” Ilya said matter of factly. Soon there was commotion on the other side of the phone, seemingly the bell

ringing and Ilya having to switch classes. “I have to go now, yes? Will you come with mama Irina to pick me up after practice? Maybe we can convince her to stop at milkshake place because my poor *zaychik* had rough day.”

“Pick me up,” Shane mumbled sleepily, closing his eyes for a moment as he willed himself to stay awake.

“Few more hours, sweetheart, few more hours. *Ya tebya lyublyu*,” Ilya slipped in there instinctively, not realizing he had told Shane he loved him.

“*Ya tebya lyublyu*,” Shane echoed softly.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you sm for reading! ♥ I was going to time jump but a bitch wanted to flesh out his reaction beforehand so next chapter will include the cottage trip!

Please lmk if there's any specifics (sad or happy) that you'd like included at the cottage 🤘

PS I don't include smut bc they're literally children in this fic 😬

Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

Hi, friends.

I'm half asleep posting this but I wanted to get something out tonight.

I merged the idea of more mama Irina and the suggestion that Ilya helps the Hollander parents pack for their trip and they both learn more info about Shane from each other ♥

Shane's recovery wasn't just hard on himself, but also his parents. The two adults had been worrying themselves sick over Shane constantly being on edge of a meltdown due to his body being out of sorts - he was constantly in a dull pain, regardless of pain medication, he was nauseated to the point of not being able to eat properly, and thus being exhausted from said inability to eat properly. Both parents felt like they were walking on eggshells to the point where, in order to get their much needed packing done for their upcoming cottage trip, they asked Irina and Ilya to come hang out so they could make sure everything was ready to go while also having extra hands with Shane since the boy was down one. They also utilized this impromptu sleepover as a chance to hit the road early the next morning since everyone was there already.

When the Rozanov(a)s arrived at the Hollander house with their own packed duffle bags, Yuna was in the kitchen, packing various electronic cords, while David was upstairs packing everyone's toiletries, and Shane was sitting crisscrossed on the living room floor, humming loudly and rocking as his eyes were glued to a hockey replay that had been broadcasted. Ilya excused himself upstairs to help David with Shane's bag while Irina made her way over to Shane, taking a seat beside him.

Irina placed a firm hand on his knee, giving a gentle, reassuring squeeze to greet him. She listened as he began to echo the commentary being played, adding in his own opinion on the plays at the end of each sentence. Irina took stock of Shane, noticing how run down and exhausted he looked, despite spending most of his free time sleeping or resting at this point. She figured it was due to the internal battle his body was fighting while also trying to heal. Irina hated seeing him like this - his brain fighting against its own body while it worked so hard trying to get better. If Shane was as exhausted as he looked, he sure as hell did a decent job at masking it.

"Hello, *mishka (little bear)*," Irina greeted Shane softly, trying not to interrupt his scripting too much as he continued to rock, despite his collarbone feeling like it was on fire the entire time. "Mama said you're having hard time, yes? Is okay that we hang out so mama, papa, and Ilya can pack for vacation tomorrow?"

It took Shane a bit longer to process the conversation due to being so on edge with everything but after a few moments of silence, he finally nodded slightly. “Hard time...hang out with mama Irina...mama pack,” Shane echoed as his hand trailed to the nape of his neck, twirling the longer hairs around his index finger, making Irina smile warmly at him.

Upstairs, David and Ilya found themselves in Shane’s room - while David meticulously planned out outfits that corresponded with the upcoming temperatures, Ilya rummaged through Shane’s closet, looking for anything that would offer comfort and safety on their two week trip.

“Papa David, what are you doing with tiny pitchfork?” Ilya asked as he glanced over towards David who was holding a seam ripper in one hand and the tag of one of the newer shirts in Shane’s wardrobe that had yet to be worn.

“Hm? Oh, *this*?” David asked, holding up the small metal instrument, “it’s a seam ripper! Shane hates the way tags feel on his clothes so whenever we get him something new, we always make sure we don’t buy anything with tags or use one of these to remove them.”

Ilya nodded, listening closely. He never realized that about Shane’s clothes but he definitely made sure to store that information away for future reference. “Why not cut it? Is more work, yes?”

David shrugged slightly, nodding a bit in agreement, “yeah, I guess so, but Shane said the tags stab his neck when we cut them so I’d rather just take an extra two minutes to carefully remove a tag than have Shane in pain and distracted the rest of the day. It’s why we also buy him seamless socks and remove the netting from his swimsuit, not like he actually even uses it, but just in case he does, it’s always prepared.”

Ilya couldn’t help but smile at David’s answer. His father would always tell him to quit being a little bitch and to man up, so it was refreshing to get to know David and how much he genuinely loved his son, regardless of any diagnoses he may have.

“Shanya loves silk tag on my comforter. When he spends night, I have to flip blanket so tag is on his side of my bed. He rubs it against his nose to fall asleep,” Ilya added, “I want to get him one of those blankets with silk edge but he will probably use it so much it will fall apart.”

David laughed softly, “honestly...*he probably would*, but that’s still a nice idea. He’s always been particular with different textures. That rabbit stuffy you got him goes everywhere with us. You know this, it even went to the winter formal with you guys. Anything fluffy or silky is right up his alley. He’ll beat your ass if you make him touch microfiber cloths though. Trust me...I’ve made that mistake...*twice*.”

“Ah, yes. He says it sticks to fingers,” Ilya grinned as he packed Shane’s bunny, his AAC device, and one of those sensory lava lamp-esque timers into his duffle bag. “He likes watching pretty bubbles inside this thing,” he referred to the timer as he placed it inside the bag.

“Those timers were a lifesaver when he was little. He loved the fish tanks in the hospital waiting rooms, and since we were there just about three times a week for various appointments and therapies, he became hyperfixated on them. Took us a few months to realize that it wasn’t the fish he liked to watch, it was the bubbles. When he grew out of the early intervention therapies, we stopped going to the waiting rooms with the fish tanks so as a last ditch attempt of warding off a catastrophic meltdown, Yuna purchased these and he’s loved them,” David acknowledged as he picked one up himself and began to fiddle with it, watching the bubbles move around.

As the boys bonded upstairs, Irina and Shane had now made their way to the couch. Irina sat with her legs out, heels gently resting against the edge of the coffee table as Shane laid on his good side on the couch with his head in her lap. He could feel his eyes slowly closing as he willed them to remain open. Irina gently carded through his hair, scratching his scalp the way he liked and trying her best to lull him to sleep since he obviously needed it.

Shane fought tooth and nail against himself to remain awake but as soon as Irina began to sing a Russian lullaby that Ilya also had the habit of singing during snuggle time, Shane could no longer keep his eyes open and soon gentle snores filled the room.

Chapter 27

Chapter Notes

David and Shane have ‘the talk’ 😭😂

Wanting to beat the rush hour traffic and make it to the cottage before noon meant that the two families would have to leave the Hollander house no later than 8am since it was about a three hour commute to the heavily wooded, secluded area. By now the leaves on the trees were beginning to bloom once more, and there were blossoming flowers and more often than not, lush green grass. The families had figured if they made it there by noontime, there would be plenty of time for enjoying the spring view and relaxing lakeside before grilling dinner.

David had opted to drive their car with the boys while Yuna and Irina took Irina’s car, giving the mothers a chance to relax and catch up with each other without either boy interrupting.

Shane was always more of the early morning riser than Ilya, so while both boys were clad in their pajamas from the previous night, Shane had been wide awake for the past two hours and Ilya was still half asleep as they buckled into the back of David’s SUV. Ilya had always chosen to sit in the middle seat to be closer to Shane whenever they rode together and their commute to the cottage was no different than any other time.

“Shanya, sit still,” Ilya grumbled sleepily as he rested his head against Shane’s shoulder with his eyes closed, feeling Shane attempt to rock against the locked seatbelt. “I’m trying to get long nap in and you are being very loud and a horrible pillow,” Ilya half joked as he tugged a throw blanket that David always kept in the car over their laps.

Shane grinned at Ilya’s grumpiness, reaching an arm up to pet the boy’s sleep ruffled curls, “good morning!” He echoed, squealing happily as they began to drive, “good morning, *moya lyubov*, good morning!”

“Absolutely not. Is not even 9am. Is still sleepy time for me so good night again,” Ilya argued, pressing himself into Shane’s side, careful not to be too rough. Even though Shane was cleared from the sling, he was still having to take it easy since it was still very sore.

Shane laughed a bit and placed a soft kiss on top of Ilya’s head before resigning, staring out the window of the passenger seat and watching the bright spring colors pass by as they hit the highway. Shane’s hands fluttered with excitement as it set in that he was going to spend the next two weeks of spring break at his favorite place, the cottage, with his favorite person, Ilya. There were so many outdoorsy activities that they could do together now that it was finally warming up again and Shane was over the moon excited about all of it.

Not only was this a vacation for the boys, this was also a vacation for their parents since all three took days off to attend. The parents had even planned a few friend dates so the boys could have the opportunity to invite their teammates over for a night or two. Shane was excited to see Harris again - aside from Ilya, Irina, and obviously his parents, Shane felt like Harris was one of the few people who genuinely didn't mind socializing with him. Ilya had mentioned hosting a movie and pizza night with swimming at the lake while their parents were busy and honestly, Shane was actually really looking forward to it.

Before long, Ilya was actually asleep on Shane's shoulder, leaving just himself and his father awake in the car. David found it was a perfect opportunity to have a conversation he had been absolutely dreading having with his son since he learned that he and Ilya were now apparently dating.

"Hey, Shane?" David said in a small tone, his own nerves peaking as he braced himself for the next sentence, "I think it's time we have a talk, buddy...you and Ilya are dating now, right?" He asked, glancing into the rearview mirror to see his son's face.

Shane furrowed his brows slightly as he listened, "you and Ilya are dating," he responded, "boyfriends."

"Right...you and Ilya are boyfriends," David sighed softly, squeezing and releasing the steering wheel as he spoke. "And you know that when people are dating, they also sometimes do...*sexual*...things, right?" God David was absolutely butchering this conversation.

"Fuck!" Shane had a shit eating grin on his face, finding it hysterical that David was being so awkward about it.

"Well, yes, people in relationships sometimes have sex, or fuck...but not everyone does, and it's definitely okay not to! Just, if you and Ilya choose to, always use a condom. Ya know, they can prevent any transmittable diseases, *pregnancy*..."

Shane snorted at the last one since neither him nor Ilya could get pregnant even if they tried. "Butt babies!" Shane broke out laughing, shaking his head at how amusing David was being.

David's face reddened slightly as he realized what Shane was laughing about before he began laughing himself. "Damn it, Shane! I'm trying here," he shook his head, smiling. "Listen, if you and Ilya do try and make a butt baby, just please use condoms. I'm sure you'll both be honest about sleeping with other people but it's better to be safe than sorry, Shaney."

The laughter gradually faded as Shane nodded in agreement, "better to be safe than sorry, Shaney," he echoed. "No butt babies."

"Exactly, no butt babies," David agreed as they continued to drive. After a few minutes of silence, David's curiosity got the better of him, "so...have you two been...*ya know*...having sex?"

Shane took a moment to figure out how to explain that no, they never actually had sex yet, however they were no strangers to kissing and sucking each other off.

“Shane’s pretty dick in Ilya’s mouth,” Shane squealed excitedly as he explained it, much to David’s dismay.

David’s eyes became like a deer in headlights and if the man wasn’t red to begin with, he sure as hell was now, making Shane burst out laughing again. “Yep, that’s enough. You can tell mama I gave you the sex talk. We’re good here.”

Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

Swimming at the lake ♥

“Lake! Lake! Lake!” Shane bounced excitedly as his hands flapped at his side, looking towards Ilya who, much to Shane’s annoyance, was taking his sweet time coming down the creaky, wooden steps of the back porch of the cottage.

“Hollander, you are like energizer bunny,” Ilya teased, rolling his eyes playfully. “Lake is not going anywhere. We have fourteen days and I am sure you will make me go every single afternoon.”

As if Ilya wasn’t moving to Shane’s preferred pace, the boy went over to Ilya who was halfway down the steps and took a firm hold of the Russian boy’s hand, tugging him along with a whine. “Ilya, lake!” He pouted as Ilya pretended like his body was made of concrete and couldn’t move.

“Ah, nooooo, Shanya! I am turning to statue! Go on without me!” Ilya dug his heels into the ground in a vain attempt to stay put as Shane pulled him away towards the dock.

Ilya then took notice of Shane’s outfit, surprised to see him in his actual bathing suit. Yuna and David had purchased Shane a pair of swim trunks that were mid thigh length and on the tighter end so they weren’t as overstimulating when wet. Shane had been reluctant to even try them on, let alone actually wear them in the water. Ilya wasn’t about to ruin the moment by pointing it out though.

Shane then had an idea that he knew Ilya couldn’t resist. He stopped trying to pull Ilya and instead opted to caress Ilya’s cheek ever so gently before slipping his tongue into the other boy’s mouth, making Ilya kiss back with just as much passion. Once Shane realized that Ilya was really getting into it, he pulled away with an innocent grin and fucking booked it towards the lake in true Shane eloping fashion. That boy was fast, both on and off the ice.

“Hollander!” Ilya yelled in disbelief, watching Shane run off towards the water, mouth agape in shock. “You are fucking tease!” Ilya then ran after him, quickly closing the gap between them.

Shane looked over his shoulder momentarily, laughing as Ilya chased after him. Once he made it to the edge of the dock, he stopped and turned around to see Ilya charging towards him. Shane squeaked in delight and held his arms out, bracing himself to be tackled into the water. Just as he predicted, Ilya crashed into Shane with his arms around the boy’s middle,

cautious of his sore side. The two boys laughed wildly as they plummeted into the lake water below, immediately releasing each other so they could swim to safety.

Once both boys bobbed above the water, Ilya pushed his soaked curls back away from his eyes before he gently splashed Shane, “you cannot make me hard and then run off! Is not fair, you are tease!” He argued, unable to hide his smile even as he reprimanded his boyfriend.

Shane blew raspberries at Ilya before swimming towards the large rock near the shore that he liked to perch himself on while watching Ilya play in the water. While Shane absolutely loved the lake and being anywhere near it, he did not love the mud that covered the lake bed or the various living creatures that called the water their home. Sure, he enjoyed them from a distance, but he wasn’t a fan of fish brushing against his legs or the way the sticky sediment squelched between his bare toes, and don’t even suggest a pair of water shoes because those were a sensory nightmare as well.

Ilya swam after Shane at a leisurely pace, enjoying the warm rays of the sun while also being enveloped in the bitter chill of the lake water. Ilya walked over to the rock, water being waist deep, and placed strong hands on Shane’s bare thighs, puckering his lips at Shane, “gimme kiss.”

Shane hummed softly, a grin growing on his face as he rocked forward to plant a peck against Ilya’s soft lips. Something about the way Ilya had said the phrase ‘gimme kiss’ seemed to have scratched Shane’s brain because he then began to echo it with Ilya’s distinct Russian accent as he rocked faster, hands fluttering at his sides every time he said it, “gimme kiss, gimme kiss, gimme kiss.”

Ilya laughed softly, watching in amusement at Shane’s new vocal stim. If it were anyone else, Ilya couldn’t say for certain that he wouldn’t have taken offense to the offhanded attempt at copying his thick accent, but with Shane it was different, it was always different. It was like Shane enjoyed the way the syllables rolled off his tongue or the rumble in his throat when he performed a Russian accent. It was just another self regulation stim and nothing malicious.

“Shanya, come join me,” Ilya held his arms out, inviting Shane into his open embrace. He knew Shane didn’t like the sticky lake bottom so he invited the other boy to come sit on his lap so he could enjoy the water as well.

Shane hesitated before shaking his head. He had a look of disgust painted on his face as he looked down at the water, seeing little harmless fish swimming around his beloved sitting rock.

“Sweetheart, I will not allow you to touch muddy lake floor. See? Is perfect seat. Lots of snuggle room,” Ilya squatted into the water before he nodded down towards his lap as he continued to hold his arms out towards Shane.

Shane thought it over for several seconds before scooting down the rock. Once he reached the edge, Ilya helped him onto his own lap so he could keep his promise of Shane not having to touch the bottom of the lake. Shane immediately melted into Ilya’s arms as if it were a perfect, uniformed fit. He wrapped his arm tightly around Ilya’s chest and legs around Ilya’s

waist before nuzzling his face into the crook of the boy's neck, enjoying the warmth radiating from the soft skin and the grounding pressure of pressing his face into Ilya's neck.

Ilya kept steady hands on Shane's hips, making sure he wouldn't accidentally slip off. Soon they both heard the loud, abrupt whistle of a loon nearby, making Ilya scowl as soon as he heard it, "stupid Canadian wolf birds are back."

Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

TWish Mama Yuna in her feels about Shane's autism

While the boys were splashing around down at the lake, the parents posted up on the back porch with their respective drinks in hand. It was nice to finally have time alone to hang out with just the adults.

Yuna sighed deeply as she relaxed back into the cushioned deck chair, her legs sprawled out in front of her and crossed at the ankles, a glass of wine in hand. This was the most relaxed she'd been in weeks and she was more than happy to soak up every moment of peace. It was nice not to be needed for a while, even if it was just for an hour.

"They're the happiest I've seen either of them in months," David commented as he made himself comfortable in the cushioned metal chair beside Yuna, his own rum and coke in hand. "It's great to see Shane with a real smile on his face...it's been a long time."

"Ilyusha too. He's been so worried about Shane's injury that he hasn't been himself. Trip is very much needed for everyone," Irina agreed as she settled into the chair beside Yuna's other side, taking a sip of her own wine.

"*Cheers to that,*" Yuna held her glass up to emphasize her wording. "These past few weeks I feel like we've been walking on eggshells with Shaney...there's been so much emotional whiplash because one moment he's watching hockey replays and stimming quietly, then something triggers him and he starts hurting himself and screaming for hours on end, like nothing consoles him unless it's Ilya...but obviously Ilya has his own school work and hockey to focus on."

Yuna absolutely understood that Shane was going through a lot of internal turmoil and conflict so she never actually blamed him for his meltdowns or self-inflicted injuries. As his mother, it was physically, mentally, and emotionally exhausting just watching it unfold so she couldn't imagine how much worse it was for Shane in that moment.

"Ilya never minds," Irina assured as she listened to Yuna's venting. She had also spent a majority of her free time with the other boy so she could understand where Yuna was coming from, however the other parents had to be attentive constantly, whereas Irina could go home to her own apartment with her own neurotypical child.

"I know but..." Yuna sighed deeply, hating how horrible she was about to sound as she spoke once more, "but I hate how unfair autism is...it's not fair to us, it's not fair to Ilya, and it's certainly not fair to Shane." She swallowed hard, staring up at the sky to blink away the tears

beginning to form on her waterline. “Shane has been robbed of so much and for some asshole like Comeau to steal one of the only things that brought Shane genuine happiness, success, and the chance to feel like a normal fucking teenage boy...it’s not fair. He always has to work so much harder than everyone else does and nobody understands that.”

David nodded along, completely empathizing with her emotions. He knew that her saying all these things came from a place of maternal love rather than judgement. Raising a neurodivergent child with higher support needs was one of the hardest things he and Yuna had ever had to endure together.

“He’s come so far though, especially this year alone,” David added, trying to remember the positivity in Shane’s early teenage-hood. “He’s speaking so much more, even if it’s mostly in echoics...he’s dating his best friend...he’s made actual friends outside of Ilya that they both spend time with outside of school and hockey practices. We were told that all of that would be near impossible for him. He’s defied everything they said he couldn’t do and more...I even had to give him the sex talk and we thought he’d never even kiss anyone!”

The two women began to laugh as David’s cheeks tinged pink once more, recalling the very difficult conversation he had with Shane in the car on the way to the cottage. “And if he tells you that he and Ilya are going off to make a butt baby...give the boy a condom and don’t ask any questions. Trust me on that one,” David groaned into the rim of his glass as he took a long, well needed sip.

“I still haven’t given one to Ilya...what do you even say to your bisexual child who is in love with his autistic best friend who’s a boy?” Irina furrowed her brows in confusion, “are there pamphlets on this? Because I don’t have a fucking clue!” She lifted the arm that wasn’t holding her drink in the air in an exaggerated fashion. “He knows about condoms already and he is very good with consent - he can practically read Shane’s mind half the time just by staring at his face and looking for...ah...microexpressions. I just feel like I should tell him something but I have zero ideas.”

“Well apparently they suck each other off already...I had to hear about Shane’s pretty dick in Ilya’s mouth,” David shuddered, shaking his head. “If I had to be traumatized by this sex talk, so do the both of you!” He argued as both women looked at him with an expression of surprise and disgust on their faces.

“I could’ve died happy without that image in my head,” Irina shook her head, sipping from her glass as she watched the boys on the rock, Ilya standing atop of it as if they were playing king of the mountain. “Seriously, Shane is good for Ilya. I’ve never seen him so happy and relaxed unless he’s with Shane. Your boy really does bring out the best in mine.”

“I think that without Ilya, Shane wouldn’t have grown so far socially and emotionally...yeah, he’s always had hockey, but he never had a kid his age take such a liking to him as Ilya did, and he’s been in it since he could walk since David was a goalie for McGill,” Yuna explained softly, smiling a bit as she watched Shane squeal and flap in delight as Ilya jumped into the water, effectively splashing Shane on the rock.

“It’s hard to remember sometimes that he’s fifteen...he’s a teenage boy...he’s going to have crushes on his best friend and he’s going to want to go to parties...but what about driving?”

What about getting a job that accommodates his needs? What about college and living on his own and getting married?” Yuna chewed her bottom lip, “what if something happens to us three and he can’t be with someone who can truly understand and support him?”

Yuna and David had this exact conversation the night of Shane’s official diagnosis, which honestly seemed like a lifetime ago rather than thirteen and a half years ago, but now that he was much older, the anxiety was so much more intense since it seemed to be much more closer of becoming a reality than anyone would like to admit.

“You’re spiraling, Yuna,” Irina acknowledged softly, frowning at the amount of stress practically vibrating off of the other mother. “He is a good boy, he’s come a long way and I’m sure will be just fine. He’s got you, and David, and me, and Ilya...very supportive and loving village,” Irina smiled warmly at her.

Before either of them could speak again, the sounds of heavy, wet footsteps, shoving, and giggling filled the air as their two teenage boys bounded up the steps, pushing each other into the opposite railings to win an impromptu race to the top of the deck.

“I win!” Ilya gloated, grinning as they tied in first, both making it to their parents at the same time. He placed his hands on his hips, lungs burning as he caught his breath. “I win, Hollander.”

Shane was standing beside him, hands on his knees and bent over as he breathed laboriously. He shot him an annoyed glare. “Fuck you!” He chirped before echoing, “I win!”

“See? *Just fine*,” Irina laughed at the boys’ reactions, David and Yuna laughing as well.

Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

A bit of a shorter filler chapter leading up to a more fleshed out one that goes over Shane's eloping and Ilya comforting him

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

"You're doing fine, there's nothing to be worried about," David assured as he stood behind his son and used his strong, calloused hands to apply deep pressure to Shane's upper limbs, starting with his shoulders and working his way down to his elbows.

Shane stood in front of the grill, staring down at the raw beef patties on the freshly cleaned rack with his face twisted in a strong disgruntled look as he hummed loudly, rocking his weight between his feet. David's squeezes helped ground him but attempting to learn to use the grill was overwhelming.

The strong smell of smoke from the charcoal, the texture of the raw meat, the constant flow of heat emanating from the grill...it was all too much and made everything in Shane's entire being want to absolutely make a run for it, but his dad instilled this job on him and damn it, he was going to get it done meltdown be damned.

Typically Ilya would be the one to help David man the grill but today, to everyone's surprise, when David had been preparing the raw burger meat with various spices, Shane had requested to help grill the burgers tonight and Yuna had joked that he had to learn how to cook a nice home cooked meal for his new boyfriend.

"Great, bud. Now turn the heat down and let 'em cook for a few minutes," David instructed and began squeezing a little more intensely as he noticed Shane beginning to pound on his thigh with the fist of his free hand and an uncomfortable whine began.

"Good job, Shanebug...Shaney is okay..." Shane echoed to himself, trying to focus on David's squeezing and his own fist thrusting into the thick muscle of his thigh. "Shaney is okay...Shaney is okay..."

"That's right," David assured, nodding to himself. He knew how hard his son was trying to do things that were age appropriate like his peers but he couldn't help but feel his heart break a bit because of how uncomfortable and upset Shane was from all of the overstimulation. David wanted to so badly take over and let Shane have a break but he understood that it really wasn't his place to force him and he trusted Shane to let him know when it was too much.

"Tell you what...why don't you go in and tell mama we need some paper towels to put on the plate to soak up the extra grease," David offered, wanting his son to still feel included but

also give him the break his body had been showing he so desperately needed.

Shane didn't have to be asked twice. As soon as David offered him a new job, Shane turned in David's arms and thrust the spatula into his father's hand before hauling his ass into the house, away from the offensive scene out on the deck.

While Shane and David were grilling outside, Ilya and both of their mothers were inside prepping salad and getting the dishware together to take outside. Shane bounded over to Yuna, repeatedly pushing himself up on his tiptoes and back down as he flapped intensely, trying to rid himself of all the pent up pressure from masking at the grill.

"Mama," Shane started as he wanted to get Yuna's attention, chewing the inside of his cheek as he pointed towards the large roll of paper towels on the holder. "Mama. Dad."

Yuna peeked up from her position in front of the chopped vegetables as soon as she heard Shane come into the house. "Dad needs paper towels?" She asked, glancing towards where Shane was pointing. Once he gave her a small nod, she spoke again, "okay, sweetheart. Can you grab them? My hands are covered in raw veggies."

One more thing to add to Shane's job list. He could do this. He had to do this. He was their good boy - he could be so, so good for his parents.

Shane walked on his toes over to the paper towel holder and began to clumsily fiddle with the screw holding it in place. He watched helplessly as his fingers couldn't get a good enough grip on the screw and he began to feel himself slipping inside. This was his job - his parents entrusted him to get the paper towels and that's all he had to do...unscrew the god damn screw and remove the roll of paper towels.

Shane could feel the tension bubbling inside him as everything that had been building up began to collapse as his fingers slipped for the final time. He could feel his eyes stinging as his vision became blurry with tears and his hands began to tremble. With a guttural yell, Shane picked up the paper towel holder and threw it with all his might against the floor before barreling his way out of the kitchen, through the sliding glass door leading out back, and towards the heavily wooded area near the lake.

The sudden yell of Shane and bang from the holder making contact with the tile floor made the whole kitchen jump in surprise.

Ilya whipped his head towards the other boy, brows furrowed in confusion until he saw Shane elope from the house. "*Oh, fuck!*" He yelled, dropping the silverware in his hands onto the counter and beginning to sprint after him.

Chapter End Notes

Please send in all the suggestions - they keep me going 🥹♥

Chapter 31

Chapter Notes

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

The first time someone ever put a name to Shane's escaping behavior was when he was three and it was during his initial IEP meeting for early intervention in preschool. Until someone actually put a label on it, the Hollander parents always just assumed their son was a runner - in their defense, Shane Hollander never stopped moving, not even in his sleep. David had always joked that Shane must've been part shark - if he stopped moving, he'd die.

The first time the Hollander parents heard the term eloping, used in context of their son's autism diagnosis, David honestly thought it was stupid to label it because "*how else is Shane supposed to let you know he's uncomfortable in his environment if he doesn't talk yet?*" Yuna had to place a gentle, yet warning, hand on his knee and gave him a look that said let this woman finish speaking. David had always been more of the advocate while Yuna was more of the nurturer.

The first time Shane's eloping got him into trouble was when he was in middle school - until then, Shane would simply escape class and find a quiet, dark corner of the band room supply closet to de-escalate in, so much so that he and the band teacher actually ended up forming a special bond. His eloping behaviors were arguably manageable and predictable, until the day Shane actually escaped out the gym doors, into the middle school parking lot, and made it halfway to home before the police found him. That day there was a lawsuit threatened and everyone had finally heard the wrath of Yuna Hollander.

Shane's eloping had mostly been maintained through replacing those feelings with frequent breaks or various sensory items, however it liked to make its grand reappearance on days where Shane felt completely and utterly worthless to everyone. Those days were the worst - he could be having the best day of his life and then one small mishap triggers it and before anyone could realize Shane was struggling, he was already out the door and halfway down the street.

Now that he was older and almost the size of a grown man, he was also a lot stronger and a hell of a lot faster. Yuna and David were getting older now - who's to say that they'd be able to keep up with him let alone catch him? Since Shane's eloping behaviors were typically due to his poor self image and mental health, chances were that when Shane was inevitably found, there was a small possibility that he'd be in full meltdown mode, which often included hitting, kicking, yelling, biting, and especially self injurious behavior.

Calling the police was a whole different issue because nine times out of ten, law enforcement wasn't adequately trained to handle someone with autism and higher support needs.

Thank god Ilya had been there at that moment because as soon as he saw Shane run out, he dropped what he was doing onto the counter and began to chase after him, quickly catching up to the other boy. He could hear footsteps running up from behind him but didn't bother to

see which parent, if not all, were also chasing after Shane to make sure he didn't get injured accidentally while mid spiral.

After running into the tree line, Ilya watched as Shane ducked behind a large tree so he slowed down, giving Shane some space now that he stopped running and knew he was safe. Ilya finally looked behind him to see Yuna and Irina several feet behind him, stopping as well once they saw Ilya stop. He waved them off, silently trying to let them know that Shane was okay and that they'd be up when he was ready. As if they understood, the mothers turned around and began their trek back to the house while Ilya inched closer to Shane, taking a seat under a tree directly across from the other boy, that way he was close if Shane needed him but far enough to give space if he needed it.

Shane wanted to be good. He needed to be good. Why couldn't his body just cooperate for once? He couldn't speak correctly. His fingers were clumsy and he couldn't even grip a fucking screw. Ilya could grill with David without issue so why did he get overwhelmed just trying to grill a fucking burger? He felt so fucking worthless. He hated the way his brain and body wouldn't cooperate with each other over a simple task or conversation. Why couldn't he just be good?

Ilya watched helplessly as Shane sat with his knees to his chest, face buried in his knees as tears poured from his eyes and his body shook with vigor. Shane had been rocking himself hard into the tree behind him - Ilya made a mental note to make sure to check the boy's spine for any possible bruising.

"I'm here when you are ready," Ilya acknowledged, sitting crosslegged with his back resting against a tree. "For hugs, for talks, anything you need."

Shane had been so engrossed in his own terrible thoughts that he hadn't even noticed that Ilya was sitting anywhere near him. He peeked up at Ilya, eyes wet and puffy from the tears, cheeks flushed pink and tear stained. "Good boy..." Shane choked out, voice wobbling and cracking as he spoke.

Ilya nodded slightly, listening to Shane as his own heart broke. He couldn't even begin to understand how much pressure Shane's brain and body must've been under - he was dealing with a season ending injury, his whole routine was thrown off from dealing with that plus being on spring break at the cottage, he tried something new with David and then, as if it was the final straw, his own body wouldn't work the way he had expected it to. Ilya could absolutely see why Shane was so frustrated and upset with himself to the point of running away to escape the situation.

"You are such a good boy, *moy zaychik*," Ilya assured softly, "is a lot of change, yes? No hockey, no school, three hours away from home, trying new skills with papa...is so much change. Nobody is upset. You are so, so good."

Shane shook his head slightly as if he didn't believe Ilya. His breathing shuddered as he attempted to get a full breath into his aching lungs - between running away and crying, Shane's lungs ached and burned from exertion. "Is a lot of change, yes? Is so much change..." Shane's voice was wet from crying as he echoed Ilya, still trying to do the accent even with being so upset.

“It is...and you’re brave,” Ilya smiled softly when Shane shot him an annoyed glare at the compliment, “you are! You’re so brave. It takes a lot of courage to go outside of comfort zone and do new things.”

Without another word, Shane carefully crawled over to Ilya and straddled his lap, tucking his arms between their chests and burying his face into Ilya’s shoulder. Ilya wrapped his arms tightly around Shane’s torso and placed a kiss to the crown of his head as he began to rock gently.

“Tell you what...we go back to cottage, we eat nice family dinner, and *then you and I could sneak off to bedroom for night and do whatever you want*,” Ilya whispered into the top of Shane’s head, letting the other boy determine what he was insinuating.

Chapter End Notes

I’m thinking about ending this fic at the end of their freshman year (at the end of the cottage sequence) and then starting another one the beginning of their senior year. Thought? Suggestions? ♥♥

Chapter 32

Chapter Notes

Boys night at the cottage 🤘

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

It took a couple of days for Shane to finally be able to fully relax into being on vacation but once he was finally settled, the three parents had decided it was a good time for a day out so the hockey team could come hang out with the boys.

It was late morning when Marley's car pulled into the gravel driveway, piled with their teammates and their overnight bags. While Ilya went out onto the front porch to meet the guys and invite them inside, David gathered his car keys while Irina grabbed her purse and Yuna spoke with Shane.

"Dad's card is on the counter with a menu to the local pizzeria. There's a list of emergency numbers attached to the fridge, including mine, mama Irina's, and dad's numbers. You guys may use the lake and the fire pit but please, please, please make sure someone calls if anything happens, okay? We'll be back a little after 10pm if you guys are okay," Yuna rambled off as Shane nodded along.

This was the first time that they were leaving the boys alone for the whole day and honestly it scared the shit out of Yuna but she took solace in knowing that they'd have an adult there while they were gone...even if that adult was Cliff Marleau who was freshly eighteen and only finishing his senior year.

Shane grinned as he heard the commotion of the guys beginning to make their way through the front door. "Friends, mama," he bounced slightly on the balls of his feet out of excitement.

Yuna chuckled softly and grabbed her purse from the counter beside them. "Have fun and be good. We love you both so much," she said as she pulled Shane into a brief hug, squeezing slightly as it took everything in her not to cancel their friend date.

"Have fun and be good!" Shane echoed as he hugged back quickly before wiggling out of her arms, clearly ready for them to leave so he and Ilya could host their teammates, minus Bood and Hayes who had been caught up with their girlfriends this weekend.

After saying goodbye to Ilya and Shane, the three parents exchanged brief greetings with everyone else before they made their way out. Shane met with everyone in the living room as they set their bags on the floor near the couches since their parents' one stipulation of having a sleepover was sleeping in the living room.

“What do you think, Shanya? Swimming before we have fire and order dinner?” Ilya asked for Shane’s opinion, having already discussed it with the group while Shane was speaking with Yuna in the kitchen.

“Lake,” Shane grinned, “swimming before we have fire and order dinner,” he agreed.

Soon everyone disappeared to various rooms in the house to get changed into their swimsuits before slowly trickling down to the lake. Even though Shane was friends with everyone there, he still was practically glued to Ilya’s side, that was until Harris and Troy made their way down to the dock.

“Don’t exert yourself,” Troy gently reminded Harris as they walked onto the wooden platform.

“You worry too much...I’ll be fine,” Harris forced himself to hide the small smile that was growing from Troy’s protectiveness as he gently shoved the other boy by the arm.

While Marley, Luca, Barrett, and Ilya decided to actually go into the lake, Shane and Harris planted themselves on the edge of the dock to watch their respective boyfriends instead of actually joining in on the chaos for their own respective reasons.

“Thanks for having me...I know I’m not actually part of the team but it was nice to be included anyway,” Harris smiled over at Shane as he watched the other boy rock back and forth as his feet kicked softly under the water.

Shane looked over at Harris and nodded, “included,” he echoed, smiling a bit.

Shane’s face faltered slightly as he took in the sight of Harris. This was the first time he actually saw the other boy without a shirt on and what he saw wasn’t exactly what he had expected. It wasn’t the fact that Harris was on the chubbier side - he had expected that much even seeing him completely clothed. What he wasn’t expecting was the long, vertical scar that ran down Harris’ sternum amid the small patch of dark chest hair. Out of impulse, Shane reached over and carefully ran his finger down the length of the rougher, raised flesh, a look of confusion on his face as he did so.

If it were any other person, Harris would’ve immediately pulled away and mouthed off to whoever the hell thought it was okay to stare at his scar and then had the audacity to actually touch it. His scar was the most vulnerable part of his body and it took a very long time to even allow Troy’s hands anywhere near it. However he understood that Shane wasn’t doing any of this out of malice and was honestly just trying to understand in his own way without words.

“I was born with a heart condition and needed a few surgeries to help fix it,” Harris explained as he watched Shane’s finger trace the rigid edges of the tougher skin. “Just like you were in the hospital after Comeau hit you, I spent a lot of my childhood in the hospital getting my heart fixed.”

Shane slowly pulled his hand away, frowning as he listened to Harris explain the scar to him. “Heart fixed?” He asked, his look of confusion turning into concern.

“For the most part. I have at least two more surgeries scheduled after graduation. That’s why Troy told me not to exert myself - he’s worried it’ll hurt my heart if I roughhouse too much with the guys,” Harris answered, looking back at his boyfriend who was now having a handstand contest with Ilya and Marley. “That’s alright though, I don’t mind sitting here and hanging out with you.”

Shane nodded slowly as he processed what Harris was talking about. He hated his stay in the hospital and couldn’t imagine how much scarier it must’ve been for Harris going through that. Shane felt grateful that Harris felt comfortable enough to entrust him with that vulnerable information. Part of him wished he brought down his communication device so he could have a proper conversation with Harris. Instead Shane opted to pull his phone out of his pocket and began to text the other boy - when his voice failed him, texting was almost always an easy fix.

Me:

I’m sorry you had to go
through that. It must’ve been
very scary and stressful.
Thank you for feeling comfortable
enough to tell me about it.

Harris felt his own phone buzz and took it out of his pocket to check it. He smiled softly at the screen, a little in awe at how articulate Shane actually was when he was able to effectively communicate.

Harris:

It was very difficult in the
beginning and honestly, I
still get nervous but I have
Troy now and the rest of the
team to help me through.
Thank you for listening
to my sob story.

Me:

Everyone has a sob story.
At least you can tell yours!
I’m over here talking to
myself half the time.

Harris wasn’t sure whether it was appropriate to laugh at the moment but accidentally snorted as he read Shane’s message, making the other boy beam and finally feel normal for once amongst their group.

“Sorry, sorry! It’s funny but it’s *not* funny,” Harris apologized, still trying to keep himself composed but a smile escaping.

“It’s funny,” Shane assured, giving Harris a small laugh in response.

Soon Ilya swam up to the dock, brow raised as he noticed the friendly banter occurring between the two boys. “Harris, you are trying to steal my boyfriend?” Ilya teased, “yes, he is very pretty, but you have boy toy Troy ten feet away! This one is mine.”

Hearing Ilya compliment him to Harris made Shane’s body react with excitement. A low hum rumbled from his throat as he sat his phone beside him on the dock so his hands could flutter freely. He knew how Ilya felt about him but hearing it aloud made his own heart swell.

Harris jokingly rolled his eyes, “right, Roz, I would absolutely want your sloppy seconds. I’ve got my own pretty boy to worry about.”

Troy perked up hearing Harris call him pretty, “hey, that’s me!” He beamed.

“Pretty and dumb,” Ilya corrected with a smirk.

“I could say the same about you for Shane,” Harris countered as he reached into the water and splashed Ilya, making Shane laugh.

“You are supposed to defend me!” Ilya argued to Shane, unable to hide his smile. “We are boyfriends and you laugh at my misery!”

Shane shook his head, grinning, “Harris friend.”

“Oh, so now that you and Harris are besties, I am no longer favorite?” Ilya feigned a dramatic gasp, clutching his chest. “You are lucky you are very pretty and have very nice dick.”

“Asshole,” Shane groaned in embarrassment, bringing up his middle finger to flip Ilya off.

After an hour or so of swimming, the team of boys all decided that they were ready to get dressed and order an early dinner since they just wanted to relax the rest of the night. Between the long drive and wrestling each other in the water, everyone was tired by the time lunchtime rolled around.

After Ilya ordered from the pizzeria, he joined the rest of the boys who were all sitting around the fire that Marleau had started while Ilya was on the phone. He planted himself onto Shane’s lap, snuggling into the boy’s chest as Shane wrapped protective arms around Ilya and planted a kiss on his temple.

“Jesus Christ, Roz. Can’t go five minutes without your boyfriend?” Marley teased as he sat in the chair beside Luca.

“You are just jealous that you are Bigfoot compared to Haasy,” Ilya blew raspberries Cliff’s way as he tucked himself closer into Shane’s middle. “Shane and I are...ah...reversible. Similar size so we can be both big and little spoon. You are Luca are like great dane and chihuahua.”

“It’s called Stockholm syndrome, Hollzy. Blink twice if you need help,” Marleau rolled his eyes, tossing his lighter directly at Ilya in an attempt to hit him with it.

Shane sat back, watching with admiration at his friends and boyfriend lovingly bullying each other. He loved them all so much and was always so grateful to be able to be a part of such a supportive team. *It was going to tear him apart inside once most of them graduated in the next few weeks.*

Chapter End Notes

Hi, friends. Chances are that next chapter will be my last one for this 1/2 of the series bc I'm verrrry excited to start the next one with them being seniors in high school. Once I start it, I'll be sure to add the name to one of the "chapters" on this fic so you can easily find it if you want to continue their story!

Thank you so much for all of the kind comments (I promise I do read and appreciate every single one of them) and showing love for this lil AU ♥

Please send me things you'd like to see older Hollanov explore! Again, I'm not delving into the detailed smut, however I can try to work around them experimenting without completely going into detail. Again, I'm open to almost all suggestions (both happy and sad)!

Chapter 33

Chapter Notes

Itty bitty ending bc I'm very excited to start the follow up fic 😭♥

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

The remaining time at the cottage was filled with various board games, endless rounds of Mario Kart, nightly bonfires, and more swimming than either of the boys had done all year.

Unfortunately, like all good things, their spring break vacation had come to an end sooner than anyone would've wanted it to.

In less than twenty four hours, both boys would be back at school and their parents would be back at work. It wasn't all bad though since that also meant hockey would be starting again and they'd still have a few short weeks left with their favorite seniors.

So much had changed in their relationship since they first met and honestly, neither of them could even truly remember life without the other anymore, not that they really wanted to anyway.

Chapter End Notes

Please comment all the details you'd like to see in the follow up fic! It'll be starting with Shane and Ilya's senior year when they're 17 🤘

Thank you so much for loving this AU as much as I do! ♥

Chapter 34: FOLLOW UP FIC

Hey, besties! I posted the follow up fic to this one! It's titled *Growin' Pains* ♥

End Notes

Kind comments and suggestions / theories are always appreciated ♥

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