

Allegedly Autistic

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/95329346) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/95329346>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Heated Rivalry - All Media Types , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike & Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike , Jackie Pike , Hayden Pike's Children , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Autism , Autistic Shane Hollander , Autism Spectrum , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , self diagnosis , Therapy , Self-Acceptance , What is normal anyway? , Fuck AI
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Allegedly Autistic
Stats:	Published: 2026-10-24 Words: 4,141 Chapters: 1/1

Allegedly Autistic

by [OryderdieO](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander wasn't autistic was he? Sure he was different than other people but he was still normal right?

It seemed that he was the only person who thought so. Maybe this is something he should think about more.

Or Hayden (and others) says something that makes Shane rethink how 'normal' he really is.

Notes

This is a little series I wanted to write!

Shane being autistic is something I cannot get out of my brain. This series is going to be written slowly whenever I decide I have something interesting to write so stay tuned.

All of these stories are going to be written based on my experiences. This one included. These will essentially be little diary entries. This is almost exactly how I came to the realization that I was in fact autistic so please enjoy.

This story is not edited at all. I might come back and edited, but for now please ignore any mistakes.

In this story there is a lot of use of the word 'normal'. This was the easiest way for me to express what I think Shane would have been feeling (and how I did at one point.) 'Normal' is stupid. Who wants to be 'normal' anyway?

If you click on the Russian it should translate (it works on mobile too.) If there are any mistakes with the translations please let me know. I do not in fact speak Russian so it is very possible there are errors.

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

Autism. He knew what it was. Had met many people who had it. But he never really stopped to think too hard about it. No until tonight.

“Ilya! We have to leave now. We’re going to be late.” He was standing impatiently by the door. They had gone over this. They needed to leave at two thirty to get to dinner on time.

“Лучик (“*Ray of sunshine*) calm down. Deep breath it is okay. Is only the Pike’s. I think they will not mind if we are a couple minutes late.”

He huffed watching as his husband took far too long to lace up his shoes. He was right Hayden wouldn’t mind, honestly he might not even notice if they were late. It was the principle though. He made a point of always being punctual.

When Ilya finally stood he planted a wet kiss on his cheek. He reached up to wipe it. “Ew Ilya.”

“Ah, you know you love it. Now let’s go. If I drive we will not be late.”

“If you drive we might not make it in one piece.” Ilya just shrugged, following him out and climbing into the passenger seat.

The drive was relaxing. He liked the scene views between their house in Ottawa and the Pike home in Montreal. Something about it was so calming. That was until Ilya decided to play DJ.

“Do we really have to listen to this?” It’s not that he disliked music, he just found Ilya’s choices to be odd.

“моя любовь, (“*My love*,) this is good music!”

He shook his head. “Can’t we just talk or something?”

He could see Ilya look over at him before reaching forward and turning the radio off. “What do you want to talk about?”

They ended up talking about hockey. It was the easiest topic to pick up, something they both liked, something mindless to fill the space.

They pulled into the driveway fifteen minutes late. The second Hayden opened the door he was offering his apology. “Sorry, we’re late, Hayd.”

“No sweat. Dinner’s not even ready yet. The kids were giving Jackie a hard time so we are a bit behind too.”

He shook his head, setting his shoes on the rack by the door. “Well that makes me feel better at least.”

“He was worried you would be upset at him.”

He turned to his husband. “I was not.” Then back to his best friend. “I just like to be on time.”

Hayden laughed. “I know you do, buddy. Like I said, don't worry about it.”

They rounded the corner and were immediately bombarded by all four pike children. The twins were all over Ilya, Amber was making grabby hands at him and Arthur like always was a short distance away. “Were you giving your mom a hard time?” Ilya was using his mock scolding voice.

“It wasn't us!” The twins squealed as Ilya picked them both up simultaneously.

“Oh it wasn't?”

“No Arthur was being a cry baby.”

“Ruby, that is not very nice.” Hayden looked at him and shook his head. “Apologiz to your brother.”

The girl crossed her arms. “What? It's true. He always does that.” That was Jade.

“Girls, we talked about this. Sometimes your brother cries and that's okay. He doesn't call you a cry baby when you cry does he?”

They both shook their heads, before in unison saying, “sorry Arthur.”

“Good now everyone, go wash your hands, dinner is almost ready.”

As soon as the kids were down the hall Hayden sucked in a deep breath. “I don't know how Jackie does it.” He shook his head.

Ilya laughed behind him. “I don't know why she puts up with you.”

He scoffed, slamming his husband in the chest. “Ilya.”

Before any of them could say anything else Jackie was calling them all to dinner.

The kids were checked out. Some cartoons playing on the TV toys and nicknacks spread across the room. It was chaos. Hayden and Jackie didn't seem all that bothered by it, as they sat around the kitchen counter glasses of wine in hand. They were catching up, it had been a while since they had time like this.

Hayden sighed. “We have been so busy I swear it is one thing after another. The twins have dance, Amber has her swim classes, and Arthur has his camps. Add on top of that the doctors visits and it feels like we can’t get a break.”

Jackie chimed in. “Yeah I’m glad we are figuring this all out now. It will make school easier but it does feel like a lot. Summers are so chaotic sometimes I miss them being in school.”

They all laughed at that. Ilya seemed to have caught onto something he hadn’t. “How is Arthur? Better I hope.”

Jackie nodded. “Yeah a bit. We don’t have a formal diagnosis just yet but we have more resources.”

He was confused. Diagnosis? He thought he had been paying attention but maybe not. He didn’t know if he should ask so he stayed silent. Content to listen and hopefully use context clues to figure out what they are talking about. Hayden nudged his shoulder. “You know if it wasn’t for you I don’t think we would have recognized the signs.”

He looked at his best friend with a quizzical look. “Me?”

“Yeah. Autism can be hard to spot sometimes, but knowing you helped.”

Next to him Ilya hummed. Now he was even more confused. “Autism? Why would I have helped you? I’m hardly around, I don’t think I have noticed anything. Oh god did I say something?”

Everyone gave him a confused look. Hayden was the first to speak. “No you didn’t say anything. I just you know recognize some of the things you do in him. Is that rude? Fuck man I don’t know I’m new to all this.”

“The things I do?”

It was Jackie’s turn now. “Yeah because of your autism. It just clicked one day.”

He felt himself go slack jawed. It took a couple of seconds before he could form a response. “Oh... I don’t... I’m not... autism?”

Ilya’s hand on his shoulder was a calming reassurance. This was all a misunderstanding. He didn’t have autism. He didn’t know what would make them think that but surely Ilya — his husband, the man who knew him best — would back him up here. “Shane, just because you don’t have a diagnosis doesn’t mean it’s not there. It’s okay.”

He shook his head, standing from his spot. “I- I need to get some air.”

It was still warm even though the sun had gone down. He took a couple of deep breaths, the scent of the earth helping to ground him. He didn’t know what to think. He didn’t have autism, not that there was anything wrong with that. He just didn’t.

He didn’t. Right? Surely if he did he would have known by now. He was normal. Before his thoughts could spiral any further the door opened. Hayden stepped out onto the patio with

him. “Hey man.”

He just nodded in return. “Look I’m sorry if I upset you. I know you don’t talk about it much.”

He shook his head turning to face the man. “Do you really think I have autism?”

“Don’t you?”

He turned back to the yard balling his hands up as tight as they would go. “No. I don’t think so.”

“Oh.”

They didn’t stay for long. Ilya could clearly see that he was struggling, thankfully he was able to come up with an excuse to leave. In the car Ilya turned to him. “Shane.”

He nodded. He couldn’t wrap his head around what had happened. He didn’t know what to say so he didn’t say anything. “Котенок (*Kitten*) what are you thinking?”

He sucked in a deep breath. “Do you think I’m autistic?” Ilya opened his mouth and before he could speak he added. “Be honest. Cottage rules please.”

Ilya closed his mouth. He was silent for a while before he finally said. “When I met you I thought you were a bit odd.” The man cringed at his own words. “Not in a bad way. Just different, interesting.”

“I thought I was boring?”

“Mmm not always. It was small things, at first I didn’t think much of it, you know. You were just particular. It was just you. I don’t think I really thought about it till the cottage. And even then I figured if you were you would have told me. Cottage rules you know. But you didn’t, so I just assumed it wasn’t a big deal.”

“Soooo is that a yes?”

Ilya nodded. “Yes, Котенок. (*Kitten*.) But I have never thought about you differently for it. It’s what makes you boring. And you know how much I love boring.”

He felt tears welling up in his eyes. He didn’t know why. “And what if I’m not?”

His husband shrugged, reaching over to grab his hand. “Then you are not, and you are still boring and I still love you.”

He tried to ignore it. It didn’t matter. Ilya had said so. But it kept nagging at the back of his mind. Every time he thought of that dinner he thought about the way that they all spoke. They didn’t speak in hypotheticals but in facts. The sky is blue, and Shane has autism.

It wasn't until the start of the season that he allowed himself to really think about it. Sometimes it was a passing thought, sometimes it consumed his whole mind.

One night he finally couldn't take it anymore. He laid wide awake in bed, Ilya snoring softly next to him. Carefully he got up walking down the hall to the office. The light from the computer was bright, as he pulled up the search bar.

🔍 symptoms of auti

- 🔍 **symptoms of autism**
- 🔍 **symptoms of autism in adults**
- 🔍 **symptoms of autism in women**
- 🔍 **symptoms of autism in boys**

The results populated. It was simple: he would look at the list, realize that he didn't have any of them and be done with it. He stared at the list for a long moment before he read the first one.

If you have autism you may: find it hard to talk to other people, spend more time alone than with other people, find it hard to understand people's facial expressions, gestures or tone of voice, take things literally and find it hard to understand phrases such as "it's a piece of cake", have fixed ways of doing things, get distressed when there are changes to your routine, do repetitive movements, such as rocking, flapping your hands or flicking your fingers, be very focussed on specialist interests, be very sensitive, or not sensitive at all, to light, sounds, smells, tastes or textures.

He frowned. Most of these things were normal weren't they? He was an introvert so of course he found it difficult to talk to people, and of course he needed his alone time to recharge. Didn't everyone find it difficult to read expressions of tones of voice sometimes? They could be so contradictory, and some phrases made no sense at all. Piece of cake? Who even created that, it was completely nonsensical. He had a routine because he had too. His whole life was planned out, appointments, games, everything. It would make sense that he would be upset when that changes right? Nobody likes to have their normal things changed or rearranged.

It took him a second to realize his chest felt tight. His breathing picked up and his vision blurred. When had he started crying? He didn't do that. When was the last time he even cried? This was ridiculous. He didn't have autism, all these things were normal. He would ask Ilya in the morning, surely he would agree with this right? He had to agree.

He tried his best to focus back on the page in front of him. Repetitive movements? What did that mean? Ilya always told him he had tells. Like the way he rubbed his eyebrows when he was thinking. Was that what it meant? Or the way tapped his feet when he was focused? But that was normal. Special interests? He didn't hyper focus on things right? Hockey maybe, but that was literally his job, he needed to be focused on that. And the last one just made no sense at all. Very sensitive or not sensitive at all, that describes everyone.

He was fully hyperventilating now. He needed to calm down. He needed this stupid website to go away. His eyes were burning with the bright light of the screen. The symptoms listed were too vague that's what it was. Of course he did those things, everyone did. Maybe it meant extremes. If that was true then clearly it couldn't describe him.

“малыш, (“*Baby*,) what are you doing? It is three in the morning. Come back to bed.”

His head shot up. Ilya was standing in the doorway. He swallowed, holding his breath so as to not worry him. When he didn't respond Ilya spoke again. “Shane, come on.”

He tried to respond this time but all that came out was a huff of breath. Ilya's voice took on a worried tone. “моя любовь (“*My love*) what is wrong?”

He shook his head. He didn't know how to explain himself. Ilya crossed the room standing behind him now. “Oh baby.” A kiss was pressed to his temple. “Deep breath with me.”

His inhale was shaky. He knew how to do this. In for four, hold for four, out for four. He followed the rhythm Ilya set, slowly his breathing came back to normal. “What are you doing?”

“I- this website is stupid.”

Ilya laughed behind him. The rumble of it against his back comforting, he wished he could sink into the feeling. “How so?”

“It's so vague.” The man could see the screen so he didn't feel the need to elaborate further. “It could literally describe anyone.”

“Does it describe you?”

Before he could think too much about it he nodded. “Do you think it describes me?”

He sighed, “some of it yeah. But you're not an introvert so you don't struggle with... and you don't have a rou...” He swallowed. “Ilya?”

“Yes Shanya?”

“I think I might be autistic.”

Instead of responding Ilya pulled him up out of the chair and into a hug. “Let's go back to bed. We can talk in the morning.”

“Okay.”

Ilya didn't say anything about his smoothie. He didn't comment on the ‘gross green stuff’, didn't ask ‘how do you drink that stuff’, nothing, all he got was a kiss on the cheek and a good morning. It was odd. Over the years had become somewhat of a routine, they both knew

that Ilya didn't think the smoothie was that bad, and he truly didn't mind the comments anymore.

It wasn't until they were cleaning up the kitchen that Ilya said something. “малыш.” (“Baby.”)

He turned humming. “Last night-”

“I was nothing. It's fine.”

Ilya nodded. “Okay. When is your next session with Effie?”

He rolled his eyes. He would never admit it but after he started therapy over a year ago he had been feeling better. It had taken a while to find Effie, a nice older woman who had worked with professional athletes her whole career. He sometimes felt like she understood him better than he understood himself. But this was unrelated. “Friday. But that's irrelevant.”

Ilya gave him a look. “Maybe it's not.” When he opened his mouth Ilya interrupted. “You don't have to talk to her about it, but you can.”

He just nodded, not entirely sure what he was meant to say. These days he tends to trust everything Ilya says. And if Ilya thought he should talk about it in therapy maybe he should.

Friday came faster than he wanted it too. He was in the waiting room of Effie's office. The sign on the door read: Dr. Effie Wilson CCC, LPC, PhD.

After over a year of working with her this room had become familiar. The lights were always low which he appreciated, there was a small fountain that filled the space with the soft sounds of water, and it always smelled delightful, something fresh and earthy. Today the room felt too big, the chair he sat and waited in felt too hard, the noise too loud, the smell making his nose itch. He had decided that he would bring it up. Surely he would tell her about his thoughts and she would tell him he had nothing to worry about, that he was overthinking — like he tended to do — and he wasn't autistic. That's what he wanted. That's what he needed to put these thoughts to rest.

The door to Effie's office opened. “Shane. How are you today?”

He followed her into the room. It was much the same as the waiting room outside. A couch and a couple of chairs surrounded a small table. The same scent, a small noise maker in the corner. He turned to look at it, the usually calming white noise grating today. She noticed. “Do you want me to turn it off?”

“It's not a big deal, sorry.” It was already off, his shoulders relaxed. He took a seat in his usual spot on the couch. She sat across from him.

“You seem tense today.” It wasn't a question, on observation, one that made it clear she would likely not let him talk himself around it — like he so often tried to do.

“I guess maybe.”

She nodded, silent, waiting for him to continue. He hated this part, he would rather she ask him a question. “I um... do you think I have autism? Hayden said something a while ago, and I can’t get it out of my mind. I’m probably overthinking it right?”

She cocked her head to the side flipping through the notepad in her lap. He fidgeted waiting to hear her response. “Do you not? I thought you had a diagnosis.”

He gaped at her, his mind screeching to a halt. Did everyone think he had autism? Did he actually have autism? “What? No I... I’m normal.”

She made a noise and he couldn't tell what it meant. “Why are you asking?”

“Like I said Hayden said something, and then Ilya did too and I just thought what if they are right. But then I looked online and the symptoms that are listed are so vague and they could describe anyone and I just... I don’t know.”

She looked at him for a long time before she spoke again. “I’ll be honest with you Shane. I think that it is very possible you do. I don’t know that it matters a whole lot unless it matters to you.”

He swallowed. “Should I- I don’t know, get evaluated or something?”

“That’s up to you. If you think it would help you then I think it is a good idea. But what would it change?”

He thought about it for a long while. “Nothing I guess.”

She nodded. “Some people find that a diagnosis helps them better understand themselves. Others think that just talking about it — like we are now — is enough. It’s entirely up to you. Many adults with autism are undiagnosed; it doesn't make them any less valid.”

He nodded, taking a moment to let the words sink in. “What does it mean if I do have autism?”

She shrugged. “It’s just another facet of you. It doesn’t have to change anything.”

“I feel like it does though.”

She studied him for a moment. “How so?”

“I don’t know.” She did that thing again where she waited for him to say more. “I just... all those symptoms... they are vague, what does that mean about me? How can I be sure if I actually... do I do those things?”

She smiled. “That is something we can explore.”

“How?”

“I would like you to start keeping a journal.”

“Like a diary?”

“Yes. Or a note book, or spreadsheet.” He liked that idea. “It doesn’t have to be complicated, start small. Maybe keep track of things that you do that others don’t, or things that you think fit those symptoms you read.”

He nodded. That was easy. Observations he could do that. “We can talk about some of those things in our next session.”

“Okay yeah. I can do that I think.”

She smiled at him. “Good. Now tell me more about what Hayden and Ilya said that made you start thinking about this.”

Sunday dinner is when he first noticed something. They tried to have dinner with his parents any Sunday they were in town. He always looked forward to it. His dad is always eager to cook for them, his mom always ready with board games. When he walked into the house he was hit with the familiar smell of chicken parmesan, it was a classic one of Ilya’s favorites.

When he was younger he loved it but now he rarely ate it at all. It didn’t fit in his diet. It was all the things he tried to avoid to stay in the best shape he could. His dad always did his best to make sure he had something to eat. Tonight it seemed that he had tried something new. “I saw these beet noodles at the store and thought you might want to try them.”

He smiled, trying to hide the way his face scrunched up. He liked the zucchini noodles. When the plate was placed in front of him he couldn’t help but stare at it. It was red, not normal red because of the sauce but an odd pink red color. He ate it even though he really didn’t want to. The whole time he was thinking about if this is what Effie meant when she told him to write down things he noticed. When they were all sitting in the living room he decided it was, pulling out his phone to write it in a note so he wouldn’t forget later.

Over the next couple of weeks he continued to take note of things like that. Some small, some bigger, he didn’t know if he was doing this right. He figured Effie would tell him if he wasn’t.

Ilya noticed it. He didn’t say anything. His mom noticed. She did say something.

They were out at lunch just the two of them. He pulled out his phone to note his displeasure at the fact that the restaurant didn’t have ginger ale.

“What are you doing?”

“Huh?”

“You are never on your phone at lunch.”

He swallowed. He had meant to talk to her about this for a while, maybe now would be a good time to try. “Oh um just something Effie wants me to do.”

Those might have been the wrong words to use because his moms face twisted with concern. “Effie?”

“Yeah she wants me to write somethings down.” He realized that probably didn’t help with her worries. He set his phone face down on the table, then looked her in the eye. “Mom do you... did you ever think I was... not normal?”

“Not normal? Baby you are you. Nobody wants to be normal.”

He shook his head. “No, like did you and dad ever think that maybe there was something wrong with me?”

She looked at him confused. “Shane what’s going on?”

He sighed. “I think I have autism.”

She looked at him stunned for a moment before she recovered. “I think maybe we thought it was a possibility. But that doesn’t mean anything is wrong with you.”

“Why didn’t you get me evaluated then?” A bit of anger seeped into his voice. He knew it was misplaced but it was still there. Maybe he wouldn’t be dealing with all this confusion now if they had, maybe if he had known... he didn’t know what it would have changed.

“You weren’t struggling. The doctors said that a diagnosis would only really help us get you accommodations if you needed them. But you never did.”

He nodded. That made sense. It was similar to what Effie had told him. “Is this something that has been bothering you?”

He nodded. “Kind of? I think that... Effie is helping. She wants me to write down things I notice that are not norm... typical so we can talk about it.”

His mom smiled. “That sounds good.”

“Yeah. I think I am learning a lot about myself.” Then because he felt like he had to he explained. “I don’t think I will get a diagnosis. I don’t think that would be helpful.”

His mom laughed. “So you're autistic allegedly.”

He laughed so hard his belly hurt. “Yeah, allegedly autistic.”

End Notes

- My own experience. (For anyone who is interested)

Tell me what you think! I always love to see how my writing is interpreted, or how it makes people feel! I read every comment! No comment is too small I appreciate the emojis and the essays!

If there is any specific facet of autism you want to see written please let me know! If I have an experience chances are it will get written!

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