

not broken, just weird.

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by [stilesospoon](#)

Summary

Ilya didn't know what to do. he reached out to touch Shane's shoulder and the other flinched so hard that he hit his elbow into the corner of the side table.

“okay.. okay. no touching, that's fine. hey. let's sit, okay ? Shane ? let's sit down.”

without touching, he managed to get Shane sitting on the floor with his back against the couch. Ilya sat opposite him, a safe distance away. the Canadian didn't say anything. he hummed into the silence and pinched at his forearms to try and ground himself.

Shane Hollander has had diagnosed autism since he was a child but has never told anyone, not even Ilya.

What happens when he's had a long day and has a meltdown for the first time in front of him ?

Notes

HELLOOOO !!

guess who's writing bullshit again instead of writing a script for a movie that I managed to get green lit. meeeeeee.

anyhooo. lowkey kinda based off of shit i do in meltdowns but not in crazy detail because that would be too heavy for me to write lowkey.

enjoyyyy.

please please let me know if i should write anything else with shane and ilya. i love these two with all my heart.

Shane had always known from a young age that he was different to most people. he was more sensitive than most of the other boys he would play hockey with. he'd get called names he didn't understand, words his parents would get furious at before they told him that there was nothing wrong with him.

he got diagnosed young. Yuna always said she had suspected something was wrong whenever he had meltdowns and outbursts after losing matches. his parents never treated him any different, just continued to love him the same as before.

but he still never told anyone. as he got older, he learned how to control his emotions with routine, with discipline. he stopped having so many meltdowns. of course his coaches knew. but that was a matter of medical history that had to legally be disclosed at the time of signing with any team.

Theriault never cared. he was simply more interested in the fact that Shane played good hockey. he only ever brought it up when he had to (which was usually only when Shane had to miss a game for a psych check up but that was very very rare).

none of his teammates knew. not even Hayden; which Shane felt slightly bad about seeing as he trusted him with his children. he didn't want his team tiptoeing around him. he didn't want his team to think that he was incapable of playing the game that he literally lives his life for.

and when he started seeing Ilya ? even when he started wanting a relationship with him ? he still never said anything. of course he knew that the other was probably picking up on his habits more than other people. Shane would turn all red whenever Ilya would bring up his nervous stims, like the way he would blow raspberries with his lips or hum deep in his chest because he liked how it vibrated. Ilya would giggle over how he would *always* fold his clothes whenever he took them off. he could be in a hurry to be touched but still take the time to fold his pants or tuck his socks together.

the one thing that Shane was the most terrified about ? was the potential to have a meltdown in front of him. it had almost happened already when he had told Ilya that he thought he was gay. the jokes that the other had been making weren't helping his situation, but he soon cut it out when he clocked Shane's shaky breathing and repetitive pinches to his forearm.

sure, he'd talked to his parents about it. the hypothetical for when he found someone he loved (ha) and had to tell them about his diagnosis. David soothed most of his nerves, telling him that if that person didn't accept him for him then they didn't deserve him. Yuna had suggested getting a therapist, someone he could talk to about this stuff that would also help him. Shane shut that idea down fast. he hadn't had a meltdown in a while so what did he need a therapist for ?

the last one had been after he had that fight on the ice with Scott Hunter. he'd panicked about the comment from Scott and in his panic, he had swung. after he had gotten back to his hotel room, he had to sit on the phone to Yuna for a couple of hours as he rocked back and forth. Shane had sat in the bathroom so he didn't disturb Hayden. he'd needed his sunglasses and headphones the next day. probably anything too loud or bright would've set him off again.

Ilya had texted him about it, some joke he had intended to be witty but it hadn't quite hit. Shane had sent him a shitty reply; it didn't take much effort for the other to realise that he was actually quite upset by the whole interaction on the ice.

they had called for the first time that night. it was mostly just random stories and Russian rambles. but it had helped Shane.. and that was all that mattered.

—

but Shane was cursed. at least.. that's what he thought anyway.

his biggest fear was coming true and it was all because of a shitty day that had been slowly building and building weight onto his shoulders.

he'd had a PR meeting early, his team wanted him to become a little more active on his social medias. but that meant actually going onto the apps and having to see what people were saying about him online. Shane absolutely adored seeing the memes where they'd take awkward looking photos of him and call him 'Robot Hollander' because he didn't show much emotion. he wished he had hired someone to do his social media for him but then the messages wouldn't feel like him.

then the meeting had made him late for lunch with his parents. being late for anything stressed him out. did his parents care that much ? no. but it was the principle of being late. Yuna calmed him down by saying she had already ordered his food for him (luckily it was something that he had been craving recently).

but then.. his evening ended with a photoshoot. a photoshoot meant shit on his face. shit on his face meant overstimulation. overstimulation meant BAD THINGS. Shane hated having to put anything on his face for whatever reason. he only just about managed to do skincare because it was a routine that he had quite literally forced himself to do.

makeup tended to leave residue even if they took it all off at the end. he'd spend hours after shoots trying to scrub a layer of his skin off because he could still feel specks of concealer or powder sticking to him.

and don't even get him started on the lights. every flash of the lights for every photo had him flinching slightly. that was probably the main reason why all of his photos came out tense looking.

(his fans had made compilations of him 'being awkward'. this tended to just be footage from the BTS of photoshoots and in interviews where he refused to make eye contact or would stiffly shift from pose to pose.)

by the time he had gotten home from the shoot, all Shane wanted to do was take a long shower, put his headphones on and wrap himself in the weighted blanket that Rose had gotten him on a whim. but all of that was interrupted when Ilya had shown up at his door unannounced. *unplanned*.

—

"Rosanov. what the fuck are you doing here ?"

Ilya didn't answer for a second, just sliding in through the small gap that Shane had left in the door.

“was in Montreal. wanted to see you. this is issue ?”

Shane already felt like he was on the brink, one wrong thing and it was going to go bad. the stress of potentially having a meltdown was piling onto his shoulders.

the Russian frowned when he didn't say anything back. he glanced around at the dark room, only the side lamp on to create a cozy orange glow.

“why is it so dark in here ? are you vampire ? what is the word ? allergic to light ?”

his hand twitched towards the main lightswitch and only stopped because Shane gave him a look that looked like he would kill him if he touched it.

Ilya lowered his hand back to his side and finally, *actually* looked at Shane. he took notice of his hunched posture, how he looked like he was two seconds away from curling up into a ball and disappearing from the world.

his brows twitched. his lips pressed together.

“what is it ?”

“what is what ?”

Shane didn't want to answer any questions. he was too overstimulated to use his brain right now.

“what is wrong, Hollander ?”

“nothing. I just- I need to eat, shower, chill out, sleep. I have an early morning. I need at least eight hours of sleep or I’m not gonna play well in the game tomorrow. you’ve shown up without a text or a call or even any notice.”

“woah woah- I did. I texted you. you did not see ? you read the message.”

Shane frowned, turning his head towards his phone that was on the couch. he’s done it before. he’s been overstimulated and not actually registered the information on his phone.

he brings his hands up to his face and takes in a shaky inhale. it takes him a second to realise that his hands are shaking. this wasn’t happening. he needed Ilya to leave. he needed to sit this out by himself.

Ilya looked frozen himself, just staring whilst the man in front of him started to unconsciously hum to himself.

“Hollander. what is happening ? I am in dark here. you need to tell me what’s going on.”

his voice was so soft. the softest it’s been *ever*.

“I need.. I need you to go. I need to shower. I need to eat. I need..”

“you need to breathe..”

that made Shane realise that this was actually happening. that it was inevitable that the meltdown was happening whether Ilya was here or not. his skin prickled, goosebumps spreading across his neck and his arms. he hated it. he let out a small whine and took a step backwards. his arms came down to wrap around his stomach. the humming was coming back louder.

Ilya didn't know what to do. he reached out to touch Shane's shoulder and the other flinched so hard that he hit his elbow into the corner of the side table.

"okay.. okay. no touching, that's fine. hey. let's sit, okay ? Shane ? let's sit down."

without touching, he managed to get Shane sitting on the floor with his back against the couch. Ilya sat opposite him, a safe distance away. the Canadian didn't say anything. he hummed into the silence and pinched at his forearms to try and ground himself.

"Shane."

he flinched at the volume, tucking his head down and bringing his knees up slowly. Ilya noticed right away and just fixed it without needing to be told. he dropped his volume to just above a whisper and spoke in a soft tone.

"Shane. is there anything I can do ? is this why lights were low ? is things too loud ? do you have headphones ?"

too many questions. too much thinking. he just wanted this to be over and for Ilya to get disgusted with him and leave him.

"okay.. was too much, da ? let's just do one. do you have headphones ?"

he could do one question. one simple question. headphones. Shane nodded.

"good.. good. next one, you're doing so good. do you know where they are ?"

his heart swelled at the praise. it was spoken so softly that if he wasn't already crying into his knees, he would've welled up. Shane nodded again.

“okay. in here ?”

a shake of his head.

“kitchen ?”

another shake.

“bedroom ?”

a singular nod.

“okay. you stay here. I will be a second. no. less than. I will be Flash.”

Shane didn't even register Ilya getting up and leaving. he just stared into the space that he left. then he came back with the headphones in his hands. he squatted down in front of him and held them out.

it was down to him. Ilya was letting him take them on his own terms, in his own time. he wasn't used to this. Shane shakily took the headphones, sliding them onto his head.

the effect was almost instant. his shoulders untensed slightly and his humming stopped. Ilya went back to his position on the floor opposite him.

they sat in silence for a while. the Russian didn't expect anything from him. he simply sat and exaggerated his breaths for the other to try and follow in his own time. Shane rested his cheek on his knees and looked at him.

he looked so *out of it*. he had zoned out on a spot on the middle of Ilya's chest and wouldn't look away. his fingers continued to pinch sharply at his forearms.

"Shane..?"

it was soft again.

"this is panic attack ?"

he shook his head.

"this is worse ?"

he nodded.

he had expected Ilya to get mad at the lack of communication. he hadn't expected him to be so soft with him. even if they had been 'together' for literal years, he had expected him to turn and run away at the first sign of vulnerability.

"okay. it is fine. I am going to put hand out. if you want to hold then hold. if not, I will not be mad."

Ilya reached out slowly, his hand out flat with his palm facing the ceiling. it took Shane a little while to actually compute what he had said and then eventually stuck one of his own hands out. he placed it in his palm.

Ilya smiled at him gently, his other hand coming up to carefully start massaging at Shane's hand.

the minutes slowly turned to an hour and then an hour and a half. Ilya never complained. he simply continued to hold Shane's hand and wait.

Shane unconsciously started to mimic the deep breathing that Rosanov was doing. eventually, he felt good enough to talk.

"Ilya.."

the blonde smiled and shuffled forwards. there were no words, just an opening of arms and an invitation. Shane took it with no hesitation. he buried his face into Ilya's neck and let out a sob.

"is okay. I got you. let it out. I am here Shane. everything is okay."

it was great to finally feel safe enough to let everything out. he would usually keep everything bottled up. once he was finished, he sniffled into Ilya's shoulder. Ilya pressed his nose into Shane's hair before giving him a soft kiss.

"you did really well. you want to talk about it?"

Shane immediately shook his head.

"okay. we can talk tomorrow, da ? let's do your routine ? what was it ? eat, shower and chill ?"

"can't.. legs.."

"hmm.. do you have tub ? I will run us bath and I will sit in with you if you want. if not, I sit on toilet seat and watch. like a little weirdo."

that got a smile out of him. Shane hummed in agreement. a bath sounded like heaven right now. he never usually had one after a meltdown because he tended to be so exhausted that he would fall asleep and risk drowning.

Ilya got up, carefully picking Shane up too. the walk to the bathroom was short and he was put on the toilet seat whilst the other started to run the water. it felt weirdly domestic.

when the water was high enough and the entire room was filled with steam, he turned to Shane with a smile. he picked up one of the bottles of bubbles from the side and gestured as a question. the Canadian just let out a soft laugh before nodding. Ilya dumped way too much bubble bath in before helping Shane undress.

he even folded his clothes in the way that Shane liked to do it and left them on the counter of the sink. then they both got into the water.

Ilya sat behind him, rubbing his hands soothingly up his forearms. there were red marks littered across them, they would probably bruise but most people would assume they were from hockey.

Shane felt like he was in another dimension right now. everything was nice and he was cosy and it felt like he could tell Ilya anything he wanted.

“Ilya..”

“hmm ? what is it, Илечук ?”

he felt his heart grow again and he tried to hide his smile by tucking his head under Ilya’s chin.

“I.. I have autism.”

Ilya was silent for a second. Shane was kind of regretting his decision to not be able to see his face now.

“tism or what ?”

“what ?”

“you said.. something or tism. I did not hear the first bit.”

*“Ilya. **autism.**”*

the Russian was quiet again. he was trying to translate the word in his head to understand.

“spell.”

“a-u-t-i-s-m.”

“or-tism.”

close enough. he was trying to understand. Shane took a shaky breath and geared up the courage to explain.

“I have something wrong with my brain. it thrives on routine and.. I can’t talk to people normally and I don’t like loud noises or bright lights and.. I get- meltdowns.”

“meltdowns.”

“mhm.. when things get overwhelming. like if I’ve had a long day.”

it’s clear in the way the air shifts that Ilya realises that he didn’t help by showing up randomly.

“and if person shows up with no notice and breaks routine.”

Shane lets out a sigh, trying not to agree with what Ilya said even if it was true. his hands come out in front of him and he splashes the water, watching as the bubbles fly up into the air before slowly gliding back down.

then the other lets out a laugh that confuses Shane.

“so you are little weird, does not mean something is wrong with you.”

his breath catches in his throat, emotion getting caught. his bottom lips trembles. he had only heard this kind of talk from his parents who were basically contractually obligated to say that because they were his parents.

“you are not wrong. you just need a little help sometimes and I will help.”

“it’s not that simple.”

“it feels simple. if bad day, tell me. I will come talk bullshit and help you forget. we will have a bath or.. or we watch tv or.. or we do random shit, I do not know.”

Shane tilts his head up just enough that he can see Ilya’s nose.

“I will do research. I will look into the.. ‘aut-sim’. you don’t need to hide this from me. I think you are strong. strongest person I have ever met.”

his eyes well up again and he has to tuck his face away before he starts balling for the third time in the night. Ilya presses another kiss to the top of his head.

“if you have another uh- meltdown. you call, you text, you whatever. I do not care if I have to drive two, three hours. if you want me to come, I come.”

“you’re too good to me.”

“I am not good enough. if you felt like you couldn’t tell me, then I was not good enough.”

“hey.. this was something I was embarrassed about. it wasn’t.. it was never you specifically. I haven’t told anyone, not even Hayden.”

“I know before Pike ? I have another thing up on him now. he will not know what hit him.”

Shane laughs, playfully slapping Ilya on the arm and accidentally making the water splash at both of them.

“I mean it, Ilya. it wasn’t you. it was me. my mother suggested a therapist.”

“mm. what do you think ?”

he hums, splashing the water again as a distraction.

“I don’t know. I haven’t thought about it a lot but.. it’s scary. my problems would become real. I’d have to talk about them.”

Ilya nods. he reaches forward between them to pull the plug out of the bottom of the tub. the water drains slowly, the bubbles getting lower and lower.

the other helps him get out and wraps him tightly in one of the towels he found in the closet. Ilya takes him straight to the bedroom. his weighted blanket is in there. he had practically made a nest in his bed before he had shown up at his door.

Ilya helps Shane into a clean pair of boxers and shorts, knowing he doesn't like sleeping in a shirt because it tends to scrunch at his armpits and it makes him uncomfortable.

once they're both tucked into bed, Shane resting on Ilya's chest with the weighted blanket over both of them, it's peaceful. there's only a residue ache in his head at his meltdown. but this was the calmest he's ever felt after a meltdown before.

Ilya continues to press kisses to his forehead, smiling whenever Shane giggles at them. he then taps where he just kissed.

"this is beautiful. beautiful in and out. no matter if a little odd. I love your brain."

"you're sappy today."

*"I'm **happy**."*

Shane's smile pulls at his lips.

he ends up falling asleep like this, tucked gently into the crease where Ilya's neck meets his shoulder. he is calm. he is relaxed. he is safe.

and now that he has told him about his autism, he doesn't feel like his world is going to end anymore. he knows Ilya doesn't mind, he wanted to help.

Shane was probably going to be a little tired for his match tomorrow but that was an issue for him later.

right now ? he was happy too.

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