

Agitating

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Agitating

by [Sweettree](#)

Summary

One day the drawers in Shane's kitchen turned on him. One by one they all turned squeaky and slow. And of course, the fucking repair guy is on vacation for the next week and a half.

or. Overstimulated Shane and Softy Sweety Ilya.

Shane stood at the stove stirring oatmeal with slow, methodical motions while Ilya leaned against the island in a pair of sweatpants that should have been retired years ago.

“Too many blueberries, relax.” Shane said without looking up.

“There is no such thing.”

“There absolutely is when you are feeding all of them to the dog.”

Anya looked up immediately at the sound of her title, enormous brown eyes alert and hopeful. The tiny girl sat perfectly between Ilya’s feet, tail brushing rapidly against the hardwood.

“She is *starving*. my poor baby” Ilya informed him solemnly.

“She ate breakfast already.”

“She is growing girl.”

“She’s six.”

“Still growing, where you done growing at six? Did not think so.”

Shane snorted quietly.

Ilya grinned at the sound.

It had been almost two months since they’d gotten married and somehow mornings still felt strange in the best possible way. Domesticity had settled over their lives slowly. It was coffee mugs left beside the sink. Grocery lists. Arguing over laundry settings until Shane pouted and Ilya caved. Falling asleep together every night without worrying who might find out.

It was oatmeal on a Tuesday morning.

Shane liked routines. He liked knowing what came next. His therapist called it grounding structure. Shane called it not feeling insane all the time.

Ilya understood that now in a way he hadn’t ten years ago.

“Did you answer Hayden?” Shane asked.

“Mhm.”

“What did he say about dinner Friday?”

“He says if we make quinoa again he is not coming.”

“That was *one* time.”

“And it was awful the *one* time.”

“You had three servings.”

“Because I was hungry, not because quinoa deserves to be in my mouth, unlike other things.”

Shane rolled his eyes.

Anya huffed dramatically when no more blueberries appeared.

“Oh, now she suffers.” Ilya murmured sympathetically, crouching to scratch behind her ears.
“Cruel father deprives tiny princess.”

“She’s getting to big.”

“She is sturdy.”

“She’s twelve pounds.”

“Is all muscle. Isn't it малышка.”

The oatmeal thickened enough for Shane’s liking. He turned the burner down and reached automatically toward the silverware drawer.

The moment he pulled it open, the drawer let out a violent high-pitched shriek.

It was sharp and metallic and unbearably loud.

The sound ripped through the kitchen.

Shane screamed.

A full, horrified scream tore out of him as his entire body seized. It was like being burned. If had heard this in public he might have grimaced and bit into his lip way too hard, but he was at home. He could do this.

The drawer slammed shut hard enough to rattle the cabinets.

“Oh, fuck.” Ilya blurted.

Shane had already stumbled backward, hands flying over his ears. His breathing turned ragged instantly, face drained white beneath the freckles scattered across his nose.

“Shanya—”

“Nope.”

His voice cracked harshly.

“Nope nope nope.”

He speed walked out of the kitchen so fast he nearly slipped on the hardwood. Anya skittered after him while Ilya hurried behind.

“Shane, baby—”

“Don’t.” Shane’s eyes squeezed shut painfully. “Just—fuck, I can still hear it. Can feel it.”

He disappeared into the bedroom and shut the door with careful gentleness instead of slamming it. That was usually a bad sign.

Ilya stood outside for half a second, stomach twisting.

Even after all these years, seeing Shane hit sensory overload that hard still felt like watching someone get injured.

He knocked softly.

“Can I come in?”

Silence.

Then, muffled, “Yeah.”

The bedroom curtains were half closed. Shane sat on the edge of the bed bent forward with his elbows on his knees, both hands still clamped over his ears.

Anya had jumped up beside him already, pressed against his thigh.

“Hey..” Ilya said quietly.

Shane shook his head immediately. “I’m okay. Just...fuck.” He let out another groan, as if releasing the last bits of discomfort.

His breathing sounded uneven.

“That noise was very awful.” Ilya tried

“It hurt me-like it I can’t even-”

“I know.”

“No, like physically hurt.”

Ilya moved closer carefully, kneeling in front of him.

Shane’s eyes were glassy, jaw tight enough to ache.

“It felt like my entire fucking skull lit up.”

Ilya rubbed his knee gently.

“Okay. We’ll deal with drawer later.”

“I need quiet.”

“Okay.”

“Like...an hour? Maybe.”

“Done.”

Shane swallowed hard. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t apologize for cabinet attacking you.”

That earned him the tiniest twitch of Shane’s mouth.

“I’m serious.”

“So am I. Drawer is horrible. Very rude.”

Shane let out one strained laugh before squeezing his eyes shut again.

“Can you just...keep things quiet for a while?”

“Yeah, baby.”

Ilya kissed his forehead lightly and stood.

“I’ll take baby outside too.”

“Thanks.”

“Love you.” Shane nodded once in reply.

Ilya muted the television. He took Anya downstairs for a walk despite the cold. He cleaned the kitchen without opening the silverware drawer again. He moved around the condo like he was inside a church.

When he checked on Shane later, Shane was lying under the weighted blanket staring at the ceiling with noise-canceling headphones on.

Better.

By the time breakfast actually happened, Shane looked exhausted.

“I hate this..” he admitted quietly while eating oatmeal at the island.

Ilya looked up.

“Hate what?”

“That stupid shit can ruin my whole morning.”

“It did not ruin whole morning.”

“It kind of did.”

“You are eating breakfast with husband and малышка. Morning is perfect.”

Shane shook his head but smiled faintly.

“I still feel scrambled.”

“You want me call cabinet guy?”

Shane hesitated.

“Yeah..”

“Obviously, I get Martin.”

Martin had been fixing things in Shane’s condos since his rookie season. Shane trusted him, which was rare enough to become sacred.

A stranger entering the condo unexpectedly could wreck Shane for days.

Ilya called after breakfast while Shane sat on the couch with Anya asleep in his lap.

Unfortunately, Martin answered from somewhere windy.

“Tell me you are not dying..” Martin said immediately.

“You wish.”

“And hope and pray.”

“Can you come this week Marty?”

A pause.

“Shit. I’m in Hawaii bud.”

Ilya closed his eyes.

“Of course you are.”

“Back in ten days.”

“Ten days?”

“Maybe eleven if Rachel wants another beach day.”

Ilya glanced toward Shane.

“Okay,” Ilya said carefully. “We’ll survive.”

“You could call someone else.”

“Mm.”

Another pause.

“You’re not gonna call someone else.”

“Nope.”

Martin sighed knowingly.

“Tell Shane I’m sorry.”

“Yeah.”

When he hung up, Shane looked tense already.

“He’s gone?”

“For week and half.”

Shane rubbed his face.

“I can manage.”

“We can just hire somebody else.”

“No.”

The answer came instantly.

“Shane—”

“I don’t want random fucking people in the apartment, who knows what they’ll try to do..”

“Okay..”

“I just don’t.”

Ilya nodded.

“Okay.”

Shane exhaled shakily.

“I’ll figure out a system.”

And he did.

Because Shane always did.

The silverware drawer became forbidden territory unless absolutely necessary. If Ilya needed forks or knives, he warned Shane first. Shane either left the kitchen entirely or put his headphones on before the drawer opened.

It was ridiculous.

But it worked.

Mostly.

For five days, things stayed stable.

Shane settled back into routine. Morning workouts. Therapy appointments. Walks with Anya through the snow-covered neighborhood. Grocery runs during quieter hours when stores weren't crowded.

Ilya knew how hard Shane fought for stability now.

Some days were good.

Some days were fucking awful.

Today had started as one of the good ones.

Shane had woken up smiling. They'd gone for coffee together. He'd even suggested making homemade pasta for dinner because "good mental health days deserve carbs."

So naturally the universe decided to fuck them.

Shane stood at the stove stirring sauce while music played softly from his phone speaker.

Ilya chopped parsley beside him.

"You are hovering.." Shane said.

"I cannot sit and watch sexy husband cook for me?."

"You're stealing cheese."

"I am quality control."

Anya wandered hopefully beneath them searching for dropped pasta.

Shane opened the drawer beside the stove for a wooden spoon.

The creak was lower than the silverware drawer.

A long tortured groan split through the kitchen.

Shane froze.

Then every muscle in his body locked violently.

“Jesus Christ!” he gasped.

The spoon clattered onto the counter.

“Shane—”

“Fuck.”

His breathing turned sharp instantly.

“No no no—”

Ilya killed the music immediately.

Shane pressed both palms hard against his ears, eyes squeezed shut.

“It’s okay.”

“Arg!” His voice cracked painfully.

“It feels--I. My teeth!”

“Come here.”

Shane stumbled backward.

“I can’t—fuck, I can’t-”

“That’s okay.”

“No, it’s not.” He sounded furious now. “Today was good.”

“I know.”

“And now everything’s--ughh.”

But Ilya understood what he meant.

Shane stood rigid and overwhelmed in the middle of the room while the sauce simmered quietly behind him.

“I hate this.” Shane whispered.

Ilya’s chest ached.

“Hey.”

“I fucking hate it.”

“I know.”

Shane’s eyes looked bright and unfocused.

“I can’t eat right now.” Shane said finally, sounding miserable.

“That’s fine.”

“We made all this food.”

“We can eat later.”

Shane shook his head hard.

“I can’t.”

Ilya stepped closer slowly.

“Okay. Then we do shakes tonight.”

The immediate guilt on Shane’s face made Ilya want to punch every cabinet in Ottawa.

“You were excited for pasta...”

“I am excited for husband not spiraling.”

Shane laughed once weakly through obvious distress.

“Can you turn stove off?”

“Already did.”

“Can we go to the bedroom?”

“Yeah.”

Ilya guided him there carefully with a hand at the small of his back.

The bedroom lights stayed dim. Shane changed into soft sweatpants immediately before climbing into bed like his body weighed twice normal.

Ilya grabbed the meal replacement shakes from the fridge while Shane curled onto his side with Anya tucked against his stomach.

When he returned, Shane looked embarrassed.

“Sorry.”

“Nope.”

“I know, I know you hate when I apologize.”

“Because you apologize for everything. Very good Canadian.”

Shane accepted the shake reluctantly.

“I just feel stupid.”

“Why?”

“Because a drawer ruined my brain and turned me into a toddler for five seconds.”

“A drawer made horrible sound.”

“It shouldn’t matter. I am an adult.”

“Yes...”

Shane looked down at the bottle in his hands.

Then quietly, “Do you ever get tired of this?”

Ilya stared at him.

“Of what?”

“All the maintenance.” Shane swallowed hard. “The systems and routines and me freaking out over random shit.”

Ilya sat beside him immediately.

“Shane.”

“I’m serious, Ilya.”

“So am I.”

He rubbed Shane’s back slowly under his shirt.

“You think I marry you accidentally?”

“That is not what I said.”

“You are my husband. Not project.”

Shane blinked hard.

Ilya kept rubbing circles against his spine.

“You take care of me too, you know.”

Shane looked unconvinced.

“When I get nightmares, who stays awake with me?”

“That’s different.”

“When I spiral after interviews, who talks me down?”

“You.”

“When I forget to eat because I am idiot, who notices?”

Shane sighed quietly.

“That’s normal husband stuff.”

“Yes. And this is normal husband stuff too.”

Shane finally drank some of the shake.

Ilya kissed the side of his head.

“You are allowed bad days.”

“It was supposed to be a good day.”

“We still had good parts.”

Shane leaned tiredly into him.

“The pasta smelled good.”

“We make it again after cabinet man exorcises demons.”

That got another tiny laugh.

They stayed in bed most of the evening.

Ilya rubbed Shane’s back while Shane slowly finished both shakes because maintaining recovery mattered more than pride. The nutritionist had been clear about that after Shane’s last bad stretch. Skipping meals made everything worse.

By midnight Shane seemed steadier, though exhausted.

“I’m okay now..” he murmured sleepily.

“I know.”

“You don’t have to stay awake.”

“I am literally lying down.” Ilya grinned into the darkness. “Go to sleep, Hollander.”

Shane did.

The next morning, Shane woke last.

That alone was suspicious.

Usually Ilya dragged himself out of bed at 7.

Today the bed beside him was empty.

Shane frowned.

The condo felt oddly quiet.

Then he noticed the note on the nightstand.

Walked Anya.

Do not go into kitchen yet.

Trust me.

Shane stared at it suspiciously.

“What the fuck...” he muttered.

Anya barked once somewhere near the front hall.

A minute later the door opened.

Ilya walked in carrying coffee and looking deeply pleased with himself.

“You’re awake.”

“What did you do?”

“Maybe nothing.”

“You definitely did something.”

Ilya handed him coffee before leaning down to kiss him softly.

“Come see.”

Shane narrowed his eyes but followed him down the hallway.

The kitchen looked exactly the same at first glance.

Then Shane noticed.

The drawers slid open silently.

All of them.

Every single one.

Shane blinked.

“What?”

Ilya demonstrated the silverware drawer with dramatic flourish.

Not even a squeak.

Shane stared.

“How?”

“Martin.”

“Martin is in Hawaii.”

“Not anymore.”

Shane turned slowly.

“You flew him home?”

“He lands back tomorrow evening.”

“You flew him home.”

“He was happy. Rachel less happy.”

“Oh my god.”

Ilya shrugged.

“I paid vacation suffering fee.”

“You are insane.”

“Maybe.”

Shane walked cautiously toward the drawers like they might betray him again.

He opened the wooden spoon drawer.

Silent.

The relief that crossed his face hit Ilya straight in the chest.

“Holy shit..” Shane whispered.

“Better?”

Shane opened and closed it again.

Then the silverware drawer.

Nothing.

No shriek. No creak. No horrible scraping noise.

Just quiet.

“You paid him extra, didn’t you?”

“A little.”

“Ilya.”

“Maybe medium amount.”

“You absolutely paid him an absurd amount.”

Ilya grinned.

“Worth it.”

Shane laughed softly in disbelief before suddenly covering his face with one hand.

“Hey.”

Shane shook his head.

“I’m fine.”

But his voice sounded wrecked in a different way now.

Ilya stepped closer carefully.

“You okay?”

Shane lowered his hand, eyes suspiciously bright.

“That was really nice.”

“Oh.”

“Like...really nice.”

Ilya touched his waist gently.

“Well. I love you.”

Shane laughed shakily.

“You cannot keep flying repairmen across oceans every time I get overwhelmed.”

“Watch me.”

“That is not financially responsible.”

“It fixed problem.”

Shane leaned forward until his forehead rested against Ilya’s shoulder.

For a moment neither of them spoke.

Then quietly Shane said, “Thanks for not making me feel crazy about this stuff.”

Ilya wrapped both arms around him immediately.

“You are not crazy.”

“I know.” Shane exhaled slowly. “It just feels like too much sometimes.”

Ilya kissed his temple.

“Then we handle too much together.”

Shane stayed there another minute before finally pulling back.

“You know what?”

“What?”

“I still want pasta.”

Ilya grinned instantly.

“Good mental health pasta redemption?”

“Exactly.”

“And maybe this time cabinets do not scream at us.”

“Fucking hopefully.”

Anya barked excitedly as if agreeing.

Shane smiled down at her before opening the silverware drawer one more time just because he could.

Silent.

Completely silent.

The tension finally eased fully from his shoulders.

Ilya watched it happen in real time.

Worth every dollar.

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