

weighted blanket.

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/80485191) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/80485191>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Autistic Shane Hollander , Overstimulated Shane Hollander , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Soft Ilya Rozanov , Ilya is a weighted blanket , No Beta REader .
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-03-02 Words: 1,341 Chapters: 1/1

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Summary

Teary eyes try to focus as his hands reach to easily pick up his pajamas and two strong, warm arms ease around his waist. These touches aren't unwelcomed, never are they unwelcomed. Shane eases back into his husband as his mind tries to wrap around the notion that Ilya always knows. He just knows when Shane's day has been 'too much.'

Notes

I saw a tweet that alluded to Shane using Ilya as a weighted blanket and my own autistic mind loved it. Shane's stims and feelings are identical to mine when I am feeling overwhelmed. Please note that everyone with autism is different and how we deal with emotions and life are different. That's all!

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

Shane settles into his car with a slam that's hard enough to rattle the small trinkets hanging from his mirror. His forehead presses to the smooth leather of his steering wheel as he tries to dissipate the pressure in his body; trying to regulate the swirling storm of emotions colliding inside of him.

Today was too much. The commercial they had shot consisted of Shane in too tight, too wet clothing. Strange hands were on him for an exceedingly long amount of time, voices that were too loud combined with too many at the same time. They had played music to set the ambiance that only caused an irritated ache to settle in his teeth; grinding tightly to settle it which in turn made his jaw hurt.

The drive home to Ilya, his safe haven, wasn't any better. Somehow, it was every driver's first day on Earth in Montreal, and the crowded feeling Shane had coursing through him deepened. Even in the silence of his car, he couldn't find the relief he needed. His knuckles were tight enough on the wheel that a small ache rolled through his wrists, momentarily settling the feeling in his body. It still wasn't enough.

The slam of their front door matches the slam to his car door; irritated, urgent, and overwhelmed. *Overstimulated*. That's what his mother has called it since he was a child. Too many noises, too loud of a noise, crowded places, flashing lights, disruptions in his routine that led to shutdowns and tantrums as a child. For this reason, Shane was always labeled as shy and easily spooked. As he got older, it was sort of easier to manage when he could make his own schedules and find quiet places to decompress.

Then there were days like this; when the frustration and irritation settled deep inside of his bones. It settled in his joints and made them jittery, behind his jaws and made them tight, in his head that caused a constant crowded room feeling. No matter what he did, the ache never went away until he crawled under his blankets with the AC blasting, the room dark, and his favorite aquarium livestream playing on his television. Only then would the knot unravel in his chest, his brain settle, and his muscles relax.

He taps away to ease up the tension wanting to crawl out of his fingers; thumb to index, thumb to middle, thumb to ring, thumb to pinky. Repeating in the same, perfect pattern each time on both hands. It never falters, never wavers. It's constant and grounding, something Shane has absolute control over.

Thumb to index, thumb to middle, thumb to ring, thumb to pinky. His mind replays this over and over, fingers in both hands following its instructions, as he moves towards his and Ilya's bedroom.

He half expects a hockey game to be blaring or Ilya tapping away in haste on his PS5 controller and shouting curse words in Russian in a close proximity game. Instead, the room is dark, except for a dark blue hue emitting from their television, and the sound of a running water filtering system hits his ears. The room is cold, like he craves, and on the bed are his night clothes neatly folded in a pile.

Teary eyes try to focus as his hands reach to easily pick up his pajamas and two strong, warm arms ease around his waist. These touches aren't unwelcomed, never are they unwelcomed. Shane eases back into his husband as his mind tries to wrap around the notion that Ilya always knows. He just knows when Shane's day has been 'too much.'

"Moy lyubimyy," Ilya mutters into the shell of his ear with an endearing squeeze around his waist that doesn't let up. "Take a shower, wash your face, and join me in bed."

It's not a command, no, it's a set of instructions that Shane desperately needs to wind himself back down.

Effortlessly, Shane follows them.

He trails into the bathroom where a warmed spray of water is already waiting for him. His clothes are taken off, folded, and placed away to be sorted for washing later. He scrubs away the day and allows the familiar, citrusy smell of his shampoo and conditioner to permeate his senses. When he's finished thoroughly cleaning; he steps out and begins his skin care.

The routine of it all was slowly easing the loudness of his brain and, surprisingly, the low hum of his electric toothbrush was even soothing. Here, Shane had control. There weren't any bright, warm lights stuck in his face or wet clothes sticking to his skin in a way that made him want to crawl out of it and throw up. The caked-on make up that made his skin itch was washed down the drain; taking with it some of Shane's uneasiness.

He stepped into his and Ilya's bedroom refreshed, but the tension was still there in his body; wound up tightly in his chest and stomach. Ilya is already waiting for him in the comfort of their bed; shirt forgotten, but sweatpants resting low on his hips. Shane eases beneath the blankets and releases a satisfied sound as the coolness chills him through his clothes.

"Come here." Ilya's voice cuts through the trickling water noise on the television that he was getting comfortable enough to watch. His brows furrow and he must've pulled a face.

"Ilya, I'm not in the mood to—."

"Not to fuck, Shane. Come here."

With that thought gone, he's able to move towards his husband. He's (delicately) manhandled onto his stomach, facing their television, before a warm, firm weight settles on top of him. From head to toe, Ilya presses him into the mattress, and *fuck*, it's so nice. The knot wound tight in his chest starts to unravel string by string. For the first time today Shane felt like he could actually breathe.

Ilya tucks his face against his shoulder, pressing a lingering kiss, before tilting his head to watch the television as well.

His eyes track a clown fish swimming languidly in the water, watching it rub against an anemone, before darting away to the other side of the screen. A few small fish scurry across as if they're chasing one another as a different species of aquatic life moves into the camera's line of vision.

The frustration, agitation, and irritation all melt away the longer Ilya weighs him down. His brain is quiet, he doesn't feel the need to crawl out of his skin, and the ache in the back of his jaw dissolves. The crowded room feeling inside his veins is nowhere to be found and Shane couldn't be happier. A sigh, relaxed and happy, leaves his nostrils while his face nuzzles down into the cool sheets.

"Better, yes?" Ilya asks him after a while; when his body has molded into the mattress from the pressure of his husband. When his brain has shut off and he's left with a pleasant,

thrumming feeling in his muscles. When a world that is too loud and too much for him is pushed aside and he's brought back down to himself.

"Better." Shane realizes he's only said one sentence to Ilya since he's walked through the door from the way his voice croaks. One sentence since he ultimately shut down mid shoot hours ago when everything crashed down inside of him.

"How about this? I will go make you some dinner, bring you a cold Ginger Ale, and we can stay like this until morning." A kiss is pressed to the back of his neck causing goosebumps to rise on his arms. He responds with a nod, tilting his head and kissing his husband the best he can since they're pressed head to toe.

A kiss saying *thank you, I love you, thank you for understanding me and what I need when I don't.*

"I love you." Shane mutters when Ilya's weight disappears. Another kiss to his head and a response that's always the same.

"I love you, *solnyshko.*"

End Notes

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