

Clear out a drawer, clear out a shelf

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Clear out a drawer, clear out a shelf

by [Riverside7724](#)

Summary

Shane's overstimulation snowballs as they go run errands and Ilya has to catch him before he combusts

Set after the Long Game

Notes

Title from Baggage by Kelsea Ballerini

After all the feedback on my last fic, the motivation to write another hit me like a train, so please enjoy ;)

Warning

Shane does use pain to try and ground himself, like pressing his fingernails into his palms and pulling at his hair. If any of that is triggering, this may not be for you!

The tag in the back of Shane's sweater had been scratching at his neck all morning. He'd stood in the closet earlier, rushed by the need to start errands, and Shane determined he didn't need to cut it out. It was annoying, yes, but it was fine, he could handle it. It was new, or new-er, one he'd forgotten about that he'd been given for some holiday, lost in the corner of his closet.

The car was too hot. Ilya, one hand on the steering wheel and one in Shane's, had turned the car too hot for the thick sweater Shane had chosen. He felt gross and slimy and itchy but he couldn't form the words to ask Ilya to turn it down, and his traitorous fingers wouldn't dare do it for him.

So he clenched his jaw and stared straight ahead and sent Ilya fake smiles every time he asked him if he was okay. Because he was, obviously. He was fine.

"Post office first?" Ilya asked, and Shane nodded. Two large packages sat in the backseat, ready to be sent back to the store: a yoga mat that felt weird against Shane's skin and new sweatpants that weren't cuffed at the bottom. Shane needed them cuffed, and Ilya knew that, so when he pleaded Ilya to not return them, Ilya only sent him a hard look.

"You hate them, Shane, I can tell. Why do you not want to send them back?"

"Because..." Shane tried, but his words felt stuck behind his teeth. His shoulders had caved in with embarrassment. Because he felt pathetic rejecting things based on weird reactions he had to materials. He wanted to just tough it out. Like this sweater, like the heat.

"*Moya lyubov*," Ilya had murmured, a hand cupped around Shane's trembling jaw. "This is stupid, yes? You don't like, we return. Simple as that."

Shane followed him like a shadow for the rest of that day.

Ilya turned the corner and frowned. "Post office is busy," he remarked, pulling into one of the few spots left. Shane rolled his tongue between his teeth. The tag on his shirt itched and his shoulders hunched. He wanted to take off all of his clothes and roll in the snow he felt so gross. The car door slammed shut, Ilya hefting both boxes out of the car with ease.

His stomach rolled. Shane took a deep breath, pulled the collar of his sweater away from his neck, and got out of the car.

A lot of people was an understatement. Why the hell were there so many people needing package service on a Monday afternoon? Ilya pushed his way through the loitering crowd and lined up behind the desk. Shane followed, jaw clenched tight. The lights buzzed, bright and incandescent.

"I think other sweatpants come next week," Ilya recalled. "Don't let me forget to get Anya more dog food when we stop at the grocery store, yes?"

Shane thought he hummed in reply, but he wasn't sure. He rolled his shoulders, cracks popping along his back. Fingernails pressed into palms.

Someone bumped into him and Shane swore he was about to throw up.

"Hey!" Ilya growled. "Watch where you are going." But whoever it was had already disappeared into the crowd. Shane hunched in smaller, tongue between his canines. It was so fucking loud in here. The woman behind them had bathed in vanilla perfume and it was all he could smell. Sickly sweet and everywhere. The reverberation of the bump still echoed in his bones, and he squeezed his eyes shut.

Fuck that tag was annoying, and sweat was drying uncomfortably on his skin and he *couldn't fucking breathe* and—

"How can I help you today?"

Shane's eyes snapped open. They'd reached the counter.

A tall woman in a blue vest grinned at them. "Busy today, isn't it!"

Shane wanted to bite his hand off. Ilya, however, just put down the boxes. She taped them up, slapping a package sticker on them before wishing them a good day.

"Shane?" Ilya murmured, his hand finding Shane's back. He'd been staring at a picture on the wall, eyes distant. He felt detached, glazed over. "You are okay?"

He swallowed, thick and cottony. "Ya, *yes*," he said, clearing his throat. "Let's go."

Shane felt like a live wire. If anything was to move or touch him or speak or smell, he would explode.

Shane could feel the harsh press of fingernails into the meat of his hands; the pain only distantly recognized. His head throbbed, pulsing behind his eyes. He shut them instead, eyes burning. Without telling his body to do so, he tipped forward until his forehead hit the ledge of the car.

"Shane," Ilya whispered, voice gentle. They hadn't even started the car, the sound of traffic humming outside.

"I can't—" he stuttered out, and even those words felt like a marathon. He heaved in a breath, his lungs tight with panic. The noise and smells of the post office played on repeat in his head, a disorienting rendition of an orchestra out of key, harsh and grating. A breath was stuck in his lungs and his chest squeezed painfully.

He couldn't—

Why couldn't he—

“Breathe, moya lyubov. In and out.” Shane tried, but his lungs protested, enveloping in a coughing fit instead.

He felt disgusting, tears tracing down his cheeks. The fucking sweater, the fucking—

He needed it off, he needed it off right now or he would combust.

With desperate hands, he tugged at the edges of the sweater, trying to wrench it off of his body, but he kept getting tangled. He bit back a frustrated sob, brain screaming.

“Hey, hey, is okay, I will help. *Shane*, I will help.”

Cool hands on his skin, pulling at the sweater, easing it over Shane’s sweaty arms and chest.

Ilya pulled it over his head and tossed it in the backseat. Shane couldn’t stop the sob that built up in his chest and flew through his lips. The cold air of the car hit his flushed skin like a wave, and he jerked forward, forehead hitting the dashboard again. Pain lanced through his head. His fingers found his temples now, tugging at his hair. He was spiraling, he knew that, but everything was so loud and he couldn’t feel anything and why was he cold and who was pulling his hands away from his hair and he thrashed at his attacker but it was Ilya it was Ilya, Ilya, Ilya...

Ilya had come to his side of the car, sliding his hands between Shane’s tender skull and his scrambling hands, easing them off of him and lacing his fingers with Ilya’s.

“Enough, sweetheart. *Enough*.” Shane panted out harsh breaths, fingers crushing Ilya’s.

“I need—” he started, but his words were still few and far between. “I want—” he half moaned, and Ilya tucked himself closer, not touching Shane anywhere else yet, but close enough that the musk of his cologne filled Shane’s immediate senses.

“Can I hold you, solnyshko? Let me touch you?”

All Shane could do was nod feebly, and Ilya was there in a moment, hefting Shane up and sliding into his seat like it was nothing. The seat was cranked back so he could hit, and the door shut soundly behind him. He turned Shane around so his bare chest was against Ilya’s, tucking his head into the junction of his shoulder and neck.

“Is okay, I am here. Let it out, sweetheart. We aren’t going anywhere. No more sound, no more movement, yes?”

Gentle hands came to cup around Shane’s ears, and all the sound melted away. Shane whined, pressing his nose into Ilya’s skin, hands clenched tightly into his waist. All Shane could hear was the pounding of his chest and the sharp whistles of his breath.

“Breathe, love. In and out. Feel it in your chest.”

Shane tried, he really did, but his breath was hot against Ilya’s neck and his eyes were crunched tight. He let out a whimper, and Ilya pushed him back so he could see his face. Red

and splotchy, Shane whined, fighting against Ilya's gentle hold. He couldn't look at him, he was so weak and pathetic and everything buzzed under his skin.

"Shane, look at me." Ilya's voice was low, smoothed out by his accent.

Shane felt his chest cave in, and Ilya held tighter. "Eyes open, *kotenok*. Let me see."

Whistled breaths through his teeth. The dull sound of traffic outside.

"Ilya," he bit out, throat raw, and Ilya murmured something in Russian.

"Be a good boy, Shane. Open your eyes."

He tipped forward, brow line against Ilya's forehead. His eyes cracked open, the cool blue of Ilya's eyes finding his immediately.

"Good boy, Shane. Keep looking at me, just like that."

A whimper, a squirm in Ilya's arms that were wrapped around his back. A thumb soothed circles into his bare skin.

Ilya's eyes stayed firm on his and Shane shivered.

"Breathe, Shane." He took one of Shane's limp hands and placed it against his chest. The sweatshirt stopped most of the feeling of Ilya's breath, but Shane could still feel it, soft and gentle.

"Copy me. Match my breath."

Shane sucked in air, noisy and wet. Ilya's chest fell and so did Shane's.

"Good, again."

Shane complied, but his eyes squeezed shut again. A finger tapped at his temple.

"Eyes, Shane."

He forced them open again, breath slithering into his lungs. Exhaustion seeped into his bones, deep and thick like honey. He took another breath and Ilya nodded.

"Good. Keep following me, yes? Is okay, we are safe here. Just breathe."

Shane pulled in another breath, his head starting to clear. His lips were dry and cracked and he whined when his tongue ran over them. Ilya's hand left his waist and came back with the water bottle. He undid the cap behind Shane's back before pressing Shane up so he could drink.

Shane took a sip, the coldness of the water racing down his chest. Ilya rubbed at his sternum.

"There you go. Better, yes?"

Shane shuddered and slid back into Ilya's embrace.

Ilya's hand came into his hair, tugging lightly at the ends. "Nowhere to be, just here. Just with me."

"I'm sorry," Shane croaked out and Ilya shushed him.

"Silly boy," he murmured. "No sorries. Is okay. I help."

Shane pushed further into Ilya's neck, mouthing mindlessly at the skin. Teeth grazed him and Ilya pressed Shane's head deeper.

"Take what you need."

Shane's teeth latched, the salty taste a balm on his pounding heart. He sucked quietly, eyes drifting shut.

Ilya's voice had grown deeper. "*Good boy, Shane.*"

They sat like that for some time, Ilya's arms tight against Shane's back, his head tipped to the side with Shane tucked against the column of his neck. People left the post office, the hum of their cars growing and fading. Shane's breath returned, cool and constant in his chest. The tiredness stayed, heavy behind his eyes, but he eventually lifted his head up, Ilya's eyes immediately catching his.

Ilya was silent, watching Shane and his jaw trembled and he licked his lips.

"I'm—"

"Don't you dare," Ilya rumbled.

Shane's jaw snapped shut.

"Can I kiss you?" Ilya asked softly, and Shane dipped his chin. Soft lips pressed against his own, Ilya's breath intermingling with his own.

He pulled back, and a thumb found Shane's cheekbone.

"You scared me," he whispered, and Shane worried his lip between his teeth.

"I didn't mean to."

"I know," he said softly. "Was it the man who shoved you?"

Shane let out a huff through his nose. "It was barely a brush, Ilya."

His brows narrowed and Shane felt a small smile creep across his face.

Ilya's face softened. "Was it too loud, then? Shouldn't have gone at rush hour. Was stupid of me."

It was Shane's turn to frown. "You didn't know. And no, it was just—" he paused, eyes drifting to stare at an empty space by Ilya's collar.

"Just what, *lyubov*."

"It was a lot of things that just kept building."

He hummed. "When did it start?"

Shane laughed humorlessly. "This morning?"

"What?" Ilya's concern vibrated out. "This morning?"

"With the sweater. The, uh, tag. Was itchy and uncomfortable and I don't know."

"Shane, *dorogoy*, you have other sweaters. You did not think to change?"

Shane sighed, feeling dumb. "I already had it on and you were in the car and I don't know, I wanted to deal with it."

"You hate tags."

Shane's forehead found Ilya's shoulder. His nose scrunched. "I know."

"Shane you do not have to deal with it, yes? You are not... not stronger for pushing through something you do not like."

Shane only grumbled, pressing harder into his shoulder.

"Shane."

He hummed.

"That wasn't all, yes?"

He wrinkled his nose. "No," he muttered.

A hand along his spine, gentle yet firm. "Tell me."

"The, uh..." he trailed off, embarrassed. "The car heater."

"Was too hot?"

He nodded.

"What else."

"The people in the post office, that woman's perfume, the fucking lights, Ilya. I felt, fuck I felt so *pathetic* that I couldn't even go to the fucking *post office* without freaking out and and I couldn't—" His words sputtered out and he felt tears burn the sides of his eyes again.

“You could, Shane. You could but everything was working against you, yes? Was all building until it snapped. Is not your fault.”

“But I couldn’t—”

“Do you blame me when I can not get out of bed, Shane?”

He let out a wet breath. “No.”

“Even when it is sudden and hits me like train, yes?”

“Of course not.”

“So why would you blame yourself when you have so many things trying to mess with head, yes? Is silly. Was too much today, and that is okay.”

He swallowed, redness in his cheeks.

“Okay,” he mumbled.

“Okay,” Ilya affirmed. “And we are throwing out that sweater.”

Shane chuckled. “Okay.”

“And I will not blast heat on drive home, yes?”

“Yes.”

“Good. Good boy.” Ilya’s hand was under his jaw, pulling his face to match his. “I love you,” he murmured, kissing Shane soundly. “I love you even when your brain is funny and the lights hurt, yes?”

Shane shuddered. “Yes.”

“Good. Now let’s go home.”

“But... the grocery store...”

Ilya sent him a look and Shane sniffled, relenting.

“Will you be okay if I go to my side of car?”

Shane took a few breaths, readying himself for the lack of contact.

“Okay,” he whispered. Ilya slowly untangled himself from Shane and opened the car door. Shane slumped back against the car seat, energy drained. He didn’t notice Ilya was still there until Ilya’s hands were behind his back, pulling him up straight. A soft sweatshirt was tugged down his head, hands pulled through the sleeves. Shane must have sighed contentedly but he heard Ilya chuckle above him.

“Better, yes? No bad tags.”

Ilya, in just a tshirt now, got in the driver's seat and started the car. The first rush of warm air had Shane's muscles tensing, but Ilya quickly shut the system off.

"Home?" Ilya asked softly, and Shane nodded, sleep already tugging at his limbs.

By the time Ilya pulled into the driveway, Shane was fast asleep, surrounded by Ilya's warmth.

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