

For No Reason At All

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by [dykeological](#)

Summary

Tumblr headcanon thing turned ficlet about Shane's OCD drastically worsening during a stressful time in his life, becoming something he can no longer ignore.

Notes

I haven't posted fic for so many years but this gd anxious autistic queer jock is just hitting me too hard in my fragile little heart

Warnings: autistic meltdown, ocd attack, (unintentional) self-harm behavior, disordered eating

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

Shane Hollander not realizing he has ASD or OCD because what do you mean, this is normal, he's always been like this. Shane Hollander has always been particular and weird about certain things, but he's mostly been able to subconsciously accommodate himself or shove the feelings back far enough to appear normal until he's alone. Shane Hollander getting more stressed as his career progresses, and with it his secret relationship with Ilya.

Shane Hollander's relationship with food getting worse and worse- not because he wants to lose weight or is insecure with his physique, but because it's one of the only things in his life he has full control over. But then those choices start to feel less like choices, and more like survival. What if he changes his diet and his body starts to fall apart? What if he has a cheat day and loses all control and eats until he explodes?

So he doesn't, and his body doesn't explode and he doesn't lose control. So he was right, then. This is a good thing. And it's an anchor of stability as his life comes crashing down around him.

Fighting with Ilya. Getting outed. Being scorned by his teammates. And suddenly it's not enough. Nothing is enough.

He gets checked during a game one day, hard. Later, when he's avoided Hayden's (and nobody else's) concerned gaze, he goes home by himself and takes a real shower with his real washcloth and his sandalwood-scented soap and his fingers graze the tender skin on his right side and his brain fucking zaps. His throat spasms and his nostrils flare and he doesn't think, just goes to tap his left side in the same spot. But the pressure isn't right, so he does it again. And again and again and again until his left hand is clenched in a fist, coming down hard and fast against his ribcage.

A moment of clarity comes when the water starts to turn cold. His water heater is excellent-how long has he been in here? The thought is enough to bring him back a bit, let him towel dry and dress in his briefs and some socks. Laying down in bed, though, becomes its own nightmare. He feels too restless to stay settled on his back, so he turns onto his right side and-oh, there it is again. That feeling creeping up his throat and crawling like insects under his skin, and his hand is drawn again to his left side, which he is surprised to find just as tender as his right, but it's still not enough.

Fingers poke and rub at the skin, but the feeling spreads, infecting the rest of his body like a bacteria.

He feels so uneven. So unbalanced it's driving him crazy. His right leg lays against the sheets on the mattress and soaks up the pressure and his left leg feels like it's going to float away. There's no substance to it, no weight, and is it even really there at all? He needs to check.

He bends it at the knee, bringing it higher until he can grasp it with his hand, and then he's rubbing again. Poking and tapping and scratching and trying to bring more sensation to it, to make it match the other. But nothing's fucking working, nothing's enough.

He tries to turn onto his left side, thinks that having the pressure lay against that side will fix it, but he doesn't account for the blanket sliding against the bare skin of his right arm and leg, the lighter touch somehow so much worse. He feels fucking crazy, writhing around on his bed, trying to find some relief- and from what? He doesn't know, he doesn't know, he doesn't fucking know-

And then he realizes he's been hitting again. Not just his side, but his thigh and his left pec and the side of his head, his breathing coming so fast he's starting to feel dizzy, little whines and choked sobs occasionally breaking through.

He throws the blanket off and lays flat on his back, chest heaving and hands clenching at the sheets, probably pulling them loose from around the mattress. He doesn't know how long it's been, but it's dark outside and his head is throbbing in time with his ribs (both sides, now, along with a few other spots on his left side). As he forces some deep breaths, rapidly falling into exhaustion, he digs his left heel into the bed. Just a little. Just to help a little.

He realizes he never called Ilya after the game. His phone sits on his side table where he left it before his shower- had it rang? Had he missed a text or a call? Hopefully not. He doesn't want anyone to be worried or mad. He can't bring himself to check and make the call himself. The thought of using his voice makes him feel like he's going to die.

He falls asleep like that, anxious and muscles lightly clenching and tears drying on his face. And he wakes up cold and sore.

He doesn't tell anyone about his fit. He blames the bruises on the game and keeps his tapping to a minimum. It's hard sometimes, when he's with Ilya. The man is very affectionate, and a well-meaning touch on the wrong day is almost enough to send him into another panic.

He'd been weird with touch before- for most of his life, actually. But just weird. He didn't always like it, and sometimes it made him want to shrink down to nothing, but he'd learned to fight off the winces and shoulder the discomfort. Things felt different now. That discomfort paired with the newfound obsession with his body feeling even was almost enough to make him spiral multiple times a week, and it was taking a toll.

He was restricting his food more. The focus on his diet and the hunger in his stomach was a good distraction from the ants crawling through his veins, and though his body suffered, his mind sharpened.

Until summer. Until the constant presence of his fiancé. Until he couldn't hide it anymore.

Ilya had been in therapy for a while by that point. And even if he hadn't, he knew something was wrong. Shane Hollander was his favorite person, his favorite subject of study. Something was different. And not in the normal way that Shane was different.

One day, after talking to his therapist and laying out all the little things he had been observing, he came home with a handful of pamphlets. Shane eyed them on the coffee table, eyes furrowed.

"What are these for?"

Ilya hummed, trying to relax back into the couch. "Just some things I think maybe we should read together."

Shane looked at him with worry. "Is something else going on? Something besides your depression, I mean?"

Rubbing a hand down the center of his love's back, Ilya replied softly, "Yes, I think so, but not for me."

Shane looked back at the pamphlets. 'Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder', 'Eating Disorders', 'Generalized Anxiety Disorder' and more titles looked back at him.

"Oh."

"Yes, oh."

"I'm not... I mean, I'm fine. I don't- I don't..."

"Shane, sweetheart, is fine. Not saying anything one way or the other, just maybe some things we can read."

Shane took an unsteady breath. Nodded. Reached out with his right hand to hold onto Ilya. Reached out with his other to pick the top one off the pile.

End Notes

Thank you for reading my little vent fic/study on how sometimes ocd compulsions can trigger an autistic meltdown and how intertwined those two disorders can be lol lemme know if it resonates with anyone else

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