

In Sickness and In Health...

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In Sickness and In Health...

by [SmolValkyrie](#)

Summary

It's Shane's first physical with the Centaurs. He forgets to mention that he typically passes out when he gets blood drawn. Ilya, naturally, freaks out.

I forgot to fix the title before posting LMAO pretend it's always been this

Notes

I've rewatched Shane getting hit at LEAST 10 times this fine episode 5 release day. I'm very normal about it I promise.

So...what do y'all know about vasovagal responses?

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

September 2021

"Only you could be excited about the doctor, Hollander."

As boring as his reputation was, Shane wasn't usually the type to get excited for doctor's visits. The only two exceptions had been his first physical with the Voyageurs, which had felt like a milestone for his professional career. The second time was today.

"You say that like you're not excited yourself, Rozanov."

They were getting their yearly physicals with Terry, the Ottawa Centaurs' team doctor. Shane was excited because it was his first physical being on the same team as Ilya. He suspected that Ilya was excited for the same reason.

Terry, who was a lot warmer than the Voyageurs' team doctor had been, had suggested that Ilya and Shane get their physicals together, since they were married and it would save them an extra drive to the arena.

They were *married!*

So sue him, Shane had been giddy watching Ilya go through the motions of having his height measured, weight taken, vision checked, blood drawn. He could see Ilya practically vibrating with happy energy in his chair as Shane was having his knees' reflexes checked with a rubber hammer.

"Alright, just gonna get some blood samples and you two are done. I know I asked Ilya earlier, but did you fast this morning?"

"Yes." Shane hadn't minded, but Ilya had acted like he was starved the entire drive to the arena. Their compromise was to grab some fast food once they finished up.

"I can't wait for McDonald's. I'm famished."

"Famished?" Shane asked, impressed. "When did you learn that one?"

"What are you talking about, I use big English words all the time!" He waved a hand. "Is not important, unlike McDonald's."

Shane chuckled at his husband as Terry tapped at the vein in the crook of his arm. "We're not fucking getting McDonald's!"

"Of course we are, we agreed on fast food breakfast."

"Yeah, some place a step above McDonald's!" Shane felt the prick of the needle entering his arm, and Terry pressing medical tape to the spot to hold it in place.

"We will splurge for more expensive items, not usual dollar menu food."

"You're out of your mind," Shane chuckled, and he was just about to joke that Terry should run some extra tests on Ilya when he felt *wrong*.

It started as lightheadedness, and he could feel the sensation travel throughout his entire body as his vision started to tunnel.

"Terry," he said through tingling lips, the syllables harder to form than usual.

"Shane?" came Ilya's concerned voice. God, Shane shouldn't be scaring Ilya like this.

"Feelin' lightheaded," Shane slurred, his vision going dark.

Ilya's heart had only stopped like this one other time—when Shane had been laid out by Cliff Marlow all those years ago.

Everything had been perfectly normal—they'd been joking about *McDonald's*, of all things—and then Shane had gone alarmingly pale and passed out. Ilya's stomach had promptly dropped straight out of his ass, and he'd all but frozen in his chair, scared that if he moved at all he'd somehow disturb whatever delicate balance existed in the room that would keep Shane from getting any worse.

Terry, for his part, had noticed something was off a millisecond before Shane had even spoken up and grabbed Shane's shoulders with steady hands. "I got you," their doctor murmured, as he guided Shane into a reclined position on the exam table. "You still awake, Shane?"

"Yeah," came Shane's weak reply. "Sorry." Ilya could see his eyes were open, but he was still so *pale*.

"No need." Terry removed the needle from Shane's left arm, applying a small square of gauze under medical tape, then slipped a blood pressure cuff onto Shane's right arm. "Has this happened before?" he asked, clipping a heart rate monitor to Shane's middle finger.

"Yeah."

The blood pressure monitor beeped, and Ilya wished he had missed the way Terry's eyes widened with surprise. "What's wrong?" he demanded, finally standing up to get a look at the screen.

He didn't need to be a doctor to know that 75/45 was dangerously low blood pressure for anyone, let alone a professional athlete.

Ilya felt a bit lightheaded himself when he saw his husband's heart rate was down to 60.

"I'm going to grab you some juice," Terry said. "Ilya, talk to him, make sure he stays awake. I'll be quick," he called behind him as he darted away.

Ilya was at Shane's side in an instant, grasping his shockingly cold hand in both of his. He tried in vain to keep his mind from drifting to his mother, reminding himself that Shane was

awake, gripping his hand back, that even if he wasn't okay he was *alive*.

"I'm okay," Shane said, giving Ilya's hand a weak squeeze. His color did look a bit better, but going from paper white to slightly less so wasn't enough to slow Ilya's racing heart.

"You are scared of needles?" Ilya asked, already knowing the answer. He and Shane had gotten their flu shots together a few years back with Shane's parents, when their schedules had aligned for once, and they'd both been fine. "Or blood?"

Shane was already shaking his head 'no,' and of *course* he was. They'd both been injured or seen enough injuries—broken, bloody noses, teeth knocked loose, lacerations—on the ice to lose whatever squeamishness they may have had around blood.

"I can't remember the official name, but it's a nervous system thing," Shane explained.

Terry reappeared, an assortment of snacks in his hands. "A vasovagal response," he said as he stabbed a straw into a carton of apple juice and held the drink up to Shane's lips. "Basically," he said to Ilya, "the body overreacts to a trigger, and your heart rate and blood pressure drop. Sometimes, people pass out. Did you pass out, Shane?"

Shane shakes his head as he dutifully sips his apple juice. Ilya would tease him if he wasn't still reeling from seeing Shane nearly pass out.

"That's good. You've got some color back in your face, which is also good. And your blood pressure's coming back up!"

"I'm so sorry," Shane groaned, having finished his apple juice. "I completely forgot to mention it. It was in my chart with the Voyageurs, so our doctor just knew to have me laying down."

"I'll add that to your chart here, so we know for next time." Terry sat down at his computer and, without looking away from the screen, said, "Ilya, have him start on the animal crackers next."

"He is okay?" Ilya needed to know, in no uncertain terms.

"Yes, Shane's going to be just fine."

Ilya let out a slow exhale, finally allowing himself to relax slightly. Shane was fine, there was nothing wrong with him. He would be *fine*.

He opened the little packet of animal crackers, grabbed what might've been a horse, and held it to Shane's lips.

Shane's face scrunched into an adorably confused expression. "I can feed myself, you know. I already feel a lot better."

Ilya shoved the cracker into Shane's half-open mouth. "You scared me to death, I can feed you."

Shane had the sense to look a little ashamed as he chewed and swallowed. "I'm sorry."

"I know," Ilya sighed. He turned, pulling his chair close enough to sit while still holding Shane's hand. "Is not your fault, I know."

As Ilya continued to feed his husband, Terry stepped over to remove the blood pressure cuff and to collect the three vials of blood he'd taken from Shane.

"Did you get enough to test?" Shane asked between crackers.

Terry appraised the vials for a moment. "I think so. I'll let you know if you need to come back in." He told them he'd be back in ten, then left the small room, closing the door softly behind him.

Shane turned on his side to face Ilya. "You'll have to drive us home. I'm usually a little woozy for a few hours before I go back to normal."

"So we *are* going to McDonald's after all," Ilya jokes, even though he doesn't quite feel like making light of what happened yet. It's worth it for the soft chuckle he gets out of Shane. "This happens often?"

"No, I'm usually pretty good about asking to lay down before they can draw my blood. I wish I could say it's gotten easier with age, but it turns out almost passing out sucks no matter how old you are."

Ilya hummed thoughtfully. He closes his eyes and just breathes, focusing on the feeling of Shane's hand in his.

"I'm sorry for scaring you."

Ilya blinked his eyes open, meeting Shane's guilt-ridden gaze. "I owe you two heart attacks now."

Shane snorted. "Don't you *dare* turn this into a competition."

"Why, you think you will score a hat trick before I catch up?" Ilya leans forward to press a soft kiss to Shane's lips, then another for good measure. "What is next, another broken bone?"

"That's the last thing I need, especially for my debut with the Centaurs."

"We will have to wrap you in bubble wrap to keep you safe." It was a stupid joke, but as he said it, Ilya realized that he would never be able to guarantee Shane's safety, on the ice or off.

Shane raised a hand, and swiped at the tears on Ilya's cheeks with his thumb. "Oh, honey," he said so sweetly, and Ilya felt the floodgates break.

He presses his face into Shane's chest as he quietly sobs, finding solace in Shane's gentle fingers running through his hair, caressing the back of his neck. Shane whispers reassurances until Ilya has calmed down enough to sit up and wipe his eyes himself.

It's definitely been more than ten minutes. If Terry had come back to check on them at some point, Ilya couldn't tell.

Shane sits up as well, shifting to face Ilya. His legs dangle between Ilya's knees, and Ilya can't resist reaching out and touching, resting a hand on his husband's leg and running his thumb over the top of a knee just because he can.

Ilya helps Shane down from the exam table. He helps his husband to their Jeep, he helps him order from the McDonald's menu, and once they're home and they've eaten their unhealthy breakfasts, he helps Shane finish recovering by cuddling him on their couch.

And if Shane helps him right back by allowing himself to be coddled, that's between the two of them.

End Notes

Yeah this happens to me every time I get blood drawn unless I'm laying down! I hate it! So obviously I had to put Shane through this as well. I based his BP/HR on my own medically recorded stats, but bumped up a bit considering I'm not a professional athlete.

And I hate to promote Mc Donald's in this day and age, but unfortunately it IS shorthand for shitty fast food breakfast. Don't eat there!

More to come? Maybe?

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