

There's Nothing That I Wouldn't Do

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75984546) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75984546>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry_(TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Type 1 Diabetes , Shane has a low , Ilya Rozanov Takes Care of Shane Hollander , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Ilya learns Shane has diabetes
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-18 Words: 2,520 Chapters: 1/1

There's Nothing That I Wouldn't Do

by [lucianowriter](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya are hooking up post game when Shane's blood sugar drops. Ilya steps up despite only just now finding out Shane has Type 1 Diabetes

Notes

Hello my lovelies,

My last T1D fic got quite a bit of love so I decided to revisit the idea. This one is filled to the brim with love and fluff despite Ilya probably, read most likely, panicking. I wrote it from my own experiences of having conflicted feelings about other's helping me when my sugars go low. There's a vulnerability to it that works well to shift their relationship towards what it will become down the road.

Just know that what I write isn't a true experience for everyone with this condition. It is actually a combination of various experiences for me because I've only gotten physically sick one time when my sugar dropped, but I always have the shakes and a hard time communicating.

Anyways, I hope you guys love this! Thank you as always for the continued support for my writing.

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

Shane lay in the bed next to Ilya, completely spent. They'd just had sex for what was probably the hundredth time (total exaggeration by the way, but who was actually counting?). After 3 years of doing this he'd come to expect Ilya's somewhat cold shoulder once they were done. But tonight, tonight Ilya was talkative. Shane smiled to himself as he listened to Ilya complain about the refs from their game earlier. It amused Shane to no end that whenever Montreal beat Boston, Ilya would blame the refs.

Shane was enjoying that Ilya seemed to want to remain in each other's orbit for longer than usual. But it was also scary as hell. Staying meant this was more than just sex. Staying meant Ilya could learn things about Shane he might not like. Staying meant these feelings he was starting to get in his chest every time he thought of Ilya would become bigger and more permanent. Staying meant that Ilya might find out about his diabetes, that he was a lesser player.

Shane's mom had been begging him to become a sponsored athlete for the Lilly company but he had thus far refused. He didn't want the world knowing he was weaker than the rest of his teammates. He had enough pressure on his shoulders being an Asian hockey player while keeping a secret about his sexuality. He didn't need even more spotlight on him for a condition he hated and preferred to ignore as much as he could. Once he became a spokesperson for a diabetes company that would be the only thing people would talk to him about and he'd much prefer they ask him questions about hockey.

"I should probably go." Shane cut Ilya off mid-rant about Hayden's inability to properly play hockey.

"What? Go? Hollander, who's rushing you?" Ilya looked Shane in the eyes, his fingers trailing up his bare arm trying to get him to stay.

"We don't do this, Rozanov. We fuck and we move on." Shane needed to get out of Ilya's room before he thought further about these feelings he was starting to have.

He went to stand up, but his vision swam and his limbs felt shaky. *Fuck*. Shane knew the telltale signs better than anyone. While he was lying down he hadn't felt the shakiness. But, now that he was trying to be upright his body was screaming for attention. His blood sugar must've dropped sometime between leaving his house – he'd checked it just before to be

certain, 126 – and now. The sex probably hadn't helped, but Shane didn't want to regret that so he shoved it from his mind before the anxiety could settle in.

"Fuck. I'm usually more responsible than this." Shane muttered, his head down as he stared between his feet that were planted firmly on the floor. He studied the hideous carpet, trying to keep himself calm.

"I'm pretty sure we have sex often." Ilya snarked, still unaware of what was really going on.

"Rozanov, do you have like a coke or something? I need some sugar." Shane's voice was trembling much like his hands had started to a few moments ago.

"Sugar, eh?" Shane felt Rozanov slide up against him and start to touch him from behind.

Shane shifted his shoulders to get Rozanov's touch off his skin. He felt hot and irritated. His hands wouldn't stop shaking and now his knees were bouncing too. He started to cry, not because he was upset, but because his hormones were all off as his body fought to stay alive.

"A coke? Please." Shane hated how desperate his voice sounded. This was his casual hookup, they weren't lovers, hell they weren't even friends. Shane couldn't be vulnerable around this guy, and yet his condition forced him to be.

Ilya didn't say anything, but Shane felt the bed shift as Ilya got up and crossed the room to the mini fridge. Shane looked sideways at Ilya, he'd slipped on some pants. Shane looked down and realized he should probably do the same, but he couldn't get his body to cooperate. Ilya came back over to Shane with a can of coke in his hands. He squatted down in front of Shane so they could be eye to eye with one another.

Ilya didn't even ask, he just opened the can and held it up to Shane's mouth. Despite how domestic this all felt, Shane didn't say anything, he just opened his mouth. His brain wasn't keeping full, coherent thoughts alive anyways so it was best he just let Ilya help him. It wasn't often that his sugars got low enough to make him shake like this, but he was grateful that Ilya was here to help.

“Better?” Ilya asked after a few minutes.

Shane’s eyes were closed against the nausea his stomach was feeling, the harshness of the big light in the room, and the feeling of unsteadiness that his eyes perceived when he was like this. He took a deep breath and laid back down, pulling his legs up slowly. After the room felt less off-kilter he nodded his head.

“Bed’s nice.” Shane mumbled, but he wasn’t even certain the words actually left his mouth.

He heard the distinct sound of a can being set down on the bedside table. He draped his arm over his eyes and sighed. He still felt extremely shaky, but laying down had definitely helped. Shane wasn’t sure where Ilya was, but he trusted that the Russian was still nearby.

“Shane, talk to me. Are you okay?” Ilya’s voice was slightly panicked, which told Shane he hadn’t in fact spoken like he’d thought.

Without warning, Shane rolled his body as his stomach did a nasty turn and the vomiting reflex caught him off guard. He felt the minimal food in his stomach along with the coke he’d just drank come back up. The burn in his throat made him feel ashamed and upset, which then started a deluge of tears from his eyes. He still couldn’t open them because of the pounding in his head, but now he didn’t want to because he was so embarrassed.

“I should go.” Shane tried to sit up and finally opened his eyes to look for his clothes. But, Ilya’s hand was on him before he could stand up.

“Shane, you just threw up all over floor. You aren’t going.”

The tears continued to flow down his face as Shane lost all control on his upper body and he fell against Ilya’s chest and let the Russian hold him. He knew the man must be freaking out, hell Shane was freaking out. But, he couldn’t speak enough to reassure him or even give him instructions.

He loved the warm feeling of Ilya's skin against his own clammy face. It warmed him clear to his chest. He smiled despite himself, which probably looked a bit dopey if Ilya was looking at him. Ilya rubbed his back and held him as he cried some more from the hormones, the mortification, and just general anxiety.

"What you need, Shane." Ilya's voice was soft and gentle, his hand moved up to cup the back of his head and his fingers ran through Shane's locks in a soothing motion. Shane melted into it, despite knowing how dangerous it could be.

"Mom." Shane mumbled, hoping again that his words would come out in a way Ilya could understand.

"Your mom? She here?" Ilya's voice sounded slightly panicked. Shane nodded against Ilya's chest.

"She came to the game. Room 415."

"Well if I call your mom here, you need to get dressed. We come up with some story." Ilya moved away from Shane, who whined against the loss of contact.

"Shane, you need to help me." Ilya was back in moments with Shane's clothes.

He lifted his arms so Ilya could help him put his shirt back on. Then he allowed Ilya to put his pants on as well. Leaning on Ilya, Shane stood up to put his pants completely in place. If he wasn't fighting for his life, Shane would probably be freaking out as much as Ilya seemed to be. The golden brown locks of Ilya's hair caught reflections of the light every so often as he moved about, straightening up the bedcovers while keeping a firm grip on Shane's swaying, standing body.

"What happened?" Ilya was back in front of him again, his eyes raking all over Shane's face looking for answers.

“Low blood sugar. Diabetes.” Shane muttered.

“Right.” Then, he turned and looked at the can of coke, “Would ginger ale be better?”

“How?” Shane couldn’t believe Ilya knew he preferred ginger ale.

“I noticed at parties you always order ginger ale instead of alcohol. It better for you?”

Shane nodded without a word, but that motion sent his stomach into a frenzy again. He closed his eyes and leaned his head against Ilya’s chest once again. He couldn’t speak for fear he would vomit again, this time directly on Ilya.

“I tell front desk to send your mom here. We tell her we discussing game. She don’t need to know different.” Ilya’s hands rubbed Shane’s back and played with his hair as he spoke.

Shane let his head move up and down ever so slightly at Ilya’s words. “Lay down.”

Ilya helped him lay back down on the bed, this time on top of the covers. Shane let his eyes close and tried to stop his body from shaking. He heard Ilya talking on the phone on two separate occasions.

“Room service? I need ginger ale. Quickly.” Ilya then closed that call with something in Russian, which Shane thought sounded nice but didn’t understand.

Ilya’s hand landed on the side of Shane’s head and he caressed Shane’s cheek. It made Shane feel warm and fuzzy inside. He knew the minute his mom arrived this gentle, touchy-feely side of Ilya would disappear so he wanted to take in as much of it as he could.

“Mrs. Hollander? Yes, Ilya Rozanov. I’m in Room 506, Shane not feeling well. Asked me to call you.”

“She’s going to be freaked out. Sorry.” Shane mumbled, his body feeling heavier and heavier.

“Don’t sleep, Hollander. Stay awake. Ginger ale and mom coming.” Ilya’s voice was louder than it had been, and already distancing himself from the intimacy they carried between them.

A little while later there was a knock on Ilya’s door. His hand disappeared from Shane’s face as he got up. Shane curled himself tighter and wished Ilya would come back to him, but chances were if it was Shane’s mom, he wouldn’t.

“Thank you, Ilya. What happened?” Shane’s mom’s voice sounded from the hall.

“Low blood sugar. He said diabetes.” Ilya must’ve shrugged, based on how he spoke. “I order ginger ale from room service.”

Yuna stepped into the room and Shane started to cry again. “Mom.”

She rushed to him and pulled him into her arms. “Oh sweetie. What happened? You’re always so good about this.”

Then, she must’ve seen the vomit on the carpet because she hugged him even tighter and said, “It’s okay. You’re okay. Ilya said he ordered a ginger ale for you. Are you still feeling sick and shaky?”

Shane nodded without speaking. His mom cradled him that much closer to her and started to rub his back. Shane melted into her embrace and wished he was back in his parents’ room so he could go to sleep.

“M’tired.” Shane mumbled.

His mom fumbled into her bag and pulled out a blood sugar checker. “You can’t sleep until we know your sugars are better.”

There came another knock on the door, Shane heard some muffled speaking and then a cold can of ginger ale was being placed in his hand.

“Give me your hand,” Shane’s mom commanded, gently. Shane held the can in one and gave his mom the other.

There was a beep and his mom caressed the back of his head. “68. Not great, but it must be getting a little better than it was.”

Shane nodded, “M, less shaky.”

“Good,” his mom reached over and took the can from him, opened it, and handed it back. “Little sips. Slow.”

Then, she turned to Ilya once more. Shane knew she was about to start asking questions and he hoped that Ilya was quicker on his feet with a lie than Shane currently was.

“Thank you for letting me know Ilya. I’m sorry this happened, it must’ve been scary to see.”

Shane looked at his – he wasn’t sure what word to give Ilya – sexual partner and saw just how freaked out Ilya looked. The Russian nodded his head with a jerk, his body language completely closed off, guarded.

“Whatever the reason Shane was with you when this happened, I’m grateful he wasn’t alone.”

Shane took another sip of the ginger ale and then spoke, “Thanks mom.”

“We just found out at the upcoming NHL Awards we have to present together. I asked Hollander to come over to talk about it since we have to be friendly on stage.”

Shane breathed a sigh of relief. That was a completely logical answer to his mom’s indirect fishing for information. Sure, they probably could’ve just talked over the phone, but meeting in person to talk it over wasn’t out of the realm of possibility considering they were both in Montreal for the night thanks to their game.

“I’m going to take Shane back to my room with me. Thank you again, Ilya.” His mom stood up and urged Shane to do the same.

This time when he stood up the room didn’t move and his limbs felt sturdy enough to hold him. He walked alongside his mom, still holding onto her for support, and gave Ilya a forced smile.

“See you in a few months, Rozanov.”

“Bye Hollander. Feel better.”

“Sorry about the carpet.”

“Is okay. I call front desk. They clean it.”

Shane nodded and the door closed between them. This time it felt like a chasm had opened up and swallowed him in it. For some reason, it felt like something had shifted between them and Shane had no idea if it was a good change or a devastating one. He figured he’d find out soon enough.

Some time later, when Shane was tucked into the other bed in his parents' hotel room, his phone buzzed. He checked it thinking it was Hayden wanting to tell him the latest about the twins. But it was 'Lily'

From: Lily

Stole your phone when you were sick. Put my number in it. Let me know when you are better.

To: Lily

Sneaky. I'm feeling much better. Thank you.

From: Lily

Good night.

To: Lily

Night.

After that, Shane put his phone away and closed his eyes, letting sleep finally take him. It had been an eventful day. He was just about to completely drift off when it hit him.

Ilya had called him Shane the whole time he was taking care of him.

Shane realized he loved hearing his name on Ilya's lips. *Fuck. He was screwed.*

End Notes

Comments and Kudos are much appreciated if you feel so inclined. And if you want to continue the conversation with me or suggest fic ideas you can find me on Tumblr: @madsworld15 or Twitter: @dorothynyc89.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!