low

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/90395366.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Diabetic Shane Hollander, Soft, Ilya Rozanov Takes Care of Shane Hollander, Anxious Shane Hollander, Autistic Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-08-12 Words: 1,867 Chapters: 1/1

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by Tizniz

Summary

"You are so funny about all your little diet things."

"Not a diet thing," Shane murmurs, "Have to check it."

"Sure." Ilya gives his hair a light tug, "Perfect Shane Hollander has to have perfect everything."

Frowning, Shane lifts up to prop himself on an elbow, allowing himself to see Ilya's teasing smile that goes with his tone. "No, I have to check it. I'm diabetic."

OR: Shane's glucose alarm goes off and Ilya learns something new.

Notes

Hi.

So this story is based on something that happened to me the other night. My glucose alarm woke me up after two hours of sleep and scared the absolute shit out of me, then left me with intense anxiety for like a half hour after because of being woken so abruptly. I, like Shane in this story, was completely fine despite the low reading alarm.

But I figured this idea was as good as any to dip my toe into diabetic!Shane like I've been wanting to do for a while and just...haven't. I dunno.

Also: life has been seriously kicking my ass. Specifically my depression. Which means I have a handful of stories ready to be edited and posted, along with a couple of others I'm slowly chipping away at, but am simply unable to actually edit and post them. I'm surprised I'm even posting *this* one tbh. So please forgive me for disappearing even though I've said that I have stories to post.
They're all also dealing with some heavier stuff, so I get in my head about people not wanting to read that and just wanting fun, fluffy stuff. Even posting this my mind is going 'no, they don't want it' and this is, like, the lightest thing I have.
Minds suck. Do not recommend them.

Anyways. I'm around. I'm writing. I'm fighting the darkness so I can come and share more words with y'all. Hope you enjoy this one until I can eventually post another.

(I know none of this matters and is me rambling, so, sorry.)

K bye.

(Oh wait: in case anyone really cares...every time I think of this story, I sing the chorus of *All Time Low* by Jon Bellion because it's just 'low' being repeated. I dunno. Fun fact.)

See the end of the work for more notes

The blaring of a loud alarm jolts Shane from the deep sleep he'd been in. Over the noise is a string of curses, none of which are in English.

"Fuck. Sorry." Shane mumbles, reaching for his phone, wanting to shut up the annoying alarm so it'll shut up the cursing Russian. "Ugh. Fuck." Finally his fingers find the side of his phone where he can click the button, silencing the sound. He knows he needs to pull his phone closer, actually look at it, deal with the notification that prompted the alarm, but that involves too much effort right now.

That and his heart is racing a mile a minute and he can feel his anxiety spiking because of the culmination of everything. Being woken up so suddenly and abruptly really fucks with you.

"Shane."

Shit. Right. He isn't alone.

"Shane, what was that?" Ilya asks, draping himself over Shane's back, unknowingly helping with grounding Shane as he feels the anxiety slowly spread to every inch of his body. "Why are we awake? Is too early."

"It's only…" Squinting at the brightness of his phone, Shane checks the screen. "Shit. It's two in the morning." They've only been asleep for maybe two hours. "Sorry."

"S'fine." Ilya presses a kiss to the spot behind his ear. "But why did you set such early alarm?"

"Didn't." Shane replies around a yawn, shrugging Ilya off so he can sit up, reaching for his glasses and sliding them on. Ilya, now laying on his back, arm tucked under his head, watches Shane with eyes only half open from sleep. "Go back to sleep."

"Mmm, but you are not."

"No, gotta deal with this." Shane is distracted as he flips through the settings on his app, fingers shaking from the lingering anxiety. He doesn't want to get up and deal with this but he knows if he doesn't do something, then the alarm will go off again. And this alarm is annoying as fuck. Clearly proven by how it'd woken both of them.

Successfully finding the snooze function for alarms for the next eight hours, Shane rechecks the main screen and then makes the (probably) unwise decision to ignore it. He drops his phone back down onto the nightstand face down, slides his glasses off and places them down as well, then Shane wiggles down on the bed until he can turn and plaster his face against Ilya's chest. Strong arms wrap around him, squeezing, and Shane releases a long breath. His heart is still racing in his chest and the anxiety mixed adrenaline is fizzing in his veins, so it'll be a bit before he falls asleep, but Ilya being here is helping significantly.

"Shane." Ilya whispers, "What was that?"

“Nothing.”

“You are still very bad liar.”

“Really, nothing,” Shane yawns, nuzzling against Ilya’s collarbone, “Just my glucose alarm. Levels dipped a bit too low.”

“I did not realize you were also checking those,” Ilya’s tone is teasing as his one hand drifts up towards Shane’s head, fingers combing through his hair. Shane can feel himself relaxing already. Ilya has done wonders for his anxiety through the years, even if he was a main cause of it for a significant chunk as well. “You are so funny about all your little diet things.”

“Not a diet thing,” Shane murmurs, “Have to check it.”

“Sure.” Ilya gives his hair a light tug, “Perfect Shane Hollander has to have perfect everything.”

Frowning, Shane lifts up to prop himself on an elbow, allowing himself to see Ilya’s teasing smile that goes with his tone. “No, I *have* to check it. I’m diabetic.”

Ilya’s face falls, “What?”

“You think I would have an alarm go off in the middle of the night if my glucose levels went down for diet reasons?” Shane wrinkles his nose, “I know I can be strict about my eating, but even that’s a lot for me.”

Ilya is sitting up now, forcing Shane off of him, “You are diabetic?! Hollander, what the fuck!”

“What?” Shane asks, confused and lost. The anxiety was giving way to sleep and Shane was very much looking forward to going back to sleep. Except now Ilya is reaching over Shane and grabbing his phone. “Ilya, what’re you—”

“You are low!?” Ilya snaps, more Russian curses falling quickly from his tongue. “You need to eat something. And we *will* be talking about this!”

“About what?” Shane sighs, dropping an arm over his face as Ilya fights with the blankets tangled around his legs. “Ilya, come on, I wanna sleep.”

“No.”

“No?”

“No.”

With a final huff, Ilya extracts himself from the blankets and is storming out of the bedroom.

Ilya returns maybe a minute later and his arrival is announced by an object hitting Shane square in the chest (and also the loud thundering steps indicating Ilya’s still upset).

Lowering his arm, Shane picks up the snack bar that he keeps around for Ilya because the man has the taste of a child and always wants little treats. So, Shane created a small section of his cupboard he's labeled (not literally because no one can know) *Ilya's Snacks*.

"What?" Shane asks dumbly as Ilya climbs back onto the bed, sitting cross legged and staring Shane down.

"Eat it."

"Ilya, it's like two in the morning…"

"Eat it!"

"Fucking calm down." Shane snaps back, pushing himself back up into a sitting position, "I'm not about to, like, pass out or anything."

"Not what *this*," Ilya wiggles Shane's phone lightly between them, apparently still holding it, "is saying. You need sugar. That has sugar. Eat it. Then we talk."

"Ilya—"

"Shane!" Ilya's face breaks a little, hazel eyes reflecting some of the fear that is apparently coursing through his body, "*Please.*"

So even though Shane is well used to these kind of situations and knows for a fact that he can go back to sleep and be perfectly fine until morning, he opens the package and takes a small bite.

The explosion of sugary sweetness is a rush to his system and is almost unwelcomed with how unfamiliar it is, but he dutifully chews, swallows, and takes another bite.

After maybe a third of the bar is gone, Ilya's shoulders have drooped with released tension and Shane is able to put the bar to the side without earning a glare silently telling him to eat.

"How come I did not know you were diabetic?" Ilya asks, the bite and snap of his voice gone, replaced with a small, vulnerable tone.

Shane shrugs, "I don't talk about it."

"Obviously."

"And I just…it's not a thing?" Ilya levels him with a look. "Okay, yes, it's a *thing,*" Shane amends, "but I'm not Type 1. I'm Type 2. So it's easier to manage."

Ilya fiddles with Shane's phone in his lap, "You have monitor? I have never seen it."

"It's an implant." Shane explains, "I mean, back when we first started…" He trails off briefly, unsure how to explain what this is. They aren't just fucking anymore but they aren't quite

more? Even though they also might be? Shane shakes his head, “I had one that was visible, but I removed it for our hook ups. I didn’t *want* you to know then.”

Ilya’s head cocks to the side, “Why?”

Shane shrugs, eyes dropping to his lap where he picks at a crumb and moves it to the nightstand. God, he hates eating in bed. “I didn’t want anyone to know. It was hard enough being the Asian guy. Now I gotta be the sick, weak guy too?”

Ilya is quiet for so long that Shane looks up. What he sees is heartbreak, but not at the fact that Shane kept a secret from him, instead the heartbreak is *for* Shane. It could almost be read as pity but Shane knows the difference.

“You are…” Ilya cuts off, shaking his head. “You are one of the strongest people I know, Shane.”

“I know I’m a strong player—“

“No.” Ilya’s sharp tone stops him. “I do not mean as player. I mean as *person*.” Ilya reaches forward, grabbing onto one of Shane’s hands. “You are strong, Shane Hollander. I see what you put yourself through every day. I know what you do to be what everyone wants, even if you do not want. You are always putting on that fake smile that tricks everyone but me. You do not say no. And we will not start on the shit you deal with on your team.”

Shane groans internally; he had let it slip about something that happened in the locker room once, and Ilya had literally tackled Shane to the floor and demanded to know more, angry at the team Shane plays for and how they treat him. Apparently things are not actually meant to be like that. Ilya hasn’t let it go but he does hold his tongue mostly, for Shane’s sake.

“You take on so much. And it is so heavy. And now this too.” Ilya gestures at all of Shane, “So strong.”

Shane oddly feels like crying. It’s probably the first time someone has really put such a positive spin on his diabetes. Even his nutritionist and dietician saw it as something to work around. He won’t even start thinking about how his mom views it, despite her love for him. It’s a sore spot. A flaw in Shane’s mind.

“Okay?” Ilya asks, voice softer as he cradles Shane’s cheek, touch tender as his thumb swipes under one of Shane’s eyes.

“Okay.” Shane echoes, a hint of the Russian accent playing in the word. He doesn’t mean it as a tease or joke, the way Ilya says *okay* simply scratches something in Shane’s mind that feels right.

“I cannot believe you did not tell me.” Ilya huffs, dropping his hand away so he can crawl back up the bed and manhandle Shane until he has him in a position he’s satisfied with. Which is apparently Shane curled up into his side while also half on Ilya’s lap, arms wrapped

around him. Shane sighs contendedly, nuzzling into the warm skin of Ilya's collarbone and chest. "We will have to have very serious talk about this."

"Do we?" Shane mumbles around a yawn; the crash of everything is making him sleepy, not helped by the heat radiating from Ilya.

"Yes." Ilya replies shortly and Shane opens one eye into a squint, seeing that Ilya has unlocked Shane's phone once more and is tapping at his glucose app, looking at the way the line moves steadily across before dropping sharply.

"I was fine." Shane sighs, closing his eye once more. "Don't know why I dropped."

"Because you forget to eat. And then I put you through intense work out by fucking you." Lips brush Shane's hair line. "We will plan better next time."

"I'm not eating a protein bar before we fuck."

"Hm. We will see. Go to sleep, Hollander. I have you."

"Fuck you." Shane mumbles, sounding way too fond in his sleep state.

"Maybe in morning. After your numbers go back up."

Shane means to smack Ilya or tell him off, but instead he drifts back off to sleep.

love you.

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