

I'm Not Okay (But It's All Gonna Be Alright)

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I'm Not Okay (But It's All Gonna Be Alright)

by [lucianowriter](#)

Summary

The 5 Times Shane Hollander has a Diabetes mental health spiral and his loved ones are there to bring him out of it +1 time Shane Hollander hides his spiral and ends up in the hospital.

Notes

Hello my lovelies,

I know I know. I really like to put our boys through things. That said, I continue to want to explore Shane as a Type 1 Diabetic so this idea was born. One of the things I really struggle with as a T1D is my mental health. I constantly have moments where everything feels like much too much. So, I decided to work through that by showing Shane with those experiences as well.

There is going to be some angst, but ultimately this is a study on just how well Ilya Rozanov supports his man through the ups and downs of a condition that really is a lot sometimes. I wanted to be sure I showed Ilya as supportive and loving because its the best thing to have when you are going through a chronic illness -- a partner who understands how to help.

At the end of the day, I hope people walk away from this fic with a better understanding of the immense burden Type 1 Diabetes can have on a person. Especially someone who is also neurodivergent and anxious.

Please enjoy!

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

1. November 2020

Shane stared at the screen on his phone. 182. The number sat there, with an upward arrow trend, mocking him. He was supposed to be sleeping. They had a game against Ottawa at 4pm tomorrow. Shane's eyes drifted to the top corner that told him the time, 3:12. Make that today; 4 pm today. He had about 12 hours until he faced off against his boyfriend on the ice. He should be sleeping. Instead, he was staring at the Dexcom app on his phone, silently daring the number to go down.

Instead, as if in protest, it crept up 190. Shane clinched his hands in frustration. It was higher than he wanted it to be but he also already had a few units of insulin on board from earlier in the evening, before he'd gone to bed. He'd had rice with dinner tonight so he'd split his bolus so that it was delivered over a longer period to try and counter the effects of rice on his system.

Tears stung the corners of his eyes. He'd done everything he was supposed to do. He'd measured his food meticulously. He'd calculated the correct dosage all the way down to an extra unit just as a precaution. He'd made sure to keep his meal balanced with plenty of fiber and protein, ensuring that the only high carb, high starch item was the rice. Shane lived in a world of balance. He was also careful.

But sometimes that care wasn't enough. Like tonight. It was exhausting. Shane wasn't equipped to handle failure well. It was a high stress time for him right now, but he was managing everything just fine. Until a stubborn blood sugar decided tonight was the perfect time to make an appearance.

He rubbed a hand down his face and sighed. A few more tears of frustration leaked out. He wanted to scream, but he couldn't. As if on cue, the lump beside him on the bed shifted and Ilya lifted his head with bleary eyes. His hand reached out and snatched the phone from Shane's grasp.

"Sleep. Is fine." Ilya murmured. Putting the phone on his side of the bed and then nuzzling into Shane's neck.

Shane rolled until he was leaning on top of Ilya and snatched his phone back. "I can't. My sugar is high and keeps going up."

Shane half expected Ilya to roll over and go back to sleep like he would on occasion when he felt Shane was being too neurotic. But, there must be something in Shane's tone that concerned Ilya because instead he sat up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"How high?"

Shane turned his phone screen on, input his code, and turned the screen so that Ilya could see. 190. The arrow was pointing straight up.

Ilya gently took the phone from Shane's hand once more. He turned the screen off, and put it back on his side of the bed. Then, he positioned both himself and Shane so that they were facing each other. Ilya's arms wrapped around Shane in a comforting, warm embrace.

"Is not the end of the world. You have stubborn numbers sometimes. Breathe. It'll be fine. You need sleep for our game in a few hours. Montreal will have to watch out for Ottawa." Ilya's smirk and playful eyes caught Shane off guard.

He buried his face into Ilya's shoulder and laughed. It was filled with nervous tension, but also joyful release. His boyfriend always knew how to distract his mind from his diabetes. Hockey. The most sure fire cure for Shane's anxiety in general.

"Is that so? Did Ottawa get some new players I didn't hear about?" Shane allowed any thoughts of that nagging high number to be shoved to the back.

"Yes. They have a star center who is the best in the league. Plus, they now have a team puppy. Makes all the difference." Ilya's eyes were filled with youthful joy; it was intoxicating and pulled Shane under.

"Ah yes, my mistake. I forgot, a team puppy automatically makes them better *on the ice*." Shane shook his head ever so slightly.

“And a star center.” Ilya added, pointedly.

“I don’t think that guy needs to be mentioned. He’s only okay.” Shane’s eyes raked over Ilya’s face, memorizing every inch of it.

“Is that really how you treat your husband?” Ilya looked at Shane with mock protest. “I want a divorce.”

“That’ll be easy, since we aren’t actually married.” Shane shifted so that he could lay on Ilya’s chest. His exhaustion crept up on him.

“You wound me, Hollander.” Ilya squeezed Shane tightly against him. “Did our Moana wedding dance mean nothing to you?”

“Mmm. Yes, but just pretend.” Shane mumbled, sleep pulling him under, his mind no longer worrying about his numbers.

“It not pretend to me.” Ilya murmured just before Shane sank completely into blissful oblivion.

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2. December 2020

Shane couldn’t breathe. He’d left Ilya’s house when his boyfriend had asked him to, but he couldn’t trust himself to be alone so he had driven across town to his parents house. His whole body was shaking as he drove. His eyes were filled with tears.

He’d known, subconsciously, that Ilya wasn’t happy in their current arrangement. That he was really struggling to understand if Shane would ever see them as more important than hockey. He’d known this and yet, in the moment he had questioned Ilya’s loyalty to him. *Why had he done that?*

Ilya had given up so much to ensure they got to be closer to each other. He'd left Boston, a team he had been through so much with, to play for the worst in the league. But he'd done it for Shane. He was always doing things for Shane. But, Shane was always doing things for Ilya too, so in his mind he had also kind of felt his question wasn't unwarranted.

They were both highly competitive hockey players. Ilya loved him, yes, but he also loved hockey. Just like Shane. *No*, his mind corrected him, *not just like you. Ilya's love for hockey was never as strong as yours.*

He arrived at his parents' house and sat in his Jeep for longer than was socially acceptable. His whole body was shaking. He was so rattled by how poorly their conversation had gone. Shane had wanted to be brave and do all the things with Ilya, but he also still very much loved hockey and he knew it wouldn't go well for them if people found out.

He must've been sitting out in his car for too long because all of a sudden his mom was there, knocking on the passenger side window. She had a sweater on underneath her winter coat. She looked concerned, so Shane gave her a forced smile and climbed out of his car.

"Shane? What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be with Ilya?" His mom's concern leaked into her every word.

Shane shivered, his brain suddenly struggling to form words. His tongue felt too big in his mouth. His vision was blurry, he couldn't figure out if it was because of tears or something else. He moved slowly around the front of his car to stand next to his mom. His legs felt shaky.

"Shane?" His mom's voice was sharp, scared.

Shane looked at her and felt his vision start to cloud. "I need..." But he couldn't finish.

Luckily, his parents were used to his diabetes and so were able to move quickly. His mom wrapped her arm around him and directed him into the home. Shane was unceremoniously

directed over to the couch and instructed to sit or lay down. Shane decided to grab the pillow Ilya had lain on after opening gifts the day before. It still smelled like his hair product. Shane closed his eyes and attempted to calm the anxiety in his brain and stop the off-kilter feeling he felt.

“Here. Drink this.” His mom handed him a Ginger Ale, not a diet one like he usually drank.

Shane sat up, still hugging the pillow to his chest with one arm while he drank from the cup with his other. The cup was a bit shaky, but if he focused hard enough he could manage a few sips without spilling.

“I didn’t realize I had gone low. I was...” Shane’s thoughts turned to Ilya’s hurt eyes and his firm, stern face as he told Shane to leave. “Distracted.”

His mom rubbed his back and pulled him against her in a comforting embrace. “You wanna talk about it?”

Shane shook his head. “No.” Then he thought better of it and decided to try. “Why can’t it all be easy? Why can’t I just go to a party with Ilya and not stress or make him feel like shit?”

“I take it you guys had a fight?” His mom continued to rub his back. Her voice never judging, always gentle and understanding.

Shane’s hands continued to shake and he started to get pissed about that as well. “And why can’t I go one day where I don’t have to think about what’s going on inside my body? I just want one day where I’m not completely stressed out of my mind worrying if I’m going to go high or low or end up in the hospital because of some freak occurrence with my health.”

“So, you’re not mad at Ilya, you’re mad at your body and your diabetes?” Shane could tell his mom wasn’t connecting the dots, and frankly he didn’t blame her he was kind of all over the place. He stood up and started to pace, agitated.

“I’m fucking tired, mom. I’m tired of always being terrified. I’m tired of always having to think about 100 different things more than the average person because everything I do can affect my body’s blood sugar levels. I’m fucking tired of waking up with a decent number only to have it spike above 200 for no goddamn reason the minute I get out of bed and breathe. I’m tired of elevated numbers making me snap and say things I don’t mean because my mind is thinking about a million different things at once. And I’m fucking tired of going really low after a fight with my boyfriend and all I want is his comfort but I need to give him space.” Shane’s chest was heaving by the time he finished speaking.

A silence fell between them, as his mom stood up and gently wrapped him up in her arms. “I know it’s not the same, but I’m here.”

Slowly, over the next half hour, Shane felt a bit better as his blood sugar came back up and his heart stopped feeling like it was breaking inside his chest. They would get through this. It wasn’t the first time Shane and Ilya had fought in all the years they’d known each other, and it wouldn’t be the last. Shane was certain that with time this would all blow over.

He would go on the road with Montreal in the New Year while Ilya was on the road with Ottawa. They’d call and text each other while away. It would all work out. Once things had calmed down they would discuss their fight with clear heads and find a solution. It was all going to be okay.

“Here, take this snack with you.” Yuna Hollander shoved thumbprint cookies into Shane’s hand as he tried to leave his parents’ house the next morning to drive back to Montreal.

He smiled at her concern. With a more than 2 hour drive ahead of him, Shane liked knowing he would have a back up in case his blood sugar dropped. Before he pulled out of their driveway he contemplated texting Ilya, but he thought better of it. They both needed space to sort through their emotions. He would text his boyfriend when he got home.

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3. January 2021

After hanging up with Ilya, Shane went and laid down. Hayden was sharing a room with him, but he’d stepped out so he could get a few drinks with the team. Shane had politely declined

the offer, though no one batted an eye knowing how anal Shane was about drinking during the season.

The only person who had seemed phased by him refusing to hang out was JJ. Shane wasn't sure what that was about, but he figured JJ would talk to him eventually. He would just need to wait him out.

The moment his body hit the mattress, all of the pent up stress and sorrow about Ilya possibly dying seemed to seep from his every pore. He got an alarm from his Dexcom app on his phone. He swiped the newest tears that appeared in his eyes. He couldn't read the screen through them and he needed to focus on his health right now.

His blood sugar was trending up from 125. It wasn't an issue yet, but he had it set that his app would alert at anything above 120. Shane had a moment where he considered ignoring the alert completely and taking a sleep aid to help him doze off into a world where he could stop worrying about Ilya. But, he knew that was reckless, especially for someone who had just gone through the experience of almost losing the love of his life. He couldn't be that reckless to Ilya. It would be a shitty way of reacting to Ilya's near death experience.

By the time Hayden returned to the hotel room some time later, Shane was on the verge of a freak out. He'd packed enough reservoirs and cannula/infusion set/tubing for at least 3 pump resets. They were only on the road for 2 days, but Shane was always one to be extra cautious. He was always worried that he'd be stranded somewhere without the ability to reset his pump and would therefore go into a diabetic crisis. So, he always packed at least 2 more sets than he actually needed.

But tonight, when his numbers had steadily climbed without any reprieve despite Shane finally giving himself a correction dose around the time he hit 142, he'd realized that he would need to reset his pump and attach it to a new spot on his body. The next location on his rotation schedule was his upper arm. So, he'd gotten to work and gone through all the steps to ensure a smooth reset, no issues. Only, he'd forgotten about his very tenuous emotional state and how that would affect his ability to properly execute each step.

So, Hayden came into the room to find two spent infusion sets, the adhesive on both destroyed in some way that would make it impossible for the items to be properly attached to his body. Shane had tears of frustration running down his face. Hayden barely missed getting hit in the head with Shane's launcher when the situation frustrated him so much he got angry.

“Okay, not sure what I did to get diabetes supplies lobbed at my head. But, maybe I can help?” Hayden spoke softly, in a tone Shane had heard him use when separating his warring twin daughters.

Shane sighed. “Sorry Hayd. I can’t get my hands to stop shaking and my blood sugar keeps climbing. I need to reset my pump but my hands are shaking and so I’ve already ruined two infusion sets. I only brought three with me and if I don’t get this one to attach I am fucked. But I can’t stop picturing Ilya in a plane crashing into a fiery explosion. And my numbers keep going up and what if it's something else, not my pump? What if I am sick or worse?”

Shane got up and started to pace around the room. “I barely ate any dinner because I’m so worried about Ilya that my stomach was in knots. And now I can’t stop shaking because what if I never get to see him again? I know I just talked to him but what if something else happens before he’s able to get back home to Ottawa?”

Hayden stepped up to Shane and placed his hands on Shane’s shoulders. “Buddy, you need to breathe. This,” He held up the launcher Shane had lobbed angrily across the room, “can be fixed. And like you said, you spoke to Ilya. He’s okay. The likelihood of him getting into another plane crash so soon after the almost first one is statistically improbable. So, let’s take this one step at a time. Let me help you attach your new infusion set since my hands are steady. Alright?”

Shane nodded, his brain a little bit quieter already. Hayden also grabbed Shane’s phone from where he’d thrown it moments before Hayden had come back. He unlocked it, how he knew Shane’s code he didn’t ask. Shane was just trying to keep it cool until Hayden finished helping him. Then, Shane heard Ilya’s voice.

“Shane? What’s wrong? When we said we’d talk more later, I didn’t expect later to be so quick.”

Shane breathed a sigh of relief. That was the voice of the man he loved. Ilya was alive and safe. Ilya was going to be fine. Shane could stop worrying.

“Sorry, Ilya. I needed Shane to calm the fuck down. He was about to head into a panic because of you and his pump reset not going according to plan.” Hayden said when it became obvious Shane wasn’t able to speak.

“Let me see him.” Ilya responded, and Hayden turned the phone screen around and handed it to Shane.

“Moya lyubimyy. Breathe. Let Hayden help you. I’m fine. You don’t have to worry.”

Shane nodded through his tears. And then handed his last infusion set to Hayden. He then turned his body so that his bare bicep was closest to Hayden and pointed to the spot where he wanted Hayden to attach his pump. Within a few minutes the task was all said and done and Shane was able to give himself a correction dose of insulin, no issue.

He turned to Hayden and gave him a smile of thanks. Hayden nodded and crossed the room to his bed. Letting Shane and Ilya say their goodbyes.

“Let me see.” Ilya stated. Shane gave a smile and moved his phone screen so that it showed his newly attached pump on his bicep.

“Sexy.” Ilya murmured. “Now, please sleep and don’t worry. Worry will only make your body haywire.”

Shane gave a chuckle of relief. “I promise. See you soon.”

“YA tebya lyublyu moya lyubimyy” Ilya murmured and then he was gone. Shane cleaned up the supplies strewn all across his bed. Then, he climbed under the covers and eventually dozed off to sleep with images of Ilya flooding his brain.

4. January 2021

“Mine.” Ilya murmured against Shane’s skin.

Shane was trembling. He was so excited. Ilya had said yes, they were going to be married. He would never have to say goodbye to Ilya ever. Ilya would be his forever. His limbs suddenly started to feel off, his mouth dry, and his vision started to swim. Ilya manhandled him to the floor, on top of Ilya’s living room carpet.

Shane shivered again. This time, he knew it wasn’t from excitement. Sure enough, a moment later his Dexcom app chirped loud and obnoxiously, alerting him to a low. Ilya didn’t even hesitate, he was on his feet in seconds. He left the room briefly to grab what Shane needed from the cabinet in his kitchen that he dedicated to snacks for lows.

When Ilya got back, Shane was sitting up, his hands feeling numb and his arms shaking. His thoughts were running a million miles away, stressing about it all. Ilya sat down next to him and wordlessly handed him a chalky glucose tablet. In his hands he still held a bottle of water and a can of regular ginger ale. Shane leaned against the coffee table and closed his eyes. He couldn’t form any coherent thoughts or words just yet, but he knew the tablet would kick in soon enough, solving that problem.

Sure enough, minutes later, the numb and tingly feeling all over his body slowly disappeared. Shane opened his eyes and smiled toward Ilya. Ilya raised an eyebrow and held up both drinks in offering.

Shane took the water and shook his head at the regular ginger ale. Ilya nodded and twisted around so he could place the can on the coffee table.

“You just couldn’t stand me getting the spotlight. Even when *you* proposed to me.” Ilya quipped with a gentle nudge of his shoulder on Shane.

Shane shook his head, “Fuck off.”

Ilya looked at him quizzically, as if he was waiting for something more from Shane. Which was ridiculous. Shane had lows frequently enough that Ilya knew Shane didn't do it on purpose. Besides, Shane didn't usually react to his numbers dropping or spiking in some over the top manner. *Well, sometimes you do. Especially when it happens after big events.* Oh.

Then, his thoughts caught up and his brain went back online. And there it was, the freak out.

"Ilya, I'm so sorry. Fuck. I didn't mean to go low. I had this whole elaborate plan and it was going to be all romantic. You would say yes and then we would celebrate. Instead, you said yes and I almost crashed. I would like for us to go one day without my diabetes ruining everything. I don't even enjoy meals anymore because all I can think of is the macros and whether or not I'm calculating the correct dosage to keep me from crashing or spiking. I can't enjoy a movie night at home with you without also thinking about whether or not my pump is still working. I planned a romantic proposal based on what you told me you wanted to do years ago and I've been so stressed about getting everything right that I forgot to eat. And now..." Shane spiralled and only stopped when Ilya placed a hand on his cheek.

"Shane. Breathe." Ilya's smile somehow held love, mirth, and adoration all at once.

And so, Shane did. He took a deep breath and allowed Ilya's presence to quiet all the thoughts in his brain.

"Still think you want to marry me?" He finally sputtered out, looking into Ilya's eyes.

Ilya smirked, "No, I don't think so." Then he paused dramatically. "I know so."

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5. February 2021

"Fuck!" Shane hung up the phone and pulled at his hair. It was haphazardly up in a hair tie to keep it out of his face, but the simple act of tugging on it had pulled chunks of his hair free.

Ilya looked up from where he sat on the couch playing a video game. He paused his game and raised an eyebrow at Shane. Shane couldn't speak right now, he was frustrated as fuck. He did everything right, all the time. Sure, he had ups and downs with this fucking condition, but all Type 1 Diabetics did. But, this was something he couldn't control.

"Is everything okay?" Ilya finally asked, breaking the tension in the room.

"That was the supply company. They said they no longer offer the pump supplies I need. Therefore, they couldn't fill my order. Which I need within a few days or I will run out. Never mind the fact that I called them to reorder two weeks ago and they are only just now calling to tell me this. What the fuck is wrong with people? Now, I'm going to have to scramble to find a different provider to get what I need. As if I don't have enough on my plate as it is. We are gearing for the playoffs. Montreal is in good standing to win the cup this year. When will I have time to call around and find a solution?"

"You do know that you have mom and dad on your side. And me. We could help you find a solution. Then, you call and make a new order. Slice of cake."

"It's not that easy, Ilya! I don't have time for this bullshit. And even if I were to find something by tomorrow and order it, I need more infusion sets and reservoirs in days not weeks. Shipping supply orders take at least a week if not two. What am I supposed to do until then?" Shane continued to pull at his hair. This was not how he'd hoped his day off with Ilya would go.

"You have needles, yes? And vials of insulin?" Ilya spoke slowly and steadily. His voice soothing the wrinkles of Shane's anxious mind.

"Yes." Shane felt his chest loosen. He loved that a simple conversation with Ilya during a diabetes spiral worked miracles to calm him down.

"Then, you have a backup plan. Just breathe. We will find a solution. Now, come play with me. It's more fun when I'm competing." Ilya patted the couch cushion closest to him.

With a sigh, Shane turned off his phone and decided that finding a solution to the frustrating problem could wait a few hours while he played a hockey video game against his soon-to-be husband.

+1. March 2021

Ilya was worried about Shane. More than he'd ever worried about his fiance before. Yesterday their world had imploded thanks to Hayden's fucking FanMail account. Ever since the news broke all over the internet, Shane had gone despondent.

He'd crawled into their bed at Ilya's Ottawa home and burrowed down under the covers. He hadn't gotten out of it to eat or anything. In fact, he wasn't doing anything but lying there staring at the wall. Sometimes he would drift off to sleep, but he wouldn't speak, or move, or even take care of himself like he was always so diligent about.

Ilya had been keeping an eye on Shane's Dexcom app on his phone because he knew Shane wasn't giving himself any insulin corrections or eating. So, he worried that Shane's blood sugar would go haywire and he'd end up really sick.

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Two days later, Shane still hadn't spoken to Ilya about any of the events happening around them. They'd both been benched the minute the NHL had caught wind of the video outing them. Right now, Ilya was visiting Montreal and trying his best to keep an eye on Shane, who was doing better than he had in the 24 hours after their public outing. But, he still wasn't eating enough nor had Ilya seen him do much in the way of diabetes care. Ilya wished he could have access to Shane's phone so he could monitor his fiancé's numbers, but Shane wouldn't let him see.

Tomorrow they were being asked to sit down in a meeting with Crowell to discuss what the move forward would be. Ilya wasn't sure what was going to happen to them, but he was certain whatever it was was going to impact Shane's mental health. Ilya got off the treadmill and went off in search of Shane.

He found his fiancé sitting in his living room watching the TV with the volume muted. In his lap was the remnants of a bag of potato chips and a half eaten Snickers bar. Ilya freaked. Shane never ate either of these things because they too often adversely affected his numbers and how he felt overall. These were snacks Shane kept in his home for Ilya. The fact that Shane had eaten them alerted Ilya to just how depressed Shane must be.

He slowly approached his fiancé, the sweat towel he'd used to wipe his face was now draped around his shoulders. He squatted down in front of him and took the food remnants away. Shane didn't even move, it was as if he didn't even notice Ilya was there.

"Shane." Ilya rubbed his hand up Shane's arm and landed with it on his cheek.

Shane looked toward him with sad, distant eyes. This was the most despondent he'd ever seen the man be. Sure, Shane had panic attacks and sensory overload freak outs. And sometimes he needed the quiet and to be left alone. But, never before had he been completely checked out and silent for days on end. Ilya tried again.

"Shane. Did you give yourself a bolus for the food you just ate?"

Shane just continued to stare at Ilya, no emotion on his face, but his eyes showed just how upset he was.

"I know all of this is not exactly how we wanted this to play out. But it's out there and we have our meeting with Crowell tomorrow. We will figure it out. This isn't the end."

For the first time in days, Shane opened his mouth to speak, but what came out was a garbled mess of sounds that didn't make any sense.

Ilya freaked out. He needed to get control of whatever situation he had on his hands. He stood up and practically ran to Shane's kitchen. He threw open Shane's odds and ends drawer where he found Shane's manual blood sugar checker. He rushed back to where Shane was

sitting and pricked his finger and checked. After what felt like a million years, Ilya heard the beep alerting him to the reading being ready.

He looked down and the display made his blood run cold. All it said was HIGH. *Fuck. He knew from Shane explaining years ago that the manual checker only said that when the number was above 500.*

Ilya ran his hands over Shane's body, needing Shane to focus on him and give him any sign that things were going to be okay. He snapped his fingers and tried to get Shane to respond, but nothing. Shane's eyes sluggishly moved as if trying to follow Ilya, but his body didn't.

Ilya grabbed his phone and immediately dialed the emergency services number. He knew enough to know Shane needed to be seen by a doctor as soon as possible. Once the operator told him they had sent an ambulance to Shane's place, he stayed on the line and then he searched Shane's person for his phone. Ilya needed to call Yuna and David. He needed instructions about what he should do.

All the while he was muttering reassurances in Shane's direction.

"Shane. It's okay. I called an ambulance. We're going to get you some help. Shane, hey moya lyubimyy, look at me. Can you please look at me? Give me some sign that you are okay?"

Once he'd finally found Shane's phone, it had fallen between the side of the couch and the cushion Shane sat on. Ilya's shaking hands put in Shane's passcode and he immediately dialed Yuna.

"Shane, hey sweetie. How are you holding up with all this?" Yuna's voice came through loud and sweet.

"M-mom." Ilya choked on his own words. "Shane." Ilya felt the sob rip from his chest. He was so lost. He didn't know what to do."

“Ilya?” Her tone shifted and jumped into manager mode. “What’s going on?”

“S-Shane’s number. He’s barely moving and when he does it’s sluggish. I checked his number and it just said HIGH. I called an ambulance. I –” Ilya stopped as the tears clogged his throat.

“Ilya, breathe sweetie. You got him help. That’s the important thing.”

“He’s been so overwhelmed for days. I thought he’d snap out of it like he always does. But, he hasn’t. He ate my snacks. The ones he never touches because they aren’t good on his body. I don’t think he’s been giving himself insulin like he should this whole time. He’s so good, I didn’t worry about that. I should’ve worried about that.” Ilya took a shaky breath as he finished speaking.

“Okay. You need to breathe, Ilya. David and I are on our way from Ottawa. Literally getting in the car right now.”

“Do I give him a dose of insulin?” Ilya had never dosed insulin for Shane before, but he could easily do it right now if it was required of him.

“I wouldn’t just because we don’t know what Shane and his doctors have established as his ratio. There is math involved that I haven’t been privy to since he was 18.” Yuna reminded Ilya that it wasn’t as simple as giving some of the liquid medicine and calling it a day. There was math and calculations involved.

“We will see you soon. Just please, try to breathe. It’s all going to be okay.”

Ilya hung up with Yuna and turned his attention back to the phone call with emergency services.

“How much longer?” Ilya’s eyes filled with tears as he watched Shane some more.

The woman on the other end of the phone said, “Five minutes.”

Ilya watched in slow motion as Shane started to vomit. He jumped quickly to grab the closest trashcan and put it under Shane’s mouth. Shane started to make choking sounds, so Ilya tried his best to reposition him. All the while he was rubbing comforting circles onto Shane’s back.

“Shane, is okay. They are coming. We’re going to get you to a doctor soon. I promise. Please stay with me. Shane, moya lyubimyy, please.”

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Hours later, Ilya was slumped in an uncomfortable hospital chair next to Shane’s bedside. He had Shane’s hand in his own while Shane lay there, unmoving. He had slipped unconscious just as the emergency service people had arrived. Upon reaching the hospital doctors had rushed him off, throwing reassurances that they would inform Ilya later over their shoulders.

When he’d finally been allowed to see Shane again, only about a half hour ago, Shane’s endocrinologist had explained to Ilya that he was suffering from DKA. He’d thought that Shane was in a coma when he’d seen him unconscious, but the endocrinologist assured Ilya that he was simply resting. His body had started to break down due to Shane’s lack of diligent care for days.

Now, he was just waiting for Shane’s blood sugar to go down enough that he was out of the danger zone. Doctors and nurses flitted in and out of his room checking things and giving him insulin doses as needed. Ilya hated that Shane was hooked up to so many machines and monitors, but being able to hear his steady heartbeat reminded Ilya that Shane was alive and he was going to be fine. Eventually.

“Hey.” A voice from the doorway whispered, pulling Ilya out of his thoughts. He looked up and saw Shane’s parents.

“Mom. Dad.” Ilya sighed in relief. He stood up and crossed the room quickly to wrap his arms around them for a Hollander hug.

Yuna kissed Ilya on the cheek and forced their eyes to meet, “What did his doctor say?”

Ilya sniffed and then responded, “He was in DKA when he arrived. They’re gradually giving him doses of insulin so that they don’t shock his system. And he’s hooked up to a catheter so they can monitor his kidney function. Right now he’s resting, and they’re hopeful he will make a full recovery, but...”

“You’re still worried?” Yuna hazarded a guess.

“Yeah.” Ilya nodded with a whisper. “I knew this situation had been hard on him. We both got benched until Crowell could figure out what to do with us. We were supposed to meet with him later today. I knew that he took it harder than me, but no matter what he’s had thrown at him in all the years I’ve known him he’s never let that get in the way of managing his diabetes. So I didn’t worry about that. I should’ve though. I should’ve known he wasn’t doing well enough to handle things.”

“Ilya, you trust him to manage his condition because you know he can. It’s not your fault. You weren’t given all the information. And, you weren’t with him every day in the days since you both were outed. You can’t make complete decisions to protect him without all the information, son.” David spoke up this time.

“I just...I was so worried about how my team was handling everything that I didn’t do more to check in with him.” Ilya’s breath got caught in his chest, “Oh god, what if the Voyageurs didn’t handle it well.”

“He’s been benched. Wouldn’t that mean he probably hasn’t seen them yet?”

“No, we talked two days ago on his way to practice. We’d been told by the league that we couldn’t play but we could still practice with our teams. When we talked a day ago I didn’t even ask him how practice went. I just went on and on about how well the Centaurs took it.”

Yuna pulled him against her chest once more. “Ilya, you can’t know what Shane doesn’t tell you. This whole situation is a mess that neither of you were prepared for and you’re both doing the best you can.”

A moan from behind them had Ilya turning so quickly he almost fell over. He rushed back to Shane’s bedside as his fiancé started to stir. He grabbed Shane’s hand and used his other hand to run his fingers through Shane’s limp hair. It didn’t feel the same as Ilya liked, but he knew that was because Shane was sick.

“W-where am I?” Shane mumbled, his eyes still closed, but leaning into Ilya’s touch.

“Hey, moya lyubimyy. Ilya brought Shane’s hand up to his mouth and gave it a kiss. “You’re in the hospital. Your blood sugar went really high sending your body into DKA.”

Shane groaned, and then finally opened his eyes. He looked at Ilya and Ilya started to cry. He leaned over and started kissing Shane on any surface he could reach all while whispering ‘I love you’ in Russian over and over again. Shane’s other hand came around and embraced Ilya.

“I’m okay. Ilya, I’m awake. I’ll be fine.” Shane was trying to be reassuring, but Ilya wasn’t convinced.

“You could’ve died. I was so scared.” Ilya breathed into Shane’s neck, not wanting to separate his body from the man he loved.

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.” Shane started to rub Ilya’s back. “I didn’t want to worry you. Your team was handling things so well I didn’t want to burden you with my problems. I thought I was doing okay. I was overwhelmed and hurt but I thought I was doing okay. Until I wasn’t. And by then I didn’t really care.”

Ilya leaned back so he could look Shane in the eyes. “How did the Voyageurs take it?”

Shane shook his head, “That’s not important right now.”

“Shane.” Ilya said, warningly. He knew if they didn’t talk about this now, Shane could easily slip back into not caring for himself.

“I’m fine, Ilya. Believe me. I’m fine. I promise.”

“They didn’t take it well, did they?” Ilya knew without Shane even talking about it that things weren’t going well.

“J.J. told me to leave the minute I showed up to practice the other day. Some of the other guys backed him up and said they didn’t need a traitor on the team.” Shane finally admitted.

Ilya squeezed Shane’s hand a little tighter hearing how his fiancé had been treated. Shane had given his whole career to these guys. When he’d told them he was gay they hadn’t batted an eye, but finding out he was dating Ilya, that was too much? Fuck them. Now, more than ever, Ilya wanted to attend that meeting with Crowell later today. He wanted to give the commissioner a piece of his mind.

“Ilya, please. It’s fine. I’m over it. If they don’t want me then I don’t need them. Besides, Crowell is probably going to kick us out of the league anyways.”

“It’s okay to admit you’re still not okay,” David said softly from where he stood a few feet away.

“As for Crowell,” Yuna cut in, “If he tries to kick you out we will sue. That is completely against regulation.”

Shane looked down at his hands which were now playing with the blanket draped across his lap. His face fell and he gave a wet exhale.

“I’m not okay,” he finally whispered.

Ilya pulled Shane against him and kissed him all over. “That’s okay. We will always be here to help. We love you.”

Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya to complete the embrace. “I love you, too. So much.”

Then after a beat, Shane added, “I promise I won’t let it get this bad ever again. I didn’t mean to scare you.”

“Is okay. I’m just glad you are going to get better. I can’t live without you.” Ilya cried into Shane’s shoulder.

“I know. I know. I won’t leave you. I promise.”

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.

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