

Sugar We're Going Down

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Sugar We're Going Down

by [lucianowriter](#)

Summary

When Shane Hollander collapses on the ice in the middle of a game against Ottawa, Ilya Rozanov reacts without thinking.

Notes

Hello, my lovelies!

This fic is something I wanted to explore because as a Type 1 Diabetic myself I find it fun to see how the story would change if a character I love also had the condition. So, from there I had this idea that it would be Shane Hollander. I felt it just fit really well with his canonical controlled eating habits and regimented exercise routines.

This idea is going to hurt, but it will also warm your cold dead heart. Or at least it did for me while writing.

I hope you guys enjoy my first foray into writing from Ilya's perspective. He is harder for me to channel, but I think I did a pretty decent job.

In the fic when Ilya says: “Я тебя люблю. Пожалуйста, останьтесь.” He is saying: "I love you. Please Stay."

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

Ilya watched it happen as if in slow motion. One minute Shane was skating against Luca Haas trying to get the puck back for Montreal. The next his face went as white as a sheet and Shane slammed into Luca as he fell to the ice. Ilya didn't even think, he skated faster than he ever had before. His heart was in his throat as he struggled to breathe.

The time it took him to skate a few feet felt like a million light years, but actually happened faster than a buzzer could sound to stop game play. He skidded to his knees as he came upon Shane. Luca was partially under Shane's legs, their legs completely tangled, but Ilya paid his teammate no mind. He only had eyes for Shane.

Shane's eyes moved quickly as he tried to figure out what was happening to him. Ilya leaned close to him and asked, "Is it your sugar?"

Shane Hollander was a Type 1 Diabetic. It wasn't a secret by any means, hell he was a spokesperson for one of those diabetes medical device companies Ilya could never remember the name of.

Shane tried to speak but what came out of his mouth was a complete and garbled mess. It didn't make sense in any language let alone the two he was fluent in. Ilya gulped as he realized this was extremely serious. He wanted nothing more than to stay at his side but the fact that it had been minutes since Shane collapsed and none of the team doctors were tending to him Ilya needed to get that handled first.

He whispered to Shane. "I'll be right back."

Then he skated over to the Montreal team box and started screaming at the coach and team physician in Russian. He realized his mistake and switched to English.

"Hollander is having a medical emergency. He needs to be seen NOW! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU STANDING AROUND FOR?!"

Before Ilya could get a response he heard Hayden Pike yell, "HE'S HAVING A SEIZURE!"

Ilya turned and what he saw made his blood turn cold. There on the ice, Shane was twitching. Suddenly, there was a flurry of people as they rushed Shane, effectively pushing Ilya away. But, Ilya being as big as he is, simply pushed his way through and threatened anyone who tried to stop him.

Once he finally made it back to Shane the team doctors had managed to stop his seizure but Shane was still just lying on the ice. Tears burned Ilya's eyes. He thought of his mother and how she'd looked when he found her. His heart felt like it was shattering, but then his left hand was in Shane's, and his other was brushing through his hair, damp from the ice and sweat.

If anyone was trying to get him to back up, Ilya had no idea. He only had eyes for Shane, who was unconscious. A warm hand landed on his shoulders, he briefly turned away from Shane to see it was Hayden Pike. His face was soft and sympathetic.

"Ilya, you need to let the doctors transport him."

Ilya tuned back in and saw what he hadn't before, which was the backboard beneath Shane. The Montreal team doctor was waiting for Ilya to move, looking too unnerved by what was happening to ask himself. So, Hayden had bit the bullet and volunteered.

Ilya nodded. He took Pike's hand and allowed the man to help him back to his feet. He stood next to Shane's best friend as they both watched him get carried off the ice. Ilya's gaze cut to the stands where he saw Yuna standing in shock, her hand over her mouth.

"ROZANOV!" Coach Wiebe approached Ilya, his face angry.

"Yeah, coach," Ilya's voice was soft, distracted as he watched Shane's progress out of the arena.

"Hey, I'm gonna head to the hospital to be with him." Hayden slapped Ilya on the shoulder.

Ilya turned to him, “Wait for me, I’m coming with you.”

“Rozanov, you are the captain! Haas has been injured. You need to come to the locker room and remind the team we are going to get through this.” Coach Wiebe’s voice was softer this time, more calm.

“You should go. Handle your captain duties. Shane will understand.” Hayden gave him a forced smile.

Ilya pinched his mouth between his fingers, not sure what he should do. His mind conflicted between his heart and his responsibility as team captain.

Then, making up his mind, damn the consequences and the implications, Ilya turned to his coach.

“I’m sorry, I can’t. I have to be sure Shane is okay.”

—

On the drive to the hospital, Hayden wouldn’t shut up. Ilya had a slight fondness for Shane’s best friend, but his voice was starting to grate on his nerves. Especially because of what he was saying.

“Dude, I hope you are ready for the blowback coming your way. Today just opened up a shit storm. If people weren’t aware of you two before, which for some of us that’s debatable, they’ll definitely know now.”

“Shut up, Pike. Not a priority right now.” Ilya’s fists were balled in his lap and his jaw was clinched as he tried to keep himself from falling apart.

He'd seen Shane have low blood sugars before, but he'd never seen him go so low it caused a seizure. He worried that this meant something more serious was wrong with Shane. Seeing Yuna Hollander up in the stands had reminded him that it must be something even they'd never seen before.

"Really? I'm pretty sure two of the biggest players in the NHL revealing that they're closer than the world ever imagined is a bit of a priority."

"No, Shane is the priority. Always." Ilya said sternly, his and Hayden's gaze locked momentarily before Hayden had to pay attention to the road once more.

"Right, you're right. Sorry. I just know how freaked out Shane is going to be when he realizes that your reaction today just outed the two of you." Hayden bit his lip.

If Ilya were a different person, raised with examples of how to comfort other people in times of crisis, he might've done something to ease Hayden's mind. As it was he could barely keep himself together, let alone someone else. Then it hit him, what Hayden had said.

"Fuck. If I end up losing hockey I will be forced to go home. But I can't go home because it's illegal there."

"Shit. I had no idea it was that serious. I've never been to Russia." Hayden shrugged.

Instead of responding, Ilya turned on the radio. He needed to think of something other than the visual of Shane twitching on the ice or worse being forced to go back to Russia. He wished he could just drown himself in vodka, but Shane needed him to be present. Ilya needed to be present for Shane, he'd never be able to forgive himself if he didn't.

"Fuck, I need a cigarette." Ilya exclaimed as they parked the truck and walked toward the hospital entrance.

“Smoking is bad for you.” Hayden quipped, smirking at Ilya to show he was trying to be lighthearted in a moment severely lacking in humor.

“Now I see why you and Hollander are best friends. You’re also boring.” Ilya smirked back at him and accepted the momentary lapse in reality.

Once they were inside the hospital, Hayden paused in front of the directory, clearly unsure where they should go. Ilya rolled his eyes and sighed.

“Can’t you do anything?” Ilya muttered as he pulled out his cellphone and texted Yuna.

Hayden turned so that his body was angled toward Ilya instead of the wall. “Who are you texting?”

“Duh, his mother.” Ilya sighed.

“You have his mother’s phone number?!” Hayden exclaimed. Ilya looked up just in time to see a flicker of shock grace Hayden’s features.

“Well, he is my boyfriend.” Ilya shrugged as if that completely explained the Hollander family dynamic with him.

Hayden didn’t respond. Instead he just stood there waiting for Ilya to direct them where to go. Ilya tapped his phone against his thigh waiting for the tell-tale buzzing to alert him to Yuna’s response. Moments later he felt it and without looking to see if Hayden was paying attention he moved toward the ER.

“Come on. He’s in ER.”

Seeing Shane again after what felt like days but was really only an hour at most, caused Ilya to almost collapse to the ground. He'd never had to worry about things like weak knees or strong emotional responses in times of crisis, but then the love of his life had a medical fucking emergency on the ice in the middle of a game. Ilya pinched his mouth again, seeing Shane lying in a hospital bed. He wasn't awake, but Ilya had no idea if it was because of the anti-convulsant he'd been given or if his body had gone into a diabetic coma. And he couldn't find the words to ask Yuna or David.

Luckily, Ilya had come with Hayden who wasn't madly in love with Shane and had enough capacity to ask the real questions. For once, Ilya found himself extremely grateful for the man Shane trusted beyond measure. It wasn't that Ilya didn't like Hayden, he did. He just didn't feel that strong a connection to him, but he tried – for Shane.

“How's he doing?” Hayden's voice was gentle, similar to how he spoke to his daughters when they were upset and needed comforting.

Yuna looked up, coughed, composed herself, and then spoke. Ilya knew that in times of crisis her manager persona gave her the strength to be present and helpful.

“The doctor just took some blood to test it for various things. He said his blood sugar registered at 42 when they stuck his finger at the rink. Right now they gave him a sedative to relieve his body of any stress or triggers that might prevent his body from responding positively to the glucose they're giving him.”

Ilya stepped forward and David moved aside so that he had complete access to Shane's bedside. Without a word he sat down and placed Shane's hand between his own. He looked his boyfriend up and down and then sniffed. Not caring that others were there, Ilya leaned forward and placed his forehead against Shane's. Then he started to speak. At first it was in Russian, then he switched to English to ensure Shane could understand him.

“Я тебя люблю. Пожалуйста, останьтесь.” Ilya started, “I love you, Shane Hollander. Please stay with me. I want to live boring life with you.”

He moved his hand away from Shane's and placed it instead on his cheek and started to rub it with his thumb.

"Dammit I told you to eat a snack before the game. You promised you would. What happened?" Ilya turned to anger as his eyes welled up with tears once more.

After a few minutes of just breathing in Shane's scent, which was slightly overpowered by the scent of antiseptic, Ilya remembered that he wasn't alone in the room. But he couldn't be bothered to look up. Instead he buried himself even deeper into Shane's hair, hoping to go deep enough that his scent would overpower that of the hospital. When it was still there despite his every effort, Ilya groaned in frustration.

"He doesn't smell right." Ilya mumbled, more to himself than anything.

"Ilya." Yuna reached her hand toward him, sympathy in her voice.

Ilya wanted to be alone. He wanted this to all be a horrible dream that he would wake up from only to find that Shane was safe and sound sleeping in the bed next to him. His chest tightened once more and the tears kept coming despite him angrily wiping them away. His phone rang, but he ignored it. It rang again, and that's when Hayden spoke up.

"Rozanov, maybe you should answer that." His tone was kind and gentle, not deserving of any ire.

But, Ilya was far too upset and so, without dropping Shane's hand, he spun his upper body around and snapped at Hayden, "Maybe you should fuck off."

Hayden wasn't to be deterred. He stepped forward, placed a comforting hand on Ilya's shoulder and then said, "It could be your coach. You shouldn't burn your hockey career to the ground because you're worried about Shane. He'd be so pissed at you."

David stepped in to back up Hayden, “You weren’t exactly subtle on the ice tonight, Ilya. There’s bound to be a lot of questions, from everyone.”

Rationally, Ilya knew they were right, but he couldn’t be rational right now. His whole heart was in this hospital bed struggling to stay alive. His beautiful, funny, brilliant partner might not make it through the night. The thought of going back to his place, the team, hell even the fundraiser without Shane by his side was tearing Ilya in two. He knew Hayden was right, but he couldn’t think about hockey right now. Not when so much was still unknown.

Hours later, after the doctor came by to inform them they were concerned about Shane’s kidneys so they were going to start him on some medication, Ilya was able to be convinced to step away for some fresh air, even if for a few moments. He stepped outside the hospital to smoke the cigarette he’d craved for hours. The burn on his lungs was the first time he felt anything but anguish and despair since Shane went down on the ice.

Ironically, it made him feel like he could breathe again.

He was met outside by Yuna Hollander. Silently, she motioned for Ilya to hand her the cigarette. Ilya looked at her, she gave him a pointed look and asked for it again. He smirked, took a quick drag, and handed it over. She delicately held it to her mouth and took her own inhale.

“Mrs. Hollander, I didn’t know you smoke,” Ilya muttered, in awe.

“I don’t. Normally. But, shit I needed it.”

Ilya looked at her, really looked at her for the first time since all this began. He saw the stress in her features, the sadness and exhaustion in her eyes, and most of all he saw how defeated she looked. Yuna Hollander didn’t get defeated. She didn’t let anyone see her less than perfect, poised, and put together. But, here she was, clinging to sanity one drag of the cigarette at a time.

“Did you know Shane was our miracle child? We struggled to have children despite David and I wanting a whole house of them.” Yuna broke the silence that had settled between them, her voice steady with a hint of her emotions behind each word. “When he was diagnosed with diabetes it was an adjustment, but David and I figured it out. We needed our son to be alright. Shane was so little then, only 2, but he learned quickly how to take care of his condition.”

When Ilya didn’t say anything in response, she continued, “I never worried about his inability to handle it. And we have gone all this time without an emergency that I naively thought it would never happen to us. But, tonight, seeing him collapse on the ice and then watching helplessly as he had a seizure I realized I’ve been fooling myself.”

“When Shane was lying there on the ice all I could picture was my mother. She overdosed when I was 12. I was the one who found her.” Ilya mumbled, not entirely certain why he was telling Yuna any of this.

“Ilya,” Yuna’s voice was dripping with sympathy as she placed her hand on his arm in comfort. “I had no idea.”

Ilya took a final drag from the cigarette before handing it to her to finish off and changed the subject. “Can I let you in on secret?”

Yuna nodded, and looked intently at Ilya,

“I don’t care what the blowout is from all this. I would react the same every time. I love your son.”

“I know.” Yuna whispered, a warm hand on Ilya’s face pulling his focus to her. “I know you do. And he loves you.”

It wasn't until the following afternoon that Ilya finally decided to check his phone for messages and missed calls. Shane was slowly getting better and the doctors were pleased with his progress. He hadn't woken up yet, but the nurses said they felt he would soon. So, knowing he could take a breather, Ilya decided it was time he faced reality once more.

He had three missed calls from Coach Wiebe. With a sigh, Ilya figured he should start there. So, he pressed a few buttons and called the guy.

"Rozanov what the fuck! First you refuse your duties as captain, then you go radio silent for 24 hours, and now you finally call? What the actual fuck?!"

"Sorry, coach." Ilya said, struggling with how to explain himself.

"Care to elaborate on why you seem so hell bent to destroy the career you've built over the past decade or so?" Coach Wiebe sounded more stressed than Ilya had ever heard him before.

"It's Shane. He..." Ilya paused, "Hollander and I have been dating for a few years now. It's serious."

"Fuck. Didn't see that one coming. I just figured you were worried about your friend. I know you and Luca are cordial, but you and Hollander run that charity together."

"Are people talking about it?" Ilya wanted to gauge just how fucked he and Shane really were.

Coach Wiebe laughed, "Oh yeah. I've had no less than 3 media outlets already reach out to me for a comment on what happened. There's video, Rozanov. Like I said, you weren't exactly subtle."

"Damn." Ilya breathed out heavily. "How do we handle this?"

“It depends, are you guys coming out publicly?” Coach Wiebe asked. That was when Ilya realized he’d told his coach that he was dating Hollander and his coach hadn’t even batted an eye.

“Wait, you don’t have a problem with it?”

“Did you ever let Hollander beat us on purpose? Or Boston for that matter, I’m assuming you guys were together back then, too.”

Ilya laughed, “Coach, Montreal could beat Ottawa even without Shane Hollander.”

“I didn’t think so.”

The two of them chatted for a few more minutes about how they might handle the media storm.

Then, before he hung up, Ilya said, “Shane is getting better. Once he’s able we will discuss how we want to proceed and then I’ll get back to you.”

—

By the time Ilya made his way back to Shane’s room he was starting to move and stir. Yuna and David moved to one side so that Ilya could be the first person Shane would see when he fully came to. Ilya was forever grateful that Shane’s parents had welcomed him into their lives so graciously. The events of the past few days could’ve gone differently if they hadn’t. It wasn’t lost on Ilya that if the cards had been reversed and his family was left to accept Shane as Ilya’s partner it wouldn’t have happened. In that scenario if something happened to Ilya, Shane would be ostracized and cut off from access to him.

He smiled down at Shane as his fingers traced the curve of his cheeks and jaw. How Ilya loved everything about Shane, but especially the way his face looked so warm and inviting at any given time, except when he was spitfire angry, but that was neither here nor there. Shane's hand squeezed against Ilya's and his eyes trained on Shane's waiting to see them open once more.

With a soft groan, Shane shifted and then slowly opened his eyes. Ilya gave a gasp of relief and a fresh batch of tears flowed down his face as Shane focused on him. Ilya's hands began roaming all over Shane's body. No matter how hard he tried to stop, Ilya just couldn't stop touching Shane. The last few days, worrying that Shane wouldn't survive, had been brutal and Ilya realized now that he'd been touch starved. Sure, he'd held Shane's hand but Shane's body hadn't responded in any kind of way. Now, his body would shiver or move ever so slightly to his touch.

"Shane, you're awake." Ilya whispered, his forehead pressing to Shane's.

"Hey," Shane's voice came out raspy from lack of use. "Hey, look at me." His hands moved to push Ilya back enough that their eyes could meet.

"I'm okay. I'm gonna be okay."

Ilya's hands gravitated to Shane's face once more and he placed a kiss on his lips. Shane responded with the gentlest kiss Ilya had ever experienced in his life. It was like coming back to life. Every ounce of oxygen he now took in felt fresh and new.

"I was so worried." Ilya muttered against Shane's face as he nuzzled him on either side before placing kisses everywhere. "I might've outed us in the process."

Shane's hands fell back from where they'd been on Ilya's biceps. Ilya stopped kissing him and pulled back to lock their eyes once more. He hoped that the guilt he felt about putting Shane into this position so soon after fighting for his life was being properly conveyed. Shane's eyes swept from one side of his face to the other, and then Shane's features crumpled.

“Oh, Ilya. It’s okay. I’m going to be okay. We’re going to be okay.”

“But, hockey.” Ilya said softly, stroking Shane’s cheek.

“Ever since Scott Hunter kissed his boyfriend on live TV it’s not been such a big deal. We can handle it.” Then to further reassure Ilya, Shane’s hand slid up to cup the side of his neck and he added, “You won’t have to go back.”

The two stayed there, in their small little world for a little while longer. Then, Shane leaned back with an exhausted sigh. Ilya immediately backed off and chose to sit down in a chair near the bed instead of continuing to lean over the man.

“How bad is it really?” Shane turned to his parents for reassurance. “How much are people talking about it?”

Yuna bit her lip and looked at David nervously. Then she pulled out her phone and pressed play on a news clip.

“The buzz today comes from last night’s Montreal vs. Ottawa hockey game. Montreal’s Shane Hollander collapsed mid-game and had a seizure right there on the ice. But, what’s most notable is his opponent, Ilya Rozanov’s reaction. The guy went nuts on Hollander’s coach and team doctors. And then refused to leave Hollander’s side. People are speculating that something more than friendship might be going on between these two former rivals.”

Shane looked at Ilya and laughed, “Well, I mean technically I don’t think we were ever rivals.”

“Yes, but they don’t know that.” Ilya smirked joyfully. He was glad Shane was taking this so well.

“What if they did?” Shane muttered.

“What like do an announcement?” Ilya looked between Shane and his parents.

“I was thinking we could do a press conference. It would get the story out there on our terms and we could handle the media storm all at once.” Shane gave a shrug and smiled shyly at Ilya. “If you want.”

Ilya smiled so wide his face started to hurt. “I’ve been waiting so long for this. I never wanted to keep you a dirty secret. You are my world, Shane Hollander.”

“And you’re mine, Ilya Rozanov.” Shane smiled, his arms reaching around Ilya’s neck and pulling him down into a deep kiss.

—

One Week Later

Just in! Ottawa’s Ilya Rozanov and Montreal’s Shane Hollander went in front of the press today to make a formal statement regarding Hollander’s incident on the ice last week. The former rivals now friends, were subject to lots of speculation this past week as people started to question just how close the two men are. Let’s take a look at what they had to say.”

“Hello everyone. As you all know, I had a medical emergency during the Montreal vs. Ottawa game. I wanted to update everyone to say that I am just fine. My diabetes got the better of me unexpectedly and my blood sugar dropped quickly causing a seizure. I should be back on the ice within a few days.”

“You all saw that I reacted strongly to Hollander going down. I should explain that we’ve been together for some time in secret. So I was worried.”

“As Ilya just said, we’ve been secretly together, in a relationship, for some time now. But if we’re being honest it all really started before our rookie season when we kissed the night of

the draft. From there we would meet up from time to time whenever our teams played each other. Then, about two years ago we made it official."

"Mr. Rozanov, did your sudden move to Ottawa have anything to do with your relationship?"

"Yes. I wanted to be closer to him."

"Did you guys ever let your relationship affect the way you played?"

"Do you mean did we ever let the other win? No. Rozanov and I perform our best when challenging each other. We would never want to compromise the joy we get from that."

"Rozanov, when Shane received a concussion a few years ago during that game with Boston you acted concerned then, too. Were you together at that time?"

"We weren't official yet, but we had fallen in love by then."

"Hollander, do you have any plans to leave Montreal?"

"Not right now. It depends how everyone reacts to this news."

"Shane has always been dedicated to his craft. He will go wherever is best for his career and himself. I will not factor into that."

And there you have it. Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov are in love. Wow, I never saw that one coming.

Shane and Ilya turned off the TV and snuggled against each other. They'd survived the world finding out their secret. Tomorrow might dawn a little differently once the news spreads to

their respective teams and the hockey fans at large. But for now, they were content to just be in the moment. Holding onto each other like a life raft. No matter the storm, they would weather it together.

End Notes

Comments and Kudos make the world go round! Leave some if you so wish!

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