

Ilya's New Look

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/37047382) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/37047382>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Humor , Dumb Hockey Boys
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-02-11 Words: 2,143 Chapters: 1/1

Ilya's New Look

by [jsMika2](#)

Summary

Shane didn't like to think of himself as vain, but he was looking at a personal grooming train wreck. This was not the man who had been the face of a Russian cologne Shane couldn't pronounce no matter how many times Ilya repeated it to him. This guy had a hideous mustache that belonged on a porn star from the 1980s and a haircut that wouldn't be out of place in a Billy Ray Cyrus music video.

"Oh my fucking god," Shane breathed, distraught. "What did you do?!"

Ilya comes home from a road trip with a new look. Set during the Role Model season.

Notes

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

When Shane woke up at the crack of dawn to drive across a barren wasteland of Canadian highway, he had thought it would be fun to surprise Ilya. His afternoon practice had been canceled after a grueling overtime game the night before, so he had the day to himself, and he planned to use it spending quality time with his boyfriend. His boyfriend who used to do modeling campaigns in Russia during the summers. Who was once ranked as the fifth hottest man in the NHL, which, now that Shane was dating Ilya, he could admit was an underestimate. Who Shane hadn't seen in two weeks.

This was the boyfriend Shane expected to find when he pulled into the driveway of the massive, private house on the Ottawa River. When Shane opened the door to Ilya's bedroom, the clock on his dresser blinked 8:01 a.m.

Ilya was almost indistinguishable from the mound of blankets and pillows on his bed. He was laying on his side and facing away from Shane, wearing a black Ottawa Centaurs sweatshirt with the hood pulled up. His even breathing told Shane he was still sound asleep.

Ilya's room looked like a hurricane had torn through it. Several pairs of shoes were scattered across the floor, as were pieces of the suit Ilya had worn to his own game last night, but it was too dark for Shane to make out the color of the fabric. An artfully distressed leather jacket that Shane knew cost an obscene amount of money had been discarded on the armchair by the bathroom, on top of what appeared to be a still-damp towel.

The open bottle of ibuprofen and the half-full glass of water on the nightstand clued Shane into what Ilya had been doing last night. Ottawa's win yesterday had extended the franchise's record-breaking winning streak, so the team had probably gone out to celebrate. Shane had seen a highlight from the Ottawa game last night broadcast on the big screen during his own match. In the clip, Ilya had stolen the puck and taken off on a breakaway, untouchable as he sprinted down the ice. He'd faked out the goalie with an irritating little move and scored easily. The video hadn't shown Ilya's face, but Shane knew for a fact he had to have been smirking like an asshole the entire time. He was so annoying, and Shane loved him so much.

And now, Ilya was almost definitely hungover, given the state of disaster his room was in.

Shane rolled his eyes and shed his jacket. He curled up behind Ilya and slipped his arm around his waist. Ilya groaned softly and mumbled something.

"I got today off so I thought I'd come over early," Shane said softly. He kissed Ilya's shoulder. "Looks like you had a fun night."

Ilya twisted around and kissed the spot below Shane's jaw. He burrowed his face into Shane's neck. Shane nuzzled the top of Ilya's head, the cotton sweatshirt hood rubbing against his cheek.

"Was so fun," Ilya murmured. "I destroyed Wyatt at karaoke."

Shane squawked out a laugh at the image of a drunken Ilya singing power ballads at a bar with Centaurs goalie Wyatt Hayes.

Ilya flinched. “Shhh, Hollander. Is quiet time.”

“Sorry, sorry,” Shane whispered, patting Ilya’s back. “I didn’t know you could win at karaoke.”

Ilya snorted. “Of course you can. If you are good. Which Wyatt is not.”

“Oh, of course,” Shane agreed. He really hoped someone had been sober enough to film it. He kissed Ilya’s head and slid out of bed. “I’m going to make breakfast. You want anything, rock star?”

Opening the bedroom door, he turned to face his boyfriend again, who was curled up in a ball with his face tucked into a pillow.

Shane walked back over and poked his shoulder. “Ilya?”

Newly illuminated by the hall light leaking in from the doorway, Ilya half sat up. He brought his hands to his eyes to wipe the sleep out of them, then looked up at Shane.

“What the fuck is on your face?!” Shane yelled, jumping back like he had been burned. There was roadkill on Ilya’s face. Or at least what looked like it. The ugliest mustache Shane had ever seen was sitting on Ilya’s upper lip.

“What did I say about yelling?” Ilya covered his ears, knocking his hood off his head.

And somehow it got even worse. Ilya had an honest-to-god mullet.

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“Oh my fucking god,” Shane breathed, distraught. “What did you do?!”

Shane both wanted to turn on the bedside lamp to get a better look and to close his eyes and run out of the room until this travesty was out of his line of sight.

“Is not that bad.”

“Ilya.” Said in the exasperated, what-the-fuck-am-I-going-to-do-with-you tone of voice only Ilya’s shenanigans could provoke.

“I did not know you would be here early! I was going to fix it before you showed up.”

“So it’s my fault.”

Ilya shrugged. “Mostly, yes.”

“Ilya.” Somehow even more exasperated.

Ilya fiddled with the hem of his boxers. “I maybe lost a bet.”

“What did you bet? Your dignity?” Shane couldn’t stop staring. He wanted to look away, but he couldn’t. It was like a car crash. On his boyfriend’s head. He couldn’t believe he had let Ilya kiss him with that pornstache on his lip.

“Is kind of a long story. And it is not that bad. Really.”

“Why don’t you go shave that thing off your face and then you can tell me,” Shane said. “And it definitely is.”

Ilya stuck his tongue out at Shane. “If anyone could make this look good, it is me.”

“Then I guess no one can make it look good,” Shane said. “So how did this happen?”

“Bood is a dirty cheater,” Ilya grumbled.

What had happened was that three days ago, after playing the final game of a West Coast road trip, the Centaurs had gone to a sushi restaurant in Seattle. The restaurant, very foolishly if you asked Ilya, gave customers a 90-minute time limit to eat all the sushi they could. Being professional athletes, and also immature man-children, Ilya and his teammate Zane Boodram challenged each other to see who could eat the most. Whoever consumed the most sushi rolls in the allotted time would get to dress the loser for the next home game.

“Ew,” Shane interjected.

After an hour and a half of genuinely disgusting dietary habits, at least from what Shane could gather from Ilya’s retelling, Ilya had won by one roll. Victory secured, Ilya left the restaurant in high spirits, but by the time they were walking back through the front doors of the hotel, Ilya had learned he was A) about to pass out, and B) probably definitely allergic to shellfish given the amount of trouble he was having breathing.

At some point during the “boring” trip to the hospital Ilya refused to go into the details of, Ilya had thrown up, which had led Bood to declare that on net, there was no way Ilya had consumed the most sushi because he had regurgitated most of it. The rest of the team ruled in his favor, and it was decided that Zane won the bet. So, for the next home game, he requested that Ilya wear a plaid suit and a bolo tie, paired with the worst haircut he could think of. Ilya had been spared from a fedora only because it would have hidden the mullet.

Shane was now considerably less interested in how Ilya had gotten a mullet than the fact that he apparently had had a life-threatening allergic reaction to seafood and not fucking mentioned it at all.

“You went to the hospital and you didn’t tell me?!” Shane was going to kill his idiot boyfriend. Or maybe some unknown allergy would beat him to it.

“I have been busy!” Ilya protested. Shane could see the truth in that, but regardless of how poorly their schedules had lined up recently, there was no reason Ilya couldn’t have shot him the most basic of “hey I almost died but I’m ok now” texts.

Shane was going to throttle him, he really was. But before he got the chance to, his phone started buzzing.

“What the hell,” he mumbled as he swiped to accept Rose Landry’s FaceTime request.

His friend’s face filled the screen. She had some type of script open in her lap. Probably for her next movie, which Shane was maybe 50 percent sure was some spy thriller. He knew it was about the Cold War and Russia because she would call Ilya every couple of days when she wanted to practice pronouncing certain words.

“Shane!” She greeted him cheerfully. The window behind her made it look like she was somewhere in Eastern Europe, but she could also be on a set in LA somewhere. Shane was never sure. “I’m trying to find your sexy Russian boyfriend –”

“Me too,” Shane mumbled.

“—I need to borrow him for a minute, but his phone’s off,” Rose said. “So do you know where he is?”

Shane looked at Ilya again and grimaced.

“My Russian boyfriend is here, but he’s definitely not sexy right now,” Shane said.

Ilya slapped a hand over his chest in faux pain, slumping back against the pillows as if he’d been shot.

“I’m sensing some tension from you, Shane,” Rose said. “Which is odd, because normally you’re so laid back.”

Ilya snorted. Shane glowered.

“What did Ilya do this time?” Rose asked.

“He almost died and then he got a mullet and a mustache that looks like an animal pelt and I found out about it at 8 o’clock in the morning!” Shane was rubbing his forehead in distress. “Sorry for not being chill about that!”

“Oh, my god,” Rose broke out in giggles. “Show me, show me, show me.”

Shane flipped the camera, showing Ilya reclined back on the bed, all his wretched personal grooming on full display. He shot Rosa a crooked smile and winked.

“Ilya! What did you do?!” Rose shrieked. Her giggling escalated to something closer to actual sobs of laughter.

“Be careful or you will need a new Russian teacher,” Ilya warned.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” Rose tried to compose herself. “It’s not that bad.”

“Liar,” Shane said.

“No, I’m serious,” Rose argued. “It was just shocking. But now that I’ve had a second…”

She paused, tapping her chin as if in thought. “It’s kind of doing something for me, the cowboy porn star vibe.” She waggled her eyebrows at Shane, obviously full of shit.

“Traitor,” Shane accused.

“She has taste,” Ilya said smugly. “Maybe I will keep it.”

“Maybe your next boyfriend will like it,” Shane answered.

Ilya laughed and climbed out of the bed to stand next to Shane.

“What do you need, Rose?” Ilya asked, curling an arm around Shane’s waist and looking at the phone screen over his shoulder.

“So, I was wondering about pronunciation,” Rose said, launching into an explanation of the scene and its importance in the movie.

Shane lost the thread of the conversation, leaning back against Ilya, enjoying his warmth and the feeling of his solid chest against his back.

“—I felt like this line would be better in Russian, so I asked the script supervisor to switch it from English. But if I botch the delivery, it won’t really matter, will it?”

“Mm,” Ilya hummed, dropping his hand lower to squeeze Shane’s ass.

“Are you listening to me or are you groping Shane?” Rose asked.

Shane turned, he was sure, beet red, while Ilya grinned and kissed him on the cheek.

“Both,” Ilya replied, unrepentant.

“Gross,” Shane said, rubbing at the spot where Ilya’s pornstache had touched his face.

“Shane, you’re distracting my tutor,” Rose complained.

Shane rolled his eyes. “Whatever. I’m going to go make breakfast. Good luck with the scene, Rose.”

Ilya smacked Shane’s ass as he turned to leave the room.

Shane glared at him and pointed at his mustache. “That thing better not be on your face if you want to be allowed in the kitchen.”

“Is my house!” Ilya called after him as Shane walked down the hall.

Shane shook his head and smiled despite himself. His boyfriend was a menace, and Shane loved him so much. Horrible mustache and all.

End Notes

This is so dumb, please enjoy my brain rot

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