

A picture worth one minor panic attack

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/49359403) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/49359403>.

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 and Humor , Silly , Shane needs to chill , But i also approve of his over reaction
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-08-14 Words: 1,312 Chapters: 1/1

A picture worth one minor panic attack

by [WriteFandomRepeat](#)

Summary

Ilya posts to his social media and sends his husband in a minor freak out.

Notes

Am I processing my emotions about [this video](#) via Ilya? One thousand percent!

Will link to a special little surprise addition when it is ready too 😊

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

Shane wasn't sure he had felt so relaxed in days. His smile was easy as he walked into the kitchen and grabbed his green post-workout smoothie from the fridge, spotting a post-it Ilya had stuck on it that read "Ew, not chocolate!!!"

He'd gotten a solid workout done in their home gym, and ended it with a yoga and meditation session that had relaxed every cell in his body. All that was missing to make his morning better was his husband. Who was nowhere to be found in their house. Anya was passed out in her dog bed, so Ilya had dropped her home after their morning walk/run and likely gone out for errands after his meeting at the arena with the training staff, or he would be home by now.

Shane grabbed his phone from the charging station on the counter with the intention of texting Ilya to ask where he was at when a high number of notifications from the Centaurs group chat caught his attention. They did tend to be a chatty bunch, especially when they had a team dinner in full planning mode like that night's pre-season pool party at Shane and Ilya's place, but it was far too early for the amount Shane was seeing.

He opened the group chat, seeing only cryptic comments directed at Ilya. Shane scrolled through their teammates commenting one after another on Ilya's hair, or possibly lack thereof? None of it made sense. Shane was about to message Harris and ask if there was some weird new meme he was missing the significance of that might explain whatever was happening in the group chat – he wasn't proud of how many times he had had to do it this season – when a message from Harris asking if he could share the video to the team's Insta page popped up.

"What in the world," Shane muttered to himself as he opened Instagram.

Shane's eyes widened and his jaw dropped as the page loaded and the first thing he saw was a video of his husband, shirtless in the Centaurs' locker-room, with essentially no hair on his head and a caption that read *Trying a new look* 

Shane just stared at the picture for a full minute. He didn't know what to think. On the one hand it was Ilya, and he was very much rocking the new shorter hair, but on the other... well, Shane really liked Ilya's hair. He'd never said much about it but it just added something to Ilya's charm. Those floppy golden brown curls were just so *Ilya* that the thought of them not being on his head... Shane let out a distressed whimper as he hit the call button on Ilya's number.

"Hello, Shane," Ilya's voice sounded on the speaker of Shane's phone. "Did you forget something on the grocery list?"

"What did you do," Shane blurted out, the Instagram video now frozen on his screen, showing a smirking Ilya beneath a "watch again" caption he couldn't bear to click on.

"Went to see the trainers and they cleared me for the start of camp, and stopped at store to pick up the burgers for tonight, just like you asked. I'm almost home. Why are you making the sad puppy sound?"

Shane hadn't realized he let out that sad little noise again. "You can't just pretend this didn't happen!"

"Can't pretend *what* didn't happen?" Shane could hear the smile in Ilya's voice. He knew exactly what Shane was talking about. "I am pulling in the driveway, see you in one minute."

Ilya hung up on him, and Shane was sure he'd heard him laugh as the line went dead.

Shane closed his eyes and took in a deep even breath, letting it out slowly. "It's just hair, it'll grow back," Shane repeated like a mantra as he felt all the zen of his earlier meditation leave his body.

He heard the front door open and close, and he couldn't bring himself to turn around to look at Ilya. Like it would somehow be more real once he saw it with his own two eyes instead of on his phone. Shane hid his face in his hands and groaned at how absolutely ridiculous he was being about his husband's hair.

"Good morning," Ilya said, dropping a kiss on top of Shane's head.

"I'm mad at you," Shane mumbled from behind his hands. "I know it's childish, but I'm so mad at you right now."

Ilya laughed. "Why are you mad?"

"Your hair, Ilya! Why," Shane whined again.

"Shane," Ilya said, voice placing him on the other side of the island, right in front of Shane, if he had to guess. "Look at me."

"No! Then it'll be real."

Ilya grabbed one of Shane's hands, forcing Shane to scrunch his eyes tightly shut. Ilya chuckled as he managed to move Shane's hand – or more likely move his own head – to touch his hair and-

Shane's eyes flew open, blinking to adjust to the light again and clear the blurriness.

"You fucking asshole," Shane exclaimed, swatting at Ilya with his free hand over the counter.

Ilya was laughing even more, head thrown back, curly hair perfectly intact on his head and held back by a thin head band like he'd started doing for games sometimes.

"I'm mad at you for real now," Shane grumbled.

Ilya manoeuvred Shane around the island and into his arms with the one hand he still held. "It was an app filter. Was going to send you a picture before I left the gym, since I know you love thirst traps. I swiped by accident and got that. Was too funny not to post it. I did not think you would be this upset about my hair," Ilya chuckled before kissing his temple.

“Yeah well, that makes two of us.” Shane hid his face in Ilya’s neck. “I fully support your right to bodily autonomy, but your hair requires a long discussion before looking anything like in that video, Ilya. Lots of trims so I can get eased into the idea. Would you be happy if I got rid of my long hair without warning you?” Shane poked Ilya in the side.

“You have a point.”

Shane let his hand roam unashamedly in Ilya’s hair, fingers curling into the silky strands and pulling just a little – which made a pleased sound rumble through Ilya’s chest. “That. That right there is a big reason why I was so mad. You sound so sexy when I do that.”

“Does feel good,” Ilya sighed, rocking almost imperceptibly against Shane, clearly getting aroused by the move.

Shane’s grip tightened a bit and he pulled Ilya so he could bring their lips together in a slow, filthy kiss before looking at him, trying for a stern look he knew he wasn’t even close to achieving. “Remember that next time you think of cutting your hair. Or posting videos making me think you did.”

Ilya smirked. “You can always show me just how much you like doing this. What is expression? Extra incentive to remember?”

Shane bit back a smile. “You’re just horny, Rozanov.”

“For you? Always.”

“That was why you were going to send me a thirst trap, huh?” Shane kissed Ilya again. “Don’t think I’m not a bit mad still just because I’m taking you to bed now.”

“Never,” Ilya answered as seriously as he could muster. He bent enough for his hands to grip behind Shane’s thighs, hoisting him up into his arms. When Shane’s legs were securely wrapped around his waist, both of Shane’s hands carding through his hair, he made a move for the stairs. “Now show me what a bad boy I have been, Hollander.”

It was Shane’s turn to laugh. “You’re ridiculous.”

“But you love me.”

“As long as you don’t cut your hair, I do.”

End Notes

I am Shane here, for the record. I support bodily autonomy, but seriously that hair was too glorious to shave off!!!

And seriously, if you're just here to complain, know where the exits are cause this was for fun and silly.

If you liked it, comments are always welcome.

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