

Pedikulez

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Pedikulez

by [InsidePain19](#)

Summary

Hayden accidentally infects the entire team with head lice from his kids. Shane passes it on to Ilya, who has no idea what “lice” means in English and completely freaks out. A short, cute story set before the cottage, full of love, fluff, and a little reflection on what it would be like if they were actually together.

PS: You most likely don't have lice, so don't panic if your head starts itching after reading this! Mine definitely did

Shane stood under the hot spray of the shower, smiling to himself.

Last night with Ilya had been unreal.

Montreal had beaten Boston 4–2, which had left Ilya absolutely furious afterward, and that ending in the angriest, best sex Shane had ever had. And after that, the best sleep of his life, tangled up next to him.

Shane tilted his head back and let the water run down his face, dragging his fingers through his hair. He scratched hard. God damn it, his scalp itched like crazy. Maybe he was allergic to the new shampoo. Fuck that organic stuff, he should just brought the normal stuff.

He shut off the water, grabbed a towel, and wrapped it tight around his hips. Just as he stepped out of the bathroom, his phone started blowing up.

Lily: *You are cute when you come*

Lily: *Thanks for last night. Excited to see you lose next time* 🙄

Shane snorted. Asshole.

He was about to type something back when a new notification popped up.

Hayden: *I am so sorry guys. Please don't kill me.*

JJ: *What did you do?*

Arthur: *If you say norovirus again, I swear to God. We play against New york tomorrow.*

Hayden: *I talked to Coach. He'll tell you what to do.*

Arthur: *You're scaring me.*

Hayden: *Jade and Ruby have head lice. I have head lice. And we all shared that helmet for pictures earlier this week... yeah. I'm so fucking sorry.*

Shane's stomach dropped.

His scalp itched harder.

Head lice?

He'd never had head lice in his life. Wasn't that a kid thing? Could you get sepsis from it? Could it spread to—God, he didn't even know.

Another notification came in.

Coach:

Everyone to the locker room ASAP. I've called in hairdressers and the team doctor. We'll handle treatment today. If you want to buzz your head, today's the day boys. I'm sending instructions for what to do with bedding, clothes, towels—everything.

Shane stared at his phone. Fantastic.

The locker room was chaos.

Laughter echoed off the tiles. Half the guys had already buzzed their heads; others sat on folding chairs with shower caps pulled tight over their hair, taking selfies and laughing like this was some kind of prank.

How were they so calm?

“Hayden, this is your fault!” someone yelled. “My wife says I’m sleeping on the couch for a month!”

“I’m sorry, David!” Hayden shouted back from the showers. “Jackie’s baking brownies for everyone!”

Shane made his way over. Chairs were lined up near the showers, guys combing through hair and applying treatment with help from the team doctor and hairdressers. Hayden sat in one of the chairs, looking like a kicked puppy.

“Shane! Over here!” Hayden said. “I’m really sorry, man. I know you hate this stuff. But it’s harmless if you treat it right.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Shane muttered. “At least I don’t have hair like Jonas.”

He nodded toward Jonas, who sat stiffly while a stylist worked through his long, thick dark hair. Jonas had been traded from Ottawa last summer and had sworn not to cut it until he won a Stanley Cup.

Hayden winced. “You think Boston Lily’s gonna be mad at me?”

Shane shot him a look. “What? No, I, What...”

“Shh. It’s fine,” Hayden said. “You left early, you were glued to your phone all night, smiling like an idiot. Acting like you do when Boston Lily is in town.”

“Hush,” Shane said, face burning.

Fuck.

Ilya.

His thick, blond curls. Their heads on the same pillow. Skin to skin. Shane definitely had lice. Which meant...

Oh god.

The media would eat this alive if it got out. The Montreal Voyageurs with lice. And if Ilya had it too...

No. Stop. Think.

Ilya didn't have to make any kind of statement about lice. People didn't announce that shit.

"Relax, man," Hayden said, patting Shane's back. "She just needs to get treatment from the pharmacy. Wash sheets and towels on hot. That's it."

Shane swallowed. "Yeah. Of course."

"Come on," Hayden added. "Let's take a selfie. Jackie needs to see how ridiculous we look."

Shane forced a half-smile as the photo was taken.

Shane walked home instead of driving. Twenty minutes. He needed the air.

He'd already stripped the bed before heading to the rink, everything bagged for washing or the freezer. His apartment was clean. Safe.

Now he just had to tell Ilya.

Jane: *You need to check for lice. I'm sorry.*

The reply dots appeared immediately.

Then disappeared.

Shane chewed his lip.

Lily: *I call you now.*

The phone rang before he could respond.

"WHAT THE FUCK IS LICE?!" Ilya shouted the second Shane picked up. "IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL.. UM.. STD? WILL MY DICK TURN INTO PEPPERONI? WILL MY BALLS FALL OFF? THIS IS NOT OKAY, HOLLANDER!"

Shane yanked the phone away from his ear. "No! No, Jesus Christ. It's head lice. Like.. kids get them. Bugs in your hair."

"Pedikulyoz?" Ilya snapped. "Did you give me pedikulyoz?"

"...Yeah. Probably. The whole team has it. Hayden got it from his kids."

"Fuck Pike," Ilya growled.

Shane sighed. "I can get the treatment from the pharmacy and..."

"Yes and I come to your place, you fix me" Ilya cut in.

And then the line went dead. Ilya had hung up on him.

Shane stared at the phone.

Okay. Breathe. This was fine. This was actually good. No one would suspect anything, everyone already knew about the lice so it would not be weird buying another cure.

Shane had just set up a chair in the bathroom and read through the instructions when there was a hard knock on the door.

He opened it to find Ilya, hood pulled low, eyes blazing.

“Hey,” Shane said, closing the door.

“Fuck you,” Ilya said. “Please tell me I don’t need to shave my head. I googled this shit and now my head itches.”

Shane bit his lip, fighting a smile. They may be rivals with benefits, but they were alike in the dumbest ways.

“No shaving. I got everything. Just take your clothes off and sit on the chair in the bathroom.”

“All of my clothes?” Ilya asked, eyebrow raised.

“No,” Shane huffed. “You can keep your underwear on.”

“You sure?” Ilya smirked, stepping closer. “Maybe we must check... down there also.”

Shane put a hand flat against Ilya’s chest. “No kissing or stuff until the treatment’s in your hair. I spent two hours in the locker room killing those little bastards.”

“If you say so,” Ilya said, rolling his eyes as he turned toward the bathroom.

Shane smacked his ass.

“Hey!”

“Keep walking,” Shane said. “You can punish me after.”

“Oh, I will,” Ilya muttered.

It was strange, in a good way.

No rushing. No sneaking around. Just the two of them, music playing softly, combs and treatment and stupid conversation. Laughing. Touching without fear.

Shane could get used to this.

That scared him.

He kissed Ilya's forehead, blinking hard. Some wishes were dangerous. He had to be grateful for what he got and he could not ask for more, this was over the line already

“Hey, careful with comb,” Ilya whined. “My hair is precious.”

Shane laughed and kissed him again. He couldn't stop himself.

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