hayden pike needs brain bleach

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hayden pike needs brain bleach

by peiceabread

Summary

Hayden pike walks in on his best friend and his boyfriend and finds out more then he needed to know bout a phone call from years ago

or

Hayden finds out what really happened during his phone call with Shane while Shane was at his cottage

or

someone find Hayden a good therapist he has seen and heard to much

Notes

Okay so I have a little bit to say before the fic so bear with me.

to start with as always thank you so much to my amazing beta readers who helped me with this, I had no clue if I was even gonna post this it started as a 500 word thing bc I had an itch to write it but they helped me expand It into this, If you are interested in becoming a beta reader for my work, helping with fic ideas or you just wanna hang out and chat I have a discord server,

discord.gg/e3SvBaeSZp

to sign up to be a beta reader go to the announcements chat and there is a link to a google form

database of all my fics - https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1K05xfC0cJCv7ujHKqze_KhG5l0KMbPKriZjNNvM4EWI/edit?usp=sharing

There is no obligation to join my fics will still be posted here

In addition to this I wanna just say it has come to my attention that another author on here has been copying one of my fics almost word for word, I have commented on the fic and tried to get in contact with them but I have yet to hear back. I love writing and I won't be stopping any time soon, however it is really disheartening to see other people claiming my work as

their own,
I understand in such a big fandom concepts are going to be used more than once ,hell I love me a wag fic or an adoption fic by someone else, but copying scenes word for word is a different thing.

Thank you to the people who let me know this was happening and thank you to the people who are supporting me, I love you all very much and it makes my day when I open the comments, even if I don't reply to them all I do see them all.

Other than that I hope you enjoy the extra fic and don't forget to leave comments and kudos

The humidity of the mid-August heatwave was stifling, even inside the training rink where the Game Changers' camps were held over the summer. This was the third day of the camps, and the tension between the two head coaches was, as far as the campers were concerned, purely competitive.

Shane was at the far end of the ice, his whistle shrill as he corrected a fifteen-year-old's edge work. He was the Technical Coach, he was working with a group of kids on edge work and basic stick handling to help them in the future; meanwhile across the red line, Ilya was putting the other group through a punishing puck-handling drill. Ilya didn't use a whistle; he used his voice, sharp and mocking, pushing the boys to move faster than their brains could process.

"Move the feet! You skate like you are stuck in Russian snow!" Ilya shouted, his accent thickening as it always did when he was on the ice. He caught Shane's eye for a fraction of a second. It wasn't a glance; it was a challenge.

Shane tightened his grip on his stick, his jaw set. To the thirty kids on the ice, they were watching two legends of the game holding each other to a high standard. To Hayden, who was hovering by the bench, it looked like a very expensive, very dangerous foreplay session.

"He's doing it again," Hayden muttered to himself, watching Ilya purposely spray snow all over the boards near where Shane was standing.

Shane didn't even look up, but his voice carried. "Watch the ice, Rozanov. Some of us are actually trying to teach fundamentals here."

"Fundamentals are for people who cannot score, Hollander," Ilya shot back, a wicked smirk playing on his lips. "Maybe if you spent less time on edges and more time on the net, you'd have more rings."

Shane's ears turned pink—a tell Hayden knew all too well. "I have plenty of rings, thanks."

They spent the next four hours like that: orbiting each other, never touching, yet seemingly tethered by an invisible wire. Every time Shane gave a pep talk, Ilya was there to offer a sarcastic rebuttal. Every time Ilya demonstrated a move that was pure, unfiltered filth, Shane would shake his head, though his eyes would linger on the way Ilya's thighs moved under his track pants.

By the time the last camper had been picked up, the silence in the arena was heavy.

Hayden was finishing up some paperwork in the coaches' office when he realized he'd left his whistle and clipboard in the secondary locker room. He rubbed his face, groaning as he stood up. He hadn't seen Shane or Ilya for the last ten minutes; he assumed they were already heading to the cars.

He pushed open the heavy door to the bathroom adjacent to the locker room, expecting shadows and the hum of the hand dryers. Instead, he heard a very specific, rhythmic sound that made his heart drop into his stomach.

"Are you serious?" Hayden hissed, freezing two steps into the room.

In the corner by the sinks, Shane was braced against the tiled wall, head back, eyes squeezed shut. Ilya was on his knees in front of him, looking far too comfortable for someone currently violating several facility policies.

Shane’s eyes snapped open, wide and panicked. "Hayden!"

"Pants. Up. Now." Hayden barked, spinning on his heel and marching back out into the hallway. "I'm giving you sixty seconds!"

He stood in the hall, staring at a poster of a generic hockey player, counting under his breath. He was used to their secrets, used to the clandestine glances, but this was a level of 'Game Changing' he hadn't signed up for.

After exactly one minute, Hayden pushed the door back open. Shane was standing by the sinks, frantically smoothing his shirt, his face a bright, embarrassed crimson. Ilya, predictably, looked entirely unbothered, leaning back against the counter with a wicked, self-satisfied grin.

"You guys shouldn't be risking it like this." Hayden snapped, his voice echoing off the tile. "There are literally janitors and late-stay staff everywhere. If anyone else had walked in, you’d both be finished."

Ilya let out a sharp, breathless laugh, adjusting his jaw. "But they didn't. You did. And you're a vault, Hayden."

Hayden looked at Shane, who was refusing to meet his eyes. "Seriously, Shane? Out of all the guys in the entire world, you picked him? This one?"

"Hey," Shane muttered, finally looking up, though his face was still burning. "Be nice to him."

"I'll be nice when I don't have to walk into my workplace and see you getting your dick sucked." Hayden retorted, grabbing his forgotten clipboard from the bench.

Ilya’s grin widened, his eyes dancing with a sudden, mischievous glint. "Oh, come on, Hayden. It’s nothing new. You’ve been a third wheel to this for longer than you think."

Shane stiffened, sensing the direction Ilya was heading. "Ilya, don't."

"What are you talking about?" Hayden asked, his brow furrowing.

"Don't listen to him, he's just being an idiot," Shane said quickly, reaching out to grab Ilya’s arm to pull him toward the door.

But Ilya didn't budge. He looked directly at Hayden, leaning in like he was sharing a locker room secret. "That phone call last year? When you called Shane at the cottage and he sounded all winded?"

Hayden blinked, the memory surfacing. "Yeah? He said he'd just run to the door to get a package." Hayden's eyes widened as he realised what Ilya was implying.

Ilya let out a delighted, bark-like laugh. "He wasn't running to the door, Hayden. He was sitting on the edge of the couch. I was right there, doing exactly what I was doing two minutes ago. He was 'out of breath' because of me."

He remembered the call vividly now, the weird, shaky pauses in Shane's voice, the muffled sounds in the background he'd written off as floorboards creaking. His jaw dropped.

"Nope," Hayden said, already turning toward the exit. "Nope. No. Absolutely not."

"Hayden, wait—" Shane started, sounding mortified.

"Nope!" Hayden shouted over his shoulder, his pace quickening as he fled toward the parking lot. "I'm out! I'm deleting that memory! We are never talking again!"

The heavy exit door swung shut behind him. Inside the bathroom, Shane turned to Ilya, who was doubled over, clutching his stomach as he laughed.

"You're a menace," Shane groaned, though the corners of his mouth were twitching. "You should be nicer to him, Ilya. He's the only one who keeps our secrets."

Ilya straightened up, wiping a tear of mirth from his eye as he slung an arm around Shane's shoulders. "I know. But where is the fun in that?"

Hayden didn't even make it out of the parking lot before he was fumbling for his phone. He needed to vent to the only other person who might understand the psychological toll of working with these two.

He pulled up his messages with Ryan, his thumbs flying across the screen.

Hayden: I am done. Officially. I just walked in on them in the secondary locker room. After TWO YEARS of me playing lookout, they've finally lost all shame. Ilya was on the floor, Ryan. ON THE FLOOR.

He threw the phone into the passenger seat, expecting Ryan to be shocked. His phone buzzed almost instantly.

Ryan: Oh man, join the club. Did Ilya do that thing where he just smirks like he wants you to watch?

Hayden groaned as he got into his car; he was surrounded by horny fucking idiots.

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