

Six Days in Ottawa

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Six Days in Ottawa

by [SolariaLunar21](#)

Summary

“Nervous? But you’ve done hockey camps like this before haven’t you?”

“It’s not the hockey camp, I’m excited for that. I’m nervous about the whole staying at Shane and Rozanov’s house thing.”

“Why?” his husband asks turning his head briefly to look at Scott with a furrowed brow.

“Because I don’t know either of them that well even though we went to their wedding. Them being together at all is still a little weird to me. It’s like they’re letting me into their super-secret love nest or something.”

Or the one where Scott stays at Shane & Ilya's while coaching the Ottawa hockey camp.

Notes

One day I will write a fic that's fully in Shane, Ilya's, or both of their POV's. Today is not that day. So here's this silly little fic of Scott staying at their house for six days. Happy reading :)

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

Sunday:

“You, okay? You’ve been quiet today,” Kip asks as he drives him to the airport.

“Just a little nervous about this week,” Scott replies.

“Nervous? But you’ve done hockey camps like this before haven’t you?”

“It’s not the hockey camp, I’m excited for that. I’m nervous about the whole staying at Shane and Rozanov’s house thing.”

“Why?” his husband asks turning his head briefly to look at Scott with a furrowed brow.

“Because I don’t know either of them *that* well even though we went to their wedding. Them being together at all is still a little weird to me. It’s like they’re letting me into their super-secret love nest or something.”

“Scott, sweetheart, don’t you think maybe this is their way of saying they want to get to know you better? Didn’t you tell me Rozanov said he wants to be friends?”

“Probably, I just don’t want to say something wrong. They kept their whole relationship a secret for who knows how long, so it’s nerve wracking that I’ve got this front row seat to it for a whole week,” Scott replies feeling a little silly.

“They’re a couple just like you and me, I know they’ve got the whole rivalry narrative, but they seemed really in love from where I was standing at their wedding.”

Which was true, Scott couldn’t deny that when he saw Rozanov and Shane together now it looked like they *glowed*. It was what he knew he looked like whenever he was around his own husband. The reminder helped ease some of Scott’s anxiety as they arrived at the airport.

“You’re sure that you’re not mad I’m missing your first day tomorrow?” Scott asks as he unloads his bags from the trunk.

“Honey, I love you but no, you made a promise and just because we had to change some stuff around doesn’t mean that I’m upset with you for that. Go have fun, you can call me every night and I can tell you all about my first week and it’ll be just like if you were here, okay?”

“Okay, give me a kiss goodbye because I’m pretty sure the airport security is going to come over in a minute and tell you to leave.”

“Alright if I must,” Kip replies before leaning in.

Scott deepens the kiss briefly and breathes in the scent of his husband one last time before he misses him terribly for almost a week. It might seem silly considering he’s away from Kip all the time during the season, but summer is *their* time. Scott doesn’t want to be away from Kip if he doesn’t have to, but his husband is right that he made a promise, and Scott hates breaking promises.

He'd originally signed up for the Montreal camp since it worked out perfectly with Kip's new job at the museum starting this upcoming week. Unfortunately, the day after Shane and Rozanov's wedding they'd had to rush home after Kip's dad fell off a ladder and broke his leg. Scott had skipped the Montreal camp and after much coaxing on both his husband and father-in-law's part had called Shane to see if they still needed help the following week. This then led to a follow-up call when Scott couldn't find a single open hotel room due to some big convention in town and Shane offering his and Rozanov's home.

The flight is uneventful, Scott ends up sitting next to someone who has no idea who he is which is great but does end up taking selfies with the flight crew when they ask. He texts Kip once they land to let his husband know he arrived safely and finds a text waiting from Shane on his phone.

Shane Hollander: *At baggage claim when you get off the plane.*

Scott gives it a thumbs up reaction and a few minutes later deplanes, heading towards baggage claim, where he's checked his hockey gear, along with some Admirals stuff signed by the guys to give out to the kids. He spots Shane easily once he's there and heads over to him.

"Hey thanks for picking me up."

"It's no problem."

"Where's your other half?" Scott asks Shane as they head out to the car once they've grabbed his stuff.

"Out to lunch with Wyatt and Ryan, then I think he said they might go to laser tag. According to Wyatt Ryan's lethal at it so Ilya of course needs to prove that he's better because the man needs to compete over everything," Shane replies with a small roll of his eyes, but Scott can hear the fondness in his words as he talks about his new husband.

"You know I think I might've learned that myself," Scott replies with a smile that causes Shane to chuckle.

He hadn't spent as much time with Shane as he had with Rozanov, but he could tell there was a lightness to the other man that maybe hadn't been there before. Scott could only imagine how much the secret of their relationship must've weighed on both men. It'd been hard for him and Kip to keep it secret for only six months. He couldn't imagine hiding a relationship for *years*.

"How's your father-in-law doing?" Shane asks as they pull away from the airport.

"Good, Kip's going to stay with them this week just in case he struggles with his crutches but he's in good spirits."

Their conversation then turned to the hockey camps. Scott had gotten a packet in the mail shortly after he'd agreed to coach so he knew most of the information Shane talked about, but it was still nice for a refresher. Once they got to the house Shane showed him to the

downstairs guest bedroom and left him to get freshened up. Scott called Kip and talked to his husband for a bit before hopping into the adjacent bathroom for a quick shower. After he wandered until he found the kitchen where Shane was pulling containers out of the fridge.

“I didn’t know if you’d be hungry, so I got some stuff out if you’d like, we made this Mediterranean chicken dish that’s really fucking good.”

“Rozanov cooks?” he asks with a raise of his eyebrows.

“Yeah, we like to cook together,” Shane replies with a shrug, “so would you like some?”

“Sure.”

It’s not until they’re watching the movie that Rose and Gloria did together a couple of years before that Rozanov gets home. Scott hears the front door opening and the sound of paws on the tile before Rozanov’s voice filters through talking to Anya.

“Hunter! You got in, okay?” the other man asks as soon as he enters the living room. It throws Scott off a bit not to be chirped from the first moment Roz opens his mouth.

“Yeah, easy flight no turbulence,” he replies.

“Good, we can’t have your old man body getting hurt before camp,” he replies, much more in character.

“Oh, fuck off Rozanov, I’m barely older than you.”

“Ahh but you are still older, yes?” Ilya states from his position behind the couch.

“Are you done chirping our guest? Because we were watching a movie here,” Shane states from his spot laying down on the couch. Scott opted for the recliner because even though there was room for both of them, he figured Rozanov would probably like to sit with his husband when he got home.

“Yes, guess I will just have to be quiet and watch the movie,” Ilya states before launching himself over the top of the couch and landing squarely on top of Shane.

“Oh my god you fucking dick you’re crushing me,” Shane bursts out but Scott can hear laughter in his voice so the other man can’t be too mad.

“You are big strong hockey player is fine,” Ilya replies squirming around to get comfortable. Once he settles Scott watches as Shane just rolls his eyes and then starts carding his fingers through Ilya’s hair like this is normal. Which it probably is.

“You had a good day then?”

“Mmm yes, I won laser tag, means I am champion.”

“I know you sent me at least ten texts bragging about it.”

“I am so humble, would never brag, just stating facts,” Ilya replies, “oh this is the movie where Rose acts like she is a lesbian yes?”

“Yeah.”

“I like this one.”

Scott turns his attention back to the movie then not wanting to get caught staring. The easy affection between the two men still threw him off. Yes, he could see how in love they were, but it was still a bit weird after having spent time around them in the past. Hopefully these feelings would fade soon because he would hate to make either man feel uncomfortable in their own home.

Monday:

“Welcome to Game Changers Hockey Camp, I am Ilya best skater here and captain of the Centaurs this is my husband Shane second best skater here and newest member of the Centaurs,” Rozanov starts the next morning causing the kids and the other Centaurs players at the camp to laugh and boo him. Scott had to hand it to him Rozanov knew how to capture people’s attention.

“Second best? That’s not what the skills competition said this year during the All-Star game,” Shane replies.

“Basically a tie, now even though Shane and I always get along because we are husbands, we still brought some friends to help us out,” Rozanov says before introducing everyone. Scott waves when he’s introduced even though he rolls his eyes at Roz saying he’s only the third best center in the league.

Since this was the third year of camps Scott wasn’t surprised that a handful of the kids were familiar with the process. It was also clear that he was sort of the odd man out. Everyone else either had worked at the camps the previous years or were members of the Centaurs so they knew each other. Not for the first time, he wished that he’d been able to stay with the Montreal camp because at least Benny had been there last week. Now his best friend was continuing his Canadian adventure with Kyle in Nova Scotia.

“So, I hear you’re stuck at the love nest with the newlyweds this week,” Max Riley says sitting down next to Scott during their lunch break.

“I wouldn’t say I’m *stuck* there but for a couple of newlyweds they’ve been pretty tame,” Scott replies because other than the cuddling on the couch the night before he hadn’t seen them acting very newlywed like.

He’d barely been able to keep his hands off Kip in the weeks after they were married, fuck he *still* could barely contain himself around his husband most days. That morning other than a couple shoulder squeezes he’d barely seen Shane and Rozanov touch let alone act like they’d just gotten married. It was not what he’d expected, that was for sure.

“Yeah, they’re pretty good at hiding it if you don’t pay attention but trust me those two are anything but *tame*,” Max replies with a waggle of his eyebrows, “Ryan knows don’t you Ryan.”

Scott looks up to where Ryan Price is sitting across from him, the other man looks a little surprised that he’s being addressed. But then he rolls his eyes in exasperation but nods in agreement.

“Do I even want to know?” Scott asks.

“Ryan keeps walking in on them making out,” Wyatt supplies helpfully.

“They’re idiots,” Ryan supplies, “but yeah, they can’t keep their hands off each other. I found out that first year of camps because I walked in on them kissing. Also, Roz doesn’t shut up about Hollander, should’ve heard him at lunch yesterday.”

“Why should I not brag about my husband? Everyone knows now so I tell the world,” Rozanov says joining the table with Shane right behind him. Scott’s looking at Shane though who blushes and looks at Rozanov like he still can’t quite believe his luck. It’s how Scott knows he looks at Kip.

Then he notices that Shane’s hair which has been pulled back in a bun all morning looks a little messier, and there’s a very light pink spot just below his ear. Flicking his eyes over to Rozanov who’s now talking with Troy Barrett he sees the other man’s curls are a little more tousled. Not much, but enough that it looks like someone was running their fingers through them recently. After that he gets drawn into conversation again with Max forgetting about it.

Tuesday:

The next morning Scott wanders into the kitchen following the smell of food cooking and pauses in the doorway at the scene in front of him. Shane is at the stove, but Rozanov is wrapped around him from behind nuzzling his neck and whispering. Whatever he says must be funny because Shane lets out a small chuckle and leans back further into his husband’s embrace. It’s a sweet domestic moment that Scott feels like he’s intruding on. He almost doesn’t want to burst their bubble but when he starts to see that Rozanov’s hand is moving down to cup his husband through his joggers he decides it’s about time to announce his presence.

“Good morning,” he states maybe a bit loudly but he’s also trying not to blush from inadvertently seeing Rozanov feel up his husband. Scott’s not a *prude* but he still isn’t the most comfortable talking about sex with people who aren’t Kip.

“Morning,” Shane replies with a bit of a squeak to his voice that lets Scott know he’s maybe not the only one who doesn’t talk about sex regularly in the room.

“Hunter, you ruined my plans to seduce my husband over breakfast!” Rozanov announces.

“Sorry to ruin your plans then.”

“They were very sexy plans, you see Shane lik---” Rozanov starts to say before Shane slaps a hand over his mouth.

“Please ignore him and *you* better not say whatever it is you were about to say if you don’t want me to die of embarrassment,” Shane states looking at his husband before slowing taking his hand away.

“You take away all my fun,” Rozanov replies affectionately before leaning over to kiss Shane on the cheek.

“Omelet Scott?” Shane asks ignoring his husband.

“Yeah sure, thanks,” Scott says sitting down at the kitchen island.

“You fly home Saturday afternoon, yes?” Rozanov asks a little later while the three of them eat.

“Uh yeah, why?”

“Good! Ryan’s Fabian has a show Friday, is at a gay bar so you join us.”

“And by us he means Troy, his boyfriend Harris, Max, Leah, Wyatt, his wife Lisa, and obviously Ryan,” Shane jumps in before Scott can start turning the invite down. Normally Scott would be all for it, he’s heard some of Fabian’s stuff because Kip’s a big fan and he enjoys it, but it does sound like everyone there’s going to be in a couple. Going would just make him miss Kip more than he already does and he’d rather stay for a night in so he can FaceTime with his husband.

“Oh, that sounds fun, but I think I might stay in, talk with Kip.”

Rozanov’s face gets pulled into a frown, “Would he not like you going to a gay bar alone? I went without Shane all the time to your gay bar and is fine.”

“No, it’s not that, I just want to talk with my husband, surely you can understand that?”

Rozanov looks like he’s going to say something else, but Shane elbows him before telling Scott that it was okay. They talk idly for the rest of breakfast, but he can’t help but feel like maybe he screwed up something since Rozanov isn’t as loud and obnoxious as usual. The rest of the day at camp went fine, Rozanov seemed his normal self, so he thinks maybe he was imagining it. That is until they get home and Rozanov wordlessly takes Anya outside to play with her.

“Did I do something wrong?” Scott asks Shane who’s staring at the back door concerned.

“He just really wants to be friends,” Shane tells him with a shrug.

“But me not going doesn’t mean I don’t want to be friends, it just felt like I’d be the odd man out. I already miss Kip, I didn’t feel like being surrounded by happy couples when I could be talking with him instead,” Scott says with a furrow of his brow. He hates hurting people’s

feelings, and he still kind of can't believe Rozanov's the reason he feels bad right now, but he really didn't mean it as a way of snubbing friendship.

"You tell him that he'll probably just offer to fly Kip here honestly," Shane replies.

"Kip has work, even if there were flights, he can't skip it."

"Ilya knows someone who's got a private plane, he could get Kip here. Hell, I'm sure *you* know someone with a private plane."

"Look I'm not trying to be rude, but I guess I just kind of don't see why this outing is so important."

Shane bites his lip, and Scott can see the gears working in his brain. Whatever the reason was obviously one Shane didn't feel comfortable sharing without talking to his husband first. It did make Scott curious though what could be so important about a concert at a gay bar that Rozanov's upset that *Scott* of all people isn't going.

"I think you should ask him that," Shane ultimately says.

Scott finds Rozanov out back tossing a ball for Anya to run and catch silent in a way that he's never seen the other man be off the ice. It's weird, or maybe Scott's getting to see a side of Rozanov that not many people have been privy to before.

"So, I take it your upset with me," Scott says sitting down next to him.

"Is not your fault, I had ideas that's all," Rozanov says with a shrug.

"I feel like a little kid saying this, but I did mean it when I said I wanted to be friends, it's been hard being away from Kip. During the season it's a little easier because it's normal at this point, but the summer is our time you know?"

"Yes I know," Rozanov responds which yeah Scott guesses he gets it. He doesn't know how long they've been together, but he can imagine it was even harder for Shane and Rozanov to find time outside of the summer months.

"And not that I'm not grateful to you and Shane for opening your house to me this week, or the opportunity to coach at your camps because it's been great! I just miss Kip. I figured I'd miss him even more surrounded by couples at a concert filled with love songs."

Rozanov doesn't say anything for long moments before speaking, "Shane and I went last summer with Ryan to one of Fabian's shows. Ryan knew about us, but it was in public, and all I wanted to do was pull Shane into my arms and hold him tight. But I couldn't, was hard to pretend that he is not my whole world. Now I don't have to pretend anything, I had idea that we would all go together, and I could hold Shane surrounded by our friends. And everyone would know, they would see, that we're normal. Two people in love."

Scott didn't quite know what to say to that. He'd joked with Benny once a couple of years ago that he thought Rozanov was a secret softie. To have it confirmed was maybe not as surprising as it once would've been. He could imagine though how Rozanov must've felt this

time last year, standing next to the man he loved and not being able to do anything. Scott remembers feeling that way at The Met all those years ago. He thinks about how much it meant to him when Rozanov had shown up to Scott Hunter night as well. He figured maybe that this was kind of the same thing.

“If you really want me to come, I’ll join in, but don’t make fun of me if I cry because I miss my husband when Fabian sings the sad songs,” Scott tells him and he watches as a smirk stretches across Rozanov’s lips, but he can see as well the genuine happiness lingering in his eyes.

“Will be so much fun you will see!”

Wednesday:

Quite frankly all things considered Scott’s surprised it takes until Wednesday for him to overhear Shane and Rozanov having sex. It’s entirely by accident, and once he realizes what exactly is happening in the downstairs gym he retreats to his bedroom.

“I don’t know if I can look at either of them again,” Scott states maybe a little dramatically to Kip as he FaceTimes his husband, thankful that this happened *after* the workday is over.

“Sweetheart, they’re newlyweds did you really think they didn’t have sex?”

“Of course I didn’t think that! I just thought you know they’d only have sex in their bedroom while guests were in the house.”

“Obviously they didn’t think the same,” his husband jokes.

“You mock me but there are some things a man doesn’t need to know about his friends,” Scott tells him.

He quite literally could’ve gone his whole life without knowing that Shane Hollander gets off on watching himself get fucked. Scott could’ve guessed though that Rozanov was into dirty talk because the man never fucking shut up anywhere else in his life. He just didn’t need it *confirmed*.

“I think you might be protesting a little bit too much,” Kip answers with a smirk that Scott can read in a second.

“Christopher Grady-Hunter, I know you aren’t implying that I’m *turned on right now*,” Scott whispers a little bit scandalized at the thought.

“Oh c’mon, Scott, I know you love me but it’s okay if you got a little turned on. I mean it’s not like we haven’t watched porn together dear husband of mine.”

“But that’s different!”

“Why?”

“Because,” he states without anything further added.

“Scott, I won’t be mad if that’s what you’re worried about. It’s a normal reaction to have.”

Scott bites his lip and okay can maybe admit the smallest tiniest bit that overhearing Rozanov and Shane going at it was maybe a *little* hot. It certainly made Scott understand Rozanov’s appeal to Shane if that’s the kind of sex they had on the regular. Not that Scott was fully into the things that Rozanov was saying. It kind of sounded a bit too intense for him, plus he *loved* sex with Kip. Their sex life was even better than when it started out and that was saying something.

“Maybe the smallest tiniest bit, but that’s it.”

“Yeah? Enough to maybe lock your own door? I slipped your tripod into your bag if you didn’t notice already, you could take me into the bathroom with you if you don’t want them to overhear when they’re done.”

“You’re already hard, aren’t you?” Scott asks noting the way his husband’s shoulder was moving out of frame.

“Of course I am, talking about you being turned on for any reason turns me on sweetheart.”

“Well then let me get set up,” he says scrambling off the bed to the sounds of his husband’s laugh ringing in his ears.

Later once he’s said goodbye to Kip and he feels calmer, thanks to both the conversation and the orgasm, he leaves his bedroom to see what Rozanov and Shane are up too. Hopefully they weren’t still having sex. If they were Scott was going to be both shocked and impressed at the stamina. Thankfully when he makes his way into the shared space of the house, he finds that they aren’t alone but are joined by Troy Barrett and his boyfriend Harris who Scott met at the wedding. It’s then he remembers Shane saying something about how the other couple was coming over that night to hang out.

“Did you have a nice nap old man?” Rozanov asks from his perch on the floor. The four of them were each holding cards.

“I was talking with Kip if you must know,” Scott replies settling down on the couch to get a better look at what they’re playing. Over Barrett’s shoulder he spotted a card that read **blowing some dudes in an alley** which was a bold statement, “uh what the fuck are you guys playing?”

“Cards Against Humanity! Is Apple to Apples for grown-ups,” Rozanov answers which still doesn’t answer Scott’s question.

“It’s a card game, we pull a black card, and it has a statement on it with a blank and one person is the judge and the other players each put a white card down to fill in the blank. Then the judge picks which one they like best, and that person gets the black card! It’s super fun if you want to join, Troy and I only just got here maybe 20 minutes ago so we haven’t been playing long,” Harris states smiling up at Scott in a way that makes him see why a guy like Barrett probably fell in love with him.

“Let me watch a couple of rounds and then I’ll play,” he says.

“Great! Now we can have two boring people, Shane never picks fun answers, maybe you will surprise us and pick something fun,” Rozanov states to which Scott watches as Shane rolls his eyes.

“You’re only saying that because I haven’t picked your cards yet when I’ve been a judge.”

“I am your husband you should always know which one is mine!”

“I promise I’ll figure it out next time I’m judging okay.”

“Fine if you say so.”

Shane does end up picking Rozanov’s card the next time he judges. Rozanov in turn kisses his husband before laying down the next black card so he can judge. Scotts dealt in after that and he has a surprisingly fun time the rest of the night considering he’s surrounded by two couples. Sure, he still misses Kip but getting to hang around with queer hockey players (and Harris who may as well be for all he knows about the sport) other than Benny is really great. He and Kip have their circle back home, but at the end of the day most of Scott’s other queer friends were Kip’s friends first. He’s never, outside of Benny, made a queer friend on his own and this seems like a good place to start.

Thursday:

The house is weirdly quiet when he gets up on Thursday morning. For the past few days, he’s at least heard signs of life, and he wonders if he’s the first one up. Once he enters the kitchen though he finds Shane sitting at the island by himself with a green smoothie, coffee, and half eaten waffles. Rozanov is nowhere to be found.

“Hey, where’s Rozanov?” he asks walking over to the coffee pot and pouring himself a cup.

“Therapy appointment, we’ll take my car in today.”

“Therapy?” Scott asks with a scrunch of his brow.

“Yeah,” Shane says looking up from his food, “he’s been going to Galina since last November. She’s Russian and everything too, it’s been good for him.”

Scott wants to ask why Rozanov would even need to go to therapy, but figures like the situation with the bar that Shane’s not going to spill his husband’s secrets. Not that he’d want Shane to break that trust, he knows if he found out Kip had told someone a secret of Scott’s he’d be pretty upset about it.

“Oh okay,” he says instead and reaches for a couple of the waffles from the platter.

“Also, you’ll come back here with Ilya after, I have some errands I want to get done and someone needs let Anya out and take her on her walk.”

The thought of being alone with Rozanov for the twenty minutes it takes to get back from the arena isn't Scott's favorite thought, but he thinks it'll be fine. He's seen a side to the other man these past few days that he hadn't before, so one car ride won't hurt him. At least that's what he's hoping for. It doesn't take long after that for him and Shane to head over the arena for the second to last day of camp. Rozanov's already there when they arrive and Scott watches as Shane beelines to his husband immediately.

"They okay?" Bood asks next to him nodding over to where Shane and Rozanov are talking lowly.

"Yeah, Roz had a thing this morning before camp started," he replies not wanting to reveal any information that he's sure Rozanov doesn't want to get out. Although he doesn't know how close Bood and Rozanov are so maybe the other man already knows about Rozanov's therapy appointments.

"Oh yeah they're okay," Bood states with a chuckle and Scott can't help but let his mouth tick up a little too at the sight of the newlyweds sharing a sweet kiss. Shane's blushing when he pulls away but the look in Rozanov's eyes is pure adoration, it's a look Scott's grown used to this past week. Honestly how these two kept this whole thing under wraps when they look at each other the way they do is a mystery to Scott.

Camp is good, other than a minor scuff up between two of the kids, and Scott can admit that he's going to miss it after tomorrow. Even though he started the week feeling like the odd man out no one's *actually* made him feel like that. They've all drawn him into conversation over lunch and he's really enjoyed working closely with Bood. He'd been sad to hear that due to his flight back home he'd be missing the end of camp BBQ Bood was putting together but he was eager to get back home to Kip.

"You ready to go Hunter?" Rozanov asks as Scott's getting the last of his things together.

The quiet between them is surprisingly not awkward and Scott realizes that he truly is enjoying just existing with Rozanov. The other man breaks the silence with a confession that surprises Scott shortly after they get in the car.

"I have depression," Rozanov says staring forward gaze intent on the road like if he even acknowledges Scott he'll lose his bravery, "is why I go to therapy."

"Oh, thank you for telling me. You didn't have too," Scott replies after the momentary shock wears off.

Depression was the last thing he expected Rozanov to be in therapy for, the man drew people to him like a moth to a flame. Then again Scott knew just from the glimpses he'd caught this week that there was more to him than met the eye. There was a man who loved his husband and dog fiercely, who was patient and kind with the kids they were coaching, who yes still chirped Scott but who was here showing a piece of himself that Scott was sure not many people knew about.

"I know, I wanted to. I am trying to do better at talking about it, is hard but important to do."

“Are you planning on talking about it publicly?” Scott asks.

“Maybe someday but not now. Am planning to tell the team before the season starts, so Galina thought it would be good for me to practice.”

“Well, I guess I’m happy to help.”

Rozanov chuckles a little and Scott counts it as a win that the air is not so heavy between them then he’s shocked even more when Rozanov says, “you have helped a lot. I do not know if I would not have been brave enough to be with Shane for real if you had not come out.”

“Really?”

“Da, yes, was scary but then you made out with your husband and was not as scary anymore.”

“I think you would’ve figured it out though, I can tell you two really love each other.”

“Maybe, I hope so,” Rozanov’s quiet for a moment before saying, “your husband has new job, yes? Does he like it?”

Scott lets him change the subject because he loves talking about Kip any chance he can, and he can see that Rozanov’s reached his limit of sharing personal details of his life. Once they get back to the house Rozanov leaves him to walk Anya and Scott heads for a shower. After he’s done, he starts heading into the kitchen but stops when he realizes he’s about to interrupt an intimate moment, thankfully though not the kind he’d almost walked in on the day before.

Shane must’ve gone to grocery store because there were bags scattered at his feet but more important than those is the bouquet of flowers he’s holding out to his husband. Scott watches as Rozanov takes the bundle carefully and wordlessly gazing at them like they’re precious.

“You got me flowers?” he asks softly.

“I know therapy days are hard, and I wanted to do something nice for you,” Shane replies looking at the ground a blush staining his cheeks.

“They are beautiful, moya lyubov,” Rozanov whispers pulling Shane in close and kissing him. Scott decides to give them privacy and heads back to the guest room.

When he comes out a short while later, he can’t help but smile at the flowers on the counter.

Friday:

“You’re coming tonight, right?” Wyatt asks as he sits down next to Scott the last day of camp.

“Yeah why?”

“Just getting a head count for dinner reservations, making sure I’ve got the right numbers,” he says but Scott can tell that’s not the fully story.

“Why do I feel like there’s something else?” he asks cautiously. He doesn’t know Wyatt very well, he doesn’t know anyone at the camp very well to be honest, but he can tell when the other man is hedging his way through something.

Wyatt’s gaze bounces to the end of the staff table where Barrett is sitting with the other Centaurs players and then the still empty seat that Ryan’s been sitting in all week before saying, “Things are still a little weird between Pricey and Barrett. Barrett apologized and everything but Pricey’s still healing his relationship with hockey and Barrett’s part of that. You’re the nicest dude I know, and I figured it’d be good if there’s another buffer.”

“Buffer how?” Scott asks, not sure what he can do.

Barrett seems like a good dude, he enjoyed spending time with him the other night, and there’s a quiet confidence to Ryan that Scott doesn’t remember him having the few times they met before this week. He figures there must be bad blood from Ryan’s time in Toronto, but he doesn’t think either man would appreciate being babysat.

“Oh, not like do anything special, just that you’ll be there.”

He nods and lets the conversation die because the others join them, and Wyatt draws Leah into conversation about the latest Marvel movie. Max’s talking with Ryan about a book they’ve both been reading that Scott remembers Benny telling him about when a soft pair of hands cover his eyes.

“Guess who,” the sweetest voice asks in his ear causing him to spin around quickly finding his beautiful husband standing behind him.

“Kip oh my god!” he exclaims, sweeping him up into a hug and spinning him around. Which might be a bit dramatic since it’s been less than a week, but he just *really* fucking missed this man so sue him, “what are you doing here? What about work?”

“Benefits of working at the same place you did your internship in. Pat let me switch for the Sunday shift instead of Friday. I got an interesting call saying my husband was *very* lonely without me.”

Scott whips his head to where Shane and Rozanov are sitting with the Centaurs players and gets a smirk in return.

“I told you he’d get Kip here,” Shane states and Scott feels gratitude well up in him and mouths thank you to Rozanov who just nods and gives him a thumbs up.

Scott spends the rest of lunch introducing Kip to the rest of the counselors and the kids. He’s still walking on air when they all leave for the day not quite believing he’s got his husband with him.

“You didn’t have to do this you know,” Scott says once they’ve gotten back to the house. Kip was currently enamored with Anya, and he didn’t want to pull him away.

“You were very sad pining for husband, did not want you to harsh the vibe tonight,” Rozanov replies. Scott just rolls his eyes but gives him a shoulder squeeze before finally dragging Kip into the shower with him, Rozanov cat calling them as he does, and he doesn’t even care.

That night as he cuddles his husband close during the concert he watches Rozanov do the same. He’s standing behind Shane arms wrapped around his own husband’s waist and every once in a while, Scott spies him pressing a sweet kiss to the back of his head. The group of them get looks, but Scott’s surprised that no one seems to be taking sneaky pictures or videos. Or maybe it’s just because most of the crowd here is too enamored with Fabian Salah to care about the group of famous hockey players. Either way he ducks his head into Kip’s neck and smiles feeling happier than he’s been all week.

Saturday:

The four of them enjoy a leisurely brunch ordered from one of Shane and Rozanov’s favorite breakfast spots the next morning. Scott and Kip’s flight wasn’t until that afternoon, unfortunately still too early for them to make Bood’s BBQ, so they weren’t in a rush.

“So, you can tell me if I’m being way too nosy but how long really did you two keep this a secret for?” Kip asks before Scott can kick his ankle.

It’s not like Scott thinks the conversation is off topic, but he’s figured that since that’s pretty much what *everyone* wants to know that maybe it’d be a bit rude. Kip though lives for gossip and honestly Scott’s very curious to know the answer.

“Whole time,” Rozanov says easily just as Scott’s taken a sip of his mimosa causing him to almost spit out on the table.

“What?” he asks after he’s properly swallowed looking between Rozanov who is smiling widely and Shane who is blushing, “what do you mean the whole time?”

“Was just sex at first, Shane could not resist me.”

“You knew what you were doing,” Shane retorts but his face his tomato red, “but um yeah we uh hooked up for the first time right before our rookie season. Then it just sort of continued from there.”

“Wow, we were only together six months before Scott came out and I thought *that* was a long time,” Kip says.

“Fuck...so what eleven years?” Scott asks remembering that joint rookie season.

He’d only been playing a few years himself then. In the closet and so fucking terrified and here were these two men who probably had the most high-profile rivalry in NHL history admitting that they’d been *together* the whole fucking time.

“Yes, long time but worth it,” Rozanov says giving his husband a sweet kiss on the cheek, “was not lying when I said it took you two making out on live tv for us to decide to be together for real. I just did not say that we’d been having lots of sex for years before then.”

“Oh my god Ilya can you stop talking about our sex life please,” Shane states burying his face in his hands.

“Da moy pomidor.”

“Not a tomato.”

“Tell your face that.”

Scott exchanges a look with Kip feeling lucky. Lucky to be sitting in the sunshine of an Ottawa summer morning, holding hands with his husband, privy to the playful bickering that not many others have. And as the conversation moves on around him, he knows just like he did when he walked into a smoothie shop in New York City four years ago that this is what his life is meant to be.

End Notes

Thank you so much for indulging me with this one lol!

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