

Party Traditions

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Party Traditions

by [OtherWaysHome](#)

Summary

Ilya and Shane host a party for the start of this year's Irina Foundation camp.

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"The man doesn't have any shame, that's the thing." Marly grins, arm draped over Roz's shoulders. "Therefore, it can't be done. Rozy can't be embarrassed. My money is safe."

"Nobody has ever won? Really?" Shane asks, smiling.

Roz stares across at his husband then shrugs. "You are bluffing. Is fine, go ahead. There is nothing anyway, you can't win."

"Well, I was just thinking," Hollander says, "that the guys might be interested to hear that you...have a type?" Marly could swear Shane's eyes glanced in the direction of Scott Hunter. Could swear too that Roz tracked the movement.

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Shane gets competitive. Scott Hunter learns more than he bargained for. Marly is determined to be a really fucking good bro.

Notes

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

The party is starting to hit its stride. Starting to spill over into something with a flow, a life of its own, despite the awkward mix of camp coaches all packed in together in Roz and Shane's living room. Half of the Centaurs are here, along with a decent number of Boston players. Only Pike and J.J. from Montreal, which, well, is too depressing to dwell on right now. A few PWHL players, of course. Oh, and Scott Hunter. Scott Hunter is here too. Stood to one side with his boyfriend, looking about as surprised to be here as any of them.

But its working. Most of the stilted beginnings have been eased away now. Succumbing to the combined effects of Roz's charm and a freezer full of very strong vodka. Even Hollander has started to relax, what with Rozy checking in on him and almost everyone being happy to talk hockey.

Then Connors made a comment about keeping to Boston party traditions. Bood and half of Ottawa wanted in. Now here they are back to the same old game. Which, well, is a fucking relief to be honest.

So much has changed now – Roz is in Ottawa, not Boston. Not Boston for years already and more than that, he is gay – well not gay, bisexual. Bisexual. Marly is going to be fucking good about this, he *is*. Just thinking about some of the shit he parroted back in the day along with the rest of the locker room has him wanting to hit his head against a wall. Which he can't do because he's only just been released from concussion protocol. So he is going to have to be goddamn good about this instead. Its the only option.

If Roz is going to give him a chance now, despite everything, he isn't going to fucking waste it.

But he still can't deny its a relief to find his feet back under him again, back in familiar territory. Back to the same age old challenge that got dragged out at every Boston party back in the day. Always circling back around to the same old bet. Marly's conviction that he would buy a crate of fancy booze and or a vacation for anyone who could manage to make Rozy feel genuinely embarrassed. Even once. Even briefly. Because so far, the entire roster of alcohol soaked Boston antics had drawn a blank.

"The man doesn't have any shame, that's the thing." Marly grins, arm draped over Roz's shoulders where they are sat sprawled out on the couch. "Therefore, it can't be done. My money is safe." Roz swats at him and grins back, happy as ever to be smack bang in the middle of the party. Happy to let it all turn on him. *Always playing center Rozy*, as Marly used to say any chance he got.

Yes, this feels familiar. Steady ground and all that.

"Nope, see," Marly continues, "none of you fuckers are getting a free weekend in the Bahamas out of my salary. Not this time and not any of the dozen times you tried before either. It can't be done."

The laughter and jeers from the room die down and Hollander steps away from the wall. Rozy turns toward him, his whole body angling to face him as he draws closer.

“So,” Hollander says, coming to a stop in front of Marly, “how many people have tried this?”

“Oh, a fuck ton, yeah. All the Raiders at least.”

“And nobody has won?” Shane says.

The question sounds innocent enough but Marly feels Roz tense beside him. Feels the moment he goes still. *Oh*. Well, hasn’t this just got interesting.

“Yep,” Marly said, popping the ‘p’. “Nobody has won. Absolutely no one.”

“So, like, all of Boston. They’ve all tried.” Shane is smiling now, almost a grin. Not any of the PR faces Marly has ever seen from him. His careful expression of polite interest is nowhere to be found. Just a grin and eyes that look ready for a face-off.

Beside him, Rozanov twists in his seat, reaching out a hand to snag at his husband.

“Hollander, Shane, sweetheart. We do not need free vacation. We are both multi-millionaires, yes? You know this. We don’t need to be taking money from poor D-men like Marly, no?”

Hollander doesn’t let himself be reeled in to sit by Rozanov and instead refocuses back on Marly, dropping down to sit in the armchair opposite.

Marly turns to raise his eyebrows at Roz. Roz is really glaring at him now and, fuck, is he blushing? Just a bit maybe.

“Montreal Jane, eh? Shall we see what he’s got to say, hmm?” Marly says.

“I will hit you, Marleau.”

“Yeah, sure, whatever Rozy.” He reaches over to mess up Roz’s curls and gets a string of Russian curses for his troubles.

Fuck is he glad he gets this second chance, even if maybe he doesn’t deserve it.

He looks up to find the party has gone quiet around them. Everyone’s attention drawn. Even Scott and Kip seem hooked on the unfolding spectacle.

“Uh, does not matter anyway, you do not have anything,” says Rozanov, staring across at Hollander like he’s trying to read minds.

There’s a pause and then Roz sags back into the couch, grinning. “Is fine, go ahead. There is nothing anyway, you can’t win.”

“Oh yeah, you sure about that Rozanov?” Shane says. He is definitely grinning now, grinning right at Roz who is looking back at him like they’re the only two people in the room.

“Ah yes, you’re bluffing. There isn’t anything so,” Roz gives one of his enigmatic little shrugs that makes Marly wonder if he should have thought harder about the whole ‘gay or European’ thing. Shit, is that homophobic? Like, as a question? Uh, he doesn’t fucking know. Maybe some point this week he can buy dinner for one of the PWHL players and get a crash course on how to be a really good fucking bro or something. Would that be ok to ask? He fucking hopes so because he is not equipped for this.

Shane laughs and Marly snaps back to the scene in front of him.

“Well, I was just thinking,” Hollander says, “that the guys might be interested to hear that you...have a type?” Marly could swear Shane’s eyes glanced in the direction of Hunter. Could swear too that Roz tracked the movement.

“Ah, no, no.” Roz is up, sitting straight again and pointing at Shane now. “No. Is in wedding vows Hollander, you cannot betray me like this.”

“Hollzy, fuck, what do you know?” says Marly, delighted, as Shane scoffs.

“I really don’t think any of this falls under wedding vows, Ilya. C’mon, it’s not that bad.”

“Ah, yes, in sickness and in health *Shane*. Is my sickness.”

“Fuck off, you are such an idiot.”

“Okay, okay,” calls Barrett from the gathered spectators, “enough foreplay, just tell us already.”

Roz locks eyes with Shane and shakes his head. Shane just grins back at him. Rozy flops back onto the couch cushions with a groan. He drags a hand down his face as he sinks down in his seat.

Shane, if anything, smiles wider as he turns toward Hunter.

“Hollander...” Roz tries one more time. Marly belatedly wonders if he should rescue his friend but he’s far too invested. Besides, Hollander’s a good dude, right? No way he shares something Roz wouldn’t be down with.

“Ilya thinks,” Shane says, “that Scott Hunter... is hot.”

There’s one long moment of silence, stretching out as all the guests stare across at each other.

“What the fuck,” Scott whispers and the silence shatters.

Kip tips back his head and laughs, clutching at Scott’s shirt with one hand. Marly is grinning, hardly able to believe his eyes as he watches Roz squirm in embarrassment.

“No fucking way,” breathes Connors, “look, he fucking got him.”

“Got him in one, Christ,” says St. Simon. “Never thought I would see it.”

“No, is not true,” Roz says, face still half covered by one hand, convincing nobody.

Hunter looks like somebody has slapped him and offered him a blowjob in the same breath. Face slack, eyes wide. “You can’t be serious,” he mutters, “what the fuck?”

“Oh my God,” says Harris, almost dropping his drink in delight while Barret dissolves into giggles beside him.

Marly looks between Hunter’s shock and Roz’s dying protests and gives in. This is worth paying for these two rich motherfuckers to have a free vacation on his dime. More than fucking worth it. He shakes Rozy by the shoulder and cackles with laughter. Laughs until he’s wheezing and wiping at his eyes. “Oh my God Rozy, Hunter. Ten years of calling the guy old and you’re out here telling your secret hook-up that you think the guy is hot. Only you Roz, fuck.”

“Fuck all of you,” Roz says from his slumped position on the couch. “Is not...I was only saying it to wind you up, Hollander, is not even...”

“You texted it to me,” Shane says, “I have it in like- that’s written evidence, right?”

“Ah, okay, maybe but only because I was-”

“You brought it up during sex.”

Marly splutters, turning to look from one to the other of hockey’s greatest rivals. Just when he thought this couldn’t get any better.

“Oh my God Cap, what the fuck?” says Barrett, also wiping at his eyes.

“Ah, fuck off Hollander.” Roz straightens up again, seemingly back in the fight. “Was not during sex. Was not during sex, that was the problem. I bring it up because you do not want to have sex in case he,” Roz points at Scott, “hears us because he has the room next door, yes?”

Shane rolls his eyes. “By saying it doesn’t matter if he hears us because he’s hot. Which, y’know, wouldn’t have stopped him outing us but-”

“Hang on, hang on,” Scott Hunter says, “when the fuck was this?”

“Outing us?” Kip echoes, frowning.

“No, hang on, fuck,” Scott stops, face gone pale. “Nashville? *Nashville*? Twenty-fucking-eleven?”

“Yes,” Roz says easily, “twenty-fucking-eleven. You are very bad cockblock by the way. Shane is very worried about making bad impression on Mr. Hunter.”

Scott just stares. Marly feels for him, honestly. They’ve all had their moment of frozen realisation when it dawned on them that this wasn’t just the state of the rivalry now, but the

state of it always. The idea that there is no before. It has always been this. At least, away from the cameras and anyone's prying eyes.

"Oh my God," Scott says, and drops into the one remaining armchair.

Marly nudges Roz and grins, shaking his head at Hunter's dramatics. Roz laughs and leans toward him. "You know, that was the day I got Shane's number. At that first All Stars."

"What, no way? That's the origin of Montreal Jane? Scott Hunter fucking cock blocked you."

"Ha, yes. I mean, I wanted his number anyway but...yes, was good excuse."

"Well fuck, never would have fucking guessed..."

"Ha, yes Marly, I know all about the things you did not guess."

"Alright, alright, Lily. You and your very obvious code names are smarter than all of us, don't rub it in."

Roz just smirks at him and Marly rolls his eyes.

"Whatever, Rozy. You're just salty you lost to your boy."

"Mmm, no, is not so bad for me." Roz turns to watch Hollander where he's now chatting with Harris and Troy. "Is not so bad really. Winning makes him horny, so..."

"Ha, you serious? Well fuck." Marly shakes his head. "What used to happen when you beat him then?"

"Ah," Rozy shrugs, "Marly, do not worry for me, was fine. He has, uh, competency kink so was no problem, win or lose, yes?" Roz turns back to face him, grin like a shark.

Marly bursts out laughing, he can't help it. "You know what," he claps Roz on the shoulder, "I think that's the least surprising thing you could have told me about him."

Roz smiles at him then, wide and beaming.

"Shane fucking Hollander," Marly says, shaking his head, "of fucking course."

He gets up to grab them more shots and by the time he returns Roz has succeeded in pulling Hollander down onto his lap. He has both arms wrapped around his husband, his chin perched on Shane's shoulder and is grinning like the cat that got the cream.

Marly hands Roz his shot and drops back down onto the couch.

"Where am I paying for you fuckers to go for your winnings then? Where's the vacation gonna be?"

"Well," Shane says, turning to look at Roz, "what d'you think? We still have some time at the end of the summer. We could take a weekend, maybe?"

“Really? You wouldn’t mind?”

Shane shrugs, reaching to brush a curl back away from Rozy’s forehead. “Ibiza was nice last summer, so it could be nice again, I guess, to get away for a bit. If, y’know, you had somewhere you wanted to go?”

Fuck, he’s going to be buying first class tickets to Europe and back, isn’t he?

“Well,” Roz says, looking almost hesitant. “I know is not Spain or anything, but...Boston, maybe?”

“Boston?”

“Ah, is just...there are places that...Places that I wanted to take you, maybe, before. Places to eat and, well, places I thought you might like, yes?”

“Oh, I, um...”

“I...” Roz sighs. “Does not matter, not really. Is just, um, I made a list, maybe, before. But we could not then so was just.” Roz trails off, his eyes fixed on something across the room.

“You made a list?” Shane is watching Roz’s face like it’s a language he isn’t quite sure he’s reading right. Eyebrows pinched, gaze focused.

“I mean, yes, maybe.”

“Oh,” Shane says, “oh, okay, well lets go to Boston then.”

“We do not have to if-”

“No, Ilya, shut up, of course we can go. Fuck, of course.”

“Really?”

“Yes Ilya, lets go to Boston. Lets do it.”

Roz is smiling at Shane now, just a bit, something vulnerable in his expression that Marly has never seen before. He looks almost shy, talking about wanting to take his husband out on dates back in Boston.

Shane leans to kiss him, just once and Roz, honest to God, looks like he can’t quite believe his luck.

Fuck it, Marly is paying for this fucking vacation and nobody had better fucking try to stop him.

Roz shifts then, standing and pulling Shane with him. He plasters himself to his husband’s back as he mutters something about ‘more vodka’ and ‘maybe dancing, no?’ that has Shane laughing and shaking his head, though without making any move to disentangle them.

Marly downs his shot and stands as well. He grabs one more drink from a side table for good measure. Right, he is going to fucking do this. Dutch courage and all that. He is going to find one of these very nice, very respectable PWHL lesbians who are only a little bit terrifying and he is going to make fucking sure that this time around he is not being a dick. He is going to be such a good fucking bro who does not say the wrong fucking thing. Who actually knows what biphobia is and whether or not he's being it. He is going to find out whether buying Roz that crop top he saw at the airport would have been a good idea. The one that said '*My Husband Knows More About Hockey Than Yours*' in big pink lettering right across the front. Because fuck it, that's not the kind of thing you can google. So he is going to have to fucking ask someone who might know, even if they laugh at him for it.

He is going to be someone who knows these things. Someone who knows his best friend, for real this time. A few awkward conversations and paying for a free vacation seems like a pretty good start, at least. Because he is going to be someone who earns this second chance.

Someone who gets to fucking keep it.

End Notes

~ Boston Raiders at the bar after a home win, circa 2013 ~

St. Simon: Alright, ideas people. Quick before Rozy gets here.

Connors: Yeah, c'mon, it can't be this fucking difficult. There has to be something.

Hammersmith: Right, exactly. We have to be able to figure this out.

New Raiders Rookie: I mean, surely its not that hard. *shrugs* Just look over his old interviews and point out all the places he fucked up his English

Marly: *drops a hand onto the rookie's shoulder and hauls him upright* You are fucking leaving. Now. And I don't think you'll be at any more Raider's parties 'til you've got your head around how this team works, you understand?

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