Feels Like the First Time

by Milionking

Summary

Brent Seabrook is on top of the world as he retires from the Blackhawks. Stanley Cup Champion, has a great family, and a future with the coaching staff of the Winnipeg Jets, he assumes happily ever after is in his future. You know what they say about assumption though...

Notes

First, to the organizers of the Blackhawks Big Fic Energy challenge. You organized a great challenge. The camaraderie and Discord on the server were fantastic. You lead us all on when things looked like we wouldn't finish.

Second, to cuddlefighter for her artwork on this fic. She has ebook options for you, check the links below or on the BBFE Tumblr later for ways to obtain them.

https://cuddlefighter.tumblr.com/post/181323829678/creative-works-inspired-by-milionkings-feels

Third, to booktubelover and Blake for the beta on this verb disaster. They were a better
version of FEMA on my verb tense errors.

Lastly, to my friends on Tumblr who helped me headcanon some of these parts. Your inspiration made this better with every scene.

Notes about this fic:
1. The names of Brent and Duncan's children have been changed. I do not use the real names of any character under the age of 18 without their parent's express consent. Since I obviously do not personally know Duncs or Seabs, that would be a little hard.
2. This is a work of fiction and set 6 years in the future. All ages have been adjusted accordingly and who knows what happens in the future.
3. If you know anyone personally in this fic or are anyone characterized in this fic, please turn back.
4. There are references cheating and divorce in this fic, they are brief and fleeting. You can scroll past and still get the jist if these are triggers.
Duncan wishes he was there celebrating with his team as he sits in a bar on the outskirts of Winnipeg. The Hawks are 2024 Stanley Cup Champions, and he should be in Chicago on the ice with his teammates. The raw emotion of his teammates is pouring through the TV screens of the bar as he orders another bottle of beer, tipping it in the direction of Pat and Jonny kissing each other. Nobody else probably saw it because Seabs slid in front of the cameraman to take the burden of the Cup off the couple.

Brent turns around and raises the Cup above his head looking at the camera giving off a scream that probably blew out every television tuned to that channel, Duncan can’t hear it because of the muted televisions of the bar. He remembers it clearly, how loud Brent can scream, as he stares blankly at the man on the screen, the memory of the Hawks’ 2010 win enters his conscious mind.

“Come on Duncs, grab it!” Seabs shouts from the blue line. Duncan looks fondly at his liney knowing that he is so getting a piece of Seabs’ ass tonight. He slides over to Brent and takes the Cup from the defenseman’s hands, locking eyes with Brent. He lifts the cup and shouts a guttural yell into Brent’s face.

Brent scrunches his face at Duncan’s after game breath. A distinct mix of garbage can with a whiff of beer blast his face.

“If you think you are getting that close later, that breath better be full of alcohol and spearmint toothpaste,” Brent chirps as he skates around while Duncan takes his victory lap. Duncan is too filled with adrenaline and a noisy crowd to hear the man and respond with an equally vinegary chirp.

The team is flat out drunk and loud the entire plane ride back to Chicago that night. Jonny and Pat are in the back row making out and trading handjobs under a blanket as Duncan walks back to the bathroom. Brent had banished him there until he brushed his teeth because he found Duncan’s after game breath too gross to kiss.

They drunk march into Brent’s apartment that night. The door locks shut behind them, and the clothes come off with animalistic lust.

The bartender snaps Duncan’s trance after Duncan tipped his bottle spilling beer everywhere. He’s jealous that Brent will probably go home and fuck Dayna senseless. If brief lucky he’ll get the feel of his right hand later tonight with the image of Brent naked in one of the beds of a road hotel room. He felt the thoughts of what it would feel like to have Brent in his bed again, they penetrate
his brain and his cock swells to fill his boxers in an uncomfortable position. Deciding Duncan has had enough drink, the bartender calls him a taxi to whisk him off to a hotel to sleep it off until he’s sober enough to collect his truck.

Brent stands there on the ice rolling his eyes while facing Kaner and Tazer waiting for them to cough up the Cup to the rest of the team. Just like Ovi and Backy had done in 2018, they were making out on the ice and looking ridiculous at trying to hide it. After several moments of standing on the ice staring at each other, Brent realizes the one person he wants to share this moment with is likely drowning his sorrows in some Manitoba bar. The romance Pat and Jonny are exhibiting on the ice makes Brent long for his linemate.

They’d played around on the road. Nothing major, just some platonic sex on nights they couldn’t hook up at the bar when they were on the road. Being bisexual wasn’t unheard of amongst athletes; they’re both pretty sure Kaner and Tazer was fucking every moment they could find.

Brent met Dayna at a bar one night, emotions running high after a home win against the Habs. Duncan had pushed Brent into working up the courage to buy her a drink and get her number. She was quite charming and cute in a short skirt and blouse that drew attention to her chest. Her intelligence and personality a few days later over dinner and a night of symphony pops in Grant Park just added to her stunning good looks. He walked into his apartment that night lighter on his feet.

He’d married her a few months after they started dating, welcoming a son in 2013, a daughter in 2015, and another son in 2017. They lived in the suburbs of Chicago with a large house and big yard butted up against a lake. It made Brent’s commute to work each day during the season hell, but he had a family he loved. Ignorance was bliss, and Brent was completely unaware that his life was a ticking time bomb as his career hit its crescendo at 35 and slowed down until he hit retirement at 39.

He longed to hang out with Duncan that night, Dayna had been cold to his advances when he walked into their house drunk after celebrating the cup win with his team. For the most part, Duncan was absent in his last year, spending the last half of the season out with various broken bones, a concussion, and to top it all off a ruptured appendix. His kids are great friends with Duncan’s son Justin and even they missed having their buddy around. When Duncan had decided to retire, Brent decided to do the same after being offered a coaching job in Winnipeg.
Brent’s retirement had started to make Dayna feel old, and Brent was acting differently over the course of the season when Duncs went on injured reserve as his maladies mounted. Brent had really lost it when it was announced that Duncs would never return to Hawks after this season citing the need to look after his health. Brent became distant, depressed and it reflected in his play and at home.

Dayna wished she could go back in time. Life was bliss when Brent was 25, and she was 23. They had love and chemistry, they were also working on starting a family that eventually produced 2 sons and a daughter. As they grew up though, they too made Dayna feel old.

When Brent told the family that they were going to be attending the draft party at the United Center, Dayna felt like she had an opportunity to connect with the young future Hawks. She knew their top prospect was a hot stud who had a tendency to date older women.

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Brent leaves his family briefly to sit at the Jets table as part of the coaching staff. He sent Dayna and the kids to the draft party that was going on somewhere in the bowels of the United Center. After the Jets make their pick a defenseman from Western Michigan University, Brent excuses himself from the table to join his family at the tunnel entrance while awaiting the Hawks pick.

They call the name of some kid from the OHL, Pat and Jonny stand on the stage for the photo op. He’s a cute little stud from Brent’s view. Dayna’s eyes were completely fixed on the young buck, she keeps looking over at Brent to make sure that he isn’t noticing that she is checking out the new draftee. Chicago had been her home for years, and if she were honest to herself Brent isn’t the same guy she married. He’d grown older meaning she’d grown older. Brent took the kids home as he lost Dayna to the party.

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Jonny and Pat told Brent they would give her a ride home once the party winds down and the crowd thins to make it easier to find her. When Pat heads to the bathroom to get some of the beer out of his system he finds Dayna in a hidden hallway near the men’s room, her lips pressed into the face of the new young buck whose life just changed now that he’s the Hawks’ top prospect. Jonny and Pat stood there frozen with their jaws unhinged.

“I’m not telling him as long as you don’t,” Pat said to Jonny with Dayna passed out drunk in the backseat of Jonny’s Volt.
“Deal,” Jonny confirms as they pull into Brent and Dayna’s driveway and attempt to coax Dayna back into consciousness, almost heaving her out of the car. Brent comes out of the house and lifts her from Jonny’s strong arms as Patrick holds the front door of the house open for him. His back knots up as they walk up the stairs onto the porch. He lays Dayna on the bed and walks out to thank Pat and Jonny for bringing Dayna home. Pat and Jonny give strained smiles as they walk out of the house to head home themselves.

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As the weeks progressed toward the convention, Dayna had disappeared many evenings. Something about seeing her friends as much as she can before they move to Winnipeg. Brent spent most of those evenings packing up the stuff he rarely uses and gets it ready for the semi the Jets offered to the family as part of his relocation package. What Brent doesn’t know is that she’s hanging around prospect camp and following the prospects back to their hotel and following her new beau to his room for a quick romp and going home late at night long after Brent has turned in for the night. Dayna’s passions with the young draftee increase between the draft and Brent’s retirement announcement that she begins to feel like she’s living a double life. She decides that she can’t keep this charade too long, so the following day she meets with a lawyer.

July first arrives too soon for Brent’s liking. He gets up on the stage in front of the Blackhawks’ press. Flashbulbs temporarily blind him followed by dots speckled across his line of sight. He talks about how Chicago fans had welcomed him, made the town his home, grew his family, and found him a lovely bride. He talks briefly about his immediate future of moving back to Canada and how he looks forward to seeing fans at the upcoming convention.

As he drives home a weight is lifted from his shoulders. No more training, no more ice baths, no more bone-crushing games to be played. He hopes to spend the rest of his career wearing a suit rather than a uniform. His phone chimes in the console as his Twitter, Facebook, and Instagram explode with well-wishes from teammates and fans alike.

He absent-mindedly pulls into the driveway where a guy in a suit meets him on the lawn.

“Can I help you?” Brent asks, sounding polite and a bit confused.

“Are you Mr. Brent Seabrook?” The gentleman questions back.

“I am,” Brent replies.
“I am here to serve you with these papers, sign here please. Have a pleasant day,” the man says as Brent signs his name the man hands over an envelope and walks briskly off the yard and down the street. Probably one of his neighbors suing him for the Stanley Cup party he held a month ago Brent hypothesizes.

Brent walks in the house, the place feels emptier than he remembered when he left this morning. He rips open the envelope and whatever he had been expecting it wasn’t this. “Petition for Divorce,” the first page reads. Brent collapses on the kitchen floor and holds himself into a ball. Thankfully the kids are in Canada with his parents, so they can’t see him fall apart from the inside outwards. He finishes his freak out session and wanders through the house, it is void of any evidence of his now ex-wife’s existence besides a note on the dining room table.

Brent-

By now you probably have noticed my heart is no longer in our marriage. I am sorry to spring this on you, but I found someone to make me feel young again on draft night. I’m not asking for anything other than a quick divorce, you can have full custody of the kids. I wish you and the kids well in Canada, but Chicago is my home and my heart belongs here.

-Dayna

Brent knows that reaching Duncan by phone is unlikely, so he shoots a text off, “My wife just filed for divorce, came home to a letter and a process server. I need the number for the attorney that handled you and Kelly.” Then he waits for a reply. An hour later he paces the floor of his basement. Another hour later he throws on some shorts, his running shoes, and grabs his phone for some music. He jogs through the neighborhood hoping it will clear his head. Three hours after he sent his text to Duncan, Brent’s phone finally chimes his reply.

Duncs: Just came into town for groceries and gas. I'll get you the number, hang in there. Don't chuck her letter!

Duncs: After the convention, come back here with the kids. Plenty of space plus Justin is begging to hang with his Hawk buddies.

Then Duncs adds a text to close the deal and it makes Brent smile broadly when he sees it.

Duncs: There’s also no connection to civilization unless you want it.
The last text contains the number of a kickass (Duncs’s words, not Brent’s) divorce attorney who promises to have the whole thing settled in 30 days. Brent taps the phone number and makes an appointment with the lawyer’s secretary for the following afternoon.

An empathetic gentleman, who wished to go by the name Steve, greets Brent and shakes his hand ushering him into his office. He’s seen the look on Brent’s face hundreds of times in his career and starts with a confident tone, “Brent, I’m sorry to meet under these circumstances. Let’s go grab some dinner while my paralegal drafts all the necessary documents to answer your estranged wife’s petition. Once we file your answer, it’ll probably take the court about a week to arrange the private mediation. Once the mediation is complete it takes the court about two weeks to sign off on the divorce and you’ll be free to take the kids back to Canada.”

“Sounds good to me, this was the last upheaval my life needed this week,” Brent sighs.

As they walk out of the office they stop at a cubicle, “Jeanie, would you get this case file opened while I’m gone. Set up an appearance packet, full custody of 3 children to Mr. Seabrook here, and motion for private mediation. We’ll be back in a couple of hours to sign and file them.”

Brent and his lawyer sit down in a downtown Chicago steakhouse, the upscale kind that respects the privacy of their guests. Steve orders a bottle of red wine. After the waiter leaves them to fetch it and a couple of glasses, the lawyer turns his focus to his client.

“First off Brent, I’m here to help you through this process. How are you feeling right now?” He asks.

Brent sighs, “I think the initial shock finally wore off this morning after I woke up at 5 and ran around the lake in my neighborhood. Right now I just want to get this over with, so I can start life over again in Winnipeg.”

The wine arrives and steak dinner orders are taken with a stuffed mushroom appetizer and the waitstaff leaves the pair alone again. Steve reaches across the table and places a hand on Brent’s shoulder, “You won’t be the first guy I’ve guided through this, and you won’t be my last. If you ever need to talk, I’m here for you or if you need, I do have a list of counselors I can recommend.”

Brent cracks a smile, “Thanks, Duncs said you had his back when he was in this position. I feel pretty confident you have mine.”
“So besides the coaching job, what else does the future hold for you?” Steve inquires to distract Brent from the divorce and shovels a forkful of mushroom in his mouth.

“Well, Duncan’s son has been begging for my kids to hang out with them in the Manitoba woods, so when this is all over that’s where we are headed,” Brent responds and his smile widens for the first time since his retirement press conference.

The lawyer smiles back, “Well then let’s get this over as quickly and painlessly as we can. I’m glad to hear you are getting some space from the divorce.”

“I have to ask,” Steve starts, “would you have married her again knowing what you know now?”

Brent chews on a forkful of steak pondering his answer, “I have a feeling someone else was interested in me then and I dashed their hopes, but then I wouldn’t have my three wonderful kids. So it’s too complicated to ask.”

Steve shoots off a knowing gaze at Brent’s answer. Brent can’t help but feel that his lawyer was giving off a hint that he knew.

Dinner is finished off with casual conversation. They head back to Steve’s office and sign the papers that the paralegal drafted earlier. With that over, Brent prepares for mediation day scheduled just 48 hours prior to the convention.

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Brent realizes he doesn’t have a way to explain Dayna’s actions by the time his mother tells him the kids are on their way home. In a panic, he tries in vain to call Duncs.

“Hey Duncs, how did you explain this shit to Justin when Kelly left?” Brent’s voice is shaky, the anxiety building by the minute.

“First off you have to improvise, there isn’t a canned script for this. What were you thinking of telling them?” Duncan asks, throwing the ball back in Brent’s court. Sounding sarcastic, Brent thanks Duncan for his “help” and hangs up to leave and pick up the kids from the airport.
Carston notices the absence of Dayna first but thinks she’s just out with friends. Beatrice walks in the house second noticing the lack of pictures of their mom and makes a mental note of asking once she’s settled back in. Dustin, however, being the observant one, questions the lack of Dayna instantly.

Dustin turns to his father, “Where’s mom?”

“Grab your brother and sister, we need to sit down and have a talk,” Brent sighs still with only a partial idea of what to tell them.

The family sits in the living room and the awkward silence as Brent composes himself is felt by everyone. Brent doesn’t call many family meetings because he’s heard from his teammates that many of them are the “we’re moving now because I’ve been traded” talk, he’s never wanted to stress his family out but this is huge news.

Brent sucks in a deep breath, “Mom has decided she doesn’t want to come to Winnipeg with us.”

Beatrice starts to cry, Carston looks like he’s barely holding it together, and Dustin walks out of the room and slams his bedroom door. Brent couldn’t feel more deflated as a father than in that moment.

“Is there anything you two want to talk about?” Brent inquires softly, feeling weak.

Beatrice stands, “I… I think I’ll be okay, I just need to digest this.”

“I’ve gotta talk to Justin if I can catch him,” Carston announces. He and his sister rise and leave for their bedrooms. Brent sits alone in the living room thinking that went about as well as it could have. He gets up to start dinner and coax the kids back to the dinner table in an hour.

Brent makes the ultimate comfort food, baked macaroni and cheese doctored up with bacon. The smell of the fried bacon alone coaxes the children out of their rooms, except for Dustin. Brent heads to the room to find the door jammed shut. He sits outside of Dustin’s room while his siblings eat, trying to calm him down through the door.

“Dustin do you want to talk about it?” Brent inquires softly.
“Go away, you made mommy leave,” Dustin spits back angrily to the sound of sobbing.

“She told me that her heart was always in Chicago,” Brent replies.

Dustin doesn’t give him the pleasure, “Well you took that job in Winnipeg and that made mommy leave.” Brent rolls his eyes, this sounds eerily like Tazer logic so he gives up and calls Jonny and Pat to come over to try to get Dustin out of the room.

Jonny and Pat coax him out with an evening at the ice cream store. They leave quickly, Dustin’s eyes are red and puffy. Beatrice and Carston ask if they can come along, Jonny and Pat oblige. Brent is alone in a quiet house again and it’s a discomfiting feeling. Brent shoots Duncan a text, “I’m a failure as a father.”

He gets a surprisingly instant reply, “You caught me grocery shopping in cell range, you are not a failure. Remember Dayna is the one that left.” Brent smiles and it gives him a slight boost of confidence.

When the kids finally arrive home, Brent announces that they are headed to Uncle Duncs’ house after the divorce is over to recover from this family upheaval. All the kids smile for the first time since the announcement of the divorce, they are excited to see their friend Justin.

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Brent struts into the conference room of the Schaumburg suburban court building with his lawyer. Dayna had already taken her seat with her lawyer, next to them is their court mediator at the head of the table.

The mediator acknowledges the case and confirms that all parties are present. He looks down at the statements from both attorneys. “This by far is the most abbreviated mediation I’ve seen in my career. It appears Mrs. Seabrook only seeks her half of the proceeds of the sale of the joint home shared by Mr. and Mrs. Seabrook here. Mr. Seabrook will receive full custody of the three children, shall not be entitled to pay alimony, nor is he seeking child support. Since this is already agreed to, we simply need a signature for each party to this divorce.”

Brent autographs the agreement where indicated and passes it to his now ex-wife without so much as a glance in her direction. She frowns and applies her signature wordlessly. She passes it back to
“Thank you, you both will receive a response from the court within ten business days. Does anyone have questions?” The mediator queries. Silence follows the question with both halves of the estranged couple refusing to look at the other.

“Noting no questions, Mr. and Mrs. Seabrook are requested to list their house on the real estate market to speed proceedings along. This meeting is now adjourned,” the mediator marks the necessary notes on the filing and shoves the file back into a briefcase.

Brent leaves Dayna in the room without a word and texts Duncan an update on the meeting. Duncan replies within an hour and tells him to have it appraised, he’ll buy it as an investment property to get Dayna out of Brent’s life faster.

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When Brent arrives at the convention a couple of days later, he’s done the divorce mediation and tries to avoid Dayna at all costs. It figures she’s talking to Jonny and Pat with a young hockey stud hanging onto her arm. Jonny and Pat’s adopted daughter, Annalise is next to them hanging out in the arms of Jonny’s mother Andree. Noticing Brent’s anxiety, Duncan shuffles up behind him and clears his throat.

“Let’s take a walk Seabs, you don’t want to be in this room right now,” Duncan says passing off a smile to encourage Brent to change focus. Duncan looks practically radiant, and Brent raises an eyebrow at Duncan’s appearance.

“Should also get the number of your plastic surgeon too,” Brent chirps.


Brent rolls his eyes and walks with Duncan to seek out a bottle of something alcoholic.

“So Seabs, where ya stashing the kids? Justin’s been looking for them,” Duncs mentions.

“Um, yeah. They’re floating around with grandma and grandpa Seabrook,” Seabs finally says.
Duncan leads Brent to the bar and passes him a bottle of beer. Justin joins them shortly after wanting Duncan to seek out Brent’s parents.

Brent’s parents and his kids were sitting with Sharpy and his daughter in one corner of the large ballroom. Justin beams as he runs over to hug his friends and catch up on events of the last few months. Brent’s mom hints that the pair should mingle and that Justin is in safe hands.

“I sent my offer to buy your house to your attorney,” Duncan starts. “How soon until you can come up?”

“Court says a couple of weeks,” Brent says with a hard swallow.

“Good. You’re coming up once it’s final, right?” Duncan asks seeking confirmation.

“Of course, I’m ready to disconnect,” Brent groans.

“Good, because Justin and I could use some... company,” Duncan says smirking. Brent caught the hint but keeps his poker face.

Brent sucks down the rest of his beer as he walks around the room with Duncan and lines up to take the stage with the rest of the Blackhawks alumni. Duncan looks relieved as he takes his seat on the stage, rubbing his aching knee.

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Brent’s divorce papers are finalized two weeks after the convention. With his house packed for the movers and the home sale finalized to Duncan, Brent packs the kids and mountains of suitcases in his SUV and starts the journey north.

As the city landscape slips into the countryside and then forest when passing a sign that says “Welcome to Wisconsin,” Brent feels a weight lifting from his shoulders and his mood lighten past the grim tone of the last four weeks. His kids are lost in the various electronic devices the vehicle offers, and he turns on some country music to keep himself awake while driving through the monotonous Wisconsin pastures.
By the time the family drives into the outskirts of Minneapolis, Brent decides it’s time to stop for dinner and overnight. He finds a decent hotel, texts Duncs his whereabouts, and orders some pizza.

The following morning is met with a quick drive-through breakfast to get on the road early. Brent again finds himself turning on some music and sucking down a cup of coffee when he stopped for gas to stay awake. They finally reach Fargo for lunch and begin the trip toward the Canadian border.

Two hours of silence in the vehicle later and Brent wakes his kids up for customs.

“Good afternoon sir, passports and number of people on board?” The inspector interrogates.

“Four,” Brent replies flashing a bit of a smile when he passes over their travel documents.

“Are all the children your own?” The inspector continues.

“Yes sir,” Brent answers truthfully.

“I’ll need custody documentation, sir,” the crossing agent notes. Brent hands over his court certified documents which the crossing agent reviews and returns. “Anything you need to declare such as large sums of money, drugs, weapons, or food items?”

“No sir,” Brent replies.

“Well, Mr. Seabrook everything seems to be in order, enjoy your new job and make sure the Jets make the playoffs. Have a good day,” the crossing agent concludes handing back the passports and releasing Brent to continue his travel north. Brent smiles and shakes his head at being recognized by customs then his nerves begin to mount knowing he’ll see Duncan in a few hours.

About twenty miles out of Winnipeg, Brent jumps at the cell phone ringing through the radio speaker system. Brent looks at the caller ID on the radio display and smiles when he sees Duncs’ number.
“Hey Duncs,” Brent greets beaming, the children wake at Duncan’s voice booming through.

“Hey yourself,” Duncan starts. “I realize you won’t be able to find the new cabin, so I thought we’d meet for dinner in Gimli and you can follow us home.”

“Sounds good, Seagulls?” Brent offers knowing Duncan’s cabin can’t be far from there. The last time they went to Lake Winnipeg, Duncan’s former cabin was about 10 minutes from town.

“I like it. Dinner right along the lake sounds good. You should be there around, what, 7:30?” Duncan confirms.

“Yeah, we’re just outside of Winnipeg now. See you in a bit.” Brent says in a concluding tone so he can concentrate on driving.

“Yeah, see you soon, gonna get some firewood and meet you there. Bye!” Duncan finishes and hangs up the phone.

The thought of seeing Duncan in under an hour sustains Brent for the last hour of the long journey from Chicago. About an hour after leaving the civilization of Winnipeg behind them, Brent finds the main intersection leading into Gimli, and he turns toward the lake where he finds Duncan’s pickup parked outside the restaurant with a pile of wood loaded in the back.

Brent rouses his family for dinner and gets them out of the car. Duncan beelines over to Brent and pulls his friend into a hug.

“Good to see you again,” Duncan greets into Brent’s shoulder.

“Good to see you too,” Brent responds as he breaks the hug. “I remember you living this far north, but how far away is the new place?”

“I built a huge log cabin over the last summer on Lake Winnipeg about two hours north of here. It’s perfect. I can disconnect, no cell phone service, just satellite television, and all the privacy I ever wanted. All I’m missing is someone there to keep me company,” Duncan hints.
“Well I’m here now,” Brent says with a large grin on his face as the two families walk into the restaurant.

Dinner is followed by an hour and a half ride north. Mile after mile of farmland eventually turns into forests with little snippets of lakeshore and cottages that dot the landscape on the right. The dirty road jars Brent from time to time and shakes the oldest, Carston, awake once in a while finally waking for the last 20 minutes of the journey when Brent hits the skids to avoid hitting a moose. The other two are silently glued to the windows of the vehicle watching the scenery fly by waiting for their new destination.

Duncan’s truck in front of him eventually turns right onto one of the side streets that houses a group of cottages and heads toward a long driveway. The cabin that comes into view is a sight almost out of one of those “Extreme Log Cabin” shows Brent’s seen on cable TV in the off-season. The home is easily 5000 square feet with a large great room set up at one end, a patio that surrounds a fire pit, a dock leading out into the lake and a mini beach to complete the setup.

Brent unloads his kids as Justin and Duncan hop out of their pick up.

“So what do you think?” Duncan yells out showing off the cabin like it’s a prize on a game show.

“It’s gorgeous, nice piece of land too,” Brent shouts back, opening the hatch in the back to unload the family’s luggage.

When they all get to the door, Duncan opens it and ushers Brent and his family inside. Even at almost 10 pm the windows still let in enough light to see, but Duncan flicks on the lights anyway. His cabin houses an impressive living space with a large fireplace whose chimney rises all the way up to the vaulted ceiling. Brent notices that the upstairs has a lofted hallway, allowing the main space to feel airier and more spacious. There’s a kitchen just visible at the back of the house with an adjacent dining room that has huge windows looking out onto the lake. Stairs to the right show half log steps up to 3 loft bedrooms and a bathroom another hallway to the left lead to a master suite and guest suite on the ground floor.

“Brent, you can set your luggage down and I’ll show you and the kiddos where they’re staying,” Duncan says, standing in the foyer.

Brent drops his two bags down and follows Duncs up the stairs. Brent climbs the steps with Duncan’s ass firmly in his frame of vision. He hasn’t lost any tone in it, the globes shake just like
they did when they played last. Brent tries instead to focus on the knotted pine wall at the top of the stairs.

“The room at the top of the stairs is Justin’s and he has his own bathroom,” Duncan says pointing at the door after reaching the top of the stairs. “This bedroom is for Beatrice. It has a queen-sized bed in it but should fit nicely for her. There is a bathroom that both this room and the next one share right here. Finally, this room is for Carston and Dustin, it has two full beds and a study desk for them,” Duncan notes. “We’ll let them get settled and ready for bed. I’ll show you to your room,” He completes waving for Brent to follow him.

“This room is for you,” Duncan waves with a smile. Brent purses his lips, disappointed Duncan didn’t invite him to share a bed after that dinner time hint. The room is directly underneath Justin’s and has a queen bed and its own bathroom.

“It’s, um, very nice. Thank you Duncs,” Brent says dryly. Duncan doesn’t pick up on the hint of disappointment.

“I’ll let you settle in, you sound tired from all that driving. I’ll see you in the morning, good night,” Duncan wishes and leaves, closing the door behind him.

Brent walks in the bathroom and unpacks some toiletries. He strips out of the clothes he’s had on all day and turns on the shower. He starts to soap his body, then he closes his eyes and moves his hand to cup his dick. It’s been two days since it has had any attention. As he strokes images float into his brain.

“Brent, you have your own room now,” Duncan chirps as he tugs Brent into his room and mashes lips with him.

“Couldn’t pick up either?” Brent inquires. He hopes that Duncs is horny as fuck. Judging by the kiss, Duncan is more than happy to have Brent in his room. Duncan pulls Brent’s t-shirt off and pushes him onto the bed. Duncan slides up onto Brent’s body and works on his perked nipples using his tongue. Brent is reduced to moans and pants while Duncan works each of the sensitive spots of his torso.

Duncan removes Brent’s sweats and boxers together, Brent’s hard cock springs free of its cover smacking Duncan in the chin. Duncan gives it a couple of quick tugs to make sure it’s ready for his mouth. Satisfied that’s Brent’s properly aroused, he takes Brent into his mouth humming onto the flesh. Brent starts grabbing fistfuls of the comforter and arches his back.
Duncan continues sucking on Brent’s dick shucking his own shoes, pants, and boxer briefs. He lets off Brent’s dick to remove his shirt and covers Brent’s body with his own and sucks a hickey into Brent’s neck. “Fuck me,” Brent hisses.

Brent slides two of his fingers into his ass to simulate the feeling of Duncan’s cock and continues stroking as he imagines Duncan fucking him senseless. The imagery and the stretch are enough sensations that he comes into his fist. Brent allows the water to rinse away his orgasm and he cleans his hands. He sleeps fitfully that night wishing he had Duncan to cuddle with and still unsure that Duncan really wants that too.

**

Brent finally rolls out of bed mid-morning to the smells of coffee and bacon wafting into the room.

“Morning sunshine,” Duncan sing-songs from the kitchen as Brent sleepily finds his way to the coffee machine. Duncan stops him at the breakfast bar. “Sit there Seabs, I’ll get you some are juice,” Duncan says with a wink and a smile. The shake of Duncan’s ass makes Brent question Duncan’s motives even more. “Thought we’d take the boat out onto the lake today. There’s lots to see and the scenery is gorgeous. The boys also hinted that they want to do some fishing.”

The coffee allows Brent’s body to realize that all the children are out playing in the chilly water. Duncan serves up some orange juice, an omelet, and bacon with toast on a plate to Brent.

“Eat up, I’ll get the kids ready to head out on the lake,” Duncan says close to Brent’s ear.

Brent walks out of his room shirtless wearing only board shorts, flip-flops, and sunglasses, Duncan looks at him with a smirk and a raised eyebrow, “Well that’ll make the scenery more beautiful. Kids are already loaded up and ready to go, I packed some lunch to eat while we’re out.”

Duncan undoes the ties to the boat as Brent gets it started. The engine roars to life and Brent guides the boat away from its dock. Duncan hands Brent a bottle of water with a smile. Brent kicks the boat to full throttle out on the lake until they get near a couple of islands situated at the entrance to one of the coves in Lake Winnipeg. One shows signs of permanent civilization, the other a wall of trees.

“Park it in that harbor over there, eh? Justin and Carston want to drop their lines while we eat
lunch,” Duncan directs. Brent follows Duncan’s directions, weighing anchor in Black Bear Harbor. Justin and Carston cast lines with Duncan’s help while Brent readies some poles for Dustin and Beatrice. He always knew Duncan did great as a single father, and he knows his family would mesh well with Duncan’s. His heart swells watching Duncan interact with the two teenage boys.

Duncan’s stomach grumbles with hunger and he suggests, “Hey Brent, there’s some sandwiches, chips, and Gatorade in that cooler there. I think it’d be nice to have some lunch.” The kids take a break from casting their hooks to eat their lunch.

Carston ends up catching a pretty good sized bass for an 11-year-old, and Brent helps him guide it into the boat. Duncan holds Brent’s back gently to keep him from falling backward on the boat and stabilizes him. Justin also catches a decent pickerel, enough fish for dinner this evening.

The fresh fish for dinner is nice, and Duncs makes some mac and cheese hiding some cauliflower in it so the kids get their dose of veggies. Duncan excuses himself from the table to start a campfire for a s’mores dessert later. After walking back to the table, Duncan catches the hint of longing in Brent’s eyes. “We’ll talk about it after we get the kids in bed, okay?” Duncan asks with a soft whisper in Brent’s ear. Brent expresses a strained smile, hoping it’s the answer he’s wanted.

**

The s’mores are well received, the sugar causing a burst of energy that results in a game of hide and seek in the trees around the cabin. A couple of hours later the fire dies, and the kids are in bed after being properly sugared up and then worn out running around the fire and the twilight lit backyard. Brent and Duncan are finally alone.

Brent lets out a low whistle as the sun slowly drifts westward leaving twilight behind, “This is some piece of land you have here.”

“I’m glad you like it. I built it so our families could hang here during the summer,” Duncan says. “I’ve missed you a lot since I got hurt,” he finishes with a tremble to his voice looking at the ground.

Brent turns to look at Duncan and his heart races. “I’ve missed you a lot too,” Brent admits.

Duncan slides his chair a little closer to Brent. He looks at Brent and brushes his cheek. Brent
whispers, “Duncan?”

“I’ve wanted you too,” Duncan says tenderly. Duncan rests his head on Brent’s shoulder snuggling until he finds the right fit. “Just like the first time, I’ve really wanted only you,” he says when Brent leans his head to nuzzle into Duncan’s hair.

“What do you say we extinguish this and take this inside?” Duncan requests affectionately kissing small pecks next to Brent’s ear.

“While you do that I’ll take a moment to do a quick check, your room?” Brent murmurs back.

“My room, I’ve wanted you in my bed since our last roadie together,” Duncan requests.

Brent makes sure he’s all cleaned out, his ass has wanted Duncan’s dick in it since he invited him up weeks ago. The bedroom door to the guest room opens, startling him.

“Come on,” Duncan whispers grabbing Brent’s hand. He guides Brent to his room across the hall with soft steps and closes the door softly. They stand in the middle of the room and Duncan cups Brent’s chin and guides Brent’s lips to his own, giving him a chaste but passionate kiss.

“Oh god, I’ve wanted that… this,” Duncan grunts as he strips Brent of his shirt. “I’ve missed you,” Duncan grumbles in a moan.

“Going to make it so good for you,” Brent moans deeply leading into a longer more passionate kiss. Both men moan into each other’s mouth. Their breathing through their noses heavy and fast. Brent fumbles with Duncan’s board shorts revealing no underwear to pester him. Duncan’s stiffened cock springs out and finds its fit in the cut of Brent’s clothed hips. Brent slides his own shorts off so he can feel Duncan’s bare cock against his own.

Their cocks slide against each other like a perfect fit. Duncan walks them toward the bed, Brent’s knees buckle when they find the mattress, he pulls Duncan down with him with their lips still making purchase against each other. Duncan sucks Brent’s tongue into his mouth and hums against it making Brent shudder beneath him and Brent’s cock twitch.

Duncan starts working down Brent’s body, marking him with a hickey on his neck that caused a guttural growl from Brent. Duncan makes a motion to Brent to keep quiet to avoid waking the kids
above him. Brent apologizes with a smile in the most Canadian way possible.

Duncan continues to trail kisses down to his chest, biting at each of the nipples until they’re red and perky. Brent writhes beneath Duncan all the sensations feeling familiar, yet new at the same time. Duncan makes it all the way down to Brent’s cock, and it feels just like Brent had imagined in the shower last night. Duncan’s mouth is warm and moist welcoming Brent’s dick as if it belonged there.

Brent moans and gasps. Duncan lets off Brent’s cock to prop the small of his back up with a pillow and grab the lube out of the side drawer. He moistens a couple of fingers teasing Brent’s rim and taking Brent’s cock back into his mouth. Duncan slides a finger in and Brent breathes through the intrusion enjoying the stretch with low moans and hisses. Brent’s face exudes pure sex while Duncan looks up to watch Brent’s reaction.

Duncan pops off Brent’s cock slithering back up his body to lick at Brent’s sensitive nipples. He slides in a second finger and scissors open Brent’s entrance making sure his partner will take his dick comfortably.

“Fuck me,” Brent hisses. Duncan smiles and complies, grabbing a condom from the open side drawer and kissing Brent while he opens the package and rolls it down. Duncan adds a good amount of lubrication and grabs Brent’s ankles to slide them onto his shoulders.

Brent locks eyes with a reassuring glance as Duncan lines his cock up to Brent’s hole and slides it in against the finger he left at the entrance. “So tight,” Duncan moans.

“Always tight for you babe,” Brent moans back. His cock twitches as Duncan brushes Brent’s prostate. Duncan bottoms out and bends down to kiss Brent while he adjusts to the tight heat of Brent’s ass.

“God I love this. I’ve wanted your ass for so long,” Duncan says his body adjusting to the long-absent feeling.

Duncan grabs Brent’s cock making his ass spasm. “God Brent your ass feels great,” Duncan praises. Brent moans keeping his gaze locked onto his partner’s face, the look of just oozing sex and welcomes the feeling of Duncan’s dick in his ass. Brent’s breathing picks up as Duncan jacks on Brent’s cock, his hole spasms as Brent’s orgasm builds. Brent comes splashing all over his abs.
Duncan fucks Brent through his orgasm and picks the pace back up. Brent has to grab the headboard to keep his head from slamming into it as Duncan pounds Brent’s hole. Duncan’s cock pulses and he grumbles out a low chesty moan as his juices fill the condom. The motion slows and Duncan bends down to kiss Brent again.

“I’ve loved you a long time Brent, I’m glad you’re here now,” Duncan admits as he winds down from the adrenaline of sex, his body’s endorphins take over and he pulls into a cuddle with Brent.

“I’ve loved you too, you make me feel things that even Dayna couldn’t provide,” Brent says.

“Promise me one thing,” Duncan starts pleading, “never mention her name again.”

Brent smiles, “You got it, I’m over her. Kiss me, love!”

Duncan smiles and complies. He breaks the quick kiss, “Should clean you up so we can get some sleep.”

“Am I staying here?” Brent asks as Duncan wipes him down with a washcloth occasionally licking off some. Duncan nods and slides in next to Brent. Brent curls onto Duncan’s chest and passes out quickly.

**

“I’m so glad you two finally got together,” Justin yells from the door to the room startling the two men awake.

“Carston get over here, I told you our dads were into each other,” Justin bellows out to the living room.

“Come on get up, we made some pancake batter for you to cook,” Justin pleads.

Duncan stirs sleepily, “What time is it, Justin?” Duncan asks with one eye open, “and why aren’t you four sleeping in?” Duncan continues, his words muddled by the yawn.
“Just was up and ready for the day, having the sun up before 5 messes with me, but you already know that,” the kid says. Carston has finally joined him at the door catching his breath since he sprinted from the kitchen.

“Good to see this, my dad had total heart eyes all day yesterday at Uncle Duncs,” Carston says with relief.

“Alright you two, go get the table set, we’ll be out in a minute,” Brent commands. The door closes, and Brent pulls Duncan into a quick, chaste kiss.

“Guess it’s time to get up,” Brent groans.

“So it appears,” Duncan groans while stretching.

Duncan mans the stove and Brent preps the coffee machine. Brent wanders hazily over to the fridge digging out the milk and orange juice. Duncan looks over, “looks like it’s a grocery run day.”

“Justin, can you keep your friends company while Brent and I fly down to Gimli for food?” Duncan asks his son.

“Yeah, sounds like a good excuse for a pool tourney,” Justin says with a smile.

“Good, remember nobody in the water while I’m gone,” Duncan warns. Justin salutes his dad and gives a dorky smile, looking startlingly like his father.

“You fly to town for groceries?” Brent inquires.

“Yeah, I keep a car in Gimli. I could drive down there but it’s faster to fly. I have a prop plane in Pine Dock and got my pilot’s license last summer. You learn to adapt when you’re this remote,” Duncan explains. Duncan resumes making pancakes while Brent pours a cup of coffee for the chef, then one for himself before he sits with the kids while breakfast is prepared.
“So does this mean we’re all finally a family?” Beatrice asks.

“One step at a time my dear,” Brent answers softly. “Duncan and I have a lot of things to work through.”

“What about mom?” Dustin whines.

“She’s in a happier place in Chicago, don’t you want Duncs to be your dad too?” Brent inquires.

“I always felt like he was my second dad,” Dustin admits.

“I’m glad to hear it!” Duncan exclaims from the kitchen as he plates up the stack of pancakes and grabbing the butter and syrup from the fridge. He kicks the door closed with his foot and balances the condiments in one arm, bringing them to the table with the platter of pancakes in the other.

“I have the feeling this could be something good,” Brent admits.

**

Brent and Duncan drive up to Pine Dock down the dusty gravel highway 238.

“That’s my baby,” Duncan says pointing at his Cessna pulling inside the airport gates. The men exit the truck, pulling out a pile of fabric grocery bags.

“So tiny,” Brent comments remembering all the time he’s spent on jets.

“I know, but it’s only about a 30-minute flight down,” Duncan says as he pulls open the passenger door. “Hop in, I just have to go over and file a flight plan,” he adds pointing at the trailer office.

Brent scoots into his seat, then Duncan motions him to put on his headphones. “Be right back.”
Duncan heads over to the office walking in and out quickly. “Phone line is down with last week’s storms it seems, I’ll have to radio in my intent from the end of the runway,” Duncan says in a flat tone. Duncan sighs and presses the radio button on his control.

“Pine Dock traffic, Cessna charlie-two-three-delta-kilo ready for takeoff runway 04 Pine Dock,” Duncan says steadily into his mic.

“Pine Dock Cessna, Winnipeg Centre, state intentions,” ATC asks.

“Pine Dock Cessna charlie-two-three-delta-kilo flying visual to Gimli unable to file the plan by phone,” Duncan radios.

“Cessna charlie-two-three-delta-kilo clear for takeoff, climb and maintain 5000 along the Lake Winnipeg shore Gimli, no traffic to note at this time,” ATC responds and Duncan repeats. Brent sits in the passenger seat impressed at Duncan’s flight skills so far and they haven’t even left the ground.

Duncan throttles the plane to move into a takeoff roll, achieves the takeoff speed and pulls the plane into the air. He yells into the mic at Brent who looks to his left and smiles with crinkles forming at the edges of his eyes. He looks out at the gorgeous landscape below.

“The view on the way back will be much better for you since the lake will be on your side,” Duncan says into Brent’s headphones.

Duncan pushes the radio button, “Winnipeg centre, charlie-two-three-delta-kilo maintaining 5000 heading 190 bound for Gimli.”

Brent attempts to talk to Duncan who can’t hear him. Duncs catches Brent’s moving lips and points at the “mic” button. Brent taps the instructed button, “So Duncan, do you do this flight often?”

“About once a week when we need food, generally we get it from the lake, but I just wanted some time only with you today,” Duncan says with rubbing Brent’s knee with his free hand. Brent cracks a smile, he’s doing something domestic with Duncan. He’s doing something with Duncan that gives him a glimpse at what family life could feel like with him. It feels awesome.
Twenty minutes after taking off, air traffic control snaps both men out of their bliss.

“Cessna charlie-two-three-delta-kilo, Gimli tower, you should have Gimli in sight,” the disembodied voice announces.

“Cessna charlie-two-three-delta-kilo airport in sight turning left heading 147 to line up to the runway,” Duncan calls back. Then he radios his intent to land with the tower granting its consent. He lands the plane and taxis it to the gas pump. Duncan adds the gas then taxis the plane to a hanger where his car waits for him.

The rest of the morning is disgustingly domestic, grocery shopping, Duncan needed to buy some new shorts, they pick up a few fishing supplies, then head back.

“Ready to have your mind blown?” Duncan asks stepping back into the cockpit.

Duncan dials ATC on his cell phone and files a quick flight plan of visual flight rules at 5000 feet along the shore of Lake Winnipeg back to Pine Dock. ATC gives him advice that he is clear of traffic until Pine Dock.

Duncan calls on the radio his intent to depart Gimli. No return responses indicate no other planes in the area. Duncan takes off and turns the plane north over the lake for Brent’s enjoyment.

“It’s beautiful isn’t it?” Duncan beams rubbing Brent’s knee again.

“It’s gorgeous Duncs,” Brent exudes through the mic. Forty minutes after takeoff, Duncan passes Pine Dock airport to the left and turns the plane around calling for traffic in order to ensure a safe landing. Once on the ground the pair head back to Duncan’s cabin.

“Good, lunch is here!” Carston exclaims like he’s been suffering from hunger for a week.

**

Brent feels like there is a time limit to his happiness. The three weeks since he arrived were the happiest he can recall having, save winning the Stanley Cup with Duncan at his side. More
important to Brent is that his kids are happy. They all seem like they’ve forgotten the mess of the divorce with Dayna. Training camp is impending, and Brent is due in Winnipeg in a few days.

“I probably have to leave in a week to get settled in Winnipeg for pre-season,” Brent laments one night they are in the kitchen preparing dinner.

“To be honest, Justin and I live in Winnipeg during the winter. We close everything up over the next week and bear-proof the place, then head back down in time for Justin to start school,” Duncan notes. “The roads up here are not maintained well, so it’s best to spend winter back in civilization,” he concludes.

“I have to be settled in by next Friday,” Brent notes.

Duncan smiles, “Good, plenty of time.” He pulls Brent into a kiss. “Let’s get started, so the boat comes out first. I keep it stored in the garage here. I’ll just drive the truck and the trailer around. Carston and Justin can help us heave it onto the trailer.”

“Sounds good,” Brent says happily as he finishes his coffee and helps Duncan close up the cabin for the winter.

“My winterizing contractor will be here Thursday. I have to fly the plane down to Gimli tomorrow and you have to drive me back, then we can start the trek back to Winnipeg,” Duncan plans out.

**

Duncan brings the kids to the Iceplex during one of the pre-season practices to let the kids watch Brent work. Practice winds down and Duncan surveys the arena as he packs up the kids to see the team.

Duncan notices a familiar woman in the crowd and quickly ushers the kids to the locker room area, a place she can’t enter without a pass. He catches the glance of Seabs and gives him a disconcerted look.

Brent returns an uneasy look at Duncan, “What’s wrong Duncs?”
“She’s here and she’s looking for you,” Duncan says trembling. “She looks like she got put out.” Brent smiles at the sentiment, he’s finally going to get the closure he wanted.

“I kinda figured she’d show her head someday,” Brent admits. “Fortunately, I made a plan during camp,” he adds.

Brent leans into the locker room, “Nik, can I borrow you for a moment?”

“Yeah coach, what is up?” the half-dressed forward asks.

“When you get done in there, can you take the kids back to your house? I have some personal stuff to take care of,” Brent requests.

Nikolaj gives off a knowing look. “Sure thing, go tell her off! She deserves it!” Nik says with a smile.

Brent turns to the kids, “Ok guys and lady, be on your best behavior for Uncle Nikolaj okay?” The kids silently nod their agreement. Brent grabs Duncan by the hand looks at him fondly, “Let’s go get rid of her forever, eh?”

Duncan flashes back a smile, “Got your back, I love you!” Duncs pulls Brent in and kisses his forehead, Laine coos behind them.

Brent finds Dayna looking forlorn in the atrium of the building. He has no intent on doing this privately, he’s going to make a spectacle and send her packing with her tail between her legs. The anger swells in his mind and he can feel his skin flush red.

“Brent,” Dayna says breathlessly.

“Don’t Brent me, you left me!” Brent barks.

“I was a fool. Larsy only wanted me for sex, broke it off at the start of training camp,” she starts. Brent cuts her off to start tirade round one.
“I get you had a mid-life crisis, Dayna. You wanted some young hockey stud hoping he’d be your fountain of youth. You got what you wanted, a young buck that only wanted you because he was horny at the time and could get you on the regular. Let me guess, now that he’s out of the picture you want to come groveling back to me?” Brent yells, making sure everyone in the arena atrium can hear him. His voice echoes off the metal ceiling, shushing the crowd around them.

“Brent,” Dayna repeats hoarsely dipping her head and reaching out to him, “I was foolish.”

“Well, you made your bed, now sleep in it. You didn’t want the kids or my money, so go live your life in Chicago and leave me out of the rest of it. I’ve moved on,” he screams again then grabs Duncan by the hand and kisses his cheek. “And he makes me happier than you ever have, plus he’s better in bed,” Brent says with a smirk. He’s half tempted to take his phone out and snap a picture of Dayna’s astonished look. A couple of press cameras go off in the background instead.

Duncan smiles and looks fondly at Brent. Then changes his face and focus to Dayna with a more serious look. “Now get out of here, and don’t ever show your face to Brent or our family again.”

Dayna’s face cowers, “I’m sorry I hurt you, Brent.” Brent, not dignifying that with a response, turns on his heels grabbing Duncan by the arm to do the same. Duncan’s pissed off gaze stays locked on Dayna until they walk back to the team-only area of the Iceplex.

“Fucking bitch, thinks she could come in here and steal my boyfriend back,” Duncan grumbles lowly into Brent’s ear. Brent smiles as he crosses the threshold into his office and starts to pack away his laptop while Duncan closes the door. Duncan and Brent swap looks when Duncan asks, “Did you really mean what you said? Am I really better in bed than her?”

“Infinitely, now take me home so I can prove it,” Brent says beaming a giant smile grabbing his bag. Duncan pulls Brent from his office and starts to march him back to the car.

Brent realizes he’s looked over a detail walking by the PR department offices. “Wait! I gotta quick warn PR that I just came out of the closet in the atrium,” Brent says.

“Fucking hockey,”” Duncan mumbles through gritted teeth. “Damn sport’s the ultimate cockblock.”

They walk into Janelle’s office. She looks up as Brent clears his throat. “Um, just wanted you to
know that I had an altercation with my ex-wife in the atrium. I may have mentioned my relationship with Duncan in the process. Just wanted you to know.”

“Brent it’s 2024, besides the press wasn’t even shocked when they caught your former teammates making out after they won the cup last season,” she beams.

“I know, just wanted you to be aware is all, see you at the game tonight,” Brent says dismissing himself and Duncan from her office.

By the time Brent and Duncan get back to Brent’s condo, the headline has already hit TSN. “Jets Assistant Coach Seabrook Tells Ex-Wife He’s Gay For Former Teammate,” it reads.

Duncan smiles reading it. “Guess it’s only a headline now if it’s a shock,” Duncan cackles out while Brent scrubs his face, blushing.

Duncan stands from the table offering a hand and a smile, “Come on, Nik has the kids until game time. Let’s take our minds off the drama today, besides someone told me that I’m good in bed.” Duncan flashes that coy grin that makes Brent’s heart melt.

Brent smiles and grabs Duncan by the hand and leading him toward the bedroom. He strips Duncan’s shirt and plants quick, uncoordinated kisses with each slow stride to the bedroom. Duncan smiles into each kiss and starts stripping Brent with each step in the march.

Brent sits on the bed and slides Duncan’s sweats which are already clearly showing the tent of Duncan’s hard dick through them when he finds a surprise Duncan had left for him. A custom pair of Blackhawks boxers with the number 7 interlaced among logos.

“Hey!” Brent says in a playful scorn. “You stole my underwear!”

“Well I worked hard getting my condo in selling shape, and I had no clean ones after my shower before taking the kids to practice. So, the next best option was to borrow a pair of yours,” Duncan cheeses with a wink.

“But they don’t fit your ass, your big ass is straining the fabric,” Brent winks. He admires the look of Dunc’s ass form fit in his boxers. Duncan comes properly equipped with enough cushion for the pushin’. “I guess that means since you stole my underwear, I get to fuck you,” Brent murmurs
inflecting his voice seductively.

“Fair,” Duncan shrugs.

“Let’s get these off before you stain them,” Brent says with a smile like he’s opening a Christmas present as he slides his own boxers off his partner. Duncan’s hard leaking cock springs free. Brent wipes the excess natural lubrication and licks it seductively off his thumb while staring at Duncan.

“Fuck, you look so hot teasing me,” Duncan mewls.

“And that cock looks too delicious to be ignored,” Brent insinuates. He takes a couple of tugs on Duncan’s dick and pulls it toward his waiting lips.

“Jesus fuck! I’ve wanted that feeling all day,” Duncan growls in a chesty moan.

Brent works on Duncan’s cock bobbing back and forth. Duncan reaches down and tugs on Brent’s nipples causing Brent to hum on his dick. Duncan shudders and bends down to lay Brent down.

Duncan contorts his body so he can suck on Brent’s cock, his bare ass staring Brent in the face. Brent changes his position and starts licking at Duncan’s exposed hole.

“Damn this feels good,” Duncan screams, popping off Brent’s dick.

Brent licks some more at Duncan’s entrance using it to lubricate the hole to slide his middle finger past the rim.

“God, I could so get off on this,” Duncan moans.

“Not yet,” Brent says as he inserts a second finger.

“Just fuck me now,” Duncan whines. Brent complies, lubricating his cock and positioning Duncan to fuck him doggy style. Brent pushes in and moans into the tightness, Duncan’s ass revealing it’s sensory overload capabilities.
“God so tight!” Brent moans. “I could fuck this ass for days.”

“If only we had days to fuck,” Duncan purrs.

Brent pounds Duncan’s ass leaving Duncs a moaning, groaning mess. For the first time ever, they’re fucking bare. Brent can feel the true insides of Duncan’s ass, and Duncan can feel the warm pulsing feel of Brent’s bare cock sliding in and out of his chute. Duncan closes his eyes and breathes through the stretch.

Brent enjoys Duncan’s tight heat. He slows his pace for a few minutes to let the feeling simmer and extend the festivities. Brent bends over and blankets Duncan’s back biting at his neck and back leaving marks down his spine. The clock to Brent’s orgasm resets and he resumes fucking Duncan and jacking on Duncan’s cock. Duncan’s breath turns to huffs and hisses as Brent makes sure Duncan gets full sensory overload.

“Turn me over. I want to see your face when you come in my ass,” Duncan moans. Brent slips out of Duncan’s ass, causing Duncan to whimper at the feeling of emptiness. He turns Duncan over.

“I won’t be coming in your ass though. I want you to come in mine,” Brent says kissing Duncan and lubricating his cock. Brent sits on the thick, pulsing cock with no prep. He closes his eyes and relaxes his hole allowing Duncan to slide inside easily.

“Mmmm, so easy for me Seabsy,” Duncan moans heavily.

“Always easy for you,” Brent says as he bends down to let his lips meet Duncan’s and his tongue to press into Duncan’s mouth. Duncan lets a deep breath in through his nose as he lifts his shoulders up and guiding Brent to the mattress. Duncan’s cock slides past Brent’s prostate in the process, causing a heavy growl to escape Brent’s lips.

“God this ass is so fucking sweet,” Duncan praises as he pounds the tight hole greedily.

“Pound me,” Brent coaches.

Duncan pummels Brent and jacks feverishly on his cock until Brent’s load explodes all over his
abs and chest. “That’s it, Brent,” Duncan smiles and kisses his partner.

Duncan picks up at speed past the point of no return, coming into Brent until the juices ooze around his cock back out of the hole. Duncan slides out quickly and replaces his dick with his mouth, sucking the load out of Brent.

Brent shifts, moans, huffs, and hisses as Duncan over stimulates Brent’s red, raw, and swollen hole. “Jesus,” Brent pants, “that… was… fucking… awesome.”

“Gets better,” Duncan slurs with a mouth full of his load. He leans over Brent and kisses the contents of the load into Brent.

“Interesting slurry of flavors love,” Brent says after he swallows the gift.

“I love you, Brent,” Duncan says with a deep gaze into Brent’s eyes.

“I love you too sap,” Brent coos with a smile.

Duncan leads Brent to the shower, taking care to choose the correct temperature. He guides Brent inside the rain shower and scrubs the water all over Brent’s body. Duncan then grabs a washcloth coating it in the musky body wash that Brent loves and causes Duncan’s cock to stiffen at its scent, lathering the fabric and scrubbing Brent’s backside from shoulders to ankles then turning Brent and scrubbing the same body paying close attention to Brent’s dick while kissing him to see if he can get a second load out of Brent. Brent shudders as his cock is still sensitive from the previous orgasm.

“No second shot, babe. I’m a one-shot wonder nowadays,” Brent whimpers.

“Damn,” Duncan pouts.

“Doesn’t mean I can’t scrub you down too,” Brent suggests.

Brent grabs the washcloth from Duncan and gives him a passionate kiss allowing Duncan’s tongue to invade his mouth as he rubs the cloth across Duncan’s broad shoulders and arms. He takes
Duncan’s hands and checks him into the wall.

Brent kneels to be eye level with Duncan’s cock, scrubbing at it and causing it to stiffen. He jacks furiously using his free hand to finger Duncan’s hole. The hole spasms with the sensations, and his second orgasm paints Brent’s face.

Brent finishes scrubbing off Duncan, and they dry off heading back to the bed to nap for an hour before Brent has to get ready to leave for the game that evening at MTS.

“Good luck tonight,” Duncan wishes with a kiss as he collects their kids from the player’s entrance from Nikolaj.

“Thanks again Nik, we appreciate your help,” Brent says appreciatively.

“You’re welcome, and that rant on Dayna… Damn!” Nik says drawing out the last word with a wink.

Brent smiles and gets hit with a pre-game media scrum.

“Coach Seabrook, when did your relationship with your former teammate start?” A reporter asks, one that Brent is sure he’s seen while watching human interest stories on the nightly news.

“All questions regarding my non-team activities should be addressed to my agent and will be handled during my time off. Let’s just focus on the game tonight, and the Canucks are going to give us a run for our money,” Brent comments changing the subject.

“Speaking of the Canucks, Nikolaj Ehlers and Antoine Roussel have had quite a chemistry in off-season training. Are the Jets hoping to capitalize on that chemistry?” Brent doesn’t see who asked the question, but then a TSN mic is shoved in his face.

“Management and the coaching staff will pursue any opportunity to make the team better,” Brent responds in a non-answer. “Thank you, everyone,” Brent grumbles as the lifestyle reporter raises her hand, but Brent walks out to the tunnel to watch warm-ups and get his lines set for the night before she can meddle in his personal life again.
The PR director slides up to him while Brent is lost in his thoughts gazing blankly at the ice and getting into his game frame of mind. “Thanks for the heads up, shocked it made the news. Anyhow, meet me tomorrow after practice and we’ll craft a statement with Duncan and your agent that makes everyone look good,” Janelle says before wandering back to corral the press outside the locker room. Brent just nods, making a quick note to change his 2nd and 3rd d-pairings and talk to the head coach as the team heads in for the pre-game festivities.

The Jets lose to the Canucks in a 14-round shootout. Brent is disappointed, he knows he has some pairings to flesh out. At least Hellebuyck showed his mettle, and since this was a pre-season game the points don’t matter.

Brent has practice on a warm Saturday morning so Duncan takes the kids to the open rink on the other end of the building and lets them skate around to cool off before heading to a meeting with Janelle. Brent discussed a PR opportunity to make them out to be great dads and family men. They all walk into the conference room and settle in for a quick meeting.

“Since your outing, there has been quite a bit of support and very little criticism about your relationship, so I expect all will be forgotten soon. I was hoping to show how dedicated you all are to your families. Can we have someone film you guys at the zoo?” Janelle leads.

“Did someone say zoo?” Dustin exclaims, checking into the conversation.

“God, we’re old,” Justin says dryly, rolling his eyes, “going to the zoo was so six years ago. Can’t we just do that Prairie Dog train thing?”

“I second the motion,” Carston chimes in. Then Beatrice goes on about the lack of something for a girl to do. Brent gets up out of his chair to stand in between all the children.

Duncan rolls his eyes and groans, “Teenagers,” through the hand scrubbing his mouth. Brent starts rubbing his temples in hopes of making his headache go away. Janelle chuckles at the family interaction.

After a few minutes of the kids bickering about their preferred activity, Duncan perks up, “I’ve got it, family cooking class and maybe some time at The Forks. Justin has improv classes there this fall on Monday evenings.”

Janelle looks up with a smile writing, “So a day off with Coach Seabrook?” Brent delights at the
thoughts of creating a short video of something domestic.

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The following Monday, the kids are all excused from school. Duncan and Brent are walking hand-in-hand as Dustin, Carston, Beatrice and Justin all follow behind holding their skateboards with a camera crew walking alongside. They get to the skate park area of The Forks. Brent and Duncan take a seat on a bench, helping Dustin into his safety gear. A couple of strides on their boards later and the camera crew focuses on the kids making tricks. Duncan and Brent sit on the bench keeping an eye out for one of them to tumble.

Carston stumbles first, taking a knee pad ride down the wall. Brent runs into the bowl and checks Carston out. He’s learned how to take a fall, letting the knee pads take the brunt of the fall. Duncan flies in behind with the first aid kit from his backpack, relieved to find it isn’t needed.

An hour later of that footage and the family heads back to the car to stash the boards. The team arranged for some paddle boats to be placed in the river fork marina. Justin and Carston end up in a boat with Duncs, Beatrice and Dustin ride with Brent. Janelle follows with the camera crew.

“Carston wants to race you, bridge over there is the finish line. He said he and Justin will make you take their wake!” Duncan chirps.

“So he’s betting a week of doing dishes on that, eh?” Brent chirps back.

“Bet on,” Carston bellows as they line their boats up.

“On your marks,” Duncan yells, then taps Justin and Carston. Then on what sounded like one word Duncan shouts, “Setgo!” The kids take off before the start message processes through Brent’s brain. He watches their sons take off like a rocket. Brent starts paddling the boat as if he’s on a sprint with Beatrice shocked she could keep up. Dustin sits in the back of Brent’s boat cackling.

Justin and Carston tucker out quickly as Brent passes them by waving with a huge grin. Justin frowns and finds his second wind. Brent’s boat crosses under the bridge a hair before the kids’ boat containing Duncan. Brent smiles as Justin and Dustin realize, with a frown, that they now have a week of doing the dishes in the house.
A little market shopping with breakfast for lunch follows their little boat outing. They run their wares back to Brent’s condo a couple of blocks away. The camera crew and Janelle are lapping up every little bit of domesticity.

After cooking class dinner is a trip to The Forks’ theatre for Justin’s acting class. This fall he’s taking improvisation classes which means he has to create scenes on the fly without lines.

“Alright since we have an audience today,” Jenny the instructor starts, “we’re going to talk a little bit about incorporating your audience into the performance.

“When you bring in your audience, you have to make sure the scene you are going to act is going to be an experience that most people would have knowledge of. So let us start with a shared experience among most people. So I want you all to take a piece of paper and write down a shared experience and put them in this hat.” The class takes to the task put to them.

“Alright Justin,” Jenny commands, “go get an audience member and then we’ll play our game.”

Justin runs out and grabs Brent then walks up and pulls a card out of the hat that simply reads, “airport security.”

Jenny looks at the card and laughs, “oh this will be good!” She looks down at her notes selecting a game. “So you are going to play two sports commentators that are going to do play-by-play of airport security.”

The Jet’s camera guy starts filming.

“Well Don, you’ve had a busy week going through airport security,” Justin cheeses trying to make Brent imitate Don Cherry.

“Well yes Ronboy, I have and I want to share some highlight footage of that. Here we see Connor McDavid making a rookie mistake leaving his phone in his pocket as he goes through the body scanner. And now he gets the full body pat down.” Justin tries to imitate the Ron McLean ‘shut up look’ as Brent continues his monologue, “His buddy Leon goes through next and it’s very clear by the metal detector that he wearing more jewelry than is allowed. Off comes the watch, some earrings, and oh look at him taking off his shirt to expose the other jewelry he’s wearing.” Justin can’t help but laugh.
“Alright well, that is all the time…” Justin starts to say, but in true Don Cherry form, Brent starts in on another classic Grapes tirade about the force the security staff use to get every ounce of liquid out of another guy.

The small audience and class clap at the performance. Jenny comes back, “That’ll be a hard performance to follow. Duncan why don’t you come join us and grab a partner.”

Duncan comes up on the stage tapping one of the girls on the shoulder and Jenny looks at the girl, “Alright Libby, grab a card please.”

Libby grabs a card that reads, “Jets Game.” Duncan beams and Libby looks almost puzzled.

Jenny chimes in with the game, “Alright Duncan and Libby you are going to need two friends from the class to make some sound effects for you. You will be reenacting a Jets game in 30 seconds responding to the sound effect cues. Jamie, you are doing Libby’s sound effects and Milo you are doing Duncan’s sound effects.”

The entire game is hilarious, Libby’s sound effects girl screws up the sound of a puck being shot making it sound like she shot a raw egg instead, “Well these are apparently very fragile pucks,” she says cheesing at Duncan. Duncan’s guy makes the sound of a check in which case Duncan bumps shoulders with Libby and her girl responds with the sounds of a dropping stick and gloves with Libby play fighting with Duncs. Duncan’s guy sounds the horn and the game ends with a hearty applause. Duncan shakes Libby’s hand and walks off the stage with a smile.

A couple of hours later and several games involving even the Jets’ camera crew and the night ends with Jenny, “Very great effort all of you. You came up with very plausible scenes and acted them out beautifully. We’ll see you next week.” Justin jumps off the stage and joins his family.

Janelle taps Brent’s shoulder, “The guys will edit this while we’re on the road next week and give you a copy for your approval the following Monday.”

“Thanks, Janelle,” Brent says shaking her hand and giving it a gentle pat.

“That was nerve-wracking,” Dustin comments, “please never make us do that again.” Brent pats his son’s head and pulls him into a tight hug.
Brent arrives home from the long roadie that had him inching down the west coast playing Vancouver, Seattle, L.A., and Anaheim. Brent enters the condo looking like he’d been beaten by Zdeno Chara. Duncan had already sent the kids to bed, he hands Brent a mixed drink along with a hot meal and plops on the chaise portion of the large sectional inviting Brent to join him. The lights of downtown Winnipeg twinkle through the glass wall in the background.

Brent finishes his dinner and drink, melting into Duncan’s chest. Duncan rubs the stress of the road from Brent’s shoulders, causing Brent to close his eyes and fall asleep on Duncan. Duncan wished he could carry him to bed, but Brent is thick and heavy when he’s dead weight. Duncan decides to close his eyes and fall asleep with Brent cuddled into him.

Dustin jumps on them first as the sun begins to rise over the horizon and bathes the living room in sunlight. The other two boys saunter out of the room where all three boys are staying.

“Dustin I can’t believe you got us out of bed this early on a Saturday morning,” Carston says, still wiping the sleep from his eyes. Justin wanders to the coffee machine to start it but “forgets” to put the filter basket into the machine instead inserts the filter, adding the coffee, and water and starting the machine.

“I miss the days when we got to sleep in on off days,” Brent groans as he stirs to life.

“I’ve been thinking, the boys are packed in one room like sardines, Beatrice is getting older and needs a little more space. Let’s face it, we’ve outgrown a downtown condo,” Duncan comments as he pads to the refrigerator to get the eggs out to make omelets walking them to Brent who whips out a pan and bowl.

“I agree, with Justin and Carston in their teens too, they will want their privacy,” Brent adds.

“I’ll see what’s in our project list at the office or I can send our project manager out to find something for us,” Duncan says starting an email.

“Not normally how I look for a house,” Brent notes.

“No,” Duncan starts, “but neither one of us has a ton of time to deal with a realtor and going
through the renovation process. My office does this all day long, so I can tell a project manager what we need and he’ll make it happen.”

Brent lets out a sigh and a yawn, “Okay, I trust you.”

Brent takes a sip out of the mug he was handed by Justin. It was bitter, and grounds were floating in the cup.

“Justin!” Brent exclaims slamming down his cup. “Think you forgot a part of the coffeemaker,” he says sternly.

Justin is on the couch with Carston laughing their butts off as Brent washes out the coffeemaker and remakes the pot. “That joke never gets old,” Justin cackles out.

“Oh, it’s on!” Brent laughs and runs over to Justin tickling him until Justin peed his pants on the living room floor. Duncan films the whole incident on his phone for chirping material later.

**

Duncan decides the week between the start of the regular season and the end of the pre-season is the time to begin house shopping.

“Brent my love, I had my project manager put together a few listings. Each of these houses will have at least 7 bedrooms and 4 bathrooms. They may require some work, but my crew can be done before December,” Duncan notes driving down a residential street to one of the listings.

“This is it!” Duncan exclaims.

“Oh lord,” Brent groans, “this looks like where they filmed the Brady Bunch.”

“Kinda where we’re headed anyway isn’t it? This is a 1970’s style split level bungalow with a sunken living room. It has the necessary bedrooms and bathrooms. Let’s just go look inside eh?” Duncan says.
They walk indoors and the musty smell of fixer-upper carpet invades the couple’s senses. Brent holds his nose.

“So this has been on the market a few months,” Duncan offers.

“Smells like a water problem is brewing,” Brent comments.

The pair walks through the rest of the house, several of the bedrooms are of decent size. The living room, while sunken, has a great room airy feel with open concept access to the kitchen and dining room.

“There’s also a partially finished basement that would make some awesome finished recreation space,” Duncan says leading them to the stairs.

“And here’s the water,” Brent mumbles as he looks around at all the dampness.

“Ah, yeah. My guy said that this was the big issue with the place. We’ll use that as a negotiating tool to help get the price down to do the work we need to make this home livable,” Duncan’s exudes confidence trying to close the deal.

“Alright let’s check out the next one on the list before this place makes me vomit,” Brent says sounding queasy.

“Okay,” Duncan deadpans and ushers Brent back to the vehicle. They drive just to the outskirts of Winnipeg near the Iceplex.

“This charming and spacious farmhouse has 8 bedrooms and 5 bathrooms. It was built in 1890 and has some good bones. Says here it used to serve as the farmer’s exchange and social hall and the wood floors upstairs are original to the house and were a dance floor,” Duncan reads from the listing.

Brent walks inside, “Definitely needs some updating, I feel like I walked into an episode of ‘Green Acres’.”
Duncan looks around, “Yeah electrical will need upgrades noting a large amount of two-pronged plugs. And probably some asbestos abatement, but we can get that checked out on inspection. The place has good bones to work with though, and check out the 3 acres of the backyard!” Duncan shows off the lawn like a game show hostess.

“You do know how to find space, I think this is a definite maybe, at least it doesn’t smell like a river ran through it,” Brent notes as he observes the remainder of the interior.

“Alright, I have one other and it isn’t far. This one I liked the best!” Duncan beams.

A long drive around the northern suburbs of Winnipeg, then Duncan turns the truck down a forested driveway where a large log structure appears through the thick forest, it looks like an older version of the Lake Winnipeg cabin.

“Another log cabin Duncs!” Brent groans. Duncan shrugs and pulls out the real estate listing.

“This is a modern cabin built in 2015. The outside structure is good and the great room exhibits significant space. A guest cabin built in 2018 contains two additional bedrooms, a full bathroom, and kitchenette. The prior owners used it as an AirBnB to generate income from the property,” Duncan verbalizes the written page from his business partner.

They get to the front door where Brent discovers a detail that Duncan didn’t mention, “Is that…” The rest of Brent’s thought is finished through Duncan’s voice.

“Fire damage,” Duncan notes. He flips the page on the listing, “the building suffered a fire last summer and the owner was not insured to make or afford repairs. Hence the spectacular price.”

“Thought that price was too good to be true,” Brent mumbles paging through the rest of the listing. “It is safe to enter?” Brent asks touching the doorknob gingerly like the building will fall down on them.

“My project manager has already been here and tells me we can walk around inside, but his recommendation is to gut the place and lay it out the way we like it,” Duncan weighs in. Brent removes his hand from the doorway.
“This sounds expensive and extensive, and I don’t think we can have this done before the holidays,” Brent sighs.

“Farmhouse?” Duncan concedes.

“Yeah,” Brent says with a smile.

“We’ll get the paperwork started in my office and get some plans drawn out once the offer is accepted,” Duncan says driving back to the office to fill in the paperwork.

The couple signs the offer and makes out while the fax machine transmits the document over to the listing agent.

Duncan’s phone rings an hour later as they walk into Brent’s condo. “That was quick,” Duncan comments in shock. Duncan takes the call in the kitchen reaching for a good bottle of cabernet and getting the steaks out of the fridge. He hangs up and yells for the kids.

“Offer accepted, family. We move in about 6-8 weeks,” Duncan exclaims happily. The kids all look like Christmas came early.

A week later, Duncan closes the deal and hands the project over to his project manager so he can focus his attention on getting Brent’s condo ready to list and pack for the move. At least Brent made his half of moving easy, he barely had a chance to unpack.

The video team has finally released their day at The Forks. Brent and Duncan review the video mashup that was created with their family. After deciding the Jets did the video justice to their family life. Brent provides his approval to use it at the next home game.

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In all of the craziness since the convention, Duncan finds he neglected one little detail, he forgot to tell his own family what had transpired. So when his mother called to invite him and Justin to Thanksgiving dinner, he had to up the RSVP count.

“Oh honey, that is a lot more than I expected,” his mother Jean notes.
“Well mom, I met somebody and they came with kids of their own,” Duncan said hoping they hadn’t read the sports headlines.

“So I heard, tell Brent he and his kids are welcome,” Jean says with a delightful tone. “I’m sure he can’t spend it with his own family and get back in time for the start of the season,” Jean mentions. Duncan groans as he turns back to eat his lunch in the office with Brent sitting smugly with a grin on the other side of the desk eating a power bowl and hoisting his feet next to Duncan’s nameplate.

“Thought your parents didn’t read the papers did ya,” Brent chirps.

“Damn your ex-wife, I wanted to tell them in person at Thanksgiving dinner,” Duncan confesses.

Duncan turns into the drive, and parks at the suburban house of his parents. Duncan turns the knob of the front door and sucks in a deep breath squeezing Brent’s hand until it loses all sensation. Brent looks at him and reassures him, “It’s going to be fine babe.”

The door is yanked out of his hand and Duncan’s instantly attacked by his mom. Justin laughs. David shakes Brent’s hand, the couple welcomes the four children to their home.

After hugging her son and Brent, Jean looks at Duncan, “You remembered the wine right?”

Duncan winks as Brent holds up a bag, “Of course mom!”

“Well let’s pop a cork and feast,” David offers ushering both families into the dining room.

Brent, familiar with the Keith family traditions, knows what to expect next. David stands offering his wine glass in a toast. “Let’s give thanks to this beautiful day and our beautiful family. For Duncan finding the love of his life… at last! For Brent being there to support Duncan. For a joyful season for the Winnipeg Jets. To being healthy and alive we give thanks, hear hear!” The families clink glasses.

“Alright, let us see what we are thankful for this year, shall we?” David offers. “Guests first, of course, Brent?”
“I am thankful for Duncan who was there for me when I needed him the most, and for loving me unconditionally,” Brent replies honestly. “Carston?”

“I’m thankful for having a new brother who is my best friend,” Carston says looking at Justin. “Beatrice?”

“I am thankful for having a loving family,” She answers. “Dustin?”

“I am thankful for our dads sticking up for us,” Dustin huffs still pissed at his mom.

“Well, that’s all of our guests, Jean?” David asks holding his hand palm up at his wife.

“I’m thankful that Duncan has finally found the love of his life,” she says lovingly. “Duncan?”

“I’m thankful that Brent finally admitted what he’s really wanted all these years,” Duncan responds gazing lovingly into Brent’s eyes. “Justin?”

“I’m thankful to have more brothers and a sister to love,” Justin says with a smile.

“Well let us thank a nice summer for the bounty that graces our table, let’s eat,” David announces as the family starts passing around dishes of turkey slices, cornbread dressing, mashed potatoes, gravy, and a blend of vegetables. A flurry of conversation between the family members makes a stream of noise that reverberates off the walls. Duncan eats one handed with the other squeezing Brent’s thighs.

“Keep that up and we’ll have to excuse ourselves from the table,” Brent whispers in Duncan’s ear and kisses a peck on his neck. The kids express their disgust with “Ewww” shouted in unison.

Dessert is handed out in the form of apple pie and ice cream creating a sugar buzz among the children. Duncan sends them to the backyard to run the extra calories off as the adults hover around the television to watch the Bears play the Lions on television.
“Horseshit call,” Duncan shouts as the Bears get called for holding.

“Duncan, what if your kids heard you say that!” Jean scolds.

“Justin’s heard me say that watching me in practice,” Duncan comments. Jean rolls her eyes.

“Well, dear, he did play hockey,” David tells his wife shrugging his shoulders.

The game ends with the Bears winning 21-12, Duncan piles the kids in the back seat of the SUV. They head to the farmhouse to check the renovation progress. The kids look around claiming their rooms. The family moves in a month.

**

“Hey Brent, I saw you had an off day today,” Duncan starts, the kids finally letting them sleep in on a Sunday morning. “The house is done, you wanna go see it, maybe christen it?” He finishes with his sexy voice.

“Mmm, sounds lovely,” Brent returns with a passionate kiss.

The pair takes the kids out to breakfast that morning at The Forks, then drop them off with grandma Keith. Duncan blindfolds Brent and drives out to the remodeled farmhouse.

They walk up the porch of the old farmhouse with Duncan guiding Brent toward the house then removing the blindfold.

“Tada,” Duncan says giving Brent a look of the renovated house from the outside. The house has a rock sided exterior up to the walls, giving it a stone house look.

“It’s gorgeous from the outside,” Brent comments.

“Welcome home,” Duncan says opening the front door on the full wood wrap-around porch that extends to a deck out back.
“This is so much better than I expected,” Brent says breathlessly walking into the open concept living, dining, and kitchen area. A breakfast bar separates the kitchen from the other two rooms. Off to the left down a hallway behind the fireplace is a hallway leading to two guest rooms with a shared bathroom, the stairs to the basement fill in the area under the stairs that go up.

“Let’s head upstairs, eh?” Duncan guides them toward the stairs that lead to a hallway. The master suite is off to the left, two bedrooms and shared bathroom at the top are for Carston and Justin. Off to the right are two bedrooms with their own bathrooms for Dustin and Beatrice and a linen closet.

Duncan ushers Brent to each of the rooms with Brent expressing his approval at the amount of space each kid gets as a result of the renovation. Duncan had already swiped all the wall ornamentation from the downtown Condo so the kids already got an idea of the layout of their rooms.

Duncan leads Brent to the master suite with the biggest surprise he could provide in a bathroom. “So in here we have a jacuzzi tub, stand up shower, soaker tub, and a dual vanity so we can get ready for work together. I think we should christen that while we are here,” Duncan says pointing at the jacuzzi tub and setting down his duffle.

“Let’s see the rest of the house first, eh?” Brent asks.

“Alright, basement then,” Duncan mentions.

They walk down to the basement using the stairs behind the fireplace. “There are two ways down here, the stairs we just used or there is a set of stairs that lead up to the kitchen. The utility room is behind us through that door with the central air, furnace, etc. Then as you see this space is our rec room. A place to play some cards, watch a theater-style movie, game of pool, ping pong table, and a couple of old arcade style games. We can also heat this space with a wood stove at the other end of the basement,” Duncan comments pointing at each of the features the basement offers while walking through it.

Duncan guides Brent back up to the kitchen and shows him the large backyard. There are trampolines, a firepit, and a shed behind the house and attached garage.

“So what do you think?” Duncan asks.
“Your company does good work, can’t wait to make this home,” Brent beams.

“So should we christen it properly?” Duncan pleads.

“Sounds like fun. I’ll get the jacuzzi ready if you want to get cleaned up for a nice long fuck in there,” Brent says with a wink.

Duncan uses the guest bathroom downstairs to prep for Brent’s invasion.

Brent draws the hot bath and turns on the jets, then strips his clothing and slides his naked body into the hot water stroking himself hard.

“Got started without me, didn’t you?” Duncan notes Brent’s hard cock as he strips off the tight jeans.

“Yeah, I did. Now get in here so I can fuck you until you can’t stand up,” Brent motions.

Duncan slides in the hot water and cuddles against Brent’s hard cock and chest. Brent slides him up kissing and sucking hickeys into Duncan’s neck. Brent then starts stroking Duncan’s cock until it pulses to full hardness in his hand.

“Turn around and give my mouth your dick,” Brent whispers into Duncan’s ear. He doesn’t need to be told twice to get a blowjob from Brent’s sweet luscious lips. Brent takes his cock in his mouth and then he slips a finger into Duncan’s hole.

“Fucked myself with a dildo while you were away yesterday,” Duncan pants.

Brent pops off smiling, “Nice, wondered why you let me in so easy. Going to make fucking that much sweeter.”

Brent goes back to sucking on Duncan’s cock while he strokes his own dick. The jets of the tub are causing extra stimulation as the bubbles tickle the sensitive head.
After a few minutes of moaning against Duncan’s dick. Duncan slides out and lowers himself onto Brent.

“Fuck Seabs, I love this cock in me so much,” Duncan whines as the intrusion envelopes his senses. “Making me feel so full,” Duncan moans.

“I love filling your tight ass up, kiss me,” Brent instructs.

Brent pulls Duncan into a deep passionate kiss pressing his tongue against Duncan’s lips asking to invade his mouth along with his ass. Duncan moans into Brent’s mouth while sucking quick breaths through his nose to avoid having to break the kiss.

Brent continues to pummel Duncan’s ass and face. Duncan’s ass with his dick causing Duncan to issue a moan each time Brent pushes his cock in deeper and his mouth with Brent’s tongue. Duncan’s moans causing vibrations to reverberate down Brent’s spine and stimulating Brent’s cock.

Brent picks up the pace and starts jacking on Duncan’s cock forcing Duncan to break the long kiss to pant harder and harder until he blows his load in the water. Brent slides out of Duncan causing Duncs to whimper at the empty feeling. Brent sits on the side of the tub and guides Duncan’s lips to his hard, throbbing manhood.

“That’s it, take my cock. Swallow my load,” Brent coaches.

Duncan wraps his hand around Brent jacking on his cock while sucking around the head. Brent gasps and moans as Duncan brings him to climax, unleashing his load Duncan swallowing the juice greedily. Duncan leaves a little on his tongue and slides up to kiss a little of Brent’s flavor into his partner. Brent moans into the kiss and welcomes the salty flavor of his load in his mouth.

The pair dries off and drains the tub. “I declare this house properly christened, let’s go get the truck and our kids to get some furniture in this place,” Duncan directs.

“Sounds delightful,” Brent says with a grin still pulling their naked bodies in tight and pressing a kiss onto Duncan’s lips.

Moving with four kids turns out to be a breeze when you bribe them with all the pizza they can eat.
Justin and Carston turn superhuman, heaving pieces of the sectional onto the truck like it hardly weigh anything. Duncan and Brent got the unfortunate duty of moving mattresses and beds.

“Next time we move, we’re getting new bedding,” Brent complains as the king size mattress of their bed flops everywhere.

“Works for me,” Duncan says straining his muscles to get the mattress into the hallway.

As the condo empties, the truck they rented fills. A few hours after starting, the last box is packed onto the truck. Brent hops in the cab with Duncan behind in Brent’s SUV carrying the kids. They get to the new house and the driveway is lined with a sea of blue jerseys.

“Welcome home coach,” Laine says, shaking Brent’s hand then pulling him into a hug. Brent opens the hatch of the truck and teammates start a box train tossing boxes from one teammate to another. The kids stood at the end of the line to run the boxes to their marked destinations on the outside.

Once all the boxes containing, clothes, books, and other various knick-knacks, the heavy lifting became a team effort. Brent and Duncan avoided mattress duty this time. Brent had given that task to the team rookies this year, after all, they could really use the workout!

Brent places a gigantic order of pizza and runs to a convenience store to buy the place out of half its inventory. The Jets essentially threw a housewarming party that evening. By the time the evening wrapped up around 10 pm, the house had the basic look and feel of a home. Brent and Duncan would run back to the condo in the morning to surrender the keys, give the place one last look over for missed items, and pick up Duncan’s truck. The family finally had all the space they needed.

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Brent’s family arrives at the new house, and Duncan greets them all with a smile. He serves up eggnog on a swanky tray while they all wait for the Jets’ plane to land in about an hour from Chicago.

After suggesting that they host the holiday party instead of Duncan’s family to showcase their new home, Duncan and the kids had to stay home to clean the house and prepare the guest rooms for the extended family to stay over. Keith had flown in from Seattle and Brent’s parents from
It is easy for Duncan to entertain the Seabrooks since he knows them for years. They spend time catching up on trades, entry drafts, and the prospects of Quebec City finally getting a hockey team back. In the last CBA, it was decided that if one conference gained a team the other conference did as well setting up the prospect of an NHL team in Houston.

Duncan shows off pictures of his Lake Winnipeg cabin and invites Brent’s parents to join them sometime this summer. Secretly this is a ploy to get them up there for something he’s been wanting for years.

Brent finally arrives home and gives Duncan a kiss and a couple of holly branches for the table centerpiece and opens his luggage to add some wrapped packages underneath the tree.

Brent leans into Duncan and whispers, “The Hawks gave me some stuff to give the kids. Plus there are some gifts from Uncle Sharp, Uncle Pat, and Uncle Jonny. They had to head to Buffalo this year for Christmas, Bryan and Andree are headed down there to join them.” Brent adds a sly smile leaving Duncan to wonder what secret hides behind the grin and evil eyes.

Brent’s look sours as he remembers something else. “I’ll be right back, I have one other thing to bring up,” Brent murmurs grimly.

“Is it what I think it is?” Duncan asks back with a knowing look. Brent nods.

“She didn’t!” Duncan exclaims censoring his curses from the children in the room. Brent looks up at Duncan with puppy dog eyes.

“You want me to just take care of it?” Duncan asks.

“I have a better idea, let’s just unwrap them and donate them to charity,” Dustin proposes wisely while eavesdropping on the two adults having a conversation concerning him and his siblings.

“Any objections Beatrice or Carston?” Brent asks.
“Nope,” the brother and sister reply in unison.

“I can’t believe she’d stoop that low, didn’t you two tell her to butt out?” Keith grumbles.

“We did, apparently it wasn’t a Texas-sized 10-4,” Duncan responds.

Brent’s parents roll their eyes and pad out to the kitchen for the spiked eggnog, handing a glass of it to Brent. Brent slams it down and serves himself a second glass.

“Look, Brent, I’ll take care of it,” Duncan says softly. Duncan goes into the bedroom, leaves, taking his Santa costume with him, and returns two hours later.

“Added some other goodies to the package and took them to one of the homeless shelters in town. Gave the kids a visit from Santa,” Duncan says with a smile.

“You got lucky Dustin, I saved you from Captain America PJs,” Duncan says.

Dustin smiles back at Duncan, “Thanks! I grew out of Captain America crap two years ago.”

“Glad to hear it, off to bed with you or Santa won’t stop here. I heard he was close by,” Brent coos.

“Yeah he just got home,” Dustin chirps pointing at Duncan. Duncan blushes and smiles.

“Still little man, off to bed with ya,” Duncan says tickling Dustin the entire distance to his bedroom up the stairs and down the hall.

With all the kids in bed, Duncan returns, strutting into the master bedroom and grabbing the first of three boxes of presents that Duncan had procured during the last roadie for the Jets. He stacks each under the tree with care. Brent grabs his boxes of presents he got when Duncan headed down to Chicago to Sharpy’s Christmas party that Brent had to miss because of his job.

Brent’s family barely makes it to midnight before heading to their guest rooms. Brent downs the
last of his spiked eggnog feeling delightfully buzzed.

“Hey I brought you a special present,” Brent hints with a wink. “It can only be opened in there,” Brent finishes pointing up at the master suite. Duncan smiles and practically drags Brent to the room for his special gift.

Brent sits Duncan on the edge of the bed, grabs the box on the bed stand, and joins Duncan, straddling him and pressing his chest against his lover’s. Brent plants his lips against Duncan’s, poking his tongue to prompt Duncan to let his tongue in.

Brent breaks the passionate kiss for air and breathes out, “Merry Christmas, my love.” He holds up the tiny box barely big enough to hold a pen or a necklace.

Duncan opens the box and smiles. “It’s beautiful,” he responds with a wink holding up a jockstrap with the numbers “2 & 7” emblazoned where Duncan’s cock and balls will be accentuated.

“You looked so good in my boxers, I just wanted you to wear something that makes your ass so much more fuckable,” Brent says grinding against Duncan. “Go slip them on, so we can fuck under the mistletoe!”

“The mistletoe?” Duncan inquires raising an eyebrow.

“Yeah, look up,” Brent says. Duncan looks up and sure enough, there is a bundle of mistletoe above the bed.

“Good thing we already kissed, I didn’t see it there,” Duncan comments.

“I’ve left other little surprises around the room too. All designed to get you in the holiday spirit,” Brent says as he goes over to the gas fireplace, lighting it and the red and green candles on the mantle scented cinnamon and pine.

“You do go all out don’t you? I can’t believe you set this all up unnoticed!” Duncan says as he stands to change his underwear.
Brent shrugs, “I had two hours and what can I say, I’m a romantic sap.”

Duncan slides up in his new jockstrap, “No! You’re my romantic sap.” Duncan plants a chaste kiss on Brent, biting the lower lip as he releases it. Duncan unbuttons Brent’s shirt slowly as he nips at Brent’s lower lip until it’s red and swollen.

Duncan bares Brent’s scantily furred chest and perked nipples. He runs kisses down Brent’s neck sucking in hickies until he gets to Brent’s nipples. Duncan inhales one and bites down on the nub. Brent closes his eyes and hisses in a breath and exhales a moan.

Duncan leads Brent to the bed and slides off Brent’s pants and boxers now a Jet’s print in honor of the team he’s now coaching.

“Grab the lube,” Brent hisses. Duncan grabs the bottle on the counter and looks at it in confusion.

“Pumpkin spice lube?” Duncan questions.

“Yeah, holiday touches my lovely little fucker,” Brent chirps. Duncan grabs Brent’s cock and tugs on it to shut him up.

Duncan applies some of the flavored lube to Brent’s cock. His mouth waters with the scent of the pumpkin spiced goodness even if the only real flavors are cinnamon and nutmeg. The lube makes Brent’s cock smell like a Christmas feast for the senses. He takes Brent into his watering mouth and slides up and down to remove the edible goodness.

“You… didn’t… had.. canned… pumpkin,” Brent pants as Duncan’s lips slide up and down the shaft. Duncan grabs the bottle containing the flavored juice and lubes a couple of fingers to prepare his hole for Brent’s lips.

Duncan pops off Brent’s cock. “Oh well, this works too,” Duncan says with a wink as he shuffles on the bed to place his ass firmly in Brent’s face and also so he can continue to suck on Brent’s dick.

Brent takes the hint tonguing the flavored lube off Duncan’s hole then stiffens his tongue muscles to enter the spasming pucker. Duncan’s cock starts to leak onto Brent’s neck. Little drops of pre-come turn into larger and larger streams as Duncan’s cock reacts to the stimulation Brent’s cock is
Brent takes some warming lube off the other bed stand and coats his fingers as it warmth tingles the sensitive pads of his fingerprint. He slides the middle finger into Duncan and begins to maneuver it to find his partner’s hole. Duncan gasps as the heat sends alarm bells off to his brain.

“Fuck… ugh… me… Brent,” Duncan pants as the warming lube makes Duncan sweat profusely.

Brent slides out from under Duncan and applies the warming lube to his own cock, it twitches with the warmth the heat provides. Brent slides into Duncan easily since the lube also has a relaxing effect on Duncan’s sphincter. The rim gives easily to Brent’s intrusion.

“So easy babe,” Brent murmurs into Duncan’s ear sucking it in and nibbling it.

“Wanted you, had to dildo fuck myself last night after you won,” Duncan whines.

“No wonder you’re so loose,” Brent chirps as he bottoms out and starts his pounding thrusts, running his engorged cock along Duncan’s prostate. Duncan’s cock has released enough precome for a strip of it to extend from his cock to the comforter below. Duncan has to grab the headboard to stabilize himself against Brent’s thorough fucking.

Brent grabs Duncan’s hips and holds Duncan until his cock fully invades Duncan’s ass. Brent leans back to lay down, forcing Duncan to follow Brent’s lead. Duncan turns around once he’s in the riding position and gazes into Brent’s eyes. The gaze says that he’s sex drunk and properly pleased by the cock in his ass.

Brent reaches out and tugs on Duncan’s cock, jacking it hard forcing Duncan to unleash a large load onto Brent’s abs and chest. Brent fucks him through the orgasm then he holds Duncan into a single position and pounds in several quick deep thrusts. Brent grunts and groans as his orgasm hit its peak, dumping copious amounts of come into Duncan’s ass filling him up so completely that streaks of his own load appear on his cock.

Duncan stays on Brent until Brent’s cock goes limp. He moves to the ensuite to clean up returning with a cloth to clean off Brent’s abdomen. Duncan undoes the sheets while Brent extinguishes the candles before falling fast asleep to snow falling outside the sliding glass door leading out to the master patio overlooking the backyard.
Seven the following morning four children invade the master bedroom jumping onto the king size bed, “Come on dads, it’s Christmas,” Carston shouts from the door.

“Santa was here!” Dustin exclaims.

“Even Uncle Pat and Uncle Jonny brought their sled,” Beatrice announces.

“Uncle Pat and Uncle Jonny are here?” Duncan asks in confusion.

“Yeah Jonny’s been down there since 5 am making cinnamon rolls,” Justin mentions.

“Get down here fuckers! Can’t sleep all morning!” Pat yells from the bottom of the stairs.

Brent covers his eyes with his hands. Beatrice flicks on the lights as Brent sits up. The sheet slides down revealing that he’s not clothed.

“Ohh Uncle Pat swore!” Dustin says with a warning tone. “Oh crap! Dads are nekked! Let’s get out of here!”

The four kids don’t need to be told twice, they bolt out of the room slamming the door behind them.

Duncan pulls Brent into a passionate kiss, “Merry Christmas Seabs. I love you,” he murmurs.

“I love you too,” Brent mumbles in Duncan’s ear then nibbling at the lobe.

“Can’t start that now that the kids are up. I’m so wrecking you in the jacuzzi tonight after everyone’s in bed,” Duncan proposes as he pulls on his boxers that were on the floor next to the bed. He adds sweats and pulls one of Seabs’ Team Canada shirts.

“God how do I love you when you wear that!” Brent chirps.
“Cause I look so hot in your clothes, Mr. Fashion Icon,” Duncan coos back kissing Brent afterward.

Brent pulls on the jeans his ass almost explodes out of and a t-shirt and sweater. He grabs Duncan’s hand walking out the door and down the stairs. He almost checks Keith at the bottom because he was staring at Duncan’s package.

“Did I just hear Kaner?” Keith says sleepily.

“Yeah, I hope they made coffee!” Brent grumbles rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

Several cups of coffee line the table as Jonny pulls the rolls out of the oven.

“When did you... thought you were headed to Buffalo?” Duncan asks confused.

“You should know my maman, Kaner, and Brent are the masters of all gags. We took a charter last night, got in at 4:30 am,” Jonny notes with more excitement than should be allowed at this hour.

“Maman, papa, and David will be over this afternoon for dinner. Hope you bought lots of food!” Jonny beams.

“What about Pat’s family?” Duncan asks.

“They send their regards, but last-minute flights from Buffalo to Winnipeg are in surprisingly short supply at the last minute. They’re going to do FaceTime when we open presents in a bit,” Pat mentions. “I FedEx’d my gifts yesterday.” Pat’s phone chimes, he looks, and smiles. “Which they just got,” he laughs as he holds up his phone for all to see.

Brent’s parents join the table a few minutes after Duncan and Brent got there. The coffee helps the adults wake up. Duncan rises from the table to start another pot as the family and guests crowd the huge leather sectional, the kids occupying the floor. Brent lights a fire in the fireplace and starts passing out presents.

“Good haul this year!” Justin says after accumulating a pile of presents.
“No kidding should have gotten our dads together last year!” Carston adds.

The family tears into their gifts which included not only Hawks jerseys courtesy of Uncle Pat and Uncle Jonny. Jets jerseys were earned from Brent for Duncan, Brent’s parents, and the four children. Various toys, games, and technology were given to every child bringing a gleam to their eyes.

Brent makes a large batch of homemade hot cocoa that his mom had taught him how to make, giving it a peppermint flavor. He served the beverage up and then with Duncan, Justin, and Carston’s help began to make a holiday dinner when Duncan’s parents showed up along with several of the single and foreign team members. By the time dinner was ready the house had been invaded by over 20 additional guests.

The holiday was festive and the giving spirit was evident when teammates were exchanging donations to their favorite charities in the name of the person receiving the gift.

Justin challenged every single Jet that came to Christmas dinner to a game of pool. The unknowing team member completely unaware that Justin is no joke with a pool stick. Justin ends up being the last man standing.

Several hours later, Christmas Day turns into Boxing Day, the kids wander sleepily to bed and the last guests leave. Brent collapses on the bed next to Duncan with no energy left to even make it to his pillow.
Duncan and Brent plan a trip to Chicago to coincide with the Jet’s travel schedule. Each has a slightly different plan for Valentine’s Day with the same goal in mind.

“Morning Seabs,” Duncan singsongs, placing a tray over Brent’s lap containing an omelet, fried potatoes, orange juice, and coffee. “Better eat up before practice, you have a long day ahead!”

Last night Brent and Duncan had dropped off the kids at grandma and grandpa Keith’s so Duncan could travel with the team to Chicago where the Jets were due to play the Hawks on the 15th. Brent had made dinner reservations at their favorite steakhouse and scheduled a time to go ring shopping with Jonny that afternoon.

Duncan had other plans. He was going to meet up with Patrick after touching down at Midway to go ring shopping just like Brent had planned to do with Jonny. He had made dinner reservations at their favorite Chicago-style pizza joint, unknowing that Brent had other plans in mind.

Brent goes to practice that day with Duncs hot on his heels as the team would head to the airport right after practice that day using a chartered bus from the IcePlex. Once at the airport, Brent boards the plane behind Duncan. His nice round ass blasts his face. Nikolaj and Laine chirp Brent about starting at Duncan’s ass. Brent gives a stern look and makes a mental reminder to have Nik and Patrick do windsprints at tomorrow’s practice.

Duncan and Brent find their seats across the table from a pair of trainers, Mike and Alex, Duncan thinks are their names, that interact with Duncan like they’ve known him for years. Duncan mentions a spasm in his back that’s bothered him at work the last few days, Mike and Alex rattle off a litany of stretches and suggest that Duncan skate a couple of days a week to stretch out those muscles.

“I’m so looking forward to lunch with Pat and Jonny when we get there,” Duncan mentions, looking over the meager snack offering of the in-flight buffet.

“You’re having lunch with Jonny and Pat?” Brent asks in surprise.
“Yeah Pat had told me that was the plan this afternoon,” Duncan says with a devilish grin. “Why do you sound so shocked, did Jonny not bring this up to you?”

“Well, Jonny and I had planned lunch and a little shopping that I needed to do before dinner. Jonny was telling me about these slacks he found that hug his ass and mentioned I might want to try a pair,” Brent says even though that isn’t entirely the plan.

“Well huh, I guess Pat and I are going to have some stag time then. I’m so chirping Pat for miscommunicating this!” Duncan cheeses.

The plane lands a couple of hours later, Duncan and Brent collect their luggage and ride the team bus to their downtown hotel. Brent and Duncan text their respective Hawks who tell them that they’ll be there in about 10 minutes.

“You fucker, why didn’t you tell Jonny we had plans,” Duncan curses. Pat has the deer in headlights look, then smiles slyly.

“You don’t want these two nerds to go where we are headed, do you?” Pat chirps back.

“No, um, I guess not,” Duncan stumbles on his words.

Brent watches as Duncan leaves with Kaner. Jonny grins at him.

“Told you I’d find a way to get Duncan off our backs for the afternoon, lunch?” Jonny ushers Brent toward his favorite sushi place.

“Figures you’d take me to the healthiest place on the Mile,” Brent chirps.

“Well, gotta slim down that big ass so you look hot as fuck on your wedding day,” Jonny returns fire.

“Eh, fair I guess,” Brent frowns, looking at the back side of his jeans at the strain his ass is placing
“Still those slacks we’re shopping for after you pick up that piece of bling for Duncan’s finger will cinch that pile of padding nicely though,” Jonny smirks.

“Still fucking judging people Tazer?” Brent swears.

“I just call it as I see it,” Jonny responds sitting back and looking smugly at Brent. “So how are you romancing his ass tonight?”

“Well, I’m taking him to that awesome steakhouse by Clark Street tonight,” Brent answers.

“Then popping the question?” Jonny asks popping each ‘p’.

Brent broadens his smile, “That’s the plan.”

“Nice!” Jonny hisses as the waiter drops off their lunch.

Jonny takes Brent to the same jewelry store that he and Patrick got their rings from and introduces him to his favorite jeweler.

“Mr. Toews!” The man greets, “So nice to see you again.”

“Nice to see you too Paul, you may recall this is my friend Brent. He needs an engagement ring this evening.”

“How romantic, is the lucky person male or female Brent?” Paul asks reading Brent’s body language.

“Male, something in about a size 12, simple and not too flashy,” Brent answers coolly even though he’s sweating heavily under his t-shirt.
“I see, Mr. Keith is the lucky recipient I presume?” Paul beams.

“How did you…” Brent starts until Paul holds up a hand.

The jeweler grins, “Let’s just say, I’ve been waiting for the day you figured out who your soulmate really was.”

Jonny punches Brent’s arm, “Told ya everyone suspected.” Brent just grins to the chirp realizing he must have been pretty obvious at the convention.

“Well here is a lovely collection of some diamond-studded bands that I think Mr. Keith would appreciate or were you hoping for rubies or perhaps sapphires based on the team or nationalities? We have a nice ruby bordered by some diamonds.” Paul offers to point out the various options.

“What do you think Jonny, go classic?” Brent asks his friend.

“I think Duncs would prefer it not draw too much attention to his hand until after the wedding,” Jonny notes. “How ‘bout that one with 4 diamonds in a line?”

“That looks quite dashing!” Brent comments holding the ring in his hand. “I think I’ll take it,” Brent says to Paul who begins writing up the sale.

“I think you made an excellent choice, Mr. Seabrook. I’m sure Mr. Keith will enjoy it,” Paul says with a smile and handing the package over to Brent.

They walk out of the store and Jonny guides them to the elevator to the department store. Brent tries on one pair of Jonny’s preferred ass huggers and instantly approves adding on a sport coat.

Brent hitches an Uber with Jonny back to the team hotel. Jonny leaves but Brent heads up to his room and changes into his new ass-hugging pants and new sport coat. He slides the box in his pocket, and hides all other evidence that he’s been shopping. He leaves the room to head to the hotel bar where he agreed to meet up with Duncs later.

**
Duncan left with Kaner when the foursome left the hotel.

“So tonight’s the night isn’t it,” Patrick says, ushering Duncan into the burger joint that they picked out while Brent was running practice in Winnipeg.

“How are you doing it?” Patrick asks.

“Well I got reservations at that sweet pizza joint in Wrigleyville, Brent loves the place. Then we’ll take a cab back to Millennium Park and I’ll pop the question in front of the fountain,” Duncan replies.

“God, who knew you were such a sap?” Patrick chirps.

“I’ll have you know that Kelly even found my proposal romantic!” Duncan fires back.

“You’ve gone almost as ten-ply as Jonny. He proposed to me in front of Niagra Falls. I didn’t give him points for creativity, but romantic was doing it during Canada Day fireworks,” Patrick says with a smile, recalling the memory in his mind.

Lunch finishes and Patrick takes him off to the jewelry store where he meets with the jeweler who made the 2024 Stanley Cup rings. Patrick introduces him to Megan, a blonde with deep blue eyes.

“You and blondes Kaner, seriously?” Duncan chirps.

Pat just shrugs then flashes his trademark smile, “Well Megan, this is my buddy, Duncan. Think you can help him out with an engagement ring?” Patrick requests of her.

“I sure can, you know me better than that. I see that one you earned last year glinting off your finger,” Megan comments.

“So I assume you and Brent are going to tie the knot? That video the Jets produced was so sweet,” Megan exclaims.
“Yeah, he and I have created a family bond I want forever,” Duncan says looking fond.

“Oh god, he’s digging out heart eyes,” Patrick groans, planting his face in his palms.

“Well then, let’s find forever,” Megan says, digging out a few displays with her suggestions.

“Oh, alternating sapphires and diamonds,” Duncan says picking up a ring that jumps off the display at him.

“This goes halfway around the ring. I think it’s sweet that they look like Jets’ colors,” Megan notes. “I think it might be a bit flashy for an engagement ring though,” she concludes.

“Yeah, how about classic, just diamonds?” Duncan asks.

“Okay we can go that route,” Megan agrees to grab a few bands that are studded with the glistening rock.

“This one is titanium and has several that surround the entire band,” Megan comments.

“I like the look of this, Brent’s hand glistening that he’s taken,” Duncan says possessively.

“That was easy for a ring,” Patrick chirps.

“What size will that need to be, Duncan?” Megan asks.

“Fourteen please,” Duncan orders.

“Alright thank you Duncan, and good luck,” Megan beams as she hands over the ring.

Duncan arrives back to an empty hotel room, it appears that Brent had already come back and changed into dinner attire. Duncan finds the shopping evidence, but Brent was always more
fashionable than he ever could have been. He slides into a button down and some slacks, gives himself a glance in the mirror to fix his hair. Once he decides his look is perfect, he slides the ring box in his pocket, and struts down to the bar to meet Brent.

He slides onto the stool next to Brent and orders a pint of some microbrewed oatmeal stout. Brent clinks his beer bottle with Duncan’s glass. Brent winks at Duncan who is completely unaware at how surprising the next couple of hours are going to be.

“Did you get new clothes just for me? Your ass looks great in those pants.” Duncan compliments.

“Yeah, Jonny’s suggestion,” Brent confirms.

“Remind me to tell him that he has good taste,” Duncan mentions, drinking in the sight of Brent’s bubble butt hugging the fabric.

Jonny joins Patrick back at their townhouse. “God I’m so glad those two figured out their shit,” Patrick says falling into the sofa. “Did you hear how Duncan’s going to do it?” Patrick asks looking at Jonny’s changing expression as he says the word ‘Duncan’.

Jonny gives off a couple of shocked blinks then swallows hard. “Umm, did you just say Duncan’s proposing?” Jonny inquires with a quiver to his voice.

Patrick looks at Jonny, laughing, “Yeah, why do you sound so shocked? Duncan totally has this all planned out.”

Jonny smiles then gives an uncharacteristic laugh, “Well because Brent has a plan too, and I don’t think they are going to mesh well.”

They share the plans, and by the time the stories end, Patrick falls into Jonny’s lap laughing so hard that Jonny feels like an earthquake hit his thighs.

Brent and Duncan finish their drinks and threw some money on the bar leaving to flag down a taxi outside. They slide in the back seat and both Duncan and Brent shout out very different destinations leaving the poor cab driver confused.
“Wait you had dinner reservations at our favorite steakhouse?” Duncan shouts in surprise.

“And you had reservations for my favorite pizza place?” Brent barks back.

“Well, yeah. I figured I’d romance the shit out of you tonight,” Duncan shouts.

“Well so did I,” Brent argues back.

“Umm, I hate to break up this little lover’s quarrel, but will you two decide where you are eating?” The cab driver impatiently interrupts.

Duncan and Brent look at the cab driver when Brent’s phone chimes, “It’s Jonny, let me see what it says.”

Jonny: Get to our place before you two beat each other up in a cab.

Brent shows the text to Duncan, “Captain’s orders,” Brent sighs. Duncan nods and gives the address to the cab driver who grumbles his appreciation that the pair decided on a destination.

The cab arrives at Jonny and Pat’s townhouse, Brent pays the driver and gets out to let Duncan out of the car. Brent takes his coat off and throws it over his shoulder while Duncan knocks on the door.

Jonny answers and ushers the pair in with a wave of his hand. “Please have a seat,” Patrick ushers them in handing Duncan and Brent a bottle of beer each.

“We kinda figured out what happened, so we thought we’d save you from a fight,” Patrick smirks. “When I came home, Jonny and I compared your stories and found out you had, um, conflicting plans.”

“Wait were you going to do what I was going to do?” Duncan says looking at Brent with a shocked look. Brent nods.
“Alright get the sappy part over with, eh? Maybe we can still make that table for four I arranged at your favorite pizza place,” Jonny chirps.

“You fucking shit Tazer!” Brent fires back, laughing.

Jonny looks at Brent smugly, “Hey! I am a celebrity in this town, so I can basically get my way wherever I need to.”

Pat punches Jonny in the shoulder, “Brat!” Duncan and Brent chuckle.

“Well maybe I should go first,” Brent smiles and kneels.

“Duncs, I’ve loved you a long time. Probably longer than you realize. It took a long time to realize you were really my soulmate, and I can’t help but think Dayna realized it too. I love you with all my heart, and I want to make it permanent. Will you marry me?” Brent asks on one knee with the ring box open in his fingertips.

Duncan looks at Brent, “God yes!” Jonny and Pat coo at them with a collective “Awww.”

Duncan breaks a smile as he accepts the ring, “Okay, my turn.” Pat and Jonny roll their eyes.

Duncan whips out his ring box, “Brent, you have been there for every high and every low in my life. I can’t help but feel that it was destined we’d end up here today. You’ve been my best friend, my confidant, and the subject of a lot of longing heartache. I want you forever, will you marry me?”

Brent wipes a couple of tears from his eyes, “OF COURSE I WILL,” Brent yells lifting Duncan into a kiss and accepting Duncan’s token.

Patrick clears his throat and announces, “Alright!”

“In my Volt before I vomit,” Jonny finishes. “We have a dinner reservation.”
Jonny looks at Patrick with a disapproving look, “Patrick, you can’t seriously wear that to dinner.”


“That was weak,” Jonny chirps.

“Whatsoever, can I wear the jeans that give you a hard-on?” Patrick laughs.

“Those’ll work with a button down,” Jonny approves.

“And to think an adoption agency let you two have a kid,” Brent chirps. “Kid’ll probably have a complex by age 3. Speaking of which, where is the munchkin?”

“With Sharpy and Abby,” Jonny replies abruptly, glaring at Brent, and looking impatient while waiting for Patrick to make himself presentable to appear in public.

Patrick arrives back a few minutes later looking like he painted his jeans onto his ass and cock. Jonny whistles low, “If we had time, I’d fuck you now.”

“With the tent in your pants to prove it Tazer,” Duncan points out. Jonny blushes.

They get to the pizza place in record time and Jonny has to blame his redness on the cold winter’s chill over the fact that Patrick is making him horny as hell.

They sit, ordering a beer and accepting breadsticks that Jonny never ends up touching. “Too much gluten,” he excuses.

“Whatever Tazer, we no longer have a diet plan!” Duncan says, biting down on the buttered garlicky goodness and chewing it slow enough to make Jonny roll his eyes.
“So, engaged now, when is the wedding?” Patrick asks the pair.

“This summer at the cabin along Lake Winnipeg probably. Won’t be a big ceremony,” Duncan replies.

Jonny looks at Duncan with a shocked look, “What do you mean it will be small? Come on Duncs, all the guys would want to know you figured your shit out.”

“Well, could go a little larger if we blocked out all the cabins from renters during that weekend,” Brent notes.

“I’ve already got a wait list for those things for months, so no!” Duncan says firmly.

Patrick laughs at the banter, “God you two already sound married.”

Jonny slaps Patrick on the back of the head. Patrick gives an indignant look, “Spousal abuse, I’m claiming concussion next game.”

“The trainers won’t be able to tell the difference with you,” Jonny chirps. “Besides, how far out in bum fuck Egypt is this place?”

Duncs rolls his eyes back pondering, “About 2 hours to the nearest hotel.” Patrick swallows his beer hard choking and gasping.

The pizza arrives and Jonny digs in with ravenous gluttony.

“Gluten there caps,” Brent chirps.

“Gluten-Free crust,” Jonny says with his mouth full. Brent and Duncan roll their eyes, Patrick chuckles.
Patrick looks at his husband, “Manners there Jonny, Andree would be most displeased.” Jonny glares.

“So you two need to figure out how to resort this shit up so we can all come,” Patrick pleads.

Brent swallows his beer hard this time, “Resort?”

“Yeah, I’m sure they have those in Manitoba somewhere, come to think of it Jonny and I could give you a recommendation for one…” Patrick starts.

“We remember, we were there, or did you forget we were on the guest list?” Duncan recalls.

Jonny winces, “No, I, I mean we remember. I still get hand cramps from writing out the thank you notes.”

Dinner finishes and Brent sends a request for an Uber back to the team hotel so he and Duncan can celebrate their evening. They get back to the hotel, the door clicks closed and Brent checks Duncan into the door. Brent’s knee slides between Duncan’s legs, his thighs brushing at the underside of Duncan’s crotch.

Brent leans in to kiss Duncan, but Duncan grabs on to Brent. In a surprise move, Duncan forces Brent to take a step back and he swivels them around. Duncan, now straddling a checked Brent, leans in until they can feel each other’s breath.

“I’m leading,” Duncan pants. Duncan meshes his lips with Brent, allowing his thighs to massage Brent’s cock into life. Brent moans, releasing quick breaths through his nose in an effort to avoid breaking the kiss.

“Bed,” Brent moans into Duncan’s mouth. Brent grabs Duncan’s waist and starts guiding Duncan toward the bed.

Duncan breaks the kiss during the march, “Wait who’s leading who.”

“Neither of us, just making it up as we go along,” Brent gasps.
“Fuck me,” Brent whines throwing himself on the bed.

“Mmm, I will after you fuck me,” Duncan grumbles.

“Me first, I got these ass huggers to drive you nuts,” Brent pleads.

“I see that,” Duncan starts slithering up Brent in the bed. “And my dick certainly notices. Fine, have it your way.” Duncan grabs the belt and tugs it open exposing the button and fly.

**

Duncan contemplates Jonny and Pat’s suggestion to have a larger wedding while Brent is on a road trip for the Jets. He starts looking for a resort close to the cabin since he and Brent are going to get it alone while Duncan’s parent take the kids on the train to see Brent’s parents for a week after the wedding.

Duncan texts the link to the resort to Brent acknowledging he won’t get it until after the game.

*Duncs: Hey check this place out*

Duncan waits a couple of hours, watching the game Brent’s coaching. The older pair of boys are glued to the TV. Brent’s daughter and youngest son went to bed during first intermission. Brent makes an appearance during the 2nd intermission and talks about how their defense needs to pick up during the penalty kill and stay out of the box. Duncan looks fondly at the TV with the boys making gagging sounds at his look of admiration for his fiancé.

The game ends with a loss knocking the Jets out of the playoffs in the conference finals.

*Seabs: Probably booked all summer, but we can talk to them. See ya when I get home, love you!*

A string of kissing emojis follows. Duncan orders the kids to bed. Duncan hits the call button to talk to Brent while the Jets ride back to Calgary airport, the bus is eerily quiet as the players don
headphones to get lost in their own heads.

The following afternoon, Brent and Duncan call the resort on Hecla Island and make arrangements to visit a couple of days later while the kids are in school since it’s only a 2-hour drive from Winnipeg.

The resort is gorgeous, and there was a mid-week vacancy in July where everyone could fly into Winnipeg, spend a couple of days playing golf or fishing, go to the wedding, and head home. The place couldn’t have been more perfect for a group of current and former hockey players. They paid for half the rooms in the hotel in advance, blocked out the beach for the wedding, and picked out the menu. They arrive back in Winnipeg just in time to pick the kids back up from school.

A week after school ends for the summer, Duncan and Brent move the family back to the cabin for the summer so Duncan can tend to his cabin guests. Tazer and Kaner are spending time at the cabin to recover from losing the Cup to the Wings. One afternoon they make the two-hour journey down to Hecla Island again to make the final arrangements, they invite the teenage boys, Jonny, and Pat to shoot a round of golf while they are there.

In the two days leading up to the wedding, Duncan and Brent drop the kids off with Duncan’s parents at the farmhouse, fly down in Duncan’s plane to Winnipeg, refuel and fly back. Jonny and Patrick are hosting their stag party at the resort. They decided to make it a roast with hors-d’oeuvres, allowing any of Brent and Duncan’s former teammates or any of the Winnipeg Jets to give Brent and Duncan the hardest time possible.

Patrick steps on stage with a microphone, “Jonny and I would like to welcome you all to Brent and Duncan’s bachelor party. Since they should’ve married each other about their second season into the NHL, we decided that strippers and hookers were probably not necessary. Brent and Duncs are clearly domesticated already with 3 lovely boys and pre-teen girl that will challenge every moment of their lives in the next few years. Tonight we’re going to roast them so we asked you all to write out some stuff to embarrass the shit out of these two with and then the drunker we get the funnier this will be. To start out, Jonny and I thought it would be fun to tell you how their engagement night went.

Jonny turns on his mic too, “Oh this is going to be so good, they were both such clueless idiots that day. So for those of you who are oblivious, these two are such romantic saps that they were going to surprise each other with a proposal on the same night in Chicago. It was Valentine’s Day, and the Jets arrived around lunch time for a game the next evening, so Brent and Duncan invite us to lunch… separately.”

Pat interjects, “This is where it gets really awkward.” Jonny cracks a smile. The crowd laughs.
Jonny continues his recount, “So I drag Brent off to lunch and to get his ring and a special outfit. He wanted it to be such a surprise that he did all the shopping for the event on the day he was going to pop the question because apparently there are no jewelry stores or clothing stores in Winnipeg.” Brent chuckles and grabs Duncan’s hand.

Jonny turns at the pair catching their hands interlaced, “Why not just fucking make out already?”

Brent and Duncan oblige the captain’s request, the gathered party applaud.

Pat takes the monologue from Jonny, “So, Duncan dragged me off to do the same thing as Jonny and Brent had done. I get home and tell Jonny what had happened, then he tells me what Brent had done. I can only picture the poor cab driver that had two idiots telling him different instructions. Jonny here then performs a miracle by getting a last-minute dinner reservation, name dropping to get his own way, because when you’re Jonathan Toews apparently restaurant managers lose their shit over you.”

The crowd laughs. “Wrong roast Kaner, save that for my retirement party,” Jonny volleys, Patrick gets out a pen and writes it on the back of a card from the podium. “Besides you know that you enjoy the free food just as much as I do, Kaner. Back to these two, they get to our townhouse and we let them know what happened. Brent was a bright shade of red, and I’m sure Duncs’ jaw hit the floor.”

“A fly would have been thrilled,” Pat chirps. The party chuckles again.

“He’s not kidding,” Jonny concurs. “Duncs and Seabs say their sweet nothings to each other. I’m pretty sure I saw Kaner convulse over the sappiness.”

“My dentist had to fill three cavities the next day!” Pat exclaims.

“Not related Kaner,” Jonny chirps and Pat pouts. “Anyhow, that’s how we got here tonight.”

“So tonight we asked you to pick some roastable moments, we gave everyone a number and that’s the order that you are going to do your comic genius. We’re going to let you all mingle for a few minutes while we set the rest of this up. We got a beautiful poutine bar along either wall and a bar in the back for you. Drink up and enjoy the company of friends and family tonight.”
Sharpy started off the event talking about the time when Brent was living with Duncan in a downtown condo. Duncan has spilled a whey protein drink in his bedroom and never cleaned it up so the whole condo ended up smelling like rotten cow juice. He then talks about how Brent is a neat freak while Duncan is much more laid back. This was their first couples quarrel in Sharpy’s opinion.

Jamie Benn and Tyler Seguin ended up going together, because why wouldn’t they. They talked about one night when they went to put equipment away in a closet at the AAC and ended up walking in on Brent and Duncs making out in an equipment room.

Alex DeBrincat follows his words already a little slurry. He talks about how he appreciated Seabs for giving him a room when he arrived in Chicago and even though his space in the house was small, he felt like he was part of Brent’s family. He then chirps Duncan for his awful country singing in the carpools to practice, the airport, and the UC on game nights. Brent chimes in that it’s worse in the shower in the morning making Duncan turn bright red.

By the time Duncan’s father makes it to the podium, it’s clear the whiskey was quite a hit as shot after shot finds their way to Duncan, Brent, Jonny, and Pat. Brent’s face is a brilliant shade of maroon and Duncan looks like his head weighs a ton. Jonny and Pat are so drunk they laugh at just about anything said.

By the time midnight rolls around Jonny and Pat escort Duncan and Brent back to their suite using what is left of their strength to hold up their former teammates.

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Brent and Duncan wake the next morning, their wedding day slightly hung over. The mimosas delivered with their room service breakfast didn’t help matters. It takes 3 bottles of water, 2 doses of ibuprofen, and a b-complex to return them to human.

Brent leaves, heading to the spa to have his flow tended to and styled to ooze a maximum amount of sexiness on Duncan who is in the next room being exfoliated until his skin glows.

The pair trade places and get their beards coiffed until they are picture perfect and head downstairs to the beach to have pictures taken with the wedding party.

By early afternoon, the crowd assembles along the stony shore of Lake Winnipeg. Sharpy takes his place under the arch opening a book containing his handwritten script, and Brett Kissel warms up his guitar to sing “Grow Old” as Jonny and Pat’s adopted daughter spreads flower petals down
the aisle. Johnny and Pat follow, their hands locked together. Brent follows with Duncan behind
him. They join each other before the arch, grabbing each other’s hands, and face each other.

Sharpy places his hand on his book to hold the page and begins, “Friends, it is a great joy to have
you join Brent, Duncan, and I here today. These two were once called the odd couple and for
those of us who remember the time that these two shared a downtown condo together, you would
have believed them to be hockey married long before we got to this point today. Brent and Duncan
have shared a lot of highs in life including five Stanley Cup rings and supported each other through
the lows. We are not here to grieve the lows or celebrate the highs because these two have proved
that they can support each other on the good days and the bad ones too.

“Brent, do you take Duncan to be your lawfully wedded husband? Do you promise to support him
and make a home with him as full partners in marriage?”

Brent smiles at Duncan with a twinkle in his eye, “I will,” he says without thinking.

“Duncan, do you take Brent to be your lawfully wedded husband? Do you promise to support him
and make a home with him as full partners in marriage?”

Duncan’s face warms under the sun and with his continued locked gaze. “I will,” he responds.

“You have made the basic promises that the Province says constitutes a marriage. There is more to
a relationship. You need to make promises to each other. Brent, please make your promises to
Duncan.”

Brent clears his throat and opens the paper that was stored in his pants pocket. “I can't wait to see
the fantastic trouble we'll get into when we work together. We have a special and miraculous
connection that no one can break. I promise to nourish you bodily, intellectually, and with my
spirit,” Brent promises.

“With Duncan’s cooking, you really needed to add that last part.” Sharpy laughs with watering
eyes that sparkle in the sun, the crowd chuckles along to break the serious mood.

“Where were you last night to roast us with that?” Duncan protests.

The crowd chuckles again at the banter.
“Duncan,” Sharpy starts, still shaking from laughter, “please make your promises to Brent. I’m sorry,” Sharpy finishes, looking away to chuckle some more.

Duncan opens the vow notes he wrote, “I cannot say I forsake all others in love. I love my family, I love our friends, I will love our children, but I love you above all others, with a passion and fire that will never be quenched and burns brightly so that all around can see how much I burn for you.”

Sharpy opens his book again for the next prompt. “Neruda writes, ‘I do not love you as if you were salt-rose, or topaz, or the arrow of carnations the fire shoots off. I love you as certain dark things are to be loved, in secret, between the shadow and the soul. I love you as the plant that never blooms but carries in itself the light of hidden flowers; thanks to your love a certain solid fragrance, risen from the earth, lives darkly in my body. I love you without knowing how, or when, or from where. I love you straightforwardly, without complexities or pride; so I love you because I know no other way than this: where I does not exist, nor you, so close that your hand on my chest is my hand, so close that your eyes close as I fall asleep.’”

“The rings if you will,” Patrick requests as Jonny and Pat hastily grab them from their pants pockets.

Patrick holds one up and points out, “The ring has no beginning and no end, such is the love Brent and Duncan share. A ring cannot be broken just like the intimate bond you two share and cannot be broken by time or age. Brent, will you adorn Duncan with this ring and repeat after me.”

“With this ring, I wed thee,” Patrick starts and Brent repeats placing the shimmering piece of platinum on Duncan’s ring finger. “Every time you look at this token of our love, know that I’m thinking about you.”

“Duncan, will you adorn Brent with this ring and repeat after me,” Patrick guides.

Duncan repeats the same words Brent uttered and adds the band of metal to Brent’s finger.

“By the power vested in me by the Province of Manitoba, it is my pleasure to call you partners in marriage, please kiss your husband,” Sharpy announces.

The audience claps, whoops, and coos as Brent slips Duncan the tongue. “Alright you two, get
back down the aisle” Patrick orders as Brett starts playing “Canadian Kid” with the wedding party setting up a receiving line at the end of the aisle leading toward the hotel and the reception room.

Sharpy offers up the blessing for dinner even though Brent and Duncan don’t consider themselves religious, they know a few guests that are, so they respect their guests’ preferences.

The clinking of silverware on glasses makes Duncan wish they were using plastic, with the enthusiastic desires from the crowd for the newlyweds to kiss. Duncan guzzles water and Brent has lip balm on the table in front of him, but no matter how hard they try their lips are chapped by the time the soup course arrives at their table.

By the time soups and salads are consumed Jonny gets up to do his best man speech before everyone dives into the prime rib and roasted potatoes.

“Brent and Duncan have always been in tune with each other, except on this one pesky little thing. They were made for each other and for two boneheaded defensemen, I guess figuring it out almost 20 years later should be considered record time, all things considered. Duncan waited for you Brent, I don’t think you even realize it. You two lived next door to each other because Duncan needed that extra support structure. He was grateful to have you help him raise Justin. Duncan was there because without you, he wasn’t complete.

Dayna told me at the convention that she knew your mind had been more on Duncan than her for the last couple of years and she left you knowing that you would eventually find happiness. The reason she tracked you down at the IcePlex was to tell you that, but instead you went off on her, she wanted me to tell you that she is happy for you and that you and Duncan deserve the family you have now.

I didn’t plan this speech to be such a downer, but to basically tell you that you should have done this all sooner and saved yourselves and the rest of us the years of torture. Brent and Duncan, you’ve always been soulmates, that much has been obvious to anyone who has ever spent more than two minutes in the same room with you two together. For many years of happiness, cheers!”

The crowd raises their glasses and the sounds of clinking glasses echo through the room as the waiters dole out plates to every table.

“Jonny,” Brent croaks, “Dayna really wanted to say those things and I wouldn’t let her?” His tone is gloomy and guilty sounding.
“She was so adamant that she left me a letter to give you. I didn’t bring it because I read it and incorporated the gist of it in my toast to you two. Essentially it was a note to tell you how happy she is for you and that she wanted you to have as many years with Duncs as you could,” Jonny said. Duncan cuts off a bite of steak to shove in Brent’s mouth preventing a reply.

“Leave it,” Duncan says in a warning tone. “Tonight is about us.”

Dinner plates are cleared in preparation for the milk and cookies torte plates awaiting consumption when Patrick gets up for his toast.

“I should know better than to let Jonny give a speech before me. I’m glad Duncan and Brent found happiness at last, even if it is more than a decade past due. You have four amazing children and exemplify the modern-day ‘Brady Bunch’. I commend Duncan for learning how to be a single dad on the fly and Brent for being there to pick up the pieces while Duncan did his best to improvise. As professional athletes we ride a tall rollercoaster of emotions. The peaks are really high and the valleys are really low, through all of it Brent and Duncan were there for each other.

“To say they are soulmates is an understatement of the depth of Brent and Duncan’s relationship. For want of a better term, they are soul twins. Duncan and Brent can actually read each other’s minds. You can watch them actually do it, in fact they’re doing it now. Save that thought for a couple more hours guys.” Brent and Duncan glare at Pat, but he’s right they’d rather be naked in bed right now.

Pat finishes, “To quote Brent earlier, I can’t wait to see what trouble you two can manage when you are together. I can’t imagine truer words. To a long life of all kinds of mischievousness, cheers!”

The crowd clinks their glasses again, filled with champagne this time, and dessert is dished out.

Once it appears everyone is done with their meal the divider with the room next door is removed. Jonny gets up and quiets the conversation amongst guests.

“Now is the time for dancing, drinking, and mingling. Brett has been so generous with his time. The bar is open. Mingle, dance, sing along if you desire, but more importantly enjoy the company of our friends and families. I think it’s time though that Brent and Duncan have their first dance as a married couple,” Jonny announces.
Brent and Duncan share a horrified look at the prospect of dancing together. Brent leans in and whispers, “I think we forgot to practice something.”

Duncan smiles and kisses Brent, “We’ll be fine. I picked out a nice tune for Brett to sing so that we can share a loving moment, just don’t step on my feet.”

They start the dancing with a Brett Kissel version of Lady Antebellum’s “Our Kind of Love”. Each song transitions from slow to faster, then back to slow again. Brent and Duncan share dances with each other’s mother then take a break from dancing to mingle with their guests and thank Sharpy for officiating the service.

The hour of midnight chimes its final toll and the party disperses to their individual rooms. Brent and Duncan alone to their honeymoon suite for the night.

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“That was a beautiful service,” Brent comments, looking down on Duncan who’s laying in his lap. Brent bends down to kiss him. “You’re mine now.”

“Just the way it was meant to be,” Duncan smiles back. Brent is pretty sure his heart skips a beat.

More kissing follows as a movie plays on the room TV in the background. Neither Duncan nor Brent are paying much attention to it. They’ve both watched it enough times to quote the script back to you with near perfect lines. Duncan feels the brush of Brent’s manhood against his ass cheek.

“So did your wallet shift or are you really happy to be with me?” Duncan chirps.

Brent smiles and blushes.

“Aww, you know how cute you are when you turn red?” Duncan coos with a giant grin showing a gap-toothed smile of a defenseman.

“The smile on your face says it all, Duncs,” Brent flirts back.
“God you know how to get to me,” Duncan murmurs. He lifts himself up to straddle Brent’s thick thighs.

“I’ve always known how to push your buttons,” Brent chirps with a sly grin between kisses. “Why don’t we move this to the bedroom,” he commands.

Brent guides his new husband by his hand, both of them barely touching but intimate enough to sense the other’s presence.

“No kids for a week,” Duncan notes.

“We can be as loud as we want, only Kaner and Tazer next door to chirp us at breakfast in the morning,” Brent notes.

“Who said we’re leaving this room for breakfast?” Duncan protests. “I’m your breakfast, dear,” he notes, leading the next string of kisses and ripping off Brent’s tie and progressing too slowly undoing the buttons of Brent’s maroon waistcoat and then the white dress shirt underneath.

Once Brent’s bare chest is exposed, he lays on the bed making eye contact with Duncan. Duncan had undone the waistcoat when he walked in the room, so Brent tugs off the tie and begins undoing the buttons of Duncan’s shirt until both of them are bare-chested.

The skin on skin contact of their spouse warms the air in the room and raises the humidity causing beads of sweat to form on Duncan’s brow and the widow’s peak of Brent’s hair to dampen.

Duncan removes Brent’s belt then undoes the fasteners of the tux pants to find Brent exposed without the protection of boxers.

“Someone’s confident,” Duncan smirks. “Saving me steps already in getting you laid.”

Through the wall, a loud moan shatters the quiet of the honeymoon suite.
“God Patrick is such a slut for Jonny’s dick,” Duncan grumbles.

“Just like I am for yours,” Brent coos propping himself up to make out with Duncan some more and tickling Duncan’s obliques with a light touch.

Duncan breaks the kiss and sucks hickeys into each of Brent’s nipples. The redness making the nubs perk up to full attention. Duncan continues the work down Brent’s torso past his cock and marks up Brent’s inner thighs with a long string of bruises.

“Fuck dear, now I can’t wear shorts tomorrow,” Brent complains.

“Won’t matter, we’re going back to the cabin and I’m taking you out in the forest to fuck me al fresco,” Duncan retorts sliding back up Brent’s body and planting his lips against Brent’s again and sliding his dick in Brent’s waiting ass.

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The following morning the guests all assembled for a send-off breakfast. Brent and Duncan arrived looking very hungover and disheveled just to prove they consummated the marriage the previous night.

They leave their kids in the capable hands of Duncan’s parents and wave to their guests from the car as guests shower the new couple in bubbles. They drive off with the “Just Married” sign plastered to the back of Duncan’s pickup.

The drive back to the cabin seems unendingly long. Brent ushers Duncan onto his shoulders opening the door to carry his new husband through the threshold.

“To our new adventure together,” Brent says with a lilt, wrapping his arms around Duncan.

“Yeah Seabs,” Duncan says breathlessly as he plants his lips on Brent.

They break the passion, “Let’s go get some board shorts on, I have something I’ve wanted to do to you for a while.”
Duncan grabs Brent by the hand to their bedroom. “Oh I think I want you to put this in, make sure you really want me by the time we get there,” Duncan flirts, handing Brent a butt plug.

“Well put it in, eh?” Brent requests. Duncan smiles as he grabs the lube to insert the device.

Brent breathes through the intrusion and puts on his board shorts trying not to let the plug slide out or shift. Duncan packs a small bag of gear and a small cooler of a picnic lunch.

Brent unties the boat as Duncan roars the engine to life. Brent shoves the boat away from the dock and jumps in. Duncan throws the throttle to full and steers into open water, slowing in the harbor of the uninhabited island north of Pine Dock. The cool breeze of the lake makes the nipples of a bare-chested Brent perk up to attention. Duncan looks over through his sunglasses and makes a note to mark those up later.

“How romantic, you wanted to fuck me outside,” Brent says making Duncan blush.

“All alone with you to myself,” Duncan gushes as he leans over to kiss Brent once the boat’s hull hits the sandy shore.

Brent exits along with Duncan to tug the boat more firmly on the shore. Duncan grabs the gear and finds a small clearing in the wilderness, placing a couple of blankets down to serve up lunch.

After lunch is consumed Duncan crawls over to Brent who is basking in the sunlight. “So about that plug.” Duncan grins planting a kiss on Brent and massaging Brent’s cock through the shorts. Brent just moans a hum of satisfaction into Duncan’s mouth, closing his eyes to enjoy the intimate touch.

“Flirt,” Brent hums as Duncan deprives him of his shorts exposing his hardened dick. Duncan gabs Brent’s throbbing cock giving it some loose gentle sensual tugs that make Brent bite back a moan.

“Come on baby, we can be as loud as we want and no one will hear us,” Duncan murmurs into Brent’s ear then taking the lobe in between his teeth. Brent releases a high pitched howl.
“That’s it, baby, making me so goddamn hard,” Duncan says pressing his body against Brent to let him know exactly how hard he is for his spouse.

Duncan slithers down Brent’s body and takes the hardened nubs on Brent’s chest between his teeth sucking and biting until Brent is reduced to moans and a string of fuck’s.

“Such a dirty mouth babe,” Duncan groans.

“Fuck Duncs,” Brent hisses tugging Duncan back to his mouth, sucking in Duncan’s lower lip and nibbling gently on the flesh forcing it to swell and turn red. Once satisfied Duncan’s lips are in dick sucking shape he slides to place his throbbing erection against Duncan’s cheeks. Duncan takes the hint and slides the cock into his mouth, bobbing and humming against it causing shivers up Brent’s spine.

“Don’t worry baby we will,” Duncan says with a sly smile flicking at the plug in Brent’s hole.

“Shit,” Brent hisses as Duncan plays with the plug in Brent’s ass.

Duncan looks at the strained face Brent is exhibiting. “Ready babe?”

Brents nods, his breath rapid as Duncan lubes his dick and removes the plug. The feeling of emptiness causes an involuntary whine to spew.

Duncan replaces the plug with his dick. Brent lets out a long sigh as the feeling of fullness envelopes him. “Relieved for having dick there Seabs?” Duncan asks lovingly.

“Love your dick babe,” Brent groans out.

Duncan starts slow, trying to draw out the fucking. Being outdoors makes the whole experience feel natural. No condoms, no walls, no kids, everything is just them making love in the woods. Duncan smothers Brent’s body with his own, sucking welts into Brent’s neck then letting Brent do the same thing to him. They mark each other as their own as if the rings weren’t enough of a signifier.
Duncan hastens his pace, hitting Brent with sensations of stars with each thrust in and whimpers as he slightly slides out, brushing Brent’s prostate with each thrust and causing Brent’s cock to leak a little precome with each thrust.

“Such a tease babe,” Brent moans as he grabs his cock to jack himself off.

“Come around me Seabs. Want to feel your orgasmic pulses,” Duncan requests.

“Gonna come soon babe,” Brent groans.

“Come for me babe,” Duncan says and just as he does, Brent’s ass spams become more frequent.

Brent lets out one last growl, and his load shoots all over his chest. Duncan slows his thrusts and bottoms out to kiss his appreciation for Brent being so good for him.

Duncan picks up his thrusts. Brent’s whines and groans get higher and higher in pitch at the overstimulation until the highest one sends Duncan over the edge. Duncan’s orgasm moans cross into Brent’s mouth while grunting out the last of his load and filling Brent’s ass with come.

Duncan slowly allows himself to go boneless so he slowly slips out of Brent, smiling at him and keeping the sex drunk smile on his face fixed. Brent does the same, that honeymoon feeling is still there and every time they have these feeling, it still feels like the first time.

“Should get home, I have a roast I’m making for dinner,” Brent comments.

“If you insist,” Duncan groans slipping the rest of the way out of Brent.

They get back to the cabin and Duncan gets the bedroom ready for a nap as Brent gets the roast ready for the smoker and into the heated environment. He walks into the bedroom stripping off his board shorts and changes into a pair of boxers with a low whistle coming from his husband patting the bed waiting to curl into him.

They wake up several hours later. Duncan preps a fire on the patio while Brent prepares some baked potatoes. He pulls out the hot smoked roast adding it into a pan with a couple bottles of
An hour later the roast finishes in the oven. Brent slices it out into a couple of large chunks and places it on plates with the potatoes and butter the fluffy insides of the spuds.

“So my dear, what did you have in mind for the rest of the week?”

“Well I have this kayak trip idea, why do you think I’ve had you in the gym every day for the last three weeks?” Duncan says.

Brent looks at Duncan like he’s lost his mind when he hears the rest of the honeymoon plans. “What did you say we are doing the rest of this week and part of next?”

“We’re going to leave the truck at a buddy of mine’s in Dauphin River and kayak the river from Lake Winnipeg to Lake Manitoba,” Duncan repeats.

“That’s, what, a couple hundred kilometers, no?” Brent replies, unsure of his math.

“Yeah, Jonny and Pat are going to pick us up in Oak Point.”

“So what are we doing about camping gear?” Brent inquires.

Duncan pulls out a map, “Well I own rental cabins all along that river and the lakes, and I made sure a few of them got left vacant this week. They’re more like AirBnB’s.” Brent is impressed at how well Duncan had thought this out.

“Could be fun I guess,” Brent shrugs.

They head to bed early that night, Brent still trying to tighten back up from their wilderness romp earlier.

The next morning the sun was barely above the horizon when Duncan woke Brent with breakfast in bed. “Hmm coffee and buckwheat pancakes. You sure know how to romance a guy,” Brent
smirks.

“We need the carbs and fuck Sharpy for saying I can’t cook,” Duncan retorts.

“You do breakfast well,” Brent says batting his eyelashes prompting Duncan to lean in so he could kiss the chef. “Dinner, however…”

“Remind me again how I love you?” Duncan chirps shoving Brent back into his pillow.

“Cause my ass is tighter than a drum head,” Brent volleys with a lilt in his voice.

“Okay you got me there, eat up we gotta get on the road,” Duncan commands. Brent salutes him as Duncan runs to the bathroom to finish his morning routine and pack a bag with a clothes change, underwear and some toiletries.

“You pack light,” Brent says with a smile.

“It’s a kayak, not a hotel room,” Duncan says walking out to the living room. “I packed yours too it’s over on the chair by the fireplace. Did you shower?”

“Yeah, used the guest room. I can’t believe you still lock the door now that we’re married.”

They throw the kayaks in the pickup and tie them down, throwing their bags and a case of tiny Gatorade bottles in the backseat of the extended cab. They head back toward the main highway toward Gimli, turning off to head toward Lake Manitoba then north to Dauphin River.

They get to a clapboard house along the river where it flows into Lake Winnipeg. “Nik?” Brent asks thinking he’d be in Denmark. “Rous?” he asks again equally confused.

“Wow Seabs, you really are dense. Why do you think you got that question at the Canucks season opener last season? Better get used to seeing him, I heard he signed as a Jet this year in FA,” Duncs whispers in Brent’s ear.
Brent smiles and walks up, hugging both hockey players. Duncs removes his shirt and throws on some sunscreen and a life jacket. Brent follows suit then undoes the straps to the kayaks.

“What’s for food?” Brent asks.

“Got stuff for peanut butter sandwiches when we get to the sandy islands up the river a way. One small detail… the river current will be against us, just so you know,” Duncan notes. Brent rolls his eyes.

“I knew you’d make this as hard as possible,” Brent sighs. Duncan winks at Brent. Brent jumps in his kayak and Duncan tosses him a dozen bottles of Gatorade and the extra bottle of sunscreen.

They paddle against the current for a while until they find a part of the river where the currents aren’t so strong to conserve energy. “Can’t tire out too fast, got 25km to do before we can stop for food,” Duncan notes.

Brent spots the Braid Islands, “There, Duncs?” He asks for confirmation.

“Yeah, try to catch the first one,” Duncs replies as the catches up a little.

“How do you feel?” Duncan asks once they’re both on shore.

“My arms are like jelly,” Brent groans as cracks open a bottle of Gatorade looking like he’s exerting extreme energy.

“Only another 6 km tonight before our first stop,” Duncan says consulting his map.

“We’ll never get there if we go this slow,” Brent comments.

“The first few days are the hardest, then we get into some lakes where there won’t be these strong currents,” Duncan says.

They eat for a bit having several sandwiches apiece. Duncan lays down on the sand, “Shall we
continue or do you need a mo’? We have about another hour before we have to get on the river.”

“Can we just absorb a few rays before we move again?” Brent pleads.

“Yeah, here let me,” Duncan says lifting the life vest off and grabbing Brent’s hand to lay on the warm sand.

“I could get used to this,” Brent comments feeling nice and relaxed. “I mean not having to deal with the stress of hockey season. I can live off the interest we have in the bank and your business does pretty well.”

“Brent you are so restless, you’d be climbing the walls by day 3 of full retirement,” Duncan comments.

“You’re probably right, just would love to be able to take it easy more often,” Brent sighs.

“Isn’t one of the scouts retiring?” Duncan questions.

“He talked about it, I’ll have to ask the GM when we get back to civilization,” Brent notes.

“Well then let’s start paddling to our cabin for the night so we can get you back to civilization,” Duncan says, standing and asking for Brent’s hand to help him up off the ground.

“Can’t wait for a shower,” Brent groans.

Duncan laughs, “Yeah about that, going to have to bathe in the river tonight, this cabin is really rustic.”

Brent groans as his misfortune, “Then what about dinner?”

“Well, if Rous and Nik kept their word, it will be waiting there for us,” Duncan yells back. Brent picks up his speed to get to the cabin faster.
They arrive at the cabin and just as promised dinner in a slow cooker pot was waiting for them still warm even with a note.

*Enjoy dinner you saps. Nik says it’s something Scandinavian, so good luck. -Rous*

Brent slowly uncovers the crock looking nervous. What is inside looks beef-looking, but the smell is gamier.

“Looks like venison if I had to venture a guess,” Brent comments.

“Wouldn’t surprise me, plentiful meat up here,” Duncan shrugs, grabbing the spoon and a plate. The meat was accompanied by potatoes which is something that relaxes Brent.

“This is good,” Brent gushes. “Little gamey, but good!” He exclaims further.

“Good, I’ll get the recipe,” Duncan smiles. Brent flicks a little bit of potato at him then kisses it back off him.

“Let’s go rinse off so we can get to bed,” Duncan requests, stripping off his clothes.

“Fuck this water’s cold,” Brent curses. Duncan shrugs off Brent’s concern and then dunks him in the water to get the sand out of his hair.

“Oh, you fucker!” Brent exclaims dunking Duncan in retribution. They exit the water quickly, running inside to light a fire to dry off.

They wake early again the next day. Duncan hands Brent a couple of slices of bread with peanut butter.

“Our next stop has a grocery store a bit of a walk from the cabin and has some modern amenities,” Duncan announces as he cleans up the cabin for the next guest.
They paddle further down the river against the current until the river widens out into a lake and current.

“Keep to the right, eh!” Duncan yells back. They hug the shoreline until a village comes into view. Duncan beaches his kayak and helps Brent heave his on shore when one of the villagers came out to see them.

“Oh no, you didn’t tell me this was a First Nation reserve!” Brent exclaims.

“Relax, I have a lot of friends here,” Duncan reassures.

“Duncan good to see you, friend. Come over to my house for lunch,” the man exclaims.

“Sure Eddie, this is my husband…” Duncan introduces but apparently didn’t need.

“Brent, yes I saw in the paper. You were the buzz of town for several days,” Eddie notes.

“Duncan?” Brent asks.

“My company helped these people rebuild the second part of town after the 2011 floods,” Duncan responds to the question not asked. “We built houses here along with the community and did it at cost. I figure it was a way of giving back.”

“You didn’t start that company until 2019, it took that long to rebuild?” Brent inquires further as they walk into the town.

“You have no idea what a mess this place was, the main road remained flooded for years, the flood destroyed everything,” Eddie mentions. “Duncan’s company built my house and the tribe helped me get the loan for it until our payments came back from the government for displacing us.”

“You really do good work, dear!” Brent says giving a Duncan a peck of appreciation. Duncan couldn’t help but blush.
They get to Eddie’s house and while cozy and small, it is well built and quaint. They sit at his table and Eddie cooks up a quick lunch of smoked trout on toast.

“So fresh and clean, you make this yourself Eddie?” Brent appreciates.

“Yeah, caught and smoked it last weekend,” Eddie replies. “It’s been nice to get out on the lake, I canoe out on the lake just like you did.”

“So life back to normal now?” Duncan asks as he takes a bite of his sandwich and munches on a few chips.

“Almost, I think your business partner was just up to see if we needed anything else built,” Eddie states.

“Good, I told him to build you guys something really nice on us,” Duncan mentions.

“Yeah, he is going to get us a nice community park with a place for a rink and playground that can be used all year around. I think it’ll finish off the community well, I know our current Chief was very pleased.”

Brent smiles at Duncan who blushes again. Eddie looks at the pair, “You two love each other, it’s okay to kiss. Chief says you are staying at his place tonight by the lake. I’ll walk you there after lunch, he’s at the community center right now helping out with elder care today.”

“You really know how to call in favors,” Brent observes.

“Tazer taught me a lot,” Duncan deadpans, “that was one of them.” Eddie laughs as they get up from the table to walk over to the community center.

They walk across the small village, arriving at the community hall about a half an hour later. The Chief walks them through the village, talking about how the flood escalated and how the town rebuilt afterward with the help of Duncan’s company. They stay the night dining, sleeping, enjoying breakfast, and grabbing stuff for lunch somewhere along the way that afternoon.
Brent groans when he gets in his kayak and Duncan laughs at him. “Not funny asshole!” Brent exclaims, grabbing his lower back that spasmed when he sat down.

They arrive for lunch at Little Saskatchewan and Duncan announces to Brent, “Whatever happens here, don’t drink the water.”

“Duncan!” the man yells from the shore as the pair paddle toward the shoreline.

“Just how many people do you know here?” Brent chirps massaging his eyes.

“I’ve made it my mission to use the profits my company makes to help out the First Nations,” Duncan shrugs. Brent knew Duncan didn’t need the money his business makes, but it does pay the bills. Brent’s heart leaps at Duncan’s generosity.

They enter the newly built home of the man that greeted them. Duncan explains, “Mikey here lost his house to a wildfire a couple years ago. When his Chief told me that he didn’t have insurance for it, I knew I had to help, so here it is.”

“Well, minus the water,” Mikey admits.

“Is Indian Affairs ever going to fix that?” Duncan asks.

“No plan we know of so far,” Mikey sighs.

You could see the anger swell in Brent, the red starts in his neck and slowly overtakes the flesh tone of skin in his face. “That’s fucking horseshit!” Brent exclaims.

“We brought lunch from Lake St. Martin,” Duncan says, pulling out the essentials for peanut butter and jam sandwiches.

Brent swallows his first bite, “What’s wrong with the water?”

Mikey stands up silently, walking over to the sink and grabbing a glass out of a cupboard. He
turns on the tap and dispenses a glassful of water and sets it on the table.

“Looks like piss,” Duncan notes.

Brent takes a sniff and scrunches his nose, “Smells like piss.”

Duncan stands up, “Can I use your phone?” Mikey nods.

“Hey Seth, I know you just got back from Lake St. Martin, but I have a question for you. What does an RO system cost for a house?” Brent watches as Duncan listens to the other side of the conversation.

“Seriously, less than $500 a house?” Duncan repeats for confirmation.

“Duncan,” Brent says trying to catch his husband’s attention.

“Yeah love,” Duncan says covering the receiver on the phone.

“I’ll buy the systems if your company can pay to install them,” Brent says looking Mikey in the eye, waiting for a smile. What he ends up with was tears.

“Get it done Seth,” Duncan orders on the phone, Brent can hear the project manager swearing about controlling the costs. “We’ll talk more when I get back to civilization.”

“It’s okay Mikey,” Duncan says rubbing the man’s back.

“I’m happy Duncan. You care more about us than my own government. Thank you for helping us,” Mikey says, wiping the tears off his face.

They all finish lunch and thank their host for his hospitality. Mikey thanks them with a hug.
Duncan paddles alongside Brent as they get to the mouth of the Fairford River. “So the current won’t be too bad here but hug the right shore or you’ll run aground,” Duncan notes.

“Got it,” Brent notes.

The stream is scant from the dry weather of the mid-summer. Duncan and Brent kept scraping the bottom of the river with their kayaks and almost planting their paddle into the riverbed. A couple of kilometers down the river is an estuary lake.

“Okay Seabs, the left is a bayou and the right is kind of a lake. We have to go up and around the bayou islands and do a short portage on the other side to get back into river water. Ready?” Duncan asks.

“Got it,” Brent replies looking at the confusing expanse of swamp ahead of them.

“Now might be a good time for bug spray,” Duncan comments, spraying down every piece of exposed skin with Brent following suit.

They spend all afternoon moving through the waters of Lake Pineimuta. The mosquitoes are swarming their sweaty skin, made tacky by the bug spray, resulting in an uncomfortable feeling for Brent and Duncan. By the time they lift their kayaks out of the water onto the marshy ground on the other side, Brent feels like he’s paddled forever.

Once they get their kayaks back in the water it is close to dinner, when another First Nation reserve comes in to view.


“This is important to me Brent,” Duncan explains, Brent sits up at the serious tone.

“I get that this is important, and it saddens me that this is the plight we gave to people that should be treated like human beings,” Brent whines. “But why is every stop in the First Nations.”

“Well, this is First Nation territory and, well, buying land here for vacation cabins is a little tough,
so I needed to cash in a few favors for places to stay,” Duncan grins.

“Ah,” Brent says, lacking a rebuttal.

“I do want to thank you though for helping me with the water situation in Mikey’s community,” Duncan adds. “They’ve had no drinking water there, and while my company makes a lot of money to help out, building a municipal water system isn’t exactly affordable, but this gift will help.”

“Thank me by fucking me senseless when we get to a legitimate hotel room,” Brent flirts.

“Noted,” Duncan accepts then knocks on the door of the home closest to shore.

“Could have warned me, Duncan,” the lady who answers the door says.

“Who is it?” a man shouts at a distance.

“It’s Duncan and Brent dear, they’re a little early,” she shouts back. She looks at the couple on her porch, “Do come in.”

They sit in the living room watching TV while dinner finishes in the oven.

“This is one of the communities that recovered easier from the flood of Lake Manitoba,” Duncan whispers to Brent.

“Would have been better with styrofoam furniture wrapped in plastic wrap,” the man says introducing himself simply as Steve and his wife as Janelle.

They eat, sleep, and eat some more the following morning before kayaking against an immense current. “God… Duncs… I can’t take more of this current!” A clearing starts to appear at the right and a spillway comes into view explaining the rapids.

“Ah yes,” Duncan says attempting to catch his breath. “Paddle.. to.. the.. right,” he finishes between gasps of breath.
They paddle to the shore. Duncan hauls his kayak on shore and helps Brent with his. “Let’s grab some lunch from the camp store of this campground,” Duncan says pointing at the small building a few hundred feet away.

Duncan walks over to the store and comes back with a couple of sandwiches and a bag of chips. “Finally some meat!” Brent gripes.

Duncan smiles and presses his lips onto Brent’s mustard coated cheek.

Duncan watches Brent massage his arms. “Can you handle your kayak for about a 2-kilometer walk so we don’t have to paddle our asses off against the spillway current?” Duncan inquires.

“Sounds good to me,” Brent says like it’s the best idea he’s heard in a century. Brent winces as his back spasms again.

“So what’s the plan, Duncan?”

“I think from here to Steep Rock is 16.2 kilometers. I have a cabin with actual water and electricity there and there’s a restaurant. Then paddle to The Narrows about 60 kilometers, and then overnight there. The final leg will be about 60 kilometers to Oak Point with a motel room and Jonny and Pat picking us up to bring us back to the cabin,” Duncan narrates.

“I get it, you’re trying to kill me,” Brent chirps.

“Nah, the faster we get to Stoney Point, the faster we get ice cream…” Duncan teases.

Brent smiles and lifts his kayak as though he turned into Superman, “Well then let’s get this leg over with!” Duncan follows as Brent marches toward highway 6 and the pathway to the Lake Manitoba shore.

By the time Duncan and Brent get to Oak Point, Brent is pretty sure he is now intimate with every muscle between his abs and neck including both arms.
Jonny and Pat are waiting on the shore as promised both looking smug.

“Duncs, god, you aren’t supposed to kill him before the first anniversary,” Pat chirps, tugging Brent’s boat in.

They load the kayaks in Pat’s Hummer and head back to the hotel. Once in the room, Brent cuddles into Duncan on the bed. Five minutes later, and Brent passes out in Duncan’s arms.

A couple of hours later, Pat wakes them up for dinner at the hotel diner. Jonny judges the menu looking for anything he can eat without wrecking his diet plan.

“Jesus,” Pat groans, “we fucking retired, there is no diet plan anymore.”

“Gotta set a good example for the rookies,” Jonny notes.

Duncan and Brent look up in confusion. “He’s gone from Captain Serious to Coach Serious,” Pat banters.

Duncan turns to Pat, “So what does retirement hold for you?”

“Assistant GM in the AHL,” Pat notes.

“Umm, fair warning,” Duncan starts, shoving a forkful of hot meatloaf sandwich in his mouth at dinner. “You two are in for a surprise tomorrow when we get back to Dauphin River.”

They get back to Dauphin River, six hours later, and Patrick and Jonny get out of the car, shocked by the sight of two hockey players walking out of the cabin where Duncan’s truck is parked.

“Was this the surprise?” Patrick inquires.

“Yeah, Rous and Nikolaj you know Jonny and Pat,” Brent introduces.
“Are they um…” Jonny starts pointing back and forth to imply the rest of his thoughts without actually saying them.

“Ouais,” Rous answers, to Jonny’s delight, in French, then tangles his fingers together with Nik’s.

Jonny and Pat smile, “Guess 1 in 10 isn’t far off,” they say together.

“Jinx,” Patrick laughs.

“Well Rous, Nik, thanks for taking care of the truck. We’ll see you in the fall. Pat, Jonny, thanks for the ride. I’m going to take this one home and bathe him in muscle rub,” Duncan announces. He starts the truck and Brent jumps in for the ride back to the cabin. They wave as they head down the dusty gravel road.

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“We’re baaaaccckkkk,” Carston bellows sing-song style from the front door, startling the two naked men laying in their bed for an afternoon nap.

Brent wipes the sleep from his eyes, “God I so didn’t miss that, what do you say we banish them to Grandma Seabrook’s house until pre-season?”

“I’d love that, but I think our kids would kill us if we denied them cabin time all summer,” Duncan responds.

Brent grumbles, trying to warm his muscles back up then smiles, “We did let them have a month.” Duncan pins the prone man back to the bed and kisses him passionately.

“True, but…” Duncan’s thought is interrupted by a turning doorknob. He quickly adjusts back to laying down.

“Why is it you two are both always naked when we walk in there?” Beatrice yells from the door after opening it briefly then slamming it shut.
Brent and Duncan laugh at their daughter’s misfortune but deny her a valid explanation to marital bliss. They quickly dress in the clothes piled on the floor and head out to the great room.

“D’you guys grab lunch?” Brent asks his mother.

“Yeah, we stopped in Gimli before we left civilization. Did you enjoy your honeymoon son?” She asks back.

Brent rubs his sore biceps, “Yeah, as soon as I recover from the extreme workout that Duncan gave me.”

“Beg your pardon?” Brent’s dad asks.

Duncan smiles then giggles, “I took him on the kayak trip between Lake Winnipeg and Lake Manitoba, against the current.”

Brent grabs a sore spot in his back then looks at Duncan, “Speaking of which, you owe me some muscle rub asshole.”

“Gladly!” Duncan exclaims as he pads to the bathroom.

“Sounds like you two had quite the workout,” Brent’s mom replies, massaging Brent’s biceps.

“Yeah mom,” Brent mutters when Duncan walks in the room with a bottle of Deep Heat. Brent groans as the rub goes to work warming his arms, chest, and shoulders.

“So do you love him more now?” Brent’s mom inquires as she watches her son relax.

Duncan smiles as he slides in behind Brent on the chaise, he knows the answer. Brent starts nodding off. “More than the first time,” he mumbles before drifting off. Duncan kisses Brent’s hair and lets him enjoy the nap he deserves.
Chapter End Notes

Yes, I redeemed Dayna. I was told she's a really nice person and I couldn't leave her vilified in this story.

She knew Brent's real feelings were for Duncan and wanted him to have what he should have had a long time ago.

Works inspired by this one: Reels like the first time: the ebook adaptation by cuddlefighter (bibbasaur)

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