

If in doubt call Yuna

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If in doubt call Yuna

by [Bundog](#)

Summary

When Rozanov gets knocked down, they have to call his emergency contact. So imagine Marlow's shock when Rozanov's emergency contact was Yuna Hollander

Notes

Is it obvious I'm obsessed with heated rivalry rn?

It was a brutal hit, not too dissimilar to what happened with Hollander last season. Dread filled Marlow's gut, they had no chance of winning if Roz had to sit out due to an injury, also obviously he was concerned for his friend, no one wanted to see their friend knocked down on the ice.

He watched from the bench as the medical team rushed out onto the ice to check over Roz, it took all of five minutes for one of them to roll out a stretcher for Roz. His coach then called out to the team, "Does anyone have a number we can call for Roz?"

Everyone was looking at each other, eyes wide, mouths held in a grimace, as they all realised none of them had any clue who they needed to call, Marlow knew Roz had that girl in Montreal, but he'd always assumed that was just casual, but it was the best bet they had.

"He's got a girl, in Canada, I know he's been seeing her for almost as long as I've known him," Marlow piped up.

"That's really no help," Coach sighed, "Guess I'll have to find his emergency contact sheet." Marlow quietly thought that Coach should've done that first, and if that was no help only then he should've asked the team, but he didn't fancy starting shit. He sauntered off, in search of their personnel files.

Thankfully, unlike what happened with Hollander, Roz had taken that hit towards the end of their game against Toronto. It was also a relief that it had been a home game, otherwise they would've had to have left Roz in a hospital in some random city he didn't know.

As soon as the game was over Coach had gathered them up with an update on Roz's condition. He had bruised ribs and a mild concussion, he'd miss the next two games, but would be back before they played Montreal at least. Marlow didn't know whether that was a relief or not, on one hand Montreal is their biggest rival, coupled with the whole Rozanov vs. Hollander, on the other hand Marlow was terrified, he knew he couldn't go within 2 metres of Hollander without Roz staring daggers at him.

He still remembered what had happened after he'd knocked Hollander out, the fury in Roz's eyes and the way he shouted at the team and specifically Marlow. He guessed that maybe in Roz's head the only person allowed to do anything like that to Hollander was himself, given their whole rivalry.

"Marlow, you're the closest to Roz, may I speak to you?" The coach called out, Marlow snapped into attention.

"Yes, Coach?" Marlow followed the coach into his office.

"Would you have any idea why Roz's emergency contact was Yuna Hollander?" One thing Marlow had to give their coach was that he was blunt. "When she first picked up I thought it was some joke Roz had played, you know, having the mum of his arch rival as his emergency contact. But she definitely didn't sound surprised that she was his contact, and she definitely sounded worried."

“Honestly, I have no clue, Roz’s personal life is a complete mystery to me,” Marlow shrugged, he didn’t have any clue what to think of it. “I mean, Roz’s parents are both dead, and I’m sure he’s managed to meet Hollander’s mum given how many times they’ve done promo together.”

“But why?”

“Better ask Roz that, did Mrs. Hollander say anything?”

“Yeah, she said she’d be getting the next flight she could to Boston, and would look after Roz once he’s discharged. It’s all very odd.”

Marlow humphed in agreement, it was such a strange thing.

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Like a good friend, Marlow dropped by the hospital to check up on his friend, but also to maybe find out why on earth he had Yuna Hollander as his emergency contact. There was a nagging feeling about Roz’s Montreal girl, that this Montreal girl had something to do with this, and perhaps she wasn’t a girl.

Marlow may have knocked his head a few too many times for it to be healthy, but he was a decent hockey player he had to be very observant during games, and that skill had become useful outside of games as well.

Roz was half conscious when he entered the room, “Marly!” he slurred, “Have you come to see me?”

“No, I’m actually here to see Doris next door. Of course I’m here to see you, you idiot.”

“You love me,” Roz smiled, eyes shut, “You have presents, yes?”

“I brought some flowers, from the team, and some fruit, also from the team. We want you to have a speedy recovery.”

“Because I am the best hockey player?” Roz giggled, “You will lose when I am not there.”

“Always so humble Roz. Mind if I sit with you for a bit?” Roz nodded, his eyes still mostly shut. “Coach had a moment yesterday, none of us knew who to call so he had to go find your emergency contact information.”

“Da? Is that not the rule?”

“Well, um he’s curious Roz, about your emergency—” He was cut off as the door swung open and a very disheveled looking Yuna Hollander rushed in, immediately taking a hold of one of Roz’s hands.

“Ilya, honey, are you okay?” She combed a hand through his hair. Marlow was dumbstruck, since when was Roz on a first name basis with anyone? Let alone his rival’s mum. “There was only one ticket available last minute, so David’s driving down here.”

“Is all good,” Roz had such a dopey grin on his face. “I don’t have other places to be.”

Yuna snorted, then all of a sudden looked up and took in Marlow’s presence. “And you are?”

“Cliff Marlow, I’m one of Roz’s teammates,” He held out a hand. He watched as numerous emotions flashed across her face, each one having a common theme of panic.

“Ilya, he hasn’t said anything has he?” She asked slowly.

“Nothing incriminating, he seems a little sleepy, that’s all.”

“Okay, good. It’s not that I don’t trust him, but I have no clue what sort of drugs he’s been given, so I’m just making sure.”

“Okay,” the room went silent, only broken by Ilya muttering something in Russian.

Marlow knew the basics, all the swear words, he figured that mama and papa meant mum and dad, but that was as far as his knowledge of Russian went. He didn’t pay attention to what he was saying until he muttered a name, it was either Jane or Shane, he wasn’t quite sure. But in the corner of his eye, from where Yuna Hollander had perched herself on a chair she had frozen.

Marlow figured it would probably be best if he left, the coach would just have to figure out the mystery of Roz’s emergency contact by himself. He clapped his hands on his knees and stood up. “I’m gonna get going, just wanted to check in on Roz.”

He moved to leave, but all of a sudden a strong hand gripped his wrist. He turned to look at Roz, who had a sad look on his face. “Please don’t go, Yuna is scary.”

“Oh shush, Ilya,” she tutted, “Why am I scary?”

Roz paused for a moment, cogs turning in his head, “She might smother me, get rid of best player so second best player can win.”

“Who’s the second best player Roz?” Marlow questioned, slightly amused by what the man was saying.

“Shane,” Roz broke out into a big smile, “Shane is second best, my only competition. Which is why she will smother me!” He pointed at Yuna, whose face had gone pale.

“Ilya,” She started, calmly, “let’s be very careful with our words.”

“What?” Roz exclaimed, offended, “Is not like I said Shane was boyfriend!” Yuna gasped, loudly, frantically covering Roz’s mouth with her hand, shutting him up

“Roz, buddy, I think you just did,” Marlow said, quietly. So many things were running through his head, Hollander and Rozanov were a legendary duo, rivals since rookie season, and somehow boyfriends? “I think I need to sit down a minute.”

He thought of Roz’s Montreal girl, the one he’d text all the time, even during home games he’d sometimes see Roz stare at his phone, same smitten face he had for his Montreal girl. What was her name? Jane? Everything started clicking, Shane sounded like Jane. But he’d been texting Jane since the start of his career in Boston, it’s been years.

“You need to swear to keep this a secret,” Yuna said sharply, a threat in her voice, “If this gets out it would be catastrophic for Shane and Ilya, so please, don’t tell anyone.” Her voice cracked as she finished talking.

“I won’t,” and he really wouldn’t, he’s known Roz for years, he was like a brother to him, and he also knew just how homophobic the NHL was. They liked Scott Hunter, but Hunter would be retiring soon, and his boyfriend wasn’t a hockey player. If it came out that Hollander and Rozanov had been dating, the media shitstorm that would ensue would be too much. “My, uh, cousin’s gay, so I’m not like homophobic or anything, and I know Russia’s like super dangerous for gay people so.”

“God, how many people is this now?” Yuna muttered mostly to herself. She counted off names on her fingers, “I guess that makes it easier, less hiding, but still.”

“If you don’t mind me asking, ma’am, how long has Roz and Hollander been, you know,” He clasped his hands together, hoping Yuna understood what he meant. “I figure Montreal Jane, is Shane, and Roz has been texting Jane since pretty much the start.”

“Since the summer before rookie season,” She said, sounding almost rehearsed. Marlow blinked at her words, astounded.

Roz then piped up, “Yes, but only for sex,” Yuna rolled her eyes.

“Ilya, shut up. I don’t need to know any of that, neither of us do.”

“He couldn’t keep away from this russian di—” Marlow covered Roz’s mouth this time.

“I think we get it buddy, no more details,” he carefully removed his hand, ready to cover the horny bastard’s mouth again if needs be.

“Do not worry, Marly, I have never lost a game to Shane, on purpose,” Roz grinned, “We both like winning, we both like to beat each other then after each game we—” Marlow got the gist of what he was saying, covering his mouth again.

If it had just been him, maybe he’d let Roz keep talking, but with Hollander’s mum there, it seemed inappropriate.

“So why are you his emergency contact?” He directed the question at Yuna.

“Because we’re family,” Yuna said, softly.

It was sweet, the way she smiled down at Roz, with plenty of care. Marlow knew now was the time to leave. He bid them farewell, and walked out, he paused and looked back at the scene, with Yuna stroking Roz's cheek.

Even if he told the truth, he didn't think Coach would believe him, so he would have to think of a story before seeing Coach again

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