

just call me poirot motherf*****

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by [goldengalaxies](#)

Summary

Pike handed over the phone, unlocked. Cliff got his phone out and pulled up Ilya's contact alongside 'Lily's'.

Holy. Fucking. Shit.

He was a fucking genius.

"Holy shit, I was right!" Cliff leapt up from the seat. "Jane is Shane and Lily is Ilya! Holy fuck, I'm a fuckin' genius. Just call me Poirot, motherfucker!"

(cliff visits shane in hospital. him and hayden get chatting about lily and jane. cliff puts the pieces together)

Notes

me on my last fic: ugh im not satisfied with this at all
y'all: here have NINEHUNDRED kudos in FOUR fucking hours!!!!
me: immediately going back to work to write this

in all seriousness thank you so so much for the incredible love i keep getting on my fics, y'all seriously motivate me to keep writing!! <333333

also me posting twice in one day is crazy and i keep thinking of this comment someone left on one of my works that everytime they see me update they think of that meme I WORK LIKE A DOG DAY AND NIGHT hahahaha

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

Cliff Marlow was a good guy, and that meant doing things he didn't especially feel like doing. That was what brought him to Montreal General only a few hours before he was supposed to be boarding a flight back to Boston.

Not that Pike seemed very grateful for it; as soon as Cliff had walked through the door to Hollander's room, he'd immediately glared at him and Cliff had gotten flashbacks of Pike throwing off his gloves and shouting 'motherfucker' before battering Cliff's face.

Though, by the bruising on Pike's jaw, the few punches Cliff had managed to return before being pulled apart by refs had landed pretty well. A tiny part of him felt extremely satisfied at that.

Okay fine, a large part.

"What are you doing here?" Pike asked, already on edge. "Your captain already came to apologise on behalf of your team."

"What?"

This was news to Cliff.

He'd seen Rozzy this morning and he'd said nothing to Cliff about visiting Hollander. Even when Cliff had said he was going to the hospital to check up on Hollander's injuries, Roz had simply shrugged and told him to be back before the plane left.

Well, that was odd.

Pike's brow furrows. "He didn't tell you?"

Very odd.

It wasn't exactly strange that Roz had visited Hollander, many captains did check up on their opponents after particularly bad hits. Besides, the two of them had known each other for so long, and Cliff knew how much Ilya enjoyed playing against Hollander. He always said it was boring without Hollander there to push him.

So why hadn't he said anything to Cliff?

"Anyway, I just wanted to check Hollander was alright." Cliff said. "You know it was an accident, right?"

Pike shrugged a shoulder. "I know, Marlow. Part of the game, isn't it? Doesn't mean I have to like it."

"Fair enough."

Cliff shifted on his feet, hoping Hollander would wake up so he could apologise to his face and then get the hell out of here instead of awkwardly hanging out in silence with the guy he

was in a punch up with two days ago.

The buzz of a phone was the only interruption to the silence.

Buzz.

Buzz.

Buzz.

Pike picked up the phone and frowned. "What the hell?" He muttered.

Cliff sighed internally. "Everything okay, Pike?"

"Yeah, fine." Pike said distractedly, still looking at the phone.

Well, he can't say he didn't try.

"If you need to go or whatever - if that's your wife or whatever, I'll be here for a while, I'm just waiting for him to wake up."

Pike looked up, his brow furrowed. "Oh, no - this isn't my phone. It's Shane's."

"Should you be looking at his texts?" Cliff asked.

Pike looked briefly guilty "Probably not but I just wanted to check who was checking up on him, and I'm his best friend and his girl is blowing up his phone all stressed out because he's not responded since this morning."

That made Cliff pause. "Hollander has a girl? Wait are you texting Rose fuckin' Landry?"

Pike was suddenly on the defensive again. "None of your business!"

Cliff threw his hands up in the air. "Fucking hell, Pike, you were the one who told me!"

It was silent for a moment. Cliff considered leaving.

"Actually. She's from Boston. Girl called Lily?"

"I thought you said it's none of my business." Cliff bitched back.

Pike rolled his eyes then eyed him, very obviously trying to be causal and very clearly failing. "You know a Lily?"

"First of all, you idiot, there's probably a thousand Lilys in Boston. Secondly, why do you not know who this girl is if you're Hollander's best friend."

Pike huffed.

"I don't know, man, he's weirdly secretive about her!"

Cliff shrugged. It was a bit weird but Hollander did seem like the type to keep things private. And that was kind of like how Rozy was about his famous Montreal Girl.

“That’s actually kind of funny, Hollander dating a Boston girl.” Cliff said. “Wonder if she’s a Bears fan.”

Pike made an offended noise. “As if.”

“She lives in Boston. Chances are.” Cliff sang, knowing he was getting on Pike’s last nerve.

“Shane would never date a Bears fan.”

Cliff laughed just to rile Pike up. “Sure, Pike, whatever helps you sleep at night.”

Cliff was silent for a moment, then laughed. “That’s pretty funny, though, cause Roz has a girl in Montreal. Wonder if she’s a Metros fan.”

“What? No fucking way.” Pike’s brows raised. “That’s hilarious. Bet she is though. Bet she’s got a hollander jersey and everything.”

Cliff barked out a laugh.

The noise seemed to disturb Hollander from his drugged up sleep.

He blinked up at them blearily.

“Hayd?”

“Hey bud! How you feeling?” The tone is soft and gentle and reminded Cliff that Pike had about a million children.

Suddenly, Hollander’s face broke into a dopey grin. “I feel *good*.”

Cliff tried to muffle his laugh but didn’t quite manage it, grabbing Hollander’s attention. The grin turned into a small frown.

“*Marlow*.” His name is elongated on Hollander’s tongue. Yup, they definitely gave him the good shit. “What are you doing here?”

“Just wanted to check you were okay, man.”

Hollander’s brow furrowed. “Did Ilya not tell you? I told him I was okay and that you did nothing wrong.”

No, Cliff thought, *Ilya* did not tell him this.

Suspicious.

Pike looked like he’d swallowed a lemon.

Clearly he’d noticed the same thing that Cliff had: Hollander just called Ilya, *Ilya*.

Then a dreamy smile crossed his face. "Is Ilya coming back?"

Cliff just stared. "Erm - no, I don't think so. We have a flight to catch later, so."

Hollander's smile dropped and all of a sudden his eyes are glassy. "Oh."

Hmm.

"Oh, I almost forgot!" Pike said. "Er, Boston Lily texted you a bunch of times, was worried cause you haven't responded since this morning. Shall I text her back, or?"

Hollander nodded slowly, his eyes almost closed. Clearly the drugs were taking over again.

"Yes, please. Tell him 'Love you' and then put a heart emoji." Hollander said, mumbling blearily. "One of the nice ones. Maybe a red one. That's nice."

Right, so Hollander was gay. Boston Lily was a dude.

And, apparently, Pike hadn't known any of this, if the stunned expression on his face was anything to go on.

Hmm.

Very suspicious.

The pieces were very slowly starting to fall into place.

The way Rozy disappeared in Boston after every single Montreal match. His Montreal Girl 'Jane'. His secret visit to Hollander in hospital. Hollander calling Roz by his first name. The way Roz had acted every time Rose Landry had appeared with Hollander on the gym TV. The times Cliff had caught Ilya obsessively scrolling on twitter under the search 'Rose and Shane', his expression tight and jealous. The way he hadn't seen Roz even glance at a woman for months.

Either Shane Hollander was Ilya's Montreal Girl or Cliff had watched one too many detective shows and was now losing his damn mind.

Oh, God, he was probably losing his mind.

Jesus fucking Christ.

Hollander and Rozanov. What the fuck.

These kids were going to drive him to early retirement.

Hollander turned to Hayden dopily, as if he hadn't just dropped a fucking bomb on then. "I'm tired."

Pike smiled shakily. "Okay, bud. Go back to sleep, okay? I'll come back tomorrow, alright?"

Hollander nodded before burrowing his head back into his pillow and falling straight back to sleep.

Immediately, Pike turned to Cliff with a serious expression. “That information leaves this room and you’re a fucking dead man, Marlow. I’m so fucking serious, I’ll fucking sue you or something-“

Cliff threw up his hands as if to say ‘cool it’. “I won’t say anything I swear.”

He would never do that to anyone, but his lips were especially sealed if his theory was correct...

This was fucking *crazy*.

Surely this was just his over active imagination, right?

Right. He should just leave and forget this stupid theory had ever entered his brain.

He moved to leave but immediately turned back around. Nope, he couldn’t leave now; Cliff had to know if he was right.

He coughed awkwardly. How could he go about this without sounding like a lunatic? Hmm, not many options here.

“Um, can I see Lily’s number, please?”

“What?” Pike spluttered. “Why?”

“I think I know who it is.”

“You’re joking.” Pike said flatly.

Cliff shook his head.

“Absolutely not.”

“Please!”

“Fuck off, Marlow, why would I do that?”

”Look-“

“And how could you possibly know who it is, you only know two things. One that Lily is a fake name and that ‘Lily’ is apparently a dude. You can’t know who it is from just that, so get fuckin’ lost, dude!”

Cliff buried his hands in his hair and groaned. “Okay, this is going to sound insane but I think it’s a teammate of mine who meets up with a ‘girl’ in Montreal every time we play there.”

Pike gasped. “You’re joking.”

“Nope.”

Pike handed over the phone, unlocked. Cliff got his phone out and pulled up Ilya’s contact alongside ‘Lily’s’.

Holy. Fucking. Shit.

He was a fucking genius.

“Holy shit, I was right!” Cliff leapt up from the seat, pumping his fist in the air. “Jane is Shane and Lily is Ilya! Holy fuck, I’m a fuckin’ genius. Just call me Poirot, motherfucker!”

Pike looked at him like he’d lost his mind. “What the *fuck*?”

”Jane is Shane and Lily is Ilya fuckin’ Rozanov.” Cliff repeated. “These two fuckers are crazy, secretly fallin’ in love while the whole MHL thinks they fucking hate each other! Holy shit.”

Pike stood too. “No fucking way. What the fuck are you on, Marlow? You take some of Shane’s drugs when I wasn’t looking?”

Honestly, Cliff did feel a little high.

He pulled the phones back together, showing the identical numbers side by side.

Pike gaped at the phones for a full minute before collapsing back into his chair, staring into space, his face pale.

“Jesus fucking Christ.” Pike whispered.

Cliff nodded. “I know.”

“This is insane!”

“That’s putting it mildly, I think.”

“Ha!” Pike let out a laugh and then continued staring back into space. Cliff was beginning to worry that he’d broken Pike’s brain.

“What the fuck are we going to do about this? Like, are we admitting that we know about this?” Cliff asked.

Pike groaned. “I already have a stomach ache from the stress this is giving me, Jesus.”

“Pussy.”

“Fuck you.” Pike punched his arm, but it was weak.

“No. No, I’m not going to admit to Shane that I know. He’d fucking freak. I guess I’ll try and get him to at least admit to me that he’s into dudes, first.”

Cliff nodded. He didn't think Roz would love Cliff being so involved his business. "Agreed. I'll try and get Roz to open up to me too."

"But we tell no one about what happened here today." Pike said, holding out his hand.

"Agreed." Cliff shook on it. "Anyway, surely it won't take them long to admit it, right?"

End Notes

this can probably be seen as an alternative prologue to my other fic 'the support group'
also i just know in my heart that ilya & cliff are ragebaiter for ragebaiter besties

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