

hall of fame jane

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hall of fame jane

by [goldengalaxies](#)

Summary

“ Okay!” St-Simon interrupted loudly. “Can we please go five fucking minutes without hearing about your fucking dick?”

...

“You have a third message from: Jane. Gonna ride you so hard tonight.”

“Holy fuck!” Connors laughed. “This fuckin girl! No wonder she locked down Roz!”

St-Simon groaned. ”I just asked for five fucking minutes, man!” St-Simon whined. “Five!”

(for years cliff marlow deals with jane. one unfortunate bluetooth connection reveals more)

Notes

this fic is inspired by the below comment!! hope u enjoy! <3

@TheirHighestMajesty

In terms of other concepts. I think driving somewhere with someone in car, phone on blue tooth. Sexts come in and then it reads out message out loud to (insert 3rd party) like says out loud what lily/Jane wanted to do but explicit enough to know it was definitely a guy. Or some variation of third party sees or hears explicit texts/voice notes or calls something

@PoeticMacNCheese57

As for ideas hmmm, maybe something with Ilya’s team finding out? Like he thinks he’s being subtle with Jane on his phone.

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

There was, unfortunately, no such thing as privacy between a guy and his teammates during the season. They pretty much lived and breathed the same air for months on end, squashed together in buses to hotels, sat together on long-haul flights, and having to share twinbed rooms. It didn't leave much room for secrecy.

That was why it barely took anytime at all for Cliff to learn of Roz's Montreal Girl.

It wasn't hard to figure out. Every time they played Montreal it was like Roz had been struck by a live wire. At first, Cliff had dismissed it as him just being excited to beat Hollander - which was also true - but after a few months, he'd realised that Roz got almost just as excited texting some girl and sneaking out after the game, as he was for the actual game.

Normally the details of Roz's sex life bore zero interest to Cliff - even less than zero sometimes, especially when he was kicked out of his own damn room at 3 in the morning so Roz could get laid.

However, Jane was different.

The first time he heard of Jane - or, as she was known back then, Roz's Montreal Girl - he'd thought nothing of it. He'd simply assumed she was like any other puck bunny that Roz fucked on the road.

But then he went back. Again and again.

And he'd never, ever known Roz to go back to the same girl more than three times. Except Svetlana, but she was different. Though her and Roz slept together sometimes, it was obvious to anyone around them that they were more friends than anything else.

Another thing. The locker room wasn't exactly a delicate place. The guys were all pretty open about their conquests, none more so than Roz. But they hardly heard anything about Roz's precious Jane.

The final nail in the coffin: Roz had *blushed*. He'd denied it through gritted teeth, talking some bullshit about how Russian's didn't blush, but Cliff knew what he'd seen.

And this was why this Jane girl was so infamous in the Bears' circle.

Any girl who could make Ilya Goddamn Rozanov blush deserved immediate hall of fame status.

Which was how she got her second nickname, 'Hall of Fame Jane'.

2015

Roz's bitches

Carmy

@Roz where the fuck are u bro

Carmy

Some chick here is dying to meet you lol

Roz has read this message.

Carmy

Okay WTF I'm tryna wingman him and I get left on read???

Carmy

Mother fucker

Marly

Don't bother bro, we're in Montreal

Carmy

So???

Connors x2

So, he's with his Montreal Girl

Marly

Wait how TF do you know about Jane?

Connors x2

BRO

St-Simon

Wait who TF is Jane?

Carmy liked this message.

Connors x2

When our cap bails on every single Montreal night out, I take fuckin notice

Marly

@St-Simon @Carmy She's the girl Roz always meets in Montreal. Been years.

St-Simon

Wait there's a girl out there who Roz has gone back to more than twice??????

Connors x2

Any girl that can do that must have a magic pussy or something LOL

Roz liked this message.

Roz

You fuckers need to get your own lives

Roz

You all at club and all you do is talk about me and my jane

Roz

Is embarrassing

Marly

MY jane??????

Carly

Roz wtf

St-Simon

is our cap finally being made an honest man?????

Roz disliked this message.

Roz

Not what I meant

Roz

My English no good

Marly

Right.

2016

The high status of 'Hall of Fame Jane' was promptly lost in 2016, when *something* had happened which caused Roz to be fucking unbearable to be around.

At first, Cliff had no clue it had been anything to do with Jane. He'd guessed it might have been the fuckers in Roz's family being cunts, as usual.

But he'd not suspected Jane.

For one, the bad mood had started when they were in Boston; and as far as Cliff knew he only saw the girl in Montreal.

Secondly, he'd had no idea things were getting serious with this girl.

Sure, he knew she had to be something special for Roz to keep going back to her year after year, but this was *Roz* he was talking about. He was probably the last guy he'd imagined settling down - especially with some chick from *Canada*.

Then, in Montreal, he'd asked if Roz was going to see Jane that night, and he'd almost gotten his fuckin' head ripped off.

As he'd glanced around the locker room, meeting the wide eyes of the others, he'd realised that it was in fact Jane's fault that they were suffering from Roz's seemingly-eternal black mood.

So, now Cliff *hated* Jane.

He regretted ever hearing of the girl.

In fact, he'd go so far as to say she was actively ruining his life, *and* the life of his team.

"Roz, please," Carmy burst out, stopping on the ice to bend his head over his knees. "This is *inhumane*."

They were facing Montreal in a matter of hours and Roz still had them at the rink, practicing passes and doing fucking bag skates.

Cliff had tried to tell him multiple times that this wasn't going to make them any better. In fact, it was more likely that the team would be exhausted and aching for the game. But Roz wouldn't listen to reason. He was so determined to beat Montreal, he couldn't see he was fucking up their chances.

St-Simon skated past looking green in the face.

"No. I say we do bag skates until you fuckers drop, so that is what we do." Roz said, then skated off.

Unfortunately, Cliff learned he had been right. They lost the game 4-0, with Hollander scoring a hat trick. Even worse, Hollander's new girlfriend was there, wearing his jersey and cheering him on from her private box.

If there was ever a worse time for Hollander to get a girlfriend, it was now, just after Roz had been dumped by his girl.

Fucking Jane.

2017

bears minus cap

St-Simon

Can u fuckers hurry up and get to practice

St-Simon

I'm scared

St-Simon

Roz is suddenly smiling

Carmy

Are we all about to die

Carmy

Like seriously

Connors x2

Oh fuck

Connors x2

I'm running late to practice

Marly

Anyone wanna take my A, I'm quitting.

Carmy laughed at this message.

St-Simon

WAIT

St-Simon

He said no bag skates today

Marly

Thank fuck

Marly

Is our hell finally over?

St-Simon

DUDE

St-Simon

I just saw him smiling at his phone

St-Simon

JANE IS BACK

St-Simon

WE'RE SAVED

2017

Roz's bitches

Carmy

Are we not going out tonight

Carmy

I'm bored

Connors x2

I'm down!

St-Simon

Lets go I need to get laid

Carmy

LOL

Carmy

@Marly @Roz You guys down??

Marly

Why TF not, I'm in

Carmy

@Roz ???

Marly

Roz just left to go see his Jane

Carmy

BRO

Carmy

It's 8.30pm

Connors x2

@Roz Just come for an hour

Connors x2

Booty calls don't need to be called until 2am bro

Connors x2

That's like the law

Carmy

This is like couple shit

Carmy

Going round at 8.30

Carmy

Our cap is WHIPPEDDDDDDD

Roz

I cannot

Roz

She is already mad I'm late

Roz

If I go out she will probably murder me in horrible alleyway behind her apartment

Roz

And you will all be so sad for losing your best player

Roz

Is tragic

Carmy

What did I say? WHIPPED

Carmy

This girl have a vodka flavoured pussy or what?

Connors x2
LOLLLLLLLLLLLL

Marly
@Carmy Classy as always Carm

Roz has silenced their notifications.

2018

Cliff was almost falling asleep when their Coach had finally told them they were leaving the airport. They'd already had a long day flying from Boston to Montreal for the game the next day, and it had gotten even longer when the transport coach had cancelled. Their manager had been on the phone ever since shouting at the poor PA who'd organised the travel arrangements for the team.

"Right, listen up!" Coach shouted across the room. "*Listen!*"

The guys all fell silent. Roz barely looked up from his phone and Cliff rolled his eyes.

Jane.

His boy truly was whipped for this girl. Ever since they'd landed in Montreal and had been delayed at the airport, Roz had been short with everyone, and his leg had been jumping up and down with impatience.

"Okay, boys. There's no buses or coaches available. We've got a bunch of rental cars though so everyone get into groups of four and come grab a set of keys. I've sent everyone the hotel info, so I want everyone there by 5pm latest." He looked around, looking stern. "No. Detours. Understood?"

"Yes, coach." Everyone mumbled in unison.

Cliff felt like he was back in school.

Naturally, Roz was the first to grab a set of keys. He gestured to Cliff, Connors, and St-Simon to follow him.

Cliff immediately got into the passenger seat, rolling his eyes tiredly and Roz and Connors fought each other over the drivers seat. Connors was always the most vocal about how much he hated Roz's driving.

Roz won.

He slid into the drivers seat with a smug grin that had Connors mutter '*fucker*' from the back.

Personally, Cliff didn't have a problem with Roz's driving. Whatever got them to the hotel quicker, so Cliff could finally strip and collapse into his bed.

It was Roz's music that he was concerned about.

Cliff quickly grabbed the aux, connecting to the car's Bluetooth.

"Absolutely fucking not," Roz said, snatching the aux cord back. "My car, my music."

Cliff rolled his eyes. "It's not even your car, it's a rental."

"Yes, well I am driving, so." Roz retorted.

Connors groaned. "Do we really have to listen to shitty Russian rap and Bad Bunny for two hours?"

"You are being very rude, Connors. You do not want to listen to music because is Russian or because is by Puerto Rican man. Very xenophobic." Roz shook his head but he was wearing a shit eating grin. "I am very disappointed."

Cliff scoffed. "Big word for you, Roz."

Roz turned to Cliff and winked. "Matches my big c--"

"Okay!" St-Simon interrupted loudly. "Can we please go five fucking minutes without hearing about your fucking dick?"

Roz grinned but said nothing futher.

Silence fell as the music played. Cliff felt a headache forming already.

Blissfully, the music paused for a moment.

Ding!

"*You have a message from: Jane.*" The automated voice of the aux said. "*I can't wait to see you too, it's been too long.*"

Cliff whooped as the guys in the back made cat-calling noises.

"Fuckin' get it, cap!" Connors shouted.

Roz grinned.

"*You have a second message from: Jane. I love you too. Red heart emoji.*"

Cliff's eyes widened.

Since when had it gotten to love?

He glanced round at the others, who looked just as shocked as him.

Roz was biting his lip, clearly trying not to grin.

Cliff grinned. He was happy for his friend. He jostled Roz's shoulder. "Aw, Cap's in *love*." He sang the last word teasingly.

Roz shoved him off. "Get off me, fucker, I'm driving."

Connors grinned. "I don't hear you denying it, Cap."

Roz opened his mouth but was interrupted by another message.

"You have a third message from: Jane. Gonna ride you so hard tonight."

"Holy fuck!" Connors laughed. "This fuckin girl! No wonder she locked down Roz!"

St-Simon groaned. "I just asked for five fucking minutes, man!" St-Simon whined. "*Five!*"

Roz rolled his eyes. "You will live, I think--"

"You have a fourth message from: Jane. Also I saw that interview, asshole."

"You have a fifth message from: Jane. I have two Stanley cups, how many do you have [question mark]."

What the hell?

"Uh--" Connors mumbled.

Fuck.

Jane was another player, there was no other explanation.

Jane was a dude.

Roz said nothing, his eyes fixed on the road as he calmly turned the radio off.

Two Stanley cups.

He silently ran through his head what teams had won two Stanleys.

Then, he realised he was an idiot. Montreal had won two.

Montreal Girl.

Oh, holy fuck.

Jane.

Shane.

The car was silent. Cliff wondered if anyone else had put together the clues like he had.

Roz said nothing but ignored the directions of the GPS and turned left suddenly. He kept driving until he pulled over by the side of a deserted alleyway.

Cliff suddenly felt like he was going to get murdered and dumped in the trash, like some fucker in a true crime documentary.

He turned the car off.

“Okay. So, you heard,” Roz waved his hand. “Some things.”

Cliff couldn’t hold back an incredulous laugh. They’d found out Roz was fucking his rival and *this* was his response?

Connors coughed. “It’s Hollander, isn’t it?”

Roz glared. “You tell anyone and I’ll fucking kill you.”

Connors put his hands up in the air in defence. “Jesus! No! I won’t say anything.”

They all turned to St-Simon.

“You’re fucking *Hollander*?” St-Simon said, aghast. “What the fuck, Cap?”

Roz shrugged. “Is long story. But we are together now. Is serious. So you fuckers are going to keep your mouths shut, or I shut them for you.”

”Why should we?” St-Simon shot back. “I think the team deserves to know you’re fucking a guy on our biggest opposition’s team! How can we trust you’ve been playing properly against your fuckin’ *boyfriend*?”

“Woah-“ Cliff started.

Roz’s face hardened. “Do not worry. It will not be problem for much longer.”

”What’s that supposed to mean?” Connors asked.

Roz shrugged. “Was going to tell you all in a few weeks once is finalised but I will tell you now. I’m being traded to Ottawa-“

”*What?*” Cliff exclaimed. “No. This is a joke, right?”

Roz shook his head. “No. Is real. Is my last season with Bears. Next season I am with Centaurs.” His nose wrinkled at the mention of the team.

”Why are you doing this?”

Connors looked just as shocked. “I don’t get it. Why?”

Roz cleared his throat, looking a little embarrassed. “We are couple now. Is hard to be in different countries. So, I move. I get Canadian citizenship.”

Connors looked like he’d been smacked in the face with a puck. Cliff felt similarly.

”But...” St-Simon started, his anger suddenly gone.

Roz didn’t look at them, fiddling with the buttons on the dash. “So you do not say anything, because soon I will be gone. You will not have to worry about if I am playing to my best against him because I will no longer be playing for you. And I always played my best. Just because me and Hollander fuck does not mean we cannot play. If that was problem, we never would have won cup.”

”But we won the cup *years* ago...”

”How long has this been going on?”

“Since rookie season.” Roz said.

Connors jaw dropped.

“Since rookie season?” St-Simon repeated disbelievingly.

Cliff laughed. “Roz, you’re one crazy fucker. Fucking your rival since rooks.” Cliff laughed again and shook his head.

Roz looked up at Cliff, who grinned back at him, trying to be reassuring.

“You’re all grown up, kid. Never thought I’d see the day.”

Roz shoved him. “I am not a kid, asshole.”

Cliff turned to the other two in the backseat. “We won’t tell anyone, will we?”

Connors shook his head frantically, still looking a little shell-shocked. St-Simon also shook his head, looking both uncomfortable and a little guilty. Good, he should feel guilty for doubting their captain.

“Good.” Roz nodded, turning on the ignition. “You go back on that, know I will hunt you all down.”

He pulled away from the side, turning back onto the road.

Cliff felt a mix of emotions swirling within him. Mostly, it was shock. Some hysterical is-this-a-fucking-fever-dream hilarity. A small amount of annoyance at the fact that Roz had kept this a secret for so damn long.

But also, pride. Happiness that the guy he’d watched grow from an eighteen year old asshole who smoked like a chimney, only kept vodka and pickles in his, and who would avoid

emotional connections like the fucking plague, was now sacrificing so much for his relationship.

It was something Cliff hadn't been sure he'd get to see.

And the guy who'd gotten Roz to this point was Shane fucking Hollander.

Hall of fame Jane, indeed.

End Notes

another fic delivered because i'm sick af and need to distract myself 😊

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!