

are you there, jane? it's me, marleau

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Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , Cliff Marlow Cliff Marleau
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are you there, jane? it's me, marleau

by [toastyjam](#)

Summary

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He's doing this for Roz, and for the team. Sure, the boys had probably been joking when they'd mentioned going "straight to source" to solve The Montreal Jane Problem, but the last 6 weeks had been frankly unbearable. He wasn't sure what exactly Roz had done, but it had to be fixable. They'd been texting for years, for christ's sake. Undoubtedly messy and unconventional, but clearly this Jane was way more important than Roz was willing to admit. Maybe even to himself.

Maybe that was the problem.

(Or, Cliff starts texting "Jane" before the 2017 All Star Game, and things sort of go from there.)

Notes

this idea would not let go of me, and i got inspired by all the amazing hayden/cliff find out about jane/lily fics out there, as well as the super cool text fics and smau's. i'm more of a fanart person than fanfic writer, so i hope i did this justice!

russian translations are in the end notes

chapter 2 is just (more) art that didn't fit within the format of the fic itself :)

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

Chapter 1

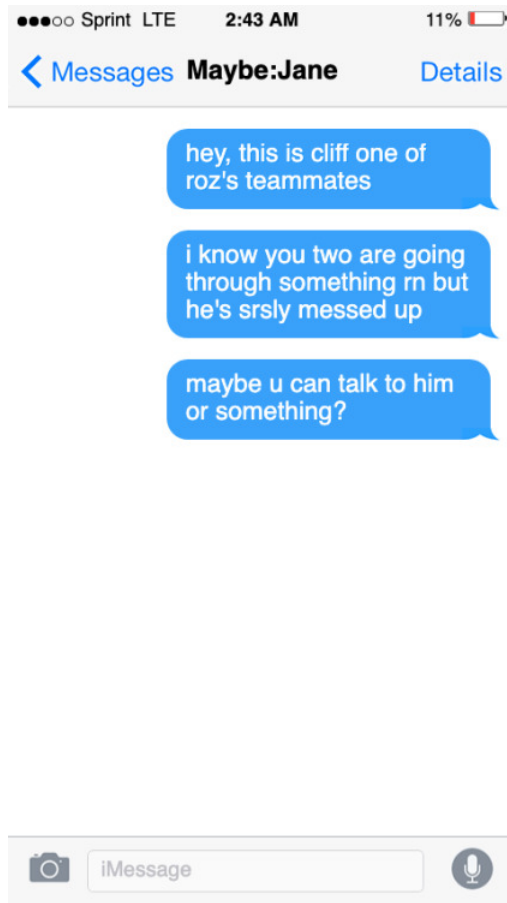
January 2017

It's not the worst thing Cliff's ever done, by far, but he wouldn't exactly say he's proud of it either. It's surprisingly easy to get the number from Roz's phone, despite it being practically glued to his hand all the time. But 8 shots and 3 beers will do that to a man, Cliff supposes - even a Russian one.

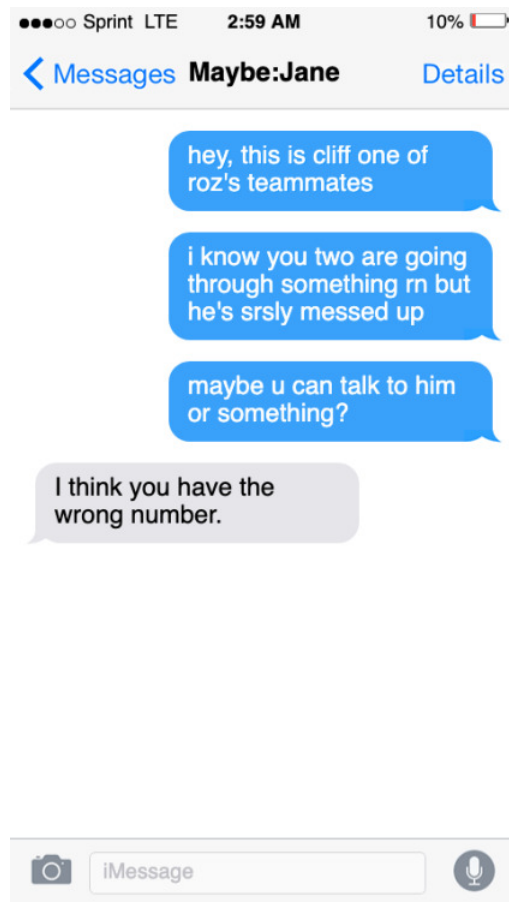
He doesn't really let himself think about it too hard before he's adding the number to his contacts and slipping Roz's phone back onto its charger on his bedside table. It's not that he minds "babysitting" Roz, but it sure was a lot more fun when the guy was happy-drunk, and not angry and sad and inevitably making them do hungover bagskates at practice the following morning until they died.

Cliff slips out of the room and down the hall into his own hotel room as Roz gently snores in the background. He flops on his bed and steels himself as he opens a new message. He's doing this for Roz, and for the team. Sure, the boys had probably been joking when they'd mentioned going "straight to source" to solve The Montreal Jane Problem, but the last 6 weeks had been frankly unbearable. He wasn't sure what exactly Roz had done, but it had to be fixable. They'd been texting for *years*, for christ's sake. Undoubtedly messy and unconventional, but clearly this Jane was way more important than Roz was willing to admit. Maybe even to himself.

Maybe that was the problem.



He doesn't really expect an immediate response, so the three dots that pop up almost immediately have him sitting up a little straighter against the headboard. He slumps down eventually as the dots continue, and then stop, and then start again, over and over and over. He's about to call it and shut off his own phone for the night when it finally buzzes with a notification. Cliff almost drops it in his scramble to open the message.



Shit. Cliff was sure he put in the number right, but maybe he didn't? Should he recheck right now while Roz was still sleeping?

But if this was the case then why did it take her almost 15 minutes to respond? No, this had to be Jane, and clearly there was more to this than they knew. He'd ask the boys for their thoughts tomorrow after practice. If they were all still alive, that is.

"Dude that's gotta be Jane, and they're definitely fighting," Connors says through a mouthful of his Subway sandwich, pushing Cliff's phone back across the table to him. Morning practice had been brutal enough that Cliff hadn't even complained about the lunch location, though the lettuce on his turkey club is about as limp as he'd expected.

"We are doomed," St-Simon sighs, stretching his neck with a grunt. "I cannot handle any more fucking bag skates. Text her again, say it is serious."

"I did say it's serious!" Cliff retorts defensively, but dutifully opens a new text, thumbs hesitating over the keyboard. "What do I even say? Were they ever even dating, officially? I mean he's only ever done casual, besides Jane. And it's been *years*." The only thing any of them had even been able to drag out of Roz over the years is that she's based in Montreal, and her name's Jane.

Carmichael shakes his head and loudly crunches on a chip. "It's fucking Roz, of course it's complicated. But clearly she can handle herself if she's been dealing with him for so long. Who the fuck knows why."

Cliff unfortunately has heard enough stories about Roz's prowess in bed to think of a few reasons, but he quickly shoves those from his brain. Besides, they're long distance, so there's gotta be more to it anyways.

"Say something about him missing her," Hammersmith offers with a shrug. "That's the kind of shit Mel says is romantic. Like, she's got this one friend with this on-and-off boyfriend and part of the reason they always get back together is because he's saying shit like he's sorry and he misses her, and can't sleep if he knows she's mad at him, or whatever."

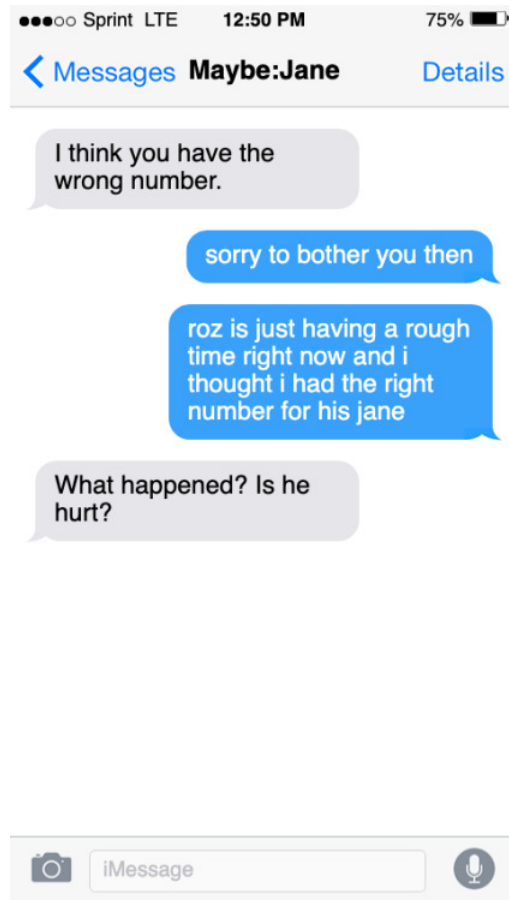
"If Roz couldn't sleep when someone was mad at him he'd have died of sleep deprivation ages ago," Carmichael grumbles, and St-Simon snorts a laugh.

Connors rolls his eyes and gestures to the phone. "I mean, Hammer's not *wrong*. Maybe confirm it is his Jane though? Like, if she's been with Roz she might be worried about scams and stuff too, I dunno."

Cliff's brows furrow in concentration as he times. There was a reason he was a professional hockey player, not a writer. But he thinks it's okay, and when he turns the phone around for the guys to see they nod in agreement, so he sends the message.



It's early afternoon, and Jane's probably at work, so he's surprised once more when the dots pop up almost immediately like last time. They come and go, but it doesn't take nearly as long as last night. Five sets of eyes stare at Cliff's phone.



"I fucking called it!" Connors grins. "She totally still cares about him too, whatever the two of them say."

It's probably more confusing to have four guys loudly offering contradicting recommendations than for Cliff to just write something himself, but it's probably good for team morale or whatever. And some of their ideas aren't awful. Between the five of them, they manage to stumble through a brief conversation with Jane. It's cute how she writes with proper grammar and punctuation and everything — total opposite of Roz's style (not that Cliff's is much better). Cliff fixes her contact info while he's at it.

< Messages Montreal Jane Details

he's not physically hurt or anything but he's been a real pain in the ass for the last few weeks

he wont tell us whats wrong but he's clearly upset and when i asked about you a few weeks ago he almost bit my fucking head off

sorry for the language

It's okay.

I'm not sure how helpful I will be, though. You're right, we sort of broke things off, but we were never even dating to begin with.



iMessage



< Messages Montreal Jane Details

I'm sorry he isn't doing well. I never wanted to hurt him.

you two have been texting for like 5 years tho right? im sure its complicated with his job and being long distance or whatever

but youre the only girl to get roz like this

...

Get him like what?



iMessage



< Messages **Montreal Jane** Details

he fucking blushed once
when i noticed him
texting you

he says russians dont
blush but he sure fucking
did

and we went out to a
club after the metros
game the other week - at
his demanding! - and he
still looked pissed even
tho he was dancing with
other girls

and connors says he
went back to the hotel
alone, anyways

Oh.



iMessage



< Messages **Montreal Jane** Details

I didn't realize he cared
that much.

i mean he wont actually
talk with us about
anything but if a group of
guys with 11 cumulative
concussions can put it
together...

anyways

maybe just text him or
call him or something?
it'd be great if he stopped
trying to kill us all during
practice every day

Okay. I'll try.



iMessage





Cliff stares at the texts for a moment before looking around at the guys. He's not positive this will even help - it might even make things worse - but at least they did *something*. They've got their captain's back, even when he's being a bit of a bitch to them.

Hammersmith breaks the silence with a grin. "So, when's your couples therapy business launching, eh Marly?"

Cliff chucks his balled up sandwich wrapper at Hammersmith's head, biting back a grin, and lunch sort of devolves after that.

Maybe it has more to do with being back home after a grueling road trip, but Rozanov seems to settle down a little in the week leading up to the All Star Game. Carmichael does note (as St-Simon quickly knocks on wood) that they've been doing significantly fewer bagskates lately, and Cliff has noticed that Roz has gotten a little more color back in his face.

The All Star Game itself seems to be the breaking point.

Cliff spends most of his All Star break sleeping, eating, and catching up on *Survivor* with his sister and her boyfriend, but every picture, video, and gif he sees of Roz seems to show him grinning. There's even one of him kissing Hollander's cheek after a goal, which the team's never gonna let their captain live down. But Cliff's mostly glad to see Roz smiling again.

February 2017

Montreal Jane and Roz are clearly back together after the All Star Game. Cliff and the guys half wonder if Jane came down to the game or something, but conclude there's no way not a single person didn't see her with him at some point. So they must have called or texted or something at least, not that Cliff has any plans on doing anything to screw this up. As St-Simon so eloquently puts it, "I do not care how or why, I only know I never wish to suffer our capitaine's fury like this again."

Cliff does send one drunk text to Jane's number after a particularly good game in late February, where Roz put up multiple points, and had been smiling nonstop all the way through buying shots for the whole team, and she just gives it a thumbs up. Somehow, coming from her, it still feels like a true acknowledgement.

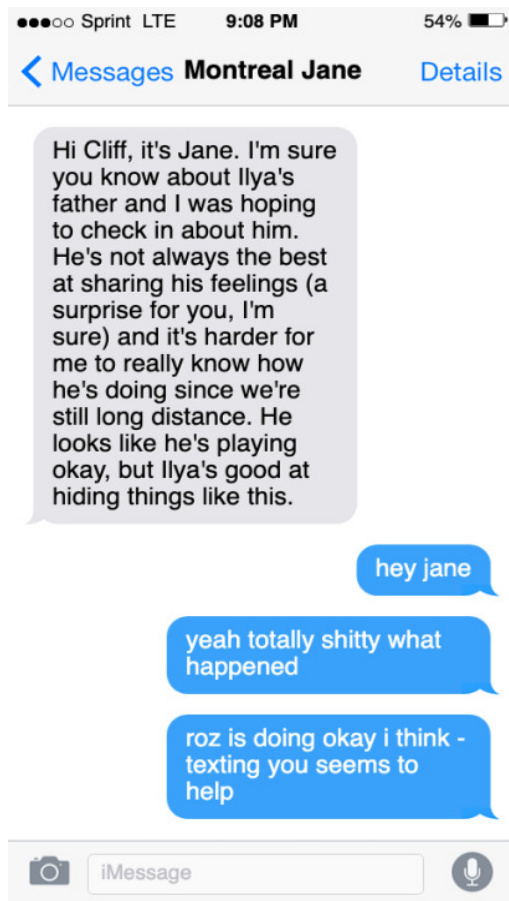


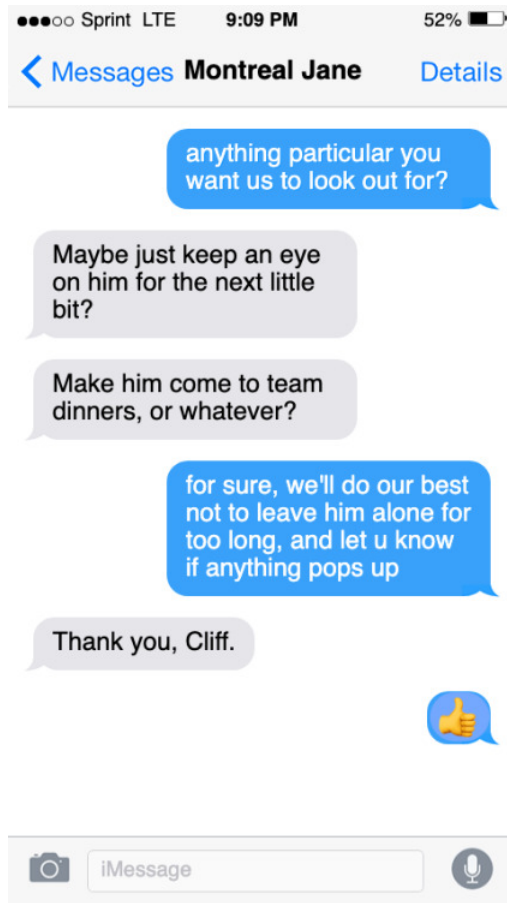
March 2017

Things are going smoothly - too smoothly - which is why Cliff's not even that surprised when Roz suddenly has to fly back to Russia for a family emergency. He feels sympathy for Roz when he hears about his dad, of course, but he's also heard enough comments about the man when he was alive to think this whole ordeal is probably more shitty and annoying for Roz than anything else.

True to form, Rozanov denies any and all feelings or setbacks once he's back in Boston, and the guys know better than to comment on his more frequent bouts of dissociation. Jane's been texting more frequently, from the looks on Roz's face, which Cliff can only thank god for at

this point. So it's a bit of a surprise - though not an unwelcome one - when Jane texts him after Roz's first game back with the Raiders following his leave.





April 2017

Roz is smiling wider than he has since the All Star Game, and Cliff's sure it's because he's got plans with Montreal Jane after the Metros game tonight. A glance over Roz's shoulder as he types proves Cliff right



and yeah, so Jane can handle her own, apparently. Cliff waggles his eyebrows at Roz when Carmichael yells something across the locker room about hitting the clubs after, and Roz just smirks. A good sign, then.

Or maybe not, because nothing can ever go their way apparently. Cliff doesn't mean to knock Hollander into the ice like that - he's honestly surprised he lands such a solid hit on the guy, because Hollander's usually too annoyingly fast to hit like that. But hockey's a fast-paced game and Hollander must have not seen Cliff, or braced himself, because one second they're playing hockey - *fun* hockey, too - and the next Pike's landing a punch on his own surprised face because Hollander's not getting up off the ice.

He shoves Pike back, of course - not like it's hard, the guy's a beanpole - and is too distracted by the brawl that's starting to notice anything else other than Hollander getting wheeled off the ice. They manage to make it through the game, tensions a little higher between the two teams, and while Roz is definitely acting weird Cliff just chalks it all up to being a weird game. Even Connors almost threw hands with Comeau some time in the third period. Roz had barely checked anybody.

Roz disappears right after the game - to see Jane, Cliff presumes (and hopes) - and Cliff pushes through an exhausting but thankfully brief interview with the media where he promises he didn't mean to hit Hollander like that, and he hopes he's okay. And he does, honestly - he doesn't *try* to hurt other guys on the ice, though he's definitely given his share of hard hits over his career. Of all the players out there, Hollander's not one he takes any pleasure in hurting.

Most of the guys decide to trade a night at the club for getting drunk on hotel liquor instead. There's a solid chance the city of Montreal would take issue with their captain being downed, so Cliff is more than happy to stay within the safety of his hotel room. And later, when Hammersmith is snoring lightly in the bed next to him in their shared room, Cliff does exactly what he tells all the rookies to never do, and pulls up highlight reels of the hit on YouTube.

Hearing the commentators say it looked like a clean hit does help with the nagging in the back of his head, but before he can exit the video to avoid going down a rabbit hole, his eyes catch on Roz's face on the screen. He looks... pale. Frozen. If Cliff didn't know any better, he might even say scared. He watches Roz just stand there, staring at Hollander, yelling something at the refs.

His fingers itch to text Roz, though he knows that isn't what the Russian needs right now. He makes a mental note to check in with Roz at hotel breakfast in the morning before finally forcing himself to lock his phone for the night.

It's not too hard to casually bump shoulders with Roz when he's filling his plate with scrambled eggs. He looks like shit - dark bags under his eyes, and an empty look in them. The shoulder bump seems to snap Roz out of it a little, and he looks up at Cliff with mild confusion he tries to cover with annoyance.

"What, Marly, didn't get enough of hitting people last night?" Roz spits out, and guilt immediately flashes across his face. "Shit - I didn't mean -"

Cliff winces a little at that, but knows his captain well enough to push past it. It confirms what he saw in the video last night - seeing Hollander go down fucked Roz up, for some reason or another. "C'mon," he says instead, nudging Roz over to an empty table in the corner.

"Look, I dunno what exactly's going on, after last night, but I swear I didn't mean to hit Hollander like that," Cliff says in a hushed but earnest tone. "I feel awful, I mean I hope he's okay, he's gotta be, right? Maybe I could see if there's any updates, like if he's still at the hospital-?"

"Hollander is at Montreal General," Roz cuts him off, not unkindly. Tiredly. "I know you didn't mean to hit him like that, Marly. Just a long night, is all."

A long night, but it doesn't sound like it in a positive way. "Did you and Jane not meet up, or...?" he asks tentatively.

Something flashes across Roz's face, but it's gone before Cliff can tell what. Roz shrugs, his trademark unbothered expression plastered across his face. "Family emergency came up. Is okay. They are at same hospital as Hollander, so I am heading there before the flight. Might try to... swing by his room, or something."

Cliff's eyebrows rise. "Oh yeah? Well - do you want me to come along, or-"

"No," Roz answers quickly, brusquely, before softening a little. "No, but thank you. I'm not even sure they will let me see him, so." He shrugs lightly. "I will tell him you are sorry, if I see him?"

"Yeah, please, Roz," Cliff nods. "That'd be great. Shit. What a night huh?"

Roz snorts in response, his lip twitching slightly, and that's enough for Cliff to breathe a little easier.

October 2018

Cliff hadn't been surprised by Roz's generic answers to what he had gotten up to over their summer break, but he is a little when Roz finally admits over drinks (after the first win of the season) that he didn't go back home to Russia at all.

"Cause of your dad?" Hammersmith asks before Cliff can smack him to shut him up.

Roz's face twitches, but he smiles, even if it's a little sad. "No. I mean - yes, kind of. That was part of it. But I uh. Had a better offer." He's fidgeting with the label on his beer bottle.

"Oh yeah? Your Jane finally make an honest man of you?" Carmichael crows eagerly.

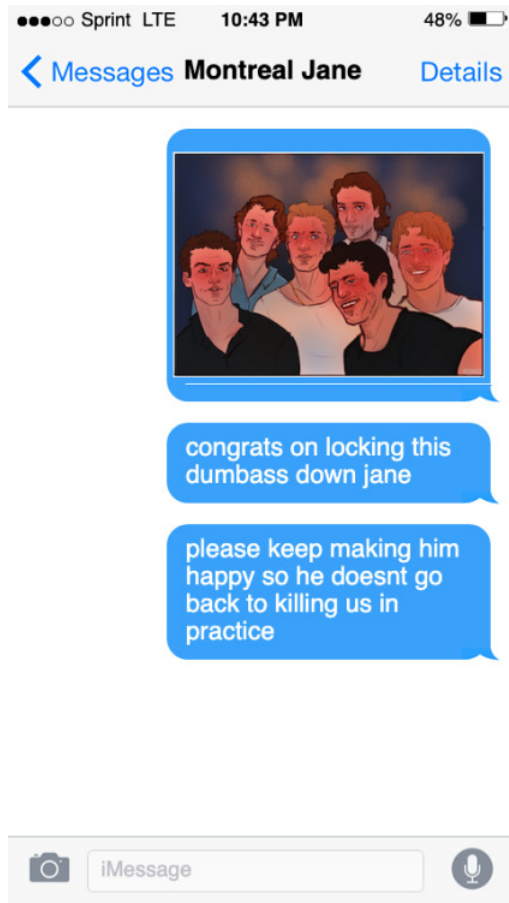
Roz shrugs and his smile grows. "I mean, I visited her, yes. And we are boyf- I am Jane's boyfriend now, so."

The table devolves into raucous cheers, Connors smacking Roz on the shoulder so hard he makes a noise of complaint that's half laughter.

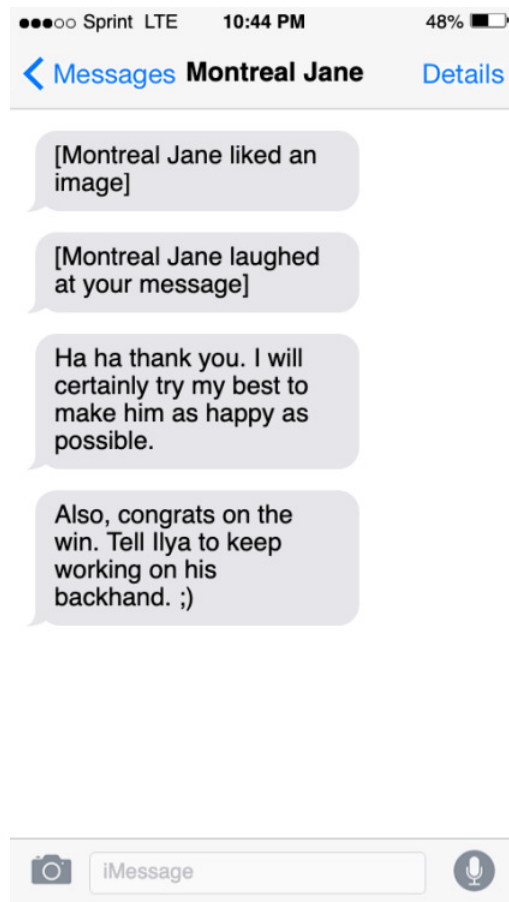
"This deserves more drinks!" St-Simon announces, pushing himself out of the booth to stumble over to the bar.

"In honor of Jane!" Hammersmith agrees before his mouth opens in a gasp, a concerning twinkle in his eye. "Wait, text her! We gotta thank her for her service - we can send photo proof!"

Roz is already protesting, but Hammer's pointing at Cliff's phone, not his, and Cliff's eyes widen. "Oh shit, yeah!" He pulls out his phone and St-Simon returns with shots just in time for a blurry selfie of the six of them, Roz squished in the middle.



The dots appear quickly, and Connors whoops happily, reading over Cliff's shoulder. Roz has a hand over his face, but it can't conceal his smile. Or blush, which he definitely has.



Cliff snorts out a laugh and Carmichael grabs the phone to read it as Hammersmith and St-Simon lean in too. "Dude, Jane's fucking hilarious, how the fuck did you bag her?"

"Yes, my Jane is perfect," Roz agrees, a soppy smile on his face that is quickly replaced with confusion. "Wait - wait, you are texting *Jane*? Marly what the fuck, how do you even have this number?" He tries to swipe the phone out of Carmichael's grasp, who tosses it deftly back to Cliff.

"Look, it's kind of a long story, Cap-"

"Last winter was *brutal* man, you don't even understand-"

"Hammer almost threw up in my fucking locker after bagskates one day!"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Roz scowls, looking a little uncertain for once.

Cliff softens. "We just - we were worried about you, Roz. And we assumed - correctly, I might fucking add - that it had something to do with Jane. So I might have... found her number in your phone and texted her just to check in. I didn't read any messages, I swear," he assures him.

Roz shifts in seat, but looks a little more relaxed.

"Tell us about her, at least?" Hammersmith offers. "We know nothing about her, other than the obvious fact that she's way out of your league."

"Lemme guess, dark hair and freckles?" Connors grins.

"What?" Roz looks surprised, and Connors laughs.

"You totally have a type, dude, it's cool. I'm sure she's super hot."

"Oh shit - she's not that gorgeous Russian friend of yours, is she?"

"Wh- Sveta?? No, of course not!" Roz scoffs, like the very idea is ridiculous.

"So is she single then?"

"*Not* the time, Carmichael."

"I'm just *asking*-"

"*Anyways*," Hammersmith redirects. "So a dark-haired beauty, okay, classic. What else?"

Roz hesitates, then smiles like he can't help himself. "She has the most beautiful freckles. Soft black hair. Pretty eyes, can make me do anything when she looks up at me. The cutest reading glasses too."

"So can we get a picture at least?"

Roz frowns. "No."

"No??" Hammer's eyebrows are in his hairline. "Bro come on, you have to have at least one appropriate picture of her."

"I do, but I do not want you looking at her and thinking about her," Roz sniffs.

"What the fuck?"

Roz rolls his eyes. "Okay, I am a little bit kidding - not about no sharing - but she is... very private. Cannot be open about relationship with the best hockey player in the league right now."

Cliff thinks about the Incident with Masterson's girlfriend two years ago, and winces a little. Poor girl was doxxed and stalked for two months before the authorities had to get involved. So yeah, that was fair. "Okay, fine, no photos - yet - but at least give us a little more to work with here. Is she from Montreal? What does she do?"

Roz sighs with another eyeroll, but he seems more than happy to keep talking about her. "Jane works in Montreal, she is from Ottawa. She is... very well known in her job, too, so we are keeping things on the low for now. She travels a lot for work, too, but we meet up when we can."

"That's rough, Cap. It's hard enough when we have roadtrips but I can't imagine my wife not being here at home, at least," Hammersmith says sympathetically.

"Yes, is very hard sometimes," Roz agrees before a wicked smile crosses his face. "Luckily I am very skilled at phone and video sex-"

"Awwww c'mon man!"

"Eyyy attaboy Rozy hahaha!"

Cliff doesn't think it's just the alcohol, or his imagination, when Roz seems physically lighter by the end of the night.

June 2019

Connors had told Cliff about this article he'd read on some science blog, that said it was easier for humans to block out a full conversation than half of one - that's why it was more annoying to have someone talking loudly on their phone in a cafe than two people having a loud conversation in person. Something about the human brain trying to fill in the missing pieces or whatever.

Cliff has to admit that the article was totally right, because despite his best efforts to focus on the TV, all his ears are focusing on is Roz's muffled voice in the bathroom.

He must be talking with Jane, and given that they were just knocked out of playoffs in a very tense away game 7, Cliff's glad for him. Part of Cliff wants to go out and party his sorrows away, but the bigger part doesn't want anything to do with the city currently celebrating their defeat. Besides, going out was always more fun with Roz, even now that he's locked down, and said Russian has his night booked apparently.

Hence the eavesdropping.

"I know, is tough. Fucking sucks losing game 7. But maybe, you know. At least we can see each other sooner? Maybe I come up to your place for a bit, then we go to the cottage? Your parents miss me, I know." A pause, and Roz laughs softly. "Well, not *just* the amazing pasta." Another pause. "Of course I miss you most, *moy lyubimyy*. I will make it up to you when I see you, I promise... I wish I was there, too... Are you wearing your glasses? Send picture please. Now. Of course I am serious... Fuck, *kotyonok*, you are perfect."

There's a rustling sound, like clothes being moved (or removed), and Cliff should really stop listening now. He probably has headphones somewhere...

"You touching yourself? ... Mmm, good. Get yourself nice and wet for me, baby. *Da, fuck*, like that... Need to be inside you, want to make you feel so good, make you come until you forget your name. No, let me hear you - yesss, just like that. *Fuck*, you are going to make me come-"

There's a noise that Cliff refuses to acknowledge as his best friend orgasming (because yeah, that would be the one thing to cross the bro-line) and then the catching of breath. Cliff subtly adjusts his own pants.

"Fuck. Miss you so fucking much, *moy lyubimyy. Ya tebya lyublyu...* Get some sleep, I will text you in the morning, before we board the plane... You too. Goodnight."

There's the sound of running water for several minutes, and Cliff focuses all of his energy on pretending to understand what's happening on the TV. It's playing an episode of *How It's Made*, but Cliff has no idea what's being made other than that it apparently uses a lot of different types of rubber.

It's definitely not something he should have overheard, even though Cliff's heard (and seen) worse in their early clubbing days - something about Jane is just... *different*. Untouchable, and precious. He can see how Jane wiggled her way into Roz's heart, or whatever.

Roz doesn't say anything when he finally exits the bathroom, flopping on the twin bed next to Cliff's, so neither does he. Roz scrolls on his phone, a faint smile on his face, and Cliff learns how garden hoses are made.

December 2020

Cliff doesn't love playing "Never Have I Ever," but it's certainly better than having to listen to St-Simon butcher yet another rendition of a classic Celine Dion masterpiece. They'd just won their last game before the holiday break, and while it wasn't exactly a "party," Hammersmith had invited the guys over to his house for beer, games, and way too many of his wife Mel's delicious holiday cookies. Roz had even sweet-talked Mel into a tupperware full to take home for himself.

"Never have I ever... been kicked out of the bar or club," St-Simon's saying with a grin as he watches everyone else drink.

"Fucker, you would have been too if you weren't out on IR!" Carmichael complains, and Cliff makes a noise of agreement into his beer as he takes a sip.

"Okay, okay my turn. Ummm never have I ever fucked someone in a club," Connors says.

Cliff takes a not-so-subtle sip, accidentally locking eyes with Roz who's doing the same, and they both laugh through their beers. Carmichael takes a swig too, and Connors gasps in false surprise.

"I knew I'd get some of you with that, you *dogs*," he laughs. "Marly?"

Cliff thinks, thoughts moving a little slower by this point in the evening. He racks his brain, thinking over the previous questions, alternatives, and what he hasn't actually done. "Never have I ever... been sucked off by a guy."

"Bro what the fuck," Carmichael laughs, and Cliff shrugs.

"What, I haven't, have you?"

"Of course not-"

"Hey don't judge," Hammersmith cuts in, and everyone whips their head toward him. "There was this one guy in my junior league who liked guys, and he offered to suck my dick once. Was fucking good at it, too. Oh shit, yeah," he cuts himself off to take a sip.

"Well, you learn new things every day," St-Simon says with a shrug.

"This was way before Mel, obviously," Hammer adds. Unnecessarily, Cliff thinks - one thing about that man is he fucking loves his wife. Cliff just nods.

"Honestly you all should try if you get the chance," Roz says, taking a swig, and Cliff's brain tries to catch up again. "There are some amazing dick-sucking guys out there."

"Well, you would know, huh Roz?" Connors laughs, but it's not unkind. "What, you made your way through all the hot girls in Boston and had to move on to the guys?"

"Yeah, something like this," Roz says with a small grimace.

"Got yourself a good old Montreal girl now though," Cliff says, elbowing him lightly, and Roz's smile relaxes.

"Yes, the best. But uh," Rozanov pauses, something washing over his face before he visibly steels himself, some decision having been made. "She is actually a Montreal guy. So."

"Huh?" Cliff's sure his mouth is hanging open as he stares at his best friend, reconciling this information with everything else he knows about Roz, and Montreal Jane, and their many nights on the town before they were exclusive. Thinking about it, he's not actually surprised at all that Roz likes guys, too. He's a little surprised he didn't put together that Jane's one, though.

"You're gay?!" Carmichael says, probably a little too loudly.

"No, I like both," Roz replies with a shrug of his tense shoulders.

"Equal opportunity Roz is actually so in character," Connors say. "And my sister's bi too, so no judgment there, yeah?"

Roz visibly relaxes at Connors' words, and Cliff feels like an asshole. He just needs to clarify one more thing -

"Yeah, no, totally cool, Roz. Love is love and all that stuff. So Jane's a guy right, you didn't break up?"

Roz snorts a laugh. "Yes, Jane is my Montreal guy. My- my boyfriend." He blushes at the word, but Cliff decides to let it slide for now.

"Oh, thank fuck," Hammersmith sighs. "I was not about to have a repeat of Winter 2016."

"Wait, you're actually so right," Carmichael adds, shaking his head. "It's a bit of a shock, I'm not gonna lie, but as long as you're happy and aren't at risk of imploding on us again I'm good."

"What kind of a guy name is *Jane*, though?" St-Simon asks.

"You cannot be that fucking dumb, dude," Connors replies with an unimpressed look. "It's obviously a fake name, dumbass."

"Sorry I do not have experience in secret guy fucking, *merde!*" St-Simon says defensively, throwing his hands up in the air. Roz cackles.

"Ok, so I assume you and Montreal guy Jane have sucked each others dicks then?" Carmichael asks as he downs his beer. "What, it's a fair question!" he says defensively as everyone stares at him. Connors groans loudly.

To be fair, Cliff *is* curious - he's heard all about Roz's sexcapades with women, and it almost feels weirder to *not* talk about it, at least when it comes to Roz. Hammersmith has the same idea apparently, because he leans forward over the coffee table at Roz with a smile.

"Alright then, never have I ever *sucked* a guy's dick before."

Roz maintains eye contact with Hammer as he takes a sip. "Am very good at it," he adds with a self-satisfied smirk at the thrilled laughter from the group.

"Never have I ever fucked a guy," Cliff jumps in, not at all surprised when Roz takes another sip. He's probably gonna need a new bottle soon if they keep this up.

"Never have I ever *been* fucked by a guy?" Hammersmith tries. They're not even going in order anymore, and the pretense of continuing the game is deteriorating in favor of getting as much information from their captain as they can.

Roz makes a face, then takes a small sip. "Not really my thing," he clarifies. "Much prefer doing the fucking, am very good at this too. My Jane loves when I fuck him good."

"Well yeah, why else would he have stuck with your annoying ass for so long if you weren't?" Carmichael snorts.

"So now can we get some pictures at least?" Connors wheedles. "Doesn't have to be of his face or anything, if he's not out or whatever."

Roz is clearly deliberating, eyebrows furrowed and lips drawn into a pout. "Okay, fine," he relents to the cheers of the men around him. "Let me find one then." He starts swiping through his phone, clearly to wherever he's saved all of Jane's pictures. When Roz finally turns the phone around, there's an audible gasp.

Jane is fucking *hot*.



In the photo, a man sits leaning against the back of a couch wearing a Raiders jersey that's clearly Rozanov's, a C and the number 81 visible on the chest and sleeves, respectively. One arm rests on the back of the couch, the other bent so his hand can lift up the jersey, exposing his (very toned) abdomen. The picture cuts off right above his lips, where he's biting his bottom lip, and at his thighs, just below his cream-colored boxers.

"Fucking hell dude, did you bag a model?" Hammersmith asks with an incredulous laugh. "That's insane."

Roz smiles, self-assured and pleased with himself, but Cliff can see the traces of fear slowly fading away underneath. "Not a model, but pretty enough to be, no? Prettiest boy I ever see, all mine now," he says with a happy sigh.

"You were not fucking kidding Roz, holy shit," Cliff says, and Carmichael nods in agreement.

"I don't swing that way, or anything, but damn, Rozy."

"He even wears your jersey, capitaine!" St-Simon says, almost in awe.

"Yes, he is a very good boy for me," Roz smirks.

"Do you have any like, plans? For the future?" Connors asks, a little hesitantly. "Like going public, or coming out or whatever?"

The mood shifts a little, and Roz brushes a finger against the side of his nose. He shrugs, tone falsely casual. "We've talked a little. Thinking about telling friends and team soon. Probably not public until we - until I retire."

Cliff thinks about how closely Roz has been holding Jane to his chest, and wonders how much of that was his choice, and how much of it wasn't. The more he hears Roz talk about Jane, the more he thinks he knows the answer.

Hammer whistles. "That fucking sucks, dude."

"Well, we've got your back, cap. No matter what," Cliff says definitively, clapping a hand on Roz's shoulder. The Russian glances over at him with a small smile, and Cliff purposefully ignores the shimmer of tears threatening to form in the corners of his eyes.

"And we won't say anything to anyone, of course," Connors adds quickly. "It's yours to share, when and where you want." The guys all nod in agreement.

"Thank you," Roz says thickly, clearing his throat a little. "Maybe I pull a Scott Hunter, yes? Win the cup and kiss my boyfriend on TV. But like, younger, hotter version of course," he jokes.

"Of course this is all just some ploy to one-up Hunter," Cliff laughs, bumping shoulders with Roz.

"Ah, but he makes it so easy!" Roz grins, letting Cliff drag him into a messy side hug. Their shoulders stay brushing for a while after that.

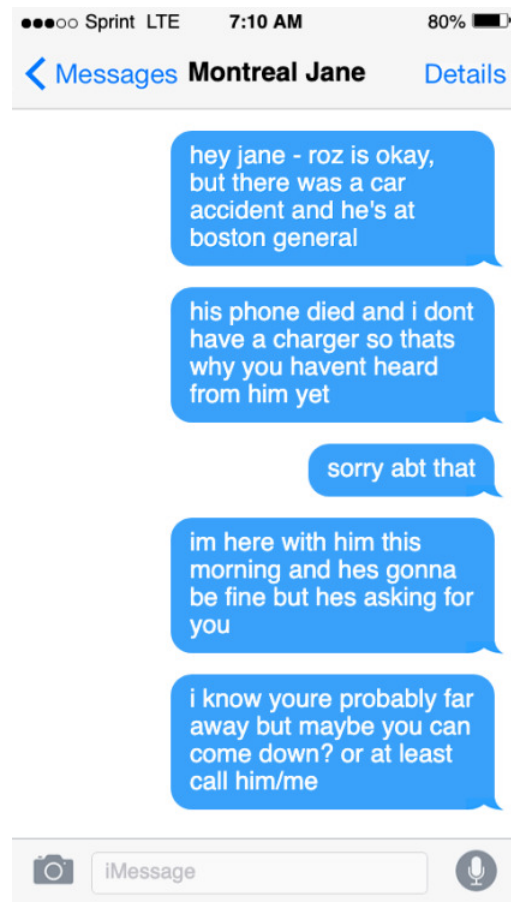
May 2020

It's fucking stupid, that Roz is out for the rest of playoffs because of a drunk driver. He's okay, all things considered, thank *god* - broken wrist, bruised ribs, and some nasty whiplash - but the anger still simmers under Marly's skin. He knows Roz'll be pissed too, once he stops being high as fuck on the painkillers. Possibly more pissed about his car and the season than anything else.

Cliff had come to the hospital as soon as he'd gotten the call, something about Roz's first emergency contact being out of the state currently, and apparently Cliff was number two. The thought sits heavily in his stomach. He tries not to think about his own emergency contact list, and how he didn't need to put teammates down to fill his. He makes a mental note to text his mom and sister later, just to check in.

Technically they have morning practice today before the next home game tonight, but Boston's down 1-3 to Carolina anyways, and Cliff's pretty much called it on a comeback at this point. He'd rather be sitting here listening to a high-on-pain-meds Roz ramble in a half-English, half-Russian garble anyways, nodding and making noises of agreement to statements he barely understands. The rest of the guys had already texted that they're coming over after practice, so Cliff's mostly holding down the fort for now.

Jane hasn't responded to Cliff's texts yet, though he keeps checking. It had been the first thing Roz had asked when Cliff had walked into his room this morning. Cliff had pulled Roz's phone out of his bag of belongings to see a stack of messages from Jane before it had promptly died. So Cliff had quickly reassured Roz that Jane was fine (hopefully true) and that he was texting him right now (definitely true). He had even offered to call, but Roz had shot that down for some reason, instead demanding Cliff keep his phone unlocked and in sight while they waited for a response.



Roz's rambling (something about Scott Hunter and dinosaurs) suddenly shifts into something sharper, and Cliff pulls himself from his thoughts to see the Russian trying to sit up in bed.

"Hey- heyyyyy, hey what are you doing? You can't get up, the nurse'll kill me," Cliff says, standing from his seat at the side of the bed. "What do you need?"

Roz is definitely more with it now than he was first thing this morning, but he's still switching between Russian and English more than usual. Cliff wonders briefly if he should try to learn more than just chirps and curse words, though Roz has made it plenty clear his accent leaves much to be desired.

"Necklace - chain, where my chain Marly?" Roz asks anxiously, looking around, good hand on his chest, feeling for something that isn't there.

"Oh fuck, right, they had to take it off for the x-rays or cat scan or whatever. It should be here - hold on - in your bag of stuff." Cliff grabs the plastic bag of personal belongings on the bedside table and grabs it, pulling out a smaller bag containing the chain.

"Here, you want it on?" Cliff asks, gently pulling the chain out of the bag.

"Please, please," Roz says, holding out his hands but relenting with a sigh and letting Cliff put it around his neck for him when he sees his splinted wrist.

Cliff's so focused on getting the tiny clasp around the other end of the chain that he doesn't notice the new addition until he's sitting back in his chair, Roz playing with the cross and

charm with his free hand and visibly relaxing.

Except it's not just a charm. Roz has had this necklace since before Cliff first met him; it's his late mom's cross and it's the most important thing Roz owns, though Cliff doesn't know much else. He does, however, know that until now he'd never seen anything else on the chain, and now there's what looks suspiciously like a wedding or engagement ring hanging next to the cross.

It's probably not completely fair to ask this while Roz is drugged up, but Cliff can't help himself. "Yo, anything you wanna tell me, Roz?" he asks, gesturing to the ring.

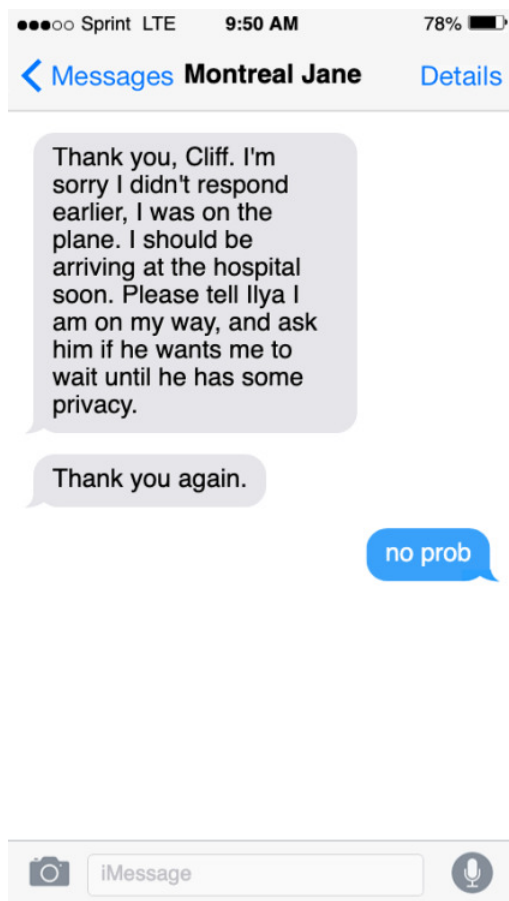
Roz looks down, brows furrowed, then relaxing again with a grin. "Ah, yes, my Jane. *Moy prekrasnyy zhenikh*. Make honest man of me now. Going to get married." His words slur a little around Jane's name, which Cliff attributes to his thicker accent at the moment.

Cliff can't help a surprised laugh. "Holy shit, dude! I'm so fucking happy for you, man. That's crazy - I mean - good for you. Good for both of you."

Roz hums, satisfied, and then frowns again. "Where is he? I miss Jane, is he coming?"

"I'm sure he's on his way," Cliff lies hopefully, and by some miracle his phone buzzes at that moment. He grabs it, opening his notifications to see a new message from Jane.

"Thank fuck," he sighs, swiping into the chat.



"He's on his way, he says he'll be here soon," Cliff says before Roz can ask (whine) about what's happening.

"Jaaaaaane, yes," Roz sighs, head flopping back onto his pillow.

"He um. He asked if he should wait until you have privacy? Should I leave the room, or?" Cliff asks a little more tentatively. Jane really does take their privacy seriously, he supposes.

"Don't care, want my Jane now please."

"Please? Damn, he's got you whipped, huh," Cliff laughs with a smile.

Roz just smiles before pouting again. He opens his mouth, probably to complain that Jane still isn't here, when the door suddenly opens. Cliff breathes a sigh of relief; the nurse was just in here, and Roz is doing fine, so the only person it could possibly be is -

"Shane Hollander???" Cliff stares, trying to make sense of whatever the fuck was happening right now. What the fuck was Hollander doing here? And why did he look like absolute shit? (Cliff could admit, even looking like he got here by holding onto the plane's landing gears as it was flying and then literally running straight from the airport to the hospital, there was still something so magnetic about Hollander. Cliff kind of hated it, despite the fact that Hollander was very hard to hate.)

"Shaaaaaaaaane," Roz croons next to him, not a care in the world as he lifts his good hand as best he can and holds it out towards Hollander.

Hollander's flushed, from exertion or embarrassment or some combination of the two, Cliff isn't sure, but takes a step toward Roz. He's got a duffel slung over his shoulder and bags under his eyes, and his eyes look a little red too.

"Marleau. I, uh - I just wanted to check in on I- on Rozanov," Hollander says awkwardly, and Cliff is aware he's still staring. Roz is still reaching and calling for Hollander, and Cliff tears his eyes away to glance at his phone again. No new messages.

"Okay.... um. Not to be rude but Roz is kind of expecting a visitor," Cliff says. They can unpack the whole Hollander thing later, but Jane should be here any minute, and that's definitely the priority. Although Roz seems pretty happy to see Hollander at the moment; Cliff watches dumbly as Roz finally gets one of Hollander's hands in his and brings it up to his lips to kiss it gently, mumbling in a mixture of Russian and English.

"Yeah, um. I'm the visitor," Hollander says stiltedly. He looks like a gentle breeze could make him crumble, staring at Roz even as he talks to Cliff.

Cliff blinks, pieces trying to fit together in his exhausted brain. Roz happily hums Hollander's name again, and it hits Cliff like a fucking brick.

Montreal Jane.

Shane.

God, Cliff was so fucking stupid.

"Holy shit, I'm so fucking stupid," he mutters to no one in particular.

"Shane, you came, I missed you, *solnyshko*," Roz is saying, eyes only for Hollander. "I knew you would come to me."

"I was so scared." Hollander's voice is almost a whisper. "I got the call from the hospital and-" his breath catches in a sob. "And I didn't know what was going on, and you were here all alone and-"

"Shhhh, shhh, *moy lyubimyy*, it is okay," Roz soothes him, tugging his hand to get Hollander to sit on the edge of his hospital bed opposite from Cliff. "I'm okay. Promise."

"You have a broken wrist and bruised ribs, probably a fucking concussion, Ilya, that's not okay-" Hollander argues, breathing speeding up.

"Shane, sweetheart. Deep breaths, okay? You are here, and I will get better." Roz rubs his thumb over Hollander's knuckles. Cliff watches in shock as Hollander takes a shaky but deeper breath, then another, his free hand coming to cup Roz's cheek ever so gently.

"Okay. Okay, yeah. You're right." Another breath. "I'm just so glad you're alright. I love you so much."

"*Ya tozhe tebya lyublyu*," Roz responds softly.

"I'm sorry - you're the one in a hospital bed, you shouldn't be comforting *me*," Hollander says thickly.

Roz hushes him. "Shane, is okay. Scary for me, also scary for you. I understand." Cliff can see the way Roz waits until Hollander seems to settle a little before he slowly starts to grin. "But, you are right... I am hurt. Need my Shane to make me all better. Gimme kiss-"

"Ilya!" Hollander protests, even as his thumb gently rubs over Roz's pouting lower lip, seemingly of its own volition.

And, okay, Cliff should really go now. "I'll, uh - I'll give you guys a minute, yeah?" he cuts in as he stands, and it is a little funny how Hollander whips his head around like he totally forgot Cliff was there.

"Fuck - sorry, I was just -" Hollander stutters, and Cliff waves his hand.

"You're all good, Hollander. Roz's been asking for you all morning, anyways. He's sick of my annoying ass." He glances at Roz, who gives him a grateful look. Hollander looks relieved too, but just as embarrassed. It's kind of cute, honestly - not that Cliff's thinking about that or anything. He grabs his phone and coffee and heads to the door. "I'll be right out here. The guys are probably swinging by soon, so I'll text you updates?"

Hollander nods, and Cliff finally slips out the door with a final wave. He goes the wrong way at first, trying to find the small waiting room he saw earlier, and when he backtracks past the

room a few moments later he can just see Hollander tenderly kissing Roz on the lips through the glass. There's a peacefulness on Roz's face when they part that's foreign to Cliff, but seems to fit so naturally as he gazes at Hollander.

Cliff sits awkwardly in one of the almost-too-small hospital chairs in the small waiting area down the hall from Roz's private room, thoughts racing. Sure, this was a huge fucking shock, but Cliff wasn't a monster. Roz deserved to be happy - fuck knows he's had more than his share of bullshit to deal with - and if that meant being boyfriends - sorry, *fiances* - with his archrival, then for sure. Cliff's seen weirder shit (probably).

Although, this does raise some more questions, because Roz had been texting Jane for like 8 years at this point, and if Cliff did the math then that meant -

"Marly!" Carmichael flops into the chair next to him. "What're you doing out here? Is Roz okay?"

Hammersmith shoulders Connors out of the way to sit on Cliff's other side as St-Simon trails behind, all looking like they came straight from morning practice. Cliff sits up in his seat.

"He's good, I mean as much as he can be I guess. Jane's actually with him right now," he admits.

"Holy shit, Jane sighting imminent!" Hammer whoops, probably way too loud for a hospital, and he's shoving Connors out of the way again as he pulls himself out of his seat, practically jogging down the hall as Connors follows, St-Simon and Carmichael not far behind.

Cliff's stomach drops. "Wait - wait wait guys give them a minute! Wait I gotta text them - shit," Cliff swears, hurrying after them just in time to slip into the room behind them. Hollander's still sitting on the edge of Roz's bed, holding his free hand in both of his. Both men look over at the intrusion, Hollander with panic in his eyes. "Guys hold on-" Cliff tries uselessly.

"Hi Jane - *Hollander*?! What are you doing here? Where's Jane?" Hammersmith asks, looking around the room as if an answer will magically appear.

"Um. Hi," Hollander says quietly.

"You said Jane was here, Marly," Carmichael says accusingly, and Cliff groans. Okay, so maybe at least he wasn't *the* stupidest person in the world.

Luckily Connors seems to be on the same page, and smacks Carmichael's arm. "Jane is Hollander, dumbass. Jane, Shane? Hello?"

"Ohhhhhhhh. *Putain*," St-Simon mutters. "This is crazy."

"I fucking knew I recognized those abs, dude," Connors adds. "What? I'm straight, not blind," he retorts when Carmichael gives him an incredulous look.

"My abs?" Hollander repeats, a bemused look on his face.

"Yeah, Rozy finally showed us this one picture of Jane - well, you I guess, haha - in one of his jerseys," Hammersmith says as he helps himself to the chair by the bed. Carmichael grabs one of the extra chairs by the door and drags it over to the bed with an obnoxious grating noise that seems to bother everyone else but him.

Roz hums happily. "Yes, my Shane is so pretty, so handsome. Have many many good pictures, but most are not for sharing."

Hollander makes a noise that can best be described as a squeak, his face bright red.

"How the fuck did you bag Hollander? Fucking knew Jane was too good for you," St-Simon snorts.

"So like. You two are actually dating? And have been, for a while?" asks Hammer, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees.

"Yes, but we are not dating anymore," Roz says casually, and five pairs of eyes turn to him in utter shock. He lets the moment hang there, and just when Cliff's about to ask for clarification (connected to the ring on the chain around his neck) he adds, "we are engaged now."

A chorus of groans fill the room.

"Ilya, that's the worst possible way to explain that," Hollander admonishes him, one hand covering his red face. Roz just laughs.

"You fucking menace," Hammersmith snorts, gently flicking the side of Roz's head.

"Hey! You hurt the injured guy? Fucking rude!" Roz turns his head to Hollander, tilting it meaningfully. "Nurse, please make better, need more kisses stat."

"Stat?" Hollander snorts, but he's looking at Roz so fondly that Cliff has to look away for a second. "Have you been watching more medical dramas?"

"Yes, David and I are binging *Grey's Anatomy*, is very interesting," Roz says unabashedly. "Connors watches it too, yes?"

Connors looks a little surprised to be mentioned but nods easily. "Oh, for sure. The drama can get a bit much sometimes, but it's super fun to watch with other people, like my sister's really into it."

And apparently everyone in the room except Hollander had seen at least a few episodes of *Grey's* before (Cliff could admit it was one of those shows you could easily get sucked into), and the conversation revolves around explaining the main premise and relationships to Hollander for a while. Cliff's pretty sure Hollander could care less about the show, but he is steadily relaxing more and more, and Cliff figures being treated semi-normally right now is probably what he needs.

Things eventually come back around to the Whole Jane Thing(TM), but they only get a few questions in before a nurse comes by and politely kicks them out. (*Summer before rookie year? Seriously?*) Boston still has a game tonight, and Hollander does too, so even he can't

stay behind - though apparently his parents are on their way down, and will be with Roz in the hospital. Roz seems pretty pleased with that knowledge, though he makes his feelings on Hollander not being able to stay longer *very* clear.

Cliff pulls Hollander to the side as they exit into the parking garage, and feels bad when Hollander looks at him with trepidation, shoulders tense and not quite meeting his eyes.

"Hey, look Hollander, I just wanted to say that - I know that was a lot, for all of us, but we're good, yeah? The boys won't say anything, I mean Roz told us you were a guy months ago and it's totally chill, it's just an extra, you know, layer of things with Jane being, well. You." Cliff cuts himself off before he can dig himself even deeper.

Luckily, though, Hollander actually looks somewhat relieved. "I - thank you, Marleau. It seems like you all really have his back, regardless of... all this. It means a lot, to both of us."

Cliff shrugs awkwardly. "Of course, man. None of us can imagine how tough it's been for the two of you, the last thing we want to do is make things worse. Rozy deserves to be happy, and so do you. Obviously you never take it easy on him - or any of us - on the ice, so what do we care about what happens off it?"

To Cliff's horror, Hollander actually looks like he's tearing up. "No, we would never - I love playing against Ilya, but it's not - we play *better* against each other, I think. We match each other, in a way." He glances at Cliff, who nods reassuringly though he's not entirely sure where this is going, or what this is coming from.

"And it's not like being gay affects my playing," Hollander continues hoarsely. "Or if it does then it's always been that way. I was gay before I was fucking drafted, even if I hadn't admitted it to myself yet, so why would anything change now?" His breath hitches, and Cliff frowns.

"Are - does anyone know about you?" he asks gently. "Are they saying shit?"

It leaves Hollander's mouth like a broken dam. "I - I told my teammates, that I was gay. Not even that I was dating Ilya, or even that I even had a boyfriend - a fucking *fiance* actually - just to test the waters, or whatever, and now they just, they *look* at me wrong. Like *I'm* wrong. Hayden's supportive, or he tries at least, and J.J. too, but it's not like that cancels out everything else, you know? The - the looks, the words being thrown around, avoiding me in the showers. They won't touch me, at all. I mean - Comeau asked me, a few weeks ago, if I lost the puck in a game because the defenseman was too 'distracting.'" Hollander scoffs at that, shaking his head in a disbelief that Cliff echoes internally. "And I can't even say anything, because then I'm the sensitive, cocksucking pussy that they already think I am," he spits out, scrubbing a hand through his hair. "Fuck. I'm sorry - I didn't mean to - you probably have to get out of here."

Cliff knows he can be an asshole sometimes (he's not great with emotions, and he calls people pussies too often, something his sister's always - rightfully - getting on him about) and most hockey players are too, but he can't imagine treating any of his teammates like that, let alone his captain and best friend. There's something surreal about arguably the most famous hockey player in the world standing in front of him in a dingy underground parking garage,

trying not to cry because his teammates (who have 3 cups because of him) are being assholes, simply due to the fact that he has a boyfriend instead of a girlfriend (*fiance*, his brain corrects helpfully).

Cliff's always been more of a physical than an intellectual guy, and he's certainly way out of his depth right now. He's not even really thinking as he wraps an arm around Hollander, tugging him into a tight hug; the kind he gives his sister when she's freaking out, or sad, or says she just "needs to be squished". He waits for Hollander to yell, or hit him, or politely tell him to let go, but instead he feels him slowly melt into his hold. He might be crying now, but the only sign is the trembling of his shoulders, and Cliff steadfastly ignores it, just holding him close. He thinks belatedly that this is probably the first time in a long time that anyone besides Roz and his parents have willingly touched Hollander, at least in a way that was caring, and Cliff decides to stop thinking for now.

They stay that way for a long moment, finally parting when Cliff feels Hollander shift in his hold. Hollander's face is red and his eyes are puffy, but he looks a little less tense. He opens his mouth, probably to apologize, and Cliff cuts him off.

"Look, I know it won't make up for whatever bullshit you're dealing with in Montreal, but we're here for you, yeah? Hey, I can add you to the group chat, if you want? It's just the five of us and Roz. It might be nice to have some people to talk with, who know?" He shrugs. "You can think about it. I've got your number, so." He grins, and Hollander snorts lightly in response, a smile tugging at his lips.

"Yeah, I think that would be nice, actually. If you really don't mind, that is. I wouldn't want to intrude."

"Nah, you're good. Someone's gotta keep Roz in check anyways. I'll add you when I get home."

Hollander nods. "Thank you, honestly. You're - you're a good guy, Marleau."

Cliff smiles, and then winces at a sudden memory. "I *am* sorry about that hit a few years ago, though. Oh - holy shit, no wonder Roz was so fucked up after that game..." Cliff has a lot of thinking to do. After the game tonight, probably. Maybe even tomorrow, actually - he thinks he deserves a break.

"Really, it's okay," Hollander just laughs roughly and turns with a final small wave. Cliff realizes, with only a little surprise, that he's looking forward to talking with Hollander again. He gets in the driver's seat of his truck and opens his phone.



August 2020

Cliff dumps the case of beer on the counter with a grunt. He saw Connors heading to the backyard, carrying a foldable table with Pike, and St-Simon was lugging the god-forsaken karaoke machine with him. He can already imagine Hollzy's exasperated look and Roz's blinding grin as he convinces Hollzy to partake.

They still have an hour or so before the party officially starts, though most of the guys are here already to help set everything up. Mel and Pike's wife, Jackie, are in town getting some last minute party supplies, and apparently are besties now, according to Hammersmith.

It's probably the most unique bachelor party Cliff's ever attended, and he's never been more excited.

Cliff takes a second to gaze out the window at the sunset reflecting on the water of the lake. He can hear noises from the backyard and figures he can escape to the bathroom for a minute before helping them finish all the set up.

It occurs to him, as he turns down a hall in Hollander's cottage - which is the least cottage-like thing his has ever seen, it's an enormous glass building - that he hasn't seen Roz or Hollander in a minute. He's sure they're in here somewhere, getting something ready for the party despite everyone else's reassurances that they've got it covered.

(Hollander had, of course, told the guys to call him Shane. And Cliff had, exactly once - the glare Roz gave him afterwards was enough to make Cliff want to review his life insurance plan, and never let the name "Shane" leave his mouth ever again.)

There's a noise from a room to the right, and Cliff automatically turns that way. Through a half-open door, he can see another little sitting room area, with some seating and bookshelves and a small TV, and far fewer windows than most of the rest of the house.

It's also currently occupied, and there's no mistaking what's happening.

Hollander's kneeling on the couch, head pillowed on his arms on the armrest, Roz's hips flush with his from behind, as he's clearly being fucked. Cliff's face is hot. He needs to turn around and walk back the way he came, silently, and then scrub this from his brain and never think about it again. So why is he just standing here, surrounded by the sounds of panting breaths and slapping of skin?

"Quiet, *solnyshko*. We don't want anyone hearing you, do we?" Roz murmurs.

Hollander moans, loudly, shaking his head as much as he can where it rests on his arms.

Roz lifts his head and makes direct eye contact with Cliff over Hollander's shoulders, and Cliff's stomach drops. He opens his mouth - to apologize maybe? Defend himself? Say nothing and run away? - but Roz just smirks and silently shushes him.

"Or... maybe that's what you want, huh?" Roz murmurs to Hollander, loudly enough for Cliff to hear it clearly.

"Uhn uh," Hollzy denies with a whimper, and Roz just laughs.

"Do not lie to me, *kotyonok*. I can feel how much you want this. Can feel you so warm and tight around me."

Hollzy makes another broken noise and his shoulders shudder.

"Da, just like that. Such a good boy for me," Roz purrs. Cliff can see Roz's hips speeding up, and even if he couldn't he can hear the change in the noises Hollander's making with each thrust. "They should all get to see how good you are for me, yes? I will not share you, no, you are *mine* -" punctuated with a harder thrust that makes Hollander gasp - "but I could let them watch. Could let them beg to watch as I take you apart. All wishing they could take my place. But you don't want them, do you? They can't give you what you need, not like I can, mm?"

Hollzy keens, moving his head frantically like he can't decide whether to shake it or nod. Roz's breaths are getting heavier, and Cliff realizes he's holding his own breath, too.

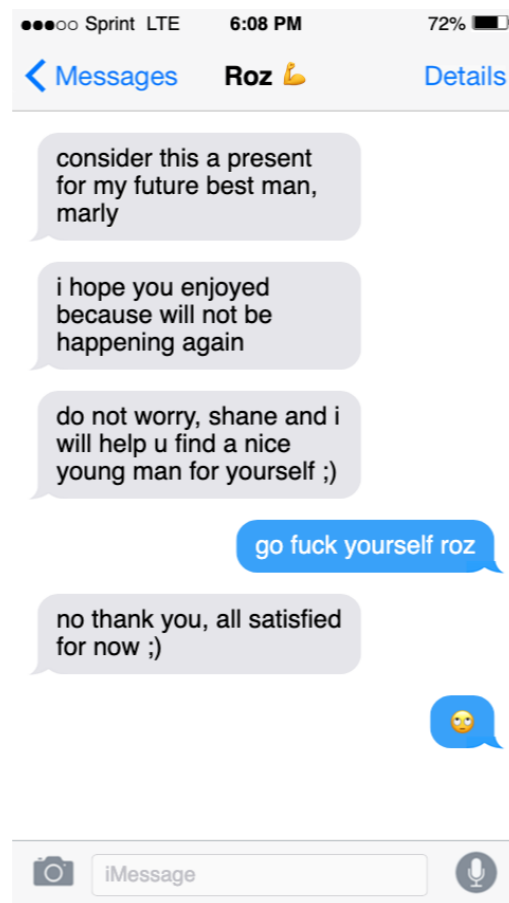
Cliff loves women. A lot. But okay, maybe Cliff's had theoretical, hypothetical thoughts about fucking a guy before, but honestly who hasn't, right? And maybe, theoretically, hypothetically, he's getting a little hard in his own pants right now.

Cliff adjusts his jeans, and Roz catches his eye with a lazy, knowing smirk before turning his full attention back to the man underneath him.

"Going to come for me, sweetheart?" Roz coos, and Hollander whimpers in agreement.
"That's my good boy. Go on."

Immediately, Hollander's body freezes and then jerks a few times as his breath comes out in loud gasps. A few harsh thrusts later and Roz is stilling, too, leaning over to bury his face in Hollzy's neck with a groan. For a moment everything's still, the world seemingly at peace with itself, before Roz is gently pulling back just enough to murmur in Hollander's ear (something too soft for Cliff to catch but undeniably tender), and Cliff's body finally gets with the program enough for him to force his legs to carry him down the hall and - thank god - to a bathroom.

He braces his hands on the sink after splashing his face with some cold water, steadfastly ignoring his dazed reflection in the mirror. Cliff doesn't panic - why would he, it's not like panicking would improve his already poor decision-making skills - but he can feel a little bile threatening to spill into his mouth. His phone buzzes in his pocket, and Cliff's need for a distraction outweighs his concern as to who it is.



Cliff snorts a laugh, but the bile is gone, and he's able to face his (mostly) normal-looking reflection. He's going to go back out to where they're all setting up the party, make sure there's plenty of ginger ale for Hollzy and beer for everyone else, and probably get roped into another game of table tennis while Mel and Jackie kick them all out of the kitchen. He'll watch Roz piss Pike off as his wife laughs, and drink enough beer to not put up a fight when karaoke time comes around.

And then, in the morning - probably afternoon, if he's being honest with himself - maybe he'll think about why watching his captain fuck his fiancée got him harder than any porn has in the last half decade.

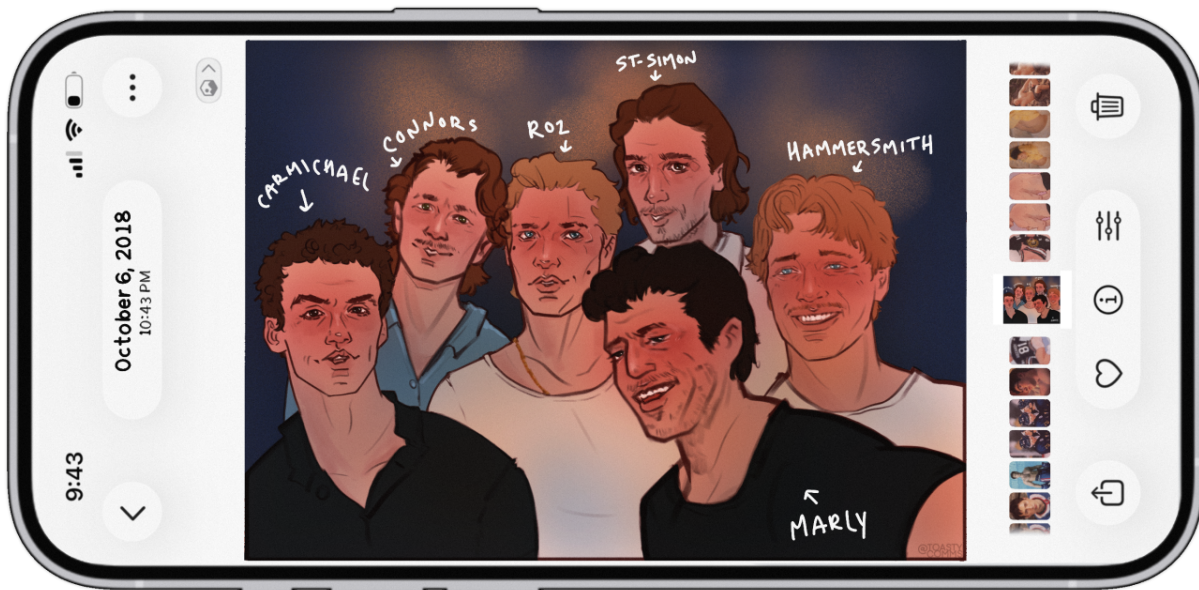
Maybe.

Chapter 2

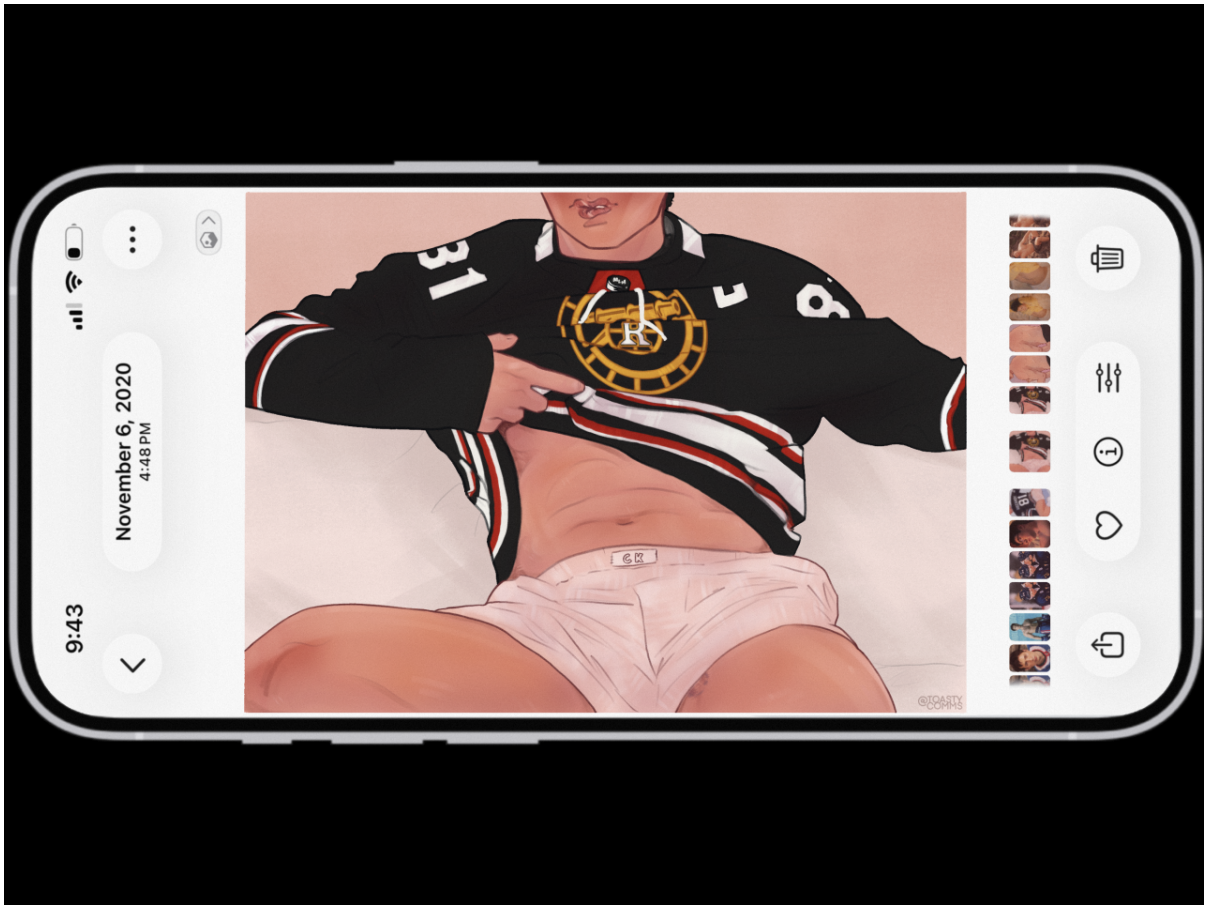
Chapter Summary

additional/better quality art from chapter one :)

The (labeled) selfie the boys send Jane at the bar/club:



The picture Ilya shows the boys of "Jane" (based off that one Hudson photo shoot)



What Cliff sees when he accidentally walks in on Shane and Ilya hehe:



End Notes

russian translations courtesy of google translate (sorry haha):

kotyonok = kitty/kitten

moy lyubimyy = my beloved

moy prekrasnyy zhenikh = my beautiful fiance

solnyshko = little sun/sunshine

ya tebya lyublyu = i love you

ya tozhe tebya lyublyu = i love you too

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