

Montreal Girl

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Characters:	Cliff Marlow , Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
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Montreal Girl

by [SourLeminade](#)

Summary

Not for the next two fucking years, when everything they played a game in Montreal, Ilya was fucking salivating at his phone. Probably hoping this girl would just fucking invite him over already. Cliff is certain he failed every time because he was Ilya's roommate, and they would either end up in bed alone at the end of the night or kick each other out for a little while.

Cliff has got to give it to the Montreal Girl. Two years is a long time to keep a professional hockey player wrapped around your finger with no sex.

So, two years later, Cliff finally brings it up again.

Notes

Hello! This fic is based purely on the shows timeline and everything! It is from Cliff's POV because there are a lot from Hayden figuring it out from Shane but I feel Ilya is just as capable of not being good at keeping this secret. Probably worse than Shane.

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

Cliff Marleau was not a dumb man.

Okay, he wasn't smart. He wouldn't win any sort of trivia game or solve $E = mc^2$ or anything.

He was, however, not dumb. He knew someone had Ilya Rosanov, a big, scary Russian captain, wrapped around their finger.

He has proof, so much proof. Someone might even accuse him of being smart.

It wasn't at all hard to figure out. Ilya was drafted to the Radiers during Cliff's second year playing professionally. He quickly became friends with his captain.

He noticed Ilya was quite the playboy. He didn't have a girl in every city, but he didn't need to. All he had to do was wear a barely buttoned shirt and speak with his Russian accent, and half the girls at any club would want to leave with him.

So, Cliff did notice that Ilya did have two regular girls. Svetlana and "Montreal Girl".

Cliff had met Svetlana. Svetlana Vetrova was an amazing woman. She was a goddess, one of the most beautiful people on the planet. If Cliff were a bad person, he would have started flirting with her right in front of Ilya's face. However, Cliff knew the pair had a thing going on, and Cliff was a good friend.

The second Svetlana left the pair, Cliff immediately asked Ilya why he hadn't married her yet. He couldn't figure out why. She was a goddess; she knew more about hockey than Ilya and Cliff combined. She was Russian. It seemed like the perfect match from Ilya Rosanov.

"It's just," Ilya thought for a moment, "never been like that." He admitted. "I love her; I will always love her more than everyone else, just not like that. It's same for her." Ilya told him.

And Cliff didn't understand how two people could look like that, have so much in common, love each other, and not be able to be in love *like that*.

Until Cliff started realizing how whipped Ilya was for *Montreal Girl*.

The first time he noticed was right before they got snowed in and weren't able to fly out for a game they had in Montreal.

Ilya couldn't stop bouncing his fucking leg, and it was starting to drive Cliff a little crazy.

"What's up with you?" Cliff asked.

"Nothing." Ilya brushed him off like Cliff suspected he would. Cliff looked at him and raised his eyebrows.

"You sure?" Cliff signaled to his friend's bouncing leg.

"Fuck you," Ilya responded, leg still bouncing.

Cliff decided to just wave Ilya off and let the man go crazy until their coach announced they wouldn't be flying to Montreal because of the snow.

"Fuck," Ilya muttered to himself.

"It's a night off, boy, it's not the end of the world." Cliff reminded Ilya.

"Yeah, whatever," Ilya brushed him off once again.

Cliff thought to himself for a moment. Ilya Rosanov does not get this worked up about games, even ones against his rival Shane Hollander. Cliff almost let the whole interaction go until he realized it was over a girl.

“Look, whoever she is, she’s going to get over it,” Cliff said with a wink.

So, Ilya Rosanov had a girl in Montreal. That was new.

And Cliff didn’t bring it up. Not the next time they went clubbing, and Ilya picked up a random girl. Not the next time he saw Svetlana, once again thinking about shooting his shot with the amazing woman.

Not for the next two fucking years, when everything they played a game in Montreal, Ilya was fucking *salivating* at his phone. Probably hoping this girl would just fucking invite him over already. Cliff is certain he failed every time because he was Ilya’s roommate, and they would either end up in bed alone at the end of the night or kick each other out for a little while.

Cliff has got to give it to the Montreal Girl. Two years is a long time to keep a professional hockey player wrapped around your finger with no sex.

So, two years later, Cliff finally brings it up again.

His captain had been distracted by his phone, once again, before a game against Montreal.

“Wow, this Montreal girl works you up, brother.” Cliff said as he put his jersey on over his pads.

“Shut your idiot face, Marley.” Ilya quipped back.

“You’re straight up blushin’, Roz.” He tells his captain. No one else was paying attention to their conversation.

“Uh, no.” Ilya said firmly. “Never in life have I blushed. Russians do not do this.” Ilya definitely blushed a little bit more.

So, Cliff just laughed at him. Brushing off his captain, making a little face at him, and getting back to his pregame prep.

However, Cliff was clearly right about Ilya blushing because after the game, he disappeared. Ilya did not come back to their hotel room until 1am. Cliff didn’t ask any questions.

Cliff didn’t ask any questions again for a long time.

However, he did take note that after they won the cup in 2014. Ilya texted Montreal Girl, or *Jane*, on his phone before he texted Svetlana. So maybe Ilya could be in *that type* of love with Montreal Girl.

He also noticed that after Ilya won MVP in 2014, he texted Montreal Girl his room number. So, clearly, they were close enough that she came to the NHL Awards for him. Still, Cliff didn’t say anything.

He almost said something in the summer of 2016, when the Metros won their second cup (In a row. Cliff still gets mad thinking about it.) When he noticed Ilya texted his Montreal Girl, *“Lucky”*. So, his Montreal girl was a Metros fan. He almost said, *“So, that’s why you keep her hidden.”* But he didn’t.

He did not say anything in October of 2016, when Ilya came into the locker room, *seething*, before they played the Metros. The kind of anger he had never seen his captain before. The kind of anger you only get when you get into relationship-altering fights.

He did, however, think he had to say something. They won the game. 6-1, Boston. Shane Hollander scored no goals; he was barely allowed to hold on to the puck. Ilya wouldn't let him. Ilya was toeing the line of almost illegal checks and close to dirty plays. Ilya played that game as if he lost someone would take him out behind the arena and shoot him.

“Roz,” Cliff stopped Ilya before he could storm out, because the man was still angry. “What the hell?” He asked. They were alone; the rest of the team was doing whatever they were doing.

“Not tonight, Marley.” Ilya said firmly and finally. You know what? Cliff could see why some people were scared of the Russians. So, he put his hands up and let Ilya leave.

Cliff also notes that after he and Eric showed Ilya the article about Shane Hollander and Rose Landry, Ilya's posture changed. He sees the emotion go through Ilya's eyes for one second. He notices the tightening of Ilya's jaw.

He also notices how Montreal can barely beat Boston right now. It's like the purpose of Ilya's career is to embarrass Hollander on the ice. He has simmered since that one game a few months ago. He is no longer toeing the line of illegal hockey, but he is still out to get Hollander.

Cliff wonders for a second, what if Rose Landry was Montreal Girl? It would make zero sense. Cliff knew without having to think too hard about it that it simply wasn't possible. However, it is the only possible explanation Cliff has for why Ilya has been wiping Montreal on Montreal's home ice.

Then Eric texted everyone that Ilya said they were going out. He texted the chat the name of a club about 10 minutes away from their hotel and said, *“Captain orders, everyone who wants to go, in the lobby in 15.”*

Clearly, Ilya was still fighting with the Montreal girl. Cliff had never once seen Ilya go out to a club in Montreal. So, maybe that's why he was still dominating Montreal on the ice. He was just channeling his anger for her to beat her hockey team.

He did notice Shane Hollander and Rose Landry at the club. He also saw Shane and Ilya make gross, *intense* eye contact while Ilya was dancing with a random girl. Damn, their rivalry was weird.

He also noticed that after the 2017-2018 NHL season started, Ilya had finally calmed down. His anger had settled, and it seemed like he had chilled out.

They were playing normally against Montreal again. In their first game against Montreal, Ilya did not play angrily. Or at least not more angry than you should be playing a hockey game. So, Cliff assumed that Ilya probably made up with his Montreal girl and no longer needed to beat the hell out of Montreal. They can now respectfully beat Montreal. He might miss whooping their asses a little, though.

Cliff was going to ask Ilya about it after the game. However, Ilya's brother called him.

"Roz, you look like you've seen a ghost," Cliff said after Ilya put down his phone.

"My father died." Is all Ilya said to him before he left the arena and got on a plane headed to Moscow.

After this, Cliff almost forgot about the Montreal girl because she seemed to be helping Ilya through this. If this girl is helping his brother, he could keep his mouth shut about her for the time being. Plus, they would be in Montreal in a few weeks, and he is quite certain his friend could use whatever cheering up Montreal girl might provide him.

Then, during their Montreal game a few weeks later, Cliff took Shane Hollander out.

It was a legal check. Multiple referees, multiple coaches, and multiple hockey analysts looked at the play and the check. It was legal.

But that didn't make Cliff feel any better. In fact, he felt physically sick for the rest of the game. Ilya looked physically sick for the rest of the game. *What is with their stupid rivalry?*

Cliff thought.

Cliff felt devastatingly worse and violently ill after the game when Ilya absolutely berated him for the hit. It was just the two of them; Rosanov was a respectful captain. Unless you did something that needed to be addressed to the whole team, he would never call you out for it in front of everyone.

Some of the things Ilya was saying to him were in Russian and some in English, so Cliff was only half catching what Ilya was throwing at him. Ilya also had this look in his eye. This weird look in his eye. It was a mix of worry, scared, and maybe pain. For what? A hit against his enemy?

Cliff rarely ever saw emotions swim through Ilya like this. He only really saw Ilya show this kind of emotion with Montreal Girl. And that one night in Boston when they beat Montreal 6-1. And when he found out Hollander was hooking up with Rose Landry. And that time in the club when Ilya was looking at Holl-

No.

It simply wasn't possible.

Ilya fucking Rosanov banged the hottest women on the planet.

Shane Hollander just got out of a relationship with Rose fucking Landry.

And then Cliff thought back to all their games in Montreal and all the games they've ever played against Montreal. And how, when Montreal played Boston in Boston and Boston won, Ilya didn't go out with the team to celebrate.

Cliff assumed Svetlana was the one who did the sex celebrations with Rosanov when he was in Boston. And she probably did. Just, maybe not when those celebrations were against Montreal.

And Cliff bit his tongue *very* hard because he wasn't sure if he wanted to be right or not. He couldn't be right. Could he?

Cliff wasn't at all going to win any awards for being the smartest hockey player, but damn, right now, he wished he hadn't picked up on so many details throughout the years.

"Look, I'm sorry, cap," Cliff finally interrupts Ilya's rant. "I really didn't mean to, I feel terrible and-"

"No," Ilya interrupts Cliff this time, "I mean, yes. Feel bad, you hurt someone, and we don't know how yet." Cliff watched as that emotion waved through Ilya's eyes again. "But it was a legal check. Your hockey was good." Ilya took a deep breath. "You were beat up by other team." Ilya points at Cliff's many, many bruises. "You do not need me to punish you." Ilya stood up a little straighter. "Don't punish yourself." Ilya said, because he was Cliff's captain, because he was Cliff's friend.

Cliff decides to table the *"Hey, brother, is your Montreal girl really a guy and is that guy Shane Hollander?"* question for a later time. Maybe months from now. Certainly, if it had taken more than 5 years for Cliff to figure this out, he didn't need an answer in the next 5 minutes.

He also notices that the next day, Ilya sneaks away from the team and goes who knows where. Cliff certainly wasn't going to ask. And he was just going to file this away into the things he wished he didn't notice.

End Notes

I hoped you enjoyed reading!

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