

Waiting for Marleau

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Waiting for Marleau

by [windowlessatmosphere](#)

Summary

"I can't believe *Hollander* is your Montreal girl."

"This is not helpful, Marley!"

Notes

cliff and ilya are both very dumb and i am bummed we did not get more scenes of them being dumb together

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

“Shit,” Marleau muttered. “My phone died. Can I borrow yours to call an Uber?”

“You do not have a car?” Rozanov laughed, handing his phone over anyway. Marleau rolled his eyes.

“It’s in the shop,” he reminded Ilya, pulling up the app.

“No car, shitty phone,” Rozanov mused.

“I forgot to charge it!” Marleau defended himself, aiming a kick at Roz’s shin. “I’ll Venmo you,” he offered, confirming his destination.

“I do not care,” Rozanov deadpanned. Marleau scoffed. Even when doing someone a favor, Roz was spectacular at coming off like an asshole. A notification popped up at the top of the screen about his Uber, and he automatically tapped it. Of course, a text came in immediately afterwards, meaning that he had inadvertently opened Rozanov’s text conversation with Jane. His *Montreal* girl.

Jane

Call me later. ❤️

Marleau raised his eyebrows. Rozanov always insisted they weren’t that serious, but Marleau could tell that wasn’t entirely true. And clearly, he had been vindicated by the red heart emoji. As he went to close the app, something caught his eye.

“Why am I looking at a picture of Shane Hollander?”

Rozanov laughed. “I don’t know, why?” He gave Marleau an expectant look, clearly waiting for the punchline.

Marleau looked back down at the screen, confused.

Ilya

Are you wearing your glasses? Send a picture.

Jane had responded with a picture of Shane Hollander in glasses holding a book. In bed. Shirtless. Marleau blinked. He might have written it off as an extremely weird joke, but Rozanov had sent a frankly unhinged number of way too horny emojis in response.

“Are you...?” Marleau stopped himself when he saw three dots pop up to show that “Jane” was typing. Oh my god. Jane. Shane. *Montreal* Jane. He was an idiot. “Here,” he said hurriedly, pushing Rozanov’s phone back into his hand.

“What are you—” Rozanov’s laughter stopped as soon as he glanced at the screen.

“Look, man, I won’t say anything,” Marleau promised.

“Oh my god,” Rozanov groaned.

“I won't say anything!” Marleau reiterated.

“He will kill me,” Rozanov insisted, staring despondently down at his phone.

“C’mon, is he really gonna care that much?” Marleau pointed out.

“Yes,” Rozanov replied immediately.

Marleau raised an eyebrow, giving Roz a disbelieving look.

“He would not even tell me until 2017,” Rozanov explained.

“So? Why would he tell *you*, you guys used to hate each other,” Marleau laughed.

“Our first time was in 2010. He told me in 2017.” Rozanov sighed, and continued. “When we had already been fucking for *7 years*.”

Marleau was silent for a moment.

“Wait, so...why did he *tell* you?” he asked, not quite wrapping his head around the scenario.

“I do not know!” Rozanov exclaimed. “But you have not been fucking him for 7 years, so you should not know this.”

“You don’t know that,” Marleau grinned.

“That is not funny!”

Marleau bit back a response and nodded instead.

“I can’t believe *Hollander* is your Montreal girl,” he finally said.

“This is not helpful, Marley!”

“Hey,” Shane answered the phone, sounding happy and slightly sleepy, which was very rude of him.

“Hello,” Ilya responded, trying to keep his tone light.

“Everything okay?” Shane asked immediately. Apparently, he had done a bad job with his tone.

“Marleau saw our texts,” Ilya admitted. “He knows you are Jane.”

“What?” Shane sounded alarmed now. “How does he know that?”

“You sent a picture,” Ilya reminded him. He was sure to keep any accusations to himself.

“You *asked* me to,” Shane argued. “And you’ve sent me random pictures of your dick before, so I figured you probably didn’t leave your phone lying around.”

“And has anyone else seen my dick? No? Is my face in those pictures? Also no,” Ilya defended himself. “I don’t see how any of this is my fault.”

“You *asked* me to send it,” Shane hissed back.

“Yes, and you look very cute in your glasses,” Ilya said. “And you were tempting me.”

“You *asked* what I was doing!”

“Yes,” Ilya acknowledged. “And you said you were in bed, reading, all alone and shirtless and wearing your glasses.”

“I literally *just* said I was reading,” Shane groaned.

“Yes, and I figured out the rest, and I was right, so?” Ilya

“So, you still *asked* for the picture. I didn’t *know* you were still working out with him.”

“What, I was supposed to wait until later?” Ilya’s tone made it clear how ridiculous he found this suggestion.

“You’re supposed to not show Marleau your texts!”

“He borrowed my phone,” Ilya defended. “He needed to call a car, and his phone was dead...”

“That doesn’t sound true,” Shane decided.

“It is true!” Ilya protested. “I am very rich and generous and I take pity on my poor teammate and let him use my phone.”

Shane huffed out a laugh. “I believe you,” he clarified. “I’m just saying it doesn’t *sound* true.”

“Yes, well, Marley is dumb,” Ilya allowed. “He is always having a situation.”

Shane laughed again before quieting. “He won’t...I mean, I know you two are friends, but he’s not going to...”

“He won’t say anything,” Ilya confirmed immediately. “And he was...fine about it. Mostly surprised that it was you, I think.”

“Everyone seems to be,” Shane snorted.

“Of course,” Ilya huffed. “You should expect this when you are dating the best player in the league.”

“No, that’s you,” Shane argued.

“I’m the best player in the league?” Ilya asked delightedly.

“No, I meant—”

“You finally admit this. My sweet baby knows the truth,” Ilya sighed overdramatically, leaning against a wall. True, Shane wasn’t getting the visual, but that didn’t need to change things.

“I meant you are *dating* the best player,” Shane argued back. “And you’re dating me, so, obviously, I was saying I’m the best, not that you—”

“My sweet, sweet, second best player in the league,” Ilya said, louder than Shane was speaking. “I am so happy that you can admit this to yourself.”

“You’re such an asshole,” Shane shot back, but Ilya could tell he was smiling.

“You love me,” Ilya insisted, dragging his words out.

“Fuck off,” Shane laughed.

“I love you,” Ilya tried, changing tactics. Shane was silent for a second before giving in.

“I love you, too,” he affirmed.

“I miss you,” Ilya whined, hoping to hear Shane laugh again. “Send me another picture.”

“Don’t you think maybe we shouldn’t send pictures anymore?” Shane pointed out.

“This is a terrible idea,” Ilya told him. “We have been sending pictures this whole time and it was fine until you messed it up today.”

“I did *not*—” Shane started, indignant, before Ilya cut him off.

“Besides, I am like a goldfish. If you do not send me pictures, I will forget what you look like,” Ilya said.

“No more pictures,” Shane said sternly. “Do you *know* how many times Hayden’s almost seen your dick?”

“His is small enough, would he even know what he was looking at?”

“Ilya!” Shane scolded. “Hayden’s my friend.”

“Yes, your *friend*.” Ilya couldn’t help but lay on the sarcasm, rolling his eyes at the thought of Pike.

“He’s so, extremely straight,” Shane said. “And married. And he has like ten children.”

“Yes, and he is always putting his arm around you,” Ilya continued for him.

“We’re friends!” Shane said, exasperated. “Speaking of Hayden...”

“What now?” Ilya groaned. “He wants to impregnate you again?”

“That was a *joke*, ” Shane reminded him firmly. “And one that I clearly shouldn’t have told you about.”

“Yes, a *joke*. ”

“Anyway,” Shane cut him off quickly. “I think he’s starting to suspect something too.”

“He is seeing pictures of my dick?” Ilya asked, furrowing his brow.

“No, asshole,” Shane huffed. “I just think he’s figured out that Lily’s a guy.”

Ilya just grunted in response to this.

“I don’t think he knows it’s *you*, but he just keeps bringing up gay stuff and then being like really, *really* supportive,” Shane continued.

“He is hitting on you,” Ilya surmised.

“No!” Shane laughed again. “Okay, you would *not* think that if you saw it. It’s just him talking about how great it is that Scott Hunter came out, and how hockey should be more progressive...and he keeps saying love is love,” Shane added as an afterthought.

“Okay,” Ilya weighed the options. “It is possible that he is not hitting on you.” He could practically hear the eyeroll through the phone and regretted that he wasn’t there to see it in person. “Maybe you should tell him,” he suggested.

“Seriously?” Shane asked, sounding taken aback.

“Why not?” Ilya shrugged. “I mean, Marley knows, and Pike is your friend, he won’t say anything.”

“That’s true,” Shane considered. “It *would* be nice. I feel awful lying to him.”

“Besides,” Ilya continued. “If you tell him, you know...”

“What?” Shane asked.

“Maybe he will stop hitting on you.”

“He’s not *hitting* on me!”

End Notes

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