

they got no idea about me and you

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they got no idea about me and you

by [rachelrae](#)

Summary

"Roz?"

Everything was too loud around them. From the outside, these moments, a player getting hurt, had always been disgustingly silent, but Cliff's ears couldn't stop ringing.

He shoved a foot forward, the muscles on the side of his thigh smarting as he tried to skate closer, but the referees were already there.

Hands on his shoulders pulled him back, pulled him close.

"I didn't mean to." A whimper. The arms around him tightened, pulling him further back, off the ice. "I didn't mean to. Didn't mean to. Didn't -"

Or

What if Cliff Marlow had hit Ilya in a game against the Ottawa Centaurs and had to deal with the confusion that was his crazy former captain and best friend high on pain meds. At least those meds were hopefully the reason for his craziness. Why else would Rozanov be calling Shane Hollander his sweetheart?

Notes

And here we go again.

I wrote this on my notes app on my phone, slightly tipsy on a plane so please let me know if you see any mistakes :)

Title from "Dress" by Taylor Swift

Russian translation by CreateWorldsWithWords!! <https://ficbook.net/readfic/019c2f69-0e09-71b8-9096-5b34308024aa>

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

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: [【授翻】关于你我，他们一无所知](#) by [Krisha0101](#)

The tension in the game was high. Electrifying. Intoxicating.

Cliff Marlow couldn't help but admit he was beginning to understand what Rozanov had been willing to switch to such a lowly team. Based on how they were playing recently, hell, alone the way they were playing tonight, Cliff was pretty sure the entire hockey league had been underestimating the Centaurs.

Underestimating the power of Ilya Rozanov.

Most days, it felt like Cliff was one of the only ones left who remembered the state of the Boston Bears when Ilya joined. The team had been a mess. No one had ever given them a second glance.

And then, they drafted the number one draft pick in 2008 and the rest was history.

When Ilya had first told him he was leaving at the end of last season, Cliff hadn't believed him. Couldn't imagine it. What were the Boston Bears without Ilya Rozanov? Who was he without his best friend and captain? And to find out the team Ilya had chosen, the team that would replace the Bears, was to be the Ottawa Centaurs? Cliff had been sure it had to be a joke. As the minutes had passed and as Ilya didn't take the outrageous claim back, didn't laugh it off, Cliff had seriously considered if Ilya had developed a drug problem. Or was in some sort of legal trouble. Something, serious enough to explain this decision.

Cliff was aware Rozanov wasn't the most comfortable in the US. It had always been an unspoken topic between them, Russia and Roz's relationship with the US. How Cliff had always noticed the rising tightness in Rozanov's shoulders before he would fly home in the summer. How much he would drink the nights before the season was over. How quiet he was the first few days when he came back. How uncomfortable he often became when politics were brought up.

The past year had been better. After Ilya's father had passed, Cliff had stopped worrying so much. Ilya had breathed easier with every day after. Cliff still had no idea where Ilya had fucked off this summer, but he couldn't hold back his smile when the Russian had greeted him with an overabundance of energy when he got back. He had been practically shining with it.

But then the change. The new team.

In fucking Ottawa?

No matter how much Cliff had asked, Ilya had never given him a clear reason for the move. His teammates also had next to no luck with getting a believable reason out of their former captain.

"I'm bored." Had been one answer.

"Need a change of scenery." Another.

"It's not cold enough for me here." Plausible.

"I've slept with all the good women in Boston." Unfortunately, also plausible.

His reasons had only gotten more ridiculous the more the team asked.

Cliff had given up. Wished Roz a good move and stepped up to take the freed Alternative Captain position. Prepped himself the best he could to handle the reality. To exist in a world where he and Roz were on the ice but not on the same team.

It had been, jarring, to say the least, to see Rozanov across from him on the ice in the warm ups. To not be able to joke and jeer at the opposite team. To not follow Roz around the rink.

Despite his best efforts, Cliff hadn't been able to blend out the situation entirely.

Based on the way the Bears had been playing the last two periods, he wasn't the only one struggling to play against Rozanov.

And the Centaurs with Ilya Rozanov were not the same team Cliff had played last season.

He knew what a difference a good player could make, hell, they even had a new coach, but he had not expected the shift so fast.

They might not win this.

"Why you so bad, tonight?" Came Roz's breathless chirp as he slammed into Cliff. Startled still, Cliff lost control of the puck and it was only half a breath before Rozanov had swept it away from him.

"Fuck you, Roz." Even his insults were still too playful. Cliff couldn't dig up the energy to be mad at Rozanov, yet.

"Only after I win, yes?" A cocky replay and then Roz was gone, a blur in the blinding lights.

Once Cliff had his breath back, he couldn't help the smile that broke out. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad. He could still get to see Rozanov, really in his element too.

With a huff of laughter, he pushed off across the ice, chasing Rozanov down to where he was colliding with their new rookie across the ice.

In the moment, Cliff could only laugh at what he imagined what ridiculous chirp Ilya was throwing across the ice.

In the moment, he was focused on pushing himself as fast as he could. Focus on the puck.

In the moment, he felt himself preemptively flinch as Roz suddenly shifted back, right into the line of fire. Right into where Cliff was skating.

The two players crashed into each other.

Cliff Marlow had lived through this moment thousands of times throughout his career. He knew what it felt like from both sides. What a good defense move it could be. A chance to steal the puck back, Rozanov caught unaware. He'd done the move over and over in practice. Knew it worked.

Which is how he knew, instantly, something was wrong.

The crack of Ilya's head hitting the glass was the stuff of nightmares.

The way his body crumbled to the floor, too quiet, too still, would haunt him for the rest of his days.

"Roz?"

Everything was too loud around them. From the outside, these moments, a player getting hurt, had always been disgustingly silent, but Cliff's ears couldn't stop ringing.

He shoved a foot forward, the muscles on the side of his thigh smarting as he tried to skate closer, but the referees were already there.

Hands on his shoulders pulled him back, pulled him close. He could feel the hot breath of someone speaking close to his ear but there were no words to be heard.

"Roz."

He was so still. Movement swarmed around Cliff, the bright red of the stretcher and med bags flashing in his vision but he couldn't tear his eyes off Ilya.

"I didn't mean to." A whimper. The arms around him tightened, pulling him further back, off the ice. "I didn't mean to. Didn't mean to. Didn't -"

If you had asked Cliff Marlow before the game, he would of given you some snarky answer about their chances. How he would finally understand the joy that would come with besting one of the best players in the league. How it would feel great to finally beat Ilya Rozanov.

Now, mere minutes after the final buzzer had signalled a tight win for the Boston Bears, Cliff wasn't even at the rink.

The taxi driver had made a face at his sweaty, wrinkled suit he had thrown on, half of his gear still poking out of his bag on the open seat next to him.

His coach had taken one look at him after Cliff finally got off the ice and had sent him to the hotel. He was a lost cause.

It had taken multiple dollar bills to convince the taxi driver to take him to a different location.

Now, pulling up to the drop off zone of Ottawa's nearest hospital, Cliff wondered if he had more tip money. He might puke in this car. Better not. He was pretty sure he'd emptied his

wallet.

His surroundings remained shaky as he got out of the car. Bag dangling from shaking fingers as he made his way across the salted walkway.

The blast of heat when the automatic doors open was enough to shake Cliff back to himself somewhat and he was aware enough to politely ask the receptionist where he could wait to see Rozanov. The glare in his eyes had let Cliff know he had been recognized but he had barely felt the heat. All that mattered were the doors opening before him, revealing a small, quiet waiting room.

A passing nurse passed him a paper cup of cold water but Cliff couldn't make himself drink it. He clutched it close, trying to focus on the coldness sweeping through his fingers.

At some point, Ilya's new teammates began to show up.

Cliff held his breath, waiting for the comments. For the anger. To be kicked out.

But it never came.

One by one, they settled around him, the anxious energy in the room growing. Cliff was pretty sure one of them tried to ask him if he knew anything but words weren't really coming to him right now.

A steadying, warm hand on his shoulder tore him back to reality.

Cliff glanced up to see the standing figure of the Centaurs Coach, Brandon Wiebe, watching him with concerned eyes. "He'll be alright."

A shaking breath, then, repeating himself in what felt like the only words he knew. "I didn't mean to."

He was pretty sure he was crying now, but the Centaurs Coach just sat down next to him, leaving his hand on his shoulder. "I know. He knows that too." Warmth seeped through his suit jacket.

Cliff took a deep breath.

It was over an hour before a nurse finally stopped by the overcrowded waiting room to inform them Ilya was going to be ok.

She wouldn't give out any further information to his team, stating privacy and asked for Rozanov's emergency contact.

When no one in the room moved, Cliff realized he also didn't know the answer. Who the fuck could it be?

At the startled silence, she had smiled lightly, making some remarks about looking for a phone number, before moving away.

The Centaurs goalie, Hayes, had called after her, asking for visiting possibilities.

"It could be a couple hours before he is stable enough." Had been her answer, short and tart as if she was expecting a rebuff. No one had argued. Just shifted, settling into the fragile seats that creaked under the weight of too many professional hockey players.

None of the Centaurs players asked Cliff to leave. Troy Barrett had even brought him a small bag of chips after some of the players made a snack run.

Cliff had managed a few sparse texts to his teammates, explaining where he was but he ignored their replies.

It ended up being close to three hours before another nurse stepped back into the waiting room with a small smile. "Four of you may come with me. The rest can follow soon after."

By this point, exhaustion had sunk into Cliff's bones. He heard more than saw a few players stand up around him, focusing more on breathing in deep through his nose as relief surrounded him.

Only when two dark shoes stopped in front of him did Cliff look up. Wyatt Hayes gave him a tired smile. "Come on, Marlow."

"What?"

"Roz is going to be really annoying if you're not immediately there. Come on."

Cliff sent Coach Wiebe a quick look, would he not want to go? But the Centaurs Coach gave him a small nod and a light push on his shoulder. "Up you go. We'll see him in a moment."

After stumbling to his feet, Cliff joined Barrett, Bood, and Hayes as they made their way through a further set of doors and down the hallway to Ilya's room.

And there he was. The famous league champion. Ilya Rozanov, grinning up at them from the hospital bed as Hayes pushed open the door.

"Marlow!"

Cliff could feel the heat on his face as he worked to hold himself together. "Hey, Roz."

"Glad to see you alive and movin'." Came from Cliff's left as the three others filed into the small private room. Wyatt Hayes clapped a steady hand on the bedside and moved to one of the empty seats facing the bed.

"Yes, well." Something close to a giggle came out of Rozanov's mouth. "Marlow would have to do more than that to beat me."

It was a joke, Cliff knew that, but it still struck him stupid. A light ringing returned to his ears.

He missed whatever Hayes said to Rozanov, but his next sentence broke through.

"Cliff, hey. I know. It's ok. I know." Rozanov's grin had dimmed slightly, his hand reaching lightly in Cliff's direction.

A nudge on his shoulder from Barrett set Cliff tumbling towards the other open chair and he forced himself to reach out. To hold Roz's hand.

His hand was warm. Alive.

"I'm sorry." Was all Cliff could think of.

From the grimace on Rozanov's face, he didn't think he was the only one struggling with words. "I know. I'm not mad. It's hockey."

Cliff could only shake his head in acknowledgement. His stomach felt less like it wanted to drop down through the floor though, with Roz here, smiling back at him.

"They really got you on that good stuff, huh?" Bood had positioned himself at the end of the bed. Roz's head craned dramatically as he met his gaze.

"Oh. Yes. Very good. I feel, um." He paused for a second, seemingly searching for the words. "Good. Very good."

"That's good, buddy." Hayes again, causing Roz to spin his gaze over again. He let out a small giggle again this time. "God bless modern medicine."

"Hmm." Was all the reply they got.

"So what's the damage? The nurse's wouldn't tell us much." Barrett asked.

Rozanov seemed to ponder this question for a minute, before he released Cliff's hand and gestured to his face. "Bad concussion. Broken, um bone. Um, here." He ghosted a finger along his collar bone, poking out blue and bruised from his hospital gown.

"Jeez." Cliff kept waiting for the other shoe to drop. For Rozanov to announce that Cliff had ruined his body forever.

As if sensing this tension, Roz grabbed Cliff's hand again, squeezing. "I fine. No hockey for four weeks. But fine."

"I believe the standard concussion protocol is four to six weeks, Roz. We'll see." Haye's tone was light, but Cliff could see the worry behind it.

"Yes, yes." Roz giggled again. "But I will be getting the best treatment. Only four weeks."

"The best treatment?" Barrett's humored reply flew past Roz.

"Ah yes. They called him. My sweetheart. He's coming. He's, what do you call it? Prince shining?"

"Prince in shining armor." Cliff filled in automatically, confusion causing the words to come out slow and stilted.

Immediately, Roz's big grin reappeared. "Yes. Yes! Mine. He's coming. Nurse said she called."

"Oh my god." Barrett looked like he had been the one hit. Cliff sympathized with the situation.

"Sweetheart?" Bood seemed to be torn between shock and laughter. "Your sweetheart?"

"Hmm." Roz grinned wild, gaze sweeping between all of them sporadically. "From Montreal. Long drive, but he should be here soon. Nurse called." Again the repeat.

"The nurse called?" Hayes's question was also slow, almost as if he himself was processing the crazy situation before them as he spoke. "Your emergency contact, you mean?"

Roz lit up at that. "Yes. That's the stupid word. My emergency contact."

"Emergency contact, Prince in shining armor. Same thing." The mumbled reply from Bood. Cliff could see his shoulders shaking as the man held himself back.

"Montreal." Something rang true in Cliff's memory. "Wait a second. Roz, what about your Montreal girl? Jane?" Cliff hadn't thought of her in months, but something was not lining up here. How were the two connected?

That question generated a big heave of laughter from Rozanov. "Ah. Marlow. Montreal girl. Yes." He rolled his head to the side so that they were making eye contact. "They got no idea." Roz's voice tilted, losing some of his accent with a sing-song tone.

"Who's got no idea?" Bood was fully losing it now. Cliff could see he had his phone positioned just so in his hand that Rozanov was definitely being filmed.

"They've got no idea, about me and you." Roz was fully singing now, interspaced with an occasional giggle.

"Is that? No." Barrett was pale but his shocked expression spoke more of disbelief than pain.

"I only got this dress so you can take it off." Roz grasped clumsy with his good arm at his hospital gown. "I don't want you like a best friend."

"Oh my god." This time Cliff heard himself say the words.

"Taylor Swift." Barrett's muttered answer. He was grinning now too.

"This is possibly the best day of my life." Bood had tears forming in his eyes as he seemingly fought to keep his body and his camera still.

"Yes. Best day." Rozanov was still humming the same three lyrics over and over. "My sweetheart is coming. She called him."

Hayes met Cliff's eyes as Roz continued to sing.

Him? Hayes mouthed at him. Cliff gave the best, *dude, I don't fucking know*, shrug he could without words.

"Are you a Swifte, Roz?" Bood was openly holding his phone up now, not that Rozanov seemed to care.

"Yes. Of course." He broke off his singing to shoot a weak glare. "Are you not?"

Bood was quick to back peddle. "No, no. I am. Blank Space, man. She's great."

Roz huffed but his glare lessened. "Blank Space. Of course, you basic bitch, Bood."

"Basic Bitch?" Barrett was still too pale. Cliff considered offering up his seat.

"It good song, yes." Roz narrowed his eyes at Barrett again. "But Taylor knows much more depth. Champagne Problems. Mirrorball."

Taylor, Barrett mouthed.

"Dress." Bood filled in, voice bright.

"Yes. She has sexy stuff too."

With a laugh, Hayes' said, "Yeah, Roz. Real sexy. Hospital gowns are really doing it for you."

"I know." With all the cocky attitude that was Ilya Rozanov, Cliff really believed that he meant that.

Roz started singing again, lowly under his breath as he apparently watched the closed door.

Cliff met Barrett's and Bood's gazes, feeling laughter bubble up in him too.

Roz was going to be ok.

And he for sure needed to ask Bood to send him this video. For blackmail purposes. And to assure himself that Roz was really fine.

Cliff was too busy trying to catch Hayes's eyes, as he could tell the man was seconds away from breaking too, when the door crashed open.

"Sweetheart!" Roz's voice was loud. The smile that took over his face was louder. Real. Cliff didn't think he'd ever seen Rozanov look like that.

Whoever this was, Cliff suddenly realized Ilya Rozanov was in love. Holy shit.

He didn't think the moment could get any stranger, but then Cliff turned to see who was standing in the doorway.

"I only got this dress so you can take it off." Roz sung loudly, wildly out of tune, yet Cliff didn't think that was the reason for the paleness of the figure in the doorway.

Shane fucking Hollander.

What the fuck.

Barrett and Hayes were in similar states of disbelief, Bood as well, his phone haven fallen out of his grasp and clattering to the floor.

"Ilya." Hollander's voice was shaky. He looked rough, eyes red and puffy.

"Shane." Roz was giggling again. His good arm patting on the empty side of the bed.

Shane? Barrett mouthed again, shooting Cliff a panicked look. Again, Cliff shrugged. What the fuck was he supposed to know?

Hollander took slow, unsteady steps across the room, seemingly unaware of Barrett and Bood as he passed them.

Cliff watched as slow, and if the camera had shifted to slow motion in a movie, as Shane Hollander reached forward, grasping Roz's bad arm in his hands. "Ilya."

"I'm ok. I'm ok." Rozanov had finally calmed down. His good arm reached over to grasp at Hollander's arm. Cliff heard the muffled gruff of pain and he tried to turn his body to face the man. "I'm ok."

"They called me. They wouldn't say what was wrong." Hollander's voice broke at the final word.

If his words hadn't made it clear enough, Roz pulling him down to, cuddle?, did. Hollander's shuddered breaths filled the shocked silence of the room, interrupted by soft cooing from Rozanov.

Cliff met Hayes look again and knew they were all thinking the same thing.

Why the fuck was Shane Hollander Ilya Rozanov's emergency contact?

At some point, Roz began singing again, softly. "They don't know about me and you."

The same, now all too telling lyrics broke the rising tension.

Cliff heard Hollander let out a strained chuckle before he pulled himself out of Roz's tight embrace. There was some protest, but Hollander kept placating hands on Roz's arm and cradling his head. He raised his gaze to meet Cliff's.

"Marlow."

"Hollander."

"I fucking knew it." Barrett's whisper cut across the room.

Roz was giggling again. "I know. You are smart. So smart."

"I'm sorry, you knew what?" Bood had picked up his phone at this point but Cliff could tell he seemed to have forgotten it was still filming. The camera view was lit between his clenched fingers.

"About us. They don't know." Roz started the lyrics again. Cliff could feel the truth starting to sink in but he could hardly believe it.

"Jane. Shane. Oh my god." Cliff finally made the connection. "You're Roz's Montreal girl."

Hollander blushed bright at that.

"Haha. Yes!" Roz cheered. "It's funny, no? Jane, Shane, Jane."

"Will someone please fucking explain?" Bood asked again.

Hayes leaned back in his chair next to Cliff. "Ah. I see."

Hollander's pale face shifted to the two of them. Cliff could practically feel the anxiety running off him. Roz continued butchering the lyrics to Dress, oblivious to the conversations around him.

"We, well. Um." Hollander seemed unable to form a full sentence.

"You're Roz's emergency contact." Hayes filled in for him slowly.

Cliff gave him an encouraging nod. "Good thing you weren't too far away. Someone's really going to have to take care of Roz. I'm not sure what they've got him on, but man. This is hilarious."

Barrett and Bood were nodding, smiling at the two hockey players crammed on a much too small hospital bed.

"Yes. I'm Roz's emergency contact." Hollander pulled himself up straighter and some of the fear seemed to leave his eyes.

"Since when?" Cliff couldn't help but ask.

"I don't -" Hollander began.

"Always." Roz interrupted him, a lovesick grin stretched across his face as he gazed up at Hollander.

"Holy shit." Cliff felt hundreds of tiny moments begin to define themselves in his brain. Always.

"This wasn't how we planned on telling you guys." Hollander started.

Roz grabbed the hand in his hair and smacked a wet kiss onto the back of it. "It's ok, sweetheart. It's ok."

Cliff watched Hollander melt at the words.

Roz had been meeting with his Montreal girl for nearly a decade. Rewrite. Roz had been meeting up with Hollander for nearly a decade.

Holy shit.

Cliff had never even suspected.

"That's one hell of a rivalry." Bood was smirking but Cliff could still hear the wonder in his words.

"Yes. We are very good. Very, unsuspecting." Roz pulled Hollander's hand closer to him. "And then the nurse called." He laughed like it was the funniest thing to ever happen.

Cliff relaxed when he noticed Hollander finally beginning to smile.

"We were. I wasn't, ready. Yet." Hollander was looking at Roz as he spoke but Cliff knew his words were for them. "Ilya wanted to tell you guys. But I wasn't ready."

"We're not going to tell anyone." Hayes' voice was firm. He swept a mean glance across the room until Barrett and Bood verbalized their agreements.

"Well." Hollander began.

"Shane, no, you don't have to." Somehow Roz still seemed to be mostly following the conversation. Cliff was pretty sure he was really only paying attention to the words out Hollander's mouth.

"Ilya," Hollander matched Roz's lovestruck look. "You were going to have to tell them before the wedding anyway."

"Holy shit." This time it came from Hayes.

Cliff was beyond words. *The wedding?*

Roz looked close to tears for the first time in the evening. "Ah, yes. You are right, sweetheart."

"We will gladly be there." Barrett's voice was also thick.

Roz's head twisted to face Cliff again. "Marlow?"

"Of course." The words were bubbling out of him. "If you're marrying Shane Hollander, I'm going to have to see this with my own eyes." Nevermind that he was definitely hoping to be

Roz's best man. At his wedding. To Shane fucking Hollander. Wow.

Roz's smile was beginning to get sleepy. "Good. I'm glad."

They wrapped up their goodbyes quickly, as Roz was definitely fading quickly, relaxed against Hollander.

A final thought struck Cliff. "Holy shit. Is Hollander why you moved to Ottawa?"

Roz just smiled and sang, "Carve your name into my bedpost..."

End Notes

Ilya Rozanov Swiftie head cannon here. You know he'd relate to the yearning. He's a Folklore girlie.

His accent getting better when he sings is something that happens to me so I've given Ilya the talent as well.

Also, Ilya's Blank Space comment is inspired by some The Summer I turned Pretty interviews, so absolutely no shade was meant towards Blank Space fans.

Thank you guys for all the lovely comments and kudos!!

And special thanks to Strangemagpie for the amazing Fic Cover (link below!!)

Works inspired by this one

[Cover for they got no idea about me and you by rachelrae](#) by [Strangemagpie](#)

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