You Chirp Like a Sparrow

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You Chirp Like a Sparrow

by SunsetMaiden

Summary

There are all kinds of theories about why Scott Hunter and Shane Hollander dropped gloves, but only one of them makes Ilya Rozanov livid...

Excerpt:

Ilya shrugged. "Who cares what ancient Scott Hunter says to make Shane Hollander mad?" Ilya. Ilya cared very much. Had sent a series of curious texts to Jane throughout the night that had all gone unanswered. Whatever. “Is no big deal. Hollander probably stole Hunter’s old man handkerchief to use as bib.”

“Just don’t ask my wife. She has theories upon theories.”

Ilya swung toward Jason Caine, the hulking defenseman Boston had acquired from Pittsburgh in a recent trade. Ilya was still figuring the quiet, stoic man out. “Theories?”

“Yeah. I tell her she reads too much fanfic.” With a fond grin, he slung his bag over his shoulder. “Anyway, see you guys in the morning.”

"Wait," Marleau cut in, turning to Jason. “Now you got me curious as hell. What’s your wife’s theory?”

"Yes Caine. What is this theory?"

Notes

Just another possessive, jealous, slightly-unhinged-for-Shane-Hollander Ilya Rozanov fic, because they're a whole meal. This occurs after Episode 3 in the TV timeline.

“No, really. What do you think it was about?” Cliff Marleau slammed his locker shut, grabbing a towel from his gym bag to dab his sweat-soaked forehead after the day’s rigorous practice.

“Don’t know. Don’t care.” Ilya rolled his shoulders to work out the kinks, affecting the most bored expression known to man as he leaned into the absolute lie. Of course, he fucking cared. Of course, he could never let his teammates know it.

“The two nicest guys in the league get in a shoving match on the ice *after* the game, and you really don’t give a fuck?”

“I really don’t,” Ilya shrugged. A glance at his phone’s search history would tell an entirely different story, but fortunately that shit wasn’t public. “The two nicest guys, eh?”

“Hey, Tortorella’s words, not mine.”

“You wound me. I am wounded. I am nice.” He leaned down to finish tying his shoes. “Slow news day if this is thing everyone cares about.”

“Two guys who never have beef with anyone start shouting at each other, people wanna know why,” Cliff reasoned. “Is it some sort of new rivalry?”

“Hollander is *my* rival,” Ilya scoffed, just barely keeping the petulance out of his tone. “Not Hunter’s. I’ve seen kittens in Russia more ferocious than washed up Hunter and sad boy Hollander.”

“Kittens in Russia?” Marleau squinted. “Why are the kittens Russian?”

“Everything in Russia is better. More strong. More fierce. Even kittens.”

“You are full of shit.”

“And you are nosy. Who cares what ancient Scott Hunter says to make Shane Hollander mad?” *Ilya*. Ilya cared very much. Had sent a series of curious texts to Jane throughout the night that had all gone unanswered. Whatever. “Is no big deal. Hollander probably stole Hunter’s old man handkerchief to use as bib.”

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“Fanfic?” Ilya stretched his arm out, blocking Jason before he could stroll past. “I do not know this term?”

“Yeah, trust me Rozy, you don’t want to,” Marleau cut in, eyes slanting in amusement. “There are some corners of the Internet it’s best to avoid.” He turned to Jason. “Though now you got me curious as fuck. What’s your wife’s theory?”

“Oh well…I probably shouldn’t say. It’s obviously bullshit. Like I said, too much fanfic. Destiel, am I right?”

Ilya’s brow furrowed. “What does gas have to do with this?”

“No, not diesel…” Jason started only to see Marleau shake his head as if to say it wasn’t worth it. “You know what, nevermind. No, uh…Beth has this theory that Hunter is…” he scratched his brow, glancing around as he lowered his voice to a covert rumble. “Ya know.”

“I do not know,” Ilya barked back. “Old? Is not theory. Is truth.”

“Not old. But…ya know…”

“Oh,” Marleau suddenly realized. “*Oh.*”

“Oh?” Ilya glowered at his closest friend on the team. “What is this ‘oh?’ What does it mean?” The only thing he hated worse than stupid English, was when people had the audacity to be vague with it. As if English wasn’t stupid and hard enough. Fuck that shit.

“He’s just never been photographed with a ton of women. I mean not that it matters. And Hollander hasn’t been photographed with like *any*body *ever*, so ya know…” Jason cleared his throat, letting them draw their own conclusions.

Ilya scowled, still not following.

Marleau chuckled. “So, wait, your wife thinks what? It was like a lover’s quarrel or something?”

“I said it was stupid.”

“A lover’s…” A rush of heat blazed Ilya’s insides, his chest tightening at the implication. A lover’s-fucking-quarrel? *What*? “Hunter and Hollander? Hunter is not Hollander’s lover,” Ilya scoffed, something predatory and vicious swirling in the pit of his belly. “Hunter is old.”

“Hunter is not that old.”

“Please, is ancient,” Ilya grumbled back at Cliff. He did not like this theory. Did not like this fucking theory at all. And there was no way it was the truth. He *knew* that, but still. The thought of Hunter’s gnarled, wrinkled claws sweeping all over Shane’s smooth, pretty skin…

Hunter is hot. You have said these words yourself, an inner voice chirped helpfully. *Lies. Liar told you this*, Ilya chirped right back. *He is old. And Shane would never*. Would he? “Is this popular rumor?”

“No, no,” Jason rushed out. “Please, gawd no. My wife, she just…I don’t know. Nobody thinks that. Just her. Please don’t repeat that.” He rubbed the back of his neck. “It’s just a

stupid what-if."

"Very stupid," Ilya muttered.

"Yeah, I would be mortified if they ever found out she thought that. I mean, shit, what if I have to play on a team with them someday?"

"You plan to leave Boston already?" Ilya ground out, jaw clenched as he directed his bubbling fury at the hapless defenseman.

"No, I mean, of course not, uh…" Jason stuttered, not sure where he had gone wrong in this conversation or how to fix it, the steely glint in Rozanov's eyes innerving as all hell. "I just get traded a lot."

"Why is this?"

"Relax Roz, nobody's taking your rival," Marleau interjected with dry humor, turning to Jason. "Roz doesn't want Hunter taking his storyline as Hollander's main rival is all."

That wasn't the only storyline Ilya didn't want Hunter to take. "Is my storyline," Ilya said with an easy shrug, affecting an air of nonchalance he definitely wasn't feeling. "Hunter should get his own." *Hollander is mine*, he thought fiercely though he didn't dare say it. *All mine*. *There is no lover's quarrel*.

He waited until he was alone in his Mercedes SUV to call Shane. Surprisingly, the man picked up on the second ring. Or maybe not so surprising. They never actually called one another, their communication strictly flirty texts and clandestine meetups. Shane had to be wondering what the hell was going on. "What's wrong?" he answered in a hurried whisper.

"You chirp like sparrow."

"What?" Shane blew out a confused breath.

"I see you on news. You chirp like sparrow. Am embarrassed for you."

"Did you really just call me to trash talk?"

"Yes."

"Oh, fuck you Rozanov."

Ilya's shoulders slumped, tension draining out at the easy interaction. He let out a quiet exhale, soothed by Hollander's voice even though it sounded annoyed. Maybe soothed *because* it sounded annoyed. He closed his eyes, picturing Shane's pinched, exasperated expression…that splatter of whimsical freckles some benign being had doused him with purely for Ilya's pleasure. "Next week, Hollander. We play. Then we fuck."

"What?"

"Boston plays Montreal next week. We fuck then, da?"

A long pause. Finally… “Why are you calling?”

“Am interrupting?”

“Yeah. Kinda.”

“What?” *You and Hunter*? Ilya’s stomach churned at the ridiculous thought. It wasn’t possible…and yet…why *were* Hunter and Hollander fighting? They’d always seemed on friendly enough terms. Maybe too friendly now that Ilya thought about it. He stewed on that, shoulders growing rigid again.

“Just heading to my parent’s house for dinner. Why are you calling?”

“Have important question.”

“What?”

“Are you and Scott Hunter fucking?”

“*What*?” Hollander’s stunned gasp was music to Ilya’s ears. You couldn’t fake that kind of shock. “What the fuck, Rozanov?”

“So, no?”

“…No…”

“Okay. Bye.” Ilya hung up before Hollander could reply, satisfaction sweeping through him as he tossed his phone to the passenger seat. Of *course*, Hollander and Hunter weren’t fucking…he’d known it all along. Was still nice to hear it though. “See you next week, Sparrow,” he murmured to himself, a slow smile spreading across his face as he began making plans for his next hookup with Hollander.

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