

My love for you is a molotov cocktail

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by [ThreeCatsInA_trenchcoat](#)

Summary

“Yes, it is Rozanov.” He bit out, pouring his rage in the receiver. “And I asked you question. Did it feel good threatening defenseless player? Did it make you feel like a big man? Like real man?” He flung out, bitterness coating the words like weapons. He hoped Hunter got poisoned.

“I don’t und– Are you talking about fucking Hollander right now?”

“Congratulations, Hunter, you still remember. I was worried that you would forget, in your old age. Or maybe it is because you threaten a lot of people, that you didn’t know?” Words felt so useless in that moment. He wanted real blades; things he could fling in Hunter’s face and draw blood.

In the aftermath of his fight with Scott Hunter, Shane panics. For the first time since this whole thing started, someone knows. Ilya might not be as scared as Shane - Hunter knowing, isn't the worst surprise - but he is angry.

Notes

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

Shane was sobbing on the phone. It wasn't obvious, but Ilya knew him, recognized the hitch in his breath, the way his last syllables were swallowed, the fluttering breath that followed the declaration.

He knows. Scott... Scott Hunter knows.

It wasn't the words themselves that had made Ilya's world go cold; it was the way Shane had said them – distraught, breathless, panicking. Like they were a death sentence, and his head was already on the block. Ilya knew Shane, which was why he also knew that Shane was spiraling, that he had already imagined a thousand scenarios, each worse than the previous.

"Breathe." He said, calm. He needed to be calm. Ilya ruthlessly stamped out the wave of rage that burst to the surface. This is not the time to be angry, right now Shane was the priority.

"I... he *knows* Roz, what... *oh my god!*" Shane blubbered, the wet sound echoing strangely through the phone, and it made something uncomfortable clench in Ilya's chest.

"Hollander. Shane. You need to breathe, ok?" He repeated. "Breathe through your nose, then your mouth. Get some water, sit down, and then explain it to me." There was a moment of silence on the other side of the line, a shaky exhale.

"Ok. I... ok."

Shane's breathing still came in slightly too fast, whistling in the receiver, but it wasn't the panicked gasps it had been earlier. Ilya let out a quiet sigh, still focusing on getting Shane to calm down, but his thoughts were running away from him.

So, Hunter knew. He didn't have to ask what Hunter knew: there was only one reason Shane would call him like this. It was bad. If he was honest with himself, this was a nightmare, and one that kept Ilya up at night when the only bright thing in his life was the blue of his phone screen, lit up with the name *Jane*. He'd imagined it in so many different ways. In his mind, it would be a fan who caught them. They'd get too comfortable, kiss somewhere they shouldn't and someone would see it, post the video online. Sometimes it was a teammate, a coach, even a reporter. Someone who wanted a taste of fame; show the whole world that Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander were queer and watch, gleefully, as the world imploded.

This was why it didn't make any sense for Scott Hunter to be the one to out them. Scott Hunter? Really?

"Hollander? Are you feeling better now?" Ilya asked.

"Yeah, I... yeah." Shane sighed deeply. Ilya could imagine so clearly how he looked like right now: sitting slumped in one of the living room chairs, his hands curled tightly around the half-empty glass of water, his eyes glassy and blurry with tears. How he wanted to be there, to hold Shane, wipe his cheeks and kiss his freckles. Nobody had any business making Shane Hollander sound so small.

“What happened?” Before Shane could start, he added: “And I do not want to know your stupid thoughts. You are not good thinker. I want to more what *happened*.”

Shane snorted brokenly, but Ilya still counted it as a win.

“I... Did you see our match?” Ilya hummed in confirmation.

“Right. So, after our match, I told Scott... I told Scott *I hope next time you show up*. Or something. I don’t remember exactly. And then, he... he said *you’re starting to sound like him*.” Shane stopped, but Ilya knew where this was going.

“So then, you reacted too much. Punched him.”

“I know I shouldn’t have done that!” Shane exploded, “I know it was stupid and I just confirmed it, and now *he knows!* But I was so scared and he said—”

“No, no, I did not say that was bad,” Ilya cut in before Shane could spiral again, “Hunter reacted worse than you. He should not have talked like that on the ice. You were doing good by punching him.” He paused, allowed a smirk to bleed into his voice, “And it was very hot.”

“Shut up.”

“What, you do not want to hear what I wanted to do when I saw you throw the gloves? I wanted to be there so I could give you reward. I wanted to suck your di—”

“*Oh my god, shut up!*” Shane cut off, too embarrassed to remember he was panicking. It didn’t last long. “That doesn’t erase the fact that I punched him, Roz. I punched Scott Hunter, and now he knows I’m... he knows we’re...”

“He knows we are fucking, yes.” Ilya stated plainly. It was a testament to Shane’s mood that he didn’t even cringe at the crass declaration.

“Look,” Ilya started, “I do not think Hunter will say anything.”

“You can’t know that!”

“You are right, but I still think he will not say anything. It has been a few hours from the match, no? And he has not said anything. If he really wanted to say he would have told journalists at the stadium.”

Something in Ilya’s words must have persuaded Shane, because he seemed to think on the words.

“I guess you’re right.” Shane finally conceded, sounding more defeated than fully convinced. At least he wasn’t having a panic attack anymore. Neither of them spoke for a while, listening to each other breathe.

“Thanks. Night, Roz.”

“Good night, Hollander.”

And then the only sound in the room was the dial tone. For a brief second, Ilya missed hearing Shane, not him talking, but the sounds of his presence. He quickly dismissed it, refocusing on the issue at hand.

Scott Hunter had threatened Shane. Because that was what he had done, threaten. One did not simply bring up being gay on the ice for *fun*. ‘Cocksucker’ was too popular an insult for the real thing to be treated as anything less than a slur. And Ilya was angry.

Now that Shane was no longer listening in, he finally let himself go, slamming a fist on the table and cursing loudly. Ilya was always a bit angry, that burning type of anger that lived close to his skin and allowed him to fling chirps like arrows in the rink. Right now, another kind of wrath was clawing its way through his body. He felt calmer, settled, focused. And so incredibly furious. How dare Hunter do that?

Ilya took back his phone from where he’d discarded it on the table. He wanted every tap of his finger on the screen to be a dagger in Hunter’s stomach. Watch how *he*’d like to have his ribs wrenched open, like fear crawling in his lungs. First, he called his agent. She was annoying, but very efficient. Five minutes later, Ilya had Scott Hunter’s phone number.

He picked up on the second ring.

“Do you know what time it is? Who the fuck is this?” Hunter’s voice was rough. He might’ve been sleeping, maybe not. Ilya was too angry to care. In fact, he *hoped* he was waking Hunter up.

“Does it feel good threatening defenseless player?” He asked without preamble.

“...Rozanov? Why the fuck are you calling me?” Hunter asked, and Ilya didn’t know he could become even more angry, but he was wrong.

“Yes, it is Rozanov.” He bit out, pouring his rage in the receiver. “And I asked you question. Did it feel good threatening defenseless player? Did it make you feel like a big man? Like *real* man?” He flung out, bitterness coating the words like weapons. He hoped Hunter got poisoned.

“I don’t und– Are you talking about fucking Hollander right now?”

“Congratulations, Hunter, you still remember. I was worried that you would forget, in your old age. Or maybe it is because you threaten a lot of people, that you didn’t know?” Words felt so useless in that moment. He wanted real blades; things he could fling in Hunter’s face and draw blood.

“Did Hollander ask you to call?” He had the gall to sound confused, and slightly resentful. It was pathetic.

“No. Hollander does not know I am calling, and we will keep it this way, yes? But *you* know why I am calling. I thought you would know better than that, but I guess even I am wrong

sometimes.”

“Are you seriously calling about the match? Your fucking boyfriend was the one to throw the first punch.”

Twin flashes of dread and giddiness sparked in his heart at the word *boyfriend*. They faded fast enough. Who had given Hunter the right to talk like this? To speak about them in such terms? To speak about them at all?

“You keep him out of your fucking mouth.” Ilya spat. He took in a deep breath, closed his eyes and pictured slamming Hunter’s face against the wall. It didn’t work as well as he’d hoped. “You know that is not real reason.”

“Is it forbidden to chirp now?” Hunter retorted, but Ilya could hear the waver in his tone, the guilt creeping in. Yes, *yes*, Ilya wanted Hunter to feel bad. Hunter *deserved* to feel bad.

“You did not chirp, and you know it.” Ilya replied harshly. “Hollander chirped. And you reacted by threatening him. Threatened his career, his reputation, his... hockey.” Irritation at not finding the right words only added fuel to his hatred towards Hunter.

No reply.

Time to change the angle.

“You know,” Ilya began sweetly, calmly, “I have learnt new English expression not long ago. Something about glass houses and the people who throw stones in them. You know it?”

“...Yes.” It sounded grudging, wary. It sounded like victory in Ilya’s ears.

“You ever say anything about Shane, ever, to anyone, and I will tell the world about your very crystal house. Do you understand me?”

A breath.

“*Do you understand me?*”

“Yes, God damn it, alright. *Yes*, I understand. Please don’t... Please don’t tell anyone.” Hunter begged, and Ilya relished in it.

“Like you did, today?” He couldn’t help but pour salt on the wound. Make Hunter *feel it*, see how he enjoyed having his secret dangled on a line.

“You made your point Rozanov. I’m sorry, alright? I overreacted. I shouldn’t have said that. I...” He swallowed audibly, “I won’t tell anyone. I was never going to.”

Ilya hummed. “Maybe I believe you. For your health, I hope so. If you do something like this again, I will enjoy destroying you.” Something dark and violent purred in his voice, “I can bash your head down against big stones and feed you your own little brain.”

“God fucking damn it, you’re one twisted bastard Rozanov.” Hunter muttered, “I hope Hollander knows how much you love him.”

“Wha-”

Hunter hung up.

Ilya spent a good five minutes just staring at his phone.

Fucking grandpa thinks he knows everything.

End Notes

Scott Hunter is tired and emotionally repressed, and should talk to a therapist, because no, basically outing a fellow queer player in a hockey rink in some fucked up self-pity party is not a good coping mechanism for your own relationship issues!!

I really liked writing Ilya being protective of Shane and I hope you liked reading it just as much!

Please leave a comment and a kudos :)))

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