

Unwanted Attention

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/85435051) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/85435051>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Heated Rivalry - All Media Types
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Anya Ilya Rozanov's Dog
Additional Tags:	Mpreg , Male Pregnancy , THE AUDACITY OF SOME PEOPLE , Never touch a pregnant person's belly without consent , Protective Ilya Rozanov , Bratty Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Heated Rivalry mpreg shorts
Collections:	Anonymous
Stats:	Published: 2026-05-24 Words: 1,264 Chapters: 1/1

Unwanted Attention

by Anonymous

Summary

People seemed to assume Shane's pregnant stomach was free real estate. Public property. Free to touch and judge. Good thing he had a very understanding husband he could pour his heart to. Featuring Anya who already loves their unborn baby.

Notes

Thank you Poison for the beta ♥

Translations are in the end notes.

I hope you enjoy!

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

Shane didn't just dislike it.

He absolutely despised it.

Ever since they came out, ever since *he* came out, people seemed to be under this assumption that they're allowed to have opinions. They're allowed to have opinions on who he dated, what their bedroom ... *dynamics* were supposed to look like. Ilya nearly choked to death laughing after someone on Twitter decided to share their opinion that Shane wasn't really gay. Because to be gay meant to be a "certain way" and since Shane wasn't that ...

Maybe, if *only* even, Shane had dropped to his knees a millisecond faster to suck dick all those years ago. Maybe then, he'd be a proper gay in the eyes of a random nobody who woke up one day and forgot posting their bullshit thoughts online was a choice, because, really, they should have kept it to themselves.

Now? People were having even more opinions. Except, all Shane had to do *then* was get offline long enough for people to move on. He couldn't leave his belly at home, away from curious hands. Because, apparently, being a generational talent at hockey gave people permission to poke his pregnant stomach in a local grocery store while Shane's trying to decipher his own grocery list in a produce aisle. He must have missed the fine print somewhere.

The audacity.

It was happening nearly daily now; his stomach got big enough to stretch out all the comfy shirts he had that didn't have "maternity" on the tag. Multiple times a day, too. Often there was a hand on him before he even heard *hello*.

All because Shane dared to be a celebrity that was also pregnant.

A celebrity.

That was also pregnant.

Holy shit, he needed to sit down. His brain was doing that weird thing again where he felt dizzy thinking about it.

The thing is, Shane didn't really mind being touched. But only if you were second best hockey player in the world — *fuck you Ilya* — Shane has the stats memorized, that's the truth. You could touch the belly only if your name happened to be Ilya Rozanov. Shane's husband. Father of his unborn child.

Okay, he definitely needed to sit down.

Years ago, Shane wouldn't dare to entertain a thought of even one of those things. Years ago, he didn't even know if he'd ever get to touch Ilya again, but he will *not* be thinking about

those 6 months nor about the damn plane unless he *does* want to cause a scene in the produce aisle.

He was having such a bad case of pregnancy brain.

Finally home, Shane didn't mean to shut the car door so hard he winced. So hard in fact the noise got Ilya running outside to check on him.

"МОЯ ЛЮБОВЬ?"

"I'm fine." From behind the cottage Anya came at full sprint, barely making the turn. Many times did Shane see her crash into the bushes whenever her speed was too high for the turn she was about to make. Gravel wasn't the right surface for whatever speed that dog wanted to achieve, and for a moment she just uselessly tried to get some footing. It gave Ilya enough time to stand between her and Shane.

"Сидеть!" Conflicted, Anya ended up running straight into Ilya's legs before dropping to her belly, looking all innocent. Her tail was thumping left and right, the only evidence of her excitement.

She became obsessed with Shane ever since he got pregnant, overwhelmingly so. Ilya sometimes joked how she abandoned him for Shane. Anya, being a dog, understood nothing and happily cuddled to Shane's heavy belly on the couch.

"Хорошая собака." Ilya praised Anya before he turned his attention to Shane. "What did the car do to you?"

"Nothing! It was an accident."

"Bullshit, you tell me off for slamming the door like that."

"That's because you dented the door!"

"I did no such thing." Ilya feigned innocence, trying not to smirk at Shane's expression. He absolutely *did* such a thing. "Well? What happened?"

"Nothing..."

"Shane." Shane took a deep breath to calm himself. Ilya knew him too well. Or maybe he complained about the same thing one too many times for him not to pick up what Shane was putting down.

"People at the store." he mumbled out. "They were annoying again."

"Touching you?" Ilya did a quick check on Shane, loving hands brushing over his shoulders.

"Do I have a sign on my forehead saying it's okay?" Shane asked, voice cracking at the end.

Ilya made a show of brushing hair away from Shane's face before he kissed his forehead. "Nothing here." Ilya kissed Shane on the mouth, too, just because he could. "Go inside, okay?"

I will bring the bags." Shane mouthed a thank you before dropping his keys into Ilya's waiting hand. He motioned for Anya to come with him, and she was more than happy to. She kept close the entire time as Shane changed to more comfy home clothes, grabbed his smoothie Ilya had prepared minutes before, and made himself comfortable on the couch. He didn't even need to motion for her to join him.

"That's my spot." Ilya teased as Anya indeed took his spot and put her head on top of Shane's belly. She only let out a sigh in response. "Don't start with me, down."

"Your precious daughter seems to have abandoned you." to drive the point across, and maybe purely to be an asshole, Shane buried his fingers in Anya's fur, chuckling when she moved her head to get his hand to her prime scratching spot. In the corner of his eye Shane could see her hind leg bounce from the sensation.

"My precious daughter was clearly led astray."

"Wow. Big word."

"The New Yorker is very helpful, you should try." Ilya made an attempt at shoos Anya away and made a face when she growled at him. "Maybe you should take her with you, next time. She would keep everyone away."

"I don't think it's legal to bring a normal dog into a grocery store."

"Touching you is illegal, too, and yet people ignore it." Ilya dropped to the floor, making himself comfortable against the couch seat. "Only I get to touch you." He stretched out to lean his weight against Shane as much as the position allowed. Shane's free hand found its way into his curls.

"Only you, huh?"

"Yes. Is how we got into this situation." Ilya couldn't bite down a shit eating grin. Instead, he tried to hide it against Shane's bump. Shane felt his giggle as he pulled on his hair, curls soft against his fingers. Situation being Shane finally feeling comfortable and at ease in his life. He probably would never be 100% but he's never felt this good about things. His career, his life, his love.

All thanks to this gorgeous man currently resting against his pregnant stomach.

An idea created itself in Shane's mind, and he almost felt guilty for rousing Ilya from his position. Almost, because sooner or later Ilya would get a crank in his neck he'd complain about for a week. Also almost, because as Ilya loved to remind him, he *was* a brat.

"About this only you can touch me thing..." he started.

"Hm?"

"You know, someone did touch my belly today. Your, ah... *property*." This time it was Shane who couldn't hold back a smile, especially once Ilya's eyes met his, this familiar look of naughtiness deep in the blue of his irises.

"Oh, Hollander, you have no idea what you just did to yourself."

End Notes

моя любовь - My love

Сидеть! - Sit!/Down!

Хорошая собака - Good dog

Thank you for reading

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