don't touch my things

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76096536.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander, Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Harassment, Assault, Protective Ilya Rozanov, POV Ilya Rozanov, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, Injury, Whump, Mild Hurt/Comfort, Post-Book 2: Heated Rivalry (Game Changers), Established Relationship
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-20 Words: 2,264 Chapters: 1/1

don't touch my things

by Glove23

Summary

After a charity hockey game, Ilya and Shane encounter a fan who feels entitled to Shane's time.

Notes

hello hello hello and welcome to my new obsession 👏👏👏 how about that episode 5 am right. I have watched it four times bc I'm really normal about hollanov. I got this done later than I wanted to but feel free to scream about hollanov in the comments bc I am very very excited about the final episode 🙏🙏🙏🙏👏👏👏👏

See the end of the work for more notes

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The bitter cold tugged at Ilya's hair as he exited the rink, his team and Hollander's mixed together.

They had played a charity game, all proceeds going to sick children or something. Hollander's idea, of course.

Perfect fucking Shane Hollander.

Ilya glanced to his left, his eyes catching on a thin rope and overeager fans, and then him. His hair still sticking up adorably from his post game shower, and the skin under his freckles pink from the wind. He turned, catching Ilya's eye.

A small smile tugged at the corner of the mouth Ilya wanted wrapped around his-

"MOVE!"

A security guard shouted, shaking Hollander and Ilya from their own little world. Hollander turned toward the sound, the same moment a fan ducked under the rope and around the other players. One name on his lips.

"Shane!"

Ilya's feet were moving before he consciously decided, shoving through teammates and rivals until he could reach him, until he could get between Hollander and whoever this was. His body would be enough, no one would touch him, no one would-

Too late.

A hand flew out, reaching for Hollander, and he tried to back away. There was nowhere for him to go. The hand grabbed his face, the fan leaning in close. His fingers digging into Hollander's perfect freckles.

Ilya reached Hollander's side, and lifted the harasser away, practically throwing him toward the security.

"Fuck."

The word sent ice through Ilya's veins, and he wrapped an arm around Hollander's waist, shoving, dragging him back toward the athletic complex. Bodies moved out of their way, blocking the view of them from the remaining fans and cameras. Concerned teammates watched, but formed a wall of large bodies instead of following, and Ilya was grateful.

If he was denied his hands on Hollander in the next ten seconds, he would have done something drastic.

The metal door had barely latched behind them when Ilya was taking Hollander's face in his hands, turning it toward the light.

Heat licked in his chest as the damage became clear. Four parallel lines, bright red and weeping blood, across Hollander's cheek bone. Nail marks from the person who had grabbed him.

They had hurt him. Marred his beautiful freckles with their feral hands. It was taking everything in Ilya to not drop everything and go back out those doors.

Cold hands touched his wrists, and the warmest eyes he had ever seen looked into his own.

"Rozanov," Hollander said, his thumb skating the exposed line of his wrist. *"Ilya."*

Ilya relaxed his hands against Hollander's neck, holding his gaze.

"I'm okay. Its over," Hollander said.

"He damaged your freckles," Ilya murmured, his thumb pressing the edge of the scratches. Hollander winced and Ilya felt the fire again.

It protected him, he knew, his reputation. Ilya Rozanov was an asshole. People did not mess with him.

Perfect, Beautiful, Kind Shane Hollander was a different story.

The people saw him as something to have, something for them to take. He *belonged* to them and if he didn't like it...well too bad.

People like this man.

Ilya replayed the moment in his head, holding Hollander safe in his arms, and what he recalled made him seeth.

He had grabbed Hollander's face. Turned it toward him and stupid, submissive Hollander, he had let him.

"Why are you glaring at me?" Hollander asked, stepping out of Ilya's grasp with a glance at the doors. "What, Rozanov?"

"You are great hockey player. You could not dodge?" Ilya said.

Hollander gaped. "You're blaming *me?* You can't be fucking serious, Rozanov."

Ilya blew out a frustrated breath, scrubbing a furious hand across his face. "Not blaming you, Hollander, just...I hate this."

"I don't really like it either," Hollander said.

"Not this," Ilya gestured at the door and the chaos beyond it. *"This."*

He waved a hand to the distance between them and watched the shutters close behind Hollander's eyes.

"Rozanov-"

"No, Hollander. I hate this. I hate that I cannot touch you the way I should after you have been hurt. I hate that that man even dared to do this. If he knew, if they all knew, he would not have crossed the rope. He would *not* have dared," Ilya said, stepping closer, needing to feel the heat from Hollander's body against his, but stopping short of contact.

Bringing his face close to Hollander's, breathing his air, Ilya said, "If they knew you were mine, they would not try. They know if they did, I would *destroy* them."

Hollander lifted his chin, holding his gaze. "Yours?"

"Hollander," Ilya said, glancing toward the door. "I-"

"Shane!"

The metal door banged against the wall and Hayden Pike rushed in, letting in the cold air and the stares of their teammates.

"Jesus, buddy, that was scary," Pike said, clapping Hollander on the shoulder. "You alright?"

Hollander glanced at Ilya, a heat in his eyes betraying the calm look on his face. He shrugged a deliberately easy shoulder at Pike. "All good. Just a scratch. Rozanov made a big deal out of nothing."

Pike looked between them and Ilya watched him make the conscious decision not to comment. "Yeah well, we should go. No use sticking around for anything else to happen, right?"

Ilya rolled his eyes, and waved a hand, inviting them to walk first, then stepping in front of them when they tried. He smirked and heard Hollander snort softly behind him.

They exited the building, walking through a crowd of curious hockey players, many who's eyes darkened as they took in the scratches on Hollander's face. Ilya knew what must be in their heads.

Hollander and Rozanov are rivals. They hate each other.

Why did he help him?

Would I help my rival?

Ilya could see the moment it occured for many of them. Yes they would. If they were a good man, they would.

He did not have to hide his concern. He was just being a good man.

Which may have been more surprising to most than the fact that he helped Hollander.

A body pushed back up to the front of the crowd lining the path, and Ilya's mood soured further as the same face from before stared up at him.

"Shane, I'm so sorry, I was just so excited and you're so hot-"

"Why is he still here?" Ilya stepped in front of Hollander, blocking him from view and glaring at the security guards. "If you do not do your job, I will."

"Rozanov," Hollander said behind him, his hand slipping up to grip his shoulder. "You can't. Let's go, come on."

Ilya did not move until the security guard did, and then it was to get closer, Hollander's hand tightening on his jacket. "He attacked Shane Hollander and you *let him go.* You will be lucky to have job when this is over."

"Jesus christ, Ilya," Hollander muttered behind him, yanking him away from the guard. "I'm fine, I told you that, will you get in your fucking car and just go?"

Stepping into Hollander's space, Ilya glared down at him, his eyes once more catching the four long scratches across his cheek. "I will not leave until you do, Hollander. You know me better than that."

"You know," A new voice said, and Ilya closed his eyes, willing himself to stay still and not punch Hayden Pike in the face. "This has actually made me like you a little more, Rozanov. I didn't know you cared about people."

"Well I do not care about you."

"There he is," Pike said, clapping Hollander on the shoulder once more. "Let's go to the car, I'll take you home."

Hollander nodded, gratefully taking the bag Pike handed him. He glanced at Ilya as he walked away, and Ilya knew he would have a message waiting for him when he got into his car.

Not an address, Ilya already knew where his boyfriend lived. A time, maybe? It did not matter. He would be going to him the moment he left the rink. Ilya glanced over his shoulder at the security guard arguing with the harasser.

But maybe first...

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"Hollander."

"Ilya, I've been calling you for hours, where are you? I thought you'd meet me at my house, even Hayden thought you'd be there when we arrived," Shane ranted over the phone, his voice annoyed and tinged with panic that tugged at Ilya's heart.

"Do not freak out," Ilya said, reaching the door and wondering if it was close enough to walk, or if he would call a cab to take him to his car.

Shane laughed hysterically. "I'm already freaking out, Ilya! What happened?"

Ilya glanced behind him as the door to the police station swung shut. An officer glared at him from behind a desk, and he sent him his most winning smile. "I was...what is word, taken by police?"

The other side of the phone was silent for long enough that Ilya wondered if the call dropped and pulled it away from his ear to check.

It was stilling going, and Ilya frowned at the snow lined street. "Hollander?"

"You got *arrested?"* Shane yelled through the receiver and Ilya winced.

"I told you not to freak out."

"Not freak out — Ilya! This is going to have consequences, for you, for your team, your career. What were you thinking? What did you *do?"*

"Security did not take me doing their job for them very well," Ilya said. "I went to have a conversation with your attacker."

"God, Ilya, you didn't."

Ilya smiled, and began walking down the street in what he hoped was the direction of the rink. "He hurt you, Shane. I could not let him leave without consequence, since the security did not seem to think it important."

Shane mumbled something under his breath that Ilya couldn't understand, and said, "We will talk about this when you get home. Are you still at the station, I'll come pick you up."

"No, I am walking back to the rink," Ilya said, smiling to himself at Shane calling it home. Everywhere they lived was home to Ilya. As long as Shane was there.

"That's like five miles. I'm coming to get you, stay put."

"Yes, mother."

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The ride in Shane's car was silent, tense. It reminded Ilya of his first trip to the cottage, when Shane had picked him up in his boring, practical car from the airport.

Only this time, Ilya did not think it was excitement keeping Shane's hands gripping the wheel.

The walk inside Shane's apartment was not any better, and by the time they made it to the front door, Ilya's shoulders were hunched around his ears, unconsciously bracing for a

chiding blow. The door shut behind them, Shane turning to face him and deflating a little at the sight.

"Ilya," Shane said, reaching for him. His fingers brushed over Ilya's bruised knuckles. "I'm not mad at you, I'm just..."

"Angry," Ilya supplied.

Shane tugged him further into the apartment, heading for the couch. "Not angry. I'm just worried."

"Should it not be me worried about you?" Ilya said, his eyes catching on the bandage Shane had pressed over the scratches. "You are the one who was attacked."

"No. I'm fine, which I told you at the rink. I should have put you in the car myself, instead of mistakenly thinking you'd just let it go," Shane said, dragging Ilya to sit down next to him. "You got *arrested,* Ilya. Hayden has already texted me, so has my mother. There were press at the game and they have photos of you being put into a police car."

"It is not big deal."

"You punched a fan."

Ilya cut his eyes to Shane's face. "He is not a fan, he is an ant and I would squash him again if I could. I will not let people hurt you."

The look Shane gave him was one of Ilya's favorites. Eyebrows pulled together and a smile tugging at the corner of his beautiful mouth. Frustrated and trying not be amused by Ilya.

Unsuccessfully.

"Ilya...this is going to have repurcussions. You know that, don't you?" Shane asked, pressing his knee against Ilya's.

"Repurcussions," Ilya repeated.

"Problems for you. For your future."

"Mm. I was protecting my future," Ilya said, holding Shane's lovely dark eyes with his own.

Shane finally let himself smile, and Ilya felt a surge of victory through his chest, through his aching knuckles.

"Fuck off," Shane said.

"You love it."

Shane shook his head, pushing Ilya back into the cushions to straddle his lap. "Must be something wrong with me."

"Must be," Ilya said, tilting up his chin to capture Shane's mouth with his.

It never mattered how many times they kissed, or fucked, Ilya would never tire of it. Shane Hollander had stolen his heart and Ilya did not think he would ever return it.

Shane's hands worked their way under Ilya's shirt, cold against his skin.

Fuck.

He could keep it.

"Shane," Ilya murmured into his mouth. "Shane."

"This doesn't mean I forgive you," Shane said, even as his hands slipped down to unbutton Ilya's pants.

"Mmm, okay Shane. Sure."

"I'm serious."

"I would believe you more if I couldn't feel your cock against mine," Ilya said, rolling his hips up into Shane's, pulling a moan from his mouth.

"Fuck you, Rozanov."

"That is the plan."

Shane grinned and Ilya would happily live in this moment for their lives. Being by Shane's side, protecting him...loving him.

Ilya could not imagine a better place to be.

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End Notes

Thanks for reading!
It's hard to know what to comment, but they can make a fic writers day! So, inspired by other authors, I've made this emoji cheat sheet for you, to hopefully make it easier :) You don't have to use them, and can put any comment you want, but if you're unsure, I made this for you! :)

❤️🍒: I loved it!
🧡🍊: This is great, thank you!
💛☀️: I loved it, but in this authors favorite color!
💚 🌿: I liked this!
💜 🍇: This was okay.
🖤🎱: What even was that?
💙🌊: Crying, this made me so sad! How could you!
🤎🐻: I can't BEAR how good this is!
🌈: I found this fic through a discord/tumblr rec/was recced to me
🤍⚪⬜: Please don't reply to my comment, thank you!
💖: I enjoyed your fic and am showing support through commenting, but please do not reply to my comment, thank you! (I am anxious/shy/do not want to talk/do not like people acknowledging me on AO3)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!