

Leave Me In Ruins

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Leave Me In Ruins

by [sunnysueee](#)

Summary

An A/B/O secret nesting fic. The 5 times Shane steals clothes from Ilya and the 1 time he gets caught, plus his reaction. Inspired by the staircase scene where Shane is holding onto Ilya's hoodie :)

Notes

Hi! Hollanov has taken over my brain and life completely so here is an Omega Shane fic because we need more :) Also I wrote half of this at 3am and no beta, so I hope it all sounds and looks right!! This follows the show and book a little mix of both but I did switch up a thing or two.

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

1. The Staircase

They were on the stairs when it happened. For the first time since they had begun booking up- this *thing*... they had, he finally had managed to do it. He stole Rozanov's hoodie. He didn't mean to, truthfully, but after he just happened to want to get Rozanov out of his apartment as soon as possible... which...

Was not working out in the way he wanted to- besides the hoodie that smelled just like him that was making his skin itch- crawl the more he kept putting off grabbing it.

They were on the stairwell when he realized it. Rozanov's words burned into his head, the more he thought about how attached they became.

"Such a good *trick*" he purred the words before kissing Shane. It was soft too, not as rushed as usual when they were desperate to be bathed in each other's scents after a game. This was something else, something more and watching Rozanov open the door his slight shiver as the door closed, he realized it.

He was missing his hoodie. The one that smelled strongly, a mix of cinnamon and cedar wood. It was perfect and fresh, wonderful at that and he felt bad. Shane did for a second, at how Rozanov must be cold but now he had the hoodie in his hands standing in his house.

He tried- truthfully he did to get rid of it- tried to put together a text to him, multiple times at that and nothing came. His omega was screaming at him not to. He kept going back and forth texting then back spacing, texting then back spacing again. But not once had he been able to text him and tell Rozanov he had it. He wanted to but he didn't. Instead, he held it up to his nose taking it all in, the scent hitting him hard, fast all consuming.

He folded it up neatly as he placed it beside his bed after he had dug his nose into it a little. The worst part was it looked perfect, the perfect fit in his tiny little space, his omega preening at the thought of more than just a hoodie there, but he stopped himself.

It's just a hoodie... *just* a hoodie.

2. Montreal Vs Boston

The second time it happened he didn't know what to do or why it had happened, it just...did.

They were playing each other again, the usual plan to meet up later was set. Though the alpha did manage a heavy red blush on Shane's face in the locker room. It had become a familiar routine, the ease of knowing that no matter who won they would see each other. They were in Boston so this time they had to do it either at Rozanov's or a hotel room. Shane picked the

lather, not wanting to risk it but he let Ilya convince him and somehow they were in a hotel room. With someone next door who most definitely if their nose was keen enough, smell the mix of both their scents.

Which Shane loved, guilty as charged. It was the perfect combo that was sitting in his room right now. But he hated to admit, hated to even think of what that hoodie meant.

Rozanov's jersey was in his bag though.

Why? He couldn't tell you, but he remembers bits and pieces of it. Remember how after the game they had been shaking hands (it was a close game 1-0), he was trying to be courteous this time but Ilya did something different. It's like his alpha had heard Shane's omega and he made the move as he took off his jersey handing it to Shane.

Shane watched it slowly as his muscle moved his head titled back reminding him of how the alpha looked when he had his cock down his throat. The way he smirked a little, that glint in his eyes as he handed the jersey over.

“For you” he had said. Not a suggestion of why the alpha was giving him his jersey. One of the things that smelled so specifically like him even if the scent patches they wore covered it up. Shane took his off too in the moment. Ilya tried to stop him, but he did it, anyway, knowing it would be weird if he just had Rozanov’s jersey.

Still, he was starstruck in the moment, his brain took a second before he too went to trade his jersey. His omega though as the camera flashes went off and a bunch of reporters asked him about the jersey trade off was thriving. He almost sniffed it as soon as he got in the locker room but the looks he got from his teammates surely stopped him.

“Bro he reeks oh my god”

“Good luck keeping that”

He knew what they meant though he knew they also had to be lying. Anyone could tell you that Rozanov had a beautiful scent. One that could carry for miles, it was strong and comforting. Made Shane feel like he was back at the cottage with a cup of hot coco with him.

He rolled his eyes ignoring them as he went back to the hotel waiting for the text. He wasn’t sure what to even do this time but he was completely ready to shut down his omega. Though he tucked it in near the chair right next to his bed.

This was normal. Totally and completely normal. Just trading jerseys.

Yet as he was lying in bed with Ilya he his mind spinning racing. What if Hayden noticed, what if someone noticed how he had an extra tight grip on it or how he was more than willing

to keep it near him as he slept. This time he had a room alone, but still the consequences raced through his mind.

He couldn't afford it, he was already and omega is a mostly alpha sport, and he hid that part of him for the most part. But Ilya giving his jersey was so much more.

Two things- first it's like staking a claim on him (which he never would want- not from him), and second, they've never done this before so now the reporters were going to have a field day. They did on his way to the locker room, and he avoided that press. He didn't even bother checking his phone.

He was still thinking as Ilya spoke.

"You good, Hollander" he shook his head, laughing a little in his head.

Hollander. That's all they were, on a last name basis and nothing more.

"I'm fine" he swallowed the rest of his words not wanting to say anything else. He couldn't, it was nothing... just *his* jersey. His archrival who had given him the jersey back and not said a word about him. The alpha he had been messing around with for years now.

Once he took his bag with him and the jersey still there Hayden had a field day. Shane felt the opposite side and he didn't like it. Didn't like the interrogation on why rozanov had given him his jersey that was "drenched" (according to Hayden) his scent was going to stink up the bus.

He hated how happy his omega was each time Hayden said the words how its scent was going to be all over him. How he could spell it on him a bit though Shane knew he would have to wear extra scent blockers because if anyone would catch on at this point it would be Hayden.

Hayden was the only one who knew he was an omega- besides Ilya. He knew that having Ilya's jersey was odd, but he couldn't see through it. Still he made sure Shane was okay, warning him how the team would hate it.

They did, the rest of the team hated it but Shane didn't. He wouldn't tell anyone that, not admitting to himself or even Hayden who knew more than he'd admit too.

He just hugged the bag a little tighter that day in his seat near the window. Letting his thoughts consume him with Ilya even as he fell asleep.

And when he opened his bag, seeing both his jersey and Rozanov, he didn't put them next to each other in the nest- of course not.

3. Tuna Melts & First Names

The third time he felt even worse than before which he knew would happen, but he felt God awful this time because it somehow had gotten worse.

Ilya had called him Shane- mid sex- mid way as he gave him an orgasm, he called him Shane, and he thought right then and there it was over. It *had* to be.

“Hollander” Shane shook his head at the alpha’s voice. His scent was changing too as he spoke. It made Shane’s stomach turn.

“Hollander” he had repeated it again, trying to get the omega’s attention but all Shane could think was *go*. His omega was screaming at him not to. He had already stayed the night, already basked in Ilya’s scent enough but the way ‘Shane’ had rolled off his tongue was too much.

He couldn’t do it anymore. Though it seemed nowadays Ilya’s scent was the only thing that kept him stable. He was rushing, trying to think of what to say, anything but nothing came out as he left. His mouth opened then closed again as he spilled out nothing.

Ilya’s scent now felt sour like it was burning holes in the crevices of Shane’s skin. His stomach hurt and his chest too as he wanted to stop the cinnamon that now was changing. He didn’t know what to say or do but he had to go. He couldn’t deal with this, not now.

When he got back he would pace his apartment in fear. When he let his mind take the train tracks, swerving through every possible situation, every possible way people would find out, not only he was an omega but messing around with alpha Ilya Rozanov.

Who was calling him by his first name like they weren’t more than just fuck buddies. The alpha whose hoodie he was currently storing in his room. The alpha who had helped him when he was fearing he was in heat. The alpha whose jersey he still hadn’t given back- he would.. he promised.

Shane knew it was worse than before, his omega did too. Knew it as he subconsciously grabbed Ilya’s shirt instead of his when he made dumb excuses. Telling Ilya, he had a “team meeting”.

A team meeting. One that he magically forgot about. The excuse didn’t work; he could see the pained look on his- the alphas face.

He shook his head, he had done too much, gone too deep and now he didn’t know what to do.

Ilya had done all that for him, made him a tuna melt, and ginger ale.

Ginger ale. Just the right temperature. The tuna melt was good too, perfect he could say which surprised him.

And instead of staying, he ran. Because Shane Hollander couldn't handle Ilya Rozanov calling him Shane. He saw him as *more*.

The shirt he was still wearing as he got back to his place was evidence of that. The way it was too big on him, but it felt wonderful against his skin. The cinnamon and cedar wood filled his nostrils to the brim and he sighed in content. He had evidence of how much Ilya Rozanov had taken a stake in his place. His claim was there. The small other pieces that laid out on his new assembly of a bed were too.

But that wasn't right. None of it was. He shouldn't- couldn't be doing this. So he didn't sleep in his room that night.

Or the next of the day after that.

4. Rose and Restaurants

Hayden noticed. He had been on Shane's case about how off he had been and how he needed to just let loose. "Get fucked" (Hayden's direct words).

Hayden was one of the only people who knew, one of the only people who knew Shane was an omega and helped him keep it a secret. Which is why when he suggested for what probably was, he counted as the 10th (it was the 5th) time to go out and come to the club because the cast of X squad was there he caved in.

Spoiler it didn't help. It was worse, totally and completely utterly worse.

He couldn't get the drink he wanted, the bartender looked at him weird- like he had been the one who asked for a fixation and deep love for ginger ale.

Hayden was nowhere to be found- Shane knows he didn't mean to. Knows he was not trying to leave him behind but all the other scents in the club were burning his nose, and not in the way Ilya's did. They made his nose itch. His skin crawl.

Most importantly none of them were Ilya. Though if he let that thought cross his mind, he didn't say it or even acknowledge it because as soon as he turned his head, he smelled her.

She was gorgeous. Objectively so, her brunette auburn mixed hair and her hazel eyes along with it. and even better her vanilla, strong with a mix of something wood-like.

"Hi" she said, he could barely focus but he waved back. He hated small talk; omega Shane Hollander was the worst at it. having to make eye contact keep up a conversation he was most likely not interested in having, but she was nice. She smelled great, great.

Perfect.

So, he let her buy him a drink. She was kind, and she was also Rose Landry. The one he had seen in thousands of movies- she was a big deal. Of course she was.

An alpha female actor, rare and yet here she was in front of him. Being all kind and gentle.

They talked about it all, from her movies to his hockey. She explained how her brothers knew him and how she had seen him play. She complimented him, she did it all the right way. He knew how it was supposed to go, so he tried. Let himself have this.

His body reacted... a little to the thought of how he would do it too. how he wasn't as nice about it, how he called Shane so many other things.

Rose said he's sweet.

Ilya called him boring.

Rose called him good.

Ilya said he had a weak backhand.

Rose said he was an adorable omega.

Ilya called him an obedient rule follower.

Rose complimented his hair.

Ilya asked if he was going to keep growing his hair (he secretly likes it)

Rose said he smelled lovely.

Ilya lapped up his slick like it was whip cream.

He almost snorted, coughing to cover it up as she assumed he found what she said funny so she kept talking.

Rose was an animated talker too, hands going all over as she kept on telling more and more stories. Shane was pretty sure he'd gotten his drink refilled several times by the end. But Rose didn't notice.

In the end he took her to his apartment, and he felt satisfied- he thought so.



The anguish he felt after going public with Rose shouldn't have been there. Shouldn't have existed. But it did.

He told himself he was just anxious and worried but the more he thought about the more he could picture it- again. The texts from Ilya after he had left. The pain in his face after he said his name multiple times.

"Hollander"

"Holl-an-der"

His omega was screaming at him. His body was not feeling the best either recently, he felt worse off than he had before. He felt tired all the time and sometimes even dizzy in a way and he hadn't crossed his room (sticking to the spare room) he had full of Ilya's clothes and his in ages. He had an idea what was wrong but then it got worse when Rose took to notice it. Trying to help scent him, cuddling, all of the things that had worked with Ilya. He'd never tell Ilya how much it did but he knew in the back of his mind it was for him to do.

But nothing. Instead he had to tell her he just needed space. Which she took well too though he swore he could see the gears turning in her mind. He could see the pain in her eyes in how he had to tell her nothing she could do would help his sour scent and his bad mood.

He was ruined.

Ilya ruined him and he felt his fingers itching from the phone as he sat there- in his bed. Not practicing or watching hockey but miserable.

Completely and utterly miserable.

It had gone on for weeks so it was no surprise his phone had lit up with her name that mid-afternoon. Rose had texted him, asked to meet up, just catch some dinner. He knew what it meant. Could feel the words that would spill from her lips.

And the first thing he wanted to do after seeing it was text Ilya. Tell him how he ruined him, how stupid he was and how much of an asshole he was. A stupid asshole alpha who had gotten him attached in an impossible way. How he was stuck with him at every turn and every corner of his house.

He wanted to talk to Ilya. Tell him off for how he hadn't texted him to check on him after he played such a horrible game his coaches pulled him out. He wanted to yell and scream at him because the scent in the clothes he had were fading. The same scent that used to help him sleep- were now the source of his demise.

Ilya had caused this. Stuck his nose in his neck and knotted him so much he couldn't do it. Couldn't even get slick for another alpha, he hated it.

He had typed out a million words. Typed it all out and reading it back it was longer than even the words they had ever spoken. In all caps.

He read it, read each word over and over again but the last one hit him. He didn't even think about it as he wrote it but there it was in plain day sight.

To Lily:

YOU KISS ME IN SECRET LIKE IT DOESN'T KILL ME IN PUBLIC TO NOT HAVE YOU.

What the fuck.

He read it again, he could hear himself saying it, not yelling it but the way he wanted to. maybe he could yell, maybe scream but he knew that if Ilya was looking at him he wouldn't say it. He'd stutter, he'd just probably not even finish it.

He would just- be.

Because Ilya Rozanov has *ruined* him.

He deleted the texts, hitting the back space so much his fingers cramped. He had a dinner to get ready for.



He was wearing his usual, a simple shirt and jeans. He hated how his clothes didn't fit his skin, how he felt like a stranger in his body. He couldn't pin point it but once he got them a table he sat.

Shane was early of course, his mind carrying him with the same mindset; early is on time and on time is late. Engraved his mind, it was a rule that stuck unchanging. He waited. Fiddled with his hands not sure what to do till she got there. He could feel it when she arrived, how the restaurants turned and he watched her walk over.

She sat calmly, like she wasn't going to say something that had been a long time coming. Rose avoided his eyes for a second before she spoke looking at him with soft eyes.

"You're so cute you know that" he laughed awkwardly, not sure what to say it was always that. how cute he was, he knew he shouldn't be so bothered but his teammates never got that it was hot, sexy- and he was cute.

Cute.

"Um yea sure" she nodded her head. The silence felt worse than ever so he was letting her take the wheel.

"I love talking to you- but um.." he could see her pause, "but I feel like- how do I- I just feel like we're meant to be friends... you are great but... god um.." he hated this. He knew he had a physical reaction he always does. He hated breakups and this, she wasn't even saying it truthfully. She was so nice and *perfect*.

Perfect but *not* for him.

"I think maybe you have another- I just don't think we're- compatible?" she sounded unsure but he also knew she was sure. He was sure, his omega was very sure too. She was a great alpha, perfect but...

"Compatible" he tested the words on his lips ignoring her suggestion about another alpha, he knew she was right but the word stuck. It was lingering the more they sat in silence.

“Yea I just- you’re wonderful but we clearly don’t fit?” he tried not to be hurt- he was a bit because she was right “have you... did you have someone else before” she gestured between the two and he hesitated.

Then she took his hands, gently as she spoke again to him.

“It’s okay, I promise I’m not mad, as I said you’re wonderful but I don’t think I’m the right fit- or.. person?” Rose hesitated and Shane was still trying to process. Trying to understand why she had to be the one to notice it first to say what he knew was coming.

Compatible. (they weren’t) and it was hitting him like a ton of bricks what this meant but he still found himself thinking about him.

Ilya Rozanov.

About the first time they met in the showers how he had never seen an alpha cock so- he didn’t have the words but it was attached to the hottest guy he had ever seen and he hated how it happened to also be his arch rival. Who had ruined him because now he can’t even be himself with anyone else. His omega isn’t right.

Ruined.

“It’s okay, you know, it’ll all work itself out and I won’t say anything. I’m sure other players have you know- done something similar” but he shook his head. his hands shaking at the thought of suggestion, it didn’t happen, and it certainly didn’t happen between two of the league’s biggest rivals.

“Rose please” he didn’t know what he was asking for but it’s like she read his mind. Keeping her hands on his he took a breath. He felt a little dizzy but he also knew why. He needed Ilya. and soon. But he smiled instead, letting her comfort him for the rest of dinner.

Rose was great at changing topics, making it a lot easier for Shane (still trying to figure it out) to relax. She talked about the most random things, from new tv shows she’s seen to celebrity drama she had heard recently (silly little stories). They got Shane to feel a little bit better but he knew he still had more to deal with.

He saw him mid way through. Not even sure what he was doing in the same place or why he was there but he was. Alpha Ilya Rozanov was there distracting him for Rose. She was still talking still going and he loved hearing her but it was as if his ears went dead, and static.

He was there at dinner with his jacket off and he was talking with some omega. Some omega.

Who he didn't know the name of and he wouldn't bother. Ilya had mentioned other omegas to him so he wasn't sure why it hurt to see him with someone else. The answer was there but Shane wasn't ready. Not yet.

Ilya looked good too. The black jacket he was sure was the one from the first time they met up. The bigger sleeves and the lining on the inside looked just like it as he talked. His hair was pushed back a little though his golden curls still framed his face. He looked good, and he was a distraction, always.

After dinner she hugged him tight. Wrapping her arms around him making him promise for them to still be friends, he wasn't sure, but he still said yes. It'd be nice to have a friend, someone outside the league who knew him and saw him like she did.

Ilya and the omega had left before them somehow not even seeing Shane in the process but when he watched them leave he saw something else too. His jacket.

Ilya had left his jacket and Shane unconsciously moved back to the restaurant as he picked up the jacket drenched in cinnamon and cedar wood. It was all encompassing, no bounds as he found himself taking it home.

I'll give it back to him. Maybe even text him. He thought to himself. Which is why he found himself opening his phone taking the leap. But nothing good came. As he tried over and over to fix the sentence, the wording sounding off, it wasn't. So he tried again.

To: Lily

So are you excited for all stars?

He sent it closing his phone, closing it immediately as he tried to ignore the way his heart was racing at the thought of a response. But he had a jacket in his hands, making it a little bit easier to sleep that night.

5. The All Stars

The All-Stars game was different this year, well it was the same as usual but the last time he had it he was going against Ilya not with. And, he hadn't broken up with Rose- well she broke up with him but, nonetheless.

All Stars Game. Tampa Bay.

He was going to make it worth it. He hadn't bothered checking if Ilya responded. He knew with enough knowledge of him that he definitely didn't and if he did then Shane was going to be in for a surprise. He supposed he deserved it a little after Ilya did all of what he did just for Shane to bail and get a girlfriend.

When he walked in though he knew he was fucked. Totally and utterly fucked, because alpha Ilya Rozanov didn't know bounds and he was too good looking for Shane's own health and he could feel his presence. Always wore scent blockers and tried to mask his scent though it bled through in certain moments, and this was one of them.

Shane's nose knew him better, knew Ilya, and he felt his body loosen up, his jaw get less tight and muscles loosened too as he walked over to where he was sitting.

"You are bad texter, Hollander" he said it so factually and it took him by surprise as he flushed a deep red.

Shit.

Ilya did text back. He didn't respond but Ilya texted back. He texted him back.

"Yea... um ...sorry" he hated that he was red in the face and he was flushed, nervous in a way. He knew his scent was going to change too, and though he wore scent blockers the ones he packed weren't as strong.

"Bring anyone" he could something deeper in the alpha's eyes as he asked him.

"Oh, um no, none of them could make it"

"Not even... Rose" he could feel something shift the slight sourness in his tone as he spoke.

"Oh, um, we broke up. We're not compatible-" Ilya stopped him, the slight smile on the alpha's face did something to him. He couldn't place it but he felt himself smile a little. He tried to contain it but Ilya made it hard with his perfect smile, slightly rose cheeks and curls. The stupid shirt he was wearing made him look good too.

"Compatible?" he could see his brain trying to work it out and for a second he almost wanted to kiss the little pout the alpha had on his face. He was confused a little but he didn't need to know more; he liked having this. In public.

They were talking, talking more and it's like nothing had changed. Though in the back of his head he knew it had him basking in this.

"We broke up" he clarified and Ilya had looked at him. Given him that soft look he did sometimes- rarely, but he saw it, but he didn't know what it meant.

“Oh”

“It's fine, we're friends” he waved his hands hoping he could signal some emotion, though he was sure he looked silly.

He did.

Ilya laughed at him, softly not loudly enough that too many people noticed but it was enough. The floral shirt lifted a little as he covered his mouth and he saw a peak of hair trailing down. A heavy heat in his stomach came back, and he wanted to scream at his body. tell it to stop but it was too late. His scent was definitely changing- at least a little.

“You got Rozanov laughing? I'm impressed but don't trust him too much” and there it was. Someone finally stepped in to notice this, J.J had and of course.

“I won't, don't worry” he shrugged his shoulders trying to hide the blush that was coming. He trusted him, more than he should and J.J didn't need to know.

“Hollander” he was rolling his eyes playfully as he nudged him a little.

“Rozanov” he smiled a little underneath the slightly intense look. He knew they both were playing it up, they'd gotten used to it, but now it was much harder.

He was slowly piecing it together and he wasn't sure whether he liked it or hated it.



Shane was watching him- with his shades on of course and he thought he was being subtle. Thought that he could watch him play with kids and not feel anything, but he did. His omega was loving it, thriving off of how soft Ilya was with all the little ones. How he pretended to be slower to let the kids win.

He was talking with them too. Quizzing them on who was who and who did what. It was entertaining and it certainly wasn't helping the images running through his head of Ilya with their- with kids of his own. His omega was loving it, loved to see how perfect the alpha was at handling the pups, how he did it with such ease though he had an inkling Ilya was worried he wasn't doing enough.

Shane was still dozing off when he felt him, the scent blockers were on but for Shane and his strong nose was catching it. How strong it was as he got up out of the water the scent was

mouth watering and eye opening. Thankfully none of his teammates were there to see his slight panic, and the slick that was coming.

He went to the side to grab a towel when Ilya did it, shaking his head with the wet water on Shane. He rolled his eyes at the classic move but still handed him the towel. Ilya took it, brushing their hands together. The slight burn and tingle of his skin wasn't enough, he needed to feel him more. And **now**. But he couldn't have that not with everyone around.

"Can you give the kids the money? Don't have mine on me"

"Course you don't Rozanov" he went to pull his cash shaking his head as he watched Ilya let go of the wet one, he had and grabbing Shane's towel too.

"Rozanov" he was trying to scold the alpha, but he was failing, horribly. Ilya shrugged his shoulder not a care in the world.

"Don't complain" he winked, indicating what they both knew. Shane liked his scent, he even let Rozanov do it when they had more time in between. He liked it, and so he laughed shaking his head.

He let him use it, get his scent all over it and prayed that nobody had noticed how much more slick he had produced and his scent. He knew it was noticeable with Ilya's eyes darkening and his nostrils flaring.

He was in for a wild ride in his hotel room.



They were in the hotel room, Shane had rode Ilya till he popped a knot in the condom and the come down hit him harder than expected. He wanted more this time. More than a condom separating them, and he wanted all of Ilya's cinnamon cedar wood scent drenching him till he was his scent only. But he couldn't.

He tried to avoid it for as long as he could but the scent was too good and he couldn't help it when he had the opportunity. He stole the towel, Ilya didn't notice it, he wasn't sure he did because when the knock on his door came up he didn't utter a word. Just kissed him, cradled his face like it was the only thing he wanted.

The kiss was strong, perfect at that and he knew he was a goner at that moment, and surely forever. He'd tried other alphas but nothing could beat this. Nothing was better than Ilya Rozanov who knotted him perfectly; and took care of him perfectly.

His omega had never been more satisfied than that day. The shirt Ilya had put on him too did not help the growing sense in his omegas restless mind. After Ilya left he tucked it next to his

pillows, letting himself inhale the scent deeply. He was fucked.

Because after that he played one of the best games he'd had. With Ilya by his side kissing his helmet as he scored the winning goal of the game. The rest of the team did not see or smell it but he could. Ilya was turned on, so incredibly turned on and he wanted to bury his nose in his scent gland but he couldn't- not till later.

He let Ilya up there that night then both mysteriously heading back to the hotel at the same time and if someone noticed how extra clingy Shane was to Ilya, or how he stood a little too close nobody said anything.

Shane had what he needed anyways if he didn't have the alpha with him. if he made sure to stuff them at the bottom of his stuff and immediately added them to his growing nest at the cottage he wouldn't tell a soul.

+1 The Cottage (Ilya's POV)

The car ride went quicker than expected, Ilya was on aux and Shane had let him especially had Ilya insisted because "Hollander you are boring, so your music is too" (his direct words). Shane let him and he enjoyed it so much. Loved seeing Shane's face light up more as he knew some of the songs and the slight pout on the omega's face when Ilya teased him for ones he didn't.

It had been an easy decision, to come and now with both their scents sticking to the car the alpha felt more content than ever as he let Shane keep driving. It was perfect and they truly hadn't begun.

When they finally got to the cottage it shocked him. Not because he didn't know what to expect but having all of Shane's scent coming at him, in the best way possible, engulfing him. He felt weak, weak in the knees, weak in the head, dizzy. his- Shane's scent was everywhere.

When they walked in Shane spoke, murmured some words that rang in Ilya's ears because he was not listening at all. In fact he was more focused on how engraved Shane was in this place, in this small little spacious place he had watched on TV. It was even better in person. Seeing Shane take him all places and he felt himself immersed.

His alpha was pleased, satisfied- almost. He loved to feel how the lingers of Shane's scent were in each piece. How the kitchen smelled like fresh food but the lavender lingered, it was in each part of this place.

Ilya could see the mini frames, with pictures of the little omega when he was young. He watched as Shane told him more and more unnecessary details that he was sure he'd forget the second they kissed. He felt at ease and it had been a kiss that changed it all. Seeing Scott Hunter openly being himself, with his omega, that he'd broken the internet. It felt surreal.

He wasn't sure where to start but he watched as Shane showed him the bedrooms. He started with Ilya's and showed him where everything was and they both knew it was useless. They'd christen every place in here and would probably not spend time apart.

It was unspoken, they were more, more than before and though they still didn't have a label it was there. Lingering in the silence as Shane showed him past, how his door peaked open and Ilya could smell himself, his- their scents tangled so he didn't hesitate. Let his mind carry him as he pushed open the door not hearing Shane's protest.

There it was. All his clothes that had gone missing, the little pieces of him that he had given to Shane. Offered in the small ways he didn't realize it.

A nest. Shane Hollander had built them a nest.

A beautiful nest with pillows smelling like Ilya he wasn't sure how it did. Blankets surrounding the border of the bed. It was cozy, warm in all the best ways. Ilya wasn't sure what Shane was saying but his head was speaking louder.

Mine. Mine. Mine. Mine. Mine. Mine.

He looked at his jersey the first thing he truly remembered giving to Shane and it was purposeful. He doesn't remember doing it with the intent but once he did it he couldn't get it back, and he didn't want it back. And it was there. Staring right back at him, in the flesh.

He turned taking Shane by surprise, kissing him. It was perfect in the way it shut up Shane. Sliding his tongue to the roof of Shane's mouth. Getting him to relax with the little breathy moan he let out. For Ilya it was the way that he felt his alpha finally rest, at the same time Shane felt his omega nearly jump out of him.

then Ilya pulled back a little his forehead pressing against Shane's eyes closed as he took in the scent of the room.

Perfect.

Perfect was the exact way to describe it and he couldn't figure out what else to do besides thread his hands in Shane's. Taking in the omega in front of him, how his eyelashes were so long and curved. The freckles that were spread across his face, it was one of his favorite features of Shane's.

Then he let himself smell the room again. The thick lavender scent mixed with his was sweet, it made his mouth water a bit at how well they mixed together. The lavender had hints of something else underneath, he couldn't put a word to it but he was basking in it all.

Shane was still in shock not knowing what to do or how to take it all in. He thought Ilya was going to be scared, he had thought of all the possibilities of how weird it could have gotten

though he knew he'd have to explain but not with Ilya barging in. Looking at the nest with curiosity before kissing him.

His lips had taken Shane's and he knew it, knew that even though he used to feel like this was breaking him down piece by piece it instead was being out together in this nest. Each piece of them lied there. Each story and incident from which Shane had Ilya given him a piece of himself.

He's made it there.

"Ilya"

"Hm" his little hum as eyes now looked at Shane made his stomach erupt in both butterflies and his scent intensified.

"You weren't supposed to um- you know" he gestured at the nest but Ilya wasn't having it. He stepped even closer if it was possible. Making sure to look Shane in the eyes as he spoke.

"It's beautiful moya lyubov" he felt dizzy, dizzy with how the words came and his omega preening, enjoying how the pet name rolled off his tongue. He watched as Shane leaned in more. His head now resting right near his scent gland, the omega was so close Ilya wanted to let him have it all, to stuff his nose right into it.

He let it happen, not even sure how they'd gotten there, and Ilya let it, held him tightly as Shane's omega purred, now nosing at Ilya's scent gland and Ilya ran his hands through his hair guiding him to it. Holding him there as he scented him.

Shane letting it happen with ease, the moment was right, perfect and all he wanted to do was now scent swap and cuddle. He let his body let out a little shiver as he felt Ilya's scent wash over him. Like a blanket it was covering him, occupying all of his space and he loved it.

"God Ilya-" he didn't even finish his sentence before Ilya spoke.

"You're welcome" he had the biggest smirk on his face as he knew he cut Shane off. Loved to see the pout on his face. Like a little kitten, he kissed his pout away making the small smile come back on Shane's face. His scent got a little sweeter, the strong lavender having a hint of eucalyptus to it. He smelled like a dream.

"Asshole" Shane said it with a smile as he laughed a little falling into Ilya's shoulder.

"You like that, Shane" he emphasized the name, letting it sit there as he watched Shane become beat red again. He loved how now he had permission to do that, without the fear.

Shane.

Shane.

Shane.

He called him Shane again and that's all it took before the omega dragged him into the nest pushing him down before getting comfortable.

"You ruined me Ilya Rozanov" he looked at him with his brown eyes all sweet and doe like. Ilya loved him so much. His omega.

"You're welcome, Shane Hollander"

"You're such an ass" Shane looked at him, the smile way more evident. All teeth and his freckles too.

"For you *moya lyubov*" Ilya knew this was where they were meant to be. Together with free flowing banter, with love. A nest built of all the pieces they gave each other. Their scents mixed, in the privacy of their own space. Together.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading feel free to leave a comment and you can find me on Twitter @sunnysuee :)

12/27 : Hello??? came and saw this has 700 kudos??? like wth thank you all so so so much?! I've never had anything close to this so once again truly thank u!! <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!