

This Precious Thing Tucked Under My Heart

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This Precious Thing Tucked Under My Heart

by [Booklover03](#)

Summary

Two pink lines.

That's all it takes to send Shane to his knees in the hotel bathroom. The tiles are cold underneath him, sending a shiver through his body. He's still staring at that stupid stick in his trembling hands. It's not the only one. No, Shane made sure to get at least five just to be certain. He's been feeling off ever since Vegas.

OR: Omega Shane finds out he's pregnant after Vegas and doesn't tell Ilya. Hayden is a good supportive friend who just wants Shane to be happy. Even if that means getting him and Ilya together.

Notes

Imma be honest, this isn't my best work but I was craving some Omegaverse Hollanov with Shane being pregnant and keeping it a secret from Ilya until he can't anymore and then this thing came into existence.

I hope you guys like it.

Kudos and comments are greatly appreciated.

Also, english isn't my first language so please be kind about any mistakes (read: ignore them).

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

Two pink lines.

That's all it takes to send Shane to his knees in the hotel bathroom. The tiles are cold underneath him, sending a shiver through his body. He's still staring at that stupid stick in his trembling hands. It's not the only one. No, Shane made sure to get at least five just to be certain. He's been feeling off ever since Vegas. Waking up nauseous, feeling dizzy out of nowhere. Food he used to enjoy now makes him want to throw up whenever he smells it. He's been sleeping less and getting more restless.

Hayden has noticed. Of course he did. Hayden may not always be the smartest but he's observant. And he knows Shane. Besides, Hayden has four kids of his own. He knew what the signs meant before Shane did. He was the one buying the tests for him after talking him out of a panic attack.

"Whatever happens, you have me, okay? Me and Jackie. And your parents," he said, pumping soothing pheromones into their shared room. It helped. Shane's omega has long seen Hayden as a trusted alpha, as a packmate, and he's so damn grateful to have him. Because right now he's scared. Actually fucking terrified.

He's pregnant. With his al- with Ilya's child. Ilya, who had fucked him hard and good that night in Vegas and been so cold after. Shane's omega had whined, screaming at him to go back inside, to go back to his alpha and apologise. Apologise for not being good. For asking too many questions when the alpha clearly didn't want to talk to him. To promise to be better. But he didn't. Instead he left, feeling cold and split open. He hasn't sent the other man any text messages since, hasn't even checked if Ilya has sent him something. Shane tells himself it's better this way. His treacherous heart disagrees. It yearns to hear the man's voice, to feel his gentle touch, his lips on his skin.

Shane doesn't have to look at the other tests still sitting on the sink. His omega knows what he'll see. Two pink lines. His hand drops to his stomach and he swears he can feel them. Their pup. The logical part of his brain knows it's still too early for him to feel it. But he knows something is different. That his body is already changing. The door creaks open and startles him. Hayden pokes his head in. "You okay, buddy? Do we know yet?" Shane's lip starts to tremble and the tears he managed to keep at bay up until now stream down his face. Hayden, bless him, is by his side in an instant.

"Hey, hey, whatever it is we'll figure it out okay?" The alpha says, carefully placing a hand on Shane's shaking shoulder. Another sob wrenches itself free from his chest and he curls into the other man, seeking the comfort of his best friend. "It's positive," he mumbles into Hayden's shoulder. The hand rubbing his back stills for a moment before going back to drawing soothing circles. "I'm pregnant," Shane whispers, more to himself than to his best friend. It sinks in, slowly, terrifyingly.

He's pregnant and if he keeps it he won't be able to play hockey anymore. Everyone will know he's an omega. One of his biggest secrets will be exposed to the world. He'll never be able to play for Montreal ever again, that he knows. Most teams wouldn't take him either. Omega's are unheard of in the NHL even though there is nothing that says they can't play.

Nothing legal and official at least. But it's an unspoken rule. Only betas and alphas are professional hockey players.

The thought of never playing hockey again makes his stomach drop. Hockey is his life. But - his hand clutches his shirt over his stomach. Shane has always wanted to have a family one day. To have a mate and pups. People he can take care of. People he can love. And now he has a chance at it. He might not have a mate but he's Shane Hollander. The omega who has a plan for everything. Who always finds a way.

"I'm keeping it," he says, not looking at Hayden. His eyes are fixed on the two pink lines. How can something so small and unseaming change your entire life in a matter of minutes? He feels Hayden sit down next to him, an arm wrapped around his shoulder and Shane leans into him, his omega settling a little at the contact. "Okay." A fresh wave of tears runs down his face at the easy acceptance. "You can come live with Jackie and me if you want," Hayden offers but Shane quickly shakes his head. He doesn't want to impose on his friends like that. Plus, being surrounded by four kids is not what he imagines to be good for a pregnant omega.

"Thanks, Hayd. But I want to stay at my cottage." He feels his best friend nod. "Makes sense." They fall back into silence. "So," Hayden says, "who's the father?" Shane stills and a fresh wave of panic washes over him. Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck. His mind is spinning. Should he tell the truth? Hayden knows him too well to buy a lie of a one night stand gone wrong, knows Shane isn't the type of guy to do that. And he knows about Lily. He lets out a long sigh. He needs his best friend now more than ever. It's time to stop the lies. To stop hiding things from him. It's time to tell him the truth. All of it.

Four months later

"Shane, we've been over this. You need to nest. This isn't good for you or the pup," Hayden says with an annoyed sigh. "I'm telling you it's fine. We're fine." Shane cradles his small bump. They've had this exact conversation, well argument, at least a hundred times ever since Shane disappeared from the hockey world feigning a career ending injury he got while training by himself a week after he found out he's pregnant. It was easy to get the right doctor's note if you knew how to play your cards. The amount of people reaching out to him has been overwhelming, so much that he handed his phone to Hayden to keep for the first month or so because the constant buzzing was driving him mad.

He doesn't know if Il- if Rozanov was one of those people, having blocked his number as soon as Hayden had left that bathroom to order them something to eat. It wasn't easy. Far from it. It was one of the hardest things he's ever done. But it had to be done. Besides, Shane doubts the alpha even cared. His disappearance meant one less distraction, one competitor less Rozanov has to worry about. The omega may have stopped playing hockey, but he still watches the games. All except Boston's. He just can't bring himself to watch them. Knows that if he sees the alpha, he'll crumble. And he can't allow himself to break. Not when he had to think about his pup.

His pup who is already so loved. By his parents. By the Pikes. By Shane.

Sometimes he lies awake at night imagining what kind of father Rozanov would be. Though in those fantasies he's Ilya. His Ilya. His mate.

“You’re thinking of him again,” Hayden whispers, not accusing but with worry. He worries a lot now. He worries about how much Shane eats (just enough for the pup) and drinks (enough) and if he’s taking the vitamins his doctor gave him (he takes them first thing in the morning). If he’s sleeping (he hardly does) and nesting enough (he hasn’t in months). Shane’s hand subconsciously reaches for his neck where the once swollen bite mark has now faded into a silver scar, still sensitive to the touch but no longer painful. At least he tells himself that. There is this constant ache coming from it. But he’s learned to live with it, to ignore it and go about his day as if nothing is wrong.

“I’m not.” They both know it’s a lie. But Hayden doesn’t call him out. He gave up on that a long time ago. Instead he puts down a big bag full of stuff. “Here, I thought this might help even if you don’t make a nest out of it.” Shane looks at the bag curiously, carefully taking out the thing lying on top. It’s a shirt, drenched in Hayden’s calming scent. Underneath is a soft blanket, smelling of the entire Pike family. Familiar. Soothing. Shane can’t help but purr lightly as he wraps it around himself, feeling himself relax slightly.

He’s been tense, he knows it’s not good for him or the pup. But he can’t help it. He’s pregnant and his alpha isn’t here with them. The omega nearly whines at the thought. This blanket should smell like Ilya. He should be here. The entire cottage should smell like them. Instead it stinks of Shane’s misery. Rejection syndrome his doctor called it. When an alpha and omega have such a close relationship whether it be physical or emotional and it ends abruptly, the body goes into shock first, trying to shield itself from the hurt. But once the rejection sets in it’s slowly shutting down. Going through this is bad enough, add in a half-finished mating bond and a pregnancy and it feels like absolute agony. The first few weeks Shane wanted to claw the mark out of his skin. It kept burning, feeling hot and irritated to the touch and whenever someone besides himself touched it, he felt sick. By now he’s gotten used to it.

“I have to confess something,” Hayden says, tearing Shane out of his daze. He looks at his best friend who seems nervous. He keeps looking towards the foyer, his expression pinched. Unease settles itself heavy on Shane’s chest. Something is going on and he doesn’t like it. “What is it, Hayd?” He doesn’t get an answer before he senses it. It’s like he’s been rammed into the boards at a game. “Please just listen to me, okay? You’ve been so miserable and I’m worried about you and the pup and he’s been playing like shit since you disappeared. Became a complete shell of his former self and he kept asking me about you and I just, I want to help you. I can’t keep watching you fade away like this, Shane.”

The omega listens to his best friend’s ramble with only one ear, his eyes fixed on the front door. Shane can hear the blood rushing in his ears. He might be unable to see or smell him but his omega can sense his alpha outside. He imagines Ilya, pacing up and down the driveway of the cottage. Shaking his head he abandons the image. The thing between them was only sex for the other man. Something convenient - easy. It was Shane who fucked it all up by getting attached, by falling in love with him, knowing that they can’t be anything more than fuck buddies. Still, a naive part of him had thought, had hoped, that they could be more. Even if it was just in secret, in the safety of their hotel rooms and homes. But then Sochi happened and Vegas and...

Shane's hands come to caress his bump. He doesn't know about the pup. Not unless Hayden told him and he prays that his best friend kept it to himself. Because he was never supposed to know. Shane would raise the pup on his own with the help of his parents and Hayden. And Ilya would go on playing hockey and winning Cup after Cup with his team. He'd forget all about Shane Hollander and find someone else. An omega who is outgoing and likes to party, who knows just what to say and when to say it. Basically the complete opposite of Shane.

"Shane, buddy?" Hayden takes a step towards him but Shane inches back, out of his reach. Watching the hurt flashing in his best friend's eyes makes him want to whine but he forces it down. "What. Did. You. Do." The words come out clipped. Hayden's nose wrinkles and he knows his scent is stinking up the place. Betrayal. Hurt. Confusion. Pain. Distress.

The other alpha doesn't get the chance to reply because the front door bursts open. And there he is. Ilya Rozanov. The man Shane had once stupidly thought - hoped - would be his mate. His alpha. His Ilya. The father of his pups. He knows he's still pumping out distressed pheromones but seeing his alpha does nothing to help calm his panicked state. Shane can only stare at Ilya. His blond curls Shane loved to play with are a mess, lying flat and having lost their shine. The alpha's broad shoulders are slightly slumped and he looks thin. Those ocean blue eyes are dull. Like someone stole the life out of them. Shane wants to coo, to comfort but he can't.

A low growl rips through the tense silence and Shane flinches, his hands instantly dropping to his stomach, cradling it protectively. He lets out a high hiss of his own, not appreciating the hostility brought into his home, into his den. His reaction catches both alphas by surprise and the growling stops. But it was still enough to send Shane's instincts reeling. There are two alphas in his den and he needs to protect his pup. Not taking his eyes off the two men, he slowly backs away from them, putting as much space between them and his pup as he can without backing himself into a corner.

The dark haired alpha takes a step towards him and Shane lets out a snarl, snapping his teeth at the outstretched hand. A loud and clear message to stay away. Shane watches as the alpha retreats and after whispering something to the one still standing further away, leaves. Knowing that he managed to scare off one of the alphas makes the omega preen but he doesn't drop his guard just yet. There is still one more he needs out. A low rumble reaches his ears and he stops hissing, surprised and confused. That - he expected more growling, maybe some snarling and aggression. But this rumble sounds more like - pride?

Shane's nose twitches, picking up the new scent spreading in the room. He can still clearly pick up on his own distress and anger but there is something else now too. Soft leather and smokey, warm. The omega watches warily as the blond alpha slowly steps closer, his posture relaxed though Shane notices the way his hands clench into fists before loosening again. His eyes flicker up to the alpha's face and a small gasp slips from his lips as their eyes meet. For a moment neither of them moves, both of them caught in each other's gaze. Shane stays still as the alpha approaches again, another rumble sounding from deep within his chest and sending shivers down the omega's spine. It's soothing.

He can feel the fight slowly draining out of him as the comforting scent wraps around him like a weighted blanket. The alarm bells in his mind go silent. His pup is safe. He's safe. His

alpha is here and will protect them, take care of them. Shane's body slumps against the wall and the exhaustion he's been pushing down for the past months crashes into him. His legs wobble, a whine slipping out of his throat and his arms tighten around his middle.

"Hollander- Shane, look at me." He wants to but his eyes are burning. Shaking his head he squeezes his eyes shut.

"Moy Lyubov, look at me. Please," his alpha says softly, coaxing Shane into doing as he's told. The teary eyes staring up at him makes Ilya's heart squeeze painfully in his chest and his mind is screaming at him to soothe his trembling omega. To protect and cherish. "Good job," he whispers, gently cupping his omega's cheek and letting out a pleased rumble when Shane leans into the touch with a sigh. "Such a good omega. Scaring off stupid alpha. So strong. Perfect." The praise makes Shane's brain fuzzy and he leans into him, nuzzling into his alpha's neck and taking deep breaths.

Ilya's hand settles on his waist to steady him and Shane freezes. His hand is so close to his bump. The knowledge sends a wave of panic through him. It only gets worse when he hears the alpha's breath hitch and feels him pull away. No no no no. Tears burn in his eyes and he's distantly aware that he's letting out distressed noises. But he can't help himself. One moment he had his alpha in his arms again and the next he's gone. When he touched his bump. Fear claws at his throat. What if Ilya is going to make him get rid of it? Or take the pup away from him once it's born?

The sour scent coming off the omega in front of him nearly sends Ilya into a frenzy. But he has to stay calm. For both of their sakes. Without thinking, he pulls the trembling man against his chest, wrapping his arms around him tightly. Shane struggles for a moment, whining high in the back of his throat before his shoulders slump in defeat. "'M sorry," Shane snuffles into the crook of Ilya's neck. "I should have told you. I'm sorry. Don't be mad. I thought I was doing the right thing. Please don't take them from me." The omega is full on sobbing now, clutching his belly and Ilya...he stands there frozen. "Take? What are you talking about? Shane?"

The omega refuses to look at him. "I made Hayden promise not to tell you. It wouldn't have impacted your career, your life. We were going to stay away." Ilya goes still. "The pup. Is mine?" That gets him an angry huff and Shane wrenches himself free from his arms. "Of course it's yours, you asshole! Whose else would it be?" the omega seethes. But he doesn't step back. "But how? When?" "Vegas." Ilya stares at the man in front of him with wide eyes. Shane is pregnant with his pup. He's going to be a father. Ilya falls to his knees and his hands reach for his omega. "Can I? Please," his voice breaks at the end as he stares up at Shane through teary eyes who only nods.

The alpha carefully places his hands on Shane's stomach, cradling it like it's something fragile, before wrapping his arms around the omega and burying his face in the soft shirt. All Shane can do is watch the alpha fall apart in front of him. One of his hands finds its way into those golden curls. "Ya tebya lyublyu. I love you. So much. Thank you. Thank you," Ilya whispers into his shirt and Shane's heart skips a beat, his fingers halting their movement causing the alpha to let out a low whine.

“I-I love you too. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you. I’m so sorry. Please don’t leave.” Sobs ripple through Shane and Ilya is on his feet in an instant. “You are stuck with me. Never leaving. Never.” Before Shane can say anything else his lips are captured in a tender kiss that steals his breath. He melts into it, his muscles turning to goo and Ilya is right there, steadying him. Not letting him fall. The two of them whisper apologies and sweet nothings to each other as they kiss, only breaking apart when their lungs are screaming for air. For the first time in months Shane feels content and truly safe. It doesn’t take long until he gets restless, the need to pull his alpha into the comforts of his nest and stay there for the next week taking over.

Ilya notices, of course. “Let’s get you to your nest, okay? Will be nice and warm.” The omega lets out a delighted squeal when he’s picked up and carried towards his bedroom. He feels giddy until the alpha opens the door and the rotten scent hits him. “Shane, where-where is your nest?” Shane lets out a pitiful whine, shame and guilt turning his scent sour. He clings to his alpha, hiding his face in the man’s neck. He can’t bear to meet his eyes, too scared of what he’ll see in them. Disgust? Anger?

“Moy Lyubov, have you...when was last time you make nest?” The question makes Shane want to disappear. “Hey, hey, is okay. Does not matter. You nest now, da? With me and pup.” The alpha’s words sooth him and he detaches himself slowly from the man. “Can you - will you stay? While I build?” Shane winces at the hoarse sound of his voice. He knows he sounds needy right now, all but begging Ilya to not leave. But that thought alone makes him want to throw up. The alpha pulls him closer, nuzzling into his hair. “Of course.” The omega lets out a relieved sigh before quickly going to work.

He grabs all the pillows he can find, his favourite blankets that are as soft as clouds and his favourite clothes. Ilya raises a brow at the sight of some very familiar pieces. A hoodie he thought he had lost years ago. A few shirts he was convinced a teammate took, hell, even one of his old jerseys is in the pile. Thinking about his omega stealing them to use for his nests makes him preen and he lets out a satisfied rumble. He smirks at the blush spreading on Shane’s freckled cheeks but it’s quickly replaced by confusion when the omega doesn’t move to start building, hovering at the edge of the bed.

“What is it, moy lyubov?” he asks gently, not liking the way Shane won’t meet his eyes. “I uhm could you maybe,” the omega says, eyeing the hoodie Ilya is wearing. Without a word the alpha strips it off, same with his shirt and hands it to him. “This might sound weird and you can totally say now but could you lie down?” The request takes Ilya by surprise but he makes sure to not show it. He doesn’t want to send Shane into a panic again. He simply nods, takes off his pants and socks and lays down in the middle of the bed, waiting.

As soon as he gets comfortable, Shane moves. He’s flittering around the bed, putting pillows and blankets here and there, scenting them as he goes. Ilya can’t help but smile as he watches him work. It’s adorable to witness, the omega works with a serious expression, his tongue peaking out in concentration. Once he deems the nest acceptable, Shane undresses too and carefully lies down next to his alpha, their shoulders brushing but nothing more. That won’t do, Ilya thinks with a light frown. So he slowly moves, giving Shane enough time to scoot away. He doesn’t. With a relieved sigh, Ilay pulls his omega into his arms, tangling their legs together.

“Do you like it?” Shane asks shyly. The alpha nuzzles closer, spreading his scent all over his neck. “You built such good nest for us, moy lyubov. So warm and cozy. Is perfect,” he rumbles and the omega preens, letting out a satisfied and content purr. He takes his alpha’s hand and places it on his stomach. Ilya lets out a shaky breath, his eyes starting to burn. “Our pup,” he whispers, a tear running down his cheek. “Our pup,” Shane echoes, intertwining their fingers. Leaning down Ilya can’t help but place a soft kiss on the bump, making Shane gasp at the tenderness. “Love you so much already. You have strong mama. Pretty too. Prettiest omega I know. Promise, will be best papa,” he mumbles into Shane’s skin.

The alpha lets himself be pulled up into a kiss by his omega, both of them sighing against each other’s lips. “Ya tebya lyublyu.” “I love you so much.” The two of them spend the rest of the day cuddled up in their nest, holding and caressing each other, trading quiet words of love the entire time.

Four months later

The piercing cry sounding through the room makes Shane drop back into his hospital bed with relief. He’s sweaty and still in a bit of pain but he’s happy. Ilya raises the hand he used to clutch to his alpha like a life line and kisses it, the man’s eyes shiny with tears. “You did it, moy lyubov. So strong. So good,” his mate whispers and then their little bundle of joy is carefully put into Shane’s waiting arms. The mated pair look down at their daughter, exhausted but happy. Shane gently caresses her small cheek, smiling at the way she leans into the touch and her eyes blink open. “Hello little one. Your papa and I love you so much.” A kind nurse tucks Shane in after cleaning him up, looking down at their baby with a soft smile. “She is adorable. What’s her name?”

Shane looks at his mate and feels overwhelmed by the love he sees in his ocean blue eyes. He’s had her name picked out the moment he found out the gender, something Ilya missed. That first night of them back together the alpha had asked him if he already had a name for her. Shane was scared of his reaction but he really didn’t need to be because Ilya loved the name, had cried when he heard it. “Is perfect. Most beautiful name.”

Looking at his little family Shane whispers, “Lily Jane. Her name is Lily Jane.”

End Notes

I can't believe I have to even type this but because I've seen a lot of people point fingers and say this and that fic is ai.

I have never and will never use ai to write and create stories. All of my work was, is and will be written by only me and everything was, is and will be thought of by my own silly brain.

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