

Sugar Rush

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Sugar Rush

by [Riri_S](#)

Summary

“I finally figured out what that sweet smell here is that I never get from ice creams, no matter how many flavours I try”

Shane’s hands stilled on the counter. The shop felt suddenly too quiet, the hum of the freezer loud in his ears.

“It’s you,” Ilya said softly.

Notes

Inspired by this [tweet](#)

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

Shane took the shift at Sugar Drift for a reason. The ice cream shop was a refuge, cold air humming softly from the freezers, the constant perfume of vanilla bean, caramel swirl, and toasted waffle cones. Sweetness layered over sweetness until it dulled everything else. For an omega trying to keep his designation quiet, it was perfect camouflage.

He tied his apron tight, fingers lingering for a moment at the pulse of his throat where he'd dabbed a careful blend of suppressants and sugar oil before work. He had the patterns of customers memorised at this point. Afternoons were families and shrieking children, sticky hands pressed to glass. Evenings were couples sharing spoons and college students nursing single scoops while pretending to study.

The bell above the door chimed that evening, bright and cheerful.

"Hey", a voice said, "wow, this place smells like I'm gonna make a lot of mistakes."

Shane looked up and met a pair of curious grey eyes set in a face that radiated easy confidence. The man was tall, broad-shouldered, and wearing a soft sweater. Alpha. Shane clocked it instantly. The posture, the presence, and the sharp pine scent were impossible to mistake.

"Welcome to Sugar Drift," Shane said. "Mistakes are encouraged. What can I get you?"

The alpha smiled and stepped closer to the glass, scanning the rows of ice creams. "What do you recommend? I just moved here, I figured I'd start by finding the best ice cream."

"You came to the right place," Shane said automatically.

The alpha laughed. "That's what everyone at work says. I'm Ilya."

"Shane."

Ilya ordered salted caramel, ate it thoughtfully at one of the small tables, and left with a polite wave.

When the door closed behind him, Shane realized his heart was beating faster than usual.

Two days later, the bell chimed again.

"Hey," Ilya said, grinning like they were already friends. "You're real. I was worried I'd imagined this place."

"You're back," Shane said, surprised by the warmth in his own voice.

"I have a problem," Ilya admitted. "And that problem is dessert."

"What'll it be today?"

“Dealer’s choice.”

Shane hesitated, then scooped pistachio. “Trust me.”

Ilya tasted it, eyes closing briefly. “Okay, yeah. I trust you with my life now.”

Shane snorted before he could stop himself, and Ilya grinned like he’d won something.

When Ilya left, he said, “See you around, Shane.”

Shane watched the door longer than necessary.

Over the next few weeks, “around” became often.

Ilya came in on rainy afternoons and snowy evenings, sometimes still in work clothes, sometimes bundled up in scarves that smelled faintly like coffee. He leaned on the counter, asked about Shane’s day, and listened when Shane complained about broken freezers or customers who sampled too much. They laughed together easily now. Ilya learned Shane’s schedule. Shane learned that Ilya worked in translation, that he had moved here alone, and that he had a sweet tooth he blamed on his grandmother.

“Okay, but hear me out,” Ilya said one night, spoon poised midair. “Mint chocolate chip is polarising for *no* reason.”

“For good reason,” Shane replied. “It tastes like toothpaste.”

“You’re wrong,” Ilya said cheerfully. “But I respect your right to be wrong.”

They both laughed, and Ilya stayed until closing, casually sitting by the window.

One evening, after sampling honey lavender, Ilya frowned.

“Can I ask you something?” he said.

Shane stiffened. “Sure.”

“Does this place do something to people?” Ilya gestured vaguely. “Because every time I come in here, I smell something sweet that I just cannot forget even hours later.”

Shane kept his expression neutral. “Sugar messes with your senses.”

“Yeah,” Ilya said slowly. “But this feels different.”

Shane wiped the counter. Again. “You’re imagining it.”

Ilya studied him, then smiled apologetically. “Sorry. Didn’t mean to make it weird.”

“You didn’t,” Shane said, though his heart was racing.

A few days later, almost closing time, when the shop was deserted, Ilya leaned over the counter to whisper to Shane.

“I finally figured out what that sweet smell here is that I never get from ice creams, no matter how many flavours I try”

Shane’s hands stilled on the counter. The shop felt suddenly too quiet, the hum of the freezer loud in his ears.

“It’s you,” Ilya said softly.

Shane swallowed. For a heartbeat, every instinct screamed at him to deny it, to laugh it off, to tell Ilya he was reading too much into sugar and stress. But the shop was empty, the door locked, and the lights dimmed for closing. And Ilya was looking at him with compassion, not accusation, like Shane feared.

“I don’t want trouble,” Shane said finally. “I just wanted a job where I could exist without being... noticed.”

Ilya nodded, slow and understanding. “I get that. I moved here for the same reason. Different details, same idea.” He paused, then added, “I’m not here to out you. Or pressure you. Or anything like that.”

Shane let out a breath he hadn’t realised he’d been holding. “Then why say something?”

“Because,” Ilya said, smiling a little, “it felt wrong to keep pretending I was only coming back for the ice cream.”

Heat crept up Shane’s neck despite himself. “So you weren’t actually addicted to pistachio.”

“Oh, I am,” Ilya said. “But that wasn’t the main draw.”

“I should finish closing,” Shane said awkwardly, not knowing how to reply to that.

“I can wait,” Ilya replied. “Or I can go. Whatever makes you comfortable.”

Shane glanced at him and nodded toward the small table by the window, which he had dubbed Ilya’s spot in his head. “You can wait.”

Shane wiped his hands on his apron and finally joined Ilya at the small table by the window. The street outside was dusted with fresh snow, the lights from passing cars smearing softly across the glass.

“I should probably say this clearly,” Ilya said at last, folding his hands together like he was translating something difficult even for himself. “You hiding that you’re an Omega... I’m okay with it. I like *you*.”

Shane traced the edge of the table with his thumb. “You know this could get complicated.”

“Most things worth doing are,” Ilya said. “And if ‘complicated’ means ‘no,’ I’ll respect that.”

Shane looked up, caught the hope Ilya was trying not to show, and felt something in him tip. “You keep coming back here,” he said. “You ask about my day. You argue about mint chocolate chip like it’s a moral stance.”

“It *is*,” Ilya said solemnly, then smiled.

Shane shook his head, smiling despite himself. “Okay. So... what are you actually asking?”

Ilya took a breath. “I’m asking if you’d like to go out with me. Just... dinner. Or coffee. Somewhere that doesn’t smell like sugar.”

Shane’s pulse jumped “I don’t get off until late most nights.”

“That’s fine,” Ilya said immediately. “We could do a late dinner. Or a walk. Or I could bring terrible opinions about dessert to another location.”

Shane laughed, realizing again how easy he did that around Ilya. He nodded once, then again, firmer. “Yeah. I’d like that.”

Ilya’s smile spread slow and bright “Really?”

“Really.”

End Notes

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