

a nest of their own

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by Anonymous

Summary

There was no other way— Shane was determined that everything would be perfect and that things would just fall into place.

Everything was already labeled, bottles were washed, clothes were washed and hung up in the closet, and he had even sorted them by size.

It was safe to say, Shane had this under control.

Well that was until he had realized he neglected one little thing— his own nest.

Notes

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

Shane definitely had his priorities straight. A list of things that had to be done before the baby arrived had been neatly compiled into a list on his phone, shared with Ilya and his parents who insisted they wanted to help get the nursery ready.

Especially with the playoffs coming up, it was going to be a little tricky trying to make sure everything was completed.

It had to be. There was no other way— Shane was determined that everything would be perfect and that things would just fall into place.

Everything was already labeled, bottles were washed, clothes were washed and hung up in the closet, and he had even sorted them by size.

It was safe to say, Shane had this under control.

Well that was until he had realized he neglected one little thing— *his own nest*.

How could he have forgotten the very thing he was supposed to build to protect his pup in after he gave birth?

Sure, he would be giving birth in the hospital but most omegas after giving birth (if healthy) were released that day or that night to go home to their nest.

The nest that he somehow had forgotten to build. What kind of poor excuse of an omega was he?!

Frantically Shane got to work making sure he had enough pillows. That would be the outer wall of his nest, it would ensure that it was sturdy enough for him to move around in as much as he wanted. He and Ilya could test that theory out too— for scientific reasons later of course.

They didn't lack pillows given that his mom had bought plenty when they were just newlyweds. They were for 'future considerations' and now he was carrying their future consideration and needed to find where they had shoved them away. Shane could've sworn he had thrown them in their linen closet because the last time he had used them was his first heat he had since they had been married— they had needed to be deep cleaned after that.

Shane's body felt like he was going to implode if he didn't get this nest together soon. He still wasn't sure how on earth he had been able to just let making his birth nest just escape his thoughts. These nests had to be done at least a few months in advance so that the omega and alpha could fully let their scent seep into the fabric.

Studies showed that when a nest was built prior to being born, a newborn was ten times more likely to sleep through the night and it promoted healing for the omega— Shane was adamant about staying up to date with the most recent information so he knew this stuff like the back of his hand.

"Where are they?! I know they couldn't have just disappeared and I know Anya couldn't have eaten them." Shane started talking to himself out loud, standing in front of their closet with an endearing pout on his face.

Ilya had been out walking Anya letting Shane have some space to make the nest since it was an omega's special time to make things just like they wanted. He had gotten started on making lunch with today's craving of choice: tuna melts with cranberry ginger ale and a jar of pickles. Shane was truly living on the edge with the new flavors he had acquired from their leftover holiday pack.

Initially Shane had turned his nose up to a different flavor than the original but he got desperate one night that the store had been closed and his cravings were at a stage where he was going to throw up from needing whatever his body was telling him it wanted. So naturally the omega had decided it was time to try the pack that his mom had gifted him in the hopes he would at least try different flavors.

As stupid as it may have seemed, Shane wasn't a big fan of new things especially when it came to his favorite drink but as time went on Ilya had helped him with accepting that not every new thing had to be terrible.

Shane was busy diving in the closet, far too pregnant to be doing what he was doing but he had been in worse positions.

"Aha! I knew they had to be in here." He shouted triumphantly as he found the pillows had been tucked away behind their other stack of spare bedding for the guest room.

"Ass looks good from here, I think that position will be good for birth." Ilya casually complimented as he walked up the stairs, lunch in hand having thought that Shane would want lunch in the comfort of his new nest that was still apparently under construction it seemed.

Startled Shane started backing up from the spot he had been in on all fours practically doing the downward dog. "I just- I can't believe I forgot the one thing we needed." *The one thing our pup needs to be safe.*

"Is fine, we make nest now and our baby won't even notice that daddy was slacking a little bit." Ilya teased, helping Shane back up all the way out of the small space.

"Very funny, I just got sidetracked with everything else I guess." Which was partially true. It was also because for whatever reason Shane subconsciously held off on this post partum nest because that meant his heart would be on the outside of his body.

And that just didn't sit right with him.

He couldn't imagine their baby not in the safety of his womb being protected from the outside world. If she was outside of him that meant that he couldn't protect her like he was able to right now at this very moment.

It made him have a slight panic attack at the mere thought of it. Shane had to swallow back the impending storm that was beginning to form inside him. The omega's eyes sought out his alpha's trying to ground himself before he passed the point of no return.

But now Shane had to face the music, he *had* to build this nest because their baby would be there needing a nest to curl up into while they snuggled together and soaked up each other's warmth for the very first days of her little life.

"Don't cry sweetheart come here." Ilya's voice softened with his expression immediately recognizing what Shane needed. Lately with the way his emotions had been shifting with the tides, Shane was more prone to breaking down into tears— it made him feel weak.

"I-I can't even remember to do the one thing i'm biologically supposed to do." Shane gave a wet laugh, trying to hold it together since he was supposed to be making a nest right now and not falling apart at the seams. He felt like a frayed sweater, his threads slowly unraveling.

"How do we get started? Show me, I will help get the nest started." Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane's forehead ready to figure out just exactly how to build a nest that his husband would want to nest in. Most alphas didn't have a clue where to begin.

Except Ilya wasn't most alphas. Ilya wanted to actually be a part of the solution. He wanted to help his omega wherever he could because they were a *team*.

Shane hadn't made like an actual solid nest since his last heat so his skills were definitely a little rusty. Yeah it was second nature to build a nest, ingrained in the back of his mind like an auto pilot mode except he wouldn't tap into that part of his brain.

"Here we need to take these pillows and make like an outer edge to create like a wall." Shane instructed as he gathered up as many as he could hold which was like three that and began his journey back to their room down the hallway.

Ilya of course picked up the slack, taking the rest of the pillows with him in a stack. He began forming the outer wall of the nest, having the urge to look up an in depth tutorial on nest building. "Like this? It seems sturdy enough. Here lay in middle of it and roll around. Make sure it will hold."

"Seriously? Yeah that's what i'm gonna be doing in it." Shane tucked the few pillows he had in his arms into the slowly forming nest, standing back to admire his work after adjusting some of the pillows to create a stronger foundation. It was still missing certain elements but it was coming along rather nicely.

"Clothes- it needs our clothes in it." Shane was slowly slipping into the groove of a nesting omega, a sort of head space that helped him tap into his inner omega. Ilya didn't know what he expected but he sure wasn't expecting Shane to start unbuttoning his jeans slipping them down his hips with a practiced motion, tapping his alpha's thighs to make him get them off the rest of the way.

So that was interesting.

Shane soldiered on with his valiant efforts to make his nest fit for their little family. He noticed something missing when he got to the next layer— Ilya's clothes.

"Off." Shane gestured blindly to Ilya's shirt, motioning for him to slip it off as an offering to their nest.

Ilya couldn't exactly say no, he was more so amused at the way Shane had slipped into a trance with a one track mind centered on making sure the nest was perfect and without any flaws whatsoever. It was endearing to be honest, watching the love and care that went into building the very spot their pup would spend her first moments on earth snuggled up in the safety of their little bubble.

If it wasn't perfect, their pup wasn't going in it. That was Shane's thought process.

Shane began rummaging blindly through the laundry basket, taking pieces here and there of Ilya's clothes tucking it gently into the nest. His alpha's musk comforting him throughout the process of building the very nest that he had never thought himself capable of himself constructing.

About an hour later, over half of Ilya's wardrobe and some of his own the nest was *finally* complete.

Taking a step back to admire his handiwork, Shane rested a hand on his now aching lower back as he took a breather. It was as if something had possessed him pushing him to finish the nest despite the weight settling on his aching hips reminding him of just exactly *how* pregnant he was.

"I think it's finished. If she doesn't like it she might have to file her complaint with the department of 'Daddy tried his best and his back feels like it could snap in half so this is what we're doing'." Shane needed to take a seat and where else better than his new nest.

Watching as Shane curled up into the nest, Ilya could've sworn he heard soft content purring noises coming from his omega as he rubbed his face against the fabric of one of his shirts settling down into the heap of fabric and pillows— It smelled like home.

"I think it's missing something." Ilya eyed the nest with a mischievous thought wiggling its way into his mind. "I think we need to break it in, yes?" He suggested casually as if he were talking about what their dinner plans were for that night.

Shane scoffed as the idea trickled right down to his groin, shifting his weight into the further side of the nest to make room for Ilya.

"Then come and do it yourself." Shane challenged and well, Ilya would do just that.

End Notes

hi again! i just couldn't get nesting shane out of my head and of course he's pregnant <3 so this came out of these urges to see shane pregnant some more~ hope you enjoy!

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