

six milestones, six perfect nests

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/92215471) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/92215471>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	POV Ilya Rozanov , Alpha Ilya Rozanov , Omega Shane Hollander , Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Nesting , Fluff and Smut , Domestic Fluff , Pregnant Shane Hollander , Mpreg , Male Pregnancy , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Developing Relationship , Mating Cycles/In Heat , Power Bottom Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Collections:	Hollanov Summer Exchange 2026
Stats:	Published: 2026-09-08 Words: 2,509 Chapters: 1/1

six milestones, six perfect nests

by [hailstormtsunami - exchange works \(hailstormtsunami\)](#)

Summary

It was his nest.

“You did not have to do this,” Ilya told Shane when he led him to his room—the room with the king bed and the ensuite bathroom and the nice view that he’d needled Shane about only to tease him and try to rile him up.

It was Shane’s nest that he hadn’t prepared prior to picking Ilya up from the airport.

It was Shane’s nest that he’d been fixing and freshening up whilst Ilya was sitting at the kitchen table.

Because the cottage was Shane’s safe place, and so of course, he’d build a nest there.

OR:

Over the years, Shane builds or rebuilds or fixes up his nests whilst Ilya waits outside. This fic covers six of these times.

Notes

Enjoy!

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

“No, it’s fine—it’s just—wait here, okay?” Shane pleaded. “I’ll come back out and get you when it’s fixed. I promise. It won’t take me long.”

When Ilya had imagined his first five minutes in Shane’s cottage, he’d imagined pushing Shane up against the wall or perhaps his kitchen counter, sliding his hands up underneath his shirt to feel the warmth of his skin. He’d imagined being invited up into Shane’s bedroom.

He hadn’t envisioned being sat at the kitchen table and told to wait.

Because Shane Hollander, Mr. Prepared who had gotten enough groceries for the next two weeks already because his cottage was two hours out from most of civilization, apparently wasn’t all that prepared after all and had forgotten something.

But that was okay. Ilya would wait.

Before, he might have left to maintain the aloofness he’d worn as a mask for his real feelings or told Shane that they should fuck on his couch instead because Ilya was impatient, but they were at Shane’s cottage now. Even if Ilya didn’t entirely know what they were doing, what the next step was, he knew that things had changed—what he’d done in the past would not do anymore. He had to be better.

So he would wait.

It was his nest.

“You did not have to do this,” Ilya told Shane when he led him to his room—the room with the king bed and the ensuite bathroom and the nice view that he’d needed Shane about only to tease him and try to rile him up.

It was Shane’s nest that he hadn’t prepared prior to picking Ilya up from the airport.

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Because the cottage was Shane’s safe place, and so of course, he’d build a nest there.

“It feels right,” Shane murmured, reassuring Ilya that he hadn’t somehow made Shane feel obligated to invite him into his nest through his sheer presence alone.

Something in Ilya’s heart warmed at the statement, and when Shane took one of his hands in his and led him to the nest, he thought his heart grew ten times larger.

“It’s kind of messy,” Shane warned before he pushed the door open.

This time, the waiting period had only lasted fifteen minutes.

“I like messy,” Ilya responded. And it was true.

Shane’s nest could just be a pile of worn clothes that had just gotten dumped out of the hamper, and so long as Shane referred to it as his nest, Ilya would treat it as sacred.

“My nests leading up to my heats are kind of...unorganized,” Shane winced as if he was revealing a horrific truth. “I think it’s because a part of me knows it’s going to get messed up.”

“Makes sense.” Ilya nodded. “Do you remake your nest after your heat?”

“Yeah, I do, and it’s a lot more organized then.”

“It looks like normal nest, Shanya,” Ilya stated bluntly. “What are you talking about with *‘messy’*?”

Whilst Shane hadn’t been lying when he said that the nest wasn’t prepared to his normal standards—because all of the nests that Shane had made that he’d invited Ilya into had all been nests meant for lounging, for sleeping and comfort, and thus meant for longevity—the nest was nowhere close to what Ilya—or anyone with a brain—would or should call messy.

The nest clearly had carefully built structure and all of the typical characteristics of a nest—scented items, a mixture of thick and thin blankets and sheets to help give the nest its shape. The only thing that was different about it was that it wasn’t *aesthetic*.

Shane must have been referring to how the nest did not have a specific color theme when he’d warned Ilya that his nest was kind of messy; though, in Ilya’s opinion, it *did* have a theme because rainbow counted.

“It’s perfect,” Ilya finished.

Ilya’s cock was so hard it hurt. The knot at the base of his dick was throbbing.

“*Fuck*, hah—” Shane moaned—loud enough that it echoed throughout the room.

He was riding his dildo right in front of Ilya—the 9 inch replica that they’d made for when they had to be apart. And he was using it right in front of Ilya when Ilya was only a foot away, just outside the nest, close enough for Shane to wrap his fingers around Ilya’s cock to gather some of his pre-cum and cum for use in his pleasure, for coating the dildo so that the cramps from his heat would ease.

“Moya lyubov,” Ilya begged—not for the first time since they’d started. “Nest. Please?”

“No-oo-oo,” Shane responded, breaking into a moan halfway through. His dick bobbed in the air, slapping against his stomach with a wet sound as he continued riding his dildo. “I told you. This is what would happen since you decided to smoke break instead of making sure you were ready for your omega.”

“This is cruel and unusual punishment.”

“No, if this was cruel and unusual punishment, I would use the the artificial seed in my fridge,” Shane corrected meanly, grinding down on the dildo for the deeper sensation as so he could speak clearly. “And hell, if I did, it might even work better since that’s how it’s supposed to be used after all—in place of absent alpha dick.”

“But wouldn’t my cock, my *knot*, my *real* cum work better?” Ilya tried, shifting in his seat. His hands weren’t bound, but Shane had told him to keep his hands wrapped around the back of the chair, so that was what he was doing.

“Yes, but then, you wouldn’t face any consequences for your actions, would you?” Shane smirked. “And we both know that you’re not good at learning without consequences.”

Ilya moaned as Shane decided that, at that very moment, he needed more of Ilya’s pre-cum to stroke his own cock.

It was a test of patience for Ilya.

Having to sit in their living room whilst his mate’s scent wafted through the crack under their bedroom’s door and down the stairs.

Without moving, without touching himself.

Ilya’s omega had told him not to move from his spot on the couch, not to touch himself no matter what until Shane came down to retrieve him and invite him into his new nest.

He’d told Ilya that if he wasted his knot, Shane would have him sit on a chair just outside the nest he’d made on their bed and watch as Shane pleased himself with his favorite knotting dildo, lubed up with the cum that he would scrape off of Ilya’s dick. By now, he knew very well that it wasn’t an empty threat.

His omega would keep his word, and he would make Ilya pay—happily pay— for any transgressions.

So Ilya was sitting on the couch with a pillow on his lap, trying and failing to watch a tape of one of their past games, and being a good alpha for his omega.

Ilya was broken out of the zoned out state he’d forced himself into in order to prevent himself from giving in and stroking his cock or going upstairs before he’d been given the okay by a hoodie smacking him in the face. It was one of Shane’s.

A Montreal Metros hoodie.

Drenched in his sweat.

In his scent.

And maybe, if Ilya's nose was correct, a little bit of his slick.

Glancing up, Ilya quickly directed his attention toward the stairs, and sure enough, his omega was standing at the top.

One of his eyebrows was raised as if to ask Ilya, "*Well, what are you waiting for?*"

It got Ilya moving—*fast*.

He was up in the blink of an eye, half way up the stairs in the next, carrying the hoodie tight to his chest the whole way.

He didn't stop until he was right in front of his omega, until he was looking up at his mate.

"Omega," he rumbled.

"Alpha," Shane responded before promptly about-facing and heading in the direction of their bedroom.

Shane's nest.

Ilya's omega was the best at building nests.

Shane's nest was perfect—as always.

It was very soft and had the perfect combination of both of their scents with various articles of their clothing tucked in between layers of sheets and blankets.

"May I enter your nest, omega?" Ilya asked, standing at the foot of the bed even as he watched his mate clamber into his nest immediately after entering the bedroom.

Shane didn't respond verbally. He just grabbed Ilya's hand and yanked him in, manhandling Ilya's body into the nest before smoothing out the wall that he'd rumped in his fall.

During his heats, Shane would sometimes lose his voice, opting for the more animalistic noises—purrs and hisses—that came with his instincts. At first, it'd been offputting to not have explicit words to go by, but eventually, Ilya learned how to read Shane's body language and interpret his sounds so that he could make sure he wasn't pushing past any of his omega's limits or violating his consent.

It also helped that they had their mate bond now, which allowed them more insight into each other's feelings—both physically and emotionally.

"Thank you, omega," Ilya made sure to express his gratitude.

The way that Shane preened as if proud of his nest made Ilya want to bite him.

It was not the first time that Ilya had been exiled from his and Shane's bedroom so that Shane could tear down and remake his nest before inviting Ilya back in, but it *was* the first time that it was happening since he had gotten Shane pregnant during his last heat.

The last time that they'd seen the Pikes, they'd gotten some books. Jackie had gifted both him and Shane a book on navigating a first pregnancy and becoming parents for the first time, and Pike...Pike had given Ilya a book that was just as thick as the book that Jackie had given him and Shane except that this book was just on nesting.

Its introductory chapter read:

A pregnant omega will make at least twelve to fifteen different nests throughout their pregnancy. These nests can be categorized into three different types, according to their purpose.

*The most common type of nest that an omega will build throughout their pregnancy is a comfort nest. This is a nest meant for relaxation and, as the name suggests, comfort. It's not a nest type that's exclusive to pregnant omegas. In fact, it's the most common type of nest **overall** for **all** omegas actually.*

The second most common type of nest that an omega will build throughout their pregnancy is a birthing nest—sometimes called a labor nest. A pregnant omega will typically build three birthing nests throughout their pregnancy as they listen to their instincts and figure out what kind of nest would be most appropriate, what materials would be most beneficial, what scents would bring the most comfort, etc.

*The third most common type of nest that an omega will build during their pregnancy is one that's technically for use **after** the pregnancy and is called a post-birthing nest. It's also called the welcoming nest, or in some cases, the post-labor nest. This nest is characterized by its usage of pack scents that are meant to slowly introduce the pup to their parents' loved ones.*

Currently, if Ilya had interpreted what he'd read correctly, his Shane was constructing his first birthing nest.

He'd observed over the past couple weeks that Shane was gathering nesting materials that he normally wouldn't, like the corduroy pillow that Ilya had brought from his old house in Boston that he normally banished to Ilya's side of the couch, and that he'd gotten attached to articles of clothing that he'd normally banned from his previous nests such as one of Mama Yuna's rougher beige cardigans and some of Ilya's older jerseys.

The book had said that this might be a sign that an omega was building a birthing nest as opposed to a comfort nest or post-birthing nest because an omega might want to save the softer material that an omega might usually use for nesting for a comfort nest or welcoming nest, which made sense to Ilya. It was like how Shane said that, sometimes, his heat nests are messy—or messy by his standards at least, Ilya still thought they were some of the most organized nests that he'd ever seen—because there's a part of him that knows it will get messy throughout his heat.

The same logic must go for labor.

Ilya was both wrong and right, it seemed, when Shane finally allowed him to see what he'd been working on in their bedroom.

His mate *had* been working on a birthing nest, but he'd also been working on a comfort nest.

"I wanted them in the same room," Shane explained. "I've read so many stories about omegas not being able to get to the right nest in time, their instincts notifying them of what's about to happen too late, that I thought it would just be easier to have them both right next to each other so that it's just a couple steps away."

"Smart thinking," Ilya complimented. "My smart omega."

Shane blushed.

"May I enter?" he asked, gesturing with his head to the newly constructed comfort nest.

Shane tackled him so that they both landed inside.

Ilya guessed that was a yes.

The wait to see his omega's welcoming nest for their pup was the longest wait ever.

"You'll see it when you'll see it," apparently meant "You'll see it when our pup is in my arms and is ready to be moved."

But the wait was very much worth it if you asked Ilya.

"Oh my god," Ilya mouthed the words.

Because if he'd thought Shane's nests were perfect before, he didn't know what to call this one.

It was one of Shane's color-coordinated, aesthetically pleasing nests with soft, fluffy blankets at its base and a cooling blanket on top. It incorporated several shades of blue and purple, darks and lights and pastels. The pillows were wrapped in Ilya's hoodies, and Ilya recognized one of Yuna's softer brown cardigans and one of David's old McGill hoodies mixed in with the pillows as well.

In addition to all of the blankets and clothing that Ilya could spot, there were also stuffed animals for their pup. He recognized one was a crocheted bat from Rose and another was an elephant for them that Svetlana had gotten commissioned.

The nest looked like the coziest place in the whole wide world.

Ilya could not imagine a better nest to welcome their daughter into the world and into their pack with.

“Shanya,” Ilya murmured—more for formality than actual necessity. “May I enter?”

Shane snorted, playing along even though he was exhausted. “You may.”

End Notes

Thank you for reading my fic!

If you want to show appreciation, kudos & *comments are appreciated! You can also find me on Bluesky with the same handle (hailstormtsunami) and reach out that way! Additionally, if you think that the tags should be edited or something requires a trigger warning, I'm open to hearing advice on that as well.

*Please keep in mind that I'm not looking for concrit and that concrit might get you blocked.

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