

nap trapped

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by Anonymous

Summary

Ilya had always had a thing for Shane's feet. They were downright cute and they somehow got cuter with pregnancy — they were swollen most of the time and looked like busted cans of biscuits.

Or Ilya isn't normal about Shane's pregnancy feet and winds up with them in his face.

Notes

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

Ilya had always had a thing for Shane's feet. They were downright cute and they somehow got cuter with pregnancy — they were swollen most of the time and looked like busted cans of biscuits.

They were rather annoying to Shane, they hurt a good percentage of the time and no shoes ever fit anymore. It was like he had went up an entire shoe size overnight. Which after reading further into it, apparently a pregnant individual's shoe size *could* change which wasn't something he knew before getting pregnant — so much for his skates or any pair of shoes that he had loved prior to this.

Shane was always busy elevating them when they got bad which was towards the middle of his pregnancy, especially when he would walk long distances or keep them down for any extended amount of time so basically from the time his feet hit the floor in the morning they would be on an invisible timer that started ticking down daring him to waste time getting his shoes on. Shoes that would eventually be coming off around noon.

It was annoying just how much they swelled, Shane didn't want to sit down he wanted to keep going — he didn't want to elevate them — he *needed* to keep going.

Well that was until it was time for him to nap. Shane found himself napping a lot more than he used to but so did Ilya. Whenever they were home together it was a favorite pass time of theirs, they would nap in Shane's nest since that's where he wanted to be most.

Ilya was used to Shane wiggling around, rolling, even climbing on top of him but this time when the alpha woke up from his nap there was a pair of feet in his face. Not just any feet — his omega's cute swollen feet which was really the only reason he wasn't complaining one bit.

It almost felt criminal to wake a sleeping Shane, he didn't get a lot of rest as it was considering their pup liked to kick most hours of the night being quite active the bigger he got which the doctor said was supposed to slow down a little since she was taking up more and more room — she didn't get the memo apparently about that not minding at all about the lack of space.

The alpha was basically nap trapped for all intents and purposes, Shane was holding him hostage with his feet in his face and this was just going to become his life now so he might as well accept that feet would be in his face for forever.

That was until Shane shifted long enough for Ilya to move a couple of inches away from the feet managing to fall asleep again, holding his husband's belly in his hands not being able to really sleep well without doing so anymore. It had become a force of habit to keep at least one hand on Shane's rounded midsection at all times of the night, well even when they were awake he was following him around trying to touch his belly — he couldn't help himself, he was obsessed.

The next time Ilya woke up, it was to a foot pushing at his cheek belonging to none other than his sweet heavily pregnant omega. He had been having an amazing dream about Shane

riding him in the penalty box — sue him he had aspirations — when he had been so rudely awoken.

He didn't want to say anything so again, he moved and Shane moved right with him almost as if he was a magnet.

"*Moya lyubov*, your feet are in my face," Ilya felt like he was waking a sleeping baby, he was committing the ultimate crime against humanity and yet he was getting another foot to the face so he had to.

Shane stirred a little, not enough to actually wake up but enough to roll over onto Ilya who was taking his beating rather well.

"Wha-?" Shane questioned lazily with drool on the corner of his mouth, hair sticking up in every direction, t-shirt bunched up around his chest from having moved around so much in his sleep.

He was now staring at him as if he were supposed to have a good reason for waking him and Ilya most definitely did on the grounds of his face being kicked in (on accident of course).

"You had your feet in my face is what I woke up to and not only once but twice-" Ilya omitted the couple of other times that it had happened because Shane was definitely looking more and more apologetic as he went on until he grabbed a pillow and whacked him over the head, tears in his eyes.

"I didn't mean to! I can't help how big I am- I'm like a walrus and it sucks trying to find a comfortable position and-" Shane sniffled, wiping his tears with the back of his hand and of course Ilya felt like an asshole.

Ilya felt like he should have just taken the foot to the head like a warrior, wearing a black eye with pride but instead he woke his heavily pregnant omega up — oh he would never live this one down.

"Now the baby's awake *again*, I think she just went to sleep too," Shane tossed his head backwards against his pillow, rolling off of Ilya onto his back regretting that decision because it felt like he was being crushed slowly by his boulder sized belly.

"What if I rub your belly until she falls back asleep? I think that would be best punishment for waking you up," Already three steps ahead, Ilya slipped his hand up Shane's shirt rubbing back and forth over the expanse to lull him back to sleep.

The sleepy pout slowly slipped off the omega's lips, a soft purr replacing it. "I'm sorry about my feet in your face..." Shane finally spoke up after he had calmed down from the belly rubs. "I had no clue they were even in your face- how long have I even been doing that?"

"Just a few times, really it's not a big deal anymore." Ilya just wanted Shane happy, he would let him shove his feet in his face as many times as he wanted while he was sleeping if that helped him get the much needed sleep that he required.

"Plus you have very cute feet, all swollen like little pillows."

"You asshole! Just for that I'm gonna make sure I put my feet in your face tonight." Shane decided, crossing his arms against his chest another pout settling over his features — unable to resist a smug smile fighting against the pout whenever he felt Ilya start rubbing his belly again even going as far as to lift it gently to relieve pressure off his aching hips.

"I will accept the feet in my face with honor,"

"Oh yeah you will." Shane laughed, rolling his eyes as he leaned backwards against Ilya's chest in between his alpha's now spread legs trying to get comfortable again as he used him as a makeshift body pillow, closing his eyes again with a satisfied purr escaping him again.

End Notes

💌 this was literally just a silly little idea that i had because when it comes to sleeping and being pregnant it's very hard finding a good position to actually get comfortable in, that being said poor shane is just going through it and baby sofia won't stop kicking so bottom line is - do /not/ wake the sleeping shane <3 anyways i hope you guys enjoy!

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