The Politics of Entering Steve Harrington's Nest

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The Politics of Entering Steve Harrington's Nest

by theotherwolfinsideyou

Summary

Robin learns that Steve let Eddie into “their" nest. She’s not happy about it.

Robin found herself, as she usually did when she had free time nowadays, in Steve's nest.

Before she'd met Steve, she'd assumed nests were going to be one of those things she'd miss out on, now that she was too old to want to go in her mom's. While her peers buzzed about getting peeks at classmate's nests and imagining their crushes' setups and bragging about being invited into one, Robin was entirely uninterested. She'd chalked it up as one more notch on the long list of things that made her different from other alphas and moved on.

Then she'd told Steve her deep dark secret and he not only accepted her (crazy) but invited her into his nest the same day (even crazier). He'd taken her to his big empty house and let her lie next to him on his careful assortment of soft blankets and now-familiar scents and it'd been exactly what she'd needed after that clusterfuck of a day. He'd kept inviting her in after that, until it was the most normal thing in the world for her to come over and plop herself down in it. She didn't even have to ask, anymore.

She'd thought nests would be one of those things that wouldn't affect her, like the sweetness of omega scents and the softness of their faces and the strength of their heat pheromones, but Steve's nest was so *comforting.* Being in it settled her more than her own den did, even. Robin'd tried making a nest of her own, but it hadn't been the same. She didn't have that *instinct,* the one that kept Steve busy rearranging blankets and keeping everything well-scented. *Her* instincts just told her to go to Steve's. Which she did. Very often. Like right now.

Steve's nest was in his ridiculously big closet, because he liked being able to push blankets against the walls. Most of the nest was white and blue, but he had a few black pillows thrown around for variety in an order that Robin couldn't make out but would earn a verbal lashing for if she disrupted. She was sitting against the back wall, carefully leaning against one of the aforementioned pillows (which completely coincidentally happened to be the one Nancy had scented recently), reading a book. Steve was lying across from her, eyes closed as he listened to his Walkman. Their legs were tangled together.

Robin sniffed. Something smelled different from normal. There weren't any new scents, she would've noticed that immediately and grilled Steve about it if it was an alpha's. That was unlikely, though; Steve had been spending a suspicious amount of time with Eddie lately, ever since they'd pulled the alpha out of the Upside Down while he was on the brink of death. She doubted another alpha would've had a chance to make an impression, no matter how much Steve insisted he and Eddie were just friends.

Which made her a hypocrite, she knew, seeing as she hated how everyone assumed she and Steve weren't just friends no matter how much they insisted on the truth. But that was different. He and Robin *were* just friends. Steve and Eddie were absolutely, certainly, *undeniably* not just friends. She'd eat her left thumb if she was wrong.

Wait a second. Was that a suspiciously high amount of leather and vinyl she was smelling right now?

“God, it smells like Eddie in here,” Robin scrunched her nose. “It’s like you stole his entire wardrobe.”

Steve nodded, tapping his fingers to the beat of whatever song he was listening to. “Of course it does. I had him in here yesterday.”

Robin slammed her book into her legs, hard enough to create a papery *slap.* “You let another alpha into our nest?”

That was enough to make Steve open his eyes. He looked at her incredulously. *“Our?”*

Robin gaped at him. She couldn’t believe it. It… *strangely* bothered her, the idea that Steve would let an alpha in here that wasn’t her. Strange as in utterly illogical, but Robin had been an alpha for eighteen years now. She understood that illogicality came with the package. “How could you?”

“I let you into my nest all the time,” Steve said. “It’s not a big deal.”

“That’s different,” Robin said immediately.

“How is it different?”

“You and I don’t eyefuck each other every time we’re in a room together.”

“Eddie and I don’t--” Steve let out a harsh breath. “We’re just friends.”

“Stevie, I thought we decided to leave lies behind with our pre-Russian serum bodies,” Robin. “What is it that the pups always say? *Friends don’t lie?”*

Steve shook his head. “You’re insufferable.”

“You’re insufferable,” Robin countered. “You brought another alpha into our nest without consulting me first? Without even *telling* me? I haven’t even had time to vet Eddie’s motivations yet, and you’re jumping ten rings up the courtship ladder!”

“He’s not courting me,” Steve rolled his eyes. “And I don’t need your permission to let anyone into my nest. It’s my nest!”

“Our nest,” Robin corrected. “That you’ve now thrown off the scent signature of.”

“My nest. That I *generously* let you into,” Steve said. “That I can let *anyone* into for whatever reason I want!”

Robin gasped. “Oh my God, you’re going to screw him in here!”

Steve sat up. “Robin!”

“You’re going to screw him in here and then I’ll never be able to step foot in our nest again!” Robin covered her mouth with her hands. “It’ll change everything! I’ll never be able to sit down in here without thinking about it, and I get it, I like alphas as much as the next gay girl

but only the half that Eddie's not a member of and I *really* do not need the mental image of Eddie Munson kn--"

"I'm not-- Jesus Christ!" Steve ran his hand down his face. "That is not what's happening! But even if it was, I'd have every right to do it, because it's *my nest!"*

Robin covered her eyes. It did nothing to block her imagination. "Don't even joke, Steve. I can't bear it."

Steve grabbed her hands and pulled them away from her face. She retaliated by pulling her knees up and pushing them into his chest, and then they were grappling on the blankets. Steve was way fitter than her, thanks to all the years he'd played sports while Robin was learning how to play the trombone, but she was still an alpha and that made them (very unfairly for Steve) evenly matched. After a few minutes of rolling around, she managed to pin him on his back.

"Promise me you won't let another alpha in here again without telling me," Robin demanded.

Steve huffed. "You're being such an alpha right now."

"Promise me!"

"No!" Steve yelled. "If I want to have my alpha in *my* nest--"

The grin that graced Robin's face was wide and instant.

Steve faltered. "Why are you smiling?"

Robin simply grinned wider. Her glee made her loosen her grip, and Steve wiggled out from under her.

His scent was starting to grow sharp with concern. "Seriously, Robin. Why are you smiling?"

Robin put him out of his misery. *"Your* alpha, huh?"

There was silence for a long moment, before Steve closed his eyes and loudly muttered, "Fuck!"

"When's the wedding?" Robin laughed. "Are you going to become a Munson or is he going to join the Harringtons? Munson sounds better with Robin, which is what you're going to name your first pup, obviously, so that's got my vote."

Steve inhaled sharply, before conceding. "We've been on *one* date."

"He earned nesting privileges with just one date?" Robin whistled. "You're moving fast, Steve."

"This is why I was waiting to tell you! I knew you'd blow it out of proportion."

“I have never blown anything out of proportion in my whole life,” Robin laid down next to him. “Seriously, though, I’m happy you guys are finally sorting it out. It was getting so obvious it was kind of unbearable.”

“Really?” Steve raised an eyebrow. “You’ve never brought that up before.”

“You know me. I really think before I speak,” Robin laughed. “I am going to have to sit down with him though. Make sure he’s got good intentions.”

“What has gotten into you today?” Steve shook his head. “You’re acting like a total knothead.”

Robin shrugged. She couldn’t put it into words (an unspeakably rare event for her), but Steve was *her* pack omega. She didn’t like the idea of an alpha poking their nose around him and getting into his nest without her knowing about it. It deeply unsettled her in the stupidest way possible.

Maybe she wasn’t so different from other alphas after all.

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