

that body of yours is absurd

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that body of yours is absurd

by Anonymous

Summary

Ilya learns Shane is insecure about how his body has changed during his pregnancy, and does his best to fix that

Notes

I have never written anything omegaverse related in all my years of writing fanfiction, but then comes Mr. Hudson Williams with his subby, teary, bottom bitch eyeballs, and here we are. Something about a submissive man that just makes my lesbian heart ache...sigh :(

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

Ilya could smell the pheromones before he even entered through the door.

“Motherfucker,” he cursed to himself.

His heart rate sped up as he urgently swung his front door open. Before he could even call out to his partner, the thick scent of his omega snuffed out any words forming in his throat.

Any fresh air in the house was completely infused with the sickly sweet scent of lavender and vanilla. Ilya usually loves this scent, it belongs to his mate after all. His distress however, came from the underlying panic laced within the normally pleasant pheromones his mate releases.

Ilya’s head snapped up at the sound of groaning from the couch. “Sweetheart?” He choked out as he rushed to their living room. “I could smell you from outside. Is there anything wrong?”

He looked down at his beautiful mate sprawled out on his back helplessly on the couch, pregnant stomach protruding out of his normally form-fitting shirt. Even in distress Shane looked beautiful. His shaggy hair was being held back by a thin headband, revealing his sweaty forehead. He was wearing his workout gear, and Ilya couldn’t help but track the sweat slipping out from the shorts riding up his thighs to his shins.

Such nice thighs, he thought briefly, until a groan from Shane reminded him why he was supposed to be worried.

“You weren’t supposed to be home yet asshole,” Shane muttered. He hasn’t made eye contact with Ilya yet, his right arm covering his face made that impossible. Ilya noticed the way Shane’s left arm made a futile attempt to get his shirt over his exposed belly.

“I’m fine,” he slurred, obviously embarrassed. “I just worked out too hard. Didn't think that lying on the couch would mean I wouldn’t be able to get back up.”

Ilya frowned in confusion.

“You’re seven months pregnant, working out is stupid and pointless.” He knelt down so that he was level with Shane, “Pregnant people are not supposed to have flat stomachs, yes?”

Thankfully, Shane smiled from that. It was a shy smile, but a smile nonetheless. He still wasn’t looking at him though. That was fine for now, but Ilya needs to figure out the real reason for Shane’s behavior.

“Talk to me.”

Shane puffed his cheeks out and dropped his arm from his face. He was still looking at the ceiling, but Ilya took the small victory.

“I’m fucking huge,” Shane muttered quietly.

Ilya had to force himself to hold in the scoff trying to escape his lips. He’s been trying to keep his unfortunate pregnancy kink under wraps for the past few months, but it’s been getting increasingly worse with how round he’s gotten. Fuck, Ilya would keep him like this forever if he were allowed.

“I can practically hear you coming up with some kind of retort Ilya,” Shane mumbled. "Don't bother, I already know what you're gonna say.”

The doctors warned them that some omegas, especially male omegas, could develop body dysmorphia while pregnant. Ilya never said it out loud in fear of hurting Shane, but he suspected his mate would be more susceptible to it after his history of having an eating disorder.

“So you don't believe me? Is that the problem? You don't believe I think my mate is attractive, especially now that he's full of our pup?”

He meant it as a joke, but the guilty look in Shane's face increased, and Ilya could see how that sounded manipulative to someone who already feels like shit.

Shane let out a pathetic whine, “All I see when I look in the mirror is my f-fucking stomach.” Ilya's heart broke at the sheer amount of despair in his mate's voice. “It's pathetic,” Shane continues, “omegas are supposed to be proud to carry pups. They're supposed to love and take pride in creating a family, but I—all I can think about is how gross I look with this new body.”

Shane turns towards him for the first time since he came home. Ilya wishes he didn't.

His mate's eyes were full of helplessness and guilt. It brought tears to Ilya's eyes seeing Shane's face contorted with his insecurities.

Ilya pressed a kiss on his sweaty forehead. A tear ran down his cheek, but instead of ignoring it, Shane quickly moved to trace his thumb gently across the apple of his cheek to stop the tear in its tracks.

“Why're you crying dummy? I'm the one spilling all my dirty secrets here.”

Ilya couldn't find it within him to laugh at that. He hates that Shane could ever think such a way about himself. Hates that he never did enough to make it so that Shane would ever doubt how beautiful he is or how good a mother he will be.

“You know I think you're beautiful, yes?”

Shane nodded.

“And since we’re revealing secrets,” Ilya nuzzled his way into his neck, right next to the bite mark he left after they were officially mated. Shane purred and bared his neck to let him in closer. “I think your belly is hot.”

Shane gasped when Ilya nipped him.

The anxious pheromones in the room decreased significantly and were replaced with the scent of desperate omega. A scent Ilya is all too familiar with.

“Liar.” But Ilya grinned at the anticipation woven into his voice.

“How about I show you?”

Shane's eyebrows crinkled.

“Like with a mirror?”

“Here's what will happen,” Ilya said matter-of-factly. “I'm going to wash you until you are no longer sweaty, and then we will fuck, good?”

Shane swallowed, “But then I'll just be sweaty and gross again after sex.”

Ilya couldn't stop the groan that slipped out this time. God, he really loves this wonderful, neurotic man.

“Hollander, I can wash you more than once if it will make you feel better.”

“Oh.”

Ilya chuckled as he scooped Shane up and practically leaped up the stairs into their bathroom.

—

“Turn around.”

Shane gives him a suspicious look, but pivots his body to face Ilya. “I thought you’d have me bent over by now.”

“As if you would be able to hold your body up,” Ilya smirks as he pours more body wash onto his palm. They haven’t been able to fuck doggystyle for a few weeks now with how swollen and heavy Shane’s stomach has gotten.

Not that Ilya has minded, he’s always loved missionary. Before the pregnancy, Ilya would drill into him and admire the way his tits would bounce from the force of his thrust. How his lower abdomen would fold from the way Ilya was lifting his legs in the air. He loved how he was able to admire the way Shane’s face scrunched up in pleasure and watch the tears trail down his flushed cheeks.

Now Ilya gets to see his mate splayed out on his back, cradling his stomach as Ilya slowly takes him. Even when he’s gentle, Shane’s tits move enticingly. They’re almost as swollen as his stomach nowadays.

A grunt cuts off Ilya’s train of thought. “You know, using your hands isn’t efficient at getting rid of dead skin.” Shane stares at his arms as if he could see every cell on his body.

Ilya rested his hands under Shane’s stomach fondly. “I think I want to fuck you now.”

“The hell you will asshole, it’s been two minutes, and all you washed was my back and shoulders. Don’t you think—mmph.”

Ilya cut him off with an urgent kiss and reached down to move one of Shane’s legs to the side so he’d have better access to his ass.

Shane’s breathing stutters as Ilya finds his hole.

“You’re wet.”

“We’re in a shower.”

Ilya presses in and is met with little resistance. The sweet smell of his mate's slick filled the steamy bathroom. He feels Shane keen into the kiss, arms tight around him, one hand tangling in Ilya’s hair and the other digging nails into his back for support. Ilya hopes he leaves marks.

“Fuck Ilya,” Shane whines, “more please.”

Ilya gazes into his pleading eyes. “Fuck, you look so good like this.” Ilya crooks his finger, making Shane’s legs go weak, but Ilya was ready and pressed him close to the wall for extra support.

“Maybe—ah, maybe we should move to bed now.”

“You sure you don’t want me to clean you any m—“

“Just fuck me,” Shane groans, “I need it.”

And how could Ilya say no to that?

Within five minutes, Shane's legs are over Ilya's shoulders, and the room is filled with the scent of sex.

"Fuck," Ilya grunted, "you smell fucking amazing." He watches as Shane's chest bobs up and down, "Love your tits too." He reaches forward and squeezes them gently, causing Shane to let out a high moan.

"Ah fuck." Shane clenched down harder on Ilya. The squelching sound coming from his ass got louder as more slick poured out of him. He yelped after a particularly hard thrust. "Alpha," he mewls, "harder please, Alpha, please fuck me harder."

"Such a slut for it," Ilya grinned. "Such a perfect Omega, stuffed with cock and my pup, and it's not enough for you, mm?"

Shane's eyes rolled back, tears creeping their way to his waterline. Ilya leaned forward so that he could catch the tears that fell with his tongue. Shit, he could practically taste how horny Shane was.

He goes back to massaging Shane's chest, "You're so fucking hot, can't wait until you start lactating." Shane squeals when Ilya scratches a nipple, "Gonna, fuck, gonna milk you every night."

"Not a- a fucking cow—ah." Shane arched at what had to be a painful angle for him. "Ilya," he sobbed, "please let me come."

"Not yet Love."

Shane whimpered, releasing even more pheromones. Ilya practically choked on the thick scent. He nudged two fingers into Shane's mouth to soothe him.

“You’re doing so well.” Shane’s not typically one for praise, but Ilya can’t imagine not letting his gorgeous mate know how hot he finds him, especially after hearing how insecure pregnancy has made him. Shane moaned around his fingers and sucked them with a newfound enthusiasm.

“Love your belly Shane,” Ilya whispers in his ear, his hand rubbing circles on Shane’s heavy middle.

“It’s...” Shane fumbles with his words. “too big,”

“I love it big, gonna keep you big, Sweetheart.”

Shane closes his eyes and shakes his head. “No.”

“Gonna keep you pregnant.”

Shane shifts his face towards his pillow. “Can’t...” he pants.

“Going to give you more pups, Shane, as many as you are able to birth. I’d fuck another one into you right now if I could.”

“You’re a fucking freak Rozonov.”

“Tell me how much you’d want it,” Ilya pushes. “Tell me how much you want to always be full of me. How much you want to show everyone how good you take my knot. How good you look while carrying my pups.”

“Jesus fucking Christ,” Shane cried. “I want that Ilya, fuck I want it so bad. I’m, I’m a good Omega. Ilya, please.”

“You're fucking perfect Shane, so fucking perfect. Made for just me.”

Before he could reply, Shane slammed his head on the pillow as he came untouched all over his stomach.

“Fuck that's so hot,” Ilya panted as he pulled out of Shane's hole. “Gonna cum on your stomach, okay sweetheart?”

Shane whined at the feeling of being empty, but he cracked his eyelids open to watch Ilya fist himself over his stomach. They both moaned as Ilya's cum mixed with his. Ilya didn't waste a second swirling his fingers into the mixture and put his fingers back in Shane's mouth where they belonged.

Shane stuck his tongue out like a practiced whore and let the cum sit there for a second, giving Ilya one last look at it, before swallowing their shared seed like a starving man. Ilya's mouth watered until he couldn't resist his lover anymore and crashed their lips together. If Ilya wasn't so turned on, he'd admit the kiss was horrible. Just a clash of tongues and teeth with no proper press of their mouths. It didn't matter though, because in the moment, it was exactly what they needed.

Shane pulled away first with a gasp. “Fuck I can't breathe.” He suddenly gripped Ilya's jaw and forced his head to face him. “You're a fucking pervert y'know.”

His face looked stern, but his voice was fond. Ilya accepted his accusation with grace.

“Sorry for holding all that back from you. I should've told you sooner how hot you've looked lately.” He bit his lip, suddenly anxious. “I didn't go too far, did I? Did I make you feel worse?”

Shane looked at a loss for words for the sudden mood shift. His eyes softened as he leaned into Ilya's neck to nuzzle his scent gland. Ilya's a secure enough alpha to admit that he whimpered at the motion.

“Is it bad that finding out about your pregnancy fetish made me feel better about myself?” Shane asked. “I guess you can call me a pervert too.”

Ilya's inner wolf preened at the confirmation that he made his mate happy. Ilya's quiet whimpers turned into pleased purrs as a dopey grin spread across his face. “So you like your belly now? We are all good?”

He felt a light kiss on the top of his head. “Well, for now at least,” he replied lightly. “It's not that simple, but I'll let you know the next time I get in my head like that.”

Ilya sat up straight to gently cradle Shane's face. “You're not a bad omega for being uncomfortable with your body changing. It's natural reaction, Doctor said so.”

He pressed a light kiss to Shane's (perfect) nose and ran his finger through his hair. He was just too damn pretty.

“I really love you Ilya,” Shane said, voice shaking with emotion.

“I love you too, Shane.”

Shane gave him a sly smile before nudging Ilya's shoulder gently, “Love me enough to give me a proper shower this time?”

Ilya snorted in surprise at the sudden topic change, but he didn't want to push Shane any more than he probably did within the last hour or so.

“I'd be happy to.”

End Notes

I've also never written porn like that before, but I feel that this fandom is in desperate need of more omega Shane fics so if you hated this, I hope you're inspired to make a better fic yourself (pleasepleasepleasepleaseplease)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!