

honey, you shrunk my clothes

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honey, you shrunk my clothes

by Anonymous

Summary

Angry footsteps thudded up the stairs, stopping just short of the edge of their bed. Shane's presence loomed there, his hands placed on his hips as he stared down his husband. There was something in his hands or rather a piece of clothing — his team issued sweatshirt.

It was one of Shane's favorites to wear, it had become somewhat of a comfort item for him to wear. Well, that and the fact that it was one of the only sweatshirts that still fit this far into his pregnancy.

"My sweatshirt doesn't fit." Shane folded his arms over his rounded midsection, brow scrunched together in the middle in an angry pout.

Or Shane is getting bigger and is convinced Ilya is out to get him.

Notes

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

"Ilya!" Shane called up the stairs, the irritation in his voice oddly doing something for the alpha who had been dozing off for his pre-game nap.

And normally, Shane would've just let this one go but this was the last straw.

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Oh the angry kitten look. It was one his omega wore quite well.

Sleep still foggy in his brain, Ilya couldn't figure out why Shane was half naked standing with his hands on his hips looking down at him.

He looked fine. Better than fine, even.

Ilya couldn't tear his gaze away — well that was until he got a pillow launched at his head.

"What do you mean? It looks fine. You wear same sweatshirt last week, it looked the same."

Shane was convinced at this point that his husband was going blind. He had to be because didn't he see that the sweatshirt was now a crop top?

Okay so maybe that was a little exaggerated — but not by much.

All Shane knew was that his clothes weren't fitting anymore and that his alpha had to be behind this.

Ilya must've dried them in the dryer on heat instead of hanging them up on the clothesline outside. They normally fit so why were they so unbearably tight?

Shane tugged at the collar of his shirt, it was way too tight for his comfort. It felt like he was being suffocated — yes, he was probably being dramatic but there was no way this shirt didn't fit.

This had to be some joke that Ilya was pulling on him where a camera was waiting recording him for the centaurs instagram page. Yeah, that was it. He was probably just doing it for Harris since they liked to film little videos for their page titled 'Centaur hockey, baby!' documenting for their fans the progress on their captain's pup.

Everyone was so kind, always leaving comments that made Shane believe they really did have the best fanbase. They were always wishing him well, offering helpful advice and it was just a nice positive interaction experience overall between him and the fans.

That being said, he would be okay with this if it weren't regarding his weight. It was definitely something he was still struggling with getting used to seeing in the mirror, even at six months along he felt like he was a walking blimp.

"*Ilya*, seriously. Did you dry this shirt?" Shane tugged at the midsection of the shirt hoping to give himself a little room but it was snug, so snug that it rolled up his mound in response to his valiant efforts to give himself some breathing room.

"No I did not shrink the laundry, here take one my shirt and try it on." Ilya sat up a little further in bed, tugging his shirt up and over his head by the collar. He tossed it over to his omega who was now standing there shirtless — it took his breath away seeing the curve of his belly on full display.

Ilya got to see Shane's belly all the time but it never got old looking at what *he* had done, the pup he put inside his womb growing steadily.

The omega must've noticed because he pulled the shirt on rather quickly, throwing it at his head in Shane like fashion as he wiggled his way into it. The fabric settled over his stomach, almost luring him into a false sense of security.

"It's snug too. Ilya, did you shrink your shirts too?" Shane tugged at the fabric until it was flat against his stomach covering the globe of belly that he sported on his widened hips. "This... this shirt- this one used to big on me." He couldn't believe how differently it fit. How differently *everything* seemed to fit.

What Shane feared most was happening again — he was only getting bigger.

"Let me find another one," This was probably just a fluke, had to be. There were plenty of other shirts that would fit him. Shane would find one that still fit him there had to be just one.

So...there weren't any that fit.

They had been doing this for about an hour with Shane going through both of their closets, mainly Ilya's trying to fit t-shirts that were oversized.

"You look cute like this, like cartoon bear with the little red shirt," Ilya grinned, looking over at Shane as he tried his hardest not to smile completely endeared by the way his husband looked.

"I look like Winnie the freaking pooh, Ilya." Shane jerked the shirt down in one last attempt to make it even remotely fit but alas he had no such luck.

"I do not think that's his name."

"Not the point," Shane sighed finally giving up, a shaky sigh escaping as he plopped down on the edge of the bed. When did he get this big? Surely it couldn't have happened overnight. Truth be told he hadn't really been looking at his reflection since the pooch that had appeared after the first test began to round out.

After that, Shane stopped staring at himself for long periods of time in the mirror. The showers that he took by himself were hurried and he didn't bother going over to the full length mirror after getting dressed.

Which led him to this point without clothes that actually fit and hating himself for it.

Shane was curled up on the couch in one of Ilya's hoodies that looked like it had seen better days. It was tattered and stretched but it smelled like his alpha and was comforting him, keeping away the tears that had long since threatened to fall — ever since his little realty check 'fashion' show.

Ilya had decided to cook for them both in an attempt to cheer Shane up even if he had insisted he wasn't *that* hungry.

"It's so fucking dumb...I know it's not something to cry about but fuck, how am I going to play again?" Shane broke the silence that had settled over them, chewing on his hoodie strings with the hood drawn up over his head. His hands rested on top of his belly feeling somewhat comforted by the gentle rippling movements under his hands where their baby girl was shifting around trying to get herself comfortable — as if his stomach wasn't stretched enough for her royal highness.

"*Moya lyubov*, you are doing the most selfless thing. You are creating a safe home for our pup inside your belly," Ilya hated seeing Shane cry, he hated knowing there wasn't much he could do other than hold him and rock him in his arms.

Shane felt dumb for over analyzing the current state of his body, felt guilty that he didn't want to get any bigger than he was at this moment. Their baby was healthy, that should be all that mattered — it did, except he just couldn't help but stare at his once trim stomach and long for the way he used to look.

Uncurling his swollen legs, Shane pushed them into Ilya's lap to prompt a foot rub from his alpha.

Of course Ilya got the message loud and clear, massaging his heels with his thumbs in semi circles.

"I feel terrible I mean like...there are some omegas that don't even make it as far as I have with her. I should feel lucky right?" Shane felt guilt weighing on his chest, another shaky breath leaving his chest.

Hormones were definitely his worst enemy. Well, that and putting his shoes on by himself considering he could barely see past the swell of his stomach.

"Sweetheart, you are allowed to feel this way." Ilya let his free hand wander up, rubbing the underside of Shane's taut bump feeling more movement beneath his palm. He could feel their pup wiggling around this time as if she were trying to comfort her daddy. "I think she is trying to say she'll try to take up as little space as possible."

"Mhm yeah let's see how little space she can take up with those giant genes of hers that she got from a certain *someone*." Shane already knew what he was up against birthing a baby from his big ass Russian husband. The doctor already said she was definitely in the race for being a baby in the 99th percentile — he should be so lucky.

Shane melted into Ilya's touch, the simple action of rubbing his sore and stretched midsection was enough to draw a purr from his lips. "I don't...I don't hate carrying her. It's just going to take more time for me to get used to being *this* big," The omega explained, tears threatening to spill over as he cradled his hands on top of Ilya's larger ones that encompassed his bump.

"And what if- what if I don't-"

"Don't say it," Ilya shook his head, insistent that Shane was going to come back better than ever. "You know is like they say it gives us an advantage it is called new dad strength, I think. Bood played a lot better after Cassie had their baby— we will come back stronger than ever."

"Also maybe a little bit more sleep deprived but we are used to this." Ilya winked as he gave Shane's ass a playful little squeeze, a reminder of how they used to stay up all hours of the night when they were still apart.

Shane bit his lip as he shoved Ilya's chest halfheartedly, burying his face in Ilya's neck to hide the blush creeping into his cheeks. "You asshole, it won't be the same."

"Maybe it might be. I'll get to look at your beautiful tits all night and maybe get a taste, it's called a taste test you know."

"Quality control and no you will not be doing any of that, you have to save it for the baby which you are not if you drink it all." Shane leaned his head against the back of the couch letting Ilya brush his face against his sore chest pressing a kiss to his clothed nipples.

"Da, quality control. I have to make sure it is good milk, I will be the best at that job." Ilya reassured as if Shane were worried about the quality of his milk — it was more or less to get Shane's mind off everything else but it seemed like it worked..for now at least.

"Fine, yeah- maybe it wouldn't hurt for you to check it out just this once." Shane relented allowing Ilya to pull his shirt up just enough to get his mouth on his swollen nipple, beads of milk rolling off onto his alpha's tongue drawing out a soft moan from Shane's lips — this had to be the best distraction hands down and Shane wasn't complaining one bit.

End Notes

💌 i love the idea of shane trying to get used to his new pregnancy body and i love exploring his feelings about having to get new clothes and realize that he can't fit in the clothes he used to 😊 i hope you guys enjoy! also the baby in this fic is sofia <3

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