

a big stretch

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by Anonymous

Summary

Shane stared at the small tub of stretchmark cream sitting on the bedside table like it was going to apply itself.

But it wasn't, unfortunately and his stomach was getting itchier by the second it felt like—why did he have to be so damn itchy?

Or the one where Ilya completely worships his pregnant Shane and the stretchmarks he rightfully earned.

Notes

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

Shane stared at the small tub of stretchmark cream sitting on the bedside table like it was going to apply itself.

But it wasn't, unfortunately and his stomach was getting itchier by the second it felt like— why did he have to be so damn itchy? And the stretchmarks, the angry red lines that resembled claw marks up the underside of his swollen belly perched on in his lap weren't going away anytime soon — not without that dumb cream they weren't.

The problem was — Shane *hated* the feeling of it on his hands.

Sure, the feeling was temporary but he didn't care for it and the house was too hot today, his lower back felt like someone had a knife wedged in it, and he couldn't find a good position to lay in so he just looked like a chubby starfish sprawled out on the bed.

Ilya had been cleaning the house, doing all of Shane's chores that he *insisted* get done but his body was not cooperating today and — actually add that to the list of things that was wrong with Shane today.

A blur passed by their bedroom carrying dirty laundry that had piled up in their bathroom clothesbasket and then back again. "Here is your water, drink. I have lunch downstairs ready but we can eat upstairs instead if you are not portable right now."

Shane shook his head not wanting the water, not wanting lunch — just wanted to lay there with his bag of cheese puffs (sue him they were the one thing he could keep down) and rot like a big round potato.

The itch on his lower stomach kept bothering him, Shane wasn't able to scratch it just the right way either. The angle was all wrong and the itch felt deep, a dull sensation that kept resurfacing every time he shifted a certain way.

"I'm okay I'll get up in a minute and we can go downstairs," Shane wanted to stay glued to their bed, like a bed ridden beached whale that had lost its way back to the ocean.

It was just one of those days honestly, Shane had them more often than not the bigger he got in his pregnancy.

Days where all he wanted was to lay there too tired to move — these were the days his mental health was the worst because he would spiral thinking about how out of shape he was.

How he was a professional athlete turned blob that when put on its back could barely roll over without assistance nowadays.

Ilya was good at noticing when this would come on, readying them for the storm.

"*Lyubmiyy*, let me put your lotion on the belly for you." Ilya took the special belly lotion in the small container by their bedside and unscrewed the lid to get a scoop of the lotion on his fingers.

It had all natural itch relief and boasted its ability to retain the elasticity in the belly to prevent more stretch marks and could even reverse the marks already etched into the skin.

Now that one Shane highly doubted, they were definitely there to stay but he tried his best to look at them in a positive light.

"These are badges of honor, you are growing our sweet girl, you have earned them." Ilya murmured in Russian, pressing his lips to the taut skin stretched like a drum over his husband's growing midsection. He kissed each and every mark mapping them out. To him, they told a story of just how strong Shane was inside and out.

"They're not special..." Shane muttered softly in response, shaking his head at the indication that they were anything to look at.

The alpha rubbed the lotion into the firm skin making sure he covered the entire surface admiring the way his skin rippled from the movement within. Their baby girl was definitely an active pup, always moving with her little foot now pressing against Shane's belly as if she were trying to get her papa's attention — she would always have it.

"There she is, *solnyshko*." Ilya nuzzled his nose against Shane's belly completely enamored with it — with the way his husband looked.

Words couldn't quite describe how Ilya felt seeing proof of their love nestled so carefully under his palm.

"She keeps moving towards your voice, I think she's probably just as obsessed with you as you are with her," Shane teased as he laid back against the pillows he had arranged carefully in his nest, closing his eyes for a second just soaking in all the attention and praise.

If this was what Ilya could do for the rest of his days, simply admiring Shane — rubbing his rounded midsection while whispering sweet nothings to it — he would have it made. Well, that and keeping him rounded out with his pups nestled inside him.

They hadn't really talked much more about having more and if Shane really wanted to stop with the one perfect baby that they were having well, that would be just fine with him too.

On the other hand, Shane just looked *so* good like this — he didn't know anyone that would look good carrying a pup on their hip and one in their belly as his omega. Ilya got lost in the thought so easily that he hadn't noticed when the soft snoring sound had started, coming from a now sleeping Shane.

Ilya pressed another kiss to his belly, trailing up to his perfectly lips, careful to not wake him — he deserved this.

Watching him sleep, Ilya knew that maybe one day they would entertain the idea of a hockey team's worth of pups but for now, Ilya would dote on Shane as he was — worshiping the ground his beautiful pregnant husband walked (waddled) on.

End Notes

✉️ this is literally just ilya worshiping shane being big and pregnant, like that's just all that came to mind when writing this because I can't get enough of ilya doting on pregnant shane

🥺💕 note: this is the pregnancy with lil sofia 💕💕

hope you guys enjoy! 💕💕

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