

hot n' heavy

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by Anonymous

Summary

It was almost comical at best the thought of actually breaking something from being so heavy during pregnancy that there was literally no way that it could ever happen to him. But the thing is, it could happen and it did happen.

Shane was mortified when it did, so much so that he was in denial that he had even done it.

Or the one where Shane more or less cracks their countertop.

Notes

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

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It all transpired when Ilya had decided to get a little...handsy with him while they were cooking one evening getting a little lost in the sauce — quite literally with Shane's pregnancy having turned on every button in Ilya's alpha driven brain.

They were busy one minute stirring the marinara sauce and then the next minute Shane's lips were on Ilya's, a soft moan escaping them as his alpha's hands made their way downwards tugging at the waistband of his sweats that were hanging just below the swell of his belly.

"Ah- Ilya, more I need more-" Shane moaned into his mouth, the sensation of Ilya's fingertips against his stretched sensitive skin enough to drive him mad. He needed *more*, he needed him to lower — fuck he needed his alpha's mouth between his thighs devouring him like yesterday.

Ilya was in agreement with that already on it as he continued to trail his fingers downward, dipping a finger into Shane's neglected slit that was already dripping with slick. The smell was intoxicating, everything else long forgotten even though Shane was able to get out a breathy, "Ilya the sauce- stir the s-sauce" before getting distracted by the latter's fingers spreading him open one by one.

"Up, we need you up." Ilya had to get between his thighs properly, had to get a proper taste and there was only one way to do that — setting him up on the counter.

Shane was game for anything at the moment, cheeks flushed as red as the sauce they were making against his constellation of freckles and it was the prettiest sight Ilya had ever seen.

"Fuck, *moya lyubov* you look so beautiful like this," Ilya's voice was muffled against his collarbone as he dipped his head to nip at the skin there where his mating bite sat looking just as good as the day he had given it to his husband. The alpha's hands gripped the back of his thickened thighs, spreading them wide causing him to get a whiff of the intoxicating slick pooling in his (stolen) boxers.

"Smell so good too- mm, have to get a taste," Ilya's mouth watered thinking about the sweet honey tasting goodness just waiting for him to lap it up, the way Shane's eyes were watching him half lidded full of pure need — almost like he could cry he wanted Ilya's mouth on his core — he was willing to throw a literal tantrum for it.

But there was no need, Ilya would give him anything he wanted — always.

Wasting no further time, Ilya hoisted Shane's legs up around his waist making sure he had a good grip on him except he let out a grunt, a particularly loud one that made Shane furrow his brows.

"Did you just grunt?" Record scratch — coming to a full stop.

"Huh?"

"You just grunted- am I *that* heavy?" Shane's eyes watered, swimming with tears that threatened to fall half because he felt like if he didn't Ilya's mouth on his throbbing cunt he might actually cease to exist and the other half because he was fucking huge.

Ilya's eyes widened genuinely confused because while Shane was definitely not his pre-pregnancy weight that was no issue for him whatsoever. "No! No that is not why- wait I did *not* grunt. Here let me fix this," He quieted any thoughts in Shane's head for a minute as pressed his lips against his omega's plush ones cupping the back of his head as they made out against the wall between the pantry and the stove slipping back over to the island to place him where he had originally intended.

That was until they both heard a crack.

"What- what was that?" Shane's eyes flew open, now completely distracted by whatever the hell that noise was.

"What was what?"

"The crack- oh my god did I fucking crack the counter?" There was no fucking way.

Ilya helped Shane down from the island, helping him stand again though he felt like all his blood had rushed elsewhere making it hard for him to do so.

"Mm, yeah no that looks like it has always been there." Ilya lied, trying to coax Shane back into the moment but it had flown out the window.

Shane felt hot tears forming once again as he stared at the crack right in the center of their kitchen island for all their guests to see 'Oh look Shane's so big that his fat ass put a crack in their counter!' It was safe to say that Ilya would not be living this one down.

"I broke the counter. Oh my god, I can't believe I *broke* the counter and wait-" Shane whipped his head around a glare fitting of an angry wet kitten on his face.

"*You*, grunted! You grunted like I'm heavy or something!"

"I did not grunt, you definitely are hearing things," Ilya knew he was going to lose this one— he didn't stand a chance up against his omega's expressions.

Shane continued to stare with tears in his eyes.

"Okay I grunted— is just because there is more of you to love that is only reason I did." Ilya hurriedly explained, trying his best to get the reasoning out before he met his fate.

"What are we going to tell everyone? Oh hey I broke the counter with my fat ass."

"No we just say you dropped heavy pot on it, cracked counter very simple explanation." Ilya wanted to distract Shane with what they were doing before, so he did.

The alpha took his omega by the thighs once again and placed him this time on the kitchen table and crouched down, pressing kisses up his inner thigh despite Shane's half hearted protests.

"Mm, Ilya fuck- we can't- not here," Shane panted, hair falling in his eyes as they grew half lidded with lust spreading his thighs further inviting Ilya in.

"Going to make it up to you, also we can make the table match so it does not look so suspicious."

"*Ilya.*" Shane smacked Ilya's shoulder as he was carried up the stairs, ignoring each teasing grunt he made just to mess with him. "You're such an asshole."

"But you love me."

"Keep it up and you'll be on the couch tonight."

Ilya would take his chances because Shane looked way too cute when he was angry, he just couldn't help himself.

End Notes

💌 this came from a funny idea about ilya grunting when picking shane up that led to shane damaging the counter which i've seen a video of someone actually breaking their kitchen counter by accident from an intense makeout session so yeah that's where the two ideas mixed and this came about, anyways i think ilya should eat shane out often 😊 hope you all enjoy!

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