

breathe in, breathe out

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by Anonymous

Summary

It was a simple yoga exercise routine, something all the omega birthing groups had boasted about saying it would help him have a smooth labor and would help strengthen his core.

Or the one where Shane does maternity yoga and gets himself stuck.

Notes

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

It was a simple yoga exercise routine, something all the omega birthing groups had boasted about saying it would help him have a smooth labor and would help strengthen his core.

At least that what it said on the description of the video and he wasn't unfamiliar with yoga in general so it shouldn't have been *that* difficult to do. And even though Shane felt like he was carrying a watermelon around strapped to his midsection he wanted to stay in shape and do the things he was able to do before getting pregnant.

Yoga was one of those things that was rather helpful for his meditation and just finding a sense of inner peace.

Especially when his alpha decided to grate on his nerves over and over that day. Ilya had left the laundry outside of the basket when it was *right* there, left the toilet seat up causing him to almost fall in and get stuck, and he ate the last donut— which was like declaring war on him.

Shane inhaled a deep breath, rolling his yoga mat out onto the floor of their home gym having decided it would be easier to just do it inside and shower right after. Maybe even grab a snack after because he worked hard— also because their pup was craving chips ahoy at the moment.

So with that in mind Shane pressed play with his eyes on the prize.

"Breathe in, breath out," The woman on the video instructed as Shane was recovering from a rather intense pose that required him to twist his torso and hold the pose in a seated twist— it shouldn't have been as strenuous as it was but he was giving himself some grace here.

"And now, I would like for you to get into a modified downward dog since we are already on the ground, internally rotate your thighs and spread your sitting bones. Don't drop your belly keep your ribs up, gently hug the baby with your ribs. This will help ensure the baby is safe during this pose,"

Now that wouldn't be so hard. Shane had done a thousand of those so this would be no different even if it was modified.

"Okay let me just..." Shane breathed in another relaxed breath, letting the air fill his lungs before breathing out. He managed to push himself up into the position after a few tries, finally able to fix himself into the downward dog — Ilya's favorite to take him in.

"Nice mama, you've got this! Imagine yourself on a beach somewhere with the gentle waves rolling in and out. A warm breeze is blowing through and you're just soaking up the sun getting in that vitamin D for baby and you,"

Shane was convinced this woman was a nut. How could he imagine being on a beach when his entire midsection felt like it was going to pull him onto the floor? Actually all he could imagine being on the beach was a whale flopping on the shoreline.

"And let's relax from this pose, carefully dip down into a resting pose of your choice."

Now that Shane could do. Or at least he thought he could.

The second the omega tried to dip back down he felt his sciatic nerve pinching in his back causing him to let out a loud groan, knees going weak and not in the good way. Okay so maybe he was stuck like this, back aching, feet swelling and baby getting restless inside him.

Thankfully his knight in shining armor came jogging down the stairs, looking like he too had gotten back from a jog.

Ilya had been home for a couple of minutes having walked to the corner store instead of the grocery store since it would be good exercise and he wouldn't be far from Shane if he needed him even if Luca was at home with him.

Too distracted by his husband doing stretches in the tiniest shorts he had ever seen, Ilya was completely entranced while Shane continued to struggle. His belly was so...so big and emphasized in the downward dog stretch currently or at least that's what it looked like with his face down, ass up and Ilya couldn't resist grabbing a piece of it.

"Moya lyubov, you are too sexy like this I will get you pregnant again if you are not careful." Ilya teased in russian his voice deepening, eyes slightly darkening with lust not realizing that Shane was stuck.

"Mm yeah sure it's a great pose, I have just *loved* being in this one for the last ten minutes." Shane tried to wiggle himself to the side to see if it would help his back ease up — it did not. It actually made it worse, a punched out hiss escaping his lips.

"That seems a little long to be in pose, doesn't it?" Ilya furrowed his brows in slight confusion, not having done 'mommy yoga' before but it didn't seem like this was a pose to stay in for a while. He went to grab Shane and help him up but his omega shook his head quickly.

"No! No I'm not stuck, I can get out of position on my own I'm just trying to see if I can do this one a little longer since it helps me prepare for birth." Shane lied through his teeth, refusing to just give up on this workout despite his back feeling like it was splitting in two.

"What do you mean stuck?" Ilya was already by his side in three seconds flat. "Are you stuck on the position? Are you stuck in position?" There was a difference— at least to Ilya there was, but he was going to help regardless. He couldn't just leave his omega there no matter what the problem was.

However before he did, Ilya quietly grabbed his phone off the workout bench where he had laid it earlier before scrolling to the group chat, unable to resist silently taking a picture of Shane in his precarious position.

Ilya: *my shanya is so flexible, everyone wishes they could bend like him* [Attached 1210IMG.jpg]

Troy: *uhhh dude he looks stuck*

Harris: *omg ilya help him?*

Harris: *shane don't worry! i'll come help you! luca, go help! I'll be there in like five minutes*

Luca: *he never said anything! i'm upstairs*

Luca: *i swear i would have helped him if i knew he was stuck 😭*

Ilya: *He is only stuck a little, no need to worry*

Ilya: *do not come downstairs luca and harris it is okay i will rescue my love from the clutches of the downward dog*

Luca: ... 🤔

Shane was going to murder his husband. Especially when he received multiple texts from Harris later on that day asking if he was okay. He was but Ilya wouldn't be after he got a hold of him.

Later that evening, when Shane had cooled off from seeing a picture of himself ass up in the group chat looking like an entire solar system was attached to his stomach, he *finally* acknowledged Ilya.

"I am sorry *lyubimyy*, I thought you looked so cute like that," Ilya slid onto the couch next to his omega who was putting together a puzzle with Luca.

Luca looked up warily, hoping he wouldn't go into detail before dropping his gaze back down to the puzzle.

"I was just trying out this dumb yoga thing that this group I've been following recommended for strengthening everything in my body before birth but that was an entire fucking lie, they didn't mention the part where you get stuck."

"I do not believe they would encourage getting stuck, then again they might say to get stuck so your husband can find you and—" Ilya stopped, a smirk corkscrewing its way onto his cheeks as Luca continued to stare at the puzzle with his face turning deep red.

"*Ilya.*" Shane lightly swatted at his arm, his own cheeks rosy.

"Don't worry, our baby girl can hear but not as good as she would if she were out here with us." Ilya patted Shane's bump reassuringly dodging more of his swats to the hand.

"Well consider me not doing that stupid yoga routine anymore at least for the rest of my pregnancy. Especially if I'm gonna get stuck..." Shane grumbled, his cheeks feeling warmer than the rest of his body. The entire group chat had started checking in on him *again* for the umpteenth time that day to make sure he was okay and not stuck again but it didn't extinguish the feeling of embarrassment he still felt when he thought about it *and* looked at the picture — though his ass did look really good from that angle.

"I am very sorry, lyubimyy. How many times must I apologize?" Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane's waist, resting his face in the crevice of his neck.

"I'll forgive you if you strap a watermelon to your stomach and do the same yoga routine that I did and let me film it." Shane didn't even have to think about his punishment before he just said it, not skipping a single beat.

Ilya raised his brows at the idea, slightly confused as to where he got that creative idea from so quickly until he noticed Luca trying to hold his laughter in, hiding his face in the sleeve of his shirt.

"Oh you are diabolical, Haasy." Ilya narrowed his eyes at the rookie who grinned in return, holding his hands up defensively.

"Hey! I just thought up the idea, Shane was the one who liked it," Luca texted the group chat quickly that he needed a watermelon and quick.

Harris: *already on it, give me 15 and i'll be over to film it*

Ilya felt buzzing in his pocket and read the message, trying to resist the urge to pout. He had to prove he could do this no problem at all.

"Bring it on."

End Notes

💌 hey everyone! sorry this one took so long 😭 work has been kicking my butt lately but anyways here we are! i just was hit with the image of shane getting stuck in a yoga position while doing maternity yoga and becoming the equivalent to a turtle on its back 😂 there will probably be another part to this where ilya straps the watermelon to him and lets harris film him to make it up to shane LMAO so here this one is <3 hope you enjoy!

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