

watermelon mojitos

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by Anonymous

Summary

Harris put the finishing touches on Ilya's new 'pregnancy bod' tugging at the clear wrap to ensure that it was snug enough and that it wouldn't budge whenever Ilya moved. He then grabbed the digital scale from the bathroom to make Ilya stand on. "Alrightie, step up here and we'll see what your final weight is and if it matches Shane's current weight."

"Oh we don't want to even get into that— let's just say I weigh a lot more than I did." Shane begrudgingly admitted, shifting around on the couch when his pup gave him a kick to the bladder reminding him that he needed to pee.

Or Ilya wears a watermelon for a day to see how Shane survives everyday life, chaos ensues.

Notes

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

"Should be simple, yes? Is just carrying around watermelon and two kiwis—"

"Well actually grapefruits because they were out of kiwis at the market," Harris corrected, holding up the fruit so that Ilya could get a better look at what he was going to have saran wrapped to his own body.

Shane was having *far* too much fun with this already just watching from the sidelines where he sat comfortably on his rounded behind. His big belly was perched in his lap with a bowl of sugar covered grapes sitting atop the mass with the smuggest look on his face.

"I think you could add something, that definitely isn't the amount of weight I carry on a daily, this baby is *big*." That wasn't even an exaggeration either, their baby girl at least a few weeks ahead she was already tall that much was for certain — she got her papa's genes and in order for Ilya to get that full experience of carrying a clone of himself they would need to find something that would mimic it.

"Oh dude you should so strap this weight to your back, it's like three pounds and then here's one for the front," Troy grabbed a circular weight that would usually be attached to a barbell, luckily Shane and Ilya had plenty in their home gym.

"Oh yeah? Bring it on. I can handle that and I can handle watermelon belly and when I give birth we are celebrating with watermelon mojitos— virgin for Shane of course," Ilya grinned from ear to ear when his husband flashed him a middle finger in response.

"Yeah, yeah laugh it up. I'll have plenty when she's born to celebrate being able to see my feet again."

Harris put the finishing touches on Ilya's new 'pregnancy bod' tugging at the clear wrap to ensure that it was snug enough and that it wouldn't budge whenever Ilya moved. He then grabbed the digital scale from the bathroom to make Ilya stand on. "Alrightie, step up here and we'll see what your final weight is and if it matches Shane's current weight."

"Oh we don't want to even get into that— let's just say I weigh a lot more than I did." Shane begrudgingly admitted, shifting around on the couch when his pup gave him a kick to the bladder reminding him that he needed to pee.

"Wait okay don't start until I get back!" The omega had to roll to his side while moving himself forward to the edge of the cushion, pushing himself up with one hand while the other went to cup the underside of his belly slowly but surely getting himself up off the couch. He blamed it on the fact that he sat in the spot Anya had claimed as her own and now it had a divot that made it difficult for him to get up.

Troy turned to look at Ilya after watching Shane struggle to get up, "You did *that* to him? Geez man, he can barely move—" He let out an 'oof' as he was cut short by Harris elbowing him in the ribs.

"I'll make sure the challenges are fair as in very realistic and *very* challenging." Harris smiled, giving Ilya a thumbs up before he started typing up the challenges on his phone, making sure to include all the daily tasks Shane had mentioned having trouble with earlier.

Challenge one: Putting on and tying shoes

Harris had the video rolling, filming the first part of the video with Shane in the frame and of course Ilya who was seated on the edge of the couch next to him.

"Okay first challenge, you need to put your shoes on and tie them." Shane announced, leaning back with a hand on his belly as he watched Ilya grab his brooks that were already pre-tied.

Troy stepped in, wagging his finger with a smirk. "Ah-ah pre-tied shoes are cheating, Roz."

Shane smiled, enjoying himself thoroughly as he watched Ilya lean down with a grumble to slip his feet into the shoes which was alright. It wasn't the worst thing in the world but then came the hard part — tying them.

Ilya leaned forward but the obstacle preventing him from leaning down far enough to even reach the laces was the gravid watermelon stuck to his own middle. "What the- okay fine I can approach it another way," He wasn't going to just give up, Shane somehow managed to do this everyday so he could at least figure it out this one time.

The alpha leaned to the side, tongue poked out in concentration as he tried his best to tie the shoes from that angle but his fingers weren't long enough to actually tie them all the way and he ran out of steam before he could actually to anything productive.

Next, the alpha took the approach of leaning forward between his legs but of course there was the large melon in the way that kept digging into his ribs. "*How*, just how do you do this,"

"Take a running start at it, just suck in a deep breath and attack it head on," Shane forgot to mention the part where Ilya would more than likely feel lightheaded after just like he usually did.

Taking a deep breath, Ilya quickly leaned forward to tie them feeling the watermelon pressing into his lungs and his pelvis — it was actually painful and he had to keep readjusting his position to *finally* get them tied.

"Wow that took a whole ten minutes to do, how long does it usually take you?" Troy glanced over at Shane who looked like he was thinking about his answer, face a little red.

"Around ten, sometimes more if I have to pee," Shane left out the part where he had accidentally peed himself once when he was getting his shoes on and had to sneeze which was not an ideal combination.

Harris turned the camera to him, showing the timer.

"Yup that took ten minutes exactly. How do you feel, Ilya?"

"Like there is a baby on my bladder and that I need to probably buy shoes for Shane that slip on," Ilya made a mental note to buy some shoes that didn't require being tied, not having realized it was *that* difficult every day to put shoes on for his other half.

Challenge 2: Picking up something off the ground

"So for this challenge, it's literally what the name says on the title card," Harris held up name of the challenge on his notebook paper that he had written up earlier that day.

Ilya squinted at Harris' hand writing, it wasn't exactly the best. Troy had the better hand writing of them both which seemed like it would be the other way around with Harris being the social media guy and Troy the hockey player.

"Pick something up off of ground? Easy. Here, put something on the ground and I will pick it up." The alpha sounded so sure of himself, a little *too* sure of himself actually which actually made this way funnier than it needed to be — at least for Shane.

"Shane, would you do the honors?" Harris had the camera facing Shane and Ilya once again this time they were standing in the center of the floor, Ilya's untied shoe in the frame of the camera.

"Gladly." Shane dropped a picture on the floor, it fell flat on the ground facing down.

"Oh a picture? What is it? A picture of you in a compromising position?" Ilya wiggled his eyebrows but his omega simply smirked, a smugness to it as he shrugged.

"Mm maybe but you have to actually bend down to *pick it up* and find out what it actually is."

Oh Shane played dirty.

"Fine! Fine, I am going to bend down right now," This would be easy, Ilya would just have to bend over like normal and—

Ilya couldn't move forward any more than he already had, he already used up all the room he had and the picture was still...on the ground. Still facing down.

Shane was standing off to the side, arms crossing over top of his own very real rounded belly watching the spectacle with that same smug self satisfied expression. "It's *so* easy, Ilya. Why don't you try again?"

So, grumbling to himself about how his watermelon belly was definitely bigger than Shane's and that he was at a slight disadvantage the alpha took another whack at it and bent over but this time he tried a different angle almost toppling over himself threatening to crush the melon attached to his middle.

"Do you give up?" Harris raised a brow in question.

"No, no give me one more time." Ilya could do this, he just had to remember how Shane picked up things he dropped since that had recently gotten more difficult for his husband and there were times he wasn't home to pick whatever it was up off the floor for him.

There was definitely a method to it, Shane had practically mastered it meanwhile Ilya was baffled by it.

Ilya finally decided to give it another go, this time when he leaned forward he veered off to the side slightly at an angle this time which was the trick apparently because he was able to pick the picture up without losing his balance and falling on his ass.

"Aha I did it! And watermelon baby is still attached-" Ilya trailed off as he turned the photo around, eyes widening at what it was of — Shane in a barely there maternity lingerie set on all fours with his face slightly visible to the camera and his ass in the air facing him, a plug visible from the angle.

"*Blyat*, Shane holy shit- what- how?" Ilya was grappling for words, none of which would come in English or Russian.

Shane's face had turned three shades darker watching Ilya struggle to compute the picture he had worked hard to pick up.

"Glad you figured out the right angle."

Harris made sure to get this reaction too. Oh this was going to be a hit.

Challenge 3: Get up off the couch

The next challenge was getting up off the couch which was a lot more difficult than one would expect at least for Shane it was.

Having an almost ten pound baby *plus* the bump she was currently being housed in weighing him down made things rather difficult when trying to get up from the couch especially after sitting for a while.

"Have a seat, Ilya. For this challenge you'll wanna be 'sitting' down for this. Get it? Sitting down," Harris grinned, pretending to play the drums.

"What? Do I just sit for the challenge?" Ilya didn't find that challenging at all, it seemed rather easy actually. Just sitting, he could definitely do that considering how his hips ached from carrying all this extra weight.

"No, you actually have to get up too," Troy added, reading the paper Harris had haphazardly typed up.

That would so be easy too.

"That is all? Too easy." Ilya went to just automatically stand up, finding himself weighed down by the melon strapped to him.

It took one...two...three tries of him pushing himself up at an angle because it seemed to work for Shane and *finally* got to a standing position.

Shane had been watching the entire time, wanting so badly to give Ilya hints or even tricks to get up but he had to remind himself that his alpha had to suffer just like he did on a daily when it came to simple tasks such as these.

"Try having to get up in a rush, like when she kicks you right in the bladder— *that's* when I barely make it off the couch." Shane grumbled, tempted to make Ilya guzzle an entire bottle of water and wait until he was absolutely about to pee everywhere to get up and *then* see how he liked it.

But just thinking about having to pee made Shane have to go so Ilya got lucky...this time.

Challenge 4: Go for a jog

"I still don't get why I have to do this too, I didn't make fun of Shane and I've been on his side this entire time," Troy had been coerced into a watermelon belly of his own, the promise of Harris later on with a new set of lingerie involved was more than enough for him to strap up.

"Is cruel and unusual, Barrett. But life is unfair so let us get this over with." Ilya grumbled, climbing onto the treadmill with Troy joining him on the one next to it. He and Shane always joked that they had 'his & his' workout equipment.

And so, Ilya set a good pace at first to start his jog but he and Troy were also *very* competitive so it probably wasn't the best idea to put them on at the same time because slowly yet surely they began increasing their time on treadmill until it was to the point they were practically *racing* each other.

Except they were slowed down by their watermelon 'bumps' so it was actually pretty comical.

At the thirty minute mark, they were both pouring sweat, hair sticking to their foreheads.

"Fuck this is hard, why did you do this to him?" Troy panted, feeling like his body weighed a lot more than it actually did.

"Because my pull out game is weak," Ilya rolled his eyes, catching the look Shane gave him which only made his lazy grin grow.

Shane and Harris sat on the loveseat in the home gym, eating popcorn enjoying the view as they counted the minutes that Ilya and Troy stayed on the treadmill.

"It could definitely use some practice," Shane mirrored his grin, hand resting on the side of his own swell enjoying this a little too much.

"So could Troy's." Which could mean nothing but definitely could mean something.

Ilya was struggling a little, having been wearing the watermelon practically all day. He was starting to have a new profound respect for his husband.

Not that he didn't already but this really put some insight into what Shane went through everyday to bring their pup into the world. He carried their baby girl in his belly keeping her protected, safe, and warm.

This only helped him feel a fraction of what his husband did and Ilya was more than glad to feel do these challenges to understand him better.

Challenge 5: Getting in and out of the car

"We ride in your 'sensible' boring jeep everyday, why are we standing in front of my Porsche?

"Because this gives the full effect of exactly what I feel. Plus, I just want to see you struggle figuring it out," Shane had to have a *little* fun with this because if he didn't, what was it all for?

Harris, Shane, and Troy who had 'given birth' to his watermelon baby were now standing beside the car watching Ilya struggle to get out of it.

"You have to like put your entire body in, baby." Shane instructed, nudging a little at Ilya's feet to make him get all the way in. It was an everyday struggle getting in and out of cars and he felt like the sports car would most definitely give him the full effect of that.

And again, Shane was just have too much fun with this.

Ilya settled into the car sitting for a few minutes before he started to get out, furrowing his brow when it wasn't nearly as easy as he thought it would be.

"Having trouble there, bud?" Troy stood next to the car with a grin with a piece of watermelon in hand, earning a kick to his legs when he leaned against the frame.

"No touching! You are not my husband therefore you are not touching the car and you are getting watermelon juice in car so back up." Ilya huffed, still trying to figure out how to approach his current conundrum.

In a way, he figured he could probably just lever himself out of it by pushing up on the dashboard and scooting his butt out but that would probably be more effort than it was worth.

"Okay just scoot towards me, like just scoot your butt until you have your feet on the ground and then you should be okay to get out." Shane figured he could at least toss him a hint or they would be stuck there all day and his feet were starting to swell even worse than they had been before. Also his back hurt and he was starting to get hungry.

It wasn't that Ilya *couldn't* it was that he actually taking the challenges seriously. He wanted to feel what Shane felt, wanted to experience everything in the fullest even if it would never come close to what his omega experienced it was the least he could do.

"Just lean to the side and fall out," Troy suggested, getting the middle finger in response.

"Barrett, you could not even do this for entire day so I do not want to hear your bullshit advice," Ilya grumbled as he pushed up feeling solid ground beneath his feet.

Challenge 6: Trying on clothes

For the final challenge, really a treat for Shane because it was a struggle he hated the most out of them all — trying on clothes.

Shane couldn't ever figure out what to freaking wear anymore because *nothing* fit. Everything was either too small or on the cusp of making him burst right out of it. He didn't like anything that was too tight but apparently it didn't hurt Ilya's feelings any when he did wear tighter clothes like he had on today.

The only thing he could find to wear was a pair of lululemon leggings that were hugging his every curve and an old over sized t-shirt from Ilya's raiders days he never bothered with a jacket anymore despite it being cold as hell outside because he just ran warm.

"Okay so this one should be easy but Shane said this one was the worst of them all so without further adieu, this challenge is called 'find something to wear'. It has to be something that fits over your belly like for instance if it's a pair of jeans you have to get creative and for the shirt it has to pretty much cover the whole melon." Harris clarified the rules, making sure he honored each of Shane's wishes.

Ilya found out very quickly this one was definitely rough, it turned out there were not many clothes that Shane had that would fit especially on his larger frame. That combined with the watermelon bump was a recipe for disaster.

"Well usually Shane uses a hair tie to keep the pants together," Ilya grabbed a pair of his own jeans, they fit right in all the other places except when it got to his melon belly. That was where he had a difficult time making sure the clasp closed so that's where the hair tie method came into play. Jackie had taught this one to Shane, he was grateful for a lot of her insider information.

"Hey it works!"

Shane's cheeks grew pink hearing his 'secrets' given away. He didn't exactly want anyone knowing he couldn't button his own jeans or that most of his shoes barely fit because of the swelling. And that some fabrics itched more than others — that was actually a symptom that got worse and he wasn't sure if that was just in his mind or if his tolerance for certain fabrics had gone down.

Whatever it was, it made finding something to wear that much more difficult.

"You have to find a shirt that actually fits not one that rides up or isn't too snug and that one definitely isn't covering anything," Harris read the rules again of the final challenge, glancing at the shirt Ilya chose that most definitely did *not* cover his entire watermelon in fact it was more of a crop top on him.

"There is nothing that will cover this! Is nearly impossible!" Ilya exclaimed, throwing his hands up in the air after tugging at the shirt once again.

"Welcome to my world, *welcome to my world*." Shane repeated, emphasizing it as he gestured to the shirt that *barely* fit him currently him. It was a struggle getting dressed everyday he had to fight the battle something behind the scenes.

"After all these challenges, how do you feel Ilya?" Harris turned the view over to Ilya who was now plopped down on the couch with the watermelon belly now on the table now that he had 'given birth'.

Ilya was patting his forehead with a towel with a watermelon mojito in hand, pretending as though he had just ran a marathon. "It was intense, labor was only an hour. What can I say? I'm good at this," He teased, motioning for Shane to join him in his lap.

The omega obliged, taking his seat on his alpha's lap, "No actually it is very hard and what my Shanya goes through on a daily is more than I'll ever begin to understand and I am very grateful to have him carrying our pup."

Shane was just as teary eyed as Harris, peering over his screen.

"Oh- oh that was so sweet," The blonde wiped at his misty eyes saving the video to edit and post to the team's page.

"It was...ugh why do you have to be so sweet?" Shane whined playfully, pressing his lips against Ilya's who shrugged lightly leaning into it.

"I have to keep up with you somehow, especially if I can not carry pups as good as you can, *moya lyubov*."

Oh he would carry this pup and however many other pups Ilya wanted, especially if he was treated like this.

End Notes

✉️ hiya everyone! sorry this one took a hot minute but it's here! 💕 special shoutout to FixatingTrashxoxo for this fic idea! i literally thought it was such a good idea because ilya would so be like 'okay yes i will take pregnancy challenge' and then actually wrap a watermelon to himself to see how shane lives for a day 😂 anyways i hope you guys enjoy!

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