

riding the heatwave

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by Anonymous

Summary

Being pregnant in any type of hot weather was not for the faint of heart. Shane was used to being hot, as an athlete doing strenuous exercise got him pretty fired up and other activities included would have him dripping sweat. He was even used to working out in hot weather but this— this was something else. This was a heatwave from hell cooked up in Satan's kitchen specially to torment his pregnant ass.

Or the one where Ilya needs a tall glass of Shane.

Notes

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

Being pregnant in any type of hot weather was not for the faint of heart. Shane was used to being hot, as an athlete doing strenuous exercise got him pretty fired up and *other* activities included would have him dripping sweat. He was even used to working out in hot weather but this— this was something else. This was a heatwave from hell cooked up in Satan's kitchen specially to torment his pregnant ass.

The A/C was working overtime in their cottage and Shane was certain their power bill was going to be outrageous (not that it mattered) it was just a thought that had popped into his head.

"I think the sun is melting us." Ilya finally spoke up, taking long sips of his freshly squeezed lemonade with ice that had melted almost as soon as Shane had brought the pitcher outside for them to enjoy together on their back deck.

"I think I could probably crack an egg and fry it on the dock. It's too hot to function," Shane was in agreement that it was probably melting them. He felt like it was beaming down *just* on them for whatever reason. They were the main targets of the sun's wrathful gaze, taking away part of the fun of laying out on their back deck.

Shane enjoyed reading his books and sipping tea while Ilya baked like a crisp pastry on one of Shane's memory foam yoga mats. Days like this were nice just spending time together counting down the days until they were three. It allowed the omega to just enjoy growing their pup, rubbing the side of his swell idly feeling gentle movements underneath like rippling waves across his skin letting him know that she was there.

And really any other day this would have been great *however* it felt like the surface of hell itself outside causing him to sweat a concerning amount. Shane looked like he had taken a dip in the lake and he hadn't even been near it yet. His thighs stuck to the back of the chair and his shirt clung to his skin causing him to feel all kinds unwanted sensory output.

"I regret not getting umbrella." Ilya had opted for no umbrella for shade, wanting them both to get a nice sun tan — he was now wishing they had a big enough umbrella to shield them both and not just the ones in their drinks.

"You could use the one in your drink that you *insisted* we have." Shane half snorted, rolling his eyes playfully as Ilya grabbed his lemonade with the little umbrella and tried to 'shield' them with it.

"It was necessary expense, for ambience." Ilya defended his choice still, taking another long sip of his drink. At least they had that much, he couldn't imagine not having something ice cold to drink on a day like this.

Not even fifteen minutes later, Shane had finally had it.

"I'm stripping." Shane announced, pushing himself up off the chair by getting a running start. He rolled to the side and used his other hand to lever himself up into a standing position. If he didn't he wouldn't have a prayer with his beach ball sized belly holding him down.

Now *that* got Ilya's attention.

Ilya had been laying there baking in the sun grunting and groaning as he complained about the sun turning him into a crisp when he heard the word *strip* and perked right up like he was a dog hearing its favorite words.

Shane had finally had it with the heat index outside, he didn't care anymore he was going to take off all his clothes and jump in the lake whether his husband joined him or not.

Of course Ilya would. How could he resist his naked omega who was stripping down at a surprisingly slow rate. Slower than what Ilya was expecting, holding his attention there just keeping him as a captive audience to his personal strip tease.

First came the shirt, it had been barely hanging on in the first place resting just below his navel that had recently 'popped' so to speak. At first he had been self conscious about the way his belly button looked now but he was slowly coming around to the not so subtle changes his body was making to accommodate the swelling of his belly. Every stretch mark was earned, Shane had earned them rightfully by keeping their pup healthy within his steadily growing womb.

Ilya couldn't keep his hands off of his omega even this very second he was struggling to keep his hands on his glass and not on Shane's ass.

"It's too hot for clothes, I can't do it anymore." Shane wasn't going to be burned alive when there was a body of water sitting right there waiting for him to take a dip in it. Shortly the omega's barely there shorts that were hugging his thighs slipped down his legs, pooling at his ankles leaving him completely naked.

Ilya had to get his mouth on his husband, he looked like the only thing that could quench his thirst and he had to have him.

Shane moved away from him towards the water leaving his alpha salivating in his chair clutching his umbrella drink and a half chub forming in his swimming trunks. But by now he was fully hard just staring at that ass from where he was sitting, memorizing every stretch mark.

"*Moya lyubov*, please it is too hot and I am dying of thirst. Let me have a drink." Ilya placed the lemonade glass on the side table, wanting something much sweeter than that. He wanted to get his mouth between Shane's legs and have a drink.

"What was that? I can't hear you from over there it's too hot."

Ilya did *not* have to be told twice to join his *very* naked husband in the lake. He was already stripping himself down in seconds flat, not even bothering folding them like the neatly folded

pile on Shane's chair. The alpha was painfully hard between his legs, it could wait he needed to get his mouth on his omega like yesterday.

It should have been a crime to look that good in this weather, Shane despite the blazing heat outside looked like a dream. His cheeks were flushed a pretty shade of pink making his freckles stand out like stars in the night sky, hair lightly tousled, and his perky tits were full round mounds resting above that beautiful swollen belly that Ilya could *not* take his eyes off of.

Shane was grateful his parents were out of town or this would *not* be happening. Even at their age, expecting their own pup he still had thoughts pop into his head of being 'caught in the act'.

The alpha quickly joined his mate, snaking a hand around his waist as got closer to him at the edge of the water.

"Ilya, it's hot— like really hot wait until we're in the water."

"But I want to touch you." Ilya whined, making grabby hands as he 'chased' Shane into the water.

It was hard keeping his hands off of Shane when he looked like an ice cold glass of 'I need you now'. Ilya kept licking his lips, circling his pregnant omega like a shark in the water. "I am going to eat you."

Shane rolled his eyes, smacking at the water soaking Ilya. He returned the favor promptly sending a wave of water in his husband's direction. It was war at this point, neither of them giving up until they were both completely drenched.

"You can eat me if you can catch me," Shane challenged, a grin twitching at the corner of his mouth. "I'm all yours if you do."

"Yes is a deal, so let us get this foreplay over with because I am faster clearly." Ilya brushed his hand over his face, re-centering himself as he wiped the water from his face as if it was going to help him get focused.

"Ready, set— Go!" Shane already started swimming before he had said the final word, his body was lighter in the water it felt nice to not be as heavy as he was on land. It had him for a second wondering if this was the way whales felt.

Ilya was hot on his heels, swimming after him with a the intent of a shark zeroed in on its prey in the water.

Shane kept swimming, though his stamina definitely wasn't what it once was given that he was now hauling an extra ten pounds *at least*. He started making laps in the water, Ilya was dangerously close to catching him.

And then, the alpha grabbed hold of his omega's foot and tugged him towards him after dipping his head below the surface. Ilya had bought the ugliest set of goggles, claimed they

would never come in handy but apparently they were perfect for this.

"Okay, okay you win!" Shane didn't even try to get away this time, accepting his fate. "The goggles have to come off though, you look like a bug." He laughed, leaning down to press his lips to Ilya's when he wiggled his lips and made smooching sounds.

"Gimme kiss first, then I take them off."

Cupping Ilya's face with his hands, Shane planted a kiss against his husband's lips and of course Ilya made a loud 'mwah' noise.

"Fine, fine now I've paid the price. Now take them off please and eat me already." Shane ordered against Ilya's lips, a hint of a whine in his voice.

And boy oh boy did Ilya love when his husband got bossy with him.

"Fine, yes you paid in full. Your payment is accepted." Ilya slipped his hands down into the water, grabbing Shane by the meat of his thighs spreading them wide as he hoisted him up onto his hips. The alpha carried his mate to the edge of the water laying him down on the beach towel they had already positioned on the grass just in case they got out to dry off — or have sex, whichever came first.

Ilya carefully laid Shane down on the towel, giving him a second to get adjusted.

"Need you, please." Shane let his legs fall open, beckoning the alpha between them. He could feel his cunt throbbing, empty, craving the feeling of being full.

The sun beat down on them giving them no where to hide from its warmth but that only made Ilya thirstier, moving Shane's legs over his shoulders as he pressed his face into his inner thigh planting kisses there first.

No warning as Ilya licked a stripe up his slit, the slick gathering on his tongue like honey causing the alpha to let out a moan straight into his pussy. Shane's toes curled as the vibration hit his core a jolt of pleasure surging through his body.

Shane tried his best not to kick Ilya in the back with his heel, a gasp escaping his half parted mouth. Another jolt of pleasure crashing over him as Ilya took his cocklet into his mouth and began sucking making him grip the beach towel beneath him for dear life.

"Fuck..." Shane moaned, tossing his head back against the fabric pressing his face into it. "Feels so good..." He bucked his hips upwards ever so slightly wanting Ilya to keep going.

"Let's flip you, ride me. You're getting too tomato faced."

"Tomato faced?!" Shane narrowed his eyes, partly in confusion and partly because he was getting a little pissed that Ilya's face wasn't between his legs.

"Your face is red, you are the color of a tomato, *lyubimyy*." Ilya had kept the information of keeping Shane off his back as much as possible during his pregnant in the back of his mind

always and it was his fault for starting off like this but he loved seeing him splayed out like a full course meal for him.

Shane had to admit he was a little light headed but he blamed it on the sun not the fact that his pup was probably crushing his inner organs — or something like that.

"Ride my face, here let me fix this." Ilya helped maneuver Shane on top of him, almost climaxing from the weight of his very pregnant omega on top of him. This would never get old, *ever*.

Shane however felt like he was going to starve Ilya's brain of the oxygen it clearly needed when he rode his face like this. Especially when pregnant, it felt like he was suffocating his alpha by the way of pussy. Ilya often begged to be taken out that way — everytime Shane denied his request to suffocate him via his cunt.

But today, Shane thought he might be the one who perished if Ilya's mouth didn't get on him.

The omega spread his thick thighs even more, hand still holding his alpha's as they both helped get him settled slowly easing him onto his mate's mouth.

"Ah— ah that feels so much better, Ilya." Shane moaned, looking down at Ilya's face flushed from the heat of the sun and the heat from his core. His hair was a mess, his curls making going every which way.

Shane gasped out a moan, his hand moving to thread his fingers through those unruly curls rolling his hips as Ilya moved his tongue in tight slow circles letting out a low hum of approval as the omega rode his face — he wasn't sure how much longer he could hold it together.

Waves of pleasure were slowly creeping in with each sultry movement of his hips, Ilya moaned against him at the taste of Shane seeping onto his tongue dripping down the back of his throat. The vibration against his core was too much for Shane just enough to send him over the edge of no return with a loud gasp.

"Ilya fuck— fuck it's too good— I'm gonna cum!" Shane released with a shout, thighs closing in around Ilya's head. Ilya's eyes were squeezed shut, the hand not holding onto Shane's round ass was palming at his alpha's hardened cock, moving up and down his shaft his own orgasm hitting him shortly after having gotten off just on the taste of his omega.

Shane reached behind him, fingers intertwining with Ilya's as they pumped up and down coaxing his climax out of him. "So good, you treat me so good, baby." He babbled, the aftershocks of Ilya's tongue still sending twinges of pleasure up his spine continuing to rock his hips riding the waves of pleasure that buzzed deep within his body.

Ilya's eyes opened, a possessive look in those breathtakingly beautiful blues. Almost like he would sink his teeth into Shane's thighs in order for him to stay on top of him just like this — to suffocate him, desperate almost as if he could eat him up and still not be satisfied.

With quivering thighs, Shane felt like Bambi walking out on the ice for the first time and he had to either drop down on his husband's face — which he knew Ilya would have preferred — or roll off rather ungracefully beside him.

Shane chose the latter, heaving himself up and over into a roll landing a tad bit more gracefully than he had imagined.

"You could have asked for help," Ilya was holding back laughter, lips wet with Shane.

"You wouldn't have let me off." Shane said with a knowing smirk, scooting closer to rest his head on Ilya's chest. The sun was starting to *finally* set right when they were getting ready to go inside because of course it was.

"You want to finish watching the sunset and go inside for dinner? I'm starving." Shane's belly growled in response, telling on him.

Ilya pursed his lips, a stupid smirk of his own corkscrewing its way into the corner of his mouth. "I have already eaten but I guess I could go for seconds...maybe even thirds."

With the way Shane's hormones were raging within him, he was more than inclined to take him up on that offer.

"Let me eat and you have a deal."

End Notes

✉️ hiiii i'm back with whatever this is 😂 actually when my a/c took out i was like hmmm yeah let me write something inspired by how hot it was LMAO anyways yeah here's shane sitting on ilya's face because i'm just an avid fan of shane suffocating ilya with his shaneussy, hope you guys enjoy! ❤️

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