

symptoms may include

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by Anonymous

Summary

Shane was sure his symptoms had to be contagious the way Ilya had been acting as of late.

Or the one where Ilya has sympathy pregnancy symptoms.

Notes

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

Shane was sure his symptoms had to be contagious the way Ilya had been acting as of late.

One morning Shane walked into their bathroom because he felt like he was going to be sick. He hadn't really noticed if Ilya was in the bed, too busy trying to make a beeline for the bathroom. Ilya was probably taking a shower or he was downstairs making breakfast (which he rarely was awake before him so he knew he was probably in the shower if he was up).

Except he wasn't, Ilya was in the floor the door almost hitting him in the back when Shane went flying into the bathroom. His alpha was clutching the toilet bowl — the very one he needed. "What- what's wrong?" Shane pushed the feeling in his gut down, ready to spill his stomach all over the tile floor in leu of taking care of Ilya's ailments.

"I think is food poison." Ilya paused for a split second to toss over his shoulder at his husband before returning to his regularly scheduled throwing up.

"Oh-kay then. Let me help," Shane's own stomach was churning in protest but his was because of the not so tiny passenger occupying his womb. The omega took a cloth from their towel rack and ran it under the cold tap. He then placed it on Ilya's forehead in an attempt to soothe him.

Shane then grabbed a hair tie off the counter and gently pulled Ilya's curls up into a sprout on the top of his head to keep them out of his face.

"I woke up and have been in here since maybe 5 or 6 I can not remember time is not important anymore." Ilya groaned into the crevice of his arm as he rested his head there for the time being.

"This is going to be gross but I need a turn." Shane motioned to the toilet, his own face pale. Ilya nodded quickly — the motion unsettling — as he got out of the way for his husband.

They spent the rest of the day in the bed eating saltines, drinking gingerale , and sucking on ginger candies while watching the golden girls.

"They are old and funny, what is not to like?" Ilya had once defended his enjoyment of the show to their team when they asked why he watched it.

The next day, Ilya was fine but Shane was still having his usual morning sickness. Ilya returned the favor taking care of him this time.

The cravings Shane had were interesting things he would never admit to actually consuming.

They had been laying out on the deck at the cottage soaking up the sunshine for all stars week when Ilya turned to Shane, phone in hand and asked him if he waned to order McDonald's on doordash.

Shane teetered his big self up, pulling his sunglasses down the bridge of his nose to stare at his husband. It was like he had read his mind.

"I hate to say it but I actually am craving a mcgriddle. And astrawberry banana smoothie, why I'm not really sure but it might have something to do with this being *your* pup." Shane was ashamed to admit that he wanted all that processed food in his body but it wasn't him that actually wanted it. It was was the tiny person he was currently housing taking the wheel.

The tiny Ilya. That's what he was calling her from now on.

Speaking of the alpha, Ilya was already talking about the mcgriddle hashbrown combo he was getting. It definitely checked out since that was what he wanted too.

"I am going to put ketchup on mine." Ilya started searching for some when the food arrived. Surely he meant the hashbrown because what else could he have meant?

Surely not the— oh yup that was gross. Shane gawked at the 'choice' his alpha had made.

"Ilya, on the sandwich? How is that even good?" Shane stared at Ilya as he devoured the breakfast they ordered.

Shane thought about it and thought about it before deciding if you can't beat them — join them. Ketchup sounded good the more he gave it thought.

"Pass some over here." Shane motioned to the little packets of ketchup. He ripped one open, squirting it on his own mcgriddle before taking a bite. It wasn't half bad it made him think his alpha was on to something

"Is good, isn't it? See I told you."

"It should be gross. This whole dinner should be gross." Shane huffed, taking another bite of his sandwich grumpily. Normally Shane would have made them something but this was definitely making the baby in his belly very content.

It was the little wins, that was what he was telling himself.

Then came the mood swings. Shane was no stranger to them. His pregnancy had his emotions up and down like a really rickety roller coaster on its last leg in need of repair.

Ilya treaded lightly and with caution. Anything could set Shane off. *Anything*.

That became slightly true with Ilya too as Shane's pregnancy progressed.

They were sorting baby clothes and Ilya started crying, telling Shane how tiny she would be put the clothes up on the designated hangers — all in the wrong places though. Which if he didn't do that Shane would be mildly worried.

'She will be so small how will she even come out of you? Your poor slit.' Ilya would even hold each outfit against Shane's belly reminding him of the not so small Russian baby that would eventually squeeze out of a golf ball sized hole.

"Mhm okay Ilya. I get it she's going to probably rip me from head to toe. I will pray for my lower half." Shane grumbled, mildly endeared by the way Ilya felt at least bad about him having to endure the pain of childbirth.

"If I could, I would endure for you, *moya lyubov*." Ilya would tell him and Shane knew his alpha meant every bit.

Though it did strike Shane as odd one day when Ilya was crying over baby pictures of him. He kept saying he was once a little 'Shanebug' — whatever that meant. And said their pup would be a baby Shanebug.

Shane kept mental track of all the symptoms they seemed to be having for future reference, making note to look it up when he got the chance. He eventually forgot about looking it up and so the symptoms persisted.

The insomnia was also shared. Shane was up at four in the morning one of the many mornings he couldn't sleep. He trudged downstairs to see what his alpha was up to because he clearly wasn't in the bed.

He found Ilya nose deep in 'What to expect when you're expecting' writing down things when he could have just copied and pasted them from a website.

Which Shane found out Ilya had been going on all the forums too.

"Ilya, what are you doing?" Shane asked as he rubbed his eyes, holding his lower back as he stood next to his mate craving his presence.

"I'm making sure we have all the baby proof methods done it says that we should-"

"Baby, she won't even be able to crawl from birth." Shane didn't get it but it was sweet that he was thinking ahead.

It was apparently a product of Ilya not sleeping. That and the smell of freshly baked Sharlotka, Shane was most excited about this but concerned by the lack of sleep his alpha was getting.

The omega's insomnia came from tossing and turning all night long. He could never get in a good position it was like every time he found one the baby would kick his bladder and make him feel the need to pee.

So Shane was normally was up down all night. This was new at least for Ilya.

And then came the shared back pain. That was one of the most bizarre things to come out of this.

"Shanya, my back hurts." Ilya whined during dinner one night with Yuna and David.

"Try carrying an almost ten pound baby and then come talk to me." Shane grunted as he stretched from side to side to bring some feeling back to his back — not that it brought relief.

Yuna raised a brow as she passed the pasta to Shane. "Your back hurts too, Ilya?" She was a little puzzled because they had been telling her all the share symptoms they were having all night long.

"Wait— this sounds just like what your father had when I was pregnant with you." Yuna felt it all come back to her. "Oh my god David, he has couvade syndrome."

"What? What is that serious?" Ilya looked worried it couldn't be serious if David had it. Then again it might be why he was boring — was he going to make their daughter boring too?

It was probably genetic this way.

"No, it's just where you both share symptoms. It's like sympathy pain." It was the best way Yuna could describe it.

"It's like because you both share a strong bond Ilya's feeling for you. He feels what you're going through." David explained, having felt the same thing once before.

It was sweet actually. Ilya had always been sympathetic. He had a way of feeling for people's emotions so it really only made sense that he would feel this for Shane. That he too would experience it too in his own way.

"Is your baby that makes us like this!" Ilya gasped playfully, pointing a finger at Shane's belly.

"Ilya, I will hold your hand when I say this — I am the pregnant one, *me*. So if anyone is feeling something it would be me." Shane reminded, giving his swollen midsection a rub to emphasize this fact.

"Yes well our cravings make me look pregnant too." Ilya teased, patting his own stomach in response.

"That'll happen." David chuckled, giving Ilya a pat on the back. "Dad bods are apparently all the rage."

Shane whipped his head around to look at his dad with a raised brow, "How do *you* know about dad bods?" He then looked over his shoulder at his husband who gave a small wave.

"What? Dad bods are in right now, Harris told me so." Ilya shrugged, nodding as a matter of fact. He wasn't even worried about the weight gain as long as Shane was comfortable in his own body and if that helped him well then so be it.

Ilya was going to enjoy every bit of this while he could before Shane decided it was time to hit the gym again.

End Notes

💌 heyyyy guys! i swear between my a/c quitting last week, my water messing up, and my tv breaking i'm surprised i haven't turned into a puddle of goo 😭 LMAO but i managed to write this it's been haunting my wips so here we are i hope you guys enjoy! ❤️

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