

"Been nice hanging but I think I need to go home and lie down for a bit" I said with a groan, pushing myself off of my chair and rising to my shaky legs.

"Aww, so soon? What's gotten into you today?" Auggie said, a cartoonishly pouty look plastered on his face.

Auggie has been my best friend since we were kits. Even though our interests have diverged quite a bit (me a quite goth who likes to keep to himself and prefers stay indoors reading and him a loud and outgoing hippy who can't go even an hour without the company of someone else) we have remained friends all these years.

"I dunno, just feeling a bit off today 's all" I mumbled, slipping into my long trench coat and bracing myself for the winter air outside. My fur has always been fine and silky, which I have no complaints about, but as a result my winter coat never does much on it's own to protect me from the cold.

"Oh bullshit, just admit it. You don't like me" he whimpered, pretending to sob.

"Oh hush" I said, shaking my head "we'll hang tomorrow"

"Ugh, fine..." he sighed before springing to his feet and bounding across the room to embrace me. He nestled his head against my chest, his sandy brown fur felt soft against mine. I tousled his hair and gently nudged him off of me.

"See ya around" I called behind me as I made my way outside and down the stairs into the night.

My apartment was only a few blocks away from Auggie's. I knew no matter where I lived I couldn't escape him so I figured there was no harm in just moving close by to at least make it easier for him to barge into my house daily and invade my privacy. Though...I can't say I mind it. No place could ever feel like home if I wasn't near Auggie. My family had turned their back on me long ago and many of my friends from high school had grown up and moved on with their lives. Not Auggie though. Our friendship has never waived even for a moment.

I smiled as warm thoughts of my friendship with Auggie enveloped me and before I knew it I had reached my apartment.

I stuck my key into the latch turned it. My body felt weak and exhausted and I couldn't be happier to be home. I kicked my boots off by the door, drug myself my room, and flopped down onto my bed. I felt my body sink into the sheets. It finally hit me just how tired I truly was. I could hardly keep my eyes open another moment but then...I got a strange sensation in my stomach. I ran my hand over it and felt a hardness in the lower part. It was odd for sure but my consciousness slipped away from me before I could dwell on it further.

My eye snapped open as I was violently ripped out of my sleep. I frantically gasped for air, fighting through my disorientation to come to grips with the situation I had woken up to. I felt like I had beaten over the stomach with a sledgehammer. I tried to sit up but my stomach muscles were tense. I groaned, grabbing fist fulls of my sheets and gritting my teeth against the pain. This was not normal. Something was wrong. Very wrong.

As the fog cleared from my head my mind became filled with thoughts of my demise. I was certain I was dying. I knew pain well, I had nearly lost my life once before, but this...this was something like I had never felt. My body began shaking and each of my breaths came out as a whimper. I could feel a panic attack coming on.

I'm not sure what compelled me to do it or what good I thought it would do but I screamed out "Auggie! Please help me! I need you!". My desperate pleas were met with nothing but the continued darkness and silence of my apartment. I was scared. I began hyperventilating. I had to do something. Through the pain I forced myself into an upright position. From there I pushed myself up from the bed. I felt a weight shift in my lower abdomen, causing the tightness to intensify. I make my way over to the coat rack, clutching my stomach and holding the wall for support. I fish my cell phone out of my jacket pocket. I open up the dialer and begin to make a call. I only need to punch in 3 simple numbers and emergency services will show up at my house, I'll be saved. But I don't do that. No. Instead I threw my priorities and rationality aside and decide to ring Auggie.

Despite it only being around 4 in the morning, the he picked up in the middle of the second ring.

A groggy voice on the other end croaked out a "Hello?"

As the pain began to overtake me I could only muster "Help.....help....." in between pants as my response.

"What the hell? What's going on?.....Hello?!" he sounded fully alert now and was nearly shouting.

I didn't respond, I was doubled over and whimpering.

The line went dead as Auggie hung up. I slid down the wall until I was lying in a fetal position on the floor. I felt so alone and scared. I squeezed my eye shut and tried to slow my breathing. It was not even a minute later that I heard a 'click' and my front door flew up, my hero arriving by my side. Auggie slammed the door shut behind him and didn't even bother removing his shoes. He dropped down to his knees by my side and frantically began grabbing at me, begging to know what was wrong.

“.....hurts.....” was all I could get out.

“What hurts? Tell me!” His voice sounded desperate.

Something happened. A large amount pressure began to build around my ass hole. The feeling of fullness became overwhelming and I couldn't contain myself. I pushed Auggie off of me and to furiously grasp at my boxers, wriggling around until they slid off of me. I didn't even need to see Auggie to know he was shocked. I didn't care if he was looking or what he saw. I kicked my boxers off of my ankles rolled over into a position where my but was in the air and my top half was lying flat against the floor. I didn't even think about it, it's as if some weird instincts kicked in and my body moved on it's own.

Finally, Auggie raised his voice in protest and shock. “What the hell are you doing? What's wrong with you man?” He had his arms up, his head turned away, and his eyes shut tightly trying to shield his eyes from my exposed genitals and rear.

“Get it out” I demanded, growling through gritted teeth. I had unconsciously began tensing my muscles and bearing backward, trying to push whatever was inside out of me.

“Huh?” Auggie uncovered his face and looked towards me, puzzled. It didn't take long for his expression to change. “Oh shit dude. You should have told me you're having a hard time laying. You scared the shit out of me.”

Laying? I was very confused. What did this mean? I decided to ask.

“W-what do you mean?” I could sense the panic growing in his voice which caused me to panic more. “Oh....you've never”

I cut off his thought with a loud moan. A drawn out “Ohhh” rising in pitch until I was nearly screaming. Against my will flexed the muscles in my stomach and hips, urging the mass further down until I could feel it pressing against my hole. From the way it felt I could only assume Auggie would be able to see it peeking out.

“What is happening to my body!?” I screamed in between pants.

“Well, uh...um. Well it's an egg and...” He was fumbling over his words awkwardly. He gave up trying to explain and took a different approach. “It's natural and you're safe. I'm right here for you and you'll make it through this. Everything that is happening is normal.”

Those were exactly the words I needed to hear from exactly the person I needed to hear them from.

Without warning he positioned himself behind me. He reached one arm around and began applying downward pressure to my stomach, urging the object more towards the opening. With his other hand he used his middle and ring fingers to spread me open, helping to make more room for it to pass. I was shocked at the touch but was in not position to fight against it, especially when he was helping me.

“I need you to push Cambrya” he said, his voice now coming out as calm and reassuring.

I followed his orders, I wanted this over with.

He increased the pressure on my stomach to match my pushes. He also began to spread me further and rub the opening with his two fingers. Despite the horrible pain I couldn't resist the sensation of being touched in such a manner. That, and the act of tensing all of my muscles had caused another muscle to begin to grow.

While his presence alone helped tremendously, I couldn't deny the magic his hands were working. The more I pushed, the more intense his rhythmic massaging got. My dick began throbbing uncontrollably.

I continued pushing, feeling it forcing it's way out. It was was stretching my hole out to a size I couldn't even comprehend. The pain was unreal. I had maintain the force after each push or else it would begin to slip back inside and I'd lose my progress. My back was arching and my hips shaking and thrusting wildly as I tried to force the thing out. I was desperate for relief.

“Come on, you're almost there buddy. It's almost over. You're doing such a good job” Auggie said sweetly. His voice carried a very loving tone. I was so happy he was here. I still couldn't quite grasp the situation but his calm demeanor and gentle touch made it bearable.

I was losing control of my body as the need to push it out became too much. My raging hard on wasn't helping much either. There was so much pressure building and all through my lower region and I needed an end. My release was about to come to me, in more ways than one.

Auggies hand, inching further and further down my abdomen just so happened to touch me “there”. He only just grazed the tip lightly with his hand but the that was all it took. I had been on the edge for several minutes, my dick throbbing and contracting, precum running down my shaft and dripping on to the floor. Even less of a graze than that would have send me over the edge. I felt the contractions begin. A wild throbbing consumed me. The pleasure reaching deep through my body, washing out any pain I was feeling. I gave into it, my eye rolling back into my head, my tongue flopping out of the side of my mouth. I couldn't hold back my moans and whimpers. That did it. My orgasm reached a peak and the strong, rapid contractions shot the object out of me. Thick ropes of semen spewed from my throbbing cock, coating the floor and wall in front of me, my own face, and even Auggie's hand, who wasn't able to get out of the way fast enough. It was instant relief. I gasped and panted, trying to recover my breath, as I

collapsed to the floor. I close my eye to rest, before I remembered the situation I was in.

I looked up at Auggie, who appeared shocked. His sticky, dripping hand was still held out in front of him.

"I- I'm sorry!" I exclaimed, horrified at the mess I had made of Auggie and for the first time considering what he had just witnessed. My face became burning hot and my fur stood on end.

Auggie had removed his jacket and was wiping his hand on the inside of it. Somehow, he didn't seem angry or even fazed at all. Actually, he smirked at me. A mischievous and playful smirk, his mouth turning up at one side.

"Well well, I see you're a late bloomer. Can't believe you've never laid before", his voice was playfully mocking "I thought I was late, I was 16 my first time."

"I don't understand" I said, finally able to speak again in a calm tone.

Auggie pointed behind me. A single large egg rested on the floor. It was nearly the size of my head, save for the ears. The egg was a faint, pastel blue.

"Dude, I know you're not really a people person but have you been living under a rock? You really should have paid attention in health class" he shook his head before continuing, "Well, just know this. It's normal. The first time is always the worst and it will become easier and painful." His mocking tone had become pleasant and reassuring again. "And don't worry about what happened", he patted his jacket which was now smeared with my semen on the inside, "It's happened to me before too."

"Auggie....thank you." I didn't really know what else to say. I was so grateful he was here.

"Let's get you to bed, you're probably exhausted." He helped me up, placing his arm around my shoulder and walking me back to my bedroom.