

"What the...." I sat staring baffled at my own reflection in the surface of my pool.

I lowered my hands to my stomach, making sure it wasn't just a trick of light. It wasn't. As I moved my hands over the surface of my once flat and toned stomach I realized that the lower I moved my hands on my stomach, the further out they went. A lump was starting to form in the lower portion of my abdomen.

"Fuck!" I found myself saying audibly to no one at all.

All of my hard work...for what? Something was wrong. I had to have missed something. I ran over my exercise routine again and again, making mental alterations to my schedule.

"Maybe if I skip dinner a few days a week and substitute more protein.." I mouthed the words, scratching my chin as I schemed.

I started that night. No dinner for me. I was determined to remove the bulge that was beginning to form around my midsection.

-Several Weeks Later-

I don't understand. The bulge is growing bigger and bigger every day and people are starting to take notice. Everyone is always staring at my belly. Even if they don't say anything I know what they are thinking: "Wow, Blaire's getting fat!", "Why don't you lay off the fishcakes Blaire?", "Jeez Blaire, you been skipping your exercise routines?"

"I know! I know!" Even if their words are just in my head I couldn't resist the impulse to blurt out an angry response to their nagging. My anger had gotten pretty out of control recently. My moods were all over the place. I had no doubt something was up with my diet, this was not normal.

My impulse control was at an all time low. I couldn't resist eating all sorts of unhealthy and embarrassing things. I have secretly been stuffing my face full of cat food the moment anyone turned their back. I've reached an all time low.

My stomach was now protruding. My abs were hardly visible...I was heart broken. Being a bodybuilder was my dream. I know looks aren't everything but I have always taken pride in mine. I couldn't bare the thought of losing everything I had worked so hard for.

-Several more weeks later-

I could hardly bare to look at myself. My stomach had become bigger than a basketball and everyone was talking about it. I didn't want to hear it. I spent all my days sitting at the bottom of

my pool and only coming out at night to stuff my face some more and be sick. Ms. McKenzie wants to have the vet do a house call but I refuse to be seen by anyone in this state.

I guess I've always sort of had an issue with body image. I don't look like the humans do. I'm right where I belong, in a circus with the other freaks. I know I'm so much more than that but...I'd forgotten what it's like to be at odds with myself. I felt so ashamed and I've been in a constant emotional rollercoaster. When will I be able to go back to my old life?

-Several more weeks-

I couldn't swim anymore. I had to use ladder to get in and out of my pool but most days I didn't have the energy. My middle had swollen to an enormous size and was quite firm. I couldn't get it out of my head that something was very very wrong.

Today happened to be another one of those days when I just didn't have energy. My compulsive eating had been at an all time high and I could no longer resist the urge to binge. After making my way to the ladder to get some food I heard a 'pop' and felt a weird sensation coming from my stomach when I was nearly half way up. I looked down and the water beneath me had turned a murky color.

"What the hell is this?" I murmured to myself.

I glanced around for what could be the source of the murkiness. Had I accidentally dropped food in the pool? Maybe I stepped in something in the way up? Oh God...please don't tell me I had an accident and didn't notice it. That would be so embarrassing.

As I stood half way up the stairs, pondering the situation I began to feel a strong tightness in my stomach. It was more than enough to ruin my ravenous appetite and I opted to let myself sink back down to the bottom. The uncomfortable tightness faded away shortly thereafter and I began to relax a bit. But that wasn't the end of it...

The tightness returned, this time a painful cramp that caused me to wince and shudder until it had passed. And it only got worse from there.

Lying down didn't really help the pain. It kept returning, the sensation growing stronger and the time between them growing shorter. After a few hours of bearing the pain it became unbearable.

And then I felt it. A strong pressure against my anus. The sensation caused me to double over, my rear end in the air. The pain and pressure was too much. Without even thinking I reached back there and spread with both hands, making more room for whatever was coming through. The tension only grew stronger and I found myself shaking and gritting my teeth. I like to consider myself a tough guy but I wanted to cry.

“Oh God someone please help me! Make it stop, please!” I tried to scream for help but even if someone had been close enough to hear me, the water in my pool muffled my voice.

I couldn't take it anymore. I was so scared of what could be coming out of me but my body was forcing it up against the barrier and I couldn't stop myself from pushing. I took a deep breath and bore all my weight back towards it. I felt the opening begin to widen and the pain was increasing. This would never be over until I get it out.

I pushed again, it widened further.

“Why is this happening to me?” I sobbed.

And again. This time it felt like I was being ripped apart. I moved my hand to the area and felt something smooth and round emerging. By this point I was frantic, thrashing around and pushing as hard I could to get it out.

One more push and I felt something emerge, a temporary sense of relief washing over me until the pressure built up again.

I kept pushing. I could feel the veins bulging in my face and neck. A bit more writhing and straining and it was finally over. With a rush, something finally popped out.

Catching my breath for the first time in what felt like aeons, I turned around to see what has emerged.

I couldn't believe my eyes. Behind me, attached to a tube still connected to me, floated a tiny infant. The child had skin and hair just like mine and it's tiny gills were moving gently as it inhaled and exhaled.

I grabbed the baby (my baby?), and pulled it close. A baby boy. His tiny blue eyes opened and peered up at me. He was beautiful. I still couldn't believe it. How did this happen? How was this possible?

I didn't have much time to ponder these things before I felt the pressure building up again. This time I was laying on my back and I didn't have time to move. The little baby in my arms was looking here and there, taking in his surroundings. I couldn't put him down.

I was still so scared of what was happening to my body and the pain I was having to endure but seeing the product of such pain and holding him in my arms gave me strength.

I repeated the process all over again. Bearing down and gritting my teeth against the pain. This birth was a bit easier than the last. My pushes yielded more results and through perseverance another child entered the world.

He looked just like his brother. Literally. There was basically no difference between the two. Two little twin boys. My heart swelled with love. I'd always wanted children, it's been a dream of mine for as long as I can remember. I don't know how this happened but I couldn't complain.

As I gazed at the two beautiful creations I quickly realized another was on the way.

My body knew what to do. Without any effort I instinctively started pushing and with in no time yet another sweet, identical child had entered the world.

The process repeated once again and I now had 4 little boys cuddled lovingly in my arms.

My body had grown very weak and I was losing the strength to keep going. My belly had deflated a lot but the contractions were still going strong. When will this be over....?

Pushing the final baby out was very difficult. My lack of energy left me unable to complete strong pushes and tolerate the pain. I closed my eyes. I couldn't do this anymore. I was exhausted and it was just too much to handle. Each contraction caused my body to convulse slightly and all I could do was moan in pain, hoping my weak pushes would eventually move this baby out of me.

My work paid off as I felt the head emerge. The urge to push became unbearable and I gathered up the rest of my strength to force it out in one go. With a loud scream I squeezed my eyes shut and heaved as hard as I could, the body sliding out of me. With my last ounce of strength I collected the fifth child, a boy identical to all of his brothers. I fell back on to the floor of the pool, holding 5 tiny children in my arms, and before I knew it I was fast asleep.

-The next day-

"Good morning Blaire! Dr. Lo is here to see you."

I opened my eyes. Ms. McKenzie was outside of my pool and she had the vet with her. I was sure she'd get a shock out of this one. I gathered the 5 little ones, inspecting each of them to make sure they were okay, and swam up to the surface.

The shock in the faces of Ms. McKenzie and Dr. Lo were beyond description. Dr. Lo quickly rushed out of the room leaving me with a dumbfounded Ms. McKenzie. Returning moments later she was followed by men with a stretcher that I was promptly loaded on to and taken off to her practice.

-Later-

The crew hovered around me, trying to get a peak at the 5 little miracles of nature. Being separated from my species has caused a lot of problems for me but I don't think any of them come close to not being aware of my bodies reproductive functions.

The 5 children before me were, in fact, clones of myself. 5 little mes, cradled in my arms. I couldn't help but think back in all the time leading up to this. The self loathing and striving for perfection. The 5 I have brought into this world are beautiful, pure, and perfect to me in every way. And on top of that, they *are* me. I was ready for the beginning of my new life, a life full of love and hope.