

The Optician

Irbisgreif

for Hauke

Description

HAUKE has been a good friend to me for quite a while, and I am happy to produce a story for him at last! Anyone who knows the cutie cockatrice knows that he loves when the boys lay eggs. This is a story about one boy laying eggs for him. Softer than my last story, which will probably come as a relief to many.

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“PETRIFICATION, death glares, and laser vision—solved!” read the sign over the new optician in the small town. It seemed that the latest big-city craze for specialty eyewear that protected those around furs with dangerous vision had finally reached the area. Hauke huffed at the sign—he was the ‘obvious’ client in the town, but it had been a long time since he had petrified someone. It was insulting to imply that he needed some kind of protective device for the people around him.

“I was hoping you might stop by!” said the optician, a weasel of just shy of his age.

Grinning wide, she waved to the basilisk and tried to call him in, “Why don’t you come in and see what I can do!”

Hauke huffed and shot her a glare that would turn just about anyone to a statue for eternity. Naturally, her species’ nature meant that she was not phased in the slightest.

“Now, that’s not very polite. After all, who wants to be petrified?”

Angry, the cockatrice turned down the road, huffing and refusing to pay the annoying optician any further attention. He had better things to do, like go home and—

“Everyone knows that it’d be more fun to lay eggs.”

That was it. Spinning on his feet, Hauke closed the distance with the weasel and shook his head at her, “What is wrong with you? My species lays eggs, so what? So I like men, so what?”

There was a glow in the weasel’s eyes, “Now... Who said that you were the one laying the eggs?”

Hauke stared, surprised at that. His beak fell open slightly as he tried to think of what to say. It seemed strange that she

would know something like that about his interests.

"Come inside, let's talk. I think you'll find there's a reason nobody else can see this shop, Hauke."

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HAUKE's step had an extra spring in it as he headed home. New glasses adorned his beak, surprisingly well fitted for how short the appointment had been. Other claimed effects aside, Hauke could not help but observe that his vision *had* drifted a little. He needed new glasses anyway.

As usual, the tree he was living at was withered but striving to continue as he curled down the entryway into the spacious sett he shared with his badger. Unusual, he was home after the badger today thanks to his extra stop.

"Did you have a hot date tonight that kept you away?"

Hauke huffed at that. "No. I just stopped by the eye doctor and got a new set of glasses. Come take a look."

Naturally, hearing that something about the husband's appearance had changed, Bruce moved from where they were reading to take a look. Their eyes met, and Bruce felt a chill shoot down his badgery spine. The badger raised an eyebrow in confusion, "What?"

Hauke smiled, "Do you like the look of my eyes?"

"Are you trying to scare me? You knew I'm probably immune. Now we know I *am* immune."

"Maybe, but I wanted to try these new glasses. They're supposed to block the petrification, allowing me to make eye contact and even glare at people without risking them turning into a statue forever."

"Well, the only thing it seems to be causing is a bellyache."

Hauke nodded and reached out, pulling the badger close and giving him a hug. The badger might not say it, but "almost being made a statue for all eternity" might have caused some upset—if it was not something else. The only people before who had seen 'the look' before were rendered completely immobile, weasels excepted.

That aside, the badger was quick to reassert himself—first by pressing his hug over that of the cockatrice and second by squeezing tight around his avian partner. "Now, tell me. What made you decide to..."

The badger trailed off, putting a hand to his belly, "I'm sorry, but this is too much, I think I need to go take some tums. I haven't even had dinner yet."

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OVER the next three hours, Hauke tended to his stressed husband. Despite having quickly forgiven the basilisk for the shock of having seen 'the glare', the badger simply could not deal with the lingering fears in his belly. Indeed, the process of taking something to settle his stomach, eating dinner, and retiring to bed with the basilisk had left him more distressed, not less.

It was not long at all before the basilisk was holding the badger tight and telling

him how everything was okay—which it decidedly was not. Bruce was left gripping his stomach tight. It felt to be shifting and swirling—quite the unpleasant experience and leaving the badger curled up in in what looked like a gross mockery of the foetal position.

Hauke should have been terrified that he had hurt his dear husband—but the words of that weasel lady stuck with him, and instead, he began to hold the pained badger close, trying to comfort them with the presence of a loved one. It seemed to help at first; it did not help when the badger rolled suddenly onto his knees and began panting, hard, squeezing his belly.

The sett shook with the yelling as something large and unmistakable began to shift in the badger's gut. It no longer felt like something was moving around inside, now it was clear that something definitely was. The badger huffed, sliding his pants slowly down, and glared at his husband. His words were icy cold as the worst blizzard, "What did you do to me?"

Hauke nuzzled close and held his husband, whispering softly to him. "Just once. Only once. It's the glasses. I'll never use them again. I promise."

The badger glared again, and reached out to grab the basilisk, "What—"

Hauke blushed and leaned close, avoiding that glare and instead petting the badger's tail as it flagged slightly. "Eggs."

The badger groaned as the first egg started to shift downwards, preparing to be born from a bothered badger's begrudging backside. "If you... ever... again..."

Hauke hushed Bruce and curled around his furry body, supporting him and providing the cockatrice with a lovely view of the badger's rear. As the first of the badger's eggs began to shift slowly towards that opening, Hauke was treated to the view of the badger's ring slowly pulsing and relaxing.

The badger grunted; Hauke sighed. There were not words to express how happy he felt to finally see a beautiful, pristine egg finally beginning to stretch the bottom of his loving husband. The cockatrice cooed to the straining badger, encouraging him softly to just get this set of eggs over with.

Bruce swore and bore down on egg number one. It appeared to be about the size of a ping-pong ball. It was fairly small for what normally came out of the boys that Hauke played eggy-games with. The low size did not seem to be reducing the frustrations—or the strains—of the badger.

It was not the largest thing to ever pass through the back of the badger, but the difference in shape between an egg and some of the badger's more endowed partners was leaving the badger flustered. Also different was the direction of travel. Generally the badger's sexual partners were pushing in from the outside, not forcing him open from inside.

Of course, the egg was laid quickly. As small as it was, only about four seconds passed between crowning, widest-point, and then the final drop—right into Hauke's waiting hand under his beaming attention. Unfortunately for Bruce, he did not get even the slightest bit of rest after that tiny egg.

The next appeared to be more the size of a regular chicken egg if the grunting was anything to go by. The badger brought his tail down on the happy dazed cockatrice, demanding he return his attention to his straining backside. "Never... again."

"I know."

"Get your fill. *Never again!*"

Hauke gently massaged the trembling legs on his husband, nodding in agreement. It may not be a repeatable experience, but watching that rump sway back and forth as the badger grunted and exerted himself with each contraction was worth seeing at least one beautiful time.

The cockatrice watched as the next egg began to show, just slightly expanding Bruce's ring. Hauke gently rubbed his badger and then transitioned into giving him a hug. The chicken-sized (and shaped) egg began to show, making its presence known to the world as it's slick sides slowly pressed the badger open.

Each push drew another series of grunts from the badger. Two basilisk arms comforted him as—slowly but surely—he worked that egg out to its widest point. By this point, the badger was shaking. The strain of squatting and laying eggs was causing his knees to feel as weak and soft as putty.

With the egg stressing him in strange ways, Bruce collapsed into Hauke's grasp. The force of the fall was just enough to bring loose the second, slightly larger egg, which fell into Hauke's coiled tail with a soft 'plop'. The cockatrice rubbed his face against his husband's belly, reassuring him that he was

as lovely as ever while laying these pretty eggs.

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FORTY-FOUR minutes, seven seconds passed as the last two eggs moved agonizingly slowly towards the exit from the badger's body. Unlike the first two, typical of size for a small bird, the second two were far more 'badger sized'. As a result, Bruce was shaking and needed to sit in the 'laying chair' that Hauke had purchased some time ago for his own use.

The badger did not stop giving Hauke the evil eye as the next egg, oblong and easily the size of one's fist, slowly worked out. The last one had crowned, widened, and finally been laid quite simply in comparison. This one was bigger than all but the largest of things that the badger had taken in his backside before. He rocked as he sat, groaning and moaning about the feeling of various strange tubes in his body stretching and straining to accommodate and apply birthing pressure on the egg.

Hauke lay next to the badger, petting his shaking legs and occasionally rubbing his belly to help encourage that egg to finally reach the outside world. With a smile, he nuzzled Bruce's chest. "You're doing great, hun. You're dilated to about an inch right now. I'm sure I'll be able to see the egg soon."

Bruce grunted loudly in reply, straining to push that egg from his backside. He looked to the ceiling in frustration as he replied, "I shouldn't be *dilated* at all. I'm a badger."

The cockatrice nodded and caressed his husband's belly. "Just relax when the contractions pass, you need the energy for—"

He was interrupted by the next contraction, and Bruce screwed his face into a grimace as he bore down hard on the next egg. Finally, it began to show underneath him, pushing out and making Hauke almost sing with joy at seeing such a healthy, large egg push from the backside of his one-and-only.

"I can see it now, hun. Maybe about a baseball in size?"

Bruce almost screamed in reply, but was forced to gasp deep breaths while he could, knowing that he had only a few moments before the next wave of contractions came and forced him to use every muscle of his abdomen to lay that egg. Bruce was working out muscles he did not even know existed. Somehow, he had always imagined that laying eggs was like doing kegels. Instead, he found parts of his body he could not even name were pressing down with each contraction to move the egg from the inside to the outside.

"Almost to the widest point, dear. You're doing well. I love you."

Bruce did scream this time, as the last inch of egg diameter finally passed through his ring, giving him a chance to release his internal tension—and get deep breaths to steel his spirit for the next, final, and biggest egg that he was going to lay.

It had sat as the elephant in the room—more accurately it was the football in the badger. It was the only one of the four visible in how it stretched his belly out, and the pair had watched as it slowly moved

after the others. It was not yet stretching any of the badger, but with everything else laid, there was no avoiding that final egg moving out.

Tears were streaming down Bruce's face as he grunted in surprise. Even knowing that something massive was coming, he could not predict just how extreme the stretching would feel. Like the other eggs, this one was coming blunt-side first, and the hemisphere leading the way was not being gentle.

After a moment of strange motions from the badger's legs, Hauke caught on and gently helped press them as wide as possible. Anything to help reduce the pressure on Bruce's lower abdomen and pelvis. The sett was shaking at this point from the yelling and grunting between contractions, and both badger and basilisk were happy for the lack of near neighbours.

A shudder washed across Bruce's body as he fell forward, gasping for breath. "Is it out yet?"

"I can just barely see it. There's a lot left."

Bruce's cry of frustration and anguish shook the seat, and another wave of contractions were combined by desperate squeezing of his own belly. Anything to increase the pressure and get the egg free of him so he could get back to not being an egg-laying mammal!

Sadly for the badger, the exertion and contractions of that wave had moved the egg further in, not out. The poor thing's abdominal muscles were not as developed as a devoted egg-layer, and he was reaching

his limit as he struggled to get this last, massive egg free.

"Get it out of me!"

Hauke frowned and gave his mate a gentle hug, cooing softly and slinking away, returning once he had fetched his bag of equipment for dealing with being egg bound. Still, it was a massive egg, and there was no telling just how much work it would take.

Hauke started by wrapping a warm towel across Bruce's belly and back, then, softly cooing, he carefully slipped a gloved, lubed finger into the badger, feeling around to locate the position of the egg. Once he had zeroed in on the offending ovum, he carefully passed a narrow tube up alongside the egg, and with a "good hen" plunger full of warm laying lube, he carefully lubricated up the route for the egg to pass.

"Just one contraction dear, I want to see if that helps."

Bruce shook. He was concious, but too exhausted to even respond, much less to try.

"Okay. Just a moment."

Carefully, Hauke began messaging Bruce's belly. He was as careful as possible with each movement. Between artificial contractions, he gently prodded inside, making sure that he was making progress getting the egg out and not damaging any part of the lovely badger.

"Doing fine."

A careful push brought the egg to crown, and the badger, thanks to the chance to recover, was able to start pushing weakly along with the massaging pressure, slowly moving the egg out. For the first time, he

felt as his backside was actually seriously stretched to a point far beyond anything he had ever taken or done before.

Imagining how much he was going to end up gaping after this, and staring at the ceiling still with frustration in his eyes, he lay a hand atop Hauke's as he gave that massage.

Half-a-minute later, the egg was at its widest point. Everything was, metaphorically—and for the egg, literally—downhill from there. Slowly, his body worked out the last of the egg, gently laying it on the padding beneath him on Hauke's laying chair.

"Is... it... over?"

"Yes. You did well. I promise not ever again. Promise and swear."

With a nod and a shudder, Bruce passed out. Hauke carried the badger to bed, lay him safe on the mattress, and curled around him and slept with him, feeling his body heat. Never again, but worth it once.

