

The world very nearly coming to an end changes a lot of things. Funny how that happens. Going from having few expectations of a family life to suddenly being on the brink of giving birth to eight healthy babies was definitely something Gundham struggled with at first. Yes, it was for the good of the world and all, for former Ultimates to reproduce and help repopulate the world with better and smarter people, but it was not a concept he'd had a lot of time to get used to before it was sprung on him.

Now here he is, deeply in strong, hard labor, rocking back and forth on his hands and knees, his body desperate for friction and relief while he desperately tries to get the last of his clothes -- his sweatpants -- off of his body so that he can give birth to the rapidly emerging baby between his legs.

Part of this is his own fault, he supposes. He's been in labor since this morning, but figured he'd have enough time between then and now to get everything prepared, and he almost had. Then, suddenly, his waters broke, and everything moved incredibly fast from there. The environment of this new world, changed by so many different factors, ensured two things for his pregnancy: one, he would definitely bear more than one child, and two, the experience would feel more amazing than anything he's ever felt before then. At first, he doesn't believe the others when they tell him, but oh, once his waters break and the contractions start hitting so hard, with barely seconds between, he realizes they weren't kidding at all.

It's a terrible time to realize that, quite frankly. It's really a miracle he manages to get his coat, shirt, and scarf off before kneeling on the bed, biting back moans as he sinks onto his hands and knees and lets the pleasure nearly overtake him. He *knows* he can't hold on for much longer, *knows* that his daughter needs desperately to be born, but he doesn't want her birthplace to be in his clothes. Even so, that looks like what's about to happen; the contractions are coming fast and hard, with only a few seconds between, and when he's not locked in orgasm between them, there's just not enough time to peel off the soaked pants.

*Damn.* At least the sweatpants are loose enough that, maybe, he can let her head come out, get some relief and hopefully have enough time to get them off but -- *oh no*, that's not going to work. His g-spot rests low in his vaginal canal, and if -- no, when -- her head meets it, it's all over. He won't be able to fight the need to give birth or hold her back any longer. It'll just send him right into the fog of birthing bliss, and he'll likely cum the baby out into his pants anyway. For all the Gods' sake, where was Kazuichi when you needed him?

Right, that had been Gundham's fault, too. *Yes, it's fine if you go down to the main hall for dinner, I'll be fine* he'd said, knowing good and well he had maybe an hour before giving birth to their children. *Idiot.* Of all people, the Ultimate Breeder should have known better, but love makes you blind, so they say.

He's hit with another contraction, and again he moans, swaying on his hands and knees as he lifts one hand to rub his belly, whimpering out "Please, just a -- just a little longer, d-don't -- *ugh!* -- you -- can't be born -- like this." He pants at the end of the sentence, trying to breathe and think and *focus* on something that might slow her progress. Perhaps changing position?

As quickly as he can, he turns to lie on his side, props his upper body up with pillows while he lifts one leg. Perhaps this will --

"Haaaahn, nhhhh, g-good..." Gundham whines, holding his belly with both hands. "Feels -- t-too good, oh, *shit* she's coming --" Sure enough, the change in position has only helped the baby engage and move faster, her thick head rubbing harshly at his open cervix before squeezing through. His legs spasm and twitch with another orgasm, feeling a burst of fluid leave him yet again, what the fabric can't absorb dripping from him onto the bed. The fluid only helps the baby along, her body pushing through his slick, wet, tight tunnel despite him trying to keep her back.

Gundham writhes on the bed, tries to reach down to slide the pants down his hips, then gets hit with another contraction so hard he swears he sees white for a moment. He dares not cum while he can help it, the slippery lubricant his body produces will no doubt allow her to slide through him that much easier.

But, either way, he's got to give in now. He's got no choice. His body won't let him focus on anything except birth, and he's so very desperate to birth his daughter. He's got to give birth. There's no way around it. He's got to let her come. Pants or no, she's stubbornly making her way out of him despite his best efforts, so if she's going to be born like this, so be it.

Clutching his belly, he wails desperately "She's *coooooiiiiing!*" now fully prepared to aid his body in pushing as it wants him to.

That is, of course, until the door slams open, and Kazuichi stands in the doorway, panting, quite obviously panicked at the sight before him.

"Holy fucking *shit*, babe," he breathes out. "I --"

"Take them *off!*" Gundham nearly screeches, his words dissolving into deep grunts as he pushes along with the next strong contraction, just as his body urges him to.

It's a good thing that Kazuichi has gotten very good at taking off his clothes. No sooner are his pants around his knees than Gundham's pushes squeeze the baby down much farther than he expected, the top of her head brushing his spot just behind his swollen labia, starting to bulge when her head presses down more.

"Oh, oh, ooooooh, aaaaaahhhhhh!" He screams in pleasure as he cums, loud *squirt!* sounds coming from his cunt as it spasms and twitches along with the rest of his body. It's by far the most powerful orgasm he's ever had, and he deserves it, he thinks, after holding back for so long. His hands are still holding his belly, but he moves one to hook behind his knee, to make sure he keeps himself spread so the baby can come. "Haaaaah, h-her -- *ah! Ah! Ah!*" As he tries to speak, his face relaxes into pure orgasmic bliss, but he desperately needs to get his words out, "h-her head, it's -- it's *coming*, Kazuichi, hold her head, *ohhhh* --" He can feel her, every inch of her inside of him, her head still pushing against his spot while he cums relentlessly, and he wants to just lean back and let go *so badly* but he has to make sure she's safe.

"Hey, it's alright, I've got her, I've got you," Kazuichi tells him, voice still shaking with anxiety, though the hand that rubs at Gundham's thigh is steady. "Go ahead, it's okay."

"Nnh -- *haaaah*," Gundham breathes out with Kazuichi's assurance, leaning his head back against the propped-up pillows and finally allowing himself to be lost in the sensations of giving birth. More

*squirt, splurt* sounds leave him as fluid streams from his body in thick spurts, the pressure behind his labia increasing as he pushes the baby down further. He can feel the skin of his cunt bulge, then gives a shuddering groan when, finally, his folds start to open around her head. "Ah, hah, oh, Kazuichi, a mirror, please," he pants out, lifting his head for just a moment. It's impossible to see anything at this angle without one, considering how huge he is, but he does want to see his firstborn come into the world.

Kazuichi nods and hunts around the bedroom for a second, then finds a small handheld mirror big enough and returns to his boyfriend, angling it carefully towards his legs so he doesn't need to hold it, leaving both hands free for the emerging head. "She's -- wow, she's right there, her head's coming out."

All Gundham has to do, thankfully, is tilt his head a bit to catch sight of the scene in the mirror: between his spreading folds is just a small circle of slick, wet black hair. His daughter. His *child*. His breath catches in his throat for a minute, before he gives a low groan as the contraction ends, and she slides back in a bit. The action of her sliding back in makes him cum once again, letting out a shaky "haaah" as it happens.

He keeps his eyes on the mirror as he pushes, watching as the head comes out, less and less with each push and orgasm. "She's -- she's, *aahh*, she's being born," he's able to moan out after a few tries. Her head is starting to come to a full crown now between his thighs, and he reaches down with his free hand to touch her head, slick with birthing fluid and lubricant from his body. "S-she's -- coming, I'm *cumming*!" He gives a few more low grunts as he cums once again, fluid *squirting* out from around the emerging head in thick streams.

Gundham pants shakily, trying to get in some deep breaths after the orgasm fades, and he can now see that the baby has reached a full crown. When another contraction comes and he bears down gently with it, he realizes something now that he didn't before.

"Oh, oh, oh *God* her *face*," he wails, now realizing that she's coming with her face turned upwards. He keeps his pushes gentle and delicate, even as he screams with pleasure when her face pushes roughly against his clit. He moves his hand to grip the sheets, tightly, rocking his hips desperately as the sound of fluid *splurting* from his pussy becomes audible. Even through the relentless orgasms, he knows he has to keep his pushes gentle, so as not to cause any harm to himself later.

All the while, Gundham watches as more and more of her head becomes visible, his series of gentle, rhythmic pushes getting her out to her forehead. It's amazing, truly incredible, like nothing he's ever felt before, and even as he gets rest between the contractions, his body trembles, because her face is still resting just behind his clit. With another push, she finally starts to slide past, Gundham managing to gasp out "oh she's coming, oh *God* she's coming" as Kazuichi rests his hand beneath her emerging head. She continues slipping from him until she's born out to the chin, then Gundham heaves out a push as well as a loud "gah!" that sees her entire head born into her father's hand.

Gundham gives a blissful sigh when her head is finally born, then grunts lowly as her shoulders push against him, begging to be born. One rubs harshly against his g-spot, and he wails out "I'm *cumming* her out~!" as he pushes, pussy twitching around the emerging baby. There's no cord around her neck, so there's nothing to worry about as he cums and pushes, her slippery body starting to slide from him with

little resistance. He cums out her first shoulder with relative ease, and Kazuichi supports it as the baby turns, the second shoulder pressing hard against him again, making him sob out one more time before slipping out like the one before it with a gush of fluid.

Perfect. Gundham watches in the mirror as his body takes over the rest of her birth, grunting out a soft series of "*uh, uh, uh*" whenever it contracts and pushes more of her long, thick body from him. He can feel her slipping out of him, the sensation of her body making him cum more, slicking her body and making it easier yet to birth her. "Here -- here she comes!" He finally cries, his muscles tightening with an orgasm and a solid push. Her arms are freed as she's born to the chest, then out slides her stomach and bottom half, her whole body finally born with a deep "ugh!" from Gundham and a rush of fluid, bringing with it some of the umbilical cord.

And there, resting on the bed between his thighs, crying loudly, is his first born daughter, who he quite literally cummed out into the world.

Gundham sniffs, then laughs a little as Kazuichi wraps her in the first thing he can find -- a loose sheet -- cleaning her up a bit before passing her to him. Gundham rests her on his bare chest, her soft skin on his, guiding her head to his round, heavy breast swollen with milk so that she can nurse. She quickly and easily latches on to his nipple and suckles, milk flowing easily into her soft little mouth.

"You were quite eager to come out, weren't you?" Gundham sighs, relaxing against the pillows as his daughter nurses. Kazuichi crouches down beside him, looking at their baby with awe.

"Wow. She's... she's *huge*," he remarks. "I mean, for a baby. At least nine pounds, you think?"

Gundham nods, stroking her head with his thumb. "I assure you, she felt much bigger coming out." They both share a little laugh as Kazuichi rests his head next to Gundham's lovingly. "Her name is Sora Tanaka."

Sora Tanaka enters the world as a symbol of a new start for a world which had previously lost hope.