

The ride back to Rue's apartment was awkward, to say the least. Tai, heavy and full of over two dozen huge eggs, needed her help not only to put his pajama bottoms on, but also to move the front passenger seat back so he could slide in. Even with some messing around and trying to get his seatbelt on, Tai had to end up simply holding it mostly closed over his girth.

Oh, yeah, and he'd sucked Rue's dick, so that was an unveiled topic of conversation that he knew she wouldn't want to talk about.

So they drove home in silence, as the sky darkened from afternoon rust into evening gray, up until Tai turned on the radio just for the sake of background noise.

He knew it was weird, too. That was what stopped him from talking about it, or making light of the fact that Rue had basically assisted with his forced impregnation of what was either a weird animal's or more likely an alien's spawn. Usually, he would offer something- anything- and then snipe back at the person who commented first, but not with Rue. He still kind of hoped she understood, but he didn't want to risk her embarrassment over her body's own response, funnily enough. He just wanted it to go smoothly. He didn't want her to kick him out. Or worse yet, *want* to kick him out but think she was unable because of his 'condition.'

So when he finally stopped fidgeting with the seatbelt between his hands and said, "that went well," he didn't really know what to expect.

What happened was that Rue's face flushed as she turned into her parking space. "It- um. Something like that," she mumbled, and turned off the car. And then, in what seemed like an effort to skip over that conversation, she opened her door and added, "I'll help you out."

And Tai... well, he took the help without more than a nod, Rue bracing and hefting him up with Tai's own helpful grip on the edge of the door and his knees spread wide to keep the weight even. Once to his feet, he could at least waddle along on his own, to Rue's blessedly street-level door. He did, vaguely, wonder what the neighbors thought, if they even paid attention. Most of the time, just like Rue's, their blinds were closed but that didn't mean they couldn't snoop around. Not that there was anything weirder than the sudden appearance of his pregnant belly going on, and even if they *did* gossip, what more was there to say? This was a gentrified neighborhood; it wasn't like they could call the cops on him and get anything out of it.

Still. He hurried inside and closed the door behind them both.

What he expected after that was for Rue to hole herself up in her room until such time that she forced herself outside of its confines. What he got was her crossing over to the kitchen and the sink turning on, an indication that she was making tea. The pop of the kettle's on button confirmed it. He stood there, back already starting to feel the twinge from the weight balanced at his lower abdomen, and then decided it was best just to stay quiet for now. He took one of the

pillows from the couch and put it in the second of the two high-backed chairs that adorned the living room. With that behind his back, he levered himself down and let out a breath.

Oof. Already he felt like he shouldn't be as big as he was- with his elbows at his sides, he couldn't touch his fingertips over his belly at all, the mass hanging round and heavy and taut. He rubbed the heel of his hand over it, pressing enough to be able to feel the shapes within him, and if he pushed hard enough, he thought he could maybe even get them to shift under the pressure.

What he *should* do was shower. He was still damp with sweat and come- both his and the creature's- and he smelled like sex and dirt. He just didn't think he had the energy just then. He'd been out in the woods for a good while, wandering around, and the creature's weak attempts at impregnating him had taken long enough even aside from Rue coming to help. Leaning back, Tai closed his eyes, the slow, repetitive motion of stroking his engorged belly lulling him into a haze.

He did at one point hear vague footsteps and the sound of a teacup and saucer being placed on the coffee table, but he only opened his eyes a sliver before letting them close again. The next disturbance came a few moments afterward, with a tentative touch on his shoulder and a mumbled, "Tai?"

"Mn," he answered, face scrunching. He blinked.

"If you're... why not sleep in... in a bed?"

"But then I gotta get up," he grumbled back.

"I'll help," Rue offered, taking his elbow. He sighed and let her pull him to his feet, then guide him into the spare room. She stayed next to him while he sank down, then as he turned and adjusted to get comfortable on his side, she fluffed the pillows and arranged them between his legs and behind his back and under his brood-thickened belly. As her penultimate act, she threw a blanket over him and tucked it over his shoulder, and then, very briefly, touched his hair, brushing her fingers through his bangs.

And then she left him to sleep.

When Tai finally woke, the sun was long-up. His hand went, almost automatically, to his belly, stroking over the rounded surface, then harder, pushing so that the eggs sloshed against each other and resettled. He sighed, pushing himself up, more used to the weight than he had been before, and much less exhausted.

He took his time gathering new clothes, digging through to find the biggest T-shirt he could, and a stretchy pair of cotton pajama bottoms. All the while, his belly dragged at him, stretched and full, but at the same time, the thought of Rue's quiet pulled at him too. Maybe... after this, he should get out of her hair. Make it less awkward. Give her her room back. Not that he *wanted* to, it might just be better.

Undecided, he slunk across the tiny hall, as well as he could, to the bathroom.

He wanted a hot shower, hot enough to scrub the filth from his skin all by itself, but he couldn't stand that temperature. As it was, the eggs seemed to keep him cool, like they were little ice cubes, so when he did try turning on hot water and the steam began to build, the disparity started to make him sick so he turned it down just enough to be comfortable but not cool.

Despite that, he stayed in the shower for a while, washing the grime from his hair, soaping up a loofah and cleaning every inch of himself he could reach, and letting the water run over his head as he leaned against the wall with his belly hanging low.

The mirror had barely fogged up by the time he got out and toweled himself off, and sat on the closed toilet to pull his pants on. Usually, he ignored his reflection, it never being exactly what he wanted, but with the condensation already having gone he didn't have much choice, and what he saw... What he saw was himself, hair cut short enough to be a shaggy black mess, a determined pinch to his oval features. He'd already resigned himself to being unable to wear his binder, previous experience telling him it was a bad idea if he wanted to, you know, breathe, and so his breasts hung free. However, under the oversized shirt and against his massive middle, they looked almost like he was wearing his binder anyway. He ran his hands under his belly, pushing at it to force the eggs to move.

He looked... like he wanted to look. It was a weird feeling, knowing that was actually *himself*, and not what anyone else wanted him to be.

Tai left the bathroom with the ghost of a smile on his face. He found Rue in the kitchen, a tupperware and cooking pot in hand.

"Oh, um," she said, as he padded in. "I- I didn't know when you- um. When you'd be up so I- I was putting this away, but, um... if you're hungry...?"

She offered him the tupperware, a portion of mac and cheese in it, half-covering a piece of chicken. Considering she was vegetarian, she must have made it with him in mind. It... made him feel a way, that she remembered, or even cared.

He took the tupperware. "Thanks."

Then came a pause. Rue looked at him. He reached like he was going to take a fork, but didn't open the drawer. "Hey," he started. "So... when this is over, you just... want me to go? 'Cause then it doesn't gotta be weird, and I've got all this other stuff to keep me going so I won't mooch off you anymore..."

Rue tilted her head. "I- you don't... have to go," she said, her tone making it a question. Her nose went subtly pink. "Or I... if you want to go, you- you can but- Tai, I want you to stay- here."

"Yeah, 'cause it's safe, but if I don't do this anymore-" this he said with a gesture at his huge belly- "then I'll be fine. And you can have your room back, and it won't be weird."

"Tai, I don't- it... it doesn't matter. It wasn't- it..." Her blush burned deeper, and she curled her hands in her skirt. For a moment, she went quiet, and then she mumbled, "I liked it."

"...Oh," Tai said, not really sure how to reply to that. She'd liked it. Well yeah, she better have- Tai damn well knew what he was doing when it came to sucking cock. And of course her body had betrayed her in the first place, but for her to *admit* it? "Hah." He laughed feebly. "Could always try an' get away with rent payments courtesy of BJ."

"What- I..." A pause. "Oh- n- no- Tai, I-"

"Kidding! Kidding, jeez, don't have a heart attack."

Her blush hadn't faded. Rue wrung her hands, avoiding his glance, and nodded silently in confirmation.

"Look, I just don't like owing stuff," Tai clarified.

Rue nodded. "But you-"

"Yeah, you said I didn't. I'm just making sure I don't end up owing you any more, 'cause I know I do, for that, an' don't say I don't, 'cause minus the dick suck, that was a fuckin' *mess*."

He turned to take a fork as Rue contemplated his meaning. "That's... Tai, you still don't. I- it's fine if you think you do but... but I don't. You pay rent and- and you cook, and clean, and... you're- you're good company. So... I want you to stay."

Tai poked at the macaroni. He shifted his weight, his back protesting, and set the bowl down so he could dig his knuckles into the swell of his abdomen. "...Okay," he finally said. There wasn't much more he could say. Staying, that was what he wanted, too.

"You... you should relax," Rue said. "I can make tea."

"Okay," Tai said again, and meant it.

Over the next few days, Tai and Rue fell back into routines. As big as this brood was- his belly already pushed out as if he was carrying a set of late-stage triplets, and no doubt going to expand even more- there was little he could do that didn't put strain on his back or legs and cause them to flare with pain. He did still try to stay active, waddling around the apartment, trying his hand at more complicated recipes, and at least making an effort to clean. But really all that made him was quickly achy and tired, and relegated to either laying in bed or sitting in a chair with pillows for extra support.

He couldn't help but notice Rue's insistence that he *stay* on bedrest, too. He did as much as he dared, of course, but when he ran out of energy, Rue was there immediately, encouraging him to relax, guiding him to the closest comfortable surface. She *doted* on him, was what he realized. He didn't have to get up or move to get anything, nor did he have to ask with the way Rue kept checking on him.

And she liked it, too. She smiled, small of course, but a vastly different expression to the quietly worried pinch or hesitant purse that she normally wore. While Tai wanted to refuse the help he carefully kept himself silent on the matter, but did at least keep his requests to a minimum since that feeling of owing her still sat at the back of his mind.

As the days went on, though, he got restless. Where he would usually be walking, he was sitting, and the months without being pregnant had been so wildly different that when he did become tired much easier, he also became grumpy. He *wanted* to go outside and *wanted* to walk or go dancing, but it wasn't just the weight that concerned him. A small part of him still welled with anxiety at the thought of leaving home without his binder, not to mention that his generally male-looking self would draw a lot of eyes where such a heavy and awkward pregnancy came into play. They didn't live a small-town life, not in the least, so their neighbors knew their faces but not much else, and yet even Tai coming home the first day surely would have raised some questions and eyebrows.

That, and the stirrings of the creatures inside their shells had begun. Tai hadn't even noticed it right away, and it wasn't until he'd simply been sitting and a sudden tremor gurgled through his belly that he remembered it at all. He pressed his hand onto the brood, and another small shift came from the eggs, signaling they were one step further into their development. And that told him it was also going to get worse.

So Tai did the best he could, but there was only so much even Rue could do when he became frustrated. They at least worked out a sort of late-night schedule, Rue helping him to the car after the streetlights had long-come on, and driving to the only nearby park that was open after

dusk. It was usually empty, the occasional late runner or guy with a dog happening by, and no questions asked when Rue followed after.

There was yet another problem, though, and that was that Tai was restless all around. He took up a good deal of time on six or eight of his projects at once, keeping his hands busy, and of course Rue stayed busy with her own work and clients. But Tai felt *squirmy*, even more than the movements of the eggs made him. He finally gave into it late one afternoon when Rue's client had finished their appointment.

He waddled into the living room, almost a week and a half gone by and his belly having expanded to match, very definitely looking as if he was either carrying quadruplets or he'd swallowed a rather large dog. Rue sat on the couch, gathering up her tarot cards and putting them away, and Tai sat next to her, then turned and leaned against her like a pillow.

"Um, hello, Tai. Did you... need something, since I'm finished?"

He sighed, adjusting a little, and Rue put her card deck aside, running her fingers through his hair soothingly. Or what he thought was meant to be soothingly. Right then, it just made him more desperate. "I want sex," he said, and Rue's hand paused.

"I- um-"

"I don't care what," Tai continued, turning so he could sit up more, against the back of the couch, then clambering awkwardly to try and crawl closer to Rue. "I'll... suck your dick, or you can fuck me, or something, I just wanna get off."

"Tai-"

"Please, fuck me," he whined, halfway to crawling into her lap, though his girth didn't allow much more.

"*Tai*, it's okay," Rue insisted, resting her hand on his arm. He quieted, and she patted him. Despite her blush, she smiled softly. "I can... I'll always help."

She looked at him, and he looked down at himself, and back up. "The... the bed will be... easier for you," she continued, standing and offering her hands so Tai could heft himself from the couch.

And now- not that he wasn't thinking about it before- but now he was very aware of the anticipation of what came next. He followed after, Rue having not let go of his hand, whether subconscious or not, and while no one was going to come into the apartment, he shut his bedroom door behind them.

Tai eased himself onto the edge of the bed, but again didn't let go of Rue's hand. He kept her there, murmuring, "Hang on," before he let go and proceeded to try and slide to the floor. It took Rue a moment, and a questioning noise, before she helped him sink to his knees, his belly nestled between them, wide and round. One of the eggs jostled and sent a few others into their own movements; the curves of their shells distended Tai's belly as they changed position.

"C'mere," he said, changing his grip and tugging her closer, pushing her to stand. Just from that, and the way he let his hand linger on the front of her skirt, he could tell she was getting hard.

And this time, instead of sliding his hands up under her skirt, he brushed them over her hips, finding her waistband and tugging it down so it pooled around her feet. "Y'know," he said as he ran his hands over her soft thighs, "It's funny to me how you wear them fancy underwear."

He hooked his fingers under the lace of her panties, pulling them down and letting her straining erection bounce free. She whimpered, knees twitching, and he leaned into her leg. "Don't get me wrong, I like 'em on you. Just goes to show what kinda person you are... under all them skirts and long sleeves."

"I- I-" she started, but didn't get far. Tai flattened his hand under her navel and drug it downward, pressing his palm over her cock and then wrapping his fingers around it.

"You should facefuck me," he mumbled, sitting up just enough to brush his lips over the tip. She shuddered, and he opened his mouth, settling her on his tongue. He knew she wouldn't; she was too gentle so far to even think of it, maybe even thinking she might hurt him somehow. So he left it at that and took it upon himself to do the fucking for her.

He stuck his tongue out as far as he could, bathing the underside of her cock with saliva and closing his lips over the tip. She jerked under his hands, and he smirked, especially when her flustered hands found places to grip- one clinging to the hem of her blouse and the other settling in his hair. With that, Tai adjusted a little, scooting forward, his belly brushing her shins and her stance widening just a little, both for her own balance and so he could get closer. And closer he got, leaning to take her almost fully into his mouth, schooling the urge to gag as her cock brushed the back of his throat.

Rue twitched like she wanted to thrust, but kept herself in check and let Tai do as he liked. Hand still around the base of her shaft, he squeezed gently, stroking as he pulled back, tongue pushed to the underside of her cock and lips pursed. He only managed to stroke twice more before Rue's grip tightened.

"W-wait," she panted, and he paused, nose brushing her pubic hair. Deliberately, she let go of his hair. "You should... get- get back on the bed."

Tai's face pinched. He pursed his lips and dragged his mouth over Rue's cock, letting it go with a *pop*. "But I wanted-"

"I know." Rue breathed. "Just... please."

Tai hesitated, then let his hands drop from Rue. She reached to help him up, and with effort, he returned to sitting on the edge of the bed. She took up her skirt as well, pulling it back over her hips; it tented over her erection.

"Be right back," she mumbled, and stepped away, leaving Tai wet and needy and- he glanced at the floor, where she'd left her panties. ...Oh.

She returned maybe a minute later, seeming unchanged. She even left her panties where she'd stepped out of them and instead went to Tai, touching his arm again. "Lay down?"

This time, he did so without argument. He could still see the way her skirt lay, showing off how hard she was. Tai lay down on his side, and Rue took the time to at least put a pillow under his heavy belly.

"Tai," she murmured, hand lingering, then brushing down the front of his belly and to his side, and then his hip. "There's... there's something about you. I don't- I don't know what... it is," she said, hooking her fingers under his pajama pants' waistband and tugging at them.

Tai, now fully understanding exactly what Rue was planning, shifted so she could free him from his pants. He struggled briefly with his shirt too, ducking into the tent of fabric and shoving it off as best he could. Rue, meanwhile, shimmied her skirt off. Her erection bobbed free, that minute she'd spent now revealed in the condom it wore, and Tai squirmed in anticipation.

"Aw, fuck, Rue-" he started, and she moved, sliding her hand under his knee and raising it, opening him wide to her.

"I'll... I'll take care of you," she said, rubbing his raised leg and guiding herself into his damp and waiting slit.

Tai took her easily; Rue sank into him, Tai bearing down against the sensation. It wasn't like the tentacles, not wiggly and squirmy, but just a solid, constant pressure, the drag of Rue's cock against his inner walls, the texture of the condom playing at his slit. "*Oh*, god, yes, fuck. That."

Rue stayed put, her thumb rubbing Tai's leg. "I- I like you, Tai," she said softly. And then she began to thrust, and Tai fell into a wash of feeling.

Each thrust picked up into a rhythm, and before long, the slap of skin-on-skin timed with how the push and drag moved Tai's body, back and forth. His belly, too, moved, but out of synch; Tai

clung to the blankets with one hand, the other pressed flat under his girth and feeling the shape of the eggs, how the movement pressed them against each other and how they in turn moved, as if they were complaining against the rocking motion. As Rue picked up speed, she angled differently, spreading her knees wider so that she sank fully into him each time. Tai shivered, panting, head tilted into the mattress. The eggs jangled against each other, and then they shifted, making and filling space in a new configuration; Tai felt the pressure change and groaned, and Rue did him one better in sliding her hand over his and pressing, then sneaking beneath his belly to find his clit.

Fingers damp from his wetness, she slipped them across herself and his slit, then over his clit, and Tai came undone. He shuddered to orgasm, mouth open and silent against the feeling. Rue thrust twice more and leaned over him, buried deep, as she, too, came, thick and hot even behind the barrier of the condom.

Rue stayed in him, Tai's leg clamped over her and preventing her moving anyway. "Are- are you okay?" she asked quietly after several moments.

Tai laughed breathily, taking a few big gulps of air, then moved his leg and pulled at Rue's arm. "M'good."

Rue went willingly, turning and pressing herself to Tai's back, and then after a moment, sliding her hand over his belly too. Tai, warm and sated, also suddenly realized he felt... content. Comfortable, and *right*. Something about that made him tense, but Rue petted his belly, and tucked her face against his hair, and it slowly bled away.

That was, until- "Rue?"

"Hm?"

"I gotta pee."

Tai didn't want to think about what was to come. The eggs needed to be-... 'born,' was the closest word either of them used for it. And really, it was Rue that started worrying. Tai's stomach strained against the huge eggs, and Rue had wondered if he could even manage to have them without some sort of medical involvement. They both understood that Tai even going to a doctor or hospital for an ultrasound would make news at the very least, and have him put under observation and testing, let alone anything else. So they came to the mutual agreement that whatever happened, happened, unless it went really wrong.

There was no under-the radar doctor as far as Rue could find, but she did put an emergency number in her phone, just in case.

Planning the *rest* of it, however, proved difficult.

If Tai had them at home, then there was the issue of transporting them back to water, but the overall process would be more private, and they wouldn't have to worry about being in the dirt while Tai was in labor. On the other hand, the creek wasn't too far away; once Tai went into labor, they could load some things into the car and get him close to the water, or even in it.

To Tai, both options sucked. Having to stay holed up didn't do him any mental good despite the privacy, but being outside, there was always the risk of a passerby. Not that he was much for thinking clearly about it anyway; the little creatures in the eggs grew more and more wiggly each day. Tai could not only feel them moving almost constantly, but could see them more frequently, too, in the way the eggs slipped against each other, pushing in and out and distending him around their soft shells so that his belly looked lumpy with them. They reacted to his own changes in position too, his stomach hanging low and heavy when he stood, or squashing longer like a torpedo when he lay down.

Two days later, with the eggs settled into a sort of loop of activity- sloshing and jangling against each other whether Tai was up and about or sitting-, Rue presented a sort of third option. No doubt it would be uncomfortable for a little while, but she suggested, showing Tai a map on her phone, one of the national parks. Trailheads littered those types of areas for miles, and if they drove as far as they could, they could make their leisurely way closer to the mountains and the creeks and rivers there.

Tai pursed his lips, but it did make sense. If they packed and camped for a couple days, they killed a couple birds at once. Up closer to the mountains would keep them away from prying eyes for not only the birth but for depositing the eggs in the water. The only problem lay in what might happen if things went awry, but Rue worried more about that than Tai did. He *had* to not think about it, because if he did, he'd go down a rabbit hole. Besides, there wasn't any other way *to* do it.

So he agreed, and they set about packing supplies.

He'd not been keeping track of how long his pregnancies had been, exactly. All he knew was it was something like a couple weeks. This time, it was a bit easier to keep track, even with the rush to put everything together for their camping trip, and they were nearing a sort of mid-end point, with maybe a couple days left, if they were right. Which meant, for the most part, that they had to go out shopping instead of buying things online.

Tai wasn't so big that Rue could justify leaving him behind, either, even with the constant shifting of the brood. He frowned at her when she suggested it, more out of his own restlessness but also because he knew the entire reason she'd hired him for shopping in the first place was her fear of people. So he went with her, wearing his biggest shirt and his hoodie

with the hood up. Leaning on shopping carts helped a great deal, too, not to mention that a Wal-Mart spree wasn't exactly the classiest of options. But then, it was at least a one-stop trip.

They returned home probably a bit overloaded with sleeping bags, a tent, extra and larger clothes for Tai, a few days worth of canned and dried groceries, and a few other things that included a firestarter, tin plates and cups, and a first aid kit. It looked like too much stuff, if Tai was honest, but at the same time, the food wouldn't go to waste, and the other things they could use around the house. Plus, it was easy enough just to leave them in the car and add to it the remaining backpacks they'd already packed.

And then... well, then it was just time to wait for the uneventful days to be over.

Being that neither of them knew the *when*, Tai took the liberty of pretending to be Rue's assistant, switching the few remaining clients she had to the next week over the phone, since she hemmed and hawed and felt abysmal for having to do it, whereas Tai didn't give a lick. And Tai, unoccupied with a steady job, was ready to go as soon as Rue was.

He, with her help and one hand rubbing his knuckles into the side of his belly, waddled to the car. She helped him in, hand lingering on his shoulder, then shut the door while he arranged the seatbelt across his massive girth and held it in place, the straps far too short for him to even try and buckle it.

But at this time of year, traffic up to the mountains would be light, and Rue, to Tai's mind, drove a bit like an old woman anyway.

